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SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

PRICE TWO PENCE.

VOL. I.]

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[No. 18.

MEETINGS.

As we hasten on, and on, and on—
Away through life, and away,
We meet with joy, and love, and flowers,
Inviting us to stay :
We give the joy an anxious wish,
And the love a gentle sigh ;
We pluck a few of the fairy flowers,
And bid the rest good bye.

We meet with bright and blessed things,
And things unholy too ;
With faces wearing demon smiles,
And bosoms that are true ;
Among the nameless, noteless crowd
Of unremember'd men,
We meet with those who waken thoughts
That will not sleep again.

We meet with those whose memory,
Like a nightmare on our sleep,
Breathless o'er us ever and anon,
A bitter curse and deep.
Some write their names upon our hearts ;
Some leave a few fair traces
Of parting words and blank regrets,
And once familiar faces.
Yea, e'en the friendly greeting of
A kind wayfaring one,
Met only once, may long be felt,
And loved and cherish'd on.

We meet with one whose heart from ours,
No chance nor change can sever—
The heart that flows with quenchless love,
For ever, and for ever.
But *one* shall be the meeting yet,
And *one* the meeting day,
When the trump of God shall tell the dead,
That time hath passed away.

SATURDAY EVENING.

" Surely if each man saw another's heart,
" There would be no commerce,
" All would disperse
" And live apart."

If the assertion of this homely poet be correct, it augurs a perverse abuse of capacities alike honourable and productive of pleasure. It was the remark of a wise heathen, and he never quitted the society of men without feeling himself less a man. Strange, too, when we reflect that men instinctively seek to herd together, that the desire of kindly intercourse is laudable, and that the power of speech, the organ of that intercourse, is one of the noblest endowments of humanity. Is it possible that society, as a mass, is held in compact by a general system of concealment? It seems the sentence of a

harsh judge, to say, that were men sincere in the full extent of the word, they would fly each other's presence with hatred, or only meet to indulge emotions of indignation; yet who that for a moment looks within, and marks the severity with which he judges, how prone he is to harsh constructions of the actions which come before his cognizance, his hasty conclusions and his prejudices, but must instantly acknowledge that it would not be expedient to introduce the objects of his criticism into the secret recesses of his mind. Believe me, the fabulous window in the human breast would be an inconvenience to the most benevolent. A closer examination may perhaps discover to us some alleviating causes for this unpleasant fact; for though no blind apologist for human frailty, neither should my pen be employed in darkening it with unnecessary shades.—We have melancholy evidence that man has lost the brightness of his Maker's image; he not mine the gloomy task of disguising the faint traces of that glorious impression which remains. We must concede, that much of the censure which in our thoughts we pass upon men's character, springs from uncharitableness and prejudice, but much also is unavoidably the result of our perceptions of right and wrong. If we grant (and who so wayward as not to allow it) that imperfection is an ingredient in our nature, then is it impossible to avoid perceiving it; disapproval of others, may therefore be entertained in the mind without unkindness, although the expression of that sentiment might be cruel and offensive; the most attached friends must be often sensible of the errors of each; were their feelings of disapproval made known, the consequence might be a sudden termination of their intimacy; but lying dormant in the mind, they have not strength to engender dislike in the one, and are totally unknown to exist in the other. It follows that a veil of reserve around the thoughts is necessary, not only by reason of our nature's perversity, but of the constitution of our moral frame. To survey the subject in another light, were we empowered to read the passing reflections of our friends while in the interchange of civilities, we should doubtless see many opinions connected with our own characters, whose justice we would not impugn, and whose existence in the bosom even of a friend, we could not impute to want of affection; yet, the perusal would be any thing but agreeable. Self-love would be alarmed, and pride, the noxious serpent that infests every human heart, would raise its reptile head in anger. It is well, then, on every account, that our thoughts are to the observation of our fellow-beings as a sealed volume; and woe to him who should possess the fatal power of breaking the seal and mastering the contents. Let me not be understood to compromise sincerity, that jewel of the mind, in the absence of which all else is useless glitter. Sincerity, the conservative of social union, the staff of the mistrusting, the salt of life's feast, at once, its seasoning, and the pledge of confidence. It is, indeed, a wise sincerity, which is the great antidote to the evils which obtain in the intercourse of civilized society. Since "the flowers of Eden felt the blast," the consequence of man's defection, this virtue remains to us, the sure test of excellence, and its conscious possession alone bears us on unmoved amid the jarring and change, the inconsistencies and absurdities we daily witness. Singleness of intention

affords its possessor compensation for much injustice, and gives that which outweighs a world's huzzas: he stands firmly, even when hunted by open-mouthed slander, who can conscientiously pronounce his own acquittal. Were sincerity and simplicity of speech more prevalent, Seneca had spared his sarcasm; then might conversation be conducted with frankness, guarded by discretion; the swelling words of mere profession would not be needed, and language accomplishing its proper use, would be a divine instrument, from whose various chords the hand of charity and candor might elicit sounds sweet and invigorating.

