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SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

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[No. 9.

THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

— "Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart."
WORDSWORTH.

Sing them upon the sunny hills,
When days are long and bright,
And the blue gleam of shining rills
Is loveliest to the sight.
Sing them along the misty moor,
Where ancient hunters roved,
And swell them through the torrent's roar—
The songs our fathers loved!

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear
When harps were in the hall,
And each proud note made lance and spear
Thrill on the banner'd wall:
The songs that through our valleys green,
Sent on from age to age,
Like his own river's voice, have been
The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale
Is fill'd with plummy sheaves;
The woodman, by the starlight pale
Cheer'd homeward through the leaves;
And unto them the glancing oars
A joyous measure keep,
Where the dark rocks that crest our shores
Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be!—a light they shed
O'er each old fount and grove;
A memory of the gentle dead,
A spell of lingering love:
Murmuring the names of mighty men,
They bid our streams roll on,
And link high thoughts to every glen
Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the hearth,
When evening-fires burn clear,
And in the fields of harvest mirth,
And on the hills of deer!
So shall each unforgotten word,
When far those loved ones roam,
Call back the hearts that once it stirr'd,
To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land
Shall whisper in the strain,
The voices of their household band
Shall sweetly speak again;
The heathery heights in vision rise
Where like the stag they roved—
Sing to your sons those melodies,
The songs your fathers loved.

ON THE ADVANTAGE OF SCIENTIFIC PURSUITS.

A common sailor uses his glass without knowing the laws of optics, or even suspecting their existence. But would Galileo have invented the telescope, and have given to mankind the power of penetrating into space, if he had been equally ignorant—if he had been unacquainted with the action of various media, and of variously shaped surfaces on the rays of light? An ordinary workman constructs the most powerful astronomical instruments; but it belongs only to a Herschel or a La Place to improve these means, and to employ them so as to unfold the structure of the universe, and expound the laws which govern the motions of the heavenly bodies.

The temple of science has not been raised to its present commanding height, or decorated with its beautiful proportions and embellishments, by the exertions of any one country. If we obstinately shut our eyes to all that other nations have contributed, we shall survey only a few columns of the majestic fabric, and never rise to an adequate conception of the grandeur and beauty of the whole. Our remote situation, by restricting intercourse, has contributed to create a contempt of foreigners, and an unreasonable notion of our own importance, which is often ludicrous, always to be regretted, and in many cases strong enough to resist all the weapons of reason and ridicule. We should consider what we think of these national prejudices, when we observe them in others: we see the Turks summing up all their contempt for their more polished neighbours, in the short but expressive phrase of Christian dogs; and the Emperor of China accepting presents from the various potentates of Europe, because it is a principle of the celestial empire to show indulgence and condescension towards petty states.

Science requires an expanded mind—a view that embraces the universe. Instead of shutting himself up in one corner of the world, and abusing all the rest of mankind, the lover of knowledge should make the universe his country, and should trample beneath his feet those prejudices which many so fondly hug to their bosoms. He should sweep away from his mind the dust and cobwebs of national partiality and enmity, which darken and distort the perceptions, and fetter the operations of intellect.

A readiness to allow the merits of others will be the most powerful means, next to modesty and diffidence, of recommending our own to attention. If we could come to the strange resolution of attending only to what has been done by Britons in comparative anatomy and zoology, we should have to go back to a state of comparative darkness—for such it must be deemed if we excluded the strong light which has been thrown on these subjects from Italy, Germany, France and America. The only parallel to such a proceeding is that afforded by the Caliph Omar, in his sentence on the Alexandrian Library. This ignorant fanatic committed to the flames the intellectual treasure, accumulated by the taste, the learning, and the munificence of many kings; observing, that the books, if they agreed with the Koran, were superfluous, and need not be preserved—if they differed from it, impious, and ought to be destroyed.

When we consider that the French Royal Academy of Sciences was founded by Louis the Fourteenth—when we

review the long and illustrious names which adorn the annals of that body—and bring together the almost numberless accessions to every branch of science, which have been the fruit of their exertions through the reign of their despotic founder, and of his no less immediate despotic successors—we are reluctantly compelled to acknowledge, that the encouragement of this branch of human knowledge, (the sciences,) is not confined to free forms of government, and that there is nothing peculiarly hostile to their progress, even in the most despotic. Absolute rulers, indeed, so far from having any interest in shackling or impeding scientific or literary inquiries, have an obvious and strong motive for aiding and promoting them.

They afford a safe and harmless employment to many active spirits, who might otherwise take a fancy to look into politics and laws—to investigate the source, form, duties and proceedings of governments, and the rights of the governed. A wise despot will be glad to see such dangerous topics exchanged for inquiries into the history of a plant or animal—into the properties of a mineral, or the form of a fossil—into the uses of a piece of old Roman or Grecian crockery—or the appropriation of a mutilated statue to its rightful owner in some heathen goddery. Shutting out the human mind from some of its most interesting and important exertions, he will open every other path as widely as possible.

But, thank God, it is not so in our own country; we ought to rejoice, not only for ourselves, but for all mankind, that here is an asylum for the victims of power and oppression—that it is, not a spot, but a vast region of the earth, lavishly endowed with Nature's fairest gifts, and exhibiting, at the same time, to the admiring world the grand and animating spectacle of a country sacred to civil liberty—where man may walk erect, in the conscious dignity of independence,

• Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,

and enjoy full freedom of word and action, without the permission of those combinations or conspiracies of the mighty, which threaten to convert Europe into one great State prison.

