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SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

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THE LAST MAN.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around the lonely man!
Some had expir'd in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by,
Saying, we're twins in death, proud sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go.
For thou ten thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discredited king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
In pitying pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shape abhorr'd,
Or mourn in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Tost of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of Victory—
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter eup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

ORIGIN OF CHIVALRY.

Europe being reduced to a state of anarchy and confusion on the decline of the House of Charlemain, every proprietor of a Manor or Lordship became a petty sovereign; the mansion-house was fortified by a moat, defended by a guard, and called a Castle. The governor had a body of 7 or 800 men at his command, and with these he used frequently to make excursions, which commonly ended in a battle with some lord of some petty state of the same kind, whose castle was then pillaged, and the women and treasures borne off by the conqueror. During this state of universal hostility, there was no friendly communication between the provinces, nor any high road from one part of the kingdom to another; the wealthy traders, who then travelled from place to place with their merchandize and their families, were in perpetual danger; the lord of almost every castle extorted something from them on the road; and at last, some one, more rapacious than the rest, seized the whole cargo, and bore off the women for his own use.

Thus castles became the ware-houses of all kinds of rich merchandize, and the persons of the distressed females, whose fathers or lovers had been plundered or slain, and who being, therefore, seldom disposed to take the thief or murderer into favour, were in continual danger of a rape.

But as some are always distinguished by virtue in the more general defection, it happened that many lords insensibly associated to repress these sallies of violence and rapine, to secure property and protect the ladies. Among these were many lords of great fiefs, and the association was at length strengthened by a solemn vow, and received the sanction of a religious ceremony. By this ceremony they assumed a new character, and became knights. As the first knights were men of the highest rank, and the largest possessions, such having most to lose, and the least temptation to steal, the fraternity was regarded with a kind of reverence, even by those against whom it was formed. Admission into the order was deemed the highest honour. Many extraordinary qualifications were required in a candidate, and many new ceremonies were added at his creation. After having fasted from sunrise, confessed himself, and received the sacrament, he was dressed in a white tunic, and placed by himself at a side table, where he was neither to speak, to smile, nor to eat, while the knights and ladies who were to perform the principal parts of the ceremony, were eating, drinking and making merry at the great table. At night his armour was conveyed to the church, where the ceremony was performed; and here having watched it till the morning, he advanced with his sword hanging about his neck, and received the benedictions of the priest. He then kneeled down before the lady who was to put on his armour, who being assisted by persons of the first rank, buckled on his spurs, and put an helmet on his head, and accoutred him with a coat of mail, a cuirass, baslets, cuisses, and gauntlets.

Being thus armed *cap-a-pie*, the knight who dubbed him struck him three times over the shoulder with the flat side of his sword, in the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George. He was then obliged to watch all night in all his armour, with his sword girded, and his lance in his hand. From this time the knight devoted himself to the redress of those wrongs which "Patient merit of th' unworthy takes," to secure merchants from the rapacious cruelty of banditti, and women from ravishers, to whose power they were, by the particular confusion of the times, continually exposed.

From this view of the origin of Chivalry, it will be easy to account for the castle, the moat, and the bridge which are found in romances; and as to the Dwarf he was a constant appendage to the rank and fortune of those times, and no castle therefore could be without him. The Dwarf and the Buffoon were then introduced to kill time, as the card table is at present. It will also be easy to account for the multitude of the captive Ladies, whom the knights upon seizing the castle set at liberty; and for the prodigious quantities of useless gold and silver vessels, and stuffs, and other merchandise, with which many apartments in these castles are said to have been filled.

The principal Lords who entered into the confraternity of knights, used to send their sons to each other, to be educated, far from their parents, in the mystery of Chivalry. These youths, before they arrived at the age of one-and-twenty, were called Bachelors, or *Bas-Chevaliers*, inferior knights, and at that age were qualified to receive the order.

These knights, who first appeared about the 11th century, flourished most in the time of the Crusades. The feudal Lords, who led their vassals under their banner, were called knights Bannerets. The right of marching troops under their own colours was not the consequence of their knighthood, but their power.

The great privilege of knighthood was neither civil nor military, with respect to the state, but consisted wholly in the part assigned them in those sanguinary sports, called Tournaments; for neither a Bachelor nor Esquire was permitted to tilt with a knight.

Various orders of knighthood were at length instituted by sovereign Princes; the Garter, by Edward III. of England; the Golden Fleece by Philip the Good, Duke of Bur-

gundy; and St. Michael, by Louis XI. of France. From this time ancient Chivalry declined to an empty name; when sovereign princes were established, regular Bannerets were no more, though it was still thought an honour to be dubbed by a great prince or victorious hero; and all who possessed arms without knighthood, assumed the title of esquire.

