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SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

PRICE TWO PENCE.

Vol. I.]

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[No. 10.

PAUL BEFORE THE AREOPAGUS.

Come to the Hill of Mars, for he is there,
That wondrous man, whose eloquence doth touch
The heart like living flame. With brow unblench'd
And eye of fearless ardour, he confronts
That high tribunal, with its pen of flint,
Whose irreversible decree made pale
The Gentile world. All Athens gathers near—
Fickle, and warm of heart, and fond of change,
And full of strangers, and of those who pass
Life in the idle toil, to hear and tell
Of some new thing. See, thither throng the bands,
Of Epicurus, wrapt in gorgeous robe,
Who seem with bright and eager eyes to ask,
'What will this babbler say?' With front austere
Stand a dark group of stoics, sternly proud,
And predetermined to confute, but still
'Neath the deep wrinkles of their settled brow
Lurks some unwonted gathering of their power—
As for no common foe. With angry frown
Stalk the fierce cynics, anxious to condemn,
And prompt to punish; while the patient sons
Of gentle Plato bind the listening soul
To search for wisdom, and with reason's art
Build the fair argument.

Behold the throngs
Press on the speaker—drawing still more close,
In denser circles, as his thrilling tones
Speak of the God who warneth every where
Man to repent, and of that fearful day
When he shall judge the world. Loud tumult wakes,
The tide of strong emotion hoarsely swells,
And that blest voice is silenced. They have mocked
The ambassador of Heaven, and he departs
From their wild circle. But his graceful hand
Points to an altar with its mystic scroll—
'The Unknown God!'

Ah, Athens, is it so?
Thou who didst crown thyself with woven rays
As a divinity, and called the world
Thy pilgrim worshipper, dost thou confess
Such ignorance and shame? *The Unknown God!*
While all thy hillocks and resounding streams
Do boast their deity! and every house,
Yea, every heart that beats within thy walls,
May choose its temple and its priestly train,
Victim, and garland, and appointed rite;
Thou mak'st the gods of every realm thy own,
Fostering with boundless hospitality
All forms of idol-worship. Can it be
That still ye found not him who is so near
To every one of us—in whom we live,
And move, and have a being? He of whom
Thy tuneful poets spake with childish awe?
And thou, Philosophy, whose art refined
Did aim to pierce the labyrinth of Fate,
And compass with thy fine-spun sophist web
The mighty universe, didst thou fall short
Of the Upholding God?

The Unknown God!

Thou who didst smile to find an awe-struck world
Crouch to thee as a pupil; wert thou blind?
Blinder than he who in his humble cot,
With hardened hand, his daily labour done,
Turns to the page of Jesus, and doth read
With toil, perchance, that the trim school-man mocks.
Counting him in his arrogance a fool;
Yet shall this poor, wayfaring man lie down
With such a hope as thou couldst never teach
Thy kinglike saes—yea, a hope that plucks
The sting from death—the victory from the grave.

THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

On the 7th of August, 1783, the Princess Amelia, daughter to his late Majesty George 3, was born; and on the 2d of Nov., 1810, she died at Windsor. Her constitution was delicate, and subject to frequent and severe indisposition. On her death-bed she anxiously desired to present his Majesty with a token of her filial duty and affection; himself was suffering under an infirmity the most appalling and humiliating in our nature, and in that state he approached her death-bed. She placed on his finger a ring containing a small lock of her hair, set beneath a crystal tablet, enclosed by a few sparks of diamonds, and uttered with her dying breath, "Remember me!" The words sunk deep into the paternal heart, and are supposed to have increased a malady in the king, which suspended his exercise of the royal functions, and ended in the extinction of man's noblest faculty.

The Princess Amelia's character has hitherto lain in the oblivion of silent merit. The editor of these sheets is enabled to disclose sentiments emanating from her, under circumstances peculiarly affecting. Dignity of station and absence of stain upon her reputation, commanded towards her the respect and sympathy which accident of birth, and abstinence from evil, always obtain in the public mind: but there are higher claims upon it.

Homage, by rule and precedent prescribed,
To royal daughters from the courtier-ring
Amelia had; and, when she ceased to live,
The herald wrote her death beneath her birth!
And set out arms for scutcheons on her pall;
And saw her buried in official state;
And newspapers and magazines dole'd out
The common praise of common courtesy;
She was "most" good, "most" virtuous, and—so forth:
Thus, ere the Chamberlain's gazetted order
To mourn, so many days, and then half-mourn,
Had half expired, Amelia was forgotten!
Unknown by one distinguish'd act, her fate,
The certain fate of undistinguish'd rank,
Seems only to have been, and died: no more.
Yet shall this little book send down her name,
By her own hand inscribed, as in an album,
With reverence to our posterity.
It will revive her in the minds of those
Who scarce remember that she was; and will

Enkindle kind affection to her memory—
For worth we knew not in her when she lived ;
While some who living, shared her heart, perchance,
May read her sentences with wetted eyes,
And say, "She, being dead, yet speaketh."