It cannot be denied that great advantages might flow from beholding ourselves in the faithful mirror of another's impartial judgment; but, it would require some magnanimity to withstand the shock, not only to our vanity but to our better feelings. With what emotions of grief would we read the talent censure or weariness or distaste in the heart of a beloved associate. Who could endure the chrystal walls of the palace of truth. But though we may not, and if wise we would not, see the hearts of others, our own may be fully explored, and in searching the errors, noting the deficiencies, or tracing the intricate windings, of that world which lies open to our view alone, we can form a correct estimate of man in general. From a close survey of ourselves, we can learn sufficient to guide our path, and to mitigate the severity of our judgment. Where we detected obliquity, the remembrance of dark spots upon our purity, would stay the ready rebuke; feeling innate weakness, we would not pry unkindly into the infirmities of another. Might I a little alter the sentiment of our motto, I would say, that a conviction of our universal liability to error, from which none, no not one, can plead exemption, should soften our feelings towards all the vast family among whom we are brethren. Owning ourselves all transgressors, feeling ourselves all sufferers, closer should be our communion of forbearance and kindness, not ours to disperse and live apart, but hand in hand to stave a life's torrent, often rough, and linked in the sacred bonds of charity here, together strive for a destiny of holy peace, in that region of light where nothing is hid, but all shall be known as they are.

A CANADIAN SONG.—BY MRS. MOODIE.

(From *Friendship's Offering for 1834.*)

'Tis merry to hear at evening time,
By the blazing hearth, the sleigh-bells chime;
And to know each bound of the steed brings nigher
The friend for whom we have heaped the fire.
Light leap our hearts, while the listening bound
Springs forth to hail him with bark and bound.

'Tis he! and blithely the gay bells sound,
As his sleigh glides over the frozen ground;
Hark! he has passed the dark pine wood,
And skims like a bird o'er the ice bound flood;
Now he catches the gleam from the cabin door,
Which tells that his toilsome journey's o'er.

Our cabin is small, and coarse our cheer,
But love has spread the banquet here;
And childhood springs to be caressed
By our well beloved and welcome guest;
With a smiling brow his tale he tells,
While the urchins ring the merry sleigh bells.

From the cedar swamp the gaunt wolves howl,
From the hollow oak loud whoops the owl,
Scared by the crash of the falling tree;
But these sounds bring terror no more to me;
No longer I listen with boding fear,
The sleigh bells' distant chime to hear.

MANKIND MUTUALLY DEPENDANT.

The cold-hearted stoic may boastingly accede to the sentiment, that 'man is sufficient for himself;' but the philanthropist rejoices in the beautiful system of mutual dependence which unites him so closely with the whole human family. He views with pleasure the facilities which the genius of men has supplied for communication with other lands; for contributing to the necessities, convenience and ease of each other, by exchanging the products of different climes; he considers all men as the children of one Parent *improving the advantages with which they are favoured, for the benefit of themselves and of their brethren.*

Not only do these pleasurable feelings arise in the breast of him whose heart is deeply imbued with love for the whole human race, but a little reflection will excite them in the mind of one whose views are more selfish and contracted; and constrain him to acknowledge the wisdom of a system for the division of labour, and for the promotion of friendly intercourse, which mankind, as it were by mutual consent, have so universally adopted.

Every vocation in life depends on many others for its support. The agriculturists of New-England, said to be the most independent class of people, may be adduced as examples in favour of this assertion; the toils of the blacksmith, the carpenter, &c. are all put in requisition to enable them to cultivate the soil to advantage.

The rich are dependant on the poorer classes, and the poorer classes on the wealthy: without the former, commerce and manufactures would languish—and deprived of the latter, the fatigues of manual labour would be added to those mental vexations from which the affluent are seldom exempt.

The young look to their superiors in years for counsel and instruction, and the aged to the vigour of youth and manhood for support.

A mutual dependence exists between the inhabitants of one clime and those of another; the wealth of one nation is comprised in its mines of silver and gold, that of another in the products of the soil. Those who depend on the latter may be considered as peculiarly favoured; for where the former exist, those arts which constitute the happiness and prosperity of a people, are almost invariably neglected. From this circumstance, indolent habits, both of body and mind, are induced, and these, in their turn, generate many vices.

To the conquests of the Spanish in America, may be attributed the low state of morals, literature, and science, which prevails among them; for finding that they had acquired, with an extensive territory, a resource for the supply of all their wants, the natural advantages of their natal land were disregarded.

The advantages occurring from this system of mutual dependence are many; the division of labour, or the devotion of every man's talent to some particular trade or profession, is an economy.

Should one man engage in the pursuits which are now apportioned among many, much time would be lost in the acquisition of knowledge in various branches; his health would be impaired from the attention bestowed on them; his gain would not be in a ratio to the expenses incurred; and no opportunity would be afforded of attaining to perfection in any.

From the consideration that we are continually reciprocating favours with our fellow beings, and that there are none so humble as not to be able to render us assistance in one way or another, we should be excited to kindness and humility; under the influence of so beneficent a system, the asperities of life should lose their keenness, and all the social feelings of our nature be expanded.

THE SWEDISH MINER.*

They've borne him from his ghastly tomb
Up to the free, glad summer day.
From the cold cheek, the sunny bloom
Of life hath scarcely past away;
The soften'd flush hath not yet gone
From the death-stricken, tranquil cheek;
That flush! how sweet to look upon!
Like twilight's soft and mellow'd streak,
This dreamless slumberer doth bear
No tokens of the sepulchre.

