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# SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

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## THE "THREE MIGHTY."

Now three of the thirty captains went down to the rock to David, into the cave of Adullam; and the host of the Philistines encamped in the valley of Rephaim. And David was then in the hold, and the Philistines' garrison was then at Bethlechem. And David longed, and said, Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlechem, that is at the gate! And the three brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlechem, that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David; but David would not drink of it, but poured it out to the Lords, and said, My God forbid it me, that I should do this thing: shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy? for with the jeopardy of their lives they brought it. Therefore he would not drink it. These things did these three mightiest.—1. CHRON. xi.

Watch-fires are blazing on hill and plain  
Till noon-day light is restored again—  
There are shining arms in Rephaim's vale,  
And bright is the glitter of clanging mail.

The Philistine hath fix'd his encampment here—  
Afar stretch his lines of banner and spear—  
And his chariots of brass are ranged side by side,  
And his war-steeds neigh loud in their trappings of pride.

His tents are plac'd where the waters flow,  
The sun hath dried up the springs below,  
And Israel hath neither well nor pool,  
The rage of her soldiers' thirst to cool.

In the cave of Adullam King David lies,  
Overcome with the glare of the blazing skies;  
And his lip is parch'd, and his tongue is dry,  
But none can the grateful draft supply.

Though a crowned king, in that painful hour  
One flowing cup might have bought his power—  
What worth, in the fire of thirst, could be  
The purple pomp of his sovereignty!

But no cooling cup from river or spring,  
To relieve his want, can his servants bring—  
And he cries, "Are there none in my train or state,  
Will fetch me the water of Bethlechem-gate?"

Then three of his warriors, the "mighty three,"  
The boast of the monarch's chivalry,  
Uprose in their strength, and their bucklers rung,  
As with eyes of flame on their steeds they sprung.

On their steeds they sprung, and with spurs of speed  
Rush'd forth in the strength of a noble deed,  
And dash'd on the foe like a torrent-flood,  
Till he floated away in a tide of blood.

To the right—to the left—where their blue swords shine,  
Like autumn-corn falls the Philistine;  
And sweeping along with the vengeance of fate,  
The "mighty" rush onward to Bethlechem gate.

Through a bloody gap in his shatter'd array,  
To Bethlechem's well they have hewn their way,  
Then backward they turn on the coarse-cover'd plain,  
And charge through the foe to their monarch again.

The king looks at the cup, but the crystal draught  
At a price too high for his want had been bought;  
They urge him to drink, but he wets not his lip—  
Though great is his need, he refuses to sip.

But he pours it forth to Heaven's Majesty—  
He pours it forth to the Lord of the sky;  
'Tis a draught of death—'tis a cup blood-stain'd—  
'Tis a prize from man's suffering and agony gain'd.

Should he taste of a cup which his "mighty three"  
Had obtain'd by their peril and jeopardy?  
Should he drink of their life?—'Twas the thought of a king!  
And again he return'd to his suffering.

## DEPARTED FRIENDS.

A sentiment—one of the most amiable of our nature—  
forbids that we should soon or altogether forget the friends  
who have gone down before us to the dust. To forget is to  
injure—and who would injure the dead? They cannot, it  
is true, resent any injury. They can never chide us either  
for neglect, or for any more positive kind of wrong. Yet,  
just because we are thus safe from their wrath—just because  
they lie thus powerless for the assertion of right or privilege  
—we shrink from doing them injustice. For such an of-  
fence our own affections would inflict an infinitely severer  
punishment than any with which we could be visited by an  
aggrieved party, however sensible of wrong, or eager to  
avenge it.

There are lonely and silent moments, when we have only  
ourselves to commune with, and when the memories of de-  
parted friends rise before us, like ghosts, but welcome and  
pleasant ones, each bringing back his own well-remembered  
face, with a long train of associations, by which he is more  
or less endeared to us. Such shadowy reviews have a mar-  
vellous pleasure in them; for in the very act of thus pro-  
tracting, as it were, the existence of the departed, we assure  
ourselves so far that it is a duty which the living are not apt  
to neglect, and consequently that when we ourselves shall  
have submitted to the stroke of fate, there will be some kind  
survivors who will not let us all or suddenly die; but, erect-  
ing a shrine for our image in the temple of their hearts,  
carry us in some measure victorious over the grave. Even  
as the spring-flower comes and sits on the bed of the dead,  
so does the sweet memory of a departed friend steal into our  
thoughts, and flourish and blossom there. It will no doubt  
be in time trodden down by the rude feet of worldly necessi-  
ties; or as one floral year succeeds another, even so will the  
remembrance of one set of friends be displaced by new griefs  
and new recollections. But still let us cling as long as we  
can to these pleasing images, and afford them all the space  
and breadth in our souls, which the pressure of existing  
things will by any means admit of.

The state of mind which immediately ensues from the loss of a friend or endeared relative, has never perhaps been fully estimated either in the pulpit or in the study. One mistake prevails universally—a supposition that it is for our own loss and damage that we shed these burning tears. “Consider,” cry those who mean to console us, “that you have many blessings left behind, which ought to make this bereavement seem of the less account.” Alas, it is not for ourselves that we grieve—it is for the dead. Absurd as the feeling may be, we melt in overpowering sympathy with those who are now beyond all pain and sorrow—we compassionate them for the awful calamity which has befallen them—we grudge to see ourselves so happy as still to possess life and health, and the power of enjoying this too dear world, while they have been so signally unfortunate as to lose all—and, though religion may busy itself to point out the probability of an improvement in their state, still it is for the disaster of death, which we have seen our friend encounter, with all its harrowing circumstances, that we chiefly weep. Perfect reason may condemn this conduct; but it is so natural, and at the same time connected with so many of the better affections, and so useful, we are persuaded, in palliating the horrors of death, that we cannot wish it to be otherwise. The expectation that our decease will be beheld with a kind sympathy by some who are destined to survive us, is not what ought to be our chief support against the terrors of that crisis; but it may tend materially to soothe life in its decline, and eventually to cheer the gloomy hour itself—and who, since such is the case, could wish it to be precluded?