The Princess Amelia relieved the indigent friends of three infant females from care, as to their wants, by fostering them at her own expense. She caused them to be educated, and placed them out to businesses, by learning which they might acquire the means of gaining their subsistence in comfort and respectability. They occasionally visited her, and to one of them she was peculiarly attached: her Royal Highness placed her with Mrs. Bingley, her dressmaker, in Piccadilly. In this situation,

"long she flourish'd,
Grew sweet to sense and lovely to the eye,
Until at length the cruel spoiler came,
Pluck'd this fair flow'r and rifled all its sweetness,
Then flung it like a loathsome weed away."

The seduction of this young female deeply afflicted the princess's feelings; and she addressed a letter to her, written throughout by her own hand, which marks her reverence for virtue, and her pity for one who diverged from its prescriptions. It is a public memorial of her worth—the only record of her high principles and affectionate disposition.

(corr.)

The accounts I have received of you, My poor Mary, from Mrs. Bingley, have given me the greatest concern, and have surprised me as well as hurt me; as I had hoped you were worthy of the kindness you experienced from Mrs. Bingley, and were not undeserving of all that had been done for you.

Much as you have erred, I am willing to hope, my poor girl, that those religious principles you possessed are still firm, and that they will, with the goodness of God, show you your faults, and make you to repent, and return to what I hoped you were—a good and virtuous girl. You may depend on my never forsaking you as long as I can be your friend. Nothing but your conduct not being what it ought to be, can make me give you up. Forget you, I never could. Believe me, nothing shall be wanting, on my part, to restore you to what you were; but you must be honest, open and true. Make Mrs. K., who is so sincerely your well-wisher, your friend. Conceal nothing from her; and believe me, much as it may cost you, at the moment, to speak out, you will find relief afterwards, and I trust it may enable us to make you end your days happily.

To Mrs. Bingley, and all with her, you can never sufficiently feel grateful. Her conduct has been that of the kindest mother and friend, and, I trust, such friends you will ever try to preserve; for, if with propriety they can continue their kindness to you, it will be an everlasting blessing for you; but, after all that has happened, my dear Mary, I cannot consent to leaving you there. Though I trust, from all I hear, your conduct now is proper, and will continue so, yet, for the sake of the other young people, it must be wrong; and if you possess that feeling, and repent, as I hope you do, you cannot but think I am right. I trust you feel all your errors, and, with the assistance of God, you will live to make amends; yet your conduct must be made an example of. The misfortune of turning out of the right path, cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of all young people. Alas! you now know it from experience. All I say I feel doubly, from wishing you well.

Be open and true, and whatever can be done, to make you happy, will. Truth is one of the most necessary virtues, and whoever deviates from that, runs from one error into another—not to say vice. I have heard you accused Mrs. Bingley of harshness; that I conceive to be utterly impossible; but I attribute your saying so to a mind in the greatest affliction, and not knowing what you were about. I pity

you from my heart, but you have brought this on yourself, and you must now pray to God, for his assistance, to enable you to return to the right path.

Why should you fear me? I do not deserve it, and your feeling the force of your own faults can only occasion it; for I feel I am, and wish to be, a friend to three young people I have the charge of, and to make them fit to gain their own bread, and assist their families. For you I have felt particularly, being an orphan, and I had never had cause to regret the charge I had. Your poor parents have been saved a heavy blow. Conceive what their affliction must have been, had they lived to know of your conduct. I trust my poor Mary may yet live to renew all our feelings of regard for her, and that I shall have the comfort to hear many good accounts of your conduct and health. Unless your mind is at ease you cannot enjoy health.

Be assured I shall be happy to find I have reason, always, to subscribe myself,

Your friend,

AMELIA.

So wrote one of the daughters of England. We hail her a child of the nation by her affiance to virtue, the creator of our moral grandeur, and the preserver of our national dignity. Private virtue is the stability of states.

In the Princess Amelia's letter there is a natural union of powerful sense and exquisite sensibility; it has an easy, common-place air, but a mind that examines the grounds, and searches into the reasons of things, will discover the "root of the matter." Comment upon it is abstained from, that it may be read and studied.

The crime of seduction is fashionable, because hitherto fashion has been criminal with impunity. The selfish destroyer of female innocence can prevail on some wives and mothers by varnish of manner, and forcefulness of wealth, to the degradation of sanctioning his entertainments by their presence. Like the fabled upas-tree of Java, he lives a deadly poison to wither and destroy all within his shadow. Uneasiness from a lash of small cords in a feeble hand, he retaliates by a horsewhip; monstrous sensualists must be punished by scourges of flame from vigorous arms, and be hunted by hue and cry, till they find sanctuary in some remote hiding-place for blood-guiltiness.

TWILIGHT.

The feast was over, the slaves gone,
The dwarfs and dancing girls had all retired,
The Arab lore and poet's song were done,
And every sound of revelry expired;
The lady and her lover left alone,
The rosy flood of twilight sky admired:
Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenliest hour of heaven is worthiest thee!

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power,
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air;
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!
Those down-cast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—
What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—
That painting is no idol, 'tis too like.

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,

In nameless print—that I have no devotion ;
But set those persons down with me to pray,
And you shall see who has the properest notion
Of getting into heaven the shortest way :

My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth, air, stars—all that springs from the great Whole,
Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.

Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er
To where the last Cesarian fortress stood,
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

The shrill cicadas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bells that rose the boughs along :
The spectred huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng,
Which learn'd from this example not to fly
From a true lover, shadow'd my mind's eye.