Brethren! around the dead man's bier,
Dwells there no sorrow in your eye?
Know ye the quiet features here?
The eye, in which death's slumbers lie?
Is there no hoary sire to own
His dead child, 'neath yon folded pall!
No mourning matron, to kneel down
And pray, at her son's burial!
Ye're silent as his death-*quench'd* lip
With whom none claim a fellowship!

There comes an aged woman; slow
Is her weak footstep by the dead;
Time's white and wintry hoar-frosts *strew*
Thickly the faltering matron's head.
She hath seen those grow old and die
Whose feet were with her in life's morn;
Her prayer is, that her dust may lie,
Soon with her brethren that are gone.
Her pilgrimage shall soon draw near
To its calm close without a tear.

She hath bent low—and put away
The dark locks from his snowy brow;
And lo! how softly doth she lay
Her lips to his pale features now.
Methinks some pleasant dream, of years
Long gone, comes o'er her memory;
For smiles gleam o'er her face,—then tears—
Dim tears, o'ershade her kindling eye,
And mournful words come sweet and low
From her sad heart's full overflow.

"And art thou lying here!
Beautiful as thou wert, when side by side
Our wayward feet ranged all the woodlands wide,
In childhood's thoughtless glee!
Yes! my beloved, though gone hath many a year,
I well remember thee!

"Here is the same white brow
That won my simple heart, when life's green path
Was all a paradise; methinks it hath
Its same calm beauty yet.
That cheek! though death hath somewhat changed it now,
I never might forget!

"Thou wearest the red rose
I gave thee, on that gentle summer's eve,
When thou, all bloom, and hope, and strength, didst
leave
Me blushing at the door—

* The body of a young Swedish miner was lately discovered in one of the mines of Dalecarlia, fresh and in a state of perfect preservation from the action of the mineral waters, in which it had been immersed. No one could recognize the body save an old woman, who knew it to be that of her lover. He had perished fifty years before.

Alas! I little dream'd at that day's close,
My love would come no more.

"After the rapid flight
Of fifty years, 'tis sweet to my old age
To see thee, ere I close my pilgrimage;
And now we part! thy cell,
Thy gloomy cell! must shut thee from my sight.
I join thee soon. Farewell."

THE NUBIANS.

The Nubians are a very distinct race of people from the Arabs; their dress is commonly a loose white shirt and a turban; sometimes they are uncovered, except a cloth round the waist. They are very superstitious, most of them wearing charms to keep off 'the evil eye,' or some other apprehended ill.

There is a great difference in the features and make of the several Nubian tribes; the natives of Elpha are tall and good looking; the people of Derry, hideous and deformed; the tribe at Armada are small, but handsome, and well made; they are frugal in their mode of living, subsisting principally on dourou, made into flat cakes, and baked on a stone which is heated, and sour milk and dates.

The women do not cover their faces so scrupulously as the Arabs; they are not ill looking; are generally well made and have good figures. They wear a brown garment, reaching down to the ankles; it is thrown over the right shoulder, comes close under the left arm, the shoulder of which is bare, and has not an ungraceful appearance; they are very partial to rings and bracelets; the former are frequently worn at the nose, the latter are made of one piece of ground glass, which not yielding, and being forced on as small as possible, often cause much pain. They always go bare-footed. Young girls have a covering round their loins made of strips of leather, hanging down, and ornamenting with cowry shells and beads. The hair of the women is plaited somewhat like the men's, and greased with oil. The Barabras, from their frugal mode of life, are subject to few diseases; they are all marked with one, sometimes two scars on the spine of the back; where they have been burnt for the cure of an endemial disease, which attacks them when young; this mode of treatment, by drawing all the humours to one spot, keeps the discharge open till the patient is recovering, and experience has, doubtless, often shewn it to be successful. A boy, while we were at Ebsambal, was in a state of cure, and accidentally injured the part, which caused it to bleed; the father immediately applied a remedy, by throwing some sand, of which article there is no scarcity in the country, on the wound; this soon appeased the boy's cries and pains.

FAR AWAY.

Far away!—My soul is far away,
Where the blue sea leaves a mountain shore;
In the woods I see my brother play;
Midst the flowers my sister sings once more,—
Far away!

Far away!—My dreams are far away,
When, at midnight, stars and shadows reign;
"Gentle child," my mother seems to say,
"Follow me where home shall smile again,"—
Far away!

Far away!—My hope is far away
Where Love's voice young Gladness may restore:
O thou Dove! now soaring through the day,
Lend me wings to reach that brighter shore,—
Far away!

PLANTS AND FLOWERS :

THEIR SCENT, USES, AND MEDICINAL PROPERTIES.

The odour of flowers is known to affect different people in a variety of different ways, a single plant producing a fainting sensation in one individual, that would be valued by another as possessing a refreshing and reviving influence. The scent of certain flowers, that produce headaches in some, will be totally innoxious to others; and one man may be charmed with the smell of a flower, which another would deem offensive. Flowers also may be placed in quantities in a room without injury to the waking inmates, but they are generally supposed highly insalubrious to those who may inhale their odours while asleep. Flowers, with some few exceptions (the rose and violet, for example), exhale their perfume only while the plant is living; that which proceeds from the bark and other parts of the plant continues to be emitted after death. Some flowers emit their odours only at certain periods. Those having an ambrosial smell, exhale only after sunset, and the appearance of some plants corresponds with the nature of their scent. Musky-scented flowers, for instance, are always of a yellowish and purple colour, and a dull appearance is indicative, it is said, of the deleterious nature of their perfume.