There is scarce a prince in England that has not thought fit to institute an order of knighthood; the simple title of knight, which the kings of Europe confer on private subjects, is a derivation from ancient Chivalry, although very remote from its source.

I THINK ON THEE.

In youth's gay hours, 'mid pleasure's bowers,
When all was sunshine, mirth and flowers,
We met—I bent th' adoring knee,
And told a tender tale to thee.

'Twas summer's eve—the heavens above,
Earth, ocean, air, were full of love;
Nature around kept jubilee,
When first I breath'd that tale to thee.

The crystal clouds that hung on high
Were blue as thy delicious eye;
The stirless shore, and sleepless sea,
Seem'd emblems of repose and thee.

I spoke of hope—I spoke of fear—
Thy answer was a blush and tear;
But this was eloquence to me,
And more than I had ask'd of thee.

I look'd into thy dewy eye,
And echoed thy half-stifled sigh;
I clasp'd thy hand, and vow'd to be
The soul of love and truth to thee.

The scene and hour are past; yet still
Remains a deep impassion'd thrill—
A sun-set glow on memory,
Which kindles at a thought of thee.

We lov'd!—how wildly and how well,
'Twere worse than idle now to tell;
From love and life alike thou'rt free,
And I am left—to think of thee.

ABYSSINIAN ZOOLOGY.

We have much pleasure in laying before the readers of *The Saturday Evening Magazine* some very interesting extracts from Mr. Russel's work on Abyssinia, which forms No. 71 of the Family Library:—

TRAITS OF THE HYENA.

Hyenas generally inhabit caverns and other rocky places, from whence they issue, under cover of the night, to prowl for food. They are gregarious, not so much from any social principle as from a greediness of disposition and a gluttonous instinct, which induce many to assemble even over a scanty and insufficient prey. They are said to devour the bodies which they find in cemeteries, and to disinter such as are hastily or imperfectly inhumed. There seems, indeed, to be a peculiar gloominess and malignity of disposition in the aspect of the hyena, and its manners, in a state of captivity, are savage and untractable. Like every other animal, however, it is perfectly capable of being tamed. A contradictory feature has been observed in its natural instincts. About

Mount Libanus, Syria, the north of Asia, and the vicinity of Algiers, the hyenas, according to Bruce, live mostly upon large succulent bulbous roots, especially those of the fritillaria, &c.; and he informs us that he has known large patches of the fields turned up by them, in their search for onions and other plants. He adds that these were chosen with such care, that after having been peeled, if any small decayed spot became perceptible, they were left upon the ground.

In Abyssinia, however, and many other countries, their habits are certainly decidedly carnivorous; yet the same courage, or at least fierceness, which an animal diet usually produces, does not so obviously manifest itself in this species.—In Barbary, according to Bruce, the Moors in the day time seize the hyena by the ears and drag him along, without his resenting that ignominious treatment otherwise than by attempting to draw himself back; and the hunters, when his cave is large enough to give them entrance, take a torch in their hands, and advance straight towards him; pretending at the same time to fascinate him by a senseless jargon. The creature is astounded by the noise and glare, and allowing a blanket to be thrown over him, is thus dragged out. Bruce locked up a goat, a kid and a lamb all day with a Barbary hyena which had fasted, and he found the intended victims in the evening alive and uninjured. He repeated the experiment, however, on another occasion, during the night, with a young ass, a goat and a fox; the next morning he was astonished to find the whole of them not only killed, but actually devoured, with the exception of some of the ass's bones!

ANECDOTE TOLD BY BRUCE.

Many a time in the night, when the king had kept me late in the palace, and it was not my duty to lie there, in going across the square from the king's house, not many hundred yards distant, I have been apprehensive they would bite me in the leg. They grunted in great numbers around me, though I was surrounded with several armed men, who seldom passed a night without wounding or slaughtering some of them. One night in Maitsha, being very intent on observation, I heard something pass behind me towards the bed, but upon looking round could perceive nothing. Having finished what I was then about, I went out of my tent, resolved directly to return, which I immediately did, when I perceived large blue eyes staring at me in the dark. I called upon my servant with a light, and there was the hyena standing nigh the head of the bed, with two or three large bunches of candles in his mouth. To have fired at him I was in danger of breaking my quadrant, or other furniture, and he seemed, by keeping the candles steadily in his mouth, to wish for no other prey at that time. As his mouth was full, and he had no claws to tear with, I was not afraid of him, but with a pike struck him as near the heart as I could judge. It was not till then he showed any sign of fierceness; but upon feeling the wound, he let drop the caudles, and endeavoured to run up the shaft of the spear to arrive at me; so that, in self-defence, I was obliged to draw a pistol from my girdle and shoot him; and nearly at the same time my servant cleft his skull with a battle-axe.

HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTING.

Mr. Salt and his party stationed themselves on a high overhanging rock, which commanded one of the favourite pools; and they had not remained long before a hippopotamus rose to the surface at a distance of not more than 20 yards. He came up at first very confidently, raising his enormous head out of the water, and snorting violently. At the same instant their guns were discharged, the contents of which appeared to strike directly on its forehead; on which it turned its head with an angry scowl, and making a sudden plunge, sank to the bottom, with a peculiar noise,

between a grunt and a roar. They for some minutes entertained a sanguine hope that he was killed, and momentarily expected to see his body ascend to the surface. But it soon appeared that a hippopotamus is not so easily slain; for he rose again, ere long, close to the same spot, and apparently not much concerned at what had happened, though somewhat more cautious than before. They again discharged their pieces, but with as little effect as formerly; and although some of the party continued firing at every one that made his appearance, they were by no means certain that they produced the slightest impression upon any of them. This they attributed to their having used leaden balls, which were too soft to enter his almost impenetrable skull.

It appears from what they witnessed that the hippopotamus cannot remain over five or six minutes under water. One of the most interesting parts of the amusement was to witness the perfect ease with which these animals quietly dropped down to the bottom; for the water being exceedingly clear, they could distinctly see them so low as 20 feet below the surface.

RHINOCEROS HUNTING.

The eyes of a rhinoceros are extremely small; and as his neck is stiff, and his head cumbersome, he seldom turns round so as to see any thing that is not directly before him. To this, according to Bruce, he owes his death, as he never escapes if there is as much plain ground as to enable a horse to get in advance. His pride and fury then induces him to lay aside all thoughts of escaping but by victory. He stands for a moment at bay, then starting forward, he suddenly charges the horse, after the manner of the wild boar, which animal he greatly resembles in his mode of action. But the horse easily avoids his ponderous onset, by turning short aside, and this is the fatal instant; for a naked man, armed with a sharp sword, drops from behind the principal hunter, and, unperceived by the rhinoceros, who is seeking to wreak his vengeance on his enemy, he inflicts a tremendous blow across the tendon of the heel, which renders him incapable of either flight or resistance.

In speaking of the large allowance of vegetable matter necessary to support this enormous living mass, we should likewise take into consideration the vast quantity of water which it consumes. No country, according to Bruce, but such as that of the Shangalla, deluged with six months' rain, full of large and deep basins, hewn out by nature in the living rock, which are shaded by dark woods from evaporation, or one watered by extensive rivers which never fall low or to a state of dryness, can supply the vast draughts of its enormous maw. As an article of food, he is himself much esteemed by the Shangalla; and the soles of his feet, which are soft like those of a camel, and of a grisly substance, are peculiarly delicate. The rest of the body resembles that of the hog, but is coarser, and is pervaded by a smell of musk.

THE MOUNTAIN VULTURE.

On the highest summit of the mountain Lamalmon, while the traveller's servants were refreshing themselves, after the fatigue of a toilsome ascent, and enjoying the pleasure of a delightful climate, and a good dinner of boiled goat's flesh, a lammergeyer suddenly made his appearance among them. A great shout, or rather cry of distress, attracted Bruce's attention, who, while walking towards the bird, saw it deliberately put its foot into the pan, which contained a huge piece of meat prepared for boiling.

Finding the temperature somewhat higher than it was accustomed to be among the pure gushing springs of that romantic region, it suddenly withdrew its foot, but immediately afterwards settled upon two large pieces which lay upon a wooden platter, into which it thrust its claws and carried them off. It disappeared over the edge of a "steep Tarpeian rock,"

down which criminals were thrown, and whose remains had probably first induced the bird to select that spot as a place of sojourn. The traveller, in expectation of another visit, immediately loaded his rifle, and it was not long before the gigantic bird re-appeared:—

As when a vulture on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yearling kids
On hills where flocks are fed, flies towards the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where the Chinese drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light;

so landed the lammergeyer within ten yards of the savoury mess, but also within an equal distance of Bruce's practised rifle. He instantly sent his ball through his body, and the ponderous bird sank down upon the grass with scarcely a flutter of its out-spread wings.

SERPENTS.