O Hesperus!* thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer ;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest ;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart ;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay ;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns ?
Ah! surely nothing dies, but something mourns!

MRS. ARBUTHNOT.

"Which is Mrs. Arbuthnot?" said an elderly of the old school, whose bent form and silver locks told a tale of years gone by, to a young aspirant in diplomacy, during an entertainment at Lady Strong's, at Putney. "Which is the confidant of Princess Lieven, and the counsellor of the Duke of Wellington? Do I see her in that lovely woman, sitting near our host, with that singularly sweet expression and bright laughing eye?"

"No, that is the celebrated beauty, Rosamond Croker, the niece of the sarcastic secretary. The object of your inquiry is nearer home—hush! speak lower—look to the right of Mr. Holmes; see, she is listening with evident satisfaction to the *badinage* of the great captain. With his grizzled hair, hooked nose, and piercing eye, how like an old eagle! Now, now, she looks this way."

"And that is Mrs. Arbuthnot," said the old gentleman, musing. "Those faultless feminine features and clear pale countenance—"

"Which," interrupted his youthful Mentor, "are invariably of the same delicate hue, and at no time, rare instance in a woman of fashion! masked with rouge: look at her well—for she's a woman that has served her country."

"Her country—how? when? where?"

"Those are questions more easily asked than answered ;

* The evening star.

but as nothing ostensible appears, we must suppose it to be in the way of *secret service*. And," continued the young diplomatist, "such she must have rendered, and of no common description. Otherwise there would never have been granted, under an administration on principle hostile to all extravagance—to unmerited pensions—to every species of expenditure un sanctioned by necessity; under a premier who pared down the Custom-house clerks without mercy—whose watchword was "*economy*" and general order "*retrenchment*"—who spared no salary, and respected no services—a pension of no less than NINE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT POUNDS PER ANNUM TO HARRIET ARBUTHNOT. No, no; rely upon it, her claims upon her country are weighty, and her services in its behalf unimpeachable."

SHIRLEY.

It is next to impossible to doubt that it was by the fall, if not by the death of Charles I., that the mind of the royalist poet was solemnized to the creation of those imperishable stanzas, which first appeared in his *Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*. "Oliver Cromwell is said, on the recital of them, to have been seized with great terror and agitation of mind." Frequently as this noble dirge has been quoted, it must not be omitted here:—

"The glories of our mortal state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

"Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

"The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now,
See, where the victor victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb—
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust."

DESCENT OF THE BISHOPS.

The present amiable and respected primate of all England chances to be the son of a poor country clergyman. The Bishop of London derives his descent from a schoolmaster in Norwich. The father of the Bishop of Durham was nothing more than a shopkeeper in London. The Bishops of Winchester and Chester boast of no nobler lineage than belongs to the sons of an under-master at Harrow. Bishop Burgess, as all the world knows, is the son of that illustrious citizen with whose excellent fish-sauce civilized men are generally well acquainted; while his lordship of Exeter dates his parentage through a long line of hereditary innkeepers in the town of Gloucester. Besides these, we have the Bishop of Bristol, the son of a silver-smith in London; the Bishop of Bangor, the son of a schoolmaster in Wallingford; the Bishop of Llandaff, whose father was a country clergyman; with many others, whom it were superfluous to enumerate. Lincoln, St. Asaph, Ely, Peterborough, Gloucester, all spring from the middling classes of society.

ACCOUNT OF THE EARL OF ROSEBERRY'S SON AND A
CLERGYMAN'S WIFE, IN ESSEX.

In the Cambridge Journal of October, 1752, is the following article:—

Extract of a Letter from Colchester, August 18.

"Perhaps you have heard that a chest was seized by the Custom-house officers, which was landed near this place about a fortnight ago; they took it for smuggled goods, though the person with it produced the king of France's signature to Mr. Williams, as a Hamburgh merchant: but people not satisfied with the account Mr. Williams gave, opened the chest, and one of them was going to run his hanger in, when the person to whom it belonged clapt his hand upon his sword, and desired him to desist, (in French) for it was the corpse of his dear wife. Not content with this, the officers plucked off the embalming, and found it as he had said. The man, who appeared to be a person of consequence, was in the utmost agonies, while they made a spectacle of the lady. They sat her in the high church, where any body might come and look on her, and would not suffer him to bury her, till he gave a further account of himself. There were other chests of fine clothes, jewels, &c. &c. belonging to the deceased. He acknowledged at last that he was a person of quality, that his name was not Williams, that he was born at Florence, and the lady was a native of England, whom he married, and she desired to be buried in Essex; that he had brought her from Verona, in Italy, to France, by land, there hired a vessel for Dover, discharged the vessel there, and took another for Harwich, but was drove hither by contrary winds. This account was not enough to satisfy the people; he must tell her name and condition, in order to clear himself of a suspicion of murder. He was continually in tears, and had a key of the vestry, where he sat every day with the corpse; my brother went to see him there, and the scene so shocked him he could hardly bear it, he said it was so like Romeo and Juliet.

