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SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

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THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

In sunset's light o'er Afric thrown,
A wanderer proudly stood
Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,
Of Egypt's awful flood;
The cradle of that mighty birth,
So long a hidden thing to earth.

He heard its life's first murmuring sound,
A low mysterious tone—
A music sought, but never found
By kings and warriors gone;
He listen'd—and his heart beat high—
That was the song of victory!

The rapture of a conqueror's wood
Rush'd burning through his frame,
The depths of that green solitude
Its torrents could not tame—
Though stillness lay, with eve's last smile,
Round those calm fountains of the Nile.

Night came with stars—across his soul
There swept a sudden change,
Ev'n at the pilgrim's glorious goal,
A shadow dark and strange,
Breathed from the thought, so swift to fall
O'er triumph's hour—*And is this all?*

No more than this!—what seem'd it now
First by that spring to stand?
A thousand streams of lovelier flow
Bathed his own mountain land!
Whence, far o'er waste and ocean track,
Their wild sweet voices call'd him back.

They call'd him back to many a glade,
His childhood's haunt of play,
Where brightly through the beechen shade
Their waters glanced away—
They call'd him, with their sounding waves,
Back to his fathers' hills and graves.

But darkly mingling with the thought
Of each familiar scene,
Rose up a fearful vision, fraught
With all that lay between;
The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,
The whirling sands, the red sunoon!

Where was the glow of power and pride?
The spirit born to roam?
His weary heart within him died
With yearnings for his home;
All vainly struggling to repress
That gush of painful tenderness.

He wept—the stars of Afric's heaven
Beheld his bursting tears.

Ev'n on that spot where fate had given
The meed of toiling years.
Oh happiness! how far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee!

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

Thomas Vincent, a non-conformist minister, who was ejected from the living of St. Mary Magdalen, in Milk-street, and during the great plague remained in the city, and preached regularly to the great comfort of the inhabitants under the affliction of the raging pestilence, was an eye-witness of the subsequent conflagration. He wrote, "God's terrible Judgments in the City by Plague and Fire," and has left a circumstantial relation in that work of the progress made by the flames, and their effects on the people.

VINCENT'S NARRATIVE.

It was the 2d of September, 1666, that the anger of the Lord was kindled against London, and the fire began. It began in a baker's house, in Pudding-lane, by Fish-street-hill; and now the Lord is making London like a fiery oven in the time of his anger, and in his wrath doth devour and swallow up our habitations. It was in the depth and dead of the night, when most doors and fences were locked up in the city, that the fire doth break forth and appear abroad; and, like a mighty giant refreshed with wine, doth awake and arm itself, quickly gathers strength, when it had made havoc of some houses; rusheth down the hill towards the bridge; crosseth Thames-street, invadeth Magnus church, at the bridge foot; and, though that church were so great, yet it was not a sufficient barricado against this conqueror; but, having scaled and taken this fort, it shooteth flames with so much the greater advantage into all places round about; and a great building of houses upon the bridge is quickly thrown to the ground; then the conqueror, being stayed in his course at the bridge, marcheth back to the city again, and runs along with great noise and violence through Thames-street, westward; where, having such combustible matter in its teeth, and such a fierce wind upon its back, it prevails with little resistance, unto the astonishment of the beholders.

Fire! fire! fire! doth resound the streets; many citizens start out of their sleep, look out of their windows; some dress themselves and run to the place. The lord mayor of the city comes with his officers; a confusion there is; counsel is taken away; and London, so famous for wisdom and dexterity, can now find neither brains nor hands to prevent its ruin. The hand of God was in it; the decree was come forth; London must now fall, and who could prevent it? No wonder, when so many pillars are removed, if the building tumbles; the prayers, tears, and faith, which sometimes London hath had, might have quenched the violence of the fire—might have opened heaven for rain, and driven back

* The arrival of Bruce at what he considered to be the source of the Nile, was followed almost immediately by feelings thus suddenly fluctuating from triumph to despondence. See his *Travels in Abyssinia*.

the wind; but now the fire gets mastery, and burns dreadfully:

That night most of the Londoners had taken their last sleep in their houses; they little thought it would be so when they went into their beds; they did not in the least suspect, when the doors of their ears were unlocked, and the casements of their eyes were opened in the morning, to hear of such an enemy invading the city, and that they should see him, with such fury, enter the doors of their houses, break into every room, and look out of their casements with such a threatening countenance.

That which made the ruin the more dismal was, that it was begun on the Lord's-day morning. Never was there the like Sabbath in London; some churches were in flames that day; and God seems to come down, and to preach himself in them, as he did in Mount Sinai, when the mount burned with fire; such warm preaching those churches never had; such lightning dreadful sermons never were before delivered in London. In other churches ministers were preaching their farewell sermons, and people were hearing with quaking and astonishment; instead of a holy rest which Christians have taken on this day, there is a tumultuous hurrying about the streets towards the place that burned, and more tumultuous hurrying upon the spirits of those who sat still, and had only the notice of the ear of the quick and strange spreading of the fire.