There are not many serpents in Upper Abyssinia, and few remarkable animals of that class even in the lower countries, if we except a species of boa, commonly so called, which attains the length of twenty feet. It feeds upon antelopes and the deer kind, which it swallows entire. Its favourite places of resort are by the sides of grassy pools of stagnant rivers, where it lies in ambush, ready to encircle in its horrid folds whatever quadruped approaches.

A remarkable and noted serpent of these parts is the cerastes, or horned viper. It hides itself all day in holes in the sand, where it lives in little chambers similar and contiguous to those of the jerboa. Bruce kept a pair of them in a glass jar for two years, without any food; they did not appear to sleep even in winter, and cast their skins during the last days of April. This poisonous reptile is very fond of heat; for however warm the weather might be during the day, whenever Bruce made a fire at night, it seldom happened that fewer than half a dozen were found burnt to death by approaching too close to the embers.

CROCODILES.

It seems there are crocodiles also in Abyssinia, of a greenish colour and enormous size. The natives are so exceedingly afraid of them, that in the hottest weather they dare not bathe where they are seen, and will not even wash their hands at the water's edge, without a companion with them, to throw stones at the crocodiles.

THE SUMMER MIDNIGHT.

The breeze of night has sunk to rest,
Upon the river's tranquil breast,
And every bird has sought her nest,
Where silent is her minstrelsy;
The queen of heaven is sailing high,
A pale bark on the azure sky,
Where not a breath is heard to sigh—
So deep the soft tranquility.

Forgotten now the heat of day
That on the burning waters lay,
The noon of night her mantle grey,
Spreads, from the sun's high blazonry;
But glittering in that gentle night
There gleams a line of silvery light,
As tremulous on the shores of white
It hovers sweet and playfully.

At peace the distant shallop rides;
Not as when dashing o'er her sides
The roaring lay's unruly tides
Were beating round her gloriously;
But every sail is furl'd and still,
Silent the seaman's whistle shrill,
While dreamy slumbers seem to thrill
With parted hours of ecstasy.

Stars of the many spangled heaven!
Faintly this night your beams are given,
Tho' proudly where your hosts are driven
Ye rear your dazzling galaxy:
Since far and wide a softer hue
Is spread across the plains of blue,
Where in bright chorus ever true
For ever swells your harmony.

O! for some sadly dying note
Upon this silent hour to float,
Where, from the bustling world remote,
The lyre might wake its melody;
One feeble strain is all can swell
From mine almost deserted shell,
In mournful accents yet to tell
That slumbers not its minstrelsy.

There is an hour of deep repose
That yet upon my heart shall close,
When all that nature dreads and knows
Shall burst upon me wondrously;
O may I then awake for ever
My harp to raptures high endeavour,
And as from earth's vain scene I sever,
Be lost in immortality!

POOR RELATIONS.

A poor relation is—the most irrelevant thing in nature—a piece of impertinent correspondency—an odious approximation—a haunting conscience—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of your prosperity—an unwelcome remembrancer—a perpetually recurring mortification—a drain in your purse—a more intolerable dnm upon your pride—a drawback upon success—a rebuke to your rising—a stain in your blood—a blot on your scutcheon—a rent in your garment—a death's head at your banquet—Agathocles' pot—a Mordecai in your gate—a Lazarus at your door—a lion in your path—a frog in your chamber—a fly in your ointment—a mote in your eye—a triumph to your enemy—an apology to your friends—the one thing not needful—the hail in harvest—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet—the hore *par excellence*.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you, "That is Mr. —." A rap, between familiarity and respect—that demands, and, at the same time, seems to despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling, and—embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced to stay. He filleteth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says, with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. — will drop in to-day." He remembereth birth-days—and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice, against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remaining glass of claret—if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful

of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think "they have seen him before." Every one speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be—a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependant; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your other guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean, and quite unimportant anecdote of—the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as "he is blest in seeing it now." He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture; and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle—which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know till lately that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is—a female poor relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. "He is an old humourist," you may say, "and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a character at your table, and truly he is one." But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. "She is plainly related to the L——s; or what does she at their house?" She is in all probability your wife's cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando sufflaminandus erat*—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped—after the gentlemen. Mr. ——— requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the former—because he does. She calls the servant *sir*; and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronizes her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her when she has mistaken the piano for a harpsichord.

TIME.

"Time is the stuff that life is made of," says Young.

"BECOME about your business," says the dial in the Temple: a good admonition to a loiterer on the pavement below.

The great French Chancellor, d'Aguesseau, employed all his time. Observing that Madame d'Aguesseau always delayed ten or twelve minutes before she came down to dinner, he composed a work entirely in this time, in order not to lose an instant; the result was, at the end of fifteen years, a book in three large volumes quarto, which went through several editions.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Ach wie nichtig, ach wie flüchtig!