Nature has made it a fundamental law, that no two of her productions shall be exactly alike; and this law is invariably observed through the whole creation. Each tree, each flower, each leaf, exemplifies it; every animal has its individual character; each human being has something distinguishing, in form, proportions, countenance, gesture, voice—in feelings, thought, and temper—in mental as well as corporeal physiognomy. This variety is the source of everything beautiful and interesting in the external world—the foundation of the whole moral fabric of the universe.

In concluding, we cannot help pointing out to our readers how strongly the voice of nature, so clearly expressed in this obvious law, opposes all attempts at making mankind act or think alike. Yet the legislators and rulers of the world have persisted, for centuries, in endeavouring to reduce the opinions, the belief of their subjects, to certain fancied standards of perfection. The mind, however, cannot be drilled—cannot be made to move at the word of command: it scorns all shackles, and rises, with fresh energy, from every attempt to enthrall its energies. All the oppression and persecution, all the bloodshed and misery, which the attempts to produce uniformity have occasioned, are, however, a less evil than the success of these mad efforts would be, were it possible for them to succeed, in opposition to the natural constitution of the human mind—to the general scheme and plain design of nature.

The most powerful monarch of modern history, who exhibited the rare example of a voluntary retreat from the cares of empire while still able to wield the sceptre, was rendered sensible of the extreme folly he had been guilty of, in attempting to produce uniformity of opinion among the numerous subjects of his extensive dominions, by finding himself unable to make two watches go alike, although every

part of this simple mechanism was constructed, formed, and adjusted by himself. The dear experience and candid confession of Charles V. were thrown away on his bigoted son—who repeated, on a still grander scale, with fresh horrors and cruelties, the bloody experiment of dragging his subjects into uniformity, only to instruct the world by a still more memorable failure.

LORD AND LADY CONYNGHAM.

Lady Conyngham, since become so celebrated in England, was then in the full bloom of her charms. In this respect, she was entitled to a brilliant reputation; but, I confess, I could never admire beauty so totally devoid of expression. I am not surprised at the Venus de Medicis not returning my smile, because she is a statue, and nothing but marble; but when I approach a beautiful woman, I expect a look and expression of animated nature. This was not to be found in Lady Conyngham. She was very elegant, took great care of her beauty, dressed well, and carried the care of her person so far as to remain in bed the whole day until she dressed to go to a ball. She was of opinion that this preserved the freshness of her complexion, which she said was always more brilliant when she did not rise till nine at night. She was a beautiful idol, and nothing more. Lord Conyngham, her husband, might be called ugly. The Duchess of Gordon, who, in her frightful language, sometimes uttered smart things, said of Lord Conyngham, that he was like a comb, all teeth and back.—*Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes, lately published.*

CHARACTER OF THE GREAT LORD CHATHAM.

“Not so—the virtue still adorns our age,
Though the chief actor died upon the stage.
In him Demosthenes was heard again;
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain;
She clothed him with authority, and awe
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law;
His speech, his form, his action full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face.
He stood, as some inimitable hand
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.
No sycophant or slave, that dared oppose
Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose;
And every venal strickler for the yoke
Felt himself crushed at the first word he spoke.

COWPER.

THE BEGUM SUMROO.

In descending from the northern mountains, our travellers passed through the territories of the Sumroo Begum, a name familiar to our countrymen in India; and as the account given of her history by Major Arthur seems to be more authentic than any we have met with, we shall venture to extract it, though somewhat long. A female sovereign and warrior, in such a country as India, will, by most of our readers, be regarded as rather a novelty.

“Sirdanah is the city and head-quarters of the Begum Sumroo, who possesses the country around as a life-fief or jagheer; which, originally estimated at six, is, by her extreme good management, made eight lacs annually. The history of this remarkable woman is such, that a slight and perhaps imperfect account, or rather glance at it, may prove of interest.”—“In early life she was a match girl; but who her parents were, or from what part of the country she came, is now lost to information; it is, however conjectured, from her exceeding fairness of complexion, and peculiar features, that her family were of northern extraction. Her attractions and accomplishments secured the attentions of a German adventurer, by name Sumroo, which

it appears, was an appellative given him for his constant sombre and melancholy appearance. It was this miscreant who superintended the murder of the English gentlemen of the factory at Patna, in 1763. Flying from the resentment of the British, who shortly afterwards re-captured Patna, Sumroo bent his course for Upper India, and entered the service of the Rajah of Bhurtpore, and subsequently of other native chiefs, until, from favourable circumstances, which were taken advantage of by his abilities, he became possessed of a large space of country to the north-east of Delhi. He died in full possession of his power. The Begum subsequently married a Frenchman; but by neither of these unions had she any children, at least none are now alive."—*Tour i.*, p. 170.

It appears that her second husband, Le Vassu, having tired of his barbaric dignity, meditated a return to Europe, and collected all the jewels, money and valuables which he could amass, to carry off along with them. The Begum had discernment enough to foresee that in Europe her consequence was gone, and that she must be at her husband's discretion. She dissembled her dislike, but resolved to frustrate the plan. She privately communicated to some of the officers of her troops her husband's intentions:

"To her husband she spoke of false fears of detection, and pointed out the dishonour that must attach itself to their act of desertion; and, for her own part, vehemently protested, that she would die by her own hand, rather than be compelled to return by force."—"It was solemnly agreed between them, that, in case of being interrupted, they should both die by their own hands."—"At the dead of night he mounted his elephant, and she got into her palankeen. At the appointed spot the ambush was ready, and all things answered the Begum's intentions. The opposing party soon made the escort of the Begum and her husband fly. The attendants ran to inform him that the Begum had shot herself. In the noise and confusion many matchlocks had been let off, so that he could not tell if her having been molested was probable or not. On rushing to her palankeen to ascertain the truth, he was alarmed by the clamour and apparent affliction of those who surrounded it; and, upon a towel, saturated with blood, being shown him, as confirmation of the Begum's having destroyed herself, he placed a pistol to his head and shot himself. The Begum, who till then had never appeared in male society, threw open the blinds of her palankeen and mounted an elephant. She harangued the troops upon her attachment to them, and her opposition to the commands of her husband; she professed no other desire than to be at their head, and to share her wealth with them. The novelty of the situation lent energy to her action, and eloquence to her language; and, amid the acclamations of the soldiers, she was led back in triumph to the camp."