Now the train-bands are up in arms watching at every quarter for outlandish-men, because of the general fear and jealousies, and rumours, that fire-balls were thrown into houses by several of them to help on and provoke the too furious flames. Now goods are hastily removed from the lower parts of the city; and the body of the people begin to retire, and draw upwards, as the people did from the tabernacles of Korah, Dathan and Abiram, when the earth did cleave asunder and swallow them up; or rather as Lot drew out from his house in Sodom before it was consumed by fire from heaven. Yet some hopes were retained on the Lord's-day that the fire would be extinguished, especially by them who lived in the remote parts; they could scarcely imagine that the fire a mile off should be able to reach their houses.

But the evening draws on, and now the fire is more visible and dreadful; instead of the black curtains of the night, which used to be spread over the city, now the curtains are yellow; the smoke that arose from the burning parts seemed like so much flame in the night, which being blown upon the other parts by the wind, the whole city, at some distance, seemed to be on fire. Now hopes begin to sink, and a general consternation seizeth upon the spirits of people; little sleep is taken in London this night; the amazement which the eye and ear doth effect upon the spirit, doth either dry up or drive away the vapour which used to blind up the senses. Some are at work to quench the fire with water; others endeavour to stop its course by pulling down of houses; but all to no purpose; if it be a little allayed, or beaten down, or put to a stand in some places, it is but a very little while; it quickly recruits, and recovers its force; it leaps, and mounts, and makes the more furious onset, drives back its opposers, snatcheth their weapons out of their hands, seizeth upon the water houses and engines, burns them, spoils them, and makes them unfit for service.

On the Lord's-day night the fire had run as far as Garlick-hithe, in Thames-street, and had crept up into Cannon-street, and levelled it with the ground; and still is making forward by the water-side, and upward to the brow of the hill, on which the city was built.

On Monday, (the 3d) Gracechurch-street is all in flames, with Lombard-street, on the left hand, and part of Fenchurch-street, on the right, the fire working (though not so fast) against the wind that way; before it were pleasant and stately houses, behind it ruinous and desolate heaps. The burning then was in fashion of a bow—a dreadful bow it was—such as mine eyes never before had seen: a bow which

had God's arrow in it, with a flaming point: it was a shining bow—not like that in the cloud, which brings water with it, and withal signified God's covenant not to destroy the world any more with water—but it was a bow which had fire in it, which signified God's anger, and his intention to destroy London with fire.

Now the flames break in upon Cornhill, that large and spacious street, and quickly cross the way by the train of wood that lay in the streets untaken away, which had been pulled down from houses to prevent its spreading; and so they lick the whole street as they go; they mount up to the top of the highest houses; they descend down to the bottom of the lowest vaults and cellars; and march along on both sides of the way, with such a roaring noise, as never was heard in the city of London; no stately building so great as to resist their fury; the Royal Exchange itself, the glory of the merchants, is now invaded with much violence; and when once the fire was entered, how quickly did it run round the galleries, filling them with flames; then came down stairs, compasseth the walks, giving forth flaming volleys, and filleth the court with sheets of fire; by-and-by, down fall all the kings upon their faces, and the greatest part of the stone building after them, (the founder's statue only remaining) with such a noise as was dreadful and astonishing.

Then, then the city did shake indeed; and the inhabitants did tremble, and flew away in great amazement from their houses, lest the flames should devour them; rattle, rattle, rattle, was the noise which the fire struck upon the ear round about, as if there had been a thousand iron chariots beating upon the stones; and if you opened your eye to the opening of the streets, where the fire was come, you might see, in some places, whole streets at once in flames, that issued forth as if they had been so many great forges, from the opposite windows, which, folding together, were united into one great flame throughout the whole street; and then you might see the houses tumble, tumble, tumble, from one end of the street to the other, with a great crash, leaving the foundation open to the view of the heavens.

Now fearfulness and terror doth surprise the citizens of London; confusion and astonishment doth fall upon them at this unheard of, unthought-of, judgment. It would have grieved the heart of an unconcerned person to see the rueful looks, the pale cheeks, the tears trickling down from the eyes, (where the greatness of sorrow and amazement could give leave for such a vent,) the smiting of the breast, the wringing of the hands; to hear the sighs and groans, the doleful and weeping speeches of the distressed citizens, when they were bringing forth their wives, (some from their child-bed,) and their little ones, (some from their sick-bed,) out of their houses, and sending them into the country, or somewhere into the fields with their goods. Now the hopes of London are gone—their heart is sunk; now there is a general remove in the city, and that in a greater hurry than before the plague, their goods being in greater danger by the fire than their persons were by the sickness. Scarcely are some returned, but they must remove again, and not as before, now without any more hopes of ever returning and living in those houses any more.

Now carts, and drays, and coaches, and horses, as many as could have entrance into the city, were laden, and any money is given for help; £5, £10, £20, £30, for a cart, to bear forth into the fields some choice things, which were ready to be consumed; and some of the carmen had the conscience to accept of the highest price which the citizens did then offer in their extremity; I am mistaken if such money do not burn worse than the fire out of which it was raked. Now casks of wine, and oil, and other commodities, are tumbled along, and the owners shove as much of their goods as they can towards the gate; every one now becomes a porter to himself, and scarcely a back, either of man or woman, that had strength, but had a burden on it in the streets. It was very sad to see such throngs of poor citi-

zens coming in and going forth from the unburnt parts, heavy laden with some pieces of their goods, but more heavy laden with weighty grief and sorrow of heart, so that it is wonderful they did not quite sink under these burduns.