"He was much pleased with my brother, as he talked both Latin and French, and, to his great surprise, told him who the lady was; which proving to be a person he knew, he could not help uncovering the face. In short, the gentleman confessed he was the Earl of Roseberry's son, (the name is Primrose,) and his title Lord Delamere, (Dalmeny) that he was born and educated in Italy, and never was in England till two or three years ago, when he came to London, and was in company with this lady, with whom he fell passionately in love, and prevailed on her to quit the kingdom, and marry him; that having bad health, he had travelled with her all over Europe; and when she was dying, she asked for pen and paper, and wrote, 'I am the wife of the Rev. Mr. G——, rector of Th——, in Essex; my maiden name was C. Cannon; and my last request is to be buried at Th——.'

"The poor gentleman who last married her protests he never knew, (till this confession on her death-bed) that she was another's wife; but, in compliance with her desire, he brought her over, and should have buried her at Th—— (if the corpse had not been stopped) without making any stir about it. After the nobleman had made this confession, they sent to Mr. G——, who put himself in a passion, and threatened to run her last husband through the body; however, he was prevailed on to be calm. It was represented to him that this gentleman had been at great expense and trouble to fulfil her desire; and Mr. G—— consented to see him. They say the meeting was very moving, and that they addressed each other civilly. The stranger protested his affection to the lady was so strong, that it was his earnest wish, not only to attend her to the grave, but to be shut up for ever with her there.

"Nothing in romance ever came up to the passion of this man. He had a very fine coffin made for her, with six large silver plates over it; and, at last, was very loth to part with

her, to have her buried. He put himself in the most solemn mourning, and, on Sunday last, in a coach, attended the corpse to Th——, where Mr. G—— met it in solemn mourning likewise.

"The Florentine is a genteel person of a man, seems about twenty-five years of age, and, they say, a sensible man: but there was never any thing like his behaviour to his dear, dear wife, for so he would call her to the last. Mr. G—— attended him to London yesterday, and they were very civil to each other; but my lord is inconsolable—he says he must fly England, which he can never see more. I have heard this account from many hands, and can assure you it is fact. Kitty Cannon is, I believe, the first woman in England that had two husbands attending her to the grave together. You may remember her to be sure: her life would appear more romantic than a novel."

ETYMOLOGY.

All our words of necessity are derived from the German; our words of luxury, and those used at table, from the French. The sky, the earth, the elements, the names of animals, household goods, and articles of food, are the same in German as in English; the fashions of dress, and every thing belonging to the kitchen, luxury, and ornament, are taken from the French; and to such a degree of exactness, that the names of animals which serve for the ordinary food of men, such as *ox, calf, sheep*, when alive, are called the same in English as in German; but when they are served up for the table they change their names, and are called *beef, veal, mutton*, after the French.

ON THE DEATH OF THE POET SHELLEY.

With those who think we view in thee

The champion of their creed,

If theirs, in truth, a creed can be,

Who from belief are freed—

Who view with scorn all modes of faith,

Though seal'd by many a martyr's death,

With such I fain would plead;

And, in that love which knows no bound,

Once more a brief alarm would sound.

If Christians err, yourselves admit

Such error harms them not—

If you are wrong, and Holy Writ

No juggling, priestly plot,

But Truth's own Oracle reveal'd—

Then is your condemnation seal'd,

And hopeless is your lot!

You doubt the Gospel:—keep in view,

What can be doubted—*may be true!*

But O! to you—who halt between

The Christian's—sceptic's part:

Who now to Revelation lean,

And now to sophist's art—

As one who many doubts has known,

Aware what conflicts like your own

Awaken in the heart—

This simple watch-word let me give:

'Believe!—obey!—and ye shall live!'

That time and labour are worse than useless which have been occupied in laying up treasures of false knowledge, which it will one day be necessary to unlearn; and in storing up mistaken ideas, which we must hereafter remember to forget. Timotheus, an ancient teacher of rhetoric, always demanded a double fee from those pupils who had been instructed by others; for in this case, he had not only to plant in, but to root out.

OPIUM EATING.

Is there any sure and safe method of curing a person of the habit of opium eating, when that habit is confirmed by many years' use of the article? This is a question not important so much from the number of persons who contract and indulge this noxious practice, as from the intense desire generally felt, and often expressed, by the few who are so unfortunate as to be its slaves, to be rid of so dreadful an evil. There are not many in this country addicted to the free and constant use of opium; but every person of this description we have chanced to know, has manifested a strong sense of the impropriety and danger of the practice, and entreated us to prescribe, if possible, some effectual remedy. That remedy we have not yet found; and if it be known to any whose eye shall glance over these lines, we trust he will delay not in giving us and the profession all the information on the subject that he may possess.

When we allude to opium-eaters, we mean those only who took it originally as a medicine for some nervous affection; and continue it from necessity, rather than from choice—who take it, not to intoxicate, but to strengthen and balance the nervous system, and enable them to attend to business, and to appear like other people. Of those who take opium for purposes of unnatural excitement and inebriation, we have no knowledge. They need less of our sympathy, and would excite us less to exertions in their behalf.