Again, the scent of some plants is not perceptible until after they are cut down, and exposed to the influence of either the sun or artificial heat. Grass, while growing, possesses no particular smell, but, when made into hay, it scents the country around; this may probably proceed from no particular plant, but a commixture of the various herbage of the crops. The wood of the ash tree, when burned in a green state, will emit a fragrance like that which proceeds from the violet and mezerion, and this it will diffuse to a very considerable distance. The glands of the fraxinella, from which it exhales its scent, are large enough to be seen by the naked eye, and the vapour is so combustible, that it will burn when a light is placed within its influence. The garden nightshade has the property of causing sleep to overpower those who may inhale its odour; and all have heard of the upas-tree, which (though we may not give credit to the exaggerated accounts of its deadly power) possesses, without doubt, an uncommonly deleterious quality of vapour. The odour of plants and flowers, which seems thus to inherit the property of creating such a diversity of feelings in the human frame, is considered by naturalists to be an excretory secretion, forming a gas or vapour, which in some is supposed to proceed from the petals transmitted from the plant by the clause at its base, and, escaping through orifices on their surface, at others from the nectaries, or various parts which compose their blossoms. Although the effect produced by the gas or vapour is sufficiently visible, yet, as far as regards a knowledge of its nature, we remain totally uninformed. All we can conjecture is, that it must be a body composed of solid particles, each body possessing a power of affecting the senses of animals, in a manner peculiar to itself. The object which nature had in view in bestowing this property on flowers and plants, is also hidden from our ken; but it is not improbable that it may be for the purpose of informing the multifarious tribes of the earth where the supply of necessaries fitted for their sustenance may be found. Different plants have various and opposite qualities: some possessing the most nutritious ingredients, others containing the most deadly poisons; and while some have the power of tainting the air to a certain extent with their deleterious odours, all have a tendency to purify it of certain particles which are injurious to animal existence. Animals, by the use of vegetables for food, consume a large quantity of carbon, or charcoal, a part of which is only necessary for the well-being of the individual; and the superfluous part is, therefore, exhaled by the breath, which consequently contaminates the surrounding atmosphere. A man, it is calcu-

lated, exhales in breathing no less than 11 oz. of charcoal every day. The vegetable world, on the contrary, far from being injured by an over quantity of carbon, is ever requiring an augmentation of its stores; and plants therefore absorb from the air, when it comes in contact with the sap at the apertures or stomas situated on the surface of their leaves, that part which would otherwise be so detrimental to animal life. Mr. Sennebier covered a plant, which was growing in a pot of earth, with a glass bell full of water, and in the course of a few hours found a quantity of air in the bell. He repeated the experiment with water which had been boiled, in order to deprive it of its air; and in this instance no air was produced in the bell. At length Mr. Sennebier, in the prosecution of his experiments, discovered the cause of this phenomenon.

Water, in its natural state, contains a quantity of carbonic acid, which is a composition of oxygen and carbon. The plant had therefore absorbed the carbonic acid; and, with the action of the sun's rays on its leaves, had decomposed the acid, had retained the carbon, but had exhaled the oxygen by the stomas.

The quantity of carbon thus acquired by plants has been ascertained by the following ingenious experiment, made by M. de Saussure. He transplanted fourteen periwinkles into vases: he watered seven of them with distilled water, and the other seven with water in its natural state. After some days, he found that the former had acquired no additional carbon; but the latter had accumulated so much, that their wood was one-sixth heavier than the former.

Carbon being the principal ingredient of plants, their growth, and consequent welfare, depend on a constant supply of it; and in order to render it fit for assimilation, or, in other words, to prepare it for forming a nutritive substance for the food of the plant, it is necessary that it should previously be combined with oxygen. This chemical process can only be performed by the aid of the solar light; plants, therefore, during the night, inhale oxygen in order to combine it with the carbon which is contained in the animal and vegetable matter, which the sap also holds in solution; and on the return of day, the carbonic acid thus formed is decomposed by the solar influence, and the oxygen restored to the atmosphere, together with that portion which has been absorbed from the soil by the roots. This is what renders flowers placed in a sleeping room injurious to the inmate, by the great absorption of the air.

Various plants possess in themselves a property of nutriment, and at the same time a poison. In such cases, however, the poisonous portion is never found in the food of the plant. In the pulp of the peach, for example, there is no sign of the prussic acid which scents its flowers and taints its kernel; and if the embryo of the yewberry was removed, its pulp, it is supposed, would be harmless. Amongst roots, such is also the case. Potatoes, it is known, contain a poison which it secretes in its skin, or immediately beneath it; and the rind of the common turnip, which, though probably not poisonous, is acrid and pungent in a greater degree than the bulb itself.

The poisonous juice of the nettle, which is known to raise in blisters the skin of whoever may touch it, is contained in the hair which is observed on its leaves, while the other parts of the plant are altogether harmless. All stinging plants effuse this juice, by means of very minute glands, situated either at the points of these hairs or at their base, which hairs may be compared to those that grow on the orifices of the pores of the human skin. When the gland is situated on the point of the hair, the liquid which it contains is of an innocent nature; but when situated at its base, it is acrid, caustic, and poisonous. The sting is inflicted by the hair, which, piercing the skin, pours the poison into the wound, and causes the effects already described.