Monday night was a dreadful night. When the wings of the night had shadowed the light of the heavenly bodies, there was no darkness of night in London, for the fire shines now round about with a fearful blaze, which yieldeth such light in the streets as it had been the sun at noon-day. Now the fire having wrought backward strangely against the wind, to Billingsgate, &c., along Thames-street, eastward, runs up the hill to Tower-street, and having marched on from Gracechurch-street, making further progress in Fenchurch-street, and having spread its wing beyond Queen-lithe, in Thames-street, westward, mounts up from the water-side, through Dowgate, and old Fish-street, into Watling-street; but the great fury of the fire was in the broader streets. In the midst of the night it was come down Cornhill, and laid it in the dust, and runs along by the Stocks, and there meets with another fire, which came down Threadneedle-street; a little further with another, which came up from Walbrook; a little further with another, which comes up from Bucklersbury; and all these four, joining together, break into one great flame at the corner of Cheapside, with such a dazzling light, and burning heat, and roaring noise, by the fall of so many houses together, that it was very amazing; and though it were something stopped in its swift course at Mercer's-chapel, yet, with great force, in a while it conquers the place, and burns through it; and then, with great rage, proceedeth forth in Cheapside.

On Tuesday (the 4th) was the fire burning up the very bowels of London; Cheapside is all in a light, (fire in a few hours time,) many fires meeting there as in the centre; from Soper-lane, Bow-lane, Bread-street, Friday-street, and Old Change, the fire comes up almost together, and breaks furiously into the Broad-street, and most of that side of the way was altogether in flames—a dreadful spectacle; and then, partly by the fire which came down by Mercer's-chapel, partly by the fall of the houses cross the way, the other side is quickly kindled, and doth not stand long after it. Now the fire gets into Blackfriars, and so continues its course by the water, and makes up towards Paul's-church, on that side, and Cheapside fire besets the great building on this side; and the church, though all of stone outward, though naked of houses about it, and though so high above all buildings in the city, yet, within a while, doth yield to the violent assaults of the conquering flames, and strangely takes fire at the top; now the lead melts and runs down, as if it had been snow before the sun; and the great beams and massy stones, with a great noise, fall on the pavement, and break through into Faith-church underneath. Now great flakes of stone scale and peel off strangely from the side of the walls; the conqueror having got this high fort, darts its flames round about. Now Paternoster-row, Newgate-market, the Old Bailey, and Ludgate-hill, have submitted themselves to the devouring fire, which, with wonderful speed, rusheth down the hill into Fleet-street. Now Cheapside fire marcheth along Ironmonger-lane, Old Jewry, Lawrence-lane, Milk-street, Wood-street, Gutter-lane, Fetter-lane. Now it runs along Lotlibury, Cateaton-street, &c. From Newgate-market, it assaults Christ-church, and conquers that great building, and burns through Martin's-lane towards Aldersgate, and all about so furiously, as if it would not leave a house standing upon the ground.

Now horrible flakes of fire mount up the sky, and the yellow smoke of London ascendeth up towards heaven, like the smoke of a great furnace—a smoke so great, as darkened the sun at noon-day—(if at any time the sun peeped forth, it looked red like blood)—the cloud of smoke was so great, that travellers did ride at noon-day, some miles together, in the shadow thereof, though there were no other cloud beside to be seen in the sky.

And if Monday night was dreadful, Tuesday night was more dreadful, when far the greatest part of the city was consumed. Many thousands, who on Saturday had houses convenient in the city, both for themselves and to entertain others, now have not where to lay their head; and the fields are the only receptacle which they can find for themselves and their goods. Most of the late inhabitants of London lie all night in the open air, with no other canopy over them but that of the heavens. The fire is still making towards them, and threatening the suburbs. It was amazing to see how it had spread itself several times in compass; and, amongst other things, that night the sight of Guildhall was a fearful spectacle, which stood, the whole body of it together in view, for several hours together, after the fire had taken it, without flames, (I suppose because the timber was such solid oak,) in a bright shining coal, as if it had been a palace of gold, or a great building of burnished brass.

On Wednesday morning, (the 5th,) when people expected that the suburbs would be burnt, as well as the city, and with speed were preparing their flight, as well as they could, with their luggage, into the countries, and neighbouring villages—then the Lord had pity on poor London; his bowels began to relent; his heart is turned within him, and he stays his rough wind in the day of the east wind; his fury begins to be allayed; he hath a remnant of people in London, and there shall a remnant of houses escape. The wind now is hushed; the commission of the fire is withdrawing, and it burns so gently, even where it meets with no opposition, that it was not hard to be quenched, in many places, with a few hands. Now the citizens begin to gather a little heart, and encouragement in their endeavours to quench the fire. A check it had at Leadenhall by that great building; a stop it had in Bishopsgate-street, Fenchurch-street, Lime-street, Mark-lane, and towards the Tower; one means, under God, was the blowing up of houses with gunpowder. Now it is stayed in Lotlibury, Broad street, Coleman-street. Towards the gates it burnt, but not with any great violence. At the Temple also it stayed, and in Holborn, where it had got no great footing. And when once the fire was got under, it was kept under, and on Thursday the flames were extinguished.

