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SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

PRICE TWO PENCE.

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[No. 6.

WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.

Were not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy Heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
She wept—and was forgiven?—

When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet
The precious perfumes pour'd;—

And wiped them with that golden hair,
Where once the diamond shone,
Though now those gems of grief were there
Which shine for God alone?

Were not those sweets so humbly shed,—
That hair,—those weeping eyes,—
And the sunk heart, that inly bled,—
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh! wouldst thou wake in heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much"—and be forgiven!

AN OLD ENGLISH SQUIRE

Mr. Hastings, an old gentleman of ancient times in Dorsetshire, was low of stature, but strong and active, of a ruddy complexion, with flaxen hair. His clothes were always of green cloth; his house was of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer, rabbits and fishponds. He had a long, narrow bowling-green in it; and used to play with round sand-bowls. Here, too, he had a banqueting-room built, like a stand, in a large tree. He kept all sorts of hounds, that ran buck, fox, hare, otter and badger; and had hawks of all kinds, both long and short wings. His great hall was commonly strewed with marrow-bones, and full of hawk-perches, hounds, spaniels and terriers. The upper end of it was hung with fox-skins, of this and the last year's killing. Here and there a pole-cat was intermixed; and hunters' poles in great abundance. The parlour was a large room, completely furnished in the same style. On a broad hearth, paved with brick, lay some of the choicest terriers, hounds and spaniels. One or two of the great chairs had litters of cats in them, which were not to be disturbed. Of these, three or four always attended him at dinner; and a little white wand lay by his trencher, to defend it if they were too troublesome. In the windows, which were very large, lay his arrows, cross-bows, and other accoutrements. The corners of the room were filled with his best hunting and hawking poles. His oyster table stood at the lower end of the room, which was in constant use twice a day all the year round; for he never failed to eat oysters both at dinner and supper, with which the neighbouring town of Poole supplied him. At the upper end of the room stood a small table, with a double desk—one side of which held a church bible, the other the book of martyrs.

On different tables in the room lay hawks' hoods, bells, old hats, with their crowns thrust in, full of pheasant eggs; tables, dice, cards, and store of tobacco pipes. At one end of this room was a door, which opened into a closet, where stood bottles of strong beer and wine; which never came out but in single glasses, which was the rule of the house; for he never exceeded himself, nor permitted others to exceed. Answering to this closet was a door into an old chapel, which had been long disused for devotion; but in the pulpit, as the safest place, was always to be found a cold chine of beef, a venison pasty, a gammon of bacon, or a great apple pie, with thick crust well baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef and mutton; except on Fridays, when he had the best of fish. He never wanted a London pudding, and he always sang it in with "My part lies therein-a." He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; put syrup of gilly-flowers into his sack, and had always a tun glass of small beer standing by him, which he often stirred about with rosemary. He lived to be a hundred; and never lost his eye-sight, nor used spectacles. He got on horseback without help; and rode to the death of the stag, till he was past four-score.*

Anciently it was the custom with many country gentlemen to spend their Christmas in London.

THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

Ledyard, the traveller, who died at Cairo in 1788, on his way to accomplish the task of traversing the widest part of the continent of Africa, from east to west, in the supposed latitude of the Niger, pays a just and handsome tribute to the kind affections of the sex.

"I have always observed," says Ledyard, "that women, in all countries, are civil and obliging, tender and humane; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest; and that they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action. Not haughty, not arrogant, not supercilious; they are full of courtesy, and fond of society; more liable, in general, to err than man, but, in general, also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, (so worthy the appellation of benevolence,) these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught; and if hungry, I ate the coarse morsel with a double relish."

MON-SIEUR.

This title, so fondly affected by the French, is only an ungrammatical French distortion of Mesenor—my elder.—*Lenon's Dict.* 1783.

* Dr. Drake; from Hutchin's Dorsetshire.

WHO IS THE MAID.

ST. JEROME'S LOVE.

These lines were suggested by the following passage in St. Jerome's reply to some calumnious remarks that had been made concerning his intimacy with the matron Paula, which we translate for the benefit of the unlearned readers of the *Saturday Evening Magazine*.—"And can you think that I was allured by light muslin vestments, by glittering jewels, by an artificial complexion, or by the thirst of gold? The only Roman matron who possessed any influence over my feelings was one whose power lay in sighs and fasting, and the brilliancy of whose eyes is nearly blinded with tears." Santi Hieronymi Epist. *Si tibi putem.*

Who is the maid my spirit seeks,
Through cold reproof and slander's blight?
Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks?
Is *hers* an eye of this world's light?
No,—wan and sunk with midnight prayer
Are the pale looks of her I love;
Or if, at times, a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

I choose not her, my soul's elect,
From those who seek their Maker's shrine
In gems: 'nd garlands proudly deck'd,
As if themselves were things divine!
No—Heaven but faintly warns the breast
That beats beneath a broider'd veil;
And she who comes in glittering vest
To mourn her frailty, still is frail.

Not so the faded form I prize
And love, because its bloom is gone;
The glory in those sainted eyes
Is all the grace her brow puts on.
And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,
So touchling as that form's decay,
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy lustre wastes away!

