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SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

PRICE TWO PENCE.

VOL I.]

MONTREAL, JANUARY 11, 1833.

[No. 8.]

TO THE MEMORY OF BISHOP HEBER.

If it be sad to speak of treasures gone,
Of sainted genius call'd too soon away,
Of light, from this world taken, while it shone
Yet kindling onward to the perfect day—
How shall our griefs, if these things mournful be,
Flow forth, oh! thou of many gifts, for thee?

Hath not thy voice been here amongst us heard?
And that deep soul of gentleness and power,
Have we not felt its breath in every word,
Went from thy lips, as Hermon's dew, to shower?—
Yes! in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have burn'd—
Of Heaven they were, and thither have return'd.

How shall we mourn thee?—With a lofty trust,
Our life's immortal birthright from above!
With a glad faith, whose eye, to track the just,
Through shades and mysteries lifts a glance of love,
And yet can weep!—for nature thus deploras
The friend that leaves us, though for happier shores.

And one high tone of triumph o'er thy bier,
One strain of solemn rapture be allow'd—
Thou, that rejoicing on thy mid career,
Not to decay, but unto death, hast bow'd:
In those bright regions of the rising sun,
Where victory ne'er a crown like thine had won.

Praise! for yet one more name with power endow'd,
To cheer and guide us, onward as we press;
Yet one more image, on the heart bestow'd,
To dwell there, beautiful in holiness!
Thine, Heber, thine! whose memory from the dead,
Shines as the star which to the Saviour led.

OWE NO MAN.

This may be bad poetry, but, depend upon it, it is excellent sense. It is an old saying that the debtor is a slave to his creditor. If so, half the world enter into voluntary servitude. The universal rage to buy on credit is a serious evil in this country. Many a married man is ruined entirely by it.

Many a man goes into the store for a single article. Looking around, twenty things strike his eye; he has no money; he buys on credit. Foolish man! Payday must come, and, ten chances to one, like death, it finds you unprepared to meet it. Tell me, ye who have experienced it, did the pleasure of possessing the article bear any proportion to the pain of being called on to pay for it when you had it not in your power.

A few rules, well kept, will contribute much to your happiness and independence. Never buy what you do not really want. Never buy on credit when you can possibly do without. Take pride in being able to say, 'I owe no man.'—Wives are sometimes thoughtless, daughters now and then extravagant. Many a time, when neither the wife nor the daughter would willingly give a single pang to the father's

bosom, they urge and tease him to get articles, pleasant enough to be sure to possess, but difficult for him to buy; he purchases on credit, is dunned—sued; and many an hour made wretched by their folly and imprudence. *The Saturday Evening Magazine* presents its compliments to the ladies, and begs they would have the goodness to read the last eight lines once a week till they get them by heart, and then act as their own excellent disposition will direct.

Never owe your shoemaker, your tailor, your printer, your blacksmith, or labourer. Besides the bad policy of keeping in debt, it is downright injustice to those whose labour you have received all the benefits of.

How happy the man who owes not a pound,
But lays up his fifty, each year that comes round;
He fears neither constable, sheriff, nor dun;
To Bank or to Justice has never to run.
His cellar well filled, and his pantry well stor'd.
He lives far more blest than a prince or a lord:
Then take my advice, if a fortune you'd get,
"Pay off what you owe, and keep out of debt."

PRINCIPLE.

There are in all men two constituent principles—the one material and terrestrial, the other celestial. Neither of these can be entirely defaced or destroyed in the man. There is in the minds of the most eminent men something that is allied to the animal. Sense and matter never lose their force. There is in the most barbarous mind something that is allied to divinity; and we shall find this heavenly principle showing itself, as it were, as an apparition in the grossest natures.

BULL.

In Blair's 15th Sermon, "On Integrity as the Guide of Life," (vol. iv., page 323,) is this passage:—

"He follows a wandering light, which, if it fail of guiding him by a short path to the palace of ambition, lands him in the pit, or the lake."

BLESSINGS OF INSTRUCTION.

Hast thou e'er seen a garden clad
In all the robes that Eden had;
Or vale o'erspread with streams and trees,
A paradise of mysteries;
Plains with green hills adorning them,
Like jewels in a diadem;

These gardens, vales, and plains, and hills,
Which beauty gilds and music fills,
Were once but deserts. Culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land,
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wilds usurped the scene.

And such is man—A soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds;
Flowers lovely as the morning's light,
Weeds deadly as an aconite;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed, or flow'ret fair.

THEKLA'S SONG; OR, THE VOICE OF A SPIRIT.

From the German of Schiller.

This song is said to have been composed by Schiller, in answer to the inquiries of his friends respecting the fate of *Thekla*, whose beautiful character is withdrawn from the tragedy of "Wallenstein's Death," after her resolution to visit the grave of her lover is made known.

"'Tis not merely
The human being's pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Are all too narrow."

Coleridge's Translation of Wallenstein.

Ask'st thou my home?—my pathway wouldst thou know,
When from thine eye my floating shadow pass'd?
Was not my work fulfill'd and closed below?
Had I not lived and loved?—my lot was cast.

Wouldst thou ask where the nightingale is gone,
That melting into song her soul away,
Gave the spring-breeze that witch'd thee in its tone?—
But while she loved, she lived, in that deep lay!

Think'st thou my heart its lost one hath not found?—
Yes! we are one, oh! trust me, we have met,
Where nought again may part what love hath bound—
Where falls no tear, and whispers no regret.