Of this feeling of sympathy for the deceased, the tender recollection of them at a later period is just a continuation. We cease to regret so deeply the actual calamity of death; the agonising distresses of the scene revisit us less frequently in our sleeping and waking hours; the fierce and raging grief fades gradually away. Then, however, dawns the moonlight of a gentler sorrow. We start in the midst of a cheering domestic scene, and regret that *he* is not here to participate in it. The thought suddenly strikes us, in the busy marts of the world, that all this is what *he* once formed a part of, but will mingle in no more—it is still the same, but that *he* is not of it. We sit in the solitude of twilight chambers, and, looking forth upon the stars, as they one by one step out upon the threshold of night, reflect that he but as yesterday could behold them, and speculate upon their nature and purposes, as we do now—but since then has been huddled away into oblivion, while *they* continue shining on and on with the majestic continuity of inanimate existences. The idea of his re-appearing as usual before our eyes, will for months—perhaps, in some cases, for years—intrude at times upon the imagination; and still, when reason comes in to dash the vision, the regretful feeling will arise—he comes not, he cannot come again. This habit, however, lingers long, and is loath to part. Even after it has been banished from our daily thoughts, it will cling to the dreams of night—and thus, as it were by a refractive power of the intellect, is the image of the departed kept up before us. We see him enter, and take his usual place; we hear him speak; we address him, and are replied to; we do not remember that he is dead, but yet there is something not earthly about him—the glimmering pallor of a dream—and his speech and deportment are not like those which characterised him in life. The vision at length departs, and, though it leaves tears and terror behind, how fondly do we wish that it had staid! Often in this manner does the bereaved mother strain her lost child once more to her beating bosom. Nature in this case finds unusual difficulty in forgetting the lost one. The infant is a part of the mother's very existence—is connected by ties which none but herself can feel or comprehend; and when she sends it away to the grave, she does something which her reason will hardly convince her to be a reality. One who had suffered this dreadful calamity,

and just at that period in the life of the infant when in general it is most endeared to the parents, used to relate that for a long period she saw her child once more almost every night. Sometimes the endeared vision was presented to her in one way, and sometimes in another; but on all occasions the infant appeared to be alive. In one particular instance, she conceived that she was led to see the grave in a lonely churchyard. It was one of many such little mounds which filled the place, and beside which stood many other mothers, in the same situation with herself. Presently, the graves were all opened, and the children came forth to play. She and the other mothers surveyed the scene with pleasure inexpressible; but yet, in all their sports, the infants did not appear to be naturally alive, nor did the mothers seem to understand that life was there, or that they had regained their lost treasures. It was only a pageant, vouchsafed to satisfy so far the yearnings of affection; the scene was still a churchyard, and in the same place they knew it would end. Accordingly, when the proper time had come, each mother took her own child, wrapped it tenderly in its sepulchral attire, and with her own hands replaced it in the grave; after which, they all slowly and mournfully withdrew. The dreamer then awoke, as she usually did after such visions, in tears.

The preservation of the memories of lost friends is not only a good exercise for the affections, and the source of a pleasing hope to all who are yet to die, but it is calculated to have a soothing and refining effect upon those who reasonably indulge it. Our departed friends always appear to us in the light of beings removed to a purer existence and a higher state of intelligence, so as to be enabled to see and judge correctly of all our thoughts and actions. If we bear them any respect, we will hesitate, under this ideal censorship, to do things which are unworthy of us, and for which, perhaps, the present world has no punishment. We will try, on the contrary, to be as pure in thought and deed as possible, in order that we may be the more pleasing to those who, we conceive, are altogether pure, and whose esteem we naturally desire to conciliate. In the midst, too, of the bustle and shock of the present life, when little interests and petty jealousies are rearing themselves like serpents in our hearts, how salutary to reflect that all the advantages we can now seek either to gain or to defend, are but trash and dross in the estimation of these from whom we lately parted, and in no long time will be the same in our own. Are we provided with a large share of such goods as this world has to give, then will we controul our appreciation of them, by reflecting of how little account they will be when we have rejoined those friends in another world. Are we poor, and injured, and friendless, then will the recollection of our departed friends tend to cheer us, by presenting the idea of their superiority to all such evils—a superiority soon to be our own.

#### EDUCATION.

A child is born—now take the germ, and make it  
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dew  
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it  
In richest fragrance and in purest hues;  
When passion's gust, and sorrow's tempest shake it,  
The shelter of affection ne'er refuse,  
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it  
From its weak stem of life—and it shall lose  
All power to charm; but if that lovely flower  
Hath swell'd one pleasure, or subdued one pain,  
O who shall say that it has lived in vain,  
However fugitive its breathing hour?  
For virtue leaves its sweets wherever tasted,  
And scattered truth is never, never wasted.

## THE SHIP AT SEA.

A white sail gleaming on the flood,  
And the bright orb'd sun on high,  
Are all that break the solitude  
Of the circling sea and sky;  
Nor cloud, nor cape is indented there—  
Nor isle of ocean, nor cove

Led by the magnet o'er the tides,  
That bark her path explores—  
Sure as unerring instinct guides  
The birds to unseen shores:  
With wings that o'er the waves expand,  
She wanders to a viewless land.