From this time she assumed the personal command of the army, and directed the whole affairs of her territories.

"Colonel Skinner, we are told, during his service with the Mahrattas, has often seen her, then a beautiful young woman, leading on her troops in person, and displaying, in the midst of carnage, the greatest intrepidity and presence of mind."—*Sketches i.*, p. 371.

"Since she has grown old, she has turned her attention to the agricultural improvement of her country. Her fields look greener and more flourishing, and the population of her villages appear happier and more prosperous than those of the Company's provinces. Her care is unremitting, and her protection sure. Formerly a Mahometan, she is now a Roman Catholic, and has, in her service many priests and officers of that persuasion. At her metropolis she has erected a very beautiful church, on the model of St. Peter's; it is almost finished; little remains to be done, and that is on the outside. The altar is remarkably handsome; it is of white marble from Jypoor, and inlaid with various-coloured stones."—*Tour, i.*, p. 142.

"During her long life many acts of inhuman cruelty towards her dependents have transpired, one of which is here narrated. The Begum having discovered a slave-girl in an intrigue, condemned her to be buried alive. This cruel sentence was carried into execution; and the fate of the beautiful victim having excited strong feelings of compassion, the old tigress, to preclude all chance of a rescue, ordered her carpet to be spread over the vault, and smoked her houkah, and slept on the spot; thus making assurance doubly sure."—*Sketches, i.*, p. 774.

At Meerut, the Commander-in-chief, Lord Combermere, and his party, were invited to dine with her. As he entered the gates of her palace, he was received with presented arms by her body-guard, and on the steps of the portico by the old lady herself. In person, she is described as very short, and rather *embonpoint*; her complexion is unusually fair; her features large and prominent; her expression sagacious, but artful. Of her hands, arms, and feet, the octogenarian beauty is said to be still justly proud. The dinner was served in the European style. The party consisted of sixty persons, the Begum being the only lady at table. She seemed in excellent humour, and, we are told, bandied jokes and compliments with his Excellency, through the medium of an interpreter.—*Tours in Upper India, and in part of the Himalaya Mountains; with an account of the native Princes.* By Major Archer, late Aide-de-camp to Lord Combermere.

The following piece, entitled *La Pauvre Femme*, by Beranger, is a picture, in a few stanzas, of the life of an actress—its thoughtless gaiety and prodigality in prosperity, its misery and destitution when misfortune and disease have taken place. It is drawn from real life.

It snows, it snows—but on the pavement still

She kneels and prays, nor lifts her head;

Beneath these rags, through which the blast blows shrill,
Shivering she kneels, and waits for bread.

Hither each morn she gropes her weary way,
Winter and summer, there is she.

Blind is the wretched creature! well-a-day!—
Ah! give the blind one charity!

Ah! once far different did that form appear;

That sunken cheek, that colour wan,

The pride of thronged theatres, to hear

Her voice, enraptured Paris ran;

In smiles or tears, before her beauty's shrine,

Which of us has not bowed the knee?—

Who owes not to her charms some dreams divine?

Ah! give the blind one charity!

How oft, when from the crowded spectacle

Homeward her rapid coursers flew;

Adoring crowds would on her footsteps dwell,

And loud huzzas her path pursue.

To hand her from the glittering car, that bore

Her home to scenes of mirth and glee,

How many rivals throng'd around her door?

Ah! give the blind one charity!

When all the arts to her their homage paid,

How splendid was her gay abode;

What mirrors, marbles, bronzes were displayed,

Tributes by love on love bestow'd:

How duly did the muse her banquets gild,

Faithful to her prosperity:

In every place will the swallow build!—

Ah! give the poor one charity!

But sad reverse—sudden disease appears;

Her eyes are quenched, her voice is gone—

And here, forlorn and poor, for twenty years,

The blind one kneels and begs alone.

Who once so prompt her generous aid to lend?
 What hand more liberal, frank and free,
 Than that she scarcely ventures to extend?—
 Ah! give the poor one charity!

• Alas for her! for faster falls the snow,
 And every limb grows stiff with cold;
 That rosary once woke her smile, which now
 Her frozen fingers hardly hold.
 If bruised beneath so many woes, her heart
 By pity still sustain'd may be—
 Lest even her faith in heaven itself depart,
 Ah! give the blind one charity!

MEMOIRS OF MRS. INCHBALD, including her familiar Correspondence with the most distinguished persons of her time. Edited by James Boaden, Esq. 2 vols. Bentley, 1833.

