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WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.

Were not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy Heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
She wept—and was forgiven?—

When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet
The precious perfumes pour'd ;—

And wiped them with that golden hair,
Where once the diamond shone,
Though now those gems of grief were there
Which shine for God alone?

Were not those sweets so humbly shed,—
That hair,—those weeping eyes,—
And the sunk heart, that inly bled,—
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh! wouldst thou wake in heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much"—and be forgiven!

AN OLD ENGLISH SQUIRE

Mr. Hastings, an old gentleman of ancient times in Dorsetshire, was low of stature, but strong and active, of a ruddy complexion, with flaxen hair. His clothes were always of green cloth; his house was of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer, rabbits and fishponds. He had a long, narrow bowling-green in it; and used to play with round sand-bowls. Here, too, he had a banqueting-room built, like a stand, in a large tree. He kept all sorts of hounds, that ran buck, fox, hare, otter and badger; and had hawks of all kinds, both long and short wings. His great hall was commonly strewed with marrow-bones, and full of hawk-perches, hounds, spaniels and terriers. The upper end of it was hung with fox-skins, of this and the last year's killing. Here and there a pole-cat was intermixed; and hunters' poles in great abundance. The parlour was a large room, completely furnished in the same style. On a broad hearth, paved with brick, lay some of the choicest terriers, hounds and spaniels. One or two of the great chairs had litters of cats in them, which were not to be disturbed. Of these, three or four always attended him at dinner; and a little white wand lay by his trencher, to defend it if they were too troublesome. In the windows, which were very large, lay his arrows, cross-bows, and other accoutrements. The corners of the room were filled with his best hunting and hawking poles. His oyster table stood at the lower end of the room, which was in constant use twice a day all the year round; for he never failed to eat oysters both at dinner and supper, with which the neighbouring town of Poole supplied him. At the upper end of the room stood a small table, with a double desk—one side of which held a church bible, the other the book of martyrs.

On different tables in the room lay hawks' hoods, bells, old hats, with their crowns thrust in, full of pheasant eggs; tables, dice, cards, and store of tobacco pipes. At one end of this room was a door, which opened into a closet, where stood bottles of strong beer and wine; which never came out but in single glasses, which was the rule of the house; for he never exceeded himself, nor permitted others to exceed. Answering to this closet was a door into an old chapel, which had been long disused for devotion; but in the pulpit, as the safest place, was always to be found a cold chine of beef, a venison pasty, a gammon of bacon, or a great apple pie, with thick crust well baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef and mutton; except on Fridays, when he had the best of fish. He never wanted a London pudding, and he always sang it in with "My part lies therein-a." He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; put syrup of gilly-flowers into his sack, and had always a tun glass of small beer standing by him, which he often stirred about with rosemary. He lived to be a hundred; and never lost his eye-sight, nor used spectacles. He got on horseback without help; and rode to the death of the stag, till he was past four-score.*

Anciently it was the custom with many country gentlemen to spend their Christmas in London.

THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

Ledyard, the traveller, who died at Cairo in 1788, on his way to accomplish the task of traversing the widest part of the continent of Africa, from east to west, in the supposed latitude of the Niger, pays a just and handsome tribute to the kind affections of the sex.

"I have always observed," says Ledyard, "that women, in all countries, are civil and obliging, tender and humane; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest; and that they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action. Not haughty, not arrogant, not supercilious; they are full of courtesy, and fond of society; more liable, in general, to err than man, but, in general, also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, (so worthy the appellation of benevolence,) these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught; and if hungry, I ate the coarse morsel with a double relish."

MON-SIEUR.

This title, so fondly affected by the French, is only an ungrammatical French distortion of Mesenor—my elder.—*Lenon's Dict.* 1783.

* Dr. Drake; from Hutchin's Dorsetshire.