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MELODY OF PROVERBS.

When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn.—XXXIX. v. 2.

With the righteous on the throne,
There is glory through the land;
And our foes are crumbled down,
And scattered like the sand.
The harvest field is shorn
To the reapers' merry song;
There is gladness on the morn;
There is joy when day is gone.

With the righteous on the throne,
There is worship all around,
And the bosom's anthem'd tone
Through the temples both resound—
There is prayer when many kneel
Without pride or bigotry;
And the peasant takes his meal
Beneath his own fig-tree.

When the wicked beareth rule,
Like a tempest on the sea,
There is counsel of the fool,
With the lash of tyranny.
There is blood upon the sword,
And blasphemy of God;
And the Temple of the Lord
Is roofless and untrod!

There is the canker-breath of fear
On the monarch's guilty heart;
The houseless widow's tear,
And the orphan's bitter smart,
Are the silent prayers of earth:
And the peasant, beaten low,
In his drunkenness, doth curse
His children, as they grow!

As the bearers of a pall,
The serfs of labour stoll;
Extinguished in the hall
Are the lights of pleasure's bowl.
The dark assassin's knife
Gleameth in the guilty hand,
Seeking the sacrifice of life,
When the wicked rule the land!

BIOGRAPHY.

MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

Though the youngest of the two distinguished sisters of the name of Porter, yet as the earliest "gathered from us," the lamented subject, Anna Maria, has the first place in the memorial of the good and great.

Her father was an officer of Dragoons, and, moreover, a younger brother, who, dying in the prime of life, left his widow, with five almost infant children, in slender circumstances. Three of the orphans were sons; the two eldest early entered professions, which they filled in a manner honourable to their name; the third is Sir Robert Kerr Porter, whose celebrity in the arts and in literature has long been before the public. The two daughters were Jane and Anna Maria, on whose education their exemplary mother bestowed the most careful attention. "A mother's part in such duty," she always said, "was the heart and soul of her child." And to the culture of these "in the way they should go," she ever applied her parent hand. Indeed, the last word she breathed was an injunction of piety. Immediately after her husband's death, Mrs. Porter settled in Edinburgh; it having been his wish that the foundation of his children's education should be laid there. Anna Maria was not five years old when she attained the highest place in the classes of the well known George Fulton's school, where there were many pupils above twelve years of age; and, indeed, her surprising talents, in every way, made the aged folks about her often presage, that "the luxuriant harvest promised, would soon come, and soon be gathered." An intimate friend has given us the following sketch of her childhood:—

"When little more than a baby, she read aloud passages from Shakspeare, with a precision which understanding the author could alone direct; and the delighted energy with which she pronounced some of his noble sentiments, was quite wonderful in a child. She repeated, with a similar pleasure, the best speeches in Home's Douglass; and Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd was another of her favourites: the pastoral simplicity it describes, and the simple innocence of its affections, being quite in unison with the opening taste of her mind and heart. Her little voice often sung its sweet songs, while climbing the green banks behind her mother's house; and she prattled away about scenes like its 'burns and braes,' when rambling the Calton Craigs, to gather blue bells for that dear parent. In truth, it might be said, with our poet, of this young lover of nature—

Full true the infant knew
Recesses, where the wild flower grew,
Or honeysuckle; loved to crawl
Up the low crag, and ruined wall!—
She deemed such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all his rounds surveyed!

"The 'gowen'd paths' of the meadows near Holyrood House were the children's frequent evening walk, and the moon-lit mouldering tower of the roofless chapel often arrested the gay sparkle of Maria's eye, and drew from her reflections on the memorable dead within, which called answering happy tears on her mother's cheek, while listening to such extraordinary thought in so young a creature. Pious and tender as this almost infant's mind shewed itself in all she said and did, her temperament was not the less elastic and jocund. But there never was any thing boisterous in her mirth; nor could she bear clamour nor violence, nor any species of frolicksome liberties, in her playmates. Delicacy