But on Wednesday night, when the people, late of London, now of the fields, hoped to get a little rest on the ground, where they had spread their beds, a more dreadful fear falls upon them than they had before, through a rumour that the French were coming armed against them to cut their throats, and spoil them of what they had saved out of the fire. They were now naked and weak, and in ill condition to defend themselves; and the hearts, especially of the females, do quake and tremble, and are ready to die within them; yet many citizens, having lost their houses, and almost all that they had, are fired with rage and fury; and they begin to stir up themselves like lions, or like bears bereaved of their whelps—and now, "Arm! arm!" doth resound the fields and suburbs with a dreadful voice. We may guess at the distress and perplexity of the people this night, which was something alleviated when the falseness of the alarm was perceived.

The ruins of the city were 396 acres, (viz: 333 acres within the walls, and 63 in the liberties of the city.) Of the six and twenty wards, it utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered, and half burnt; and it consumed 400 streets, 13,200 dwelling houses, eighty-nine churches, (besides chapels,) four of the city gates, Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, and a vast number of stately edifices.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

E'er yet her child has drawn its earliest breath;
A mother's love begins—it glows till death—
Lives before life—with death not dies—but seems
The very substance of immortal dreams.—WERNICKE.

TO THE IVY :

OCCASIONED BY RECEIVING A LEAF GATHERED IN THE CASTLE
OF RHEINFELS.

Oh ! how could Fancy crown with thee,
In ancient days, the god of wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be,
Companion of the vine ?
Thy home, wild plant, is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er—
Where song's full notes once peal'd around,
But now are heard no more.

The Roman, on his battle plains,
Where kings before his eagles bent,
Entwined thee, with exulting strains,
Around the victor's tent ;
Yet there, though fresh in glossy green,
Triumphantly thy boughs might wave—
Better thou lov'st the silent scene,
Around the victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,
The bards and heroes of the past—
Where, through the halls of glory gone,
Murmurs the wintry blast ;
Where years are hastening to efface
Each record of the grand and fair—
Thou, in thy solitary grace,
Wreath of the tomb ! art there.

Oh ! many a temple, once sublime,
Beneath a blue Italian sky,
Hath nought of beauty left by time,
Save thy wild tapestry.
And rear'd 'midst crags and clouds, 'tis thine
To wave where banners waved of yore,
O'er towers that crest the noble Rhine,
Along his rocky shore.

High from the fields of air, look down
Those cyries of a vanish'd race—
Homes of the mighty, whose renown
Hath pass'd and left no trace.
But thou art there—thy foliage bright,
Unchanged, the mountain-storm can brave—
Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
And deck the humblest grave.

The breathing forms of Parian stone,
That rise round Grandeur's marble halls ;
The vivid hues by painting thrown
Rich o'er the glowing walls ;
Th' acanthus on Corinthian fane,
In sculptured beauty waving fair—
These perish all—and what remains ?
Thou, thou alone art there.

'Tis still the same—where'er we tread,
The wrecks of human power we see—
The marvels of all ages fled,
Left to Decay and thee.
And still let man his fabrics rear,
August in beauty, grace, and strength—
Days pass, thou "Ivy never sere,"
And all is thine at length.

• "Ye myrtles brown, and ivy never sere."

LYCIDAS.

ON INDIGESTION AND CONSUMPTION.

CHAPTER II.

Energy of character, vigorous frames, intellectual strength, moral courage, and industrious habits, are some of the advantages we derive from our climate, and these are certainly of the most valuable kind. What are the disadvantages ? We shall only mention one of them. This is a disease, which, like a canker in the bud, preys upon the rosy cheeks, destroys the vitals, and lays in an early grave more people in New England and her mother country, than any other. It is a disease which is not known in warm climates, or in new or thinly settled countries. It is found most in civilized life and in crowded cities.

This disease is consumption. It is calculated that in England, one fourth of the inhabitants die of it. In France, one fifth ; in Vienna, one sixth. In Boston, in 1830, 193 died of it ; in 1831, 203 ; and in 1832, 246. This number is more than one eighth of the number of deaths. If, then, more than one eighth of the inhabitants of this favoured city are to be carried to their graves by this disease, the causes of it demand, at least, a few moments' consideration. It may be well, however, before speaking of the causes, to mention the varieties of the disease. There is one variety of consumption, which follows common catarrh, or ordinary colds, and which consists in inflammation of the lining membrane of the lungs. There is another, which follows bleeding from the lungs ; and a third, which is by far the most common, and has for its foundation tubercles. Tubercles are small, hard globular bodies, found imbedded in the lungs of persons of scrofulous habits, and in some who have never exhibited any marks of this constitutional difficulty. We have adverted to the effects of condition, and observed that the want of light, and a humid impure atmosphere, had a tendency to debilitate the body, and predispose it to a variety of diseases. These causes have an influence in the production of tubercles. But there are several other predisposing causes, to which the inhabitant of a city are subject ; these are, in one class, a want of nutritious food and proper clothing ; and in another, luxurious habits, fashionable dissipations, and hereditary, physical imbecility. These things will aid in the production of tubercles. The experiment has been tried on animals. Rabbits have been confined in a dark, damp room, deprived of proper food, and tubercles have been formed, not only in the lungs, but in other organs of the body. In men they are not confined to the lungs, but they are most frequently found there. Tubercles may be formed, and after that remain dormant. Let a man whose lungs are studded with them remove to a warm climate, and they will never trouble him ; but let him remain here, expose himself to the changes of weather, without proper protection, and, ten to one, he will die of consumption.

