

REMARKABLE CELEBRATION.

The fourth of June was King George the Third's birthday, and, therefore, during his reign, was kept at court, and in many towns throughout the kingdom.

At Bexhill, on the coast of Sussex, where the inhabitants, who scarcely exceed 800, are remarkable for longevity and loyalty, on the 4th of June, 1819, they celebrated the King's birth-day in an appropriate and remarkable manner.—Twenty-five old men, inhabitants of the parish, whose united ages amounted to 2025, averaging eighty-one each (the age of the King) dined together at the Bell Inn, and passed the day in a cheerful and happy manner. The dinner was set on table by fifteen other old men, also of the above parish, whose united ages amounted to seventy-one each, and six others, whose ages amounted to sixty-one each, rang the bells on the occasion. The old men dined at one o'clock; and at half-past two a public dinner was served up to the greater part of the respectable inhabitants to the number of eighty-one, who were also the subscribers to the old men's dinner. The assembly room was decorated with several appropriate devices; and some of the old men, with the greater part of the company, enjoyed themselves to a late hour.

SONG.

FROM LALLA ROOKH.

From Chindara's warbling fount I come,
Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell;
From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.
Where lutes in the air are heard about,
And voices are singing the whole day long,
And every sigh the heart breathes out
Is tuned, as it leaves the lips, to song!
Hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's train,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly!
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind over the waters blowing,
Ruffles the waves, but sweetens it too!
So, hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's train,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

We take pleasure in giving publicity, for the first time, to an anecdote, which reflects signal honour upon General Jackson, and indeed upon the American character. The authenticity of the story is unquestionable. We heard it from a gentleman of distinguished literary eminence, whose writings have placed him among the first of living authors, and of whom any country might be, as his own is, justly proud. It was related in a company, of whom was another distinguished individual, now representing his country abroad, but at the time to which the anecdote refers, holding a situation near the person of his hero, which enabled him to bear testimony, from personal knowledge, to its truth.

In the year 1824, our informant met, at the table of Gen. Sir George Airey, many distinguished Englishmen, then in Paris. The conversation turned on the pending Presidential election, and fears were expressed that, should General Jackson be elected, the amicable relations between the two countries might be endangered, in consequence of his implacable hostility to England, and his high handed exercise of power, as evinced during his command at New Orleans. The necessity, on the part of our informant, of replying to these observations, was superseded by the prompt and generous outbreak of one of the guests—Colonel Thornton, of the 85th—an officer well known for his frank and gallant character, and whose regiment suffered severely in the attack of the 8th of January. He testified, in the handsomest terms, to the conduct of General Jackson, as an able and faithful commander on that occasion, and declared that, had he not used the power confided to him in the "high handed" way alluded to, New Orleans would infallibly have been captured. As to the charge of implacable hostility, Colonel Thornton declared, that in all the intercourse, by flag and otherwise, between the hostile commanders, General Jackson had been peculiarly courteous and humane; and, to support this assertion, begged leave to mention one circumstance. He then proceeded to state, that on the day after the attack, the British were permitted to bury their dead, lying beyond a certain line, a hundred or two yards in advance of General Jackson's entrenchments—all within that line being buried by the Americans themselves. As soon as this melancholy duty was performed, the British General was surprised at receiving a flag, with the swords, epauletts and watches of the officers who had fallen, and a note from General Jackson, couched in the most courteous language, saying that one pair of epauletts was still missing, but that diligent search was making, and when found it would be sent in. These articles—always considered fair objects of plunder—were rescued by General Jackson, and thus handed over with a request that they might be transmitted to the relatives of the gallant officers, to whom they had belonged.

This anecdote, and the frank and soldier-like style in which it was given, turned the whole current of feeling in favour of the General, and drew forth an expression of applause from all parts of the table.—"For myself," said our informant, "I felt a flush on my cheek, and a thrill of pride through my bosom, and in my heart I thanked the old General for proving, by this chivalrous act, that the defenders of our country were above the sordid feelings of mercenary warfare."—*American paper.*

Petrarch, speaking of beautiful pictures, says, "If these things that are counterfeited, and shadowed with fading colours, do so much delight thee, cast thine eyes up to Him that hath made the originals; who adorned man with senses, his mind with understanding, the heaven with stars, and the earth with flowers: and so compare real with visionary beauties."

The desire of power in excess caused angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess, caused man to fall; but in charity is no excess—neither can man nor angels come into danger by it.—BACON.

Let us manage our time as well as we can, there will yet remain a great deal that will be idle and ill employed.—MONTAIGNE.

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