Yet not alone—on ocean's breast,  
Though no green islet glows,  
No sweet, refreshing spot of rest,  
Where fancy may repose;  
Nor rock, nor hill, nor tower, nor tree,  
Breaks the blank solitude of sea.

No! not alone—her beauteous shade  
Attends her noiseless way;  
As some sweet memory, undecayed,  
Clings to the heart for aye,  
And haunts it—wheresoe'er we go,  
Through every scene of joy and wo.

And not alone—for day and night  
Escort her o'er the deep;  
And round her solitary flight  
The stars their vigils keep.  
Above, below, are circling skies,  
And heaven around her pathway lies.

And not alone—for hopes and fears  
Go with her wandering sail;  
And bright eyes watch, thro' gathering tears,  
Its distant cloud to hail;  
And prayers for her at midnight lone  
Ascend, unheard by all, save One.

And not alone—with her, bright dreams  
Are on the pathless main;  
And o'er its moan—earth's woods and streams  
Pour forth their choral strain;  
When sweetly are her slumbers blest  
With visions of the land of rest.

And not alone—for round her glow  
The vital light and air;  
And something that, in whispers low,  
Tells to man's spirit there,  
Upon her waste and weary road,  
A present, all-pervading God!

## THE PASSING CROWD.

"The passing crowd," is a phrase coined in the spirit of indifference. Yet, to a man of what Plato calls "universal sympathies," and even to the plain ordinary denizens of this world, what can be more interesting than the "passing crowd?" Does not this tide of human beings, which we daily see passing along the ways of this world, consist of persons animated by the same spark of the Divine essence, and partaking of the same high destinies with ourselves? Let us stand still but for a moment in the midst of this busy and seemingly careless scene, and consider what they are or may be whom we see around us. In the hurry of the pass-

ing show, and of our own sensations, we see but a series of unknown faces; but this is no reason why we should regard them with indifference. Many of these persons, if we knew their histories, would rivet our admiration by the ability, worth, benevolence, or piety, which they have displayed in their various paths through life. Many would excite our warmest interest by their sufferings—sufferings, perhaps, borne meekly and well, and more for the sake of others than themselves. How many tales of human weal and wo, of glory and of humiliation, could be told by those beings, whom, in passing, we regard not! Unvalued as they are by us, how many as good as ourselves repose upon them the affections of laudable hearts, and would not want them for any earthly compensation! Every one of these persons, in all probability, retains in his bosom the cherished recollections of early happy days, spent in some scene which "they never forget, though there they are forgot," with friends and fellows who, though now far removed in distance and in fortune, are never to be given up by the heart. Every one of these individuals, in all probability, nurses still deeper, in the recesses of feeling, the remembrance of that chapter of romance in the life of every man, an early earnest attachment, conceived in the fervour of youth, unstained by the slightest thought of self; and for the time purifying and elevating the character far above its ordinary standard. Beneath all this gloss of the world—this cold conventional aspect, which all more or less present, and which the business of life renders unnecessary—there resides for certain a fountain of goodness, pure in its inner depths and the lymph rock-distilled, and ready on every proper occasion to well out in the exercise of the noblest duties. Though all may seem but a hunt after worldly objects, the great majority of these individuals can, at the proper time, cast aside all earthly thoughts, and communicate directly with the Being whom their fathers have taught them to worship, and whose will and attributes have been taught to man immediately by himself. Perhaps many of these persons are of loftier aspect than ourselves, and belong to a sphere removed above our own. But, nevertheless, if the barrier of mere worldly form were taken out of the way, it is probable that we could interchange sympathies with these persons as freely and cordially as with any of our own class. Perhaps they are of an inferior order; but they are only inferior in certain circumstances, which should never interpose to prevent the flow of feeling for our kind. The great common features of human nature remain; and let us never forget how much respect is due to the very impress of humanity—the type of the divine nature itself! Even where our fellow-creatures are degraded by vice and poverty, let us still be gentle in our judging. The various fortunes which we every day see befalling the members of a single family, after they part off in their several paths through life, teach us, that it is not to every one that success in the career of existence is destined. Besides, do not the arrangements of society at once necessitate the subjection of an immense multitude to humble toil, and give rise to temptations before which the weak and un instructed can scarcely escape falling? But even beneath the soiled face of the poor artisan there may be aspirations after some vague excellence, which hard fate has denied him the means of attaining, though the very wish to obtain it is itself ennobling. The very mendicant was not always so; he, too, has had his undegraded and happier days, upon the recollection of which, some remnant of better feeling may still repose.

These, I humbly think, are reasons why we should not look with coldness upon any masses of men with whom it may be our lot to mingle. It is the nature of a good man to conclude that others are like himself; and if we take the crowd promiscuously, we can never be far wrong in thinking that there are worthy and well-directed feelings in it as well as in our own bosoms.

## WHERE IS GOD?

Where is He?—Ask his emblem,  
The glorious, glorious sun,  
Who glads the round world with his beams  
 Ere his day's long course is run.  
Where is He?—Ask the stars that keep  
 Their nightly watch on high.  
Where is He?—Ask the pearly dew,  
 The tear-drops of the sky.

Where is He?—Ask the secret founts  
 That feed the boundless deep;  
 The dire simoom, or the soft night breeze  
 That lulls the earth to sleep.  
Where is He?—Ask the storm of fire  
 That bursts from Etna's womb,  
 And ask the glowing lava-flood  
 What makes the land a tomb.