A lady, for example, is now under treatment for a common disorder, who allows no visit to terminate without entreaties that something may be done to break up this habit, to which she has been many years a bound and servile slave. The drug was originally given to her to quiet a slight degree of nervous irritation. It answered the purpose to a charm. From a useless thing, lolling about in idleness and pain, a trouble to herself and an annoyance to all around her, she became composed in body and mind, and capable of performing her part as a wife and mother, a neighbour and friend. The effect, however, of the dose went off with the day, and each successive morning found her a spiritless, fretful, uneasy being, until a small pill brought her up again to health and usefulness. After a time she found it necessary to increase the dose. The same quantity failed to bring her up to the standard of health. And so it went on. Month after month, and year after year, she did well so long as she took her pill, but each month required a larger dose than the preceding. About a year ago she became alarmed at the prospect before her. Still young, and with a family of children, what must become of her a few years hence, when already an ounce a day scarcely sufficed to answer her purpose. She sent for me, stated her case in anguish, and prayed for a remedy.

No one had ever suspected this lady of using opium, or any other stimulus, for she had never, in any one instance, been in the least degree over excited by it. She had never taken more than she found necessary to enable her to attend properly to her family and friends. Her husband even knew it not. Could she have got along without increasing the dose, she would have continued to use it without much apprehension. But this was impossible. The prospect was full of horror, and she resolved to divulge her secret, and to seek a remedy.

Here was a case of the most touching character, and yet of the greatest difficulty. Suffice it to say, we devoted as much care and research to the case as it demanded. Every resource was tried, but without effect. Often have we seen this lady, whilst under course of gradual reduction or substitution, convulsed for hour after hour in every muscle, and vomiting almost without intermission; and yet she has insisted on bearing it all, and more by far than we ventured to advise, in the faint hope that she might yet become quiet without resorting to her accustomed dose. That hope has always vanished, and she is now going on in the same course as before—well in every respect, capable and agreeable, but supporting herself by increasing quantities of opium—alive

to the danger of her practice, and dreading it more than any degree of suffering that may attend any measure that may be adopted to arrest it, with the slightest prospect of success.

The case we have given as illustrative of the kind of opium-eating that we apprehend is most common with us, and that which calls most loudly for the sympathy and aid of the humane physician. Other cases are, perhaps, less aggravated; but in this, death must follow a sudden withdrawal of the stimulus. A gradual reduction of the dose has been tried in vain, and so has the substitution of other narcotics and anti-spasmodics.—*Medical Journal.*

RECOLLECTIONS.

[FROM POEMS BY THE HONOURABLE MRS. NORTON.]

Do you remember all the sunny places,
Where, in bright days long past, we played together?
Do you remember all the old home faces,
That gather'd round the hearth in wintry weather?
Do you remember all the happy meetings,
In summer evenings, round the open door—
Kind looks, kind hearts, kind words, and tender greetings,
And clasping hands, whose pulses beat no more?
Do you remember them?

Do you remember all the merry laughter;
The voices round the swing in our old garden;
The dog, that when we ran still followed after;
The teasing frolic, sure of speedy pardon?
We were but children then, young, happy creatures,
And hardly knew how much we had to lose;
But now the dream-like memory of those features
Comes back, and bids my darken'd spirit muse.
Do you remember them?

Do you remember when we first departed
From 'midst the old companions who were round us,
How very soon again we grew light-hearted,
And talked with smiles of all the links which bound us?
And after, when our foot-steps were returning,
With unfelt weariness, o'er hill and plain,
How our young hearts kept boiling up and burning,
To think how soon we'd be at home again?
Do you remember this?

Do you remember how the dreams of glory
Kept fading from us like a fairy treasure;
How we thought less of being famed in story,
And more of those to whom our fame gave pleasure?
Do you remember in far countries, weeping
When a light breeze, a power, hath brought to mind
Old happy thoughts, which till that hour were sleeping,
And made us yearn for those we left behind?
Do you remember this?

Do you remember when no sound woke gladly,
But desolate echoes through our home were ringing;
How for awhile we talked—then paused full sadly,
Because our voices bitter thoughts were bringing?
Ah me! those days—those days! my friend, my brother,
Sit down, and let us talk of all our woes,
For we have nothing left but one another—
Yet where they went, old playmates, we shall go—
Let us remember this.

A pilgrim, says the fable, met the plague going into Smyrna. What are you going for?—To kill three thousand people, answered the plague. Some time after they met again. But you killed thirty thousand, says the pilgrim. No! answered the plague, I killed three thousand—it was fear killed the rest!

ST. SOPHIA.

Among the various temples erected for the worship of the universal Deity, "Jehovah, Jove or Lord," that dedicated to, and, even under its present application, retaining the title of "St. Sophia," is not the least celebrated. It is a church whose history is of a highly interesting character, resulting from one of the most important revolutions ever effected by religious fanaticism, or which ever changed the history of the world. It was originally built by Constantine I., but was destroyed by an earthquake; subsequently rebuilt by Constantius, and again destroyed by a fire, which, in the reign of Justinian, consumed nearly the entire city of Constantinople. That potentate then built the present church, or mosque, (as it is now called.) The dome of the temple is very faulty, and contributes to give the entire building a decidedly inferior effect, compared with others in the city, and especially that of the Sultan Ahmet, which is, probably, one of the most superb mosques in the possession of Islamism. The sight of this temple awakens a thrilling interest in him whom study has made acquainted with the history of Byzantium; and, whatever belief he embraces, he cannot contemplate, without a deep feeling, the site over which once floated, in all the pride of Roman greatness, the banner of Christianity. This mosque is splendidly situated; it is visible from every direction—from the Bosphorus—the harbour, and the sea of Marmora. It is not the privilege of Christians to visit it; but to them the other mosques are comparatively accessible. There is no inconsiderable chivalry necessary on those occasions; and, indeed, the life of the Christian visitor, when thus detected in the gratification of his curiosity, is not considered too great a sacrifice to the offended spirit of Islamism. On the occasion of a visit by a late Christian traveller, to this mosque, the Imam would not enter, so convinced was he of the danger attending it. This individual, and another, changing their hats for fezes, and otherwise substituting the most admissible costume, reached the vestibule, where they took off their shoes, (a necessary ceremony) and entered. Their stay in the mosque was not very accommodating to their curiosity, and less so to their personal safety—as a precipitate retreat alone preserved to them the enjoyment of their existence.