This is the life of a woman of genius; and such is the interesting nature of its incidents, that even the clumsy affectation of the biographer can only blunt the effect of the narrative. Mrs. Inchbald was a beauty, a virtue, a player, and, in spite of all difficulties and obstacles, an authoress of works which will always live. Her family were numerous, distressed, and importunate; she was generous and benevolent; and yet she, by the labour of her own hands, accumulated a handsome independence. Her character is a singular compound of steadiness and impulse. She did the wildest things that girl or woman ever did; but such was the sterling purity of her mind, and, above all, the decision of her temper even in the midst of folly, that reproach never, except but momentarily, visited her fair fame. She left her home a mere girl, with a determination of seeking employment upon the stage; was for some time exposed to all the temptations and dangers which beset a beautiful and unprotected creature in London; and yet came out of the ordeal only brighter and purer than she entered it. All her life she seems to have been warmly attached to male society; her friendships, acquaintances and correspondences with men of various views and ranks, are most numerous. She answered every letter, even when it conveyed proposals of a kind which she repelled with indignation. She stood upon her independence, without exactly reflecting what it was she stood upon; but the men knew it, and were afraid. After the death of that excellent man, Inchbald, (albeit a vagabond by law,) she never married again—though not from any objection she had to the married state: several, nay many, fluttered about her for years, but never resolved on the fatal *pop*. Sir Charles Bunbury was her most noted admirer. John Kemble was another. Holcroft swells the list. Dr. Gisborne met but plunged, and would not have had the fate Holcroft met with. The famous Suett, and Dick Wilson, a noted actor, were among her rejected. Mr. Glover, a man of beeves and land—in fact, a country gentleman of fortune—offered his hand and his estate; and the biographer seems to wonder why they were not accepted. The cause is hinted at: Sir Charles Bunbury was in a more uncertain mood than ever, and seemed to be inclined to throw the weight into the legal scales, and kick the matrimonial beam. He did not: not because the lady was an actress—a farmer's daughter, whose birth-place bordered on his own extensive domains in Suffolk—but, most probably, because he saw and knew that no empress on her throne was more in the humour to have her way as regarded herself, and all connected with herself, than the fair authoress of the unequalled *Simple Story*. She laid no trap—was no hypocrite—hated the syren's arts—or this eminent member of the turf, “wide awake” as he might fancy himself, would have assuredly been conjoined with much green-room notoriety. He could not have had a fairer, a purer, a more noble-spirited creature; who was, moreover, a woman of genius, a woman of inexhaustible stores of knowledge, and who would have done honour to

the strawberry-leaves of a ducal coronet. True, Sir Charles would have been overrun with Debby, and Dolly, the Hug-ginses, the Bigsby's, the Hunts, and the Simpsons; and such a tag-rag and bob-tail of poor relations is worse than death to an aristocratic personage, who fancies he has only married a beauty and a genius. Mrs. Inchbald, as plain Mrs. Inchbald, did justice and kindness to these people, out of her hard-earned funds; she did not want their society, and had little of it; as Lady Bunbury she could have hardly done more, or been more annoyed. Sister Dolly was a bar-maid; and, alas! sister Debby (“more beautiful than *me*,” writes the authoress) joined the frail sisterhood, who, because they depend upon the accidental exhibition of personal charms, are said to live upon the monster Town. These were serious drawbacks in the estimation of, perhaps, a selfish man of the world; but what must they have been to poor Mrs. Inchbald herself? She was a queen among these poor relations: it is to be doubted whether the baronetcy could have raised her higher in their estimation, than the “trunkmakers” of the gallery, on the night of one of her successful comedies, when all the house were wrapt in enthusiasm, or when the king took the cue from the people, and commanded each of her new pieces, generally a few nights after its first exhibition. After every successful play or farce, she was besieged by these poor unfortunates, and always distributed a portion of her gains; the rest was inexorably deposited in the funds; and though, between her charity and her determination to secure independence, she was often reduced to second stories at 3s. 6d. per week, to scour her own floors, and wash down the stairs in turn with her own hands—hands that on the same day held the pen, and kept the country in a state of delight with the result of its markings—still she persevered, still she determined upon saving enough to secure her from hanging on the charity of others, and keeping enough to dispense among the poor relatives whom accident had thrown in part upon her bounty. Nay, she allowed her old sister a hundred a year, when she could not afford herself coals: her diary speaks of her crying for cold, and her only consolation being that she had secured her poor sister a good fire. If this is not nobility, what is? Some of her conduct bears the air of rigidity; and yet, contemporaneously with it, we find the whole laughing nature of this splendid woman breaking through the crust of custom, and indulging in—what shall we call them?—foibles—follies—imprudencies?—amusing herself with run-away knocks at night; with running over the town, and wearing the stones of Sackville and other streets into holes after Dr. Warren, for whom she had conceived a *plutonic*, in spite of his being a married man; nay, with even permitting addresses in the street, which she called “adventures;” with her visits to bachelors, like Mr. Babb, at Little Holland House, or her perpetual Sunday dinners and readings with that fine specimen of humanity, old Horace Twiss, the father of the present Horace. We call him old because we remember him as such; but at the time we speak of—when he had the supreme pleasure of being visited every Sunday by the “tenth Muse,” in the shape of a beautiful and exemplary actress—he was a young and flourishing merchant, besides being a man of property and cultivated intellect. He had an enthusiastic love of the drama—not of the green-room and the stage only—an attachment which he afterwards showed by his marriage with the beautiful sister of Mrs. Siddons. It may be stated, though hardly necessary to prove the perfect purity of Mrs. Inchbald's visits to this bachelor, that her Sunday readings were continued after his marriage.

All the peculiarities of this extraordinary character—the inconstancies, as it were, of a beautiful form, as it grew older (for she was never old, never dull, always original, and full of talent)—are to be learned by a study of the books before us. We only wish her papers had been in better hands; as it is, we trust they are not destroyed—her diary alone will be worth all that good old *riddle-me-ree* Bosden could hint,

and pun, and allude to, in a dozen volumes of that droll *circumcibidibus* which he probably calls style.