We have said that salesmen are more liable to this disease than either of the other classes—and why ? Because they are more exposed to the exciting causes—and what are these ? One of the principal is the sudden exposure to cold, or to speak more philosophically, to a sudden abstraction of heat, for cold is a relative term, and implies a want of heat. The sensation which we call cold is always produced when the abstraction of animal heat is more rapid than its production. What effect does a sudden abstraction of heat have on our bodies. The effect is to close the pores of the skin, to diminish the calibre of the small blood vessels, to drive the blood more forcibly to the lungs, and in greater quantities. This distends the numerous vessels, these crowd upon the substance of the lungs, the air cells are partially obstructed, and irritation and inflammation follow. If there are tubercles they are involved in the difficulty, and in them inflammation cannot be easily controlled. They require but a slight exciting cause, and they proceed to their work of destruction ; they throw out pus, this irritates the surrounding parts, and eventually the whole lungs are diseased, and ema-

ction and death follow. Medicine cannot reach the ulcerated tubercles; it can controul common inflammation, but over them it seems to have but little influence.

Is there no hope for me? says one who is daily losing his flesh—whose sunken eye and flushed cheek, and tickling cough, make him the object of universal sympathy. Yes, is the professional reply, there is hope; but you must flee to a southern clime—you must, feeble as you are, leave your home, and all but life, that you hold dear, and seek health where the air is warm and dry, and where you can take exercise without the danger of irritating your lungs. This is true—here is the only hope—but how difficult the remedy, how absolutely beyond the reach of many. Is it not easier to avoid the exciting causes than to cure the disease? Certainly, all will say, if we know them. We have known more than one salesman fall a victim to consumption in the following way. He is, during cold weather, in a warm room, the temperature of which is somewhat higher than 60°. He has a note to pay, a few goods to purchase, or a little money to borrow. He has a short distance only to go—is in a hurry, and cannot stop to put on an over-coat—no, this is too much trouble—he therefore goes out, into the cold air, the temperature of which is 30 or 40 degrees lower than in his store; he feels the shock sensibly, but this gives energy for a few moments to his muscles, and his pace is quickened; he soon, however, meets a friend, who has a little business with him, or an amusing story to tell him; it would be impolite not to listen to the story, and bad policy not to attend to his business; his stay, therefore, in the cold air is protracted, and when he returns to his store he feels very chilly. He finds, the next day, he has taken a slight cold, attended with a little cough—not enough, however, to awake his attention—and he goes on, exposing himself time after time; he adds cold to cold, till, eventually, the hectic flush, the night sweats, and the debilitated frame, compel him to leave his business, to withdraw his attention from the cares and turmoils of the busy world, and lead him to think of the sad blow he has given to his physical powers, and the means he must use to restore them to their original strength and harmony.

He has disobeyed the organic law, and the penalty now follows. When men understand, as they ought, the laws which govern matter, and regulate life, they may expect to live longer than they now do. City habits, and city air, predisposes us all to consumption. We must, then, avoid the exciting causes. In the summer of 1832 we were all predisposed to cholera, but we were careful to avoid the exciting causes, and we escaped the disease. Cold is by far the most common exciting cause of consumption. It is our duty, then, to avoid it. But how can we do this, living, as we do, in a changeable climate? We must take a little pains; we must, when we go into the cold air, put on additional clothing, or surround our bodies with some nonconducting substance; a damp air abstracts heat from our bodies more rapidly than dry—and this is the reason why we feel more chilly when the wind is east than when it is north or west. We have frequently advised those who suffer most from the chill of our eastern winds to wear a silk shirt over their flannels. Silk is a good nonconductor of heat—it, therefore, prevents the sudden abstraction of animal heat: it is a better nonconductor than woollen—but the advantage of wearing woollen next the skin is, that it absorbs or takes up the moisture which emanates from the body. Linen is a better conductor of heat than cotton, and consequently not so warm. We would advise all persons who are much exposed to the sudden changes of weather, to wear, in winter, flannels next their skin, and a silk shirt over it, and wear over these a cotton shirt, in preference to linen. Let any man try the experiment, and he will perceive the advantage of this practice.

Our bodies, when in health, generate enough of heat for their own use, and in the coldest of weather they would not

suffer, provided they could be surrounded by a perfect non-conductor. Flannel and silk are better than wash-leather; the latter, it is true, is almost impervious to the air, but it is a better conductor of heat than the former; it does not absorb the moisture from the body as well as flannel, and an uncomfortable sensation is produced by it. We would advise all men to keep their bodies moderately warm, and this they can without great trouble, but we are no advocate for hot rooms or an uncomfortable quantity of clothing. Too much heat enfeebles the body, and renders the mind dull and languid. Immerse a man in a hot room, or muffle him up to his eyes when he goes out into the pure open air, and he will become so tender and feeble that a gentle breeze will annoy him, or give him a cold. Many children are made so tender by the overweening care of their affectionate but mistaken mothers, that, in after life, they are ill prepared, either in mind or body, to endure the fatigues or encounter the hardships to which we are, in this changeable world, more or less subject.