THE POSTAGE OF LETTERS.

The postage of letters, now so important a branch of the revenue, was first established in the short reign of Richard the Third. The plan was originally formed in the reign of his brother Edward, when stages were placed at the distance of twenty miles from each other, in order to procure the king the earliest intelligence of the events that passed in the course of the war, which had arisen with the Scots; but Richard commanded in the expedition, and it is, probably, more to his sagacity and talents that the merit of the invention ought to be given. In the reign of the latter the practice was extended over the greater part of the kingdom.

The penny post office was established in 1683. Its original institutor was a Mr. Povey, author of a pamphlet now obsolete and quite forgotten, entitled, "The Virgin of Eden, with the Eternity of Hell Torments." He formed a design of conveying letters, messengers, to different parts of the city and its environs; and for some time he executed this plan with great approbation, and was distinguished by the title of the halpenny carrier. But the then ministry, suspecting it to be too lucrative for a private subject, laid their injunctions on the inventor, and without making him any satisfaction (as is said) laid their hands upon the job.

KILL DEVIL—WHY RUM PUNCH SO CALLED.

Rum punch is not improperly called kill devil, for thousands lose their lives by its means.—*History of Jamaica, 1740.*

Of the ancient doings of Christmas, there is a bountiful imagining, by a modern writer, in the subjoined verses:—

The great King Arthur made a sumptuous feast,
And held his Royal Christmas at Carlisle;
And thither came the vassals, most and least,
From every corner of this British Isle;
And all were entertained, both man and beast,
According to their rank, in proper style;
The steeds were fed and littered in the stable,
The ladies and the knights sat down to table.

The bill of fare (as you may well suppose)
Was suited to those plentiful old times,
Before our modern luxuries arose,
With truffles and ragouts, with various crimes;
And, therefore, from the original in prose
I shall arrange the catalogue in rhymes:
They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.

Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine;
Herons and bitterns, peacocks, swan and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and, in fine,
Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies and custard,
And herewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead, and ale, and cider of our own;
For porter, punch, and negus, were not known.

All sorts of people there were seen together,
All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses;
The fool with fox's tail and peacock's feather,
Pilgrims, and penitents, and grave burgesses;
The country-people, with their coats of leather,
Vintners and victuallers, with caps and messes;
Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers, and yeomen,
Damsels and waiting-maids, and waiting-women.

WHISTLECRAFT.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JOHN ABERNETHY,

A distinguished surgeon born in the year 1763-4, either at the town of Abernethy in Scotland, or at that of Derry in Ireland, for each claims the honour of having been the place of his birth. He died at Enfield, after a protracted illness, on the 18th of April, 1831, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. In early youth he removed from the place of his birth, and resided with his parents in London. He received the elements of grammatical and classical instruction at a day-school in Lothbury, but it does not appear that he enjoyed the advantage of any higher education than that afforded by the ordinary day-school of that period. At the usual age he was apprenticed to Sir Charles Blicke, surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, under whom, and especially in the wards of the hospital, he had ample opportunities of acquiring a thorough knowledge of his profession, of which he availed himself with diligence. Competent judges, who observed at this early period the qualities of his mind and his habits of study, predicted that he would one day acquire fame if not fortune. Though he appeared before the public early as an author, and though his very first works stamped him as a man of genius, endowed with a philosophical and original mind, yet he did not rise into reputation nor acquire practice with rapidity. In 1786 he succeeded Mr. Pott as assistant surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and shortly afterwards took the place of that gentleman as lecturer on anatomy and surgery. For a considerable time he had but few pupils, and he was at first by no means a good lecturer, his delivery being attended with a more than ordinary degree of hesitation. On the death of Sir Charles

Blick his former master, he was elected surgeon in his room; and subsequently, St. Bartholomew's Hospital obtained under him a reputation which it had never before acquired.

