

more than sixe hundred men, with the Earl of Suffolk and the Duke of York, who perished fighting by the king's side, and had an end more honourable than his life. Henry became master of fourteen thousand prisoners, the most distinguished of whom were the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, and the Counts of Eu, Vendome and Richmond. As many of the slain as it was possible to recognise were buried in the nearest churches, or conveyed to the tombs of their ancestors. The rest, to the number of five thousand eight hundred, were deposited in three long and deep pits dug in the field of battle. This vast cemetery was surrounded by a strong enclosure of thorns and trees, which pointed out to succeeding generations the spot where the resolution of a few Englishmen triumphed over the impetuous but ill-directed valour of their numerous enemies. Henry returned to England by way of Dover; the crowd plunged into the waves to meet him, and the conqueror was carried in their arms from his vessel to the beach. The road to London exhibited one triumphal procession. The lords, commons and clergy, the mayor, aldermen and citizens, conducted him into the capital; tapestry, representing the deeds of his ancestors, lined the walls of the houses; pageants were erected in the streets; sweet wine ran in the conduits; bands of children, tastefully arrayed, sang his praise; and the whole population seemed intoxicated with joy.—*LINGARD.*

This memorable achievement on St. Crispin's-day is immortalized by Shakspeare, in a speech that he assigns to Henry V. before the battle:—

This day is called—the feast of Crispian :
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a-tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian ;
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will, yearly, on the vigil, feast his friends,
 And say—to-morrow is St. Crispian ;
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
 Old men forget—yet shall not all forget,
 But they'll remember, with advantages,
 What feats they did that day : Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouth as household words—
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick, and Talbot, Salisbury, and Gloucester,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered :
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers—
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition ;
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
 That fought with us upon St. Crispin's Day.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Music is to sensibility what language is to poetry—the mode of expressing enthusiastic sentiments, and exciting agreeable sensations. The more imagination the composer is able to put into his music, the more powerfully he appeals to the feelings. Sensibility is the soul of music, and pathos its most powerful attribute.

Generally speaking, musicians are the most intolerant of men to one another, the most captious, the best humoured when flattered, and the worst tempered at all other times. Music, like laudanum, appears to soothe the senses when used in moderation—but the continual employment of either furries and excites the faculties, and often renders the best natured men in the world petulant, irritable and violent.—*Madden's Infirmitics of Genius.*

INTEMPERANCE AND SLAVERY.—WHICH IS THE GREATEST EVIL ?

'Tis better far for man to live
 A slave to man than slave to drink—
 'Tis better far for him to give
 His life to servitude, than sink,
 Detested, hated and despised,
 Below the soulless brute that dies,
 Unconscious of life's brief career—
 Unconscious of all hope or fear:

'Tis better far in chains to lie,
 Deep in some dungeon's gloomy cell,
 Than read reproach in every eye,
 Speaking a language known full well,
 Of honour lost, and blighted fame—
 An outcast, with an outcast's name.

'Tis better far to bear the lash,
 Inflicted by some cruel hand,
 Than blight with misery, and dash
 Your cup with poison, and command
 The orgies of some beastly crew,
 Such as the immortal Shakspeare drew.

'Tis better far to spend this life
 In slavery's degrading form,
 Than riot rife for deadly strife,
 By liquor drugg'd, by passion warm,
 To sunder nature's dearest ties,
 E'en where her holiest bonds arise.

'Tis better far a slave to die,
 Cheer'd with the hope of heavenly bliss,
 In those bright realms beyond the sky,
 Where all is peace and happiness,
 Than tread the drunkard's cheerless path,
 In fear of death and God's just wrath.

A tear may deck the drunkard's grave,
 While thousands mourn the noble slave.

FRICITION AND COLD WASHING.

An inattention to the condition of the surface of the body is a fruitful source of stomach ailment ; and one of the principles upon which exercise proves beneficial to the dyspeptic is, that of its tendency to preserve the excretions from the skin in good condition. Friction of the surface ought to be enjoined as one of the most useful remedies for indigestion. This should be had recourse to every morning immediately on rising from bed ; and with it should be combined a sort of shower bath by a sponge. I have not been so satisfied, in my own case, with any single article of preventive management as the one I now refer to. It is preventive both of stomach derangement, and of that inordinate susceptibility to cold which is usually a concomitant of stomach weakness ; and I have no hesitation in saying, that it ought to be employed by all whose nerves and digestive organs are in any degree disposed to be out of order. Of cold, since I have adopted the practice, I am comparatively careless ; and my digestive energies are improved, to say the least, in an equal proportion. It is a practice, in my mind, far superior to the plunging in the cold bath.—*Dr. Unwin on Indigestion.*

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