Mrs. Inchbald lived to be nearly seventy years of age. She was a Roman Catholic, and did honour to that faith. She is buried in Kensington church-yard. The memoirs of her life, written by herself, were destroyed at her death; we cannot help lamenting that such should have been her will.

The "character" of the heroine, by Bowden, at the end of the work, is good; and that means, far better than any thing we ever saw of his, deeply as he has dealt with stage biography. He has now but one more life to write—that is his own; let him set about it. His heart is in the right place; but he seems to hold the pen at the end of a walking-stick, and, instead of words, makes strange signs in the air.

A FACTORY CHILD'S TALE.

"I work at Bradley-mills, near Huddersfield. A few days since I had three 'wretched ear-dings,' about two inches long. The slubber, Joseph Riley, saw them, showed them to me, and asked me if this was good work. I said 'No.' He then, in the billy gait, took a thick, round leathern thong, and wailed me over the head and face, for, I think, a quarter of an hour; and, for all my cheek and lips were bleeding, he wailed me on, then sent me to my work again, and I worked till a quarter past seven. I went to the mill at half-past five in the morning; he wailed me a bit 'rust one in the afternoon. I worked in my blood—as I worked, the blood dropped all in the piecing gait! My right cheek was torn open, swelled very much, and was black. My lips were very much torn, and each of them was as thick as three lips. He lashed me very hard over my back, too, in all directions; but the skin was not torn, because I had my clothes on. He has many a time strapped me before till I have been black; he has often struck me over the head, with the billy roller, and raised great lumps upon it. At one time, when I had thrice 'little flyings,' which I could not help, he took me out of the billy gait, lifted me into the window, tied a rope round my body, and hung me up to a long pole that was sticking out of the wall, and there he left me hanging about five feet from the floor. I cried very much, and so in about ten minutes he took me down."

THE FACTORY.

Voice of humanity! whose stirring cry,
Searches our bosom's depths for a reply,
Long hast thou echoed from the distant wave
The faint heard moaning of the shackled slave;
But England claims her turn,—afraid to roam,
Our hearts turn sadly to the woes of home.
Know ye the spot where sickly toil abides,
And penury its load of sorrow hides?
Go, watch within, and learn—oh! fond to blame—
How much of slavery is in the name!
There, starting from its pain'd and restless sleep,
The orphan rises up to work and weep—
Waits without hope the morning's tardy ray,
And still with languid labour ends the day.
There, the worn body dulls the glimmering sense,
And childhood hath not childhood's innocence,
And on the virgin brow of young sixteen
Hard wrinkling lines and haggard woe are seen;
Sullen and fearless, prematurely old,
Dull, sallow, stupid, hardened, bad, and bold,
With sunken cheek and eyes with watching diim,
With saddened heart and nerveless feeble limb,
They meet your gaze of sorrowful surprise
With a pale stare, half misery, half vice.
The day is done—the weary sun hath set—
But there no slumber bids their hearts forget;

Still the quick wheel in whirling circles turns—
Still the pale wretch his hard won penny earns—
And choked with dust, and deafened with the noise,
Searce heeds or feels what toil his hands employs!
Pent in the confines of one narrow room,
There the sick weaver plies the incessant loom;
Crosses in silence the perplexing thread,
And droops complainingly his cheerless head.
Little they think who wear the rustling train,
Or choose the shining satin—idly vain.
Fair lovers of the sunshine and the breeze,
Whose fluttering robes glide through the shadowy trees,
What aching hearts, what dull and heavy eyes,
Have watch'd the mingling of those hundred dyes,
Nor by what nerveless, thin, and trembling hands,
Those robes were wrought to luxury's commands;
But the day cometh when the tired shall rest,
And placid slumber sooth the orphan's breast—
When childhood's laugh shall echo through the room,
And sunshine tasted, cheer the long day's gloom;
When the free limbs shall bear them glad along,
And their young lips break forth in sudden song,
When the long toil which weigh'd their hearts is o'er,
And English slavery shall vex no more!

GRANNETS IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

Interesting Extract from a letter written by Mr. J. J. Audubon to the Editors of the New York Gazette:—

"On entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence, our course was bent towards the Magdalene Islands, at which we arrived the next day in the evening; and anchored, and spent a day and a night amongst them. To persons who had lately left the fertile shores of our country, these isles appeared barren, if not desolate. No birds for us, no plants, and only a few fishermen to whom we could put questions, but who proved unable to answer them. We sailed towards the famous *Grannet Rocks*, which came in sight at an early hour. Many files of grannets were constantly passing us on the wing, moving to, or from, this, their breeding place; but as soon as near enough to distinguish the bold summit of this stupendous rock, we saw, through the glass, that it was covered with what we supposed was a deep bed of snow—nay, the atmosphere above the rock exhibited a heavy fall of snow. We sailed on, and approached it; imagine our astonishment when we found that, instead of snow covering the summit of the rock, the white bed consisted of grannets seated on their nests, in close parallel lines, fronting the southern aspect!—millions in number; and the grey haze above was produced by millions more hovering, alighting, arriving, or departing! The pure whiteness of their bodies, mingling as they passed, crossing each other on the wing, and mellowing the contrast observable in their rye black tipped pinions. The approach of our vessel did not alarm them, and we sailed as near the rock as prudence would allow; we wished to land there, and ascend the rugged sides of this huge *Aviary*; a boat was launched, and proceeded towards it; but all at once the wind freshened, the clouds thickened, the waves rose and rolled furiously; the base of the rock was now covered with foam. The boat, however, proceeded, under the lee; a few guns were fired, thousands of eggs were seen to roll into the sea, as the birds took wing, affrighted by the report, and still the rock and projecting shelf were quickly covered, and remained so. After vainly attempting to make a landing, the party was forced to return to the vessel; and well it was that our boat was one such as whalers use, or it would have proved a hard matter to row it in such a wind as now blew, and such waves as now heaved in fearful commotion. Ask me not to estimate the number of these birds, for it would be a difficult task; and yet how much more difficult to enumerate the quantity of fishes which this congregation of grannets destroy each day."

