

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

# SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

PRICE TWO PENCE.

Vol. I.]

MONTREAL, MAY 24, 1834.

[No. 27.

## THE ALMOND FLOWER.

Sweet Almond Flower,

Come, with thy blossoms silvery and fair,  
The earliest tenant of the garden bower,  
The first lone watcher there :

While winter still—

Despotic ruler!—holds his withering sway,  
In sullen majesty ; well pleased to kill,  
And riot on decay.

Come from the tomb,

First fruit of sleeping gems ; arise ! foretell  
Nature's awakening, while frost and gloom  
O'er all her plains yet dwell.

Thine icy shroud

Haste to cast by, thou beauteous flower ;  
The first spring beams, which chase the wintry cloud,  
Claim as thy rightful dower.

They rightly call

Thee, snowy flower of Syria, Almond Tree ;  
First plant that walketh, first to burst the thrall  
Of Winter's tyranny.

Of being brief,

Like all fair things, thou early blooming gem,  
Herald of flowers luxuriant, yet thy leaf  
Stays not to cope with them.

Yet, yet, to thee,

White flower, the mystic privilege was given,  
Through Israel's generations once to be  
A fadefless type from Heaven ;

When Aaron's rod—

Destined to be a bright, perpetual sign—  
Budded and blossom'd in the Ark of God,  
The flowers it bore were thine.

Come to the heart,

Which hope deferr'd has sickened ; come, and bring  
Sweet promise ; bid its fears of want depart—  
Predict a plenteous spring.

From misery's brow

Erase the furrows, tell of hopes which bloom  
In desert wastes—upon the leafless bough,  
And e'en upon the tomb.

Speak to my soul—

Emblem of hope and promise—speak of peace ;  
Tell that the gathering mists which round me roll  
Shall speedily decrease.

The wintry cloud

Which wraps my spirit, say, shall soon be gone ;  
And flowers perennial shall my pathway crowd,  
While time rolls smoothly on.

## THE NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE.

Some years ago it was my destiny to reside in a New England village. Nothing can be more pleasant than its situation. All that nature ever did for a place, she has done for this. It is sheltered on the north by high hills, and fringed on the south with forests of oaks and elms ; it has its waterfalls and cascades, and, what is more surprising, they are suffered to flow on through meadow and valley, without being condemned to the tread-mill. In this country every thing is compelled to do duty. Our forests are cut down for fire-wood ; our rocks are hewn into state prisons, and some of our modern speculators mean to make old Niagara, that has roared and bellowed so many hundred years for its own amusement, actually work for its living, and support cotton and woollen manufactures.

But to return to my village. It is not called a flourishing one, for there is no distillery and no jail in it. But they have straw bonnet manufactories, working societies, and reading societies ; and the females actually raised ten dollars and fifty-two cents for the emancipation of the Greeks.

While I resided there, I became intimately acquainted with the clergyman, and it was my constant habit to call on him every evening for a stroll. He was just such a man as the ladies call a marrying man ; yet, strange to tell, he was still a bachelor. There was a village legend that he had been crossed in love ; but disappointments of the heart generate suspicion and misanthropy, and no one could be more confiding and guileless than he was. His sensibilities seemed to be in their first spring. His fair smooth forehead, his broad chest, and Boanerges voice, gave no evidence that he had wasted his health in scientific or theological pursuits ; yet he was well read in scripture, and could quote chapter and verse on every contested point. For many years he had made no use of a concordance, for he was a living one himself. The practical part of his profession formed its beauty in him. He might well teach temperance, for necessary articles of food were all he coveted : he could talk of charity with the "tongue of an angel," for it was not with him tinkling brass or empty sound ; from his five hundred dollars salary there was always an overplus, that brought upon him "the blessing of those that were ready to perish." Perhaps there was a little too much minuteness about worldly affairs, and yet it was an excellent example for others. There was likewise a little too much of the parish register in his cast of mind ; he could tell how many he had married, how many he had christened, and how many he had buried ; how many prayers he had made and how many sermons he had written. All this was very well ; but when he undertook to know people's ages better than they did themselves, it would have been intolerably provoking, if he had not always been able to prove he was right by parish records. He had a love for agriculture that contributed to his health, and agreeably diversified his employments. The piece of land that was set off to the parsonage was always in excellent order, and the invalids of his parish might count upon the first mess of peas, and the first plate of strawberries, from his garden.

Our walk often led by a farm that had once been the sum-

mer residence of an opulent family. The grounds were laid out originally with much taste; but it had passed into the hands of various owners. They had cut down the trees that they might not obstruct the view of the road, and suffered the buildings to go to decay, because it cost money to repair them. There was an air of desolate grandeur about the house, that inspired sensations wholly unlike the trim square houses of the village. It was too far from the road, and too large to be tenanted. Besides, the farm was run out. In short, it was unpopular, and nobody would live on it. It was said that it might be "bought for a song," but it was so out of repair and so comfortable, that nobody appeared to purchase it. It had gone through the "pitiless pelting" of a severe winter uninhabited, and nothing could be more dreary than it looked, half buried in snow; but when spring came on, and the grass grew green, and the wild roses blossomed, and the creepers hung clustering about the doors and windows; it was a place that might have tempted any lover of solitude and nature.

In a small country village, however, there are few who come under this class. All have a practical love of nature, but not many a sentimental one; and it was with a degree of contempt that it was discovered, in the month of June, that the house was actually inhabited. Much speculation was excited, and the place that had stood in desolate neglect became at once an object of curiosity and interest.