Let us hear the experience of the philanthropic Howard upon this subject. He was a man of sound mind and common sense, and he was not fond of theories that had no bearing upon the comfort or happiness of his fellow men. He says, 'that a more puny whimster than myself, in the days of my youth, was never seen; I could not walk out in the evening without being wrapped up, I could not put on my linen without its being aired, I was, politely speaking, enfeebled enough to have delicate nerves, and was occasionally troubled with a very gentle hectic. To be serious, I am convinced that whatever enfeebles the body debilitates the mind, and renders both unfit for those exertions which are of much use to us all as social beings. I, therefore, entered upon a reform of my constitution, and have succeeded in such a degree, that I have neither had a cough, cold, the vapours, nor any more alarming disorder, since I surmounted the seasoning.' Prior to this, he was a miserable dependant on wind and weather; a little too much of the one, or a slight inclemency in the other, would frequently prevent him from attending to his amusements, or his duties. His afflictions were strong, and if pressed by them he did venture forth, in spite of the elements; the consequences, however, were serious. Whenever he went out he muffled up his nostrils; a crack in the glass of his chaise would annoy him; a sudden slope of the wheel to the right or left would distress him, and set him a trembling; a jolt was to him like a dislocation.

If he was on a journey, mulled wines, spirituous cordials and large fires, were his comfort at every stopping place; the toils of the day were to be baffled by taking something hot on going to bed, and before he proceeded the next morning a dram was taken, in order to fortify his stomach. In a word, as he says, he lived and moved and had his being, so much by rule, that the slightest deviation was a disease. At length his eyes were opened to his situation; he beheld nothing before him but pain, disease and mortification. He formed a resolution, he denied himself of almost every thing in which he had indulged. He found that a hearty meal and a cheerful glass gave him a disinclination to exert himself for hours afterwards. He found that a rich supper disturbed his digestion, and made him fit for nothing but dissipation till he went to a luxurious bed. To regulate all this, he ate but little at every meal, and reduced his drink in proportion. He found that a reduction in his ordinary quantity of animal food not only restored his mental functions, but gave vigour to mind and body. Instead of dining on many dishes, he dined on one or two; his spirits, his health and intellectual strength were augmented. His clothing, likewise, underwent a reform; the effect of this was, that he was less liable to take cold than before. He was not frightened by seeing a carriage dragged up a mountain, or driven down into a valley. He was proof against all atmospheres, damp feet, night air, transitions from heat

to cold, or the reverse, and a long train of hypochondriac affections. There can be no doubt in the minds of any, that temperate habits strengthen the constitution, and render it less under the influence of the exciting causes of any disease, but none more than that of consumption. Let any man prostrate his powers by dissipation of any kind, and every change of weather, every vicissitude of life bring with them some mortal disease. Who is it that heeds not the frosts of winter or the summer's heat? It is the man who is temperate in all things. He who walks unhurt amid pestilence and death, would say to all those who wish to avoid an early grave, or a pining consumption, or to live long in this world, and retain their native intellectual strength, to clothe themselves properly, to protect themselves against the sudden changes of weather, to avoid excesses of all kinds, to flee from the festive board, where wine and song and mirth produce temporary excitement, at the expense of sleepless nights, a sick head-ache, mental, moral and physical weakness, to live upon simple diet, to exercise as much as possible in the open air, to improve their minds, and to subdue and regulate their passions. All these things are conducive to health—they bring with them cheerfulness of mind, they clog not the vital operations, but they add energy and strength to all the organs of which the body is composed, and render them less subject to disease.

ON A LEAF FROM THE TOMB OF VIRGIL.

And was thy home, pale wither'd thing,
Beneath the rich blue southern sky?
Wert thou a nursling of the Spring,
The winds, and suns of glorious Italy?

Those suns in golden light, e'en now,
Look o'er the Poet's lovely grave—
Those winds are breathing soft, but thou,
Answering their whisper, there no more shalt wave.

The flowers o'er Posilippo's brow
May cluster in their purple bloom,
But on th' o'ershadowing ilex-bough,
Thy breezy place is void, by Virgil's tomb.

Thy place is void—oh! none on earth,
This crowded earth, may so remain,
Save that which souls of loftiest birth
Leave when they part, their brighter home to gain.

Another leaf ere now hath sprung,
On the green stem which once was thine—
When shall another strain be rung
Like his whose dust hath made that spot a shrine?

DR. GRAHAM.

In the year 1782, that extraordinary empiric of modern times, Dr. Graham, appeared in London. He was a graduate of Edinburgh, wrote in a bombastic style, and possessed a great fluency of elocution. He opened a mansion in Pall Mall, called "The Temple of Health;" the front was ornamented with an enormous gilt sun, a statue of Hygiea, and other attractive emblems. The rooms were superbly furnished, and the walls decorated with mirrors, so as to confer on the place an effect like that of an enchanted palace. Here he delivered "Lectures on Health, &c.," at the extravagant rate of two guineas each. As a further attraction, he entertained a female of beautiful figure, whom he called "the goddess of health." He hired two men of extraordinary stature, provided with enormous cocked hats and showy liveries, to distribute bills from house to house about town.

These unusual means to excite curiosity were successful; but his two guinea auditors were soon exhausted; he then dropped to one guinea; afterwards to half a guinea; then to five shillings; and, subsequently, as he said, "for the benefit of all," to two shillings and sixpence. When he could not "draw" at that price, he finally exhibited the "Temple of Health" at one shilling a head, to daily crowds for several months.