There shalt thou find us, there with us be blest,
If as our love thy love is pure and true!
There dwells my father,* sinless and at rest,
Where the fierce murderer may no more pursue.

And well he feels, no error of the dest
Drew to the stars of Heaven his mortal ken,
There it is with us, ev'n as is our trust,
He that believes, is near the holy then.

There shall each feeling, beautiful and high,
Keep the sweet promise of its earthly day;
Oh! fear thou not to dream with waking eye!
There lies deep meaning oft in childish play.

WILD HORSES—THE GAME AND SPORTS OF THE WEST.

Although the "blind goddess," in her capricious dispensations, has not deemed me worthy a high place among that spirited and jovial fraternity ye call "sportsmen of the turf," inherent fondness for the horse, and the interest awakened by a recital of his gallant achievements, have made me a regular reader to your excellent work.

Having recently visited the Grand Prairie, southwest of us, where the lovers of genuine field sports will find an inexhaustible source of amusement, among game of almost every variety, and of the noblest species, I have employed a leisure hour in embodying a brief relation of the tour, which is submitted to your discretion.

A detachment of infantry and rangers, amounting to about three hundred and eighty men, left this post on the 6th May last, charged with the duty of scouring the Indian country to the southwest, with the double object of preserving the friendly relations existing between the tribes in alliance with the United States, and of preventing the hostile incursions of their enemies, the Pawnees.

On the 7th of May we left the bank of the Arkansas, and advanced on our line of march, in a southwest direction, across the northern branches of the Canadian river.

* Wallenstein.

The season of the year was most propitious to the purposes of hunting, as well as of military operations. Nature had fairly unfolded her vernal beauties, and we were traversing a lovely region of undulating prairie, mantled with green, and diversified by "hill and dale, copse, grove and mound;" its deep solitudes occasionally enlivened by herds of deer, whose timid glance and airy bound, as the stirring notes of the bugle fell upon their ear, bespoke a fear and distrust of their civilized visitors.

It was not until we had advanced some ninety or one hundred miles from Fort Gibson that we fairly reached the game country. As we were now on a neutral ground, between the Pawnees and the tribes friendly, to the United States, and as the danger of hunting operates, in some measure, as a check on all parties, in resorting there, it results that game (particularly the deer) is more plentiful in that section than it otherwise would be. The buffalo was here first encountered—a striking proof of the rapidity with which this animal recedes before the advances of civilization. Ten years since they abounded in the vicinity of Fort Gibson; and in the summer of 1822, the writer of this, with Major Mason, of the army, and a party of keen sportsmen, killed a considerable number of them near Fort Smith, about forty miles east of us. They have receded, it would seem, one hundred miles westward in the last ten years; and it may be safely assumed, that in thirty or forty years hence, they will not be found nearer to us than the spurs of the Rocky Mountains, unless the numerous bands of hunters of the Choctaw, Chickasaw, Cherokee and Creek tribes, established in this country, should relinquish the chase for the arts of civilized life. On the 26th May we reached the main Canadian river, near the point where it enters the timber bordering the eastern verge of the Grand Prairie, in its flow from the west.

The Grand Prairie extends to the Rocky Mountains, and presents to the eye a boundless extent of rolling champaign country, occasionally intersected by small streams, thinly bordered by dwarfish timber. A formidable herd of about one hundred buffaloes were here discovered, and as the command needed fresh meat, a halt was ordered, and forty horsemen detached to attack them. They gaily moved off in a gallop, armed with rifles. As they neared the herd they quickened their pace to half speed, when they were discovered by the graceless buffaloes, who started off as fast as they could scamper, with their peculiar hobbling bouncing gait. The hunters now pressed them closely, and penetrated the moving mass at full speed; when each man selected his victim. The sharp quick report of the rifle was now heard in rapid succession; while the rush of the horses and buffaloes, the shouts of the party on the heights, and the flashes and smoke of the guns, presented altogether one of the most animated spectacles I had ever witnessed.

The whole chase was visible for a long distance to the command, halted on the eminence; and so great was the interest it excited, that numbers were unable to resist it, and dashed off at full speed, to join in the work of destruction. The pursuit terminated in the death of a large number of the buffaloes, whose huge unwieldy carcasses lay strewn over the plain, like heroes on the battle field.

The buffalo is, when wounded and excited, a very dangerous animal; and there are many instances related of hunters, who, relying too far on their seeming stupidity, and unwieldiness, have fallen victims to their ferocity. On one occasion during our trip, two rangers, in the impetuosity of pursuit, drove a buffalo into a narrow pass, where, finding himself closely pressed, he made battle, goring one of the horses in the thigh, and overturning him and his rider. The horse of the other ranger stumbled during the conflict, and threw his rider on the back of the buffalo, which, becoming alarmed at this new mode of attack, now set off at full speed, carrying the ranger with him about twenty yards, until the latter, finding the gait not very easy,

and likely to continue some time, rolled off the buffalo into the dust—each parting mutually willing to dissolve the connection.

Progressing southwest from the Canadian river, we reached the head waters of the Blue Water river—a beautiful limestone region or elevated prairie, abounding in game of all kinds. Buffaloes were astonishingly numerous here; and I shall not fear contradiction in saying that I saw, in one view, as many as two thousand head. The country lying between the head of the Blue Water and False Onachita rivers is particularly noted for the abundance and excellence of the wild horses which roam in its fertile prairies.