I had had some thoughts of purchasing the place, and tried to persuade myself that it would be a good way of investing a small sum, when I learned that a Mr. Forester had been before-hand with me, and had taken possession of the house. I felt a degree of disappointment that the previously irresolute state of my mind by no means authorised. Soon after this occurrence, I quitted the village, and removed to a different part of the country.

Ten years passed away, and I made no effort to renew my intercourse with my old friend the clergyman. In consequence of indisposition, I found it actually necessary last year to journey. My recollections immediately turned to the village where I had before found health, and I once more directed my course towards it.

It was on Sunday morning that I entered the town of H—, about ten miles from the village. I knew too well the primitive habits of my friend the clergyman to break in upon his Sabbath morning, and I determined to remain where I was till the next day.

It is a church-going place. When I saw couple after couple pass the window of the tavern at which I had stationed myself in mere idleness, I began to feel an inclination to go to the church too.

I entered the nearest one, and when the minister arose, found to my surprise that it was my old friend. He did not appear to have altered since I last saw him; his voice was equally powerful, his person rather fuller. I recognized in his prayers and sermon the same expressions he had used ten years ago—and why not? They were drawn from his book of knowledge. There was still the same simplicity and the same fervour that had first interested me; and when the services were over, and I shook hands with him, it seemed even to me, who am not given to illusion, that we had parted but yesterday. I tried to make out by his appearance whether he was married, but I was baffled—the outer man had undergone no change. He told me that he should return home after the evening service, and invited me to take a seat in his chaise with him. I readily accepted the invitation. When he called for me, he said, "Don't forget your portmanteau, for I must keep you at my house a few days."

As we jogged along, for his horse never departed from his Sunday pace even on week days, I asked him what had become of the Foresters. "Do they still retain the farm that ought to have been mine?" said I. A colour, like the

mellow tint of a russetine apple that had been perfectly preserved through the winter, rose in his cheek as he replied, "Part of my family are there; if you like I will give you an account of them." I assented; but when I found he was settling himself as if for a long story, my heart died within me. I knew his minuteness on every subject, and to have added or diminished an iota would have been to him palpable fraud and injustice. By degrees, however, I became interested in his narrative.

"Soon after you left me, I became intimate with Mr. Forester. He was a sensible, intelligent man, and his wife was a very worthy woman. They had two children, who were full of health and gaiety. Mr. Forester entered upon farming with great zeal, and the place soon wore a different aspect. The venerable trees that had been cut down, could not be restored, but repairs were made, the stone walls rebuilt, and all indicated that the new tenant was a man of order and good habits. He had been accustomed to farming, but he was assiduous in finding out the best and most approved methods of ploughing, planting and managing his land. Nothing could be more successful than his industry. The third year his crops were abundant, and his wife began to talk of her dairy, and exhibit her butter and cheese in the country style. The inhabitants of the village found they managed their affairs so well, that they were contented to let them go on without interfering. Mrs. Forester accommodated herself to the habits and customs of those around her with wonderful facility, and was a general favourite.

"Instead of passing the house, as you and I used to do in our walk, I now every evening turned up the avenue, and spent half an hour with them. The children called me uncle, and ran to meet me; their mother, too, would follow them with a step almost as light. She played upon the guitar, and though I was not acquainted with the instrument, and thought it feeble compared to the bass-viol, yet I loved to hear it chiming with her sweet voice.

"When I looked at this happy family, I felt new sympathies springing in my heart, and began to be almost dissatisfied with my solitary home. I sometimes thought Mr. Forester was not as tranquil and contented as his wife; but he had lived in the world, and it was natural that he should feel the want of that society to which he had been accustomed.

"It was on the third year of their residence in the village, that I was invited to visit them with more form than usual. Mrs. Forester said, that she and the children were going to celebrate the fifth anniversary of her marriage. She had many of the fanciful contrivances of her sex to give interest to the daily routine of life. She had placed her table under an arbour, covered with honey-suckles and sweet-briar, and loaded it with fruit and the abundance of her good housewifery. The grass that had been newly mown, was distributed round us in heaps. At a little distance from the arbour, and behind it, stood the large barn, with the huge folding doors open at each end. Through this we had a view of the house, and beyond it the country round, with its fields waving with grain, its peaceful streams, its green valleys, its distant hills; and what in my opinion added greatly to the beauty of the prospect, the spire of my own church, rising from a grove of trees. I must not forget to mention the Merrimack that was in front of us, moving on in the majesty of its deep blue waters, and bearing on its bosom the various craft of inland navigation. It was a glorious scene, and we all felt it such. 'Here at least,' said I, 'we may worship God in the temple of his own beauty!' I looked at Mrs. Forester. Women have quick sensibilities. I saw the tears were coursing each other down her cheeks; but they were like the rain-drops of summer, and her smiles returned more gaily. The children had taken many a trip from the house to the arbour, with their baskets and aprons loaded with cakes and fruits. We all gathered round the table. Mrs. Forester was as gay as her children. She played upon

her guitar, and sung modern songs, which I am sorry to say had more music than sense in them. In the midst of one of these, we heard foot-steps. A man stood at the entrance of the arbour, and laid his hand on Mr. Forester's shoulder. He started, and turned round; then, taking the man by the arm, walked away. 'I wish,' said Mrs. Forester, impatiently, 'he had not interrupted us just as we were so happy.'