DUELS.

Duelling in England was carried to its greatest possible excess in the reigns of James I. and the two Charles's. In the reign of the latter Charles, the seconds always fought as well as their principals; and as they were chosen for their courage and adroitness, their combats were generally the most fatal. Lord Howard, of Carlisle, in the reign of Charles II., gave a grand fête champêtre at Spring Gardens, near the village of Charing, the Vauxhall of that day. This fête was to facilitate an intrigue between Lord Howard and the profligate Duchess of Shrewsbury: but the gay and insinuating Sidney flirted with the Duchess, abstracted her attention from Howard, and ridiculed the fête. The next day his lordship sent a challenge to Sidney, who chose as his second a tall, furious, adroit swordsman, named Dillon; Howard selected a young gentleman, named Rawlings, just come into possession of an estate of £10,000 a year. Sidney was wounded in two or three places, whilst his second was run through the heart, and left dead on the field. The Duke of Shrewsbury became afterwards so irritated as to challenge the infamous Buckingham for intriguing with his wife, The Duchess of Shrewsbury, in the disguise of a page, attended Buckingham to the field, and held his horse whilst he fought and killed her husband. The profligate king, in spite of every remonstrance from the queen, received the Duke of Buckingham with open arms, after this brutal murder.

In 172 duels fought during the last 60 years, 69 persons were killed; (in three of these duels, neither of the combatants survived;) 96 persons were wounded, 48 desperately and 48 slightly; and 188 escaped unhurt. Thus, rather more than one-fifth lost their lives, and nearly one-half received the bullets of their antagonists. It appears, also, that out of this number of duels, 18 trials took place; 6 of the arraigned were acquitted, 7 found guilty of manslaughter, and 3 of murder; two were executed, and 8 imprisoned for different periods.

About thirty years ago, there was a duelling society held in Charleston, South Carolina, where each "gentleman" took precedence according to the numbers he had killed or wounded in duels. The president and deputy had killed many. It happened that an old weather-beaten lieutenant of the English navy arrived at Charleston, to see after some property which had devolved upon him, in right of a Charleston lady, whom he had married; and on going into a coffee-house, engaged in conversation with a native, whose insults against England were resented, and the English lieutenant received a challenge. As soon as the affair was known, some gentlemen waited upon the stranger to inform him that the man who had called him out was a duellist, a "dead shot," the president of the duellist club; they added, that the society and all its members, though the wealthiest people of the place, were considered so infamous by really respectable persons, that he would not be held in disesteem by not meeting the challenger. The lieutenant replied, that he was not afraid of any duellist; he had accepted the challenge, and would meet his man. They accordingly did meet, and at the first fire the lieutenant mortally wounded his antagonist. In great agony, and conscience-stricken, he invoked the aid of several divines, and calling the "duellist society" to his bed-side, lectured them upon the atrocity of their conduct, and begged, as his dying request, that the club might be broken up. The death of this ruffian suppressed a society which the country did not possess sufficient morals or gentlemanly spirit to subdue.

In Virginia, a Mr. Powell, a notorious duellist, purposely met and insulted an English traveller, for having said, that "the Virginians were of no use to the American Union, it requiring one half of the Virginians to keep the other half in order;" the newspapers took it up as a national quarrel, and anticipated the meeting, without the magistracy having decency, morals, or public spirit sufficient to interfere. The

Englishman, therefore, got an American duellist as his second, went into training and practice, and met his adversary amidst a mob of many thousands to witness the fight. Mr. Powell was killed on the first shot, and the Englishman remained unhurt.

The brother of General Delaney, the late barrack master-general, having high words with "a gentleman" in a coffee-house at New York, the American immediately called for pistols, and insisted upon fighting in the public coffee-room, across one of the tables. None of the "gentlemen" present interfered; they fought across the table, and the American dishonestly fired before his time, the Englishman was shot dead upon the spot. Lately, at Nashville, a gentleman was shot dead before his own door, in a duel, in the principal square of the city.

In 1763, the secretary of the English treasury, Mr. Martin, notoriously trained himself as a duellist, for the avowed purpose of shooting Mr. Wilkes, whom he first insulted in the House of Commons, and afterwards wounded in the Park. This gave rise to Churchill's poem of "The Duellist;" the House of Commons ordered his Majesty's sergeant surgeon to attend Mr. Wilkes, and Mr. Martin was considered to "have done the state some service."

At that period duels were frequent among clergymen. In 1764, the Reverend Mr. Hill was killed in a duel by Cornet Gardener, of the carabineers. The Reverend Mr. Bate fought two duels, and was subsequently created a baronet, and preferred to a deanery after he had fought another duel. The Reverend Mr. Allen killed a Mr. Delany in a duel, in Hyde Park, without incurring any ecclesiastical censure, though Judge Buller, on account of his extremely bad conduct, strongly charged his guilt upon the jury.