In one drove I estimated as many as one hundred and twenty head, most of them large and well formed. What struck me as peculiarly remarkable was the predominance of the gray colour; by which I mean to say, there were more, as I thought, of that colour than of any other single colour. The same observation has been made by oriental travellers, of the far-famed stock of Arabia. Several horses were not, of course, of the best class, which is seldom if ever overtaken, it being a natural impossibility that jaded horses, on a journey, can carry one hundred and sixty or one hundred and eighty pounds weight, and outstrip a naked and untired animal of the same species of itself.

At our incampment on the Canadian river, an incident occurred which very fairly tested the endearing qualities of the wild horse, and will enable us to form a pretty correct estimate of his general powers. There was a fine looking animal discovered near the camp by a party of rangers, and several of them gave chase. They run him alternately a distance of about two miles, when they relinquished the pursuit. A third horseman then gave chase on a fresh horse, noted for speed and bottom in a company of one hundred men. The issue proved the vast superiority of the prairie horse, which at first ran before his pursuer at his ease; but being at length pushed for the distance of a quarter of a mile, evinced such prodigious speed and wind, that in the words of the ranger; he "just stood still and looked at him."

The wild horses and mares taken by the rangers, though small, were remarkable for deep, hard, black hoofs, flat sinewy limbs, full fine eyes, and large nostrils—four of the cardinal attributes of the courser.

Of all the varieties of sporting in which I have participated, I have certainly found none so animating as the chase of the wild horse. There are two modes of taking them: one by throwing a running noose around the neck, from a coil held in the hand, and the other by fastening one end of the cord to the pommel of the saddle, and the other to a stick about eight feet long, in such a manner that the noose is always open, and ready to put over the horse's head. The first mode requires great practice and address. It is employed by the Spaniards of Mexico and South America; who can, it is said, catch a horse by any foot which may be named.

On the head of Blue Water a party of four of us determined to take a run after wild horses. Having equipped ourselves with a noose and stick, tightened our girths, and tied up our heads, we rode forth into the prairie, and soon discovered a large herd of about one hundred head, quietly grazing, and unaware of our approach. As soon as we approached near enough to be seen by them, and were gradually recognized, the whole body began to nick, and was soon in commotion, stamping the ground with their fore feet, while a few of the bolder spirits moved up towards us, slowly and doubtfully, eager to ascertain our character. Each rider now stooped on his horse, laying his head close on his horse's neck; and in this manner we silently advanced, watching closely the movements of the herd, and making each a selection of such an animal as pleased his fancy. This part of the sport was very fine; and in the present instance so many elegant forms of both sexes, and all colours

and sizes, presented themselves, that it required not a little promptitude to form a decision. We had not long to deliberate, for by the time we were within one hundred yards, the increased nicking and confusion showed they had winded us, and the whole herd suddenly wheeled round and dashed off over the plain, closely pressed by their eager pursuers. We ran them about two miles, but the rocky nature of the country, and the number of deep ravines crossing our track in every direction, prevented our coming up with such as were desirable. Could we have had a clear run the whole distance, we should doubtless have secured some fine animals, as their numbers prevented their running to advantage—causing them to crowd and impede the progress of each other, by which the disparity as to weight, previously referred to, would have been neutralized. On our return towards the main body of the troops, we saw a large stallion, whose fore leg had been broken in the chase, yet, in spite of this, he managed to hobble off on the remaining three very cleverly.

Nothing in natural scenery can surpass the beauty of the prairie when we visited it; and it may be imagined with what delight we stood on a mound, on one occasion, and took into one view the wild horse, the buffalo, the elk, the deer, and the antelope, in their native strength and beauty, roving free and untrammelled as the air they inhaled. Of each of these different species, with the exception of the elk, a number were killed and taken by the party; in addition to bears, wild turkeys, one wild hare, and numbers of prairie dogs.

From this point we made a short detour south-west, and thence turned north-east, on our return tour, as our provisions of every kind were nearly exhausted; and we were a short time afterwards compelled to subsist on wild meats—part of the time without salt—for the period of thirty-five days.

With what a prurient fancy did we conjure up in our minds the delicate viands, rich sauces, and ruby wines, of your northern Barnums and Kibbos. In our reveries by day, and dreams by night, we invoked the spirit of the immortal Ude, to gift us with the art of transmuting the odious buffalo jerk into something palatable and digestible.

Long privation had, by the time we reached the point of departure, sensibly affected our rotundity. Our clothes hung in graceless folds on our gaunt and famished limbs, and we were nearly circumstanced like Falstaff's troop—almost without a shirt among us: the "cankers of a calm world and a long peace."

THE MARINER'S EVENING HYMN.

The twilight veils the day's departing light,
But yonder orb breaks forth to cheer the night;
Let us adore the goodness and the power
Of Him whose mercy shields us every hour.

O tune your hearts aright
To celebrate his praise;
To whom the cloud of night
Is clear as noontide blaze.

His tender mercy, and his goodness too,
Is every night and every morning new.

Hail, Mighty Lord of nature's wide domains,
To whom th' Archangel pours his lofty strains;
Vouchsafe to hear thy creatures' humble lays,
While we attempt to sing the Eternal's praise;
But how shall tainted breath
Invoke that hallow'd name,
Or feeble heirs of death
Omnipotence proclaim:

Yet He, our great High Priest, is ever there,
And consecrates our evening praise and prayer.

Thou art the first and last, the unchanging He,
Which was and is, and evermore shall be ;
Thy word brought forth creation's wondrous frame,
And at that word it shall return again.