Nettles, when softened by moisture, are quite harmless, because the hair by that means losing its elasticity, cannot make the incision necessary for the introduction of the poison, and therefore no sting is felt. Stinging plants may also be handled with impunity after death, if dried; for although in this case the instrument may be capable of stinging, yet the juice is no longer fluid, and therefore cannot flow into the wound.

The cassava of central America, of which the Indians make their cassava bread, not only belongs to a very poisonous class of plants, but is, when raw, a deadly poison. The perennial mercury, or "dog's cabbage," so called from dogs preferring it to other plants when they want to physic themselves with vegetable substances, may be eaten when well boiled, though it will still retain an aperient quality; but when raw, or even when roasted or fried, it is a powerful poison. The fruit of the fig and mulberry is eatable, but the juice of both is poisonous, particularly that of the fig. The juice of the poppy, which maintains so high a rank in the estimation of medical practitioners, produces a most potent poison; yet the sanitary purposes to which it is applied by a different mode of preparation, are too well known to be here described. This juice is obtained from the unripe seed of the white poppy, and in Asia Minor whole fields are sown with the seeds of this plant. When the heads are nearly ripe, they are wounded on one side with a pointed instrument, and a white liquor is distilled from the wound, which the heat of the sun hardens on the plant. This is gathered next day, when fresh wounds are made on the opposite side of the seed-vessel; but what comes from the first incision is greatly superior to that which flows from the second. This is opium, which, after being gathered in the manner described, is moistened with a small quantity of water, or honey, until it becomes of the consistency of pitch, when it is formed into cakes or rolls for sale. Tincture of opium, which is made by distilling it in spirits of wine, is called laudanum. The foxglove, which is so common in Scotland and England, is very useful for medicinal purposes, yet is very poisonous. The honey-flower, a Cape plant, produces more honey than any other plant; so much so, that a tea-spoonful may be collected every morning from each of its numerous flowers; but the strong and disagreeable smell of the plant indicates a poisonous quality. There is another plant, the "crown imperial," which produces nearly as much honey, but the plant is so poisonous that the bees will not use it.

The general usefulness of plants is so well known, that it would be altogether superfluous to enter into any very lengthy observations on the subject; yet the mention of a few of those which do not often come under general observation, may not be found uninteresting. The clothier's teazle, now so much cultivated in the west of England, affords a solitary instance of a natural production being applied to mechanical purposes, in the state in which it is produced. Many attempts have been made to supersede the teazle, by contrivances designed for the same use, but all in vain; every fresh invention has been abandoned as defective or injurious, and the teazle, it is allowed by all, can only do the work. The heads of the teazle are composed of incorporated flowers, each separated by a long, rigid, chaffy substance, the terminating point of which is furnished with a fine hook: this is fastened round the edge of a large broad wheel, which is kept turning, while the cloth is held against these heads, by which means the ends of the wool are drawn out from the manufactured cloth, so as to bring a regular nap on the surface, free from knottings and twistings, the loose parts combed off, and the piece is finished when the cloth ceases to yield any resistance to the free passage of the wheel. The dressing of a piece of cloth requires from fifteen hundred to two thousand of these heads to accomplish the work properly.

An infusion of sage leaves is sometimes used at tea; and the Chinese are surprised that Europeans should come to them for tea, when they have plenty of sage, which the Chinese think far superior. The Dutch have long been in the habit of collecting, not only in Holland, but in the south of France, large quantities of sage leaves, which they dry like tea, and pack in cases for exportation to China, where, for every pound of sage, they receive four pounds of tea. *Rubia tinctorum*, or "dye's madder," common in the west of England, affords a very beautiful scarlet dye, which is extracted from the root, and which imparts a corresponding colour to the milk, and even to the bones of the animals which feed upon it.

From the opening and shutting of several flowers, as well as leaves, we may judge of the state of the atmosphere. If the Siberian sow-thistle shuts at night, the following day may be expected to be fine; if it remains open, it is indicative of rain. If the African marygold continues shut in the morning long after its usual time for opening, rain is approaching. The convolvulus, bind-weed, and scarlet pimpernel, even after they have opened, will shut themselves up again, on the approach of rain. From this circumstance, the pimpernel has obtained the name of the "poor man's weather glass." In former times, when it was believed that the cure of almost every disease might be effected by the application of preparations from herbs and flowers, the plants were quaintly denominated after the disease they were supposed capable of curing; such as, all-heal, break-stone, bruise-wort, gout-weed, fever-weed, &c. &c. Our forefathers had also plants which were thought equally serviceable in healing mental disorders, and were accordingly called heart's-ease, loose-strife, true-love, &c. &c.; and they carried their observance of plants so far as to suppose that the flower of the large white lily indicated the price of wheat by the bushel, for the ensuing year, every blossom being equivalent to a shilling.

MUSIC'S MEMORIES.

BY MRS. DENBAR MOONIE.

The strains we hear in foreign lands
No echo from the heart can claim,
The chords are swept by stranger's hands,
And kindle in the breast no flame,
Sweet though they be.
No fond remembrance wakes to fling
Its hallowed influence o'er the chords,
As if a spirit touched the string,
Breathing in soft harmonious words,
Wild melody!

The music of our native shore
A thousand lovely scenes endears,
In magic tones it murmurs o'er
The visions of our early years,—
The love of youth.
It wreathes again the flowers we wreathed
In childhood's bright unclouded day,
It breathes again the flowers we breathed
At fancy's shrine, when hope was gay,
And whispered truth.