Among the furniture of Dr. Graham's temple was a *celestial bed*, which he pretended wrought miraculous effects on those who reposed on it; he demanded for its use during one night one hundred pounds; and such is the folly of wealth, that several personages of high rank acceded to his terms. He also pretended to have discovered "The Elixir of Life," by taking of which a man might live as long as he pleased. When this was worn out, he recommended "earth bathing," and sanctioned it by his own practice. During one hour every day, he admitted spectators to view him and the goddess of health immersed naked in the ground to their chins. The doctor's head was dressed and powdered, and the goddess's was arranged in the highest fashion of the times. He carried this exhibition to every provincial town wherein he could obtain permission of the magistrates. The Goddess nearly fell a victim to the practice, and the doctor, in spite of his enormous charges and his "Elixir of Life," died in poor circumstances, at the age of fifty-two.

Dr. Graham's brother married the celebrated Mrs. Mauley, the historian, and Dr. Arnold, of Leicester, the respectable author of an able treatise on insanity, married his sister. It is generally understood that the lady who performed the singular part of the "Goddess of Health," was Emma, afterwards the wife of Sir William Hamilton, and the personal favourite of the celebrated Lord Nelson. She died in misery—

Deserted in her utmost need
By those her former bounty fed.

SAM SAM'S SON.

SUPPORT YOUR MECHANICS.

There is scarcely any thing which tends more to the improvement of a town, than a fair and liberal support afforded to mechanics of every description. Population is necessary to the prosperity of every country; and that population, being of an honest and industrious character, renders prosperity more certain, uniform and unvarying. Scarcely any place has ever yet risen to much importance, even when possessed of the most commercial advantages, without a true regard to the encouragement of the mechanical arts. For, though the exportation of produce and the importation of merchandize form the leading features of such a place, for various arts of mechanism are invariably called in requisition, and are indispensable to render the progress of commercial operations safe. To an inland town mechanics are equally important as elsewhere. They constitute a large and respectable portion of society in all countries, but in towns and villages they are almost a leading constituent part of their growth and prosperity.

To afford ample support to a class of citizens so highly useful and necessary is certainly the duty of those engaged in other pursuits. Some branches of mechanism have to sustain no competition from abroad, the nature of their business preventing any such inroads or interference; others are, however, subjected to be innovated by the importation of similar articles of foreign produce made for sale, and often by their apparently low rates, induce a preference over our own productions. Although trade and commerce in all their various branches should be free and unshackled, a regard for the growth and prosperity of our village should induce us to afford a reasonable support to our mechanics; we should at least give them preference when we are no losers by it. A little experience will have convinced many that it is in most cases their interest to do so, independent of any other consideration.

THE MOTHER'S INJUNCTION, ON PRESENTING HER SON WITH A BIBLE.

Remember, love, who gave thee this.
When other days shall come,
When she, who had thy earliest kiss,
Sleeps in her narrow home.
Remember 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest, for her son;
And from the gifts of God above,
She chose a goodly one—
She chose, for her beloved boy,
The source of light, and life, and joy;

And bade him keep the gift—that, when
The parting hour would come,
They might have hope to meet again.
In an eternal home;
She said his faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer, in his pride,
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside,
That he from youth had borne—
She bade him pause, and ask his breast,
If he, or she, had loved him best?

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The heart that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember! 'tis no idle toy—
A mother's gift—remember, boy!

The ravages inflicted by the all-subduing hand of time are not more distinctly traceable in the deserted hall of the dismantled castle, and the mouldering fane of the dilapidated abbey, than in the downfall or extinction of ancient and distinguished races of nobility, who, in ages long past by, have shook the senate and field, have scattered plenty o'er a smiling land, or, as alas! is too frequently the melancholy reverse, shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

Considerations of this nature have suggested a review of the few families remaining in our peerage, whose ancestors enjoyed that distinction.

"Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage on Bosworth's purple field."

The protracted duration and alternated reverses of the contest between the houses of Lancaster and York, added to the rancorous inveteracy indispensably inherent in a barbarous age, will account for the comparatively rare sprinkling of the immediate descendants of the followers and councillors of the Plantagenets in our present house of peers. In France, on the other hand, the contemporary struggle for the throne laid between an undisputed native prince, Charles VII., and a foreign competitor, our Henry VI. The courtesies of war (imperfect even as they existed in those days) were allowed fairer play, and those who escaped the immediate edge of the foeman's sword were not handed over to the axe or the executioner.

The awful mortality which befell one eminent branch of our gallant Plantagenets at the period in question, is recorded, in emphatic terms, by their animated and faithful chronicler, Shakspeare:—

"Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York,
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold."

List of English Peerages now existing on the Roll, of which the Date of Creation is prior to the accession of Henry VII.

Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Beaufort, as Baron de Botetourt.
Marquis Townshend, as Baron de Ferrars.
Marquis of Hastings, as Baron Hastings.
Earl of Shrewsbury.
Earl of Berkeley, as Baron Berkeley.
Earl Delawarr, as Baron Delawarr and West.
Earl of Abergavenny, as Baron Abergavenny.
Baroness de Roos.
Baron Le Despencer.
Baron de Clifford.
Baron Audley.
Baron Clinton.
Baron Daere.
Baron de la Zouche.
Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby.
Baroness Grey de Ruthyn.
Baron Stourton.