O how cheating, O how fleeting,
Is our earthly being!
'Tis a mist in wintry weather,
Gather'd in an hour together,
And as soon dispers'd in ether.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Are our days departing!
Like a deep and headlong river
Flowing onward, flowing ever—
Tarrying not and stopping never.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Are the world's enjoyments!
All the hues of change they borrow,
Bright to-day and dark to-morrow—
Mingled lot of joy and sorrow!

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is all earthly beauty!
Like a summer flow'et flowing,
Scatter'd by the breezes, blowing
O'er the bed on which 'twas growing.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is the strength of mortals!
On a lion's power they pride them,
With security beside them—
Yet what overthrows betide them!

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is all earthly pleasure!
'Tis an air suspended bubble,
Blown about in tears and trouble,
Broken soon by flying stubble.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is all earthly honour!
He who wields a monarch's thunder,
Tearing right and law asunder,
Is to-morrow trodden under.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is all mortal wisdom!
He who with poetic fiction
Sway'd and silenced contradiction,
Soon is still'd by death's infliction.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is all earthly wisdom!
Though he sing to angels sweetly,
Play he never so discreetly,
Death will overpower him fleetly.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Are all mortal treasures!
Let him pile, and pile untiring;
Time, that adds to his desiring,
Shall disperse the heap aspiring.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is the world's ambition!
Thou who sit'st upon the steepest
Height, and there securely sleepest,
Soon wilt sink, alas! the deepest.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is the pomp of mortals!

Clad in purple—and elated,
O'er their fellows elevated,
They shall be by death unseated.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
All—yes! all that's earthly!
Every thing is fading—flying—
Man is mortal—earth is dying—
Christian! live on Heav'n relying.

The same writer truly pictures our fearful estate, if we heed not the silent progress of "the enemy," that by proper attention we may convert into a friend:—

TIME.

On! on! our moments hurry by
Like shadows of a passing cloud,
Till general darkness wrap the sky,
And man sleeps senseless in his shroud.

He sports, he trifles time away,
Till time is his to waste no more:
Heedless he hears the surges play—
And then is dash'd upon the shore.

He has no thought of coming days,
Though they alone deserve his thought;
And so the heedless wanderer strays,
And treasures nought and gathers nought.

Though wisdom speak—his ear is dull;
Though virtue smile—he sees her not;
His cup of vanity is full;
And all besides forgone—forgot.

PIOUS LIBERTIES.*

CHAP. II.

It may be asked, why expose the infirmities of the human mind? Why display so many instances of raving superstition and ignorance? To this we answer, that we wish them to be laughed down; for the authors of such farrago do much dis-service to religion, not among those who know how to discriminate, but among those who do not. If these rhapsodies had been acted *only* among the covenanters of Scotland, then it would not be worth while to drag forth the unwelcome records from their by-gone obscurity; but the same cant is every now and then attempted to be obtruded among us, by the fanatics of the present day, who even go to the length of saying that they are sensible of the operations of the Holy Spirit, and even name time and place. Now we think this is going too far—so far, indeed, as to deserve our ridicule! for reasoning with such inspirati, or illuminati, the favoured people, is altogether out of the question. In fact, fanatics never were any great friends to reason and learning, and not without some kind of plea; first, because they have usually a slender provision of either; secondly, because a man has no occasion to spend his time and his pains in the studious way, who has an inward illumination to guide him to truth, and to make such labour unnecessary. Will it be pretended that certain pastors of the flock do not encourage all this? Read sectarian pamphlets and periodicals of the present period.

Never was hypocrisy carried to a greater height than in the civil wars of Charles I. They had Triers who appointed preachers to their livings, first asking them such questions as these:—When were you converted? Where did you begin to feel the motions of the Spirit? In what year? In what month? In what day? About what hour of the day had you the secret call or motion of the spirit, to undertake and labour in the ministry? What work of grace has God wrought upon your soul? and a great many other questions about regeneration, predestination, and the like.

*Vide No. 6, page 47.