"Do you know him?" said I. 'No,' she replied, 'I can't say I do, and yet I remember seeing him soon after we were married. I believe,' added she, colouring and laughing, 'I never told you that ours was a runaway match. It has turned out so well, and our troubles have terminated so happily, that I am not afraid to confess my imprudence to you, I was an orphan, and lived with my grandmother, who was as different from me in her habits and opinions as old people usually are from young ones. She thought singing was bad for the lungs, that dancing would throw me into a fever, and the night air into consumption. I differed from her in all these opinions, and yet was obliged to conform. After I became acquainted with Mr. Forester, we differed still more. She said he was a stranger that nobody knew; I said I knew him perfectly. In short, she told me if I intended to marry him, she would forbid the bans. I thought it best to save her the trouble, and so I tied up a little bundle, and walked off with my husband that is now.

"The good old lady lived to see him well established in business as a lawyer, and became quite reconciled, I loved her sincerely; and now that I was independent, willingly accommodated myself to her habits. She died soon after the birth of my first child, Ellen, who was named for her. She left me five thousand dollars, which is now invested in this farm, and I trust will be the inheritance of my children.'

"May I ask," said I, 'why you left your native place?' 'I hardly know,' said she; 'my husband thought the air did not agree with him. He grew melancholy and abstracted, and then I began to dislike it too, and was quite ready to quit it. We removed to B——. My husband carried his reputation and talents with him, and was again successful in the practice of law. In the course of a few months, his complaints returned, and he then thought it was country air he wanted, and an entire change of life. The event has proved so. We quitted the languid and enervating climate of the south, and travelled north. We gave up all our former associations, and to make the change more complete, my husband took the name of an uncle who brought him up, and relinquished his own. It is now three years since we have resided here, and I don't know that he has had any return of ill health, or nervous affections since.'

"At that moment Mr. Forester returned, accompanied by the stranger. He approached his wife, and said, 'here is an old acquaintance, Mary; you must make him welcome.' There was an expression in the countenance of the guest that appalled us. It seemed to communicate its baleful influence to the whole circle. Mr. Forester looked pale and anxious; the gaiety was gone; nobody sung or laughed; we scarcely spoke. All was changed. The stranger seemed to have had a blighting effect on the master of the house; for from this time his health and spirits gradually forsook him. Signs of poverty appeared, and he announced to his wife that he must move elsewhere. She was thunderstruck. The legacy of her aunt had been invested in the purchase of the farm. To give up that, was relinquishing the inheritance of her children. She remonstrated, but without effect; he declined all explanation. With deep regret I saw them quit the village.

"Mrs. Forester had promised to write me when they were again fixed in any permanent situation. It was nearly two years before I received a letter. That letter I have now in my pocket-book. It has remained there since I first received it. Here it is."

I knew too well his exact habits to be surprised at the perfect state of preservation in which I saw it. It was as follows:—

"I rejoice that I can give you cheerful accounts, my much respected friend, of my husband and myself. After we left you, we removed to a remote town in the west, and here we are. We have given up farming, and my husband has opened an office. As he is the only lawyer in the place, he has made his way extremely well. I wish I could say I am as happy as you once saw me; but this mode of life is not to my taste, nor do I think it agrees with my husband. I have never seen him so tranquil as the three short years we passed at N——. There is something in the life of a farmer peculiarly soothing. The sun never rose so bright to me as at that period. I do not think Eve was as happy in her paradise as I was in mine; for her fruits grew spontaneously, but mine were produced by the united effort of head and hands, and gave exercise to all my powers. My children are well. My husband's health is not very good; this plodding life does not agree with him, he is subject to low spirits. I sometimes have sad forebodings of the future; if I could only get back to N——, I think all would go well."

This was the purport of the letter. I returned it to my friend, and he resumed his narrative.

"About a year from the time I received the letter, I took a journey to Montreal to visit a sister who was settled there. In passing one of the streets, I recognised Mr. Forester; but he was so altered in his appearance, that I doubted if it could be he. He held out his hand, and I found, upon inquiring, that they had made another remove to Montreal. He was emaciated in his person, and there was a nervous agitation in his manner that alarmed me. I begged him to conduct me to his wife. 'With all my heart,' said he, 'but you will be surprised at our *menage*.' I accompanied him to a low dilapidated building, in which every thing bespoke poverty. Mrs. Forester gave me a mournful welcome. She, too, was greatly changed; but her children were still blooming and healthy, and appeared unconscious of the cloud that hung over their parents.

"My visit was short; I perceived it was an embarrassing one; but in taking leave, I said, 'If you have any commands to your old friends at N——, here is my address.' I had not been home long, before William Forester brought me a note from his mother, requesting to see me. I immediately returned with him, and found her alone. She was free and undisguised in her communication; said there was some dreadful mystery hung over them, and that whatever it was, it was hurrying her husband to the grave. 'I should not have spoken,' added she, 'had not this conviction made all scruples weigh light in the balance. I think it possible he may reveal to you what he will not to me. At least see him before you quit Montreal. If we could once more return to N——, we might yet be happy.

"I again called to see him. Never was there a human being more changed. He was dull, abstracted and silent, and I began to think his mind was impaired. I used every argument in my power to persuade him to return to N——, and tried to convince him it was a duty he owed his wife and children. He only replied that it would do no good; neither they nor he would be happier; that there was nothing I could say to him with regard to himself that his own mind had not suggested. He acknowledged that he had a secret source of calamity, but said it was beyond human power to mitigate it; that the kindest part would be to let him alone; that he had never intruded his sorrows on others, and he asked no participation; that, happily, there was a termination to all things here, and his sufferings could not last forever. I told him that if he was alone in the world, he might reason justly; but he must feel that there was one human being at least, that was doomed to partici-

pate in his good or bad fortune, and who was made wretched by his mysterious conduct.