The beholder of this trophy, won by decidedly the most daring revolutionist of the day, from defeated Christianity, cannot, in surveying it, but lift the lid under which the glorious and chivalric past is buried. The temple of St. Sophia possesses a very superior claim to the contemplation of the Christian; but looking at it as a mere historical record, it is not much less attractive. Indeed, Constantinople, or Stamboul, as it has been called, is one of those spots, which, when viewed from any approach to the city, is an evidence, a living evidence, of its former greatness. There are very few cities which, during so many centuries of existence, have been so much spared from the destructive action of time, and so perfectly free from the equally destructive hand of human hostility. Nor does this city of the Sultan—this chiefest of cities conquered by the followers of the Prophet—claim more attention, from us, to its origin, progress, and unique ascendancy, than to the recent instability of its political and religious existence. The history of the rise of the empire, of which St. Sophia is decidedly the trophy, is pregnant with interest to the historian and philosopher—but not more so than its sudden fall: which possibly cannot be viewed in a more instructive light, than as exhibiting a portion—a fraction, as it may be termed—of the universal mental revolution, of which the world is at this day abundant. It is not, happily, the revolution of arms—it is not the result of physical power—it is the achievement of intellectual prowess; and, whatever be the result, the present mosque of St. Sophia will be, in future days, what it has ever been—a great monument to perpetuate the name of an individual who has had no equal, and whose single mind has changed the history of the universe.

One of the most effective views of St. Sophia, in connection with that of the city, is obtained from the Eski Serai, the Seraskier's tower, whence you view a panorama which words cannot describe. On this subject the late and descriptive traveller, Slado, observes:—

The aqueduct of Valens, the seven towers, Saint Sophia, the Seraglio domes, the Propontis—circuit of beauty studded with ocean gems—Mount Olympus, the gloomy grand cemetery, the wide-flowing Bosphorus, the golden horn, covered with caiques gliding like silver fish, are a few, only, of the features beneath him. Long may he look before being able to trace any plan in the dense mass of habitations that cover the hills and fill the valleys, which are so thickly planted, and so widely spread, that the countless mosques, and public baths, and numerous khans, besides the charshays, (of a moderate city's dimensions) are scarcely noticed for the space they occupy; although, in other respects, they attract attention—for no one can look at the seven hills, each crowned with a superb mosque, with numerous smaller ones on their sides, without being duly impressed with the piety of the Ottoman monarchs, and of their favourites, unsurpassed, save in Rome. Their good taste has led them to imitate Saint Sophia; the Turkish architects have improved on the model, and their taste and vanity combined to erect them on the most commanding spots, whereby Constantinople is embellished to a degree it could not have been in the time of the empire—that is, in an external view. I sincerely hope that whenever the cross displaces the crescent, (which it must do) a mistaken zeal for religion will not remove the stately minarets. Another pictorial charm, which it also owes to Mussulman customs, is the union of the colours, green, white and red, visible in the cypresses, the mosques and the dwellings. The perpetual and varied contrast is food for the eye, and excitement for the mind. We leave Pera, and in five minutes are in scenes of Arabian nights. The shores of the Bosphorus realize our ideas or recollections of Venetian canals, or the Euphrates' banks. Women, shrouded like spectres, mingle with men, adorned like actors. The Frank's hat is seen by the Dervish's Colpack; the gaudy-armed chavass, by the Nizam-geditt; the servile Greek by the haughty Moslem; and the full-blown Armenian by the spare Hebrew. The charshays resound with Babel's tongues, the streets are silent as Pompeii's. We stumble over filthy dogs at the gate of a mosque, clean-plumaged storks cackle at us from the domes, a pasha with a gallant train proceeds to Divan, harpy vultures fan him with their wings; and in the same cemetery we see grave-diggers and lovers, corpses and jesters. A lane of filth terminates with a white marble fountain, and a steep narrow street conducts to a royal mosque. In a moral sense, also, the parallel holds. We have an absolute monarch, a factious people; pashas, slaves *de nomine*, despots *de facto*; a religion breathing justice and moderation, a society governed by intrigue and iniquity. The Mussulman is mighty in prayer, feeble in good works; in outward life modestly personified, in his harem obscenity unmasked. He administers to a sick animal, and how-strings his friend; he believes in fatality, and calls in a doctor. In short, every thing, and every person, and every feeling, and every act, are at total variance in this great capital."

NAPOLEON.

