

place where we could suppose it of spontaneous growth, excepting the upper end of Loch Awe, the entrance of Loch Carron, and the sides of Loch Katrine. Next to it in grace and beauty is the mountain ash, which is of frequent occurrence. Many of the Highland glens are decorated by the bird-cherry, a tree whose beautiful clusters of white drooping flowers form fitting companions to the harebell, which is so frequently seen in the wild glens of the western coasts. The holly is of rare occurrence. The ivy and the beech we have never met with, and require better proof of their being natives than the circumstances of their having found a place in our Floras. Besides the above trees, may be mentioned many species of willow, few of which attain any magnitude:—the sloe-tree, the wild cherry or gean, the hawthorn, the crab apple, and the white bean, together with the rare and beautiful dwarf birch, which occurs in some of the Highland mountains.—*Edinburgh Literary Gazette.*

#### ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

*Letter written by Archbishop, then Dean, Tillotson, to Lady Henrietta Berkeley, after her seduction by Lord Gray, in the year 1682.*

Though I have found by experience that good counsel is, for the most part, cast away upon those who have plunged themselves so deep into a bad course, as to my grief and amazement, I understand your Ladyship has done; yet the concernment I have always had for the honour and welfare of your noble family, and the compassion I have for you, whom I look upon as one of the greatest objects of pity in this world, will not suffer me to leave any means untried that may conduce to your recovery out of that wicked and wretched condition in which you are; and therefore I beg of you, for God's sake and your own, to give me leave plainly to represent to you the heinousness of your fault, with the certain and dismal consequences of your continuance in it. And it is of that heinous nature as to be, for aught I know, without example in this, or any other Christian nation, and hath in it all possible aggravations of guilt towards God, of dishonour to yourself, of a most outrageous injury and affront to your sister, of reproach and stain to your family, of a most cruel ingratitude to as kind parents as any child ever had, of which I am a witness, as I have been since of the deep wound and affliction you have given them, to that degree, as would grieve the heart of a stranger, and ought surely to make a much deeper impression on you, their child, who have been the cause of it. Consider of it, as you will answer it at the judgment of the great day; and now you have done what you can to ruin your reputation, think of saving your soul; and do not, to please yourself or any body else, for a little while, venture to be miserable for ever, as you will most certainly be, if you go on in this course; nay, I doubt not but you will be very miserable in this world; not only from the severe reflections of your own mind, but from the distress you will be reduced to, when after a little while you will, in all probability, be despised and hated, and forsaken by him for whose sake you have made yourself odious to all the world. Before this happens, think of reconciling yourself to God, and to your best friends under him, your parents, of whose kindness and tenderness you have had that experience that you have little reason to fear their cruelty or rigour. Despair not this advice, which is now tendered to you out of great charity and good will; and I pray God it be effectual to bring you to repentance, and a better mind.

I have but one thing more to beg of you, that you would be pleased, by a line or two, to let me understand, that you have read and considered this letter, from

Madam,  
Your Ladyship's most faithful  
and humble Servant,

JO. TILLOTSON.

#### ATTAR OF ROSES.

After this subject I shall perfume my paper with a brief account of that luxury of India, the attar of roses. Lieutenant Colonel Potter gives a full history of extracting this essential oil, in vol. i. p. 332, of the Asiatic Researches. The roses grow cultivated near Lucknow, in fields of eleven acres each. The oil is procured by distillation; the petals of the flowers only are used; and in that country no more than a quantity of about two drachms can be procured from an hundred weight of rose leaves, and even that in a favourable season, and by the process being performed with the utmost care. The oil is by accident of different colours; of a bright yellow, of a reddish hue, and a fine emerald. It is to the mother of Mebrul Nessa Begum, afterwards called Nourjehan Begum, or, *Light of the World*, that the fair sex is indebted for this discovery. On this occasion the emperor of Hindostan rewarded the inventress with a string of valuable pearls. Nourjehan Begum was the favourite wife of Jehangir, and her game the fiercest of India. In a hunting party she killed four tigers with a matchlock, from her elephant, and her spouse was so delighted at her skill, that he made her a present of a pair of emerald bracelets, valued at a lack of rupees, and bestowed in charity a thousand mohuns.—*Pennant's Hindostan.*

SO WE'LL GO NO MORE A ROVING.

So we'll go no more a roving  
So late into the night,  
Though the heart be still as loving,  
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,  
And the soul wears out the breast,  
And the heart must pause to break,  
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,  
And the day returns too soon,  
Yet we'll go no more a roving  
By the light of the moon.

A foreigner remarks, in his work on Great Britain, that an Englishman may be discovered any where, if he be observed at table, because he places his fork upon the left side of his plate; a Frenchman, by using the fork alone without the knife; a German, by planting it perpendicularly in his plate; and a Russian, by using it as a tooth-pick. Holding the fork is a national custom, and nations are characterised by their peculiarities in the use of the fork at table. An affection of the French usages in this respect seems now to be gaining ground in the country.

There are none in the world so wickedly inclined, but that a religious instruction and bringing up may fashion anew and reform them; nor any so well-disposed, whom (the reins being let loose) the continual fellowship and familiarity, and the examples of dissolute men, may not corrupt and deform. Vessels will ever retain a savour of their first liquor; it being equally difficult either to cleanse the mind once corrupted, or to extinguish the sweet savour of virtue first received, when the mind was yet tender, open, and easily seasoned.—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

The SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE is published every Saturday Evening, at the Office of the MONTREAL HERALD, St. Gabriel Street. The price for a single number is Twopence; or Seven Shillings and Sixpence per annum, in advance.