"Has she spoken to you?" said he, fiercely.

"There needs no other language," replied I, "than her pale cheek and wasted form. You, who see her daily, cannot realize the change that has taken place; but I, who saw her last at N——, blooming and happy, full of health and gaiety, alive to all that was beautiful in creation—can I agree with you that you alone are the sufferer?" I found I had touched the cord to which his heart vibrated; I pursued the subject, and finally obtained the victory. He promised me solemnly to return in the course of a few weeks.

"It was with heartfelt pleasure I set about preparing for them. I had the old shattered mansion put into comfortable repair, and took half a year's salary in pork, grain, and live stock, much to the satisfaction of my parishioners, who had rather pay in produce than money, and it was cheerfully transferred to the desolate building. It was the last day of November when they arrived, and the snow lay three feet on the ground. The old trees that remained with their dry straggling branches, stood on each side of the avenue like a procession of mourners. In winter there is but little for a farmer to do, except foddering his cattle, and preparing for the coming spring. Mr. Forester had no stock or materials, and his life was an idle one. I could not but think Providence had wonderfully marked its bounty to the other sex, when I saw how cheerfully and constantly Mrs. Forester found employment. Her colour and spirits returned, and again I heard her singing songs that seemed only made for summer.

"I have hitherto said but little of myself. I had dwindled into a kind of insignificance in my own mind, and was thought to be a confirmed old bachelor. Even my neighbour, Miss Keziah Spinney, no longer attempted to pour in the oil and wine, but passed on to the other side. I confess, however, that I sometimes looked back with lingering regret on the years I had loitered away. I could count up to fifty-two. After twenty-five, they were all dull, cheerless blanks, except in the way of duty, and every faithful minister knows how many omissions must press upon his recollection. March had arrived, and we had reasonable expectations that the severity of winter was over; but it did not prove so. There came a violent driving snow-storm, and I did not visit the Foresters for several days. At length I received a message from them requesting to see me. Mrs. Forester met me at the door. 'My husband,' said she 'is very ill. Do you remember our visitor on the fifth anniversary of our marriage? Twice since, he had come. God knows what malignant power he has over us: but it is terrible in its effects. Yesterday he came suddenly upon us: his visit was short, but immediately after his departure, my husband complained of great oppression upon the lungs, and this morning he has been seized with a hemorrhage. Oh, my dear friend,' continued she, wringing my hand, 'go to him, tell him there is nothing he can reveal so dreadful as this suspense. I can endure it no longer; my reason will be the sacrifice.'

"I hastened to his apartment. He was in bed; his countenance was pale, but calm. 'I am glad you have come,' said he; 'I have a confession to make.' At that moment his wife entered. He called her to his bedside, and, as she knelt down, he looked earnestly at her, and his courage appeared to fail. But in a few moments he resumed: 'I had hoped that I might die with my secret unrevealed; but now that I believe myself on my death-bed, the judgment of my fellow-creatures loses its importance. And yet,' said he, turning to his wife, 'to voluntarily relinquish your esteem, to be remembered by you only with horror! Oh, if suffering could expiate guilt, these pangs would atone!'

"Never shall I forget the expression of her countenance—the noble, the sublime expression, as she leaned over him. 'My friend—my husband,' said she, 'fear nothing from me.

Whatever may be the circumstances to which you allude, they cannot now influence my affection. The years we have passed together are all that identify you with me. Speak without hesitation.'

"'I will be brief,' said he, 'for my strength is failing. My early life was one of dissipation and profligacy. My father gave me all opportunities of a good education, and a lucrative profession. He died, and left my mother destitute. I persuaded myself it was a duty to run all risks to place her in an independent situation. Frequently I returned from the gaming table, and poured money into her lap. The poor deceived parent blessed and applauded me. I went through all the changes of a gambler, and at length found myself deeply in debt. A horrible chance presented—it was one of fraud and treachery. I purloined a sum intrusted to me—was detected! He seemed unable to proceed. 'I was sentenced to two years' imprisonment,' continued he, in a low voice. 'Though sunk and degraded, I was not lost. I loathed the vice that had undone me. I turned with horror from the profligacy by which I was surrounded. My conduct was such that the term of my imprisonment was shortened. I received a pardon. My poor mother had died broken-hearted. I quitted Havana; for this was the scene of my guilt and disgrace. At Richmond, I by degrees gained access to good society. I was persevering and industrious. You know, my dear Mary, how I became acquainted with you, and you now perceive that when I married you, I added a new crime, that of deception, to my catalogue of sins. I truly loved you, and I could not resist temptation. My business was lucrative, every thing around me prosperous, and if vice had left no sting, I might have been the happiest of mortals. But not all the rivers of Damascus, nor the waters of Jordan, can wash out the stains of the soul. I was haunted by remembrance of the past. There was something so unlike retributive justice in my prosperity, that I felt as if even this success portended some dreadful reverse. Fool that I was, not to perceive that the terror and anxiety that consumed my hours was retributive justice! When I pressed her whom I loved best to my bosom, I thought what would become of her if she knew she was the wife of a felon!