Mechanics of all sorts were then preachers, and some of them were much admired and followed by the mob. "I am to tell thee, Christian reader, (says Dr. Featley—preface to his *Dipper Dipped*, 1647) this new year, of new changes, never heard of in former ages, namely, of stables turned into temples, and I will beg leave to add, temples turned into stables, stalls into quires, shopboards into communion tables, tubs into pulpits, aprons into linen ephods, and mechanics of the lowest ranks into priests of the highest places. I wonder that our door-posts and walls sweat not, upon which such notes as these have been lately affixed: 'on such a day such a brewer's clerk exerciseth, such a tailor expoundeth, such a waterman teacheth.' If cooks, instead of mincing their meat, fall upon dividing of the word—if tailors leap up from the shopboard into the pulpit, and patch up sermons out of stolen shreds—if not only of the lowest of the people, as in Jeroboam's time, priests are consecrated to the Most High God—do we marvel to see such confusion in the church as there is?" Here are felt-makers, who can roundly deal with the blockheads and neutral demicasters of the world—cobblers, who can give good rules for upright walking, and handle scripture to a bristle—coachmen, who know how to lash the beastly enormities, and curb the headstrong insolence of this brutish age, stoutly exhorting to stand up for the truth, lest the wheel of destruction roundly overrun us. We have weavers that can sweetly inform us of the shuttle swiftness of the times, and practically thread out the vicissitudes of all sublunary things till the web of our life be cut off; and here are mechanics of any profession, who can separate the pieces of salvation from those of damnation—measure out every man's portion, and cut it out by thread—substantially pressing the points, till they have fashionably filled up their work with a well-buttoned conclusion."

But to proceed:—The Puritans in the days of Charles I. were so daring as to make sauey expostulations with God from the pulpit. Mr. Vines, in St. Clement's-church, near Templebar, used the following words: 'O Lord, thou hast never given us a victory this long while, for all our frequent fasting. What dost thou mean, O Lord, to fling us in a ditch and there leave us?' And one Robinson, in his prayer at Southampton, August 25, 1642, expressed himself in the following manner: 'O God, O God, many are the hands that are lifted up against us; but there is one God, it is thou thyself, O Father, who doest us more mischief than they all.' They seemed to encourage this saueiness in their public sermons: 'Gather upon God, (says Mr. R. Harris, Fast Sermon before the Commons,) and hold him to it, as Jacob did—press him with his precepts, with his promises, with his hand, with his seal, with his oath, till we do *thusepin*, as some Greek fathers boldly speak: that is, if I may speak it reverently enough, put the Lord out of countenance—put him, as you would say, to the blush, unless we be masters of our requests.'

Evans goes still farther: 'O God, O God, many are the hands lifted up against us, but there is one, God, it is thou thyself, O Father, who doest us more mischief than they all, (this was a favourite phrase.) O Lord, when wilt thou take a chair and sit among the house of Peers? And when, O God, when, I say, wilt thou vote among the honourable house of Commons? We know, O Lord, that Abraham made a covenant, and Moses and David made a covenant, and our Saviour made a covenant—but thy Parliament's covenant is the greatest of all covenants. I say this is God's cause, and if our God has any cause, this is it; and if this be not God's cause, then God is no God for us, but the devil has got up into heaven.'

It is curious to observe, that those who took those pious liberties, took the liberty also of quarrelling with the most innocent customs then in use, as the eating of Christmas pies and plum-porridge at Christmas, which they reputed as very sinful. This might be further illustrated if we had

room. These were the people who considered mirth to be only made for reprobates, and cheerfulness of heart denied those who are the only persons that have a proper title to it.

The author of 'The Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence, 4to. 1693,' speaks of "the force that a loud voice and a whining tone, in unbroken and smothered words, have upon the Presbyterian rabble; that they look not upon a man as endued with the Spirit of God, without such canting and deformity of holiness. A person that hath the dexterity of whining, may make a great congregation of them weep with an ode of Horace, or an eclogue of Virgil; especially if he can but drivel a little, either at the mouth or eyes, when he repeats them. And such a soul may pass for a soul-ravishing spiritualist, if he can but set off his nonsense with a wry mouth, which with them is called a *grace-pouring-down countenance*. The snuffling and twang of the nose passes for the gospel sound, and the throwings of the face for the motions of the Spirit." But we shall now proceed to give some extracts from this book, with the pious hope that the ludicrous instances cited will stop those who are getting into this way, and prevent any set starting up in future, to act their parts in this manner, viz: in giving us a torrent of words, and but a drop of sense:—

Mr. W. Guthrie, of Fenwick, hath a printed sermon full of curses and imprecations: 'Will you gang, man, to the cursed curates? Gang! and the vengeance of God gang with thee; the devil rag their hearts out of their sides.'

Mr. Kirkton, lately, in the church he possesses at Edinburgh, began his sermon thus: 'Devil take my soul and body!' The people starting at the expression, he anticipates their wonder with this correction: 'you think, sirs, this is a strange word in the pulpit, but you think nothing of it out of the pulpit; but what if the devil should take many of ye when ye utter such language?' Another time, preaching against *cockups*, (part of the head-dress, we suppose,) he told, 'I have been this year of God preaching against the vanity of women, yet I see my own daughter in the kirk even now, have as high a cockup as any of you all.'