The love of power and supremacy absorbed and consumed him. No person, no domestic attachment, no private friendship, no love of pleasure, no relish for letters or the arts, no human sympathy, no human weakness, divided his mind with the passion for dominion, and for dazzling manifestations of his power. Before this, duty, honour, love, humanity, fell prostrate. Josephine, we are told, was dear to him; but the devoted wife, who had stood firm and faithful in the day of his doubtful fortunes, was cast off in his prosperity to make room for a stranger, who might be more subservient to his power.—DR. CHANNING.

THEODOR KORNER.

Born 31st September, 1791; killed in a skirmish with the French Troops on the 20th August, 1813, while fighting, a Volunteer and Patriot-soldier, for the Liberties of Germany.

Two hours before the conflict, while bivouacking in the wood, he had composed the last and most remarkable of his war-songs, the celebrated "Lay of the Sword," and read it to a comrade, from the leaf of his pocket-book, on which he had transcribed it in pencil. It was found upon his person after his decease. We must attempt to present it to our readers—this noble, yet nearly untranslatable lyric—although we feel that no version can approach the power and wild beauty of the original. The startling boldness of the metaphor, the fiery brevity of the language, and a certain tone of stern joy, which distinguish this remarkable strain, absolutely mock the efforts of a translator. At the close of each strophe, the fierce "Hurra!" was to be accompanied by the clang of sabres; it is, indeed, a song such as could not be composed but by one with the very breath of war in his nostrils.

SWORD SONG.

Thou sword beside me ringing!
What means the wild joy springing
From those glad looks, and free,
That fill my soul with glee?
Hurra!

"I am borne by a gallant rider,
Therefore my glance is brighter;
I am a free man's choice—
This makes a sword rejoice."
Hurra!

"Yea! free I am—and prize thee,
Dear sword, with love that eyes thee,
As though the marriage-vows
Had pledged thee for my spouse.
Hurra!

"To thee did I surrender
My life of iron splendour;
Ah! were the band but tied!
When wilt thou fetch thy bride?"
Hurra!

For the bridal-night red glowing,
The trumpets' call is blowing:
At the first cannon's peal,
I'll clasp my bridal steel.
Hurra!

Why in thy scabbard shivering,
Thou iron gladness quivering?
So hot with battle-thirst—
Say, bright one, why thou stir'st?
Hurra!

"Yea! in the sheath I rattle,
With longings keen for battle:
I gasp with war's hot thirst—
My bonds I yearn to burst!"
Hurra!

Yet keep thy narrow cover—
What would'st thou yet, wild rover?
Rest in thy little home,
My lov'd one! soon I come!
Hurra!

"Now free me! break my prison!
O for Love's fields Elysian,

With rose-buds gory red,
And glowing wreaths of dead!"
Hurra!

Then quit the sheath, and pleasure
Thine eyes, thou soldier's treasure!
Come forth, bright sabre come!
Now will I bear thee home!
Hurra!

"Ah! the free air's entrancing,
Midst the marriage-revellers dancing!
How gleams in sun-rays bright,
Thy steel with bridal light!"
Hurra!

Now on! ye valiant fighters!
Now on! ye Almain riders!
And, feel your yeards but cold,
Let each his love unfold!
Hurra!

Once, at your left hand prison'd,
Her stolen glance but glisten'd;
Now, at her lord's right side
God consecrates the bride!
Hurra!

So, to the bright steel yearning
With bridal transports burning,
Be your fond lips applied—
Accursed who quits his bride!
Hurra!

Now raise the marriage-chorus,
Till the red sparks lighten o'er us!
The nuptial dawn spreads wide—
Hurra! thou Iron-bride!
Hurra!

On the high road from Gadebush to Schwerin, in Mecklenburg, hardly two miles from the hamlet of Rosenberg, the affray began. The French, after a short struggle, fell back upon a wood not far distant, hotly pursued by Lutzow's cavalry. Among the foremost of these was Theodor Korner; and here it was that a glorious death overtook him. A ball, passing through the neck of his charger, lodged in his body, and robbed him at once of speech and consciousness. He was instantly surrounded by his comrades, and borne to an adjacent wood, where every expedient that skill or affection could devise was employed to preserve his life—but in vain. The spirit of the patriot poet and warrior had arisen to its native heaven!

Beside the highway, as you go from Lubelow to Dreyerug, near the village of Wobbelin, in Mecklenburg, was his body lovingly laid to rest, by his companions in arms, beneath an oak—the favourite tree of his country, which he had ever desired to mark the place of his sepulchre. A monument has since been raised on the spot. It is a plain, square, pillar of stone, one side of which bears the device of a lyre and sword, with the brief inscription, from one of his own poems, *Vergiss die treuen Todten nicht*: "Forget not the faithful dead!"—a strong, and not a vain appeal!—for surely, so long as the excellence of generous sacrifice, and bright genius, and warm feelings, and whatever else is brave, and pure, and lovely, shall be held in esteem amongst men, this faithful dead shall not be forgotten; but his tomb will be a place of pilgrimage, and a sanctuary of deep and holy emotions, in all time henceforward. Nor is the sculpture sanctified by his ashes alone. A fair young sister is sleeping there by the side of the poet-soldier—his dearest sister, who survived but to complete a last labour of love, his portrait, and then passed away, to rejoin in the grave the object of

her undying affection. Their fellowship had been too intimate and entire for death to disturb. A memory of the loving girl will for ever accompany the name of the chief tenant of that tomb, and adorn it with another and more beautiful association.