"Such was the state of my mind while every body congratulated me on my happiness. I was nominated for an office of trust. A few days after the election had taken place I received a note, requesting me to come to a particular place, if I would avoid public disgrace. I went to the spot with a beating heart, and found, to my horror, a fellow convict! When I quitted the prison, I had left him there. He had staid out his term, and accident brought him to Richmond. His object was to extort money. I gave him what he asked, as the bribe of a secrecy. Again and again he came. My anxiety grew insupportable. Horrible thoughts crossed my mind. I sometimes felt that either he or I must be sacrificed. I gave up all but my wife and children, and left Richmond in hopes of concealment from my persecutor. The rest you know. As soon as I began to acquire credit and property, my tormentor appeared, and stripped me. For three years I lived on this spot unmolested; and I began to think he was dead. You know how, in the midst of apparent security and happiness, he came upon me. Twice he has visited me since. Yesterday he arrived. But Heaven is merciful. The disorder that for months has been undermining my life, is brought to a crisis. With the near prospect of death, I have gained fortitude. I might say something in extenuation of my guilt; but why should I? There is a Judge, and he is merciful.'

"Such was the unhappy man's story. He was mistaken in believing his end so near. He lingered on for months. His confession had rendered the scourge of his persecutor powerless. His decay was gradual, and he lived till June. His wife and myself were his constant attendants. He saw that her affection was undiminished; that it was the labour of love, and not of compassion, that bound her to his side,

He died, trusting in divine mercy, and commending to my care his wife and children."

"And you have performed this dying injunction most faithfully, I doubt not," said I to the good man.

Again the colour rose in his cheek. "I have," said he, "to the best of my power. At the end of two years, Mrs. Forester kindly consented to marry me. Her children are as dear to me as if they were my own."—We had now entered the little village of N——. It was still flourishing in its native beauty. The green banks, with their footpaths, still bordered the carriage road, and clusters of dandelions, purple thistles, and mallows, were scattered by the way side, with their former profusion. The low school-house, with its tall chimney, stood where I left it. The paths that led through the pastures, still remained the same. We were now near the parsonage house. I asked no questions, for I was willing to wait the development of circumstances. I was not much surprised when we turned up the avenue that led to the old-fashioned house.

"This is my residence," said the clergyman, "and I let out the parsonage."—We stopped. The lady came to the door to meet us. She seemed to have gone along with all things else. Her hair, when I last saw her, was glossy and brown; it was now covered with a white muslin cap, and was parted upon her forehead in a matron-like manner.

I passed a few days with them, and took leave with the novel conclusion, that if there was any happiness in this world, it was to be found in a country village, where there were no improvements, and at the house of a country minister.

#### THE WANDERING JEW.

Daylight was slowly ebbing from mount, and stream, and sky,  
But a radiant gleam still lingered on Alhambra's turrets high;  
The searching eye could hardly catch the twinkle of a star,  
When came unto the Wizzard's cell an aged Traveller.

Before a lofty mirror sat the wicked Wizzard there,  
And on his brow there sat a gloom—and in his breast was care;  
For in his dreams of yesternight, a mystery lay conceal'd,  
Which well he knew to mortal man could never be revealed.

Unnoticed lay his books around—the trappings of his art;  
'Twas plain that at that moment, of his thoughts they bore no part:

'Yes, powers of darkness,' he exclaimed, 'I bind me to that vow!  
Then grant my wish,' he wildly cried—'Maria! who art thou?'

Bent lowly on his ebony staff a Pilgrim old stood there,  
Who lifted up his bony hand, and parted the long hair  
That flowed around his sable garb, and hid his blighted brow—

'Twas wond'rous strange, for those long locks were whiter than the snow!

Slowly he raised his lofty frame, and oped his coal-black eye,  
And smoothed his silver beard, which fell upon his girdle nigh;

'How soundly sleep the dead,' said he, 'upon the grave's cold breast—

They have no phantoms to disturb—no dreams to break their rest!

'I wandered 'mong the peaceful tombs that deck your vine-clad plain;

I pressed my brow on each cold stone to ease its throbbing pain—

The golden sun serenely shone upon their lowly sleep,  
Then envy wrung my aged breast—and yet I could not weep!

'I envied each who rested there the scanty spot of ground,  
Where wrapped in death's black mantle there sleep was so profound;

I threw me on the dewy sod—and demons would have fled,  
To hear me curse the incarnate God, who on the mountain bled!

'I've plunged into the battle throng—I've fallen on the sword,

But death abhorred me, and my life as quickly was restored;  
I cast myself in Ætna's flames—fiends spurned me for a mate,

And threw me from them once again—to wander desolate!

'Strange thoughts are gathering in my soul at this heart-soothing hour;

My inward darkness vanishes before their hazy power!  
And yet my mind's eye cannot paint, nor call from the far past,

My Miriam's angel face once more as when I saw her last!

'Wizzard! I know the awful wish that tortures thee e'en now;

I read its hidden import on the darkness of thy brow!  
Look on my withered features—look on this scorching eye—  
Then tell me, thou mysterious man, wouldst thou not rather die?

'Ay—I could grant the impious wish for which thy spirit burns,

From which e'en now at sight of me thy heart in loathing turns!

Eternal life I grant thee not! but gold I'll pour on thee,  
Till in thy courted presence even kings shall bow the knee.

'Then call forth, from the dark depths of thy mirror to me now,

The tender one to whom I gave this scar'd heart's earliest vow:

My Miriam! oh, my Miriam! to gaze on thee once more,  
Would make my wanderings but a dream—come to me as of yore.'