Mr. Kirkton, preaching in his meeting-house on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, adduced several instances of the poverty of the people of God; amongst others he had this remarkable one: 'Brethren, (says he) critics, with their frim frams and whytie whaties, (trifles) may imagine a hundred reasons for Abraham's going out of the land of Chaldaea; but I will tell you what was always my opinion—I believe Abraham, poor man, was forced to run out of the land of Judea, for debt.'

One Fraser, of Bray, preaching at a conventicle in the beginning of king James' reign, began his discourse thus: 'I am come here to preach this day, sirs, in spite of the curates, and in spite of the prelates their masters, and in spite of the king their master, and in spite of the Hector of France, his master, and in spite of the Pope of Rome, that's both their master, and in spite of the devil, that's all their master.'

Mr. Areskine, praying in the Tron church, said, 'Lord have mercy on all fools, and idiots, and particularly on the magistrates of Edinburgh.'

'I have,' says the author, 'often heard blind Mr. Best, at Utrecht, use this expression in his prayers: 'O Lord, confound that man of sin, that child of perdition, that Anti-Christ, the Pope of Rome: thou must confound him, thou shalt confound him—good Lord, I will have you confound him.'

CHARLES II.

The poet Waller, in a letter to St. Evremond, relates a dialogue between Charles II. and the Earl of Rochester, which shows the tenor of their manners. Waller says, "Grammont once told Rochester that if he could by any means divest himself of one half of his wit, the other half would make him the most agreeable man in the world. This

observation of the Count's did not strike me much when I heard it, but I remarked the propriety of it since. Last night I supped at Lord Rochester's with a select party; on such occasions he is not ambitious of shining; he is rather pleasant than arch; he is, comparatively, reserved; but you find something in that restraint that is more agreeable than the utmost exertion of talents in others. The reserve of Rochester gives you the idea of a copious river that fills its channel, and seems as if it would easily overflow its extensive banks, but is unwilling to spoil the beauty and verdure of the plains. The most perfect good humour was supported through the whole evening; nor was it in the least disturbed when, unexpectedly, towards the end of it, the king came in, (no unusual thing with Charles II.) 'Something has vexed him,' said Rochester; 'he never does me this honour but when he is in an ill humour.' The following dialogue, or something very like it, then ensued:—

The King.—How the devil have I got here? The knaves have sold every cloak in the wardrobe.

Rochester.—Those knaves are fools. That is a part of dress which, for their own sakes, your majesty ought never to be without.

The King.—Pshaw! I'm vex'd!

Rochester.—I hate still life—I'm glad of it. Your majesty is never so entertaining as when—

The King.—Ridiculous! I believe the English are the most intractable people upon earth.

Rochester.—I must humbly beg your majesty's pardon, if I presume in that respect.

The King.—You would find them so were you in my place, and obliged to govern.

Rochester.—Were I in your majesty's place, I would not govern at all.

The King.—How then?

Rochester.—I would send for my good Lord Rochester, and command him to govern.

The King.—But the singular modesty of that nobleman.

Rochester.—He would certainly conform himself to your majesty's bright example. How gloriously would the two grand social virtues flourish under his auspices!

The King.—O, *præca fides!* What can these be?

Rochester.—The love of wine and women!

The King.—God bless your majesty!

Rochester.—These attachments keep the world in good humour, and therefore I say they are social virtues. Let the Bishop of Salisbury deny it if he can.

The King.—He died last night. Have you a mind to succeed him?

Rochester.—On condition that I shall neither be called upon to preach on the 30th of January or the 29th of May.

The King.—Those conditions are curious. You object to the first, I suppose, because it would be a melancholy subject; but the other—

Rochester.—Would be a melancholy subject too.

The King.—This is too much—

Rochester.—Nay, I only mean that the business would be a little too grave for the day. Nothing but the indulgence of the two grand social virtues could be a proper testimony for my joy upon that occasion.

The King.—Thou art the happiest fellow in my dominions. Let me perish if I do not envy thee thy impudence!

"It is in such strain of conversation, generally, that this prince passes off his chagrin; and he never suffers his dignity to stand in the way of his humour."