List of Families now invested with the Dignity of Peerage, whose Ancestors, in the male line, enjoyed the Peerage before the Accession of Henry VII.

Where a well-grounded doubt exists, an asterisk is prefixed to the name.

Howard,
*Spencer,
*Montague,
Clinton,
Talbot,
Stanley,
Hastings,
Grey,
Berkeley,
Windsor,
Lumley,
West,
Neville,
Devereux,
Courtenay,
Stourton,
Clifford,
Willoughby,
*Basset.

A FARTHING LORD.

Lord Braco, an ancestor of the Earl of Fife, was remarkable for practising that celebrated rule, "Get all you can, and keep all you get." One day, walking down the avenue from his house, he saw a farthing lying at his feet, which he took up and carefully cleansed. A beggar passing by at the same time, entreated his lordship would give him the farthing, saying it was not worth a nobleman's attention. "Fin' a farthing to yourself, pair body," replied his lordship, and carefully put the coin into his breeches pocket.

In addition to being his own farthing *fin'er*, his lordship was his own factor and rent-collector. A tenant who called upon him to pay his rent happened to be deficient a single farthing. This amount could not be excused; and the farmer had to seek the farthing. When the business was adjusted, the countryman said to his lordship, "Now, Braco, I wou'd gie ye a shillin' for a sight o' a' the goud an' siller ye hae."—"Weel, mon," replied Braco, "it's no cost ye ony mair;" and accordingly, for and in consideration of the aforesaid sum, in hand first well and truly paid, his lordship exhibited several iron boxes filled with gold and silver coin. "Now," says the farmer, "I'm as rich as yourself, Braco."—"Aye, mon!" said his lordship, "how can that be?"—"Because I've seen it—an' you can do nae mair."

FOR A DESIGN OF A BUTTERFLY RESTING ON A SKULL.

Creature of air and light,
 Emblem of that which may not fade or die,
 Wilt thou not speed thy flight,
 To chase the south-wind through the glowing sky?
 What lures thee thus to stay,
 With Silence and Decay,
 Fi'd on the wreck of cold Mortality?

The thoughts once chamber'd there,
 Have gather'd up their treasures, and are gone—
 Will the dust tell us where
 They that have burst the prison-house are flown?
 Rise, nursing of the day,
 If thou wouldst trace their way—
 Earth hath no voice to make the secret known.

Who seeks the vanish'd bird
 By the forsaken nest and broken shell?—
 Far thence he sings unheard,
 Yet free and joyous in the woods to dwell.
 Thou of the sunshine born,
 Take the bright wings of morn!
 Thy hope calls heaven-ward from yon ruin'd cell.

NELSON.

The notice of the battle wherein this illustrious admiral received his death wound, (on the 21st,) might have been properly accompanied by the following quotation from a work which should be put into the chest of every boy on his going to sea. It is so delightfully written, as to rivet the attention of every reader whether mariner or landsman.

“The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hope, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end; the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him; the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, would alike have delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have awakened the church bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and ‘old men from the chimney corner’ to look upon Nelson, ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson’s surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for while Nelson was living, to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.—There was reason to suppose, from

the appearances upon opening the body, that, in the course of nature, he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson’s translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory.”—SOUTHEY’S LIFE OF NELSON.

In a recent perusal of Evelyn’s Diary, we were much struck with the awful contrast between the two last items of the following extract:—

1671. To Lord Arlington’s, where we found *Mlle Querouaille*; it was universally reported that the fair lady was bedded one of these nights to the king, who was often here; and the *stoking flung* after the manner of a married bride; however, ’twas with confidence believed she was first made a *wise*, as they call these unhappy creatures, with solemnity, at this time.

1683. I went with others into the *Duchess of Portsmouth’s* dressing-room within her bedchamber, where she was in her morning loose habit, her maids combing her, newly out of her bed, his majesty and gallants standing about her.

1685. January 25, Sunday. Dr. Dove preached before the king. I saw this evening such a scene of *profuse gaming*, and the king in the midst of his three concubines, as I had never seen before, luxurious dallying and profaneness.

February 6. *The king died*. I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God, (it being Sunday evening,) which this day se’nnight I was witness of. The king sitting and toying with his concubines Portsmouth, Cleavland, and Mazarine, &c., and a French boy singing love songs; whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2000 in gold before them.

OLD ENGLISH ALE.

About 1620, some doctors and surgeons, during their attendance on an English gentleman, who was diseased in Paris, discoursed on wine and other beverages; and one physician, who had been in England, said, “The English had a drink which they call ale, and which he thought the wholesomest liquor that could be drank; for whereas the body of man is supported by natural heat and radical moisture, there is no drink conduceth more to the preservation of the one, and the increase of the other, than ale; for, while the Englishmen drank only ale, they were strong, brawny, able men, and could draw an arrow an ell long; but when they fell to wine and beer, they are found to be much impaired in their strength and age;” and so the ale bore away the bell among the doctors.

A SKETCH.

How beautiful she looked!—her conscious heart
 Glowed in her cheek, and yet she felt no wrong—
 Oh Love! how powerful is thy mystic art—
 Encouraging the weak, and trampling on the strong!

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