'Thy gold I spurn,' the Wizzard said, 'Wisdom hath quenched the thirst,

For earth's vain pomp and glittering toys with which the great are curst—

Such glittering dross I prize not—grant but the longed-for boon,

And thy wish is granted ere beneath the wave sinks yonder moon!

'I said I would not grant thy wish,' exclaimed that ancient man;

'But have thy way!' he sternly said, and his brow waxed deadly wan—

Grant now my wish—now breathe a vein—now sign this aged scroll—

And bid the dreams of other days before my vision roll!

'But know the terms on which alone I now can grant the boon:

Night's potent queen will sink beneath the ocean-billows soon,  
Then, should I grant thy impious wish, my wanderings shall have ceas'd;

And my soul from its dull weight of woe for ever be released!

For on that fearful day, when He who suffered on the tree  
Was mocked and spit on by the crowd, but chiefly so by me,  
This doom was passed: That o'er the earth my wearied feet  
should tend

Far from the spot which gave me birth, without or hope or  
friend!

Until some wretch, like thee, should dare to change his fate  
with mine,

Who, dreading death—ay, e'en sweet death!—for endless  
life should pine!—

Now grant my wish—now breathe a vein—now sign this  
aged scroll!

And bid the dreams of other days before my vision roll.

The Wizzard oped a spouting vein, and signed his hated  
name,

While a flush of joy as quickly o'er his pale brow went and  
came;

Then wildly cried that Pilgrim old, 'Now bid the far-past  
shine,

For here, for ever, love in death, my Miriam, thou art mine!

The Wizzard seized his ebony rod, and raised it o'er his head,  
And waved it thrice, and thrice he called upon the lovely  
dead:

The brooding darkness passed away from off the mirror's  
face,

And there, beneath a palm tree, sat the beauty of her race!

'My Miriam! oh, my Miriam!—my lost—my tender one!—  
Unchang'd through all the withering years which over me  
have flown!

How oft, in dreams of midnight, hast thou waved me on to  
thee!

Now, now I come, my deathless one, for here at last I'm  
free!

Slowly he sank upon the ground—while pale the Wizzard  
stood,

And from his arm still bubbled forth the fatal stream of blood;  
Upon an eddying whirlwind the passing spirit flew,

And left behind the blighted corse of the dark Wandering  
Jew.

#### THE PASSING CROWD.

"The passing crowd," is a phrase coined in the spirit of indifference. Yet, to a man, of what Plato calls "universal sympathies," and even to the plain ordinary denizens of this world, what can be more interesting than the "passing crowd?" Does not this tide of human beings, which we daily see passing along the ways of this world, consist of persons animated by the same spark of the divine essence, and partaking of the same high destinies with ourselves? Let us stand still but for a moment, in the midst of this busy, and seemingly careless scene, and consider what they are or may be whom we see around us. In the hurry of the passing show, and of our own sensations, we see but a series of unknown faces; but this is no reason why we should regard them with indifference. Many of these persons, if we knew their histories, would rivet our admiration by the ability, worth, benevolence, or piety, which they have displayed in their various paths through life. Many would excite our warmest interest by their sufferings—sufferings, perhaps, borne meekly and well, and more for the sake of others than themselves. How many tales of human weal and wo, of glory and of humiliation, could be told by those beings,

whom, in passing, we regard not! Unvalued as they are by us, how many as good as ourselves repose upon them the affections of bounteous hearts, and would not want them for any earthly compensation! Every one of these persons, in all probability, retains in his bosom the cherished recollections of early happy days, spent in some scene which "they ne'er forget, though there they are forgot," with friends and fellows, who, now far removed in distance and in fortune, are never to be given up by the heart. Every one of these individuals, in all probability, nurses still deeper, in the recesses of feeling, the remembrance of that chapter of romance in the life of every man, an early earnest attachment, conceived in the fervor of youth, unstained by the slightest thought of self, and for the time purifying and elevating the character far above its ordinary standard. Beneath all the gloss of the world—this cold conventional aspect, which all more or less present, and which the business of life renders necessary—there resides, for certain, a fountain of goodness, pure in its inner depths and the lymph rock-distilled, and ready on every proper occasion to well out in the exercise of the noblest duties. Though all may seem but a hunt after worldly objects, the great majority of these individuals can, at the proper time, cast aside all earthly thoughts, and communicate directly with the Being whom their fathers have taught them to worship, and whose will and attributes have been taught to man immediately by himself. Perhaps many of these persons are of loftier aspect than ourselves, and belong to a sphere removed above our own. But, nevertheless, if the barrier of mere worldly form were taken out of the way, it is probable that we could interchange sympathies with these persons as freely and cordially as with any of our own class. Perhaps they are of an inferior order; but they are only inferior in certain circumstances, which should never interpose to prevent the flow of feeling for our kind. The great common features of human nature remain; and let us never forget how much respect is due to the very impress of humanity—the type of the divine nature itself! Even where our fellow creatures are degraded by vice and poverty, let us still be gentle in our judging. The various fortunes which we every day see befalling the members of a single family, after they part off in their several paths through life, teach us, that it is not to every one that success in the career of existence is destined. Besides, do not the arrangements of society at once necessitate the subjection of an immense multitude to humble toil, and give rise to temptations, before which the weak and un-instructed can scarcely escape falling? But even beneath the soiled face of the poor artisan there may be aspirations after some vague excellence, which hard fate has denied him the means of attaining, though the very wish to obtain it is itself ennobling. The very mendicant was not always so; he, too, has had his undegraded and happier days, upon the recollection of which, some remnant of better feeling may still repose.