This showing is in favour of Charles, on whose character, as a king of England, posterity has long since pronounced judgment. A slave to his passions, and a pensioner to France, he was unworthy of the people's "precious diadem." He broke his public faith, and disregarded his private word. To the vessel of the state he was a "sunk rock," whereon it had nearly foundered.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

Man comes into the world like morning mushrooms—soon thrusting up their heads into the air, and conversing with their kindred of the same production, and as soon they turn into dust and forgetfulness.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Who sleeps below? who sleeps below?—

It is a question idle all!—

Ask of the breezes as they blow,

Say, do they heed, or hear thy call?

They murmur in the trees around,

And mock thy voice, an empty sound!

A hundred summer suns have shower'd

Their fostering warmth, and radiance bright;

A hundred winter storms have lower'd

With piercing floods, and hues of night,

Since first this remnant of his race

Did tenant his lone dwelling-place.

Say, did he come from East—from West?

From Southern climes, or where the Pole,

With frosty sceptre, doth arrest

The howling billows as they roll?

Within what realm of peace or strife

Did he first draw the breath of life?

Was he of high or low degree?

Did grandeur smile upon his lot?

Or, born to dark obscurity,

Dwelt he within some lonely cot,

And, from his youth to labour wed,

From toil-strung limbs wrung daily bread?

Say, died he ripe and full of years,

Bowed down, and bent by hoary old,

When sound was silence to his ears,

And the dim eye-ball sight withheld—

Like a ripe apple falling down,

Unshaken, 'mid the orchard brown;

When all the friends that bless'd his prime

Were warr'd like a morning dream—

Pluck'd one by one by spareless Time,

And scatter'd in oblivion's stream—

Passing away all silently,

Like snow-flakes melting in the sea;

Or, 'mid the summer of his years,

When round him throng'd his children young,

When bright eyes gush'd with burning tears,

And anguish dwelt on every tongue—

Was he cut off, and left behind

A widow'd wife, scarce half resign'd?

Or, 'mid the sunshine of his spring,

Came the swift bolt that dash'd him down—

When she, his chosen, blossoming

In beauty, deem'd him all her own,

And forward look'd to happier years

Than ever bless'd their vale of tears?

Perhaps he perish'd for the faith—

One of that persecuted band,

Who suffer'd tortures, bonds, and death,

To free from mental thrall the land,

And, toiling for the Martyr's fame,

Espos'd his fate, nor found a name!

Say, was he one to science blind,

A groper in earth's dungeon dark?—

Or one, whose bold aspiring mind

Did, in the fair creation, mark

The Maker's hand, and kept his soul
Free from this grovelling world's controul?

Hush, wild surmise!—'tis vain—'tis vain—

The Summer flowers in beauty blow,

And sighs the wind, and floods the rain,

O'er some old bones that rot below;

No other record can we trace,

Of fame or fortune, rank or race!

Then, what is life, when thus we see

No trace remains of life's career—

Mortal! whoe'er thou art, for thee

A moral lesson gloweth here;

Put'st thou in aught of earth thy trust?

'Tis doom'd that dust shall mix with dust.

What doth it matter then, if thus,

Without a stone, without a name,

To impotently herald us,

We float not on the breath of fame;

But, like the dew-drop from the flower,

Pass, after glittering for an hour.

Since soul decoys not—freed from earth,

And earthly coils, it bursts away—

Receiving a celestial birth,

And spurning off its bonds of clay,

It soars, and seeks another sphere,

And blooms through Heaven's eternal year.

Do good—shun evil—live not thou

As if at death thy being died;

Nor Error's syren voice allow

To draw thy steps from truth aside;

Look to thy journey's end—the grave!

And trust in Him whose arm can save.

THE MOST ENTERTAINING OF BOOKS.

Two gentlemen of acknowledged taste, when on a visit to a gentleman of rank, were each desired to write a list of the ten most interesting works they had ever read. One work found its way into every list—this was Gil Blas.

Had Dr. Johnson been present, and been previously heard on the subject, the preference would probably have been given to Don Quixote. The Doctor used to say, that there were few books of which one ever could possibly arrive at the last page; and that there was never any thing written by mere man that was wished longer by its readers, excepting Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, and the Pilgrim's Progress. After Homer's Iliad, he said, the work of Cervantes was the greatest in the world as a book of entertainment.

Shakspeare himself has, until within the last half century, been worshipped only at home; while translators and engravers live by the hero of La Mancha in every nation; and the walls of the miserable inns and the cottages, all over England, France and Germany, are adorned with the exploits of Don Quixote.

This practice is not confined to European towns; as an instance of taste in this respect may be found in the good city of Montreal—where the walls of Mr. Swords' handsome dining-room are ornamented with the most striking incidents that befel the Knight of La Mancha and his Squire in their whimsical and gallant expedition.

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