In 1765, occurred a celebrated duel between the father of the late Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, a famous duellist. They quarrelled at a club-dinner at the Star and Garter, Pall Mall, about game; Chaworth was a great game preserver, and Lord Byron had argued upon the cruelty and impolicy of the game laws. They agreed to fight in an adjoining room, by the light of only one candle. Lord Byron entered first; and, as Chaworth was shutting the door, turning his head round, he beheld Lord Byron's sword half undrawn; he immediately whipped his own weapon out, and making a lunge at his lordship, ran it through his waistcoat, conceiving that his sword had gone through his body: Lord Byron closed, and, shortening his sword, stabbed Mr. Chaworth in the belly. The challenge had proceeded from Chaworth. Lord Byron read his defence to the House of Lords, and was found guilty of manslaughter: and, upon the privilege of his peerage, was discharged on paying his fees.

In 1772, a Mr. McLean was challenged and killed by a Mr. Cameron; and the mother of Mr. McLean, on hearing of the shocking event, instantly lost her senses, whilst a Miss McLeod, who was to have been married to the deceased, was seized with fits, and died in three days.

In Mr. Sheridan's duel with Mr. Mathews, the parties cut and slashed at each other, *a la mode de theatre*, until Mr. Mathews left a part of his sword sticking in Mr. Sheridan's ear.

In a famous duel, in which Mr. Riddell was killed, and Mr. Cunningham very severely wounded, the challenge, by mistake, had fallen in the first instance into the hands of Sir James Riddell, father to Mr. Riddell, who, on having it delivered to him, did no more than provide surgeons for the event.

In 1789, colonel Lennox conceived himself to have been insulted by the late Duke of York having told him, before all the officers on the parade of St. James's, "that he desired to derive no protection from his rank of prince."—The colonel accordingly fought his royal highness, it was said, with cork bullets; but be that as it may, he contrived to disturb one of the huge rows of curls which it was then the fashion to wear on the side of the head.

In 1790, a Captain Maerae fought and killed Sir George Ramsay, for refusing to dismiss a faithful old servant who had insulted Captain Maerae. Sir George urged, that even if the servant were guilty, he had been sufficiently punished by the cruel beating that Captain Maerae had given him. As soon as the servant heard that his master had been killed on his account, he fell into strong convulsions, and died in a few hours. Captain Maerae fled, and was outlawed.

In 1797, Colonel Fitzgerald, a married man, eloped from Windsor with his cousin, the daughter of Lord Kingston. Colonel King, the brother, fought Colonel Fitzgerald in Hyde Park. They fired six shots each without effect; and the powder being exhausted, Colonel King called his opponent "a villain," and they resolved to fight again next day. They were, however, put under an arrest, when Colonel Fitzgerald had the audacity to follow Lord Kingston's family to Ireland, to obtain the object of his seduction from her parents. Colonel King hearing of this, repaired to the inn where Colonel Fitzgerald put up. Colonel Fitzgerald had locked himself in his room, and refused admission to Colonel King, who broke open the door, and running to a case of pistols, seized one, and desired Colonel Fitzgerald to take the other. The parties grappled, and were fighting, when Lord Kingston entered the room; and perceiving, from the position of the parties, that his son must lose his life, instantly shot Fitzgerald dead on the spot.

In 1803, a very singular duel took place in Hyde Park, between a Lieutenant W., of the navy, and a Captain I., of the army. Captain I. had seduced the Lieutenant's sister. Lieutenant W. seemed impressed with a deep sense of melancholy: he insisted that the distance should be only six paces. At this distance they fired, and the shot of Captain I. struck the guard of Lieutenant W.'s pistol, and tore off two fingers of his right hand. The lieutenant deliberately wrapped his handkerchief round the wound, and looking solemnly to heaven, exclaimed, "I have a left hand, which never failed me." They again took their ground. Lieutenant W. looked steadfastly at Captain I., and casting his eyes up to heaven, was heard to utter "forgive me." They fired, and both fell. Captain I. received the ball in his head, and died instantly: the lieutenant was shot through the breast. He inquired if Captain I.'s wound was mortal. Being answered in the affirmative, he thanked heaven that he had lived so long. He then took his mourning ring off his finger, and said to his second, "Give this to my sister, and tell her it is the happiest moment I ever knew." He had scarcely uttered the last word, when a quantity of blood gushed from his wound, and he instantly expired.

These are practices in a *Christian* country.

PROMOTIONS.

Promotion is not always the reward of merit; men are frequently advanced to offices of trust and profit, who have no claims whatever to such advancement. The page of history affords numerous illustrations of this. Louis XI. King of France, promoted a poor priest whom he found sleeping in the porch of a church, to a station of dignity, that the proverb might be verified, that to lucky men good fortune will come when they are asleep. James I. King of England, created George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and loaded him with wealth and honours, merely for his personal beauty. M. de Chamillart owed his promotion as Minister of France, to his being the only man who could beat Louis XIV. at billiards. Sir Walter Raleigh was indebted for his elevation to an act of gallantry towards Queen Elizabeth—spreading his cloak for the Queen to walk upon—and Sir Christopher Harton was indebted for his promotion to his dancing.—General Jackson has elevated men to high offices, not because they were specially qualified, but for the reason that they had been zealous in his cause, and were ready to obey his will.

THE FEMALE CONVICT SHIP.

BY THOS. HAYNES BAYLEY.

The tide is in, the breeze is fair,
The vessel under weigh;
The gallant prow glides swiftly on,
And throws aside the spray:
The tranquil ocean, mirror-like,
Reflects the deep blue skies;
And, pointing to the destin'd course,
The straighten'd pennon flies.

Oh! none of those heart-credl'd prayers
That never reach the lip,
No benedictions wait upon
The fast-receding ship:
No tearful eyes are strain'd to watch
Its progress from the land;
And there are none to wear the scarf,
And none to kiss the hand.