Abernethy was a pupil of John Hunter, and the earnestness and delight with which, at an early age he received the lessons of this his great master, were indications of the soundness of his own judgment. It was from this profound and original thinker, who exercised an extraordinary influence over the understanding, tastes, and pursuits of his young pupil, that Abernethy derived that ardent love of physiology, by the application of which to surgery, he was destined to convert a rude art into a beautiful science. He made himself thoroughly acquainted with anatomy, but it was that he might be admitted into the *then* new world of physiology; he studied structure, but it was that he might understand function: and the moment he had obtained a clear insight into these two sciences, he saw the application of which they were capable to the treatment of disease. From that moment he looked with contempt on the empiricism then almost universal in surgery; he ridiculed its jargon; he exposed the narrowness of its principles, if it be at all allowable to designate by such a term the ignorant dogmas which alone regulated the practice of the surgeon. But he did not content himself with deriding what truly deserved contempt; he laid the foundation of, and mainly contributed to build up, a new edifice. By the diligent study of nature and by continual reflection on what he saw, and, as he himself expressed it, the concatenation of what he saw, he reduced to order what he found a chaos. Hitherto the surgeon had looked upon the class of diseases which it was his part to treat, diseases which have also a local origin, and consequently as diseases which are to be cured by local applications. To Abernethy belongs the great merit of first perceiving, in its full extent, the utter incompatibility of this notion with the true phenomena of disease, and the inertness, or, when it ceased to be inert, the mischievousness of the treatment that grew out of it. In a work abounding with acute and original observation, and exhibiting comprehensive and philosophical views, entitled, *The Constitutional Origin and Treatment of Local Diseases*, he lays down and establishes this great principle:—that local diseases are symptoms of a disordered constitution, not primary and independent maladies; and that they are to be cured by remedies calculated to make a salutary impression on the general frame, not by topical dressing, nor any mere manipulations of surgery. This single principle changed the aspect of the entire field of surgery, and elevated it from a manual art into the rank of a science. And to this first principle he added a second, the range of which is perhaps somewhat less extensive, but the practical importance of which is scarcely inferior to that of the first—namely, that this disordered state of the constitution either originates from, or is rigorously allied with, derangements of the stomach and bowels, and that it can only be reached by remedies which first exercise a curative influence upon these organs. The benefit daily and hourly conferred upon mankind by the elucidation and establishment of these two principles both by the prevention and the mitigation of disease and suffering, it were vain to attempt to estimate, and it is not easy to pay to their author the debt of gratitude which is his due.

Further, the same philosophical view of the structure and functions of the human frame, which enabled this acute physiologist so greatly to improve the theory and practice of surgery, suggested, and at the same time armed him with the courage to perform, two operations in surgery, bolder than any that had ever before been achieved, and the repetition of which has since been attended with splendid success—namely, the tying the carotid and the external iliac arteries. The announcement of the performance of these capital operations at once established his reputation as a sur-

geon, and increased the credit of the English school throughout Europe.

Great, however, as was the reputation which this distinguished man acquired as an anatomist, physiologist, and surgeon, it is probable that he owed his celebrity chiefly to his success as a teacher. Gifted with the genius to master and extend his science, he was endowed with the still rarer capacity of communicating to others, in a clear, succinct, impressive, and fascinating manner, whatever he himself knew. Easy and fluent, yet not inelegant—abounding with illustration and anecdote, yet methodical—logical, yet often witty, and occasionally humorous almost to coarseness—seldom impassioned, yet always impressive, and never allowing the attention of his audience to flag for a single moment—it was rare, indeed, that he failed to convince whoever heard him, and as rare that he failed to make whoever was convinced a decided partizan. Nevertheless, a highly competent witness, speaking apparently from a careful and mature examination of the impression made upon his own mind by the prelections of his master, gives the following account, which, if true, is decidedly unfavourable as to the ultimate result of the mode and spirit of his lecturing. "He so eloquently expounded some of the highest truths," says Dr. Latham; "he so nicely disentangled the perplexities of many abstruse subjects; he made that so easy which was before so difficult—that every man who heard him feels, perhaps to this day, that for some important portion of his knowledge he is indebted to Mr. Abernethy. But he reserved all his enthusiasm for his peculiar doctrine; he so reasoned it, so acted it, and so dramatised it, (those who have heard him will know what I mean); and then, in his own droll way, he so disparaged the more laborious searchers after truth, calling them, contemptuously, "the Doctors," and so disported himself with ridicule of every system but his own, that we accepted the doctrine in all its fulness. We should have been ashamed to do otherwise. We accepted it with acclamation, and voted ourselves by acclamation the profoundest of medical philosophers, at the easy rate of one half hour's instruction. The great Lord Chatham, it is said, had such power of inspiring self-complacency into the minds of other men, that no man was ever a quarter of an hour in his company without believing that Lord Chatham was the first man in the world, and himself the second: and so it was with us poor pupils and Mr. Abernethy. We never left his lecture-room without thinking him the prince of pathologists, and ourselves only just one degree below him."

If this were, indeed, the ordinary result, then it must be admitted that the excellence of Mr. Abernethy, as a teacher, was, after all, but of a secondary order. He only teaches well who sends his pupil away thirsting after truth, determined to search for it, feeling that he has a clear conception of the manner in which he is to get at it, and, at all events, in no mood to be satisfied with any thing but the entire truth.

The private character of Mr. Abernethy was blameless. He was highly honourable in all his transactions, and incapable of duplicity, meanness, artifice, or servility. His manner in the domestic circle were gentle, and even playful; he gave to those about him a large portion of what his heart really abounded with—tenderness and affection; and on his part, he was tenderly beloved by his children and by all the members of his family. In public, and more especially to his patients, his manners were coarse, capricious, churlish, and sometimes even brutal. It would not be difficult to account for this anomaly, were there any use in pursuing the investigation; his conduct in this respect merits unqualified censure. If but one half of the stories that are told of him be true, the feelings they should excite are disgust and indignation. Without doubt, it is the interest of every patient to state his case to his medical adviser in as few and plain words as possible, and then to listen without

interruption to the counsel that is given him; but no one knew better than Mr. Abernethy how utterly ignorant even the educated classes are of the structure and functions of the animal economy, and how completely they have been excluded from the means of obtaining any information on these subjects. No one knew better than he that in the cases in which he was consulted there was often real suffering, though there might be exaggerated statement and unreasonable complaint; that suffering is not the less suffering because it is self-inflicted, and that it is bitter indeed when the very person from whom solace is sought treats it with derision and reproach. To listen to the interminable details of a bewildered and possibly a selfish hypochondriac may, indeed, be a 'trial of temper'; but the department of the medical practitioner, even towards such an hypochondriac, who applies to him for guidance and aid, ought to be under the controul of principle, rather than of feeling. Whatever be the folly of a patient, it can never forfeit his claim to humanity—of which the physician, from the knowledge which his profession gives him of the weakness, infirmity and suffering of human nature, ought to be more observant than any other human being.

MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

The curling waves, with awful roar,
A little bark assail'd,
And pallid Fear's distracting pow'r
O'er all on board prevail'd—

Save one, the Captain's darling child,
Who steadfast view'd the storm,
And cheerful, with composure, smil'd
At Danger's threat'ning form.

"And sport'st thou thus," a seaman cried,
"While terrors overwhelm?"
"Why should I fear?" the boy replied,
"My Father's at the helm."

So, when our worldly all is left,
Our earthly helper's gone,
We still have one sure anchor left,
God helps, and He alone.

He to our prayers will bend his ear,
He give our pangs relief—
He turns to smiles each trembling tear,
'To joy each tort'ring grief.

Then turn to Him, 'mid sorrows wild,
When wants and woes o'erwhelm—
Rememb'ring, like the fearless child,
Our Father's at the helm.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

When, in the year 1250, Henry the Third held a merry festival in France, a jocular, born in Hampshire, stepped forward, as we are told, and, with permissive gibe, said, "Send away Cœur de Lion's shield out of the hall, my liege, else your fine dinner will have no digesters. You see these French fellows are afraid to look on it; the thought of Richard takes away their appetite." This was more than a biting jest, for it was a true one. Joinville acknowledges that when a Frenchman's horse started under him, the common exclamation of anger was, "*Qu'as tu? Vois tu le Roi Richard?*" "What ails you? Do you see King Richard coming?"

"We may read, and read, and read again; and still glean something new, something to please, and something to instruct."—*Hurdis*.

OH! DAYS OF YOUTH.

Oh! days of youth and joy, long clouded,
Why thus for ever haunt my view?
When in the grave your light lay shrouded,
Why did not memory die there too?
Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,
Whispering of joys that yet remain—
No, no, never more can this life bring me
One joy that equals youth's sweet pain.

Dim lies the way to death before me,
Cold winds of Time blow round my brow;
Sunshine of youth that once fell o'er me,
Where is your warmth, your glory now?
'T is not that then pain could sting me—
'T is not that now no joys remain;
Oh! it is that life no more can bring me
One joy so sweet as that worst pain.

ILL FATED ROYAL FAMILIES.

THE LINE OF CHARLEMAGNE.

The successors of Charlemagne in his French dominions, were examples of a melancholy reign.

His son, Louis le Delomnaire, died for want of food in consequence of a superstitious panic.

His successor, Charles the Bald, was poisoned by his physician.

The son of Charles, Louis the Stutterer, fell also by poison.

Charles, king of Aquitaine, brother to Louis, was fatally wounded in the head by a lord, named Albuin, whom he was endeavouring, by way of frolic, to terrify, in disguise.

Louis III., successor to Louis the Stutterer, riding through the streets of Tours, pursued the handsome daughter of a citizen named Germond, till the terrified girl took refuge in a house; and the king, thinking more of her charms than of the size of the gateway, attempting to force his horse after her, broke his back, and died.

His successor, Carloman, fell by an ill directed spear, thrown by his own servant, at a wild boar.

Charles the Fat, perished of want, grief, and poison all together.

His successor, Charles the Simple, died in prison, of penury and despair.

Louis the Stranger, who succeeded him, was bruised to death as he was hunting.

Lotharius and Louis V., the two last kings of the race of Charlemagne, were both poisoned by their wives.

After a revolution of two hundred and thirty years, there remained of the whole line of Charlemagne, only Charles, duke of Lorraine; and he, after ineffectually struggling in defence of his rights against Hugh Capot, sunk beneath the fortune of his antagonist, and ended his life and race in solitary confinement.

The French historians observe, that the epithets given to the princes of the line of Charlemagne, were almost all, expressive of the contemptuous light in which that family was held by the people over whom it reigned.

THE STUARTS.

The royal line of Stuart was as steadily unfortunate as any ever recorded in history. Their misfortunes continued with unabated succession, during three hundred and ninety years.

Robert III., broke his heart, because his eldest son Robert, was starved to death, and his youngest, James was made a captive.

James I., after having beheaded three of his nearest kindred, was assassinated by his own uncle, who was tortured to death for it.

James II. was slain by the bursting of a piece of ordnance.

James III. when flying from the field of battle, was thrown from his horse, and murdered in a cottage, into which he had been carried for assistance.

James IV. fell in Flodden field.

James V. died of grief for the wilful ruin of his army at Solway Moss.

Henry Stuart, lord Darnley, was assassinated, and then blown up in the palace.