It calls before our mental sight,
Dear forms whose tuneful lips are mute,
Bright sunny eyes, long closed in night,
Warm hearts, as broken as the lute
That charmed our ears.
It thrills the breast with feelings deep,
Too deep for language to impart,
It bids the spirit joy or weep,
In tones that sink into the heart,
And melt in tears.

THE MANNERS OF THE JEWS.

TRAVELLING.

Most of the travelling mentioned in the Bible was on foot. The journeys of our Lord and of his Apostles all appear to have been so made. The taking up carriages, Acts xxi. 15, means taking up the luggage or baggage, not getting into coaches, or what we call carriages.

The chariots mentioned in the Bible were little, if at all better than carts. The nobility even of England had no better wheel conveyances three hundred years ago. The chariot in which the eunuch rode, Acts vii. 28, was also something like a cart.

We often read of the Camel in scripture, particularly in the book of Genesis. It is the most useful animal for travelling in the East through the sandy deserts, as it can go for a long time without water, and its feet are particularly adapted for those countries. The women usually travel in a sort of basket or cradle. Rebecca and her damsel, no doubt, did so. Gen. xxvi. 61, 65. The camel in the East is expressively called "the ship of the desert."

Asses were used by persons of rank, Judg. v. 10; x. 4; xii. 14; also for travelling, Josh. ix. 4, 1 Kings xiii. 23, 2 Kings iv. 24, 2 Sam. xvi. 2, 1 Sam. xxv. 20. And my readers will recollect that our blessed Lord himself rode upon an ass, in his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. The patriarchs had no horses. Egypt was famous for them, but there were few or none in Judea. The Jewish ruler was forbidden to procure them, Deut. xvii. 16. This prohibition was to prevent them from trusting in their own strength as a nation, and to hinder them from having commerce with Egypt, whence Solomon procured his horses, 1 Kings x. 23, 2 Chron. ix. 28. The Arabs now are famous for their horses, which are remarkably swift.

The ancient Greeks were very attentive to strangers, as we find from Homer, and several other old writers; and any instances of unkindness or injury done to a stranger was considered a very great crime. We find several cases of this sort mentioned in the Bible, and the attention paid to strangers among the Arabs is strongly proved by many instances.

Captain Irby and Mangles relate, that on two occasions, they arrived at an Arab's camp very late. They halted before a tent, but found the owner and his family, having arranged their carpets, &c., had retired to rest for the night. It was surprising, they say, to see the good humour with which all rose again and kindled a fire, the wife kneading the dough, and preparing supper, while the Arabs who accompanied as guides made no apology, though the night were bitter cold, but took all as a matter of course.

Christians, in the first ages, seldom travelled without letters from some persons well known to the brethren, and they were sure of a kind reception wherever they went. Calnet thinks that the second and third epistles of St. John were letters of this sort.

When a person had once been received as a guest, he was always expected to call again whenever he came that way, and those which received him would also call on him, if they visited his country. Their children continued to do the same, and they used to provide themselves with some token, as proof of this friendship. It was usually a piece of lead or stone which was divided in half, one piece was kept by each family, and produced when any of them visited the other. Sometimes a name was written upon it. This custom seems to be alluded to in that beautiful passage, Rev. ii. 17, where it is said, "To him that overcometh will I give a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it."

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

She sat beside her cottage-door,
A friendless, solitary thing;
Her soul with trembling thought ran o'er,
And long-pass'd griefs had power to wring
From her, that eve, unbidden tears,
Such as she had not shed for years.

Her thought was of the buoyant time
When play'd her children round her knee;
And life was as the morning prime,
With fresh dews on the leafy tree;
Till strong affections, one by one,
Were broke, and life's last joy was gone!

O! beautiful children, once her pride,
That wither'd while she had no fear;
Of sons in distant climes that died,
Alone, with none to tend or cheer;
But most of him who lately went,
Young, ardent, on adventure bent.

But, if he died by land or sea,
Or lived in peace on some bright shore,
Or pined in hopeless misery,
She knew not: traveller never bore
Tidings of him; and ne'er was sent
Message or token since he went.

She sat absorbed in torturing thought,
Unheedful of what passed around—
Though gazing, yet perceiving nought—
Though silent, listening to no sound,—
Unconscious that a stranger stood
Before her, marvelling at her mood.

At length she saw a weary man,
Like one by age or grief subdued,
Or exile, whose thin cheek grew wan
In some life-blasted solitude;
Long gazed she on his wasted frame,
Ere tardy recognition came.

Then saw she, with instinctive glance,
All mind and body had gone through,
That life had been but evil chance—
By sunken eye and pallid hue,
By lines of agony and care,
And by his thinned and whitened hair.

Her son, the one for whom she wept,
The long-lost child for whom she prayed,
The youngest hope, whose image kept
Within her memory not to fade—
'Twas he, alas! with alter'd mien,
In love alone as he had been.

Beside her cottage-door he leant
Whole days in melancholy mood,
Like one whose strength to act was spent,
Reckless of evil or of good;
And busy neighbours, passing by,
Said he had but returned to die.

Those summer eves he would relate
His perilous life by land and sea;
The changes of his dreary fate,
And dark years of captivity,
Of hardships, wrongs, and savage strife,
When death seemed welcomer than life.