Where is He?—Ask the Maelstrom's whirl,  
 Shivering tall pines like glass;  
 Ask the giant oak, the graceful flower,  
 Or the simplest blade of grass.  
Where is He?—Ask Behemoth,  
 Who drinketh rivers dry;  
 The ocean-king, Leviathan,  
 Or the scarce-seen atom fly.

Where is He?—Ask the awful calm  
 On mountain-tops that rests;  
 And the bounding thundering avalanche,  
 Rent from their rugged crests.  
 Ask the wide-wasting hurricane,  
 Careering in its might;  
 The thunder-crash, the lightning-blaze,  
 Earth all convulsed with fright.

Where is He?—Ask the crystal isles  
 On arctic seas that sail;  
 Or ask, from lands of balm and spice,  
 The perfume-breathing gale—  
 Where in the universe is found  
 That presence-favour'd spot—  
 All—all—proclaim his dwelling-place—  
 But say—*Where is He not?*

## EFFECT OF CLIMATE.

How various are the climates of the earth, and yet how uniform is each climate in its temperature, notwithstanding the fact that we traverse annually a circle in space whose diameter extends over one hundred and ninety millions of miles! In each particular climate we behold races of animals and plants, many of which would not prosper elsewhere. Though apparently rains, and winds, and frosts are very irregular, yet we find a remarkable constancy in the average weather and seasons of each place. Very hot summers, or very cold winters, have little effect in raising or depressing the mean annual temperature of any one climate above or below its general standard. We must be convinced, from observation, that the structure of plants and the nature of many animals are especially adapted to the climate in which they are located. A vegetable, for example, which flourishes where the mean temperature is fifty-five degrees, would perish where the average is only fifty. If our temperature were raised or lowered by five degrees, our vegetable world would be destroyed, until a new species suited to the altered climate should be substituted for that which we possess at present. An inhabitant of the equatorial regions, whose mean temperature is eighty, would hardly believe that vegetable life could exist in

such a climate as ours. We have the same opinion of the arctic regions.—But both are equally mistaken; the care of a presiding Providence is limited to no climate—it

'Lives through all space, extends through all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.'

At the equator we find the native of the Spice Islands, the clove and nutmeg trees, pepper, and mace. Cinnamon bushes clothe the surface of Ceylon; the odoriferous sandal-wood, the ebony-tree, the teak-tree, the banyan, grown in the East Indies. In the same latitudes in Arabia the Happy, we find *balm, frankincense and myrrh, the coffee-tree and the tamarind*. But in those countries, at least in the plains, the trees and shrubs which decorate our more northerly climes are wanting. And as we go northwards, at every step we change the vegetable group, both in addition and by subtraction. In the thickets to the west of the Caspian Sea we have apricot, citron, peach, walnut. In the latitude, in Spain, Sicily, and Italy, we find the dwarf plum, the cypress, the chestnut, the corktree; the orange and lemon tree perfume the air with their blossoms; the myrtle and pomegranate grow wild among the rocks. We cross the Alps, and we find the vegetation which belongs to northern Europe, of which England is an instance. The oak, the beech, and the elm are natives of Great Britain; the elm-tree seen in Scotland and the north of England is the wych elm. As we travel still farther to the north, the forests again change their character. In the northern provinces of the Russian empire are found forests of the various species of firs; the Scotch and spruce fir, and the larch. In the Orkney Islands no tree is found but the hazel, which occurs again on the northern shores of the Baltic. As we proceed into colder regions we still find species which appear to have been made for these situations. The hoary or cold elder makes its appearance north of Stockholm; the sycamore and mountain-ash accompany us to the head of the gulf of Bothnia; and as we leave this and traverse the Dnieprian range, we pass in succession the boundary-lines of the spruce fir, the Scotch fir, and those minute shrubs which botanists distinguish as the dwarf birch and the dwarf willow. Here, near to or within the arctic circle, we yet find wild flowers of great beauty, the mezerium, the yellow and white water-lily, and the European globe-flower. And when these fail us, the reindeer moss still makes the country habitable for animals and man.'

So also there are boundaries to the growth of corn, the vine, and the olive. Wheat extends over certain tracts from England to Thibet; it does not flourish in the Polar regions, nor within the tropics, except in situations considerably raised above the level of the sea. The temperature required for the successful cultivation of the vine must not be under fifty, nor much above sixty three degrees; though in the warm climates elevation of situation will correct the excess of heat. Maze and olives have their favourite regions in France, Italy, and Spain. We first meet with rice west of Milan; it extends over the northern provinces of Persia, and over all the southern districts of Asia where there are facilities for irrigation. Millet is one of the principal grains of Africa. Cotton is cultivated in the new world no higher than latitude 40 deg.; in the old, it extends to latitude 46 deg. being found in Astrachan. Exceptions, indeed, occur with respect to the sugar cane, the indigo-tree, the plantain, and the mulberry, all natives of India and China; for these productions have found a genial climate in the West Indies and South America. The genuine tea-tree seems indisposed to flourish out of China, though the South American Indians have some thing like it. The Cassava yams, the bread-fruit-tree, the sago palm, and the cabbage-tree, are all apparently special provisions for the islands in which they are peculiarly found to flourish. It is impossible, we think, to reflect upon all this variety of natural wealth, and upon the adaptation of each

species to the climate in which it is found, without perceiving that the distribution of those productions—no one climate yielding a perfect substitute, generally speaking, for that of another—was originally designed to prompt and to continue throughout human existence that commercial and friendly intercourse, which has been long since established between the inhabitants of countries the most remote from each other.

