

made of wrought iron, and the arms of the wheels connected with plates, it would require many shot to disable them. The main shaft would be the only vulnerable part, and if the guards which support it are considerably rounded, or, indeed, made like a cuirass, and covered with plate iron, they would glance off any shot. With these precautions, wheels would be less subject to accidents than either masts or yards. Experience has proved beyond a doubt, that the fittest vessels for sea are those constructed with the wheels buried in the side, as the Irish steamers are. I believe the Salamander is built in this manner; the spencing of the Dece only covers one-half the wheels—they are a great deal too wide. She will certainly go the faster in the river Thames, (which is the only thing the engineers and builders think of); but in rough weather, such wheels will never be under command of the engine. I am not aware how it is intended to arm our steamboats; I should propose as many heavy guns on pivots as possible; on the upper deck and between decks, two how-chasers: no arrangement of that nature seems to be intended in those now building. They should be rigged as three masted schooners, with the lower masts in two, having top-sails, topgallant sails, and royals, and all the necessary sails for common purposes, which, with the exception of the lower part of the lower masts, could be got down when it was necessary to steam against the wind.

CONTENTMENT.

Contentment, rosy, dimpled maid,
Thou brightest daughter of the sky;
Why dost thou to the hut repair,
And from the gilded palace fly?

I've traced thee on the peasant's cheek;
I've mark'd thee in the milkmaid's smile;
I've heard thee loudly laugh and speak,
Amid the sons of want and toil.

Yet, in the circles of the great,
Where fortune's gifts are all combined,
I've sought thee early, sought thee late,
And ne'er thy lovely form could find.
Since, then, from wealth and pomp you flee,
I ask but competence—and thee!

NOTRE DAME DES ANGES.

One of the highest mountains of the chain that encircles the territory of Marseilles, has upon its summit a very singular rock, which appears exactly like the ruin of an old castle. This mountain derived its name from a chapel about half way up, dedicated to the holy virgin, under the name of "Notre Dame des Anges," but destroyed during the revolution. On the day of the Assumption, there is held on the mountain, in the vicinity of the chapel, what is called in the Provençal tongue, a *roumaragi*, which is a country feast. The people from the neighbouring parts assemble on the spot, dressed in their Sunday clothes, where they join in dancing, playing at bowls, of which the Provençaux are passionately fond, quoits, running races, and other rural sports. Every village in Provence has a similar fête on some day in the year. In case of the village being named after any saint, which is very common, as St. Joseph, St. Barnabé, St. Zacharie, St. Louis, and many others, the *roumaragi* is held on that saint's day. That on the mountain of Notre Dame des Anges is held on the Assumption, on account of the chapel having been dedicated to the holy virgin. During the revolution there was a general suspension of these festivals, but, to the great joy of the Provençaux, they were resumed under Napoleon.

BLESSINGS OF INSTRUCTION.

Hast thou e'er seen a garden clad
In all the robes that Eden had;
Or vale o'erspread with streams and trees,
A paradise of mysteries;
Plains with green hills adorning them,
Like jewels in a diadem?

These gardens, vales, and plains, and hills,
Which beauty gilds and music fills,
Were once but deserts. Culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land,
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wild usurped the scene.

And such is man—A soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds;
Flowers lovely as the morning's light,
Weeds deadly as an acornite;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed, or flow'et fair.

LUCIA, OR THE BETROTHED.

We have just finished reading this work. It is a translation from the Italian of Alessandre Manzoni, who stands at the head of the writers of romantic fiction in Italy. The story is one of singular interest, the characters are various and well drawn, and throughout the whole we perceive distinct and evident indications that the author is both a man of genius and a deep thinker. It would take up too much space to enter on a particular detail of the plot and incidents of this tale, and we doubt the utility of forestalling the reader, by this mode of letting him into secrets beforehand. We will, therefore, content ourselves with an honest and sincere recommendation of this work to the patronage of our readers and the public at large.

It cannot fail of proving an additional recommendation, when they learn that the translation is by a lady of the city of N. York—one well known and remembered as an ornament to the circle in which she moved, and whose genius and mental accomplishments eminently qualify her for higher literary exertions than those called for on this occasion. All she had to do she has done in a manner to call forth our almost unqualified approbation. She has rendered the original with great truth and felicity, and in a fine, chaste, harmonious English style, such as we do not often meet even in original works of that language. The translation is indeed far superior to the hasty and inaccurate *doings* of the stock writers usually employed in these off-hand jobs, and fully equal to the best specimens of this kind of literary labour we have seen for a long time. We commend this work of a lady to the notice of the ladies of this country, who are bound to encourage it for the honour of the sex; and to the gentlemen, whose indifference would bespeak a want of taste as well as gallantry.

LIBERTY GAINED BY FASTING.

The records of the Tower mention a Scotchman, imprisoned for felony, and strictly watched for six weeks; during which time he did not take the least sustenance; on which account he obtained his pardon.

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