Mary Stuart was beheaded in England.

James I. (and VI. of Scotland) died, not without suspicion of being poisoned by lord Buckingham.

Charles I. was beheaded at Whitehall.

Charles II. was exiled for many years; and when he ascended the throne became a slave to his pleasures; he lived a sensualist, and died miserably.

James II. abdicated the crown, and died in banishment.

Anne, after a reign, which though glorious, was rendered unhappy by party disputes, died of a broken heart occasioned by the quarrels of her favoured servants.

The posterity of James II. remain proscribed and exiled.

FORCE OF HABIT.

The force of mental and physical habit is peculiarly strong, and sometimes, apparently, is irresistible. The mind accustomed to exercise and application, becomes not only perfectly manageable, but a mental habit is constructed, of great rigidity, and often of universal tenacity. This habit accounts for the oddities and eccentricities which frequently characterise literary men, and such professional gentlemen as have been long engaged in the investigation of intricate and abstruse subjects. Habituated to apply a physical course of metaphysical reasoning to their examination of principles and ascertainment of truth, the force of this habit often discloses itself in the business transactions of life, in a manner reflecting but little credit upon the common sense, in the estimation of those ignorant of the existence and strength of their mental habit.

The physical habits of the body are no less unyielding. Natural propensities and appetites of the body are wonderfully strengthened by indulgence or weakened by restraint, and are constantly and repeatedly ripening into confirmed habit. The body long inured to pain itself, loses, or seems to lose in a great degree, its poignancy. That suffering should be converted into enjoyment by endurance, however long may be its continuance, would seem to be contrary to the established laws of nature—yet the following authenticated fact goes far to prove the truth of this proposition.—“Sir George Staunton visited a man in India who had committed a murder, and in order not only to save his life, but what was of much more consequence, his caste, he submitted to the penalty imposed; this was that he should sleep for seven years on a bedstead without any mattress, the whole surface of which was studded with points of iron, resembling nails, but not so sharp as to penetrate the flesh. Sir George saw him in the fifth year of his probation, and his skin was thick like that of a rhinoceros, but more callous: at that time, however, he could sleep comfortably on his “bed of thorns,” and remarked that at the expiration of the term of his sentence he should most probably continue that system from choice, which he had been obliged to adopt from necessity.

If a person dies, his name is treasured in the memories of few. The Edinburgh Review says, “the death of a wit is handsomely celebrated if it furnishes five minutes conversation for the table where he dined the week before! He is replaced with the same regularity and indifference as fresh snuff is put into a snuff box, or fresh flowers are set out upon the epergne. Nobody misses him.—The machine goes on without perceiving that the blue-bottle or the gnat has fallen from its wheel.”

REMINISCENCES.

If there is a time, a happy time,
When a boy is just half a man;
When ladies may kiss him without a crime,
And flirt with him like a fan;
When mammas, with their daughters, will leave him alone,
If he only will seem to fear them—
While, were he a man, or a little more grown,
They never would let him come near them.

These, Lilly!—these were the days, when you
Were my boyhood's earliest flame—
When I thought it an honour to tie your shoe,
And trembled to hear your name;
When I scarcely ventured to take a kiss,
Though your lips seem'd half to invite me
But, Lilly! I soon got over this—
When I kissed, and they did not bite me.

Oh! those were gladsome, and fairy times,
And our hearts were then in the spring—
When I passed my night in writing you rhymes,
And my days in hearing you sing;
And don't you remember your mother's dismay,
When she found in your drawer my sonnet;
And the beautiful verses I wrote one day,
On the ribbon that hung from your bonnet?

And the seat we made by the fountain's gush,
Where your task you were wont to say;
And how I lay under the holly bush,
Till your governess went away;
And how, when too long at your task you sat,
Or whenever a kiss I wanted,
I brayed like an ass, or mew'd like a cat,
Till she deemed that the place was haunted?

And do not you, love, remember the days,
When I dressed you for the play—
When I pinn'd your kerchief and laced your stays
In the neatest and tidiest way?
And do you forget the kiss you gave,
When I tore my hands with the pin;
And how you wonder'd men would not slave
The beards from their horrible chin?

And do you remember the garden-wall
I climb'd up every night—
And the racket we made in the servants' hall,
When the wind had put out the light;
When Sally got up in her petticoat,
And John came out in his shirt—
And I silenced her with a guinea note,
And blinded him with a squirt?

And don't you remember the horrible bite
I got from the gardener's bitch,
When John let her out of the kennel for spite,
And she seized me crossing the ditch;
And how you wept when you saw my blood,
And number'd me with Love's martyrs—
And how you helped me out of the mud,
By tying together your garters?

But, Lilly! now I am grown a man,
And those days are all gone by,
And fortune may give me the best she can,
And the brightest destiny;
But I would give every hope and joy,
That my spirit may taste again—
That I once more were that gladsome boy,
And that you were as young as then.

WOMEN OF ANTIQUITY—HOW EMPLOYED.