Yet women throng that vessel's deck—
The haggard, and the fair,
The young in guilt, and the deprav'd,
Are intermingled there!
The girl, who from her mother's arms
Was early lured away—
The harden'd hag, whose trade hath been
To lead the pure astray!

A young and sickly mother kneels
Apart from all the rest;
And with a song of home she lulls
The babe upon her breast.
She falters—for her tears must flow—
She cannot end the verse;
And nought is heard among the crowd
But laughter, shout, or curse!

'Tis sunset. Hark! the signal gun—
All from the deck are sent—
The young, the old, the best, the worst,
In one dark dungeon pent!
Their wailings, and their horrid mirth,
Alike are hush'd in sleep;
And now the female convict-ship
In silence ploughs the deep.

But long the lurid tempest-cloud
Hath brooded o'er the waves;
And suddenly the winds are roused,
And leave their secret caves;
And up aloft the ship is borne,
And down again as fast;
And every mighty billow seems
More dreadful than the last.

Oh! who that loves the pleasure-barque,
By summer breezes fann'd,
Shall dare to paint the ocean-storm,
Terrifically grand?

When helplessly the vessel drifts,
Each torn sail closely furl'd;
When not a man of all the crew
Knows whether she is hurl'd!

And who shall tell the agony
Of those confined beneath,
Who in the darkness dread to die—
How unprepared for death!
Who, loathing, to each other cling,
When every hope hath ceased,
And beat against their prison-door,
And shriek to be released!

Three times the ship hath struck. Again!
 She never more will float.
 Oh! wait not for the rising tide;
 Be steady—man the boat.
 And see, assembled on the shore,
 The merciful, the brave—
 Quick, set the female convicts free,
 There still is time to save!

It is in vain! what demon blinds
 The captain and the crew?
 The rapid rising of the tide
 With mad delight they view.
 They hope the coming waves will waft
 The convict-ship away!
 The foaming monster hurries on,
 Impatient for his prey!

And he is come! the rushing flood
 In thunder sweeps the deck;
 The groaning timbers fly apart,
 The vessel is a wreck!
 One moment from the female crowd
 There comes a fearful cry;
 The next, they're hurl'd into the deep,
 To struggle and to die!

Their corpses strew a foreign shore,
 Left by the ebbing tide;
 And sixty, in a ghastly row,
 Lie number'd, side by side!
 The lifeless mother's bleeding form
 Comes floating from the wreck;
 And lifeless is the babe she bound
 So fondly round her neck!

'Tis morn—the anxious eye can trace
 No vessel on the deep;
 But gather'd timber on the shore
 Lies in a gloomy heap;
 In winter time those brands will blaze,
 Our tranquil homes to warn,
 Though torn from that poor convict-ship
 That perish'd in the storm!

THE NEW YEAR.

"Who can see a new year open upon him, without being better for the prospect—without making sundry wise reflections (for any reflections on this subject *must* be comparatively wise ones) on the step he is about to take towards the goal of his being? Every first of January that we arrive at, is an imaginary mile-stone on the turnpike track of human life; at once a resting place for thought and meditation, and a starting point for fresh exertion in the performance of our journey. The man who does not at least *propose to himself* to be better *this* year than he was last, must be either very good, or very bad indeed! And only to *propose* to be better, is something; if nothing else, it is an acknowledgment of our *need* to be so, which is the first step towards amendment. But, in fact, to propose to oneself to do well, is in some sort to do well, positively; for there is no such thing as a stationary point in human endeavours; he who is not worse to-day than he was yesterday, is better; and he who is not better, is worse."

It is written, "Improve your time," in the text-hand set of copies put before us when we were better taught to write than to understand what we wrote. How often these three words recurred at that period without their meaning being discovered! How often and how serviceably they have recurred since to some who have obeyed the injunction! How painful has reflection been to others, who, recollecting it, preferred to *suffer* rather than to *do*!

AUTHENTIC SPEECH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH,

To her Army embarked at Tilbury, under the command of the Earl of Leicester, in the year 1588, when these kingdoms were threatened with an invasion from Spain. Referred to by Rapin in his History of England.

MY LOVING PEOPLE,

We have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of *treachery*; but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people.

Let tyrants fear; I have always so demeaned myself, that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good will of my subjects; and, therefore, I am come amongst you, as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport—but being resolved, in the midst and heat of battle, to live or die amongst you all, to lay down for my God, and for my kingdoms, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust.

I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a *king of England* too; and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms—I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field.

I know that, for your forwardness, you have already deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the meantime, my lieutenant-general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject; not doubting but, by your obedience to my general, by your conduct in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a *famous victory* over these enemies of my God, of my kingdoms, and of my well-beloved and loving people.

THE KING'S ARMS.

When Charles II. was going home one night drunk, and leaning upon the shoulders of Sedley and Rochester, one of them asked him what he imagined his subjects would think if they could behold him in that pickle.—"Think!" said the King, "that I am my own arms, supported by two beasts."

In one of the latest days of Fox, the conversation turned on the comparative wisdom of the French and English character. "The Frenchman," it was observed, "delights himself with the present; the Englishman makes himself anxious about the future. Is not the Frenchman the wiser?" "He may be the *merrier*," said Fox; "but did you ever hear of a savage who did not buy a *mirror* in preference to a *telescope*?"

ALLITERATION.

The following line we believe to be the most complete instance of alliteration the language affords. It occurs in a short poem, written by a lady, on her return from a visit to a friend, whose name was Lee:

Let lovely lilacs line Lee's lonely lane.
 Here every syllable begins with the same letter; and the liquid flow of its sounds renders it particularly harmonious.

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