Thou Source of Life and Light,
The Majesty Divine,
Before whose glorious sight
The sun doth cease to shine ;

Yet, for the sake of wretches such as we,
He groan'd and wept upon the accursed tree.

Guide us, O Father, through the trackless wave ;
When danger threatens, be thou near to save ;
Watch with our watch, and in the hours of sleep,
Be thou our pilot through the awful deep.

And O ! be ever near,
We ardently implore,
To those we hold so dear
On Britain's sacred shore ;

And bid us quickly see that happy strand,
And all we love within our native land.

In Thee we trust, thou Fountain of all good,
To waft us safely o'er the raging flood ;
Let favouring breezes breathe upon our sails,
And be our shelter from the angry gales ;

And when life's voyage is o'er,
And all its storms shall cease ;
O may we reach that shore,
Where dwells eternal peace—

That happy land, where none shall heave a sigh,
Nor sorrow's tear shall ever dim the eye.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

You may recollect the mention, in one of our conversations, of a young man who wasted in two or three years a large patrimony, in profligate revels with a number of worthless associates calling themselves his friends, till his means were exhausted, when they of course treated him with neglect or contempt. Reduced to absolute want, he one day went out of the house with an intention to put an end to his life ; but wandering awhile almost unconsciously, he came to the brow of an eminence which overlooked what were lately his estates. Here he sat down, and remained fixed in thought a number of hours, at the end of which he sprang from the ground with a vehement exulting emotion. He had formed his resolution, which was that all these estates should be his again ; he had formed his plan, too, which he instantly began to execute. He walked hastily forward, determined to seize the very first opportunity, of however humble a kind to gain any money, though it were ever so despicable a trifle, and resolved absolutely not to spend if he could help it, a farthing of whatever he might obtain. The first thing that drew his attention was a heap of coals shot out of carts on the pavement before a house. He offered himself to shovel or wheel them into the place where they were to be laid, and was employed. He received a few pence for the labor ; and then, in pursuance of the saving part of his plan, requested some small gratuity of meat and drink, which was given him. He then looked out for the next thing that might chance to offer ; and went with indefatigable industry through a succession of servile employments, of longer or shorter duration, still scrupulously avoiding, as far as possible, the expense of a penny. He promptly seized every opportunity which could advance his design, without regarding the meanness of occupation or appearance. By this method he had gained, after a considerable time, money enough to purchase, in order to sell again, a few cattle, of which he had taken pains to understand the value. He speedily, but cautiously turned his first gains into advantages ; retained without a single devia-

tion his extreme parsimony ; and thus advanced by degrees into larger transactions and incipient wealth. I did not hear, or have forgotten, the continued course of his life : but the final result was, that he more than recovered his lost possessions, and died an inveterate miser, worth £60,000. I have always recollected this as a signal instance, though in an unfortunate and ignoble direction, of decisive character, and of the extraordinary effect, which, according to general laws, belongs to the strongest form of such a character.—*Foster's Essays.*

HUMAN LIFE.

Pliny has compared a river to human life. I have never read the passage in his works, but I have been a hundred times struck with the analogy, particularly amidst mountain scenery. The river, small and clear in its origin, gushes forth from rocks, falls into deep glens, and wanders and meanders through a wild and picturesque country, nourishing only the uncultivated tree or flower by its dew or spray. In this, its state of infancy and youth, it may be compared to the human mind, in which fancy and strength of imagination are predominant—it is more beautiful than useful. When the different rills or torrents join, and descend into the plain, it becomes slow and stately in its movements ; it is applied to move machinery, to irrigate meadows, and to bear upon its bosom the stately barge ; in this mature state it is deep, strong and useful. As it flows on towards the sea, it loses its force and its motion, and at last, as it were, becomes lost and mingled with the mighty abyss of waters.

One might pursue the metaphor still further, and say, that in its origin, its thundering and foam, when it carries down clay from the bank and becomes impure, it resembles the youthful mind, affected by dangerous passions. And the influence of a lake in calming and clearing the turbid water, may be compared to the effect of reason in more mature life, when the tranquil, deep, cool and unimpassioned mind is freed from its fever, its troubles, bubbles, noise and foam. And, above all, the sources of a river, which may be considered as belonging to the atmosphere, and its termination in the ocean, may be regarded as imaging the divine origin of the human mind, and its being ultimately returned to and lost in the Infinite and Eternal Intelligence from which it originally sprung.

ON SLEEP.

By John Wesley.

Healthy men require a little above six hours sleep ; healthy women a little above seven in four and twenty. If any one desires to know exactly what quantity of sleep his own constitution requires, he may very easily make the experiment which I made about sixty years ago. I then waked every night about twelve or one, and lay awake for some time. I readily concluded that this arose from my being longer in bed than nature required. To be satisfied, I procured an alarm, which waked me the next morning at seven, (near an hour earlier than I rose the day before,) yet I lay awake again at night. The second morning I rose at six ; but, notwithstanding this, I lay awake the second night. The third morning I rose at five ; but, nevertheless, I lay awake the third night. The fourth morning I rose at four, as, by the grace of God, I have done ever since. And I lay awake no more. And I do not now lie awake, taking the year round, a quarter of an hour together in a month. By the same experiment, rising earlier and earlier every morning, may any one find how much sleep he really wants.

BATHS FOR BEAUTIES.

In the olden times in Europe, elder beauties bathed in white wine, to get rid of their wrinkles—wine being an astringent ; unwrinkled beauties bathed in milk, to preserve the softness and sleekness of the skin.