## ASPIRATIONS.

*Oh that I had wings like a dove!—PSALMS.*

O for the wing of the regal bird,  
Whose scream on the savage cliff is heard,  
When he cleaves the heavens with a rush of wings,  
Scorning the earth and its meaner things!

Above the realm of clouds I'd rise,  
And shoot away through the boundless skies,  
Till, high on my curbless pinion driven,  
I should float o'er the starry seas of heaven.

O for the king-bird's wing to soar  
Where the blazing sun doth his glories pour;  
And to look unawed on the masses deep  
Of the thunder-storms that beneath me leap!

O for the wing of the wild curlew,  
That hurries the desert of ocean through,  
And explores with eye of bold disdain  
The shouting caves of the mighty main!

When the tempest shrieks, and the rush and roar  
Of waters appal through the rocky shore,  
She plumes on the bursting wave her form,  
And careers 'mid the terrors of the storm.

O for the sea-bird's wing to roam  
The infinite waters as my home,  
To soar from the Ocean's wild embrace,  
And pierce the eternity of Space!

## INDIAN ANTIQUITIES OF NORTH AMERICA.

The whole of English North America, when first discovered and colonised by Europeans, was occupied by tribes who were utterly uncivilised; that is, they had no knowledge of any of the arts of life, except of such as ministered in the rudest manner to their immediate necessities. The greater part of them were hunters, and had no settled dwelling-place; roaming over a vast extent of country, and only stopping for a time in spots where they found the game most plentiful; or when they were occupied in hostile expeditions against other tribes, against whom they entertained some project of revenge. There were a few settled villages on rivers, or by the sea-coast, where the inhabitants lived by fishing. But their dwellings every where were built only of clay, reeds, and branches of trees; their implements for hunting and fishing were nothing but lances and coarse hooks formed of shells, or perhaps of copper; and their dress a scanty wrapper made of the bark of trees. Such being the condition of the people, they were incapable of producing any work which either required skill in the design, or the union of a number of hands for executing it. No such work was seen among them: their largest building was the hall of the *sachem*, or elder of the village, which was in every respect inferior to the barns of turf and stone seen in the Highlands, and was not fitted to last above eight or ten seasons. How great, then, was the surprise of the civilised people, on proceeding farther into the wilderness, and approaching the forests of the Mississippi, to find among these

solitudes the remains of works which could only have been designed and executed by people considerably advanced in civilisation, and living under the regulation of a government which had the power of employing the labour of thousands of workmen. The existing tribes had not the slightest tradition about these monuments, or of the people by whom they had been constructed, which is the more singular, that almost all countries have some ancient race embodied in their traditionary stories, whom they are accustomed to consider as the engineers of every antique monument for whose existence they cannot otherwise account. The Scots have their *Peches*; the Greeks and Italians had the *Cyclops*, who were said to have built the gigantic ruins of Mycenæ, Tiryns, Roselle, Norba, &c. The Hindoos and Persians have *Deetas* and *Jins*, to whom they give the credit of such works; and so it is universally in other countries. The North American tribes, however, seem to have fallen into so low a state, that they had neither curiosity nor interest in the singular remains of antiquity which are found in their wilds; it is probable that they did not even distinguish them as works of art—an idea which would have implied some knowledge that art and science existed superior to their own, but that they considered them merely as some freak of nature. How, then, can we account for the existence of such monuments in a country where they are completely overlooked, and where the inhabitants have fallen into such a state of savagism? This is one of the most curious questions relating to the early state of America, and has never yet received a satisfactory solution.

The following notices concerning some of the most interesting of these ancient works, are copied chiefly from Warden's excellent Account of the United States. The whole of them, it will be observed, occur in the western states, in the regions of the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri.

"A singular circumstance," says Mr. Warden, "in the history of Kentucky, is the existence of mounds and fortifications, which indicate great antiquity, and a considerable acquaintance with the mechanical arts in some race of former inhabitants. Several of the old forts near the mouth of Kentucky river are covered with trees, which the botanist, Dr. Cutler, considered as of second growth; and inferred from this, that the fortifications must be more than one thousand years old. The remains of one, situated half a mile from the Ohio, and nearly opposite the mouth of the Big Scioto River, enclose fourteen acres of a square form. The walls are thirty feet thick at the base, and, on the summit, large enough for the passage of a waggon; they are from eight to sixteen feet in height. There are seven gateways, each twenty feet high; three on the west, two on the east, and two on the north. From the north-west angle are seen the remains of a *covered way*, (a road with a wall on each side as a shelter from marksmen,) which extends 280 yards to a stream on the west side of the fort. The walls are of the same dimensions as those of the fort; and there is a road projected in the same way leading to a creek (stream) on the east side distant 150 yards. Beyond these streams, on the east and west side, there is no vestige of defence. At a small distance from the fort there are two mounds (like watch towers) of a pyramidal form." On French Broad River, in Tennessee, are perpendicular rocks, on which, more than one hundred feet above the water, are carvings of birds and beasts, &c.

In Indiana, on the north side of the Ohio, remains of a different kind are found. These are a number of mounds lying in the tract from White River to the sources of the Wabash. They are of unequal size, and have been evidently formed at very remote periods from each other; they generally contain bones, those of the smaller mounds being still undecayed, and able to bear their own weight, while those of the larger are decomposed, and they crumble to dust on the smallest touch. The trees which grow upon the smaller

are also evidently of less age than many of those in the neighbouring woods, while those on the higher mounds are old and magnificent trees. This state of things seems to indicate a progressive decay of arts and power, during a long period, among the people by whom the mounds were raised.

