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[No. 25.

WRITTEN ON A BIRTHDAY IN A FOREIGN ISLE.

'Tis the day my mother bore her son !
She has thought since morn of her absent one :
At break of day she remember'd me
With trembling lip and bended knee ;
And at the hour of morning prayer
She has fix'd her eye on the empty chair ;
And as my father bow'd to pray
For one much loved and far away,
My mother's heart has stirr'd anew,
And tears have gush'd her fingers through ;
And with moving lips and low-bent head,
Her soul to Heaven has melting fled.
Mother ! dear mother ! I've wander'd long,
And must wander still in the lauds of song.
My cheek is burnt with eastern suns ;
My boyish blood more tamely runs ;
My speech is cold, my bosom seal'd ;
My once free nature check'd and steel'd ;
I have found the world so unlike thee !
I have been so forced a rock to be !
It has froze my heart !—Of my mother only,
When the hours are sad, in places lonely—
Only of thee does a thought go by
That leaves a tear in my weary eye :
I see thy smile in the clouded air ;
I feel thy hand in my wind-stirr'd hair ;
I hear thy voice, with its pleading tone,
When else I had felt in the world alone ;
So alone, that there seemed to be
Only my mother 'twixt Heaven and me !
Mother ! dear mother ! the feeling nurs't
As I hung at thy bosom, clung round thee first.
'Twas the earliest link in love's warm chain ;
'Tis the only one that will long remain ;
And as year by year, and day by day,
Some friend still trusted drops away—
Mother ! dear mother ! oh, dost thou see
How the shorten'd chain brings me nearer thee !

BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

To this fatal battle, which was fought on the 24th of June, 1314, recurrence may perhaps be allowed, for the purpose of giving by far the most accurate and circumstantial account of the conflict. It plunged, for a time, almost every rank of society in England in terror and distress.*

Edward II., persisting in his father's claim to Scotland, resolved by one effort to reduce that nation, and assembled an army of above a hundred thousand men. Robert Bruce, grandson of the competitor with Baliol, raised an army of thirty thousand men against Edward, and took his station in the neighbourhood of Stirling, behind the river Bannockburn. The English army came up and encamped near Torwood. The defeat of a detachment of eight hundred cavalry, despatched by Lord Clifford to the relief of Stirling,

* Related in Dr. Drake's *Mornings in Spring*, from Nimmo's history of Stirlingshire, 1777, 8vo.

inspired the Scots army with courage for the general engagement. At length, on Monday, June 24th, 1314, appeared the dawn of that important day which was to decide whether Scotland was to be independent or subjugated. Early all was in motion in both armies. Religious sentiments mingled with the military ardour of the Scots. A solemn mass, in the manner of those times, was said by Maurice, abbot of Inchmahafry, who administered the sacrament to the King and the great officers about him, upon a hill near the camp, probably Cockshot-hill, while inferior priests did the same to the rest of the army. Then, after a sober repast, they formed in order of battle, in a tract of ground called Nether Touchadam, which lies among the declivity of a gently rising hill, about a mile due south from the castle of Stirling. This situation was chosen for its advantages. Upon the right they had a range of steep rocks, now called Gillie's-hill, in which the hill abruptly terminates. In their front were the steep banks of the rivulet of Bannockburn. Upon the left lay a morass, now called Milton Bog, from its vicinity to a small village of that name. Much of this bog is still undrained, and a part of it is at present a mill-dam. As it was then the middle of summer, it was almost dry ; but, to prevent attack from that quarter, Robert resorted to stratagem. He had some time before ordered many ditches and pits to be digged in the morass, and in the fields upon the left, and these to be covered over again with green turf, supported by stakes driven into the bottom of them, so that the ground had still the appearance of being firm. He also caused calthrops, or sharp pointed irons, to be scattered through the morass, some of which have been found there, in the memory of people yet alive. By means of the natural strength of the position, and these devices, his army stood within an intrenchment, fortified by invisible pits and ditches, answering to the concealed batteries of modern times.

The Scottish force was drawn up in three divisions. Their front extended nearly a mile in length along the brink of the river. The right, which was upon the highest grounds, was commanded by Edward Bruce, brother to the King ; the left was posted on the low grounds, near the morass, under the direction of Randolph ; the King himself took the charge of the centre. A fourth division was commanded by Walter, lord high steward, and James Douglas, both of whom had that morning received knighthood from the King. While in this posture, waiting for the English, the trumpets, clarions and horns, continued to blow with so hideous a noise as made the neighbouring rocks and woods to echo.

The English army was fast approaching, in three great divisions, led on by the monarch in person, and the earls of Hereford and Gloucester. The centre was formed of infantry, and the wings of cavalry, many of whom were armed cap-a-pee. Squadrons of archers were upon the wings, and at certain distances along the front. The King was attended by two knights, Sir Giles de Argentine and Sir Aymer de Vallance, who rode "at his bridle," one upon each side of him. When Edward beheld the order in which the Scots were drawn up, and their determined resolution to give battle to his formidable host, he expressed surprise to those

about him. Sir Ingram Umfraville suggested a plan which was likely to ensure a cheap and bloodless victory. He counselled the king to make a feint of retreating with the whole army behind the tents; which would tempt the Scots to break their ranks, in order to plunder the camp, when the English might suddenly face about and fall upon them. This advice was rejected; Edward deemed that there was no need of stratagem in order to defeat a force so inferior.

When the two armies were upon the point of engaging, the abbot of Inchcanfray, having posted himself, with a crucifix in his hand, before the Scots, the ranks dropped upon their knees in devotion. The English concluded that by kneeling, when they should have been ready to fight, they meant to surrender at discretion, and begged their lives. The Scots rose again, and resuming their