These, I humbly think, are reasons why we should not look with coldness upon any masses of men with whom it may be our lot to mingle. It is the nature of a good man to conclude that others are like himself; and if we take the crowd promiscuously, we can never be far wrong in thinking that there are worthy and well directed feelings in it as well as in our bosoms.

#### AGRICULTURE.

##### APPLE TREES.

A gentleman in Essex, England, having in his garden many old, supposed worn out apple trees, which had produced fruit scarcely larger than a walnut, last winter took fresh made lime from the kiln, stacked it with water, and without allowing time for its caustic quality being injured by imbibing fixed air, well dressed the trees, applying the lime with a brush. The result was, that the insects and moss

were completely destroyed, the outer rind fell off, and a new, smooth, clear one formed; and the trees, although some twenty years old, have now a most healthy appearance. The same treatment may be extended to other fruit bearing trees, and probably with a similar beneficial result.—[In Upper Canada we have seen the outer rind of an old apple tree taken off, and the stem stripped absolutely to its white coat; a new covering has succeeded, and the tree has flourished and borne well. There is a superstition that the operation we speak of, to be effectual, must be performed on the 20th, 21st, or 22d of June.]

#### GRASS SEEDS.

It is very probable that the Farmers of this country, in confining their attention exclusively to clover and timothy, do not realize as much hay and pasture as they would from a greater variety sown in the same field. In England the quantity sown to the acre for mowing is ten pounds of red clover, two of white do., two of yellow do., and one bushel of perennial rye grass. In this country grass seed is not generally sown later than the 15th of April.

#### USEFUL INSTRUCTIONS REGARDING THE MILKING OF COWS.

The operation of milking is performed differently in various parts of the country. In some, the dairy maid dips her hand into a little milk, and by successively stripping the teat between her finger and thumb unloads the udder. The plan, however, is attended with the disadvantage of irritating more or less the teat, and rendering it liable to cracks or chaps, which are followed by inflammation extending to the rest of the udder. This accounts for the disease occurring more frequently among the cows under the charge of one milker than it does in those which are under the charge of another; and as this practice is more common in some parts of the country than in others, it also accounts for the disease being more common in these parts.—This plan of milking, where the irritation is not sufficient to excite the extent of inflammation to which I have alluded, frequently produces a horny thickening of the teat, a consequence of the cracks and chaps which renders it more difficult to milk than when in its natural state, and at the same time predisposes to inflammation, when any cause occurs to set it up. These effects may be, and are almost entirely avoided, by the more scientific plan of milking adopted in other parts of the country, where, instead of drawing down or stripping the teat between the thumb and fingers, the dairy-maid follows more closely the principles which instinct has taught the calf. (The calf jerks its nose into the udder and forces down the milk.) She first takes a slight hold of the teat with her hand, by which she merely encircles it, then lifts her hand up, so as to press the body of the udder upwards, by which the milk escapes into the teat, or if (as is generally the case when some hours have elapsed between milking times) the teat is full, she grasps the teat close to its origin with her thumb and forefinger, so as to prevent the milk which is in the teat from escaping upwards; then making the rest of the fingers to close from above downwards in succession, forces out what milk may be contained in the teat through the opening of it. The hand is again pressed up and closed as before, and thus, by repeating this action, the udder is completely emptied, without that coarse tugging and tearing of the teat, which is so apt to produce disease.

#### HOW TO OCCUPY AN ACRE OF LAND.

Plant potatoes on one half and wheat on the other; the potatoe land is left in excellent condition for wheat the following year, reserving a small part for onions, cabbage, lettuce, &c. alternately. The produce on an average, would be as follows:—Between four or five coombs (of five bushels each) of wheat, with litter for his pig; holm (stubble) would furnish him with fuel to heat his oven; 150 bushels of po-

tatoes, besides other vegetables, which, after using as many potatoes as may be wanted for his family, with his bran, and a small quantity of corn, would fat him three or four hogs in the year; and thus, as he would live more on animal food and vegetables he would not consume half the quantity of flour, which constitutes nine tenths of his subsistence. If he were to pursue this plan, the greater part of his crop would be consumed upon his land, which would continue to improve it. His rent would be always ready, and he would be able to give more for his land than any farmer in the country.—Take a view of him after his day's work; see him employed in his garden; his wife assisting; his children weeding; another employed in carrying the refuse to the pigs, a little one prattling beside the father, till the dusk of evening calls them to their repose. Rudely as I have drawn it, to me this picture seems delightful; and all this might be effected to the benefit of the landlord, as well as that of the community at large.

#### AN IMPROVEMENT IN THE MODE OF RAISING ANNUAL FLOWER SEEDS.

After sowing the patch of seeds, and covering it with fine moist soil, place a garden pot inversely over it, until the seeds have struck root: then raise the pot up two or three inches, keeping it thus supported for a few days, and then removed entirely. The pot not only keeps the soil moist, but by the sun heating the pot the seeds come up much more quickly than otherwise they would do, in consequence of which the seeds need not be sown so early by a fortnight or upwards. The young plants are therefore less exposed to injury from cold or late spring frosts. Hollow tiles, instead of pots, answer equally well, except that where mice are, they have access to the ends.