In the earlier ages of antiquity, it was not inconsistent with the highest dignity, to act in what we should now reckon the lowest of menial employments. Gideon and Arunah assisted in the various labours of husbandry. Abraham went and brought a calf from the flock, skinned it, and gave it to his wife, who dressed it; a custom to this day continued among many of the Eastern nations—where nothing is more common than to see their princes fetch home from their flocks, and kill, whatever has been selected for the use of their families; while the princesses, their wives, or daughters, prepare a fire, and perform the office of an European cook-maid.

Another part of female employment in the earlier ages, was grinding corn; the ancients had not, and in many countries they have not even now, mills so constructed as to go by wind or water; there were only two small stones used for the purpose, the uppermost of which was turned by the hand, a task generally performed by two women. Such were used in the time of Pharaoh; for Moses, in the relation of the plagues which infested that country, says that "the first-born throughout the land died, from the first-born of Pharaoh, who was upon the throne, to the first-born of the maid-servants who were behind the mill." They were used in the time of our Saviour, who says, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left." They are used to this day all over the Levant, and in the North of Scotland, where the women who turn them have a particular song, which they sing, intended, perhaps, to divert them from thinking on the severity of their labour. When the women had grinded their corn into meal, it was likewise their province to make it into bread. Sarah was ordered by her husband, when he entertained the angels, to make cakes for them. Cakes, among many of the ancients, were offered at the altars of their gods; from which custom even the Israelites did not altogether abstain, as the Scriptures frequently inform us that their women baked cakes to the Queen of Heaven.

Pasturage was almost the only method of subsistence in the times we are speaking of; and the women, of every rank and condition, as well as the men, were not exempted from attending on the flocks, drawing water for them to drink, and all the other offices which the nature of such an employment required. Pasturage obliged the Israelites, and other inhabitants of the East, to embrace a wandering life, that they might procure fresh food for their flocks. Instead, therefore, of dwelling in houses, as we do, they erected tents for the convenience of frequent removals. These tents were made of camel hair and wool, the spinning or weaving of which was a part of the occupation of the women; and, from the time that cloth was substituted for the skin of animals, for a covering of the body, the whole occupation of making it devolved also on women, who wove it in the most simple manner, by conducting the wool with their fingers instead of a shuttle.

In all countries where the arts are only in their infancy, every man is generally his own artificer. The men make the various instruments which they employ in their work, and the women make the cloth for covering themselves and their family; but, in the days of Moses, the Israelites seem to have advanced a few degrees beyond this. Metallurgy seems to have made a considerable progress. Even in the time of Abraham they had instruments, probably of steel, for shearing their sheep; Abraham had a sword, with which he was preparing to sacrifice his son Isaac; and they had even arrived to works of taste in gold and silver. They must, therefore, have been more advanced in the arts at this period, than the Greeks at the siege of Troy, whose arms and shields were made of copper; or than many savage nations at this time, whose arms are only wood, sometimes pointed with flints, or bones of animals.

From the subversion of the Roman empire, to the fourteenth or fifteenth century, women spent most of their time alone, almost entire strangers to the joys of social life; they seldom went abroad, but to be spectators of such public diversions and amusements as the fashions of the time countenanced. Francis I. was the first who introduced women on public days to court; before his time, nothing was to be seen at any of the courts of Europe, but grey-headed politicians, plotting the destruction of the rights and liberties of mankind; and warriors clad in complete armour, ready to put their plots in execution. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, elegance had scarcely any existence, and even cleanliness was hardly considered as laudable. The use of linen was not known, and the most delicate of the fair sex wore woollen shifts. In Paris they had wax only three times a week; and one hundred livres, (about five pounds sterling,) was a large portion for a young lady. The better sort of citizens used splinters of wood, and rags dipped in oil, instead of candles, which, in those days, were a rarity hardly to be met with. Wine was only to be had at the shops of the apothecaries, where it was sold as a cordial; and to ride in a two-wheeled cart, along the dirty rugged streets, was reckoned a grandeur of so enviable a nature, that Philip the Fair prohibited the wives of citizens from enjoying it. In the time of Henry VIII., of England, the peers of the realm carried their wives behind them on horseback, when they went to London; and in the same manner took them back to their country seats, with hoods of waxed linen over their heads, and wrapped in mantles of cloth, to secure them from the cold.

ENGLAND'S DEAD.

Son of the ocean isle!
Where sleep your mighty dead?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is rear'd o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free, the white sail spread!
Wave may not foun, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'erstay'd,
With fearful power the noon-day reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade,

But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done!
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far by Ganges' banks at night,
Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on!
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone;
There slumber England's dead.

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strung,

But let the floods rush on!
Let the arrow's flight be sped!
Why should they reck whose task is done?
There slumber England's dead!

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on!
Let the forest-wreaths be shed!
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deeps repose
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
To chain her with their power.

But let the ice drift on!
Let the cold-blue desert spread!
Their course with mast and flag is done,
There slumber England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and wave!
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their grave?

Go stranger! track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

PIOUS LIBERTIES.