JERRY ABERSHAW AND THE MEN IN CHAINS.

Townsend, the Bow-street officer's interesting examination before the police committee of the House of Commons, in June, 1816, contains some curious particulars respecting Abershaw, the pirates, "the dangers of the road," and "laughing matters," toward the close of the last century.

Q. The activity of the officers of Bow-street has infinitely increased of late years?

A. No doubt about it; and there is one thing which appears to me most extraordinary, when I remember, in very likely a week, there should be from ten to fifteen highway robberies. We have not had a man committed for a highway robbery lately; I speak of persons on horseback. Formerly there were two, three, or four highwaymen, some on Hounslow Heath, some on Wimbledon Common, some on Finchley Common, some on the Romford Road. I have actually come to Bow-street in the morning, and while I have been leaning over the desk, had three or four people come in and say, 'I was robbed by two highwaymen in such a place;' 'I was robbed by a single highwayman in such a place.' People travel now safely, by means of the horse-patrol that Sir Richard Ford planned. Where are there highway robberies now? As I was observing to the Chancellor, as I was up at his house on the Corn Bill; he said, 'I knew you very well so many years ago.' I said, 'Yes, my lord; I remember your coming first to the bar, first in your plain gown, and then as king's counsel, and now chancellor. Now your lordship sits as chancellor, and directs the executions on the recorder's report; but where are the highway robberies now?' and his lordship said, 'Yes, I am astonished.' There are no footpad robberies or road robberies now, but merely jostling you in the streets. They used to be ready to pop at a man as soon as he let down his glass.

Q. You remember the case of Abershaw?

A. Yes; I had him tucked up where he was; it was through me. I never left a court of justice without having discharged my own feeling as much in favour of the unhappy criminal as I did on the part of the prosecution; and I once applied to Mr. Justice Buller to save two men out of three who were convicted; and on my application we argued a good deal about it. I said, 'My lord, I have no motive but my duty; the jury have pronounced them guilty. I have heard your lordship pronounce sentence of death, and I have now informed you of the different dispositions of the three men. If you choose to execute them all, I have nothing to say about it; but was I you, in the room of being the officer, and you were to tell me what Townsend has told you, I should think it would be a justification of you to reprieve those two unhappy men, and hang that one who has been convicted three times before.' The other men never had been convicted before, and the other had been three times convicted; and he very properly did. And how are judges or justices to know how many times a man has been convicted but by the information of the officer whose duty and department it is to keep a register of old offenders. The magistrate sits up there; he knows nothing of it till the party is brought before him—he cannot.

Q. Do you think any advantages arise from a man being put on a gibbet after his execution?

A. Yes, I was always of that opinion; and I recommended Sir William Scott to hang the two men that are hanging down the river. I will state my reason. We will take for granted that those men were hanged as this morning, for the murder of those revenue officers—they are by law dissected; the sentence is, that afterwards, the body is to go to the surgeons for dissection; there is an end of it—it dies. But look at this: there are a couple of men now hanging near the Thames, where all the sailors must come up; and one says to the other, 'Pray what are those two poor fellows there for?'—'Why,' says another, 'I will go and ask.

They ask, 'Why, those two men are hung and gibbeted for murdering his majesty's revenue officers.' And so the thing is kept alive. If it was not for this, people would die, and nobody would know any thing of it. In Abershaw's case I said to the sheriff, 'The only difficulty in hanging this fellow, upon this place, is its being so near Lord Spencer's house.' But we went down, and pointed out a particular place; he was hung at the particular pitch of the hill where he used to do the work. If there was a person ever went to see that man hanging, I am sure there was a hundred thousand. I received information that they meant to cut him down. I said to Sir Richard Ford, 'I will counteract this; in order to have it done right, I will go and sit up all night, and have eight or ten officers at a distance, for I shall nail these fellows;' for I talked cant language to them. However, we had the officers there, but nobody ever came, or else, being so close to Kent-street, they would have come down and sawed the gibbet, and taken it all away; for Kent-street was a very desperate place, though it is not so now. Lord Chief Justice Eyre once went the Home Circuit; he began at Hertford, and finished at Kingston. Crimes were so desperate, that in his charge to the grand jury at Hertford, he finished—'Now, gentlemen of the jury, you have heard my opinion as to the enormity of the offences committed; be careful what bills you find, for whatever bills you find, if the parties are convicted before me, if they are convicted for capital offences, I have made up my mind, as I go through the circuit, to execute every one.' He did so—he never saved man or woman—and a singular circumstance occurred, that stands upon record fresh in my mind. There were seven people convicted for a robbery in Kent-street—for calling in a pedlar, and after robbing the man, he jumped out of the window. There were four men and three women concerned; they were all convicted, and all hanged in Kent-street, opposite the door; and, I think, on Kennington Common eight more, making fifteen. All that were convicted were hung.

Q. Do you think, from your long observation, that the morals and manners of the lower people in the metropolis are better or worse than formerly?