#### BONE MANURE FOR FLOWERS.

It is said in an English publication, that bone manure will produce more luxuriant flowers than any other manure. It is very convenient for use in green houses, being cleaner and less bulky. Its effects, however, will be scarcely perceptible without first undergoing fermentation by admixture with other manure.

#### A GOOD MINCE PIE FROM SAWDUST.

Don't be frightened!—A neighbour of mine once desirous of obtaining a steak from his store of beef, found it very hard frozen, which rendered it difficult to cut. He therefore used a common hand saw, and sawed it on a clean cloth; his wife observed that she thought the meat thus made fine by the saw might be the happiest mode of preparing it for a pie. She took it and added the other usual ingredients, and it made even a better and richer pie than one made by boiling and chopping, &c., which trouble was saved. Sawing is clearly the easiest mode of obtaining a steak when the meat is frozen; the nutritive qualities of the meat lost in boiling are saved in this way, and of course the richer and better the pie.

#### SHALOT OR ONION SAUCE—SAUCE NAVIGOTE.

Take a handful of sweet herbs, and the same quantity of shalots or little onions, and cut them up small. Put them into a sauce-pan, with some vinegar, salt, pepper, and sufficient broth or warm water to cover them. Let them boil gently for a quarter of an hour. Take the sauce from the fire and set it on the stove, or on the hearth, and stir in, till it melts, a piece of butter rolled in flour, or a spoonful of olive oil.

#### OPINION.

When there is much desire to learn, there will of necessity be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the waking.—MILTON.



## CHARLES SEYMOUR.

12th August, 1662, died Charles Seymour, the proud Duke of Somerset. Charles II., in the last year of his reign, made him a knight of the garter. James II. appointed him a lord of the bed-chamber; and for refusing to introduce Ferdinand Dada, Archbishop of Amasia, the Pope's nuncio, to the public audience at Windsor, discharged him from his place in the palace; and from the army as colonel of the third regiment of dragoons. The duke concurred in the Revolution, but kept in retirement at the beginning of William's reign. He afterwards took office as president of the council, and a lord justice. Under Queen Ann he was master of the horse, a privy counsellor, and a commissioner for the union; but at the change of the ministry he was superseded. With the Duke of Argyle, he forced himself into the council at Kensington, which had been summoned to deliberate upon the death of the queen, and disconcerted the plans of the Tories. George I. named him a lord justice, and guardian of the realm, and on his landing restored him to all his employments; yet, on bail being refused for his son-in-law, Sir William Wyndham, who was suspected of holding intelligence with the court of St. Germain's, he expressed his sentiments so warmly that he was removed from his office of master of the horse. He had boundless pride. In the reign of Queen Ann he ordered his servants to wear the same livery as her Majesty's footmen; and shot their dresses from a cart into the court of the palace. He claimed to be paid almost regal honors. His servants obeyed by signs; and he caused the roads in the country to be cleared for him, that he might pass without obstruction or observation. "Go out of the way," said one of his attendants to a countryman, who was driving a hog. "Why?" said the man, "Because my lord duke is coming, and he does not like to be looked upon." The offended countryman seized his hog by the ears, and held him up to the carriage window, exclaiming, "I will see him, and my pig shall see him too." The duke married twice. His second duchess once familiarly tapped him on the shoulder with her fan; he turned round indignantly and said, "My first duchess was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty." His children obeyed his mandates with slavish respect. His two younger daughters were required to stand and watch, alternately, whilst he slept after dinner. One of them, upon such an occasion, sat down from fatigue; her noble father awoke, and observing her position, declared he would make her remember her want of decorum; and he kept his word, by leaving her, in his will, £20,000 less than her sister. Pride was inherent in the Seymours. King William, at a levee, casually observed to Sir Gower Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons, that he believed he was of "the Duke of Somerset's family." "No Sir," said the indignant baronet, "His Grace is of mine."

## THE CHILDREN'S BALL.

Brilliant and gay was the lightful hall,  
 'Twas the night of an infant festival,  
 There were sylph-like forms in the mazy dance,  
 And there were the tutor step and glance,  
 And the gay attire, and the hopes and fears  
 That might well bespeak maturer years;  
 The sight might to common eyes seem glad,  
 But I own that it made my spirit sad.

I saw not in all that festive scene,  
 The cloudless brow, and the careless mein,

\* Noble.

But Vanity sought the stranger's gaze,  
 And Envy shrunk from another's praise,  
 And Pride repelled with disdainful eye,  
 The once-loved playmate of days gone by.  
 Alas! that feelings so far from mild,  
 Should find place in the breast of a little child!  
 And how, thought I, at the morrow's rise,  
 Will these fair young sleepers open their eyes.  
 Will their smiles the freshness of morning speak,  
 And the roses of health suffuse their cheek?  
 No—with a wearied mind and look,  
 They will turn from the pencil, the globe, and book,  
 A longing and feverish glance to cast,  
 On the joys and the pains of the evening past.

Parents! 'tis all too soon to press  
 The glittering fetters of worldliness  
 On those tender years, to which belong  
 The merry sport, and the bird-like song:  
 What fruit can the trees of autumn bring,  
 If the fragile blossoms be nipt in spring?  
 Such stores will the summer life impart,  
 If ye spoil the bloom of the infant heart!

## BOUNDLESSNESS OF THE CREATION.

About the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells me, that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles, and that could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded,—a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all his attributes—where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidence of his glory.

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. Country Subscribers can have it forwarded to their address, at Ten Shillings per annum.