THE GRAVE OF KORNER.

Green wave the Oak for ever o'er thy rest !
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,
And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,
Thy place of memory, as an altar, keepest !
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was poured,
Thou of the Lyre and Sword !

Rest, Bard ! rest, Soldier !—By the father's hand,
Here shall the child of after-years be led,
With his wreath-offering silently to stand
In the hush'd presence of the glorious dead,
Soldier and Bard !—For thou thy path hast trod
With freedom and with God !

The Oak waved proudly o'er thy burial-rite,
On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore thee ;
And with true hearts, thy brethren of the fight
Wept as they veil'd their drooping banners o'er thee ;
And the deep guns with rolling peal gave token,
That Lyre and Sword were broken !

Thou hast a hero's tomb !—A lowlier bed
Is her's, the gentle girl, beside thee lying—
The gentle girl, that bowed her fair young head,
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying.
Brother ! true friend ! the tender and the brave !
She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others—but for her
To whom the wide earth held that only spot—
She loved thee !—lovely in your lives ye were,
And in your early deaths divided not !
Thou hast thine Oak—thy trophy—what hath she ?
Her own blest place by thee.

TEMPERANCE.

A much greater number of diseases originate from irregularities in eating than in drinking ; and we commit more errors with regard to the quantity than in the quality of our aliment. When the intestines are in a relaxed state, we should instantly begin to be more moderate in eating. There are three kinds of appetite :—1. The natural appetite, which is equally stimulated and satisfied with the most simple dish. 2. The artificial appetite, or that produced by elixirs, liquors, pickles, digestive salts, &c., and which remains only as long as the operation of these stimulants continues. 3. The habitual appetite, or that by which we accustom ourselves to take victuals at certain hours, without a desire of eating. If after dinner we feel ourselves as cheerful as before it, we may be assured that we have taken a dietical meal ; for if the proper measure has been exceeded, torpor and relaxation is the necessary consequence, our faculty of digestion will be impaired, and a variety of complaints be gradually induced. Weakly individuals ought to eat frequently, but little at a time. There is no instance on record of any person having injured his health or endangered his life by drinking water with his meals ; but wine, beer and spirits have generated a much greater number and diversity of patients than would fill all the hospitals in the world. It is a vulgar prejudice that water disagrees with many constitutions, and does not promote digestion so well as wine, beer, or spirits. On the contrary, pure water is greatly preferable to all brewed and distilled liquors, both with a view of bracing the digestive organs, and preventing complaints which

arise from acrimony, or fullness of the blood. It is an observation no less important than true, that by attending merely to a proper diet, a phlegmatic habit may frequently be changed into a sanguine one, and the hypochondriac may be so far converted as to become a cheerful and contented member of society.—*Dr. Willich on Diet and Regimen.*

MOTIVES TO FORBEARANCE AND CHARITY.

Inscription for a Column at Newbury.

Art thou a Patriot, Traveller ? On this field
Did FALKLAND fall, the blameless and the brave,
Beneath a tyrant's banners. Dost thou boast
Of loyal ardour—HAMPTON perished here—
The Rebel HAMPTON, at whose glorious name
The heart of every honest Englishman
Beats high with conscious pride. Both uncorrupt.
Friends to their common country both, they fought ;
They died in adverse armies. Traveller !
If with thy neighbour thou should'st not accord
In charity, remember these good men,
And quell all angry and injurious thoughts.

SOUTHEY.

The Patriot HAMPTON died in July, 1643, of wounds received in a skirmish with the royalist troops, in Chalgrave Field, near Oxford, while fighting nobly for the cause of freedom and his country, in the army of the Parliament. Until the country rose in arms to repel the tyranny of Charles I., Hampton either lived as a private gentleman on his estate, or discharged his duties as an independent and patriotic member of parliament. Single-handed, he resisted the payment of an impost named *ship-money*, illegally levied by the king, without the sanction of the representatives of the people ; and was from that time considered by them as their champion. His death struck his own party with momentary consternation, and delighted the royalists. Lord Falkland was rather entangled into the service of the king, than there of choice. He was a high and pure minded man, a devoted lover of his country, and, therefore, ever desirous of peace. He fell at the battle of Newbury, about two months after the death of Hampton. "From the commencement of the war," says Hume the historian, "his natural cheerfulness and vivacity became clouded." He became negligent of his dress, but on the morning of the battle in which he fell, he showed some care in equipping himself ; and gave, for a reason, that the enemy should not find his body in any slovenly, indecent situation. "I am weary," he said, "of the times, and foresee much misery to my country ; but I believe I shall be out of it ere night." His presentiment was verified. He died at the age of thirty-four. These are the "good men" for whom Mr. Southey wrote the above inscription.

USE OF PERIWIGS.

A barber of Northamptonshire had on his sign this inscription :—"Absalom, hadst thou worn a periwig thou hadst not been hanged ;" which a brother of the craft versified :—

Oh, Absalom, oh, Absalom !

Oh, Absalom my son !

If thou hadst worn a periwig

Thou hadst not been undone !

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