By this term we may be supposed to mean, that familiarity of writing and speaking, with respect to sacred things, of which nations and individuals have been alike guilty, but which not infrequently border upon blasphemy. That individuals have so committed themselves, the following instances will shew; that nations have done the same, let the baptism of their orders and institutions attest: but as we have a chapter to bestow on that particular assumption of the human mind, no further notice need appear in this place. There seems, however, to be a hankering in the spirit of man for this vigour beyond the law of right reasoning and speaking, even among those who are superior to the slang of sectarians; for they cannot do without it. Perhaps a fervent desire to shine by the use of striking appropriations may be the cause, for it is not always irreverence: but, whatever it may be, the effect is ludicrously eccentric, and as such finds a place here.

A Mr. Stirling, who was minister of the Barony church of Glasgow, during the war, which this and other countries maintained against the insatiable ambition of Lewis XIV., in that part of his prayer which related to the public affairs, used to beseech the Lord that he would take the haughty tyrant of France, and shake him over the mouth of hell; "but, good Lord," added the worthy man, "*dinna let him f'ie in.*" This curious prayer being mentioned to Lewis, he laughed heartily at this new and ingenious method of punishing ambition, and frequently afterwards gave as a toast, "the good Scotch parson!"

In a funeral sermon found in a large folio volume, entitled the Last Actions of a Portuguese Duke of Cadaval, there is an extraordinary burst of pious eloquence. The preacher thus apostrophizes the grave: "O grave! art thou not ashamed! dost thou not blush, O grave! to devour so noble a personage!"

One of Whitfield's flights of oratory is related on the authority of David Hume. "After a solemn pause, Mr. Whitfield thus addressed his audience:—'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold, and ascend to heaven; and shall he ascend and not bear with him the news of one sinner among all the multitude, reclaimed from the

error of his ways?' To give the greater effect to this exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and cried aloud, 'Stop, Gabriel! stop, Gabriel! stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God!' Hume added, that this address was accompanied with such animated, yet natural actions, that it surpassed any thing he ever saw or heard in any other preacher. It is reported of the same eloquent and powerful but eccentric preacher, George Whitfield, that in a sermon, exhorting his hearers to read their Bibles more than they did, he added, "I love to see the Word of God w.^l *thumbed*, as if it had been read till the inside is dirty: but there are some whose Bibles, I grieve to say it, lie in a corner so outwardly covered with dust, that damnation may be traced on it with the finger in legible characters."

There was a visionary who flourished in the last century. He was at the expense of having a plate engraved, in which he is represented kneeling before a crucifix, with a label from his mouth, "Lord Jesus, do you love me?" From that of Jesus proceeded another label, "Yes, most illustrious and most learned Sigerius, crowned poet of his imperial majesty, and most worthy rector of the University of Wittenberg, yes, I love you."

In Spain, plays are performed for the benefit of the Virgin and saints, and balls are given for the deliverance of souls from purgatory. On an occasion of the above kind, a play bill was exhibited, couched in the following terms:—To the Empress of Heaven, mother of the Eternal World, the leading-star of all Spain, the consolation, faithful sentinel and bulwark of all Spaniards, the most holy Mary. For her benefit, and for the increase of her worship, the comedians of Seville will perform a very pleasant comedy, entitled *El Legatario*.

Mr. Nortcoote tells us, that a clergyman, a friend of Mr. Opie's, declared to him that he once delivered one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses to the Royal Academy, from the pulpit, as a sermon, with no other alteration but in such words as made it applicable to morals instead of the fine arts.

Matthew Henry, in his Exposition, has this odd way of expounding part of the ninth chapter of Judges:—"We are here told by what acts Abimelech got into the saddle—none would have dreamed of making such a fellow as he king—see how he had wheeled them into the choice—he hired into his service the *swain* and *scoundrels* of the country.—Jotham was really a fine gentleman. The Shechemites, that set Abimelech up, were the first to kick him off. The Shechemites said all the ill they could of him in their table-talk; they drank healths to his confusion;—well—Gaal's interest in Shechem is soon at an end—Exit Gaal."

Among the French devotional pieces, burlesque has ever reigned in the titles of their books of piety; as, 'The Snufflers of Divine Love; 'The Spiritual Mustard Pot, to make the soul sneeze with Devotion; 'The Capuchin, booted and spurred for Paradise.'

Scott in his Christian Life, speaking of sinners going to heaven, said, They would find themselves like pigs in a drawing room.

That an oddity of expression should be occasionally introduced in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is no way surprising; but, would one expect such a passage as the following? Mr. Tavarnier, in 1555, begins a sermon thus:—"Arriving at the Mount of St. Mary's, in the stage where I now stand, I have brought you some fine biscuits, baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation."

One of the Scotch Presbyterians, holding forth against the observance of Christmas, said:—"Ye will say, sirs! good ould youle-day; I tell you, good old fowl-day! You will say it is a brave holi-day; I tell you it is a brave belly-day!"

There are some such liberties of a poetical nature. Enthusiasts will make free. Read the following parts of Moravian hymns, upon their favourite subjects—wounds, nail-prints, &c. :—

"How bright appeareth the wound's-star
In heaven's firmament from far!
And round the happy places
Of the true Wound's church here below,
In at each window they shine so,
Directly on our faces.