Then told he of some fairer scene,
Where it had been his hap to roam
Through eypress marsh, Savannah green,
Where the dark Indian finds his home;
And of kind nature, undebased
In those pure children of the waste.

Oh, joyful mother was she then!
Listening the marvellous tales he told—
How rescued from ferocious men,
The fell, intractable and bold,
Fierce pirates of the southern main,
He came, with mark of brand and chain.

Yet saw she with slow unbelief,
That joy ne'er warm'd his wither'd cheek;
That sufferings, misery, and grief,
Had left him spirit-bowed and weak;
And time might pass, but never more
Life's energy or hope restore.

She tended him by night and day,
Noting how swiftly life declined,
Wearing herself the while away,
With patient love that ne'er repined—
But e'er the autumn leaves were red,
Mother and son were with the dead.

WINTER.

The winters of the present day have degenerated. Mud in insufferable quantities, and rain like the forty days of old, are all we have in exchange for the merry days of my youth, when the earth wore his best coat of snow for at least four good months, nor put it off until the spring thawed him out of his dominions. Oh the merry days of my boyhood—the sleigh rides—the balls—the parties—where are they? Echo only answers. But to-night I have had a taste of olden time. 'Tis a fine clear night as ever showered frost. The moon is shining like a bright lamp in the heavens, to light all happy parties to pleasure; the air is like powdered glass, which tingles in your nose as you snuff it up—the sleigh bells are jingling, while the sleighs *creak* over the frosty way, and I feel as once I felt, when my sweetheart and I were behind a horse as fleet as the wind, in a sleigh you could lift in your hands, skimming along to the music of some fifty bells, over such a fall of snow as the yearlings of our time have never seen. Oh, those were merry times—but they were—how mournfully that word sounds in my ear. That simple word sings a requiem over the past, and dismally clouds the present. Those days are gone. My sweetheart is my wife—my noble horse trotted himself out of existence, dragging a stage, and the glory of the winter has departed. Even the days when Mother Bunce wielded the flip iron—but stop—Mother Bunce is gone too—she has made her last mug—the flip iron is cold—she hath flourished it for the last time; that hand which beat the eggs, which dipped the iron, which mixed the mug—is mixed in dust. Fain would I stop here, to give a passing tribute to thy many virtues, thou mother of the mug, but I cannot—my heart is too full.

Nothing is as it used to be, but this merry night has given a shadow of my former days, and made my blood dance as it did of yore. It tempted me out. Yes, reader, I threw aside my wonted gravity, and the beauty of the night made me foolish enough to go out, and grievously have I been disappointed. There is nothing as it once was. Never before did a sleigh ride start this confounded rheumatism—never before did a sleigh ride shake my nerves like this—never before did sleigh bells sound so melancholy—never before went horses so slow. I have come home sick of the present and full of the past. The world has grown old before its time; it has grown old faster than I have myself.

Reader, you may not believe it, but I have seen the time when you could not have seen the fences for three months, and the beautiful fields of snow were covered over with a thick crust, so the only care you had to take was not to drive against trees. I have seen the snow sometimes piled so completely over houses, that they had to cut their way out through the drift to get into the street, and walk under an arch of snow for months together. But I shall never see such times again. Our snow storms now are merely a few feathery flakes for an hour or two, instead of whole clouds of snow driving through the air for days together, as if another world of down were shattered over us. From the taste I have had to night, I am content to leave sleigh riding to itself for the rest of my life, and quietly get through my few remaining winters, without feeling my heart swell, and easily slide out of this world, thinking only of a joyous sleigh-ride as among the things that were.

PILGRIM'S EVENING SONG TO THE EVENING STAR.

O soft star of the West!
Gleaming far,
Thou'rt guiding all things hence,
Gentle star!

From rock and foaming wave
The sea-bird to her nest;
The hunter from the hills,
The fisher back to rest.
Light of a thousand brooks,
Gleaming far!
O soft star of the West,
Blessed star!

No bowery roof is mine,
No hearth of love and rest,
Yet guide me to my shrine,
O soft star of the West!
There, there my home shall be,
Heaven's dew shall wet my breast,
When prayer and tear gush free,
O soft star of the West!

BRASS.

Corinthian brass,
Which was a mixture of all metals but
The brazen uppermost.—DOX JUAN.

The three necessary qualifications for good oratory were said by Demosthenes to be, action—action—action; and were any body to put the question, what are the three things most essential to advancement in life, the answer would be, brass—brass—brass; brass in all its ramifications—from the brazen front of the barrister, brow-beating his way to the woolstack, to the refined 'or-molu' of the pretty woman who, with the help of a pair of fine eyes, a blushing countenance, and unblushing mind, wins her way to the attainment of her object, in spite of all the opposition of her antagonists and of propriety. There is, indeed, no instance in which brass is so perfectly efficacious as on the face of a pretty woman. Any analyser of society may discern this kind of brass in the face of a managing mamma's obtaining partners for quadrilles, and for life, for long trains of daughters, in whose little dash of coquetry and ton the incipient metal begins to appear; and none can doubt the efficacy of the talisman, when we see retiring modesty languishing through the evening on a sofa, without the chance of a partner, and growing up into old maidenhood without the hope of a husband.

Of this precious metal there are many different species, all equally useful in their way.

There is your dinner brass, which first obtains the card of invitation, and then drinks all the champagne, and engrosses all the conversation. There is your Almack's brass, that, without any pretension, asks the finest woman in the room, and leads her to the set, in spite of a frowning mother, whose planning and plotting to obtain a certain rich or titled personage, is thus in an instant overturned. There is your tradesman's brass, that asks double the value of an article; and your gentleman's brass, that orders the article, and gets it a little under its real value, or never paying for it at all. There is your creditor's brass, putting the brazen knocker at your door out of countenance, with a "qualm-producing" single knock every morning before ten, till he is paid; and your debtor's brass, who drives his cabriolet through Bond-street and Piccadilly, carelessly running the gauntlet of shops, in every ledger of which his name appears in neat round text, followed by those cabalistical letters, Dr. and L. s. d. Then there is your lover's brass, that like the doctor's, is soft and malleable, and fuses into tears, "each drop of which would prove a crocodile," as occasion requires. There is the courtier's brass, so highly polished that like the emulsion, it takes the hue of the objects by which it is surrounded. But more valuable than all, is that which may be designated the modest brass—the brass which has learned to blush, and which has so much the appearance of that golden modesty, the brightest jewel in a woman's dower," that, like well-coined counterfeits, it is very apt to pass current for the real metal with more than half the world.

With regard to the possession of this precious metal, in spite of Locke's white-paper system of ideas, some are certainly born with it; others acquire it with their classics at Eton and Westminster, and get it confirmed at Oxford or Cambridge. Some catch it as they do the small-pox, by a too indiscriminate intercourse with the world; and others adopt it in self-evidence when they find modesty and diffidence driven off the field.

In all circumstances of life, and in all situations of society, a certain portion of it is necessary; and a man who cannot swim may as well jump into the sea without cork, as attempt to keep his head above water in the world without brass.

TO A BEAUTIFUL BOY.

Boy! thou art like a dew-fed streamlet rushing
Brightly and purely from its mountain home,
To where young buds, spring's earliest gifts, are blushing,
And thirsty fields and fainting plants say "Come!"

Impetuous boy! in Fancy's bright fane dwelling,
Without *one* care to shade thy glorious brow—
With glance of fire and bosom proudly swelling—
With generous thought and passion's fiery glow.

Parents who fondly love thee watch the blending
Of thy dark lashes when sweet dreams are nigh;
Thine ruby lips their faithful prayers are sending
For thee to Him who rules thy destiny.

Boy! may thy life star set in pomp and beauty—
A voice, a halo consecrate thy tomb;
Telling to after times, "The path of duty
Ends in the spirit's native, heavenly home!"

CONNUBIALITIES.

Love is the epitome of our whole duty; and all the endearments of society, so long as they are lawful and honest, are not only consistent with, but parts and expressions of it.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness or misery; the marriage of love is pleasant, the marriage of interest easy, and a marriage where both meet, happy.

Women go further in love than men, but men outstrip them in friendship.

As some women lose reputation rather for want of discretion than for want of virtue, so others preserve theirs by their discretion only.

Women are pleased with courtship, and the most disdainful cannot but be complaisant to those that tell them of their attractions.

Some men say that it is hard to determine which is the more troublesome, a maid's reserve or a wife's forwardness.

A woman that has but one lover thinks herself to be no coquet; she that has several, concludes herself no more than a coquet.

Reciprocal love is justice; constant love is fortitude; secret love is prudence.

It is the hardest thing in love to feign it where it is not, or hide it where it is; but it is easier counterfeited than concealed.

The face of her we love is the fairest of sights, and her voice the sweetest harmony in the world.

A man is more reserved on his friend's concerns than his own; a woman, on the contrary, keeps her own secret better than another's.

A woman will think herself slighted if she is not courted, but pretends to know herself too well to believe your flattery.

Absence is to love what fasting is to the body; a little stimulates it, but a long abstinence is fatal.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure, contentment; the greatest possession, health; the greatest ease, is sleep; and the greatest medicine, a true friend.

Alcibiades being astonished at Socrates' patience, asked him how he could endure the perpetual scolding of his wife? "Why," said he, "as they do who are accustomed to the ordinary noise of wheels to draw water."

There is an old Italian saying, that women are magpies at the door, syrens in the window, saints in the church, and devils in the house.

In marriage, prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body; then you have a wife, a friend, and a companion.

FRIENDSHIP.

"When fortune smiles, and life is prosperous and fair, then it is that the nominal and true friend may seem alike sincere." Then it is that small and great, rich and poor, bond and free, bow at your shrine, and prostrate themselves as it were at your feet. But when unfortunately the dark clouds of sorrow and disappointment gather thick around you, and you find yourself beset with troubles, losses, crosses, and disappointments, on every side, then you are ready to exclaim, "Fortune can create friends, but adversity alone can try them." Your friends of fortune will desert you. They will laugh at your misfortunes, and heap upon you shame and disgrace. They will sink you, if possible, lower, in point of honour and reputation, and in all your attempts to rise, cross and blight you at every turn.

But not so with the true friend. Though all your earthly prospects are cut off, he will not desert you, but if possible administer to your relief. Let us, therefore, cultivate and cherish that friendship, and that alone, which will not diminish, though sorrows oppress and afflictions invade us; that, too, which will cheer and animate us amid our darkest hours, and shine brightest in affliction's night.

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