A. I am decidedly of opinion that, with respect to the present time, and the early part of my time, such as 1781, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, where there is one person convicted now—I may say I am positively convinced—there were five then. We never had an execution wherein we did not grace that unfortunate gibbet (at the Old Bailey) with ten, twelve, to thirteen, sixteen and twenty; and forty I once saw, at once; I have them all down at home. In 1783, when Sergeant Adair was recorder, there were forty hung at two executions. The unfortunate people themselves laugh at it now; they call it 'a bagatelle.' I was conversing with an old offender some years ago, who has now quite changed his life; and he said, 'Why, sir, where there is one hung now, there were five when I was young;' and I said, 'Yes, you are right in your calculation, and you were very lucky that you were spared so long, and have lived to be a better man.' I agree with George Barrington—whom I brought from Newcastle—and however great Lord Chief Baron Eyre's speech was to him, after he had answered him, it came to this climax: 'Now,' said he, 'Townsend, you heard what the chief baron said to me; a fine flowery speech, was it not?' 'Yes.' 'But he did not answer the question I put to him.' Now how could he? After all that the chief baron said to him after he was acquitted—giving him advice—this word 'was every thing': says he, 'My lord, I have paid great attention to what you have been stating to me, after my acquittal; I return my sincere thanks to the jury for their goodness; but your lordship says, you lament very much that a man of my abilities should not turn my abilities to a better use. Now, my lord, I have only this reply to make: I am ready to go into any service, to work for my labour, if your lordship will but find me a master.'

Why, what was the reply to that? 'Gaoler, take the prisoner away.' Why, who would employ him? It is really farcical. I have heard magistrates say, 'Young man, really I am very sorry for you; you are much to be pitied; you should turn your talents to a better account; and you should really leave off this bad course of life.' Yes, that is better said than done; for where is there any body to take these wretches? They have said to me: 'Sir, we do not thieve from disposition; but we thieve because we cannot get employment; our character is damned, and nobody will have us.' And so it is—there is no question about it.

HYMN FOR THANKSGIVING.

Again, O Lord, the people
Within thy temples meet—
Again uplift their voices
To thee, in anthems sweet;
Once more within thy presence
Thy congregations stand,
To thank thee for thy blessings
Upon this favoured land.

To us and to our fathers
Thy goodness hath been long;
To thee, O God of mercies,
We raise a thankful song;
For thou alone art holy,
Thy praise is known abroad—
Through earth and all her nations
Thy power is felt, O God.

Thy strength before the people,
What voices shall proclaim?—
And who shall utter truly
The wonders of thy name?
Before the congregations
Thou art for ever blest,
And deeply on their spirits
Oh be thy love imprest.

To thee we owe each blessing
With which the year is crowned—
To us, as to our fathers,
Thy mercies, Lord, abound.
In peace and joyful freedom
We celebrate this day—
Our homage, which we offer,
To thee alone we pay.

Then hear us, while we utter
Thanksgivings to our King—
O hear, while in their temples
Thy congregations sing;
On us and on our children
Still may thy goodness be,
And may our spirits ever
Be turned, O God, to thee.

SINGULAR CONTENTS.

A traveller on the continent, visiting a celebrated cathedral, was shown by the Sacristan, among other marvels, a dirty opaque phial. After eyeing it some time, the traveller said, "Do you call this a relic?" "Sir," said the Sacristan, indignantly, "it contains some of the *darkness* that Moscs spread over the land of Egypt."

COMING TO THE POINT.

A young lady, while walking with a gentleman, stumbled, and when her companion, to prevent her fall, grasped her hand somewhat tightly, "Oh, sir," she simpered, "if it comes to that, you must ask my papa"

TAILORS.

There are some things in this world which astonished me when I first opened my eyes upon it, and which I have never since been able to understand. One of these is the popular ridicule about the business of a tailor. The arts and crafts of all alike refer to one grand object, the convenience and pleasure of the human race; and though there may be some shades of comparative dignity among them, I must profess I never yet could see any grounds, either in reason or jest, for the peculiar contempt thrown out upon one, which, to say the least of it, *eminently* conduces to the comfort of man. A joke is a joke, to be sure; but then it should be a *real* joke. It should have some bottom in the principles of ridiculous contrast, or else it cannot be what it pretends to be, and must consequently fall to the ground. Now, it strikes me that all the sniggering which there has been about tailors since the beginning of the world (the first attempt at the art, by the bye was no laughing matter) has been quite in vain—perfect humbug—a mirth without the least foundation in nature; for, if we divest ourselves of all recollection of the traditionary ridicule, and think of a tailor as he really is, why, there is positively nothing in the least ridiculous about him. The whole world has been upon the grin for six thousand years about one particular branch of general employment; and if the world were seriously questioned as to the source of its amusement, I verily believe, that not a single individual could give the least explanation. The truth is, the laughter at tailors is an entire delusion. While the world laughs, the artists themselves make riches, and then laugh in their turn,—with this difference, that they laugh with a cause. I am almost tempted to suspect that the tailors themselves are at the bottom of this plot of ridicule, in order that they may have the less competition and the higher wages; for again I positively say, I cannot see what there is about the business to be laughed at. Nobody ever thinks of laughing at a shoemaker, though he applies himself to clothe the very meanest part of the human body. Nay, the saddler, who furnishes clothes for a race of quadrupeds, is never laughed at; while few trades awaken the human sympathies so strongly as that of the blacksmith, who is relatively as meaner in his employment than the saddler, as the shoemaker is than the tailor. What, then, is the meaning—what is the cause of all this six thousand years' laughing? If any man will give me a feasible answer, I will laugh too; for I like a joke as well as any body; but, upon my honor, I cannot laugh without a cause. I must see where the fun lies, or it is no fun for me.

If the mirth be, as I suspect entirely groundless, what a curious subject for consideration! A large and respectable class of the community has been subjected, from apparently the beginning of the social world, to a system of general ridicule; and, when the matter is inquired into, it turns out that nothing can be shown in the circumstances of that class to make the ridicule merited. Men talk of the oppression of governments; but was there ever such oppression, such wanton persecution and cruelty, as this? Does any superior, in almost any instance, inflict such wrong upon those under him, as is here inflicted, by ordinary men, upon a part of their own set? How much discomfort there must have been in the course of time from this cause; and yet the jest turns out to want even the excuse of being a *jest*! Thousands of decent and worthy people have felt unhappy and degraded, that their neighbors might have an empty, unmeaning, witless laugh. The best of the joke is, that the human race must have paid immensely, in the course of time, for this silly sport. The tailors, very properly, would not make clothes and furnish laughing-stocks without payment for their services in both capacities. Their wages, therefore, have always been rather higher than those of other artisans; and few tradesmen are able to lend so much ready cash to good customers as the London tailors. The fellow's pocket the affront amazingly, having become quite reconciled to a

contempt which is accompanied with so much of the substantial blessings of life. But the world should not allow this. It should say, "No, no, Messieurs Tailors, we see through the folly of our jesting, and would rather want it altogether, than pay so much more than is proper for our coats. So, if you please, we'll make a new arrangement. We'll agree never more to reckon up nine of you as necessary to make a man,—never more to speak of either goose or cabbage,—in short, we'll give up the whole of this system of obloquy, and make men of you, if you will only give us a discount of five per cent. off your charges." Let the world do this; and, if the tailors be not by this time quite hardened in endurance, and impervious to all shame, I think we might all save a good deal of our incomes every year, and yet the amount of genuine mirth not be much diminished.

DOCTOR LETTSON.

Few inherited better qualities or were more eccentric than the late Dr. Lettson. While he associated with literary men, communicated with literary works, and wrote and published his medical experience, he gave gratuitous aid to the needy, and apportioned his leisure to useful and practical purposes.

In a work, called "Moods and Tenses," lately published, I find anecdotes of the doctor, which I had sent to a literary publication,* reprinted without acknowledgement, and extracted since into other works. In addition to the printed anecdotes of so amiable a man, I trust, that you will not be unwilling further to illustrate his character by an anecdote or two, until now untold.

The first is of a lady and her servant. The doctor was once called in to attend a sick lady and her maid servant. On entering the passage, he was asked by the nurse into the lady's chamber. "Very well," said he mildly, "but is there not a servant ill also." "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Then let me prescribe for her first," he rejoined, "as her services will be first wanted." His request was complied with; and as he predicted so it proved,—by the second visit the servant was convalescent. "I generally find this the case," observed the doctor, good-humouredly, to his friend; "Servants want physic *only*, but their mistresses require more skill than physic. 'This is owing to the difference between scrubbing the stairs and scrubbing the teeth."

The second anecdote refers to books. Whenever a friend borrowed a book from the doctor's library, he rarely lent it but with this stipulation, that the supposed value of the book should be deposited, with the name of the borrower, and the title of the volume with date, in the vacant place until the book was restored. "Though attended with some pains, I find this a good plan," said the doctor; "many of my sets would otherwise be imperfect. I feel pleasure in lending my books, (many I give away,) but I like to see my library, like my practice, as regularly conducted as possible."

The third anecdote relates to the cure of filching. The doctor had a favourite servant, who manifested the frailty of taking that which did not belong to him. John had abstracted a loaf of sugar from the store closet, and sold it to a person that kept a shop. Shortly afterwards, on the carriage passing the shop, the doctor desired John to go in and order a loaf of lump sugar, and to pay for it, which was accordingly done; but when they returned home, John suspecting his master's motive, made a full confession of the crime, fell on his knees, implored forgiveness, and was pardoned on his solemn promise of future honesty.

The fourth anecdote is worthy of the consideration of medical practitioners. The doctor having been called to a poor "lone woman," pitied her desolate situation so much, that he shed tears. Her person and room was squalid; her language and deportment indicated that she had seen better days; he took a slip of paper out of his pocket, and wrote with his pencil the following very rare prescription to the overseers of the parish in which she resided,—

"A shilling *per diem* for Mrs. Maxton: money, not physic, will cure her. LETTSON."

That the doctor was not a rich man may be easily accounted for, when it is considered that at the houses of the necessitous he gave more fees than he took. At public medical dinners, anniversaries, and lectures, he must be well remembered by many a truly vivacious companion, with a truly benevolent heart and good understanding.

THE VILLAGER'S HYMN TO THE SCRIPTURES.

Lamp of our feet, whose hallowed beam
Deep in our hearts its dwelling hath,
How welcome is the cheering gleam
Thou sheddest o'er our lowly path!
Light of our way! whose rays are flung
In mercy o'er our pilgrim road,
How blessed, its dark shades among,
The star that guides us to our God.

Our fathers, in the days gone by,
Read thee in dim and sacred caves,
Or in the deep wood silently,
Met where thick branches o'er them waved,
To seek the hope thy record gave,
When thou wert a forbidden thing,
And the strong chain and bloody grave
Were all on earth thy love could bring.

Our fathers in the days gone by
Read thee while peril o'er them hung,
But we beneath the open sky,
May search thy leaves of truth along;
Fearless, our daily haunts among,
May chant the hallowed lays of old,
Once by the shepherd minstrel sung,
When Israel's hills o'erhung his fold.

In the sweet morning's hour of primo
Thy blessed words our lips engage,
And round our hearts at evening time
Our children spell the holy page:
The waymark through long distant years,
To guide their wandering footsteps on,
Till thy last loveliest beam appears,
Written on the grey churchyard stone,

Word of the holy and the just!
To leave thee pure, our fathers bled,
Thou art to us a sacred trust,
A relic of the martyr dead!
Among the valleys where they fell,
The ashes of our fathers sleep,
May we who round them safely dwell,
Pure as themselves the record keep!

Lamp of our feet, which day by day
Are passing to the quiet tomb,
If on it fall thy peaceful ray,
Our last low dwelling hath no gloom.
How beautiful their calm repose
To whom that blessed hope was given,
Whose pilgrimage on earth was closed
By the unfolding gates of heaven!

*Literary Chronicle, 1819, p. 392.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Let your first care be to give your little girls a good physical education. Let their early years be passed, if possible, in the country, gathering flowers in the fields, and partaking of all the free exercise in which they delight. When they grow older, do not condemn them to sit eight listless hours a day over their books, their work, their maps, and their music. Be assured that half the number of hours passed in real attention to well ordered studies will make them more accomplished and more agreeable companions than those commonly are who have been most elaborately finished, in the modern acceptance of the term. The system by which young ladies are taught to move their limbs, according to the rules of art, to come into a room with studied diffidence, and to step into a carriage with measured action and premeditated grace, are only calculated to keep the degrading idea perpetually present, that they are preparing for the great market of the world. Real elegance of demeanor springs from the mind; fashionable schools do but teach it imitation, whilst their rules forbid to be ingenuous. Philosophers never conceived the idea of so perfect a vacuum as is found to exist in the minds of young women supposed to have finished their education in such establishments.

If they marry husbands as uninformed as themselves they fall into habits of insignificance without much pain; if they marry persons more accomplished, they can retain no hold of their affections. Hence many matrimonial miseries, in the midst of which the wife finds it a consolation, to be always complaining of her health and ruined nerves. In the education of young women we would say—let them be secured from all the trappings and manacles of such a system; partake of every active exercise not absolutely unfeminine, and to trust to their being able to get into or out of carriages with a light and graceful step, which no drilling can accomplish. Let them rise early and retire early to rest, and trust that their beauty will not need to be coined into artificial smiles in order to ensure a welcome, whatever room they enter. Let them ride, run, walk, dance in the open air. Encourage the merry and innocent diversions in which the young delight—let them, under proper guidance, explore every hill and valley; let them plant and cultivate the garden, and make hay when the summer sun shines, and surmount all dread of a shower of rain, or the boisterous wind; and, above all, let them take no medicine except when the doctor orders it. The demons of hysteria and melancholy might hover over a group of young ladies so brought up—but they would not find one of them upon whom they could exercise any power.

ALWAYS HAPPY.

An Italian Bishop struggled through many difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his Episcopal functions, without betraying the least impatience. One of his intimate friends, who highly admired those virtues which he thought it impossible to imitate, once asked the Prelate if he could communicate the secret of always being easy. "Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my secret, and with great facility: it consists of making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged of him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the Bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to Heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred; I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are who are more unhappy than myself. Thus, I learn where true happiness is placed—where all our cares must end, and what little reason I have to repine or complain.

SOULS OF TURKISH WOMEN.

De Kay, in his Sketches of Turkey, puts to flight the commonly received opinions in Europe and this country, that the Turks believe the women have no souls. If the uniform weight of evidence on any given subject is to be depended upon, we fear that the souls of the Turkish women are in a bad way. It is gravely stated and repeated by every traveller in this country, that the Turks firmly believe their females to have no souls. We once asked a sly old Mussulman the opinion of his countrymen on this subject, and the only reply was, a contemptible sneer at our gullibility; but when he was assured that such stories were printed all over Europe, he took the liberty of indulging in a most undignified fit of laughter. *Nothing, indeed, can be more explicit than the language used in their religious code in reference to the souls of women.* In the third chapter of the Koran it is said, 'The Lord saith, I will not suffer the work of him among you, who worketh good, to be lost, whether he be male or female.' In chapter the thirteenth we have, 'The reward of these shall be paradise, whether he be male or female—we shall surely raise him to a happy life.' In chapter sixteenth: 'Whoso worketh good, whether male or female, and is a true believer, they shall enter paradise.' In chapter thirty-three we have even a still more positive declaration: 'Verily, the Moslems of either sex, and the devout women, and the women of veracity, and the patient and the humble women, who fast, and the chaste women, and those of either sex, who remember God frequently, for them has God prepared forgiveness and a great reward.' Many other texts might be quoted in confirmation of the strong religious belief on this subject, but we imagine the above are amply sufficient. In reference to this matter, there is an amusing story related of Mohammed, which is equally creditable to his ingenuity and his gallantry. Some of the Arabian commentators upon the faith of an obscure passage, in the 56th chapter, relate that an aged woman once begged Mohammed to intercede with the Deity, to admit her into paradise. He replied, abruptly, that no old woman would be admitted; but, perceiving that the poor body was much distressed, added, very gallantly, if not apostolically, that God would make her young again. This reminds one of the courteous Frenchman, who, in reply to the question, why women were not admitted into the Chamber of Deputies? said, that to be a member it was requisite to be forty years old, and it was impossible that a lady could reach that unseemly age.

SLANDER.

There is but one effectual way to cure slander, or rather to disarm and neutralize it, and that is by living it down. If you attempt to oppose it by positive agency, you but increase its malignity, and to a certain extent, are contaminated with its spirit. It is not in the power of a traducer to ruin the character of a truly upright man, who pursues the even tenor of his way, bent on having a good conscience, and acquitting himself in the eye of God.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

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