Dear race of grace,
Sing thou hymns on
Four holes of crimson
And side pierced :

Bundle this of all the blessed."

Again, on other favourite subjects :—

"What is now to children the dearest things here?
To be the Lamb's lambskins and chickens most dear ;
Such lambskins are nourished with food which is best :
Such chickens sit safely and warm in the nest."

And—

"And when Satan at an hour
Comes our chickens to devour,
Let the children's angels say,
'These are Christ's chicks—go thy way.'"

And there is a hymn to be found in the *Gospel Magazine* for August, 1808, called the Believer's Marriage to Christ, which cannot be repeated.

The elder Wesley had a clerk, who was a whig, like his master, and a poet also, of a very original kind. "One Sunday, immediately after sermon, he said, with an audible voice, 'Let us sing, to the praise and glory of God, a hymn, of my own composing.'" It was short and sweet, and ran thus :—

King William is come home, come home,
King William home is come ;
Therefore, let us together sing
The hymn that's call'd Te D'um.

NEWSPAPERS AMONG THE ROMANS.

It appears from Suetonius that a species of journal, or newspaper, was first used among the Romans during the government of Julius Cæsar, who ordered that the acts and harangues of the senators should be copied out and published, as our parliamentary debates are printed, for the benefit of the public, at the present day. These publications were called, in Rome, *diurna acta*, (*vide Suetonium in vita Cæsaris*.) This practice was continued till the time of Augustus, who discontinued it.—*Vide Suetonium in vita Augusti*.

The custom was, however, resumed in the reign of Tiberius, and Tacitus mentions Junius Rusticus as the person appointed by that prince to write out the "*acta diurna*."

Fuit in Senatu Junius Rusticus, componendis patrum *actis* delectus a Cæsare.—*Tacit Annal.* b. 5, c. 4.

"There was in the senate one Junius Rusticus, who was appointed by Cæsar to register the proceedings of that body."

After this period, the *acta* communicated more extensive information, and announced the proceedings of the courts of justice, public assemblies, births, marriages, funerals, &c., and were in many respects extremely similar to our newspapers. It is impossible to doubt this, from the very clear manner in which Tacitus speaks on this subject.—*Annal.* b. 13, c. 31 :—

Nerone secundum, L. Pisone consulibus, pauca memoriâ digna evenère, nisi cui libeat, laudandis fundamentis et trabibus, quis molem amphitheatri apud campum martis Cæsar extruxerat, volumina implere ; cum ex dignitate Populi

Romani repertum sit res illustres annalibus, *talia diurnis urbis actis mandare.*

"In this year, (810) in the second consulate of Nero, whose colleague was L. Piso, nothing occurred worthy of record, except an author would fill his volumes with a description of the foundations and pillars of an amphitheatre which the emperor built in the Campus Martius ; but things of this kind are fitter to be inserted in the daily papers of the city, than in annals where the dignity of the Roman people allow nothing to be recorded but events of importance."

Also see Tacitus Annals. b. 13, c. 24.—*Nox pro fortuna pomarium auctum : et quos tum Claudius terminos posuerit, facile cognitu, et publicis actis perscriptum.*

"Afterwards, the size of the city increased with its fortunes ; and with regard to the boundaries fixed by Claudius, they are easily ascertained, being recorded in the public *acta*."

Also, b. 16, c. 22.—*Diurna populi Romani per provincias, per exercitus, curatus leguntur, ut noseatur, quid Thrasea non fecerit.*

"The journals of the Roman people are carefully collected, &c. &c., that it may be known what neglect Thrasea has been guilty of."

THE MISER'S PRAYER.

Oh! Lord, thou knowest that I have nine houses in the city of London, and likewise that I have lately purchased an estate in fee-simple, in the county of Essex ; I beseech thee to preserve the two counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquakes ; and as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, I beg of thee likewise to have an eye of compassion on that county ; and for the rest of the counties in England, thou may'st deal with them as thou art pleased.

Oh! Lord, enable the banks to answer all their bills, and make all my debtors *good men*. Give a prosperous voyage and return to the Mermaid sloop, which I have insured ; and as thou hast said that the days of the wicked shall be but short, I trust in thee that thou wilt not forget thy promise, as I have purchased an estate in reversion, which will be mine on the death of that most wicked and profligate young man, Sir J. L. Keep our friends from sinking, and grant that there may be no sinking funds. Keep my son Caleb out of evil company, and gaming-houses ; and preserve me from thieves and house-breakers ; and make all my servants so honest and faithful, that they may attend to my interest only, and never cheat me out of my property, night nor day. Amen.

FASHIONABLE RELIGION.

A French gentleman, equally tenacious of his character for gallantry and devotion, went to hear mass at the chapel of a favourite saint at Paris ; when he came there, he found repairs were doing in the building which prevented the celebration. To shew that he had not been defective in his duty and attentions, he pulled out a richly decorated pocket-book, and walking with great gravity and many genuflexions up the aisle, very carefully placed a card of his name upon the principal altar.

Fuller says, that some impute the bald and threadbare style of the schoolmen to a design, that no vermin of equivocation should be hid under the nap of their words.

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