In the state of Ohio, ancient fortifications are numerous. At Cincinnati there is a circular wall or embankment 800 feet across; the bank is thirty feet thick at the base, and from three to six high; there are several others of smaller dimensions, besides four mounds, one of which is twenty-seven feet high, and 440 across. On the summit of an elevated hill, two miles below Hamilton, the walls of an ancient fortification enclose eighty acres of ground. In Highland County, two miles west of Chillicothe, there is a wall of stone from twelve to fifteen feet high, and four or five thick, which encloses upwards of 100 acres. Near Piqua, in Miami County, there is one which encloses about seventeen acres, in a circular form; the walls all round are built of stone, carried from the river 600 yards distant. A wall from four to seven feet high extends seven miles from the Great to the Little Scioto River. The trees growing on the walls of these ruins are all as large as any in the surrounding forests, and cannot be less than 400 years old. There are remains of the same kind all the way from Ohio, south and south-west, to the Floridas.

They are found also in Michigan to the north. On the river Huron, in that district, is a fortress with walls of earth, quite the same as those of Ohio and Kentucky; another is seen three miles and a quarter below Detroit, enclosing several acres, in the midst of an extensive marsh, with a breastwork three or four feet high. On the west of Lake Michigan is found perhaps the most singular of these curious relics; it stands on a level plain below Lake Pepin; it is covered with grass; but Carver, the traveller who describes it, mentions that he could plainly trace a breastwork of a circular form, with its flanks reaching to the river, which covered its rear; the ruin was about four feet high, extending nearly a mile, and capable of protecting 5000 men. The outline of the work had been traced in angles for the facility of defence, quite on the same principle as those of modern fortifications.

In Missouri, in the country of the Sioux Indians, there are many mounds and fortifications; they are also found on the Osage and Platte rivers. So far Mr. Warden. Besides the indications given by these monuments, there are other proofs that the continent of North America has been at some former period occupied by a people considerably advanced in knowledge of the arts. In the gold mines which are now wrought in the western parts of Carolina and Georgia, there have been found crucibles of excellent workmanship, and which were preferred by the miners to the best which can be purchased at the present day. Unluckily, none of them have been preserved; but the evidence which they afforded, that these mines have been wrought during some very remote period, and by a people not at all deficient in a knowledge of the arts, is full and unquestionable.

All these appearances are of course utterly unintelligible to the present tribes of Indians; and being accompanied by nothing in the shape of letters, hieroglyphics, or other marks, which literary diligence might have traced some thread of discovery, they are equally obscure to the learned.

The history of the western continent does not, however, leave us altogether without some facts which throw a glimmer of light on these singular remains, and the people to whom they belonged.

The Mexicans, who inhabited the narrow neck of mountain-land which joins the two continents of North and South America, were, when first discovered by the Spaniards, in a state of civilization approaching to that of some European nations. The body of the people were, indeed, in a state of ignorance and savagism little superior to that of the tribes by whom they were surrounded; but there was an educated

and informed class among them, to whom this mass of ignorance was content to be subject. The educated portion was distributed among the uneducated, in such a manner that the benefits of their knowledge could be every where felt, and gave them influence. Works of great extent and ingenuity were executed by the conjoined skill and labour which could by these two classes be brought to bear on them. It is known, however, from the traditions of this people, and from certain hieroglyphical documents which they had preserved relating to their own history, that Mexico was not the place in which their tribe was originally situated. They had migrated, according to their own account, from regions far to the northward, and had once been a large and powerful nation, whose strength and numbers were reduced almost to nothing, in various desertions, changes, and hostile attacks, during their long migration from their original seat, called Aztlan. The imperfect records which they have preserved, intimate obscurely the time occupied in this period of wandering, as well as the stages at which they halted on their way. Some of these latter have been traced; and by the remains found on the spot, combined with the indications of Mexican hieroglyphics, there is reason to think that they can still be identified. The ruins of a great city were discovered in 1773, near the head of the Gulf of California, and corresponding with one of the stations. They were situated in the midst of a vast and beautiful plain, and occupied a space of three square leagues. The Spaniards gave them the name of *Las Casas Grandes*, or the "Magnificent Buildings;" and the whole plain is filled with fragments of stoneware, resembling the Mexican, beautifully painted in red, white and blue. It is remarkable also, that, to the north of this region, in a district never occupied, and hardly ever seen by Europeans, the native Indians have advanced considerably in civilization. A missionary, who visited the Mocquis in 1773, was astonished to find here an Indian town, with two large squares, houses of several stories, streets well laid out, and parallel to each other. The people assemble at evening on the terraced roofs of their houses; and the region every where presents traces of civilization, resembling that of the ancient Mexicans. These people speak a language quite different from the Mexican; but it is well known to some of the learned of America, that two parts of the same tribe, removed from each other, and placed under different circumstances, with different pursuits and a different aspect of country, will in time so completely change, each from the common language, that their origin can no longer be traced by that means. Still farther north, there are found people who indulge a taste for some of the peculiar arts of the same nation, without having preserved any thing of their domestic refinement. Between Nootka Sound and Cook's River, under the 57th degree of N. lat., the natives have a strong predilection for hieroglyphical paintings, such as were found among the Mexicans; and they execute carvings in wood, imitations of the human features and of animals, with great spirit and fidelity. Their buildings of wood showed also design, and the efforts of combined labour.

As we follow these traces of Mexican civilization, we are led, it will be observed, towards the northern part of the American continent, where the ancient remains which first excited our wonder are situated. These are more frequent towards the western districts, and vanish altogether on approaching the Atlantic; that is, their numbers increase as they approach the line of ancient Mexican civilization, and disappear as they leave it. The connection which this circumstance points out between the mysterious monuments of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri, and the *historical civilization* of the races of the south and west cannot be overlooked. The chain of connection is at present broken and feeble, but investigation may supply the deficient links, and introduce certainty, where as yet there are only probability and surmises.

The Mexicans consisted, as we have said, of a small educated class (not however, apparently selected from any particular tribe,) and a large body of ignorant and demi-savage people, who were under the former, and submitted themselves to be directed by their superior information. This was the kind of civilization which existed in most of the nations of antiquity, no means being then known for the general diffusion of knowledge. It is, however, the most insecure and precarious state in the progress of nations, because, unless with a very strong and well-organised military force, the uninformed mass are always liable to be worked on by some passion or prejudice, and may thus at any time rise and sweep into destruction the whole labours of the better informed and ruling body. Knowledge is very apt to retrograde in such a state, and has indeed done it in various instances; and it is from such a cause that we must trace the destruction of that power and skill which erected the works of which we have been speaking. There is no occasion for supposing that any nation ever existed in North America different from those found there. It appears only that civilization had at one time gained an ascendancy, which, surrounded and mixed as it was with the hostile power of barbarism and ignorance, it was not able to maintain. The connection of this comparative state of improvement with that of the Mexicans, who seem to have been driven from the northern to the southern parts of the same country, may be elucidated by future investigation.

## MY EARLY DAYS.

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE TAKEN IN CHILDHOOD.

My early days, my early days,  
Ye morning stars that linger yet;  
And beam as dear departing rays,  
When every other star has set:

Spray of the ocean of my life,  
Blossom of fruit all faded now;  
Ye golden sands in old Time's glass,  
Ye green leaves on a wither'd bough—

Oh! where are ye, and where am I?  
Where is that happy sinless child  
That chas'd the gaudy butterfly,  
As gay as that, and far more wild.

Am I that bold and fearless boy  
That stemm'd the flood and climb'd the height?  
All health and truth, all life and joy,  
First in the frolic or the fight.

Ah! no—where once the sunlight shone,  
I wander now amid the shade;  
The hopes that led my boyhood on,  
Are wither'd all, or all betray'd.

I cannot bear to gaze again  
On visions that could fade so fast;  
Nor, 'mid a present scene of pain,  
Cast back a thought on blisses past.

## SCRAPS FROM ANTIQUITY.

## EGYPTIAN LAWS.

The Egyptians, a wise people, to whom Europe is indebted for the best of her institutions, had some singular laws, peculiar, indeed, to themselves, but founded on the deepest reflection and happiest views of state policy. Every man of the Egyptians was ordered to give in to the magistrate to

whose authority he was subjected, an account of the ways and means whereby he derived a livelihood, and maintained himself alone, or himself and family together; and the punishment of death was considered due to him who either falsified his return, or refused it. Solon, who travelled into Egypt for the sake of deriving wisdom from conversing with her wise men, transferred this law to Athens. It would appear that, by the laws of Egypt, ignominious bodily labour was substituted in many cases for the severer punishment of death. One of their kings, by name Sabaco, recommended this substitution, seeing that, by the labour of the condemned culprit, advantage was derived to the state; whereas death not only was too severe, in most cases, for the frail peccabilities of mankind, but was utterly barren of utility, as well to the public as to the individual—a reflection highly honourable to the monarch of Thebes, and worthy of being acted upon by all the legislators of Europe. Herodotus says, that condemned persons in Egypt seldom if ever suffered death, but were allowed to live, subjected, however, to severe bodily labour in the public works; and that the mounds or artificial eminences, wherever, for the sake of protection from the inundations of the Nile, their cities were built, were the production of the labour of the criminals thus beneficially employed. The laws of another king, by name Boccharris, regarding debts and money transactions, are likewise founded on great good sense. Persons borrowing money, or sued as having borrowed money from others, without the accusing party having bond, bill, or recognition to prove the debt, are acquitted from it, on their giving their oaths they owe nothing. [This enactment, we believe, has been transferred to every country.] Of those, however, who were truly debtors, the creditor had it in his power to attach and distrain *the goods only*; his person was considered as sacred to the state, pledged, in common with his countrymen, for its defence and protection; therefore was secure, or ought to be secure, from the violations of an irritated creditor.

## MY FATHER'S NAME.

ON HEARING IT UNEXPECTEDLY AND HONOURABLY MENTIONED AT A PUBLIC MEETING.

My father's name—my father's name—how hallowed and how dear!  
That sound—it fell like melody upon my list'ning ear!  
What tho' a stranger spoke his praise—so exquisite it came,  
At once I lov'd him as a friend—it was my father's name!

There was a fullness of the heart, a glist'ning of the eye,  
A sudden flushing of the cheek—I cannot tell ye why!  
I probed not then the mighty throb that shook my trembling frame—  
I only knew, I only felt—it was my father's name!

And cloudless will I keep that name, while God my life shall spare;  
It never yet confessed a blot—nor stain shall enter there;  
In woe or weal, unsullied still by shadow or by shame,  
Proudly my heart shall beat to tell—"It is my father's name."

And when at length they lay me down within the peaceful grave,  
And He, the mighty Lord of all, shall claim the breath He gave,  
Let but one line above my tomb, one sculptured line proclaim—  
"He found it spotless, and unstained is still his father's name."



## PLAGUE OF LEPROSY.

A few centuries ago there were more than twenty thousand lazarettos in Europe. In the fourteenth century, in the domains of Seigneur de Coucy alone, there were ten of these leproseries; and in all France there were supposed to be more than two thousand. In Dauphiny there was one for nobles alone, and near Paris one for females of royal blood. Vanity of vanities! Let us devote a moment to recalling the ceremony which cut off alike the royal, noble, and plebeian leper from the society of his fellow-men.—Clothed in a pall, the dead-alive stood at the steps of the church at the appointed hour, the people forming a wide circle round him, and gazing with dread and horror on the victim thus pointed out by the wrath of Heaven. The clergy of his parish then appeared, walking in procession, and the leper followed them into the church, and laid himself down on a bier, set round with lighted tapers.—The service for the dead was then performed, with the usual chanting of prayers, sprinkling of holy water, and flinging of incense; and, when the unhappy wretch was religiously dead, he was taken out of the town to the solitary hut appointed for his habitation. A pall hung above the door surmounted by a cross, before which he fell upon his knees; and the priest then commenced the exhortation, enjoining him to the virtue of patience, recalling to his memory the sufferings of Jesus Christ, and pointing out to him that heaven above his head, where there are no tears and no lepers, but where all are for ever sound, for ever pure, and for ever happy. He then took off his coat, and assumed the leper's dress, and the clicket, or rattle, by which he was for the future to give notice of his approach, that his fellow-men might fly from the polluted path. The priest then pronounced the interdictions prescribed by the ritual. "I forbid thee to go abroad without thy leper's dress. I forbid thee to go abroad with naked feet. I forbid thee to pass through any narrow street. I forbid thee to speak to any one except against the wind. I forbid thee to enter any church, any mill, any fair, any market, any assembly of men whatever. I forbid thee to drink or to wash thy hands either in a well or a river. I forbid thee to handle any merchandise before thou hast bought it. I forbid thee to touch children, or to give them any thing." The priest then gave him his foot to kiss, threw a handful of earth on his head, and having shut the door of the hut upon the outcast, recommended him to the prayers of the bystanders, who immediately dispersed. The goods accorded to the leper were safe from robbers; his vineyard, his cow, his sheep might remain without a keeper; for no extremity of hunger could tempt any one to put forth his hand upon the property of the forsaken. His former clothes, his house, his furniture were burnt to ashes; and if his wife wished to follow the footsteps of his despair—which was not rarely the case—she also was devoted when living to the leper's doom, and, when dead, her ashes were refused a resting-place in consecrated earth. In consecrated earth? What have we said? It is the relic which sanctifies the place; and wherever were thrown the remains of the devoted wife, there was holy ground!—*Leitch Ritchie's Wanderings by the Seine.*

## THE SPIRIT OF THE SEASONS.

Oh! who was it came in the balmy Spring  
On the sun-lit dews of its breezy wing,  
Breathing, Peace, be still! to the winter gales,  
In its rosy dress of flowering vales?  
Was it not Hope, of Paradise breathing,  
Chaplets of joy for misery wreathing?  
Was it not Hope, her fairy buds twining,  
Pledges of bliss to spirits repining?

Oh! who was it came on the Summer sky  
On gossamer clouds of vermillion dye,

Sighing forth incense of praise from the flowers,  
Painting the goodness of God in the showers?  
Was it not Faith, with her rip'ning pleasures,  
Revealing the fruits of Hope's Spring treasures,  
With still small voice whispering around,  
Thus shall thy promises, Heaven, be found?

Oh! who was it came on Autumn's dear smiles,  
Gladdening meadows, and gardens, and wilds,  
Scenting heaven and earth with richest perfume,  
Dressing desert and bower with sunlight bloom?  
Was it not thou, blest Charity, smiling  
In gifts upon all, as if all reconciling?  
For sorrow and joy thy plenty sheaves wreathing,  
E'en on thy foes benignity breathing?

Oh! who was it came on the Northern blasts  
Of the wintry snows, of the howling wastes,  
Girt in the mantle of frost-spangled cloud,  
Frowning defiance, and raging aloud?  
'Twas the hopeless, faithless soul repining,  
The springless and summerless soul declining,  
The autumnless soul, cold and unfeeling,  
Tho' sunbeams of Heaven round her are stealing!

## PARABLES.

*From the German of Krummacher.*

## THE GEM.

A rough gem lay hidden in the dust for years, among many ordinary stones of no value. It was walked over, or trodden under foot without being noticed. Its splendour was concealed from the eye of the traveller. For the beautiful does not obtrude, but appears in simplicity.

## THE APPLE.

There lived a rich man at the Court of King Herod. He was lord chamberlain, and clothed in purple and costly linen, and lived every day in magnificence and joy. Then there came to him, from a distant country, a friend of his youth, whom he had not seen in many years. And to honour him, the chamberlain made a great feast, and invited all his friends. There stood on the table a great variety of excellent viands, in gold and silver dishes, and costly vessels with ointment, together with wine of every kind. And the rich man sat at the head of the table, and was hospitable to all; and his friend who had come from a distant country sat at his right hand. And they ate and drank and were satisfied.

Then the stranger addressed the Chamberlain of the King: "Such splendor and magnificence as your house contains is not to be found in my country, far and wide!" And he spoke of his magnificence, and pronounced him the happiest of men.

But the rich man, the king's chamberlain, selected an apple from a golden dish. The apple was large and beautiful, and its colour was red, approaching purple. And he took the apple and said, "This apple has rested on gold, and its form is very beautiful!" and he reached it to the stranger, and friend of his youth. And the friend cut the apple, and behold, in its middle was a worm! Then the stranger cast his eyes on the chamberlain; but the lord chamberlain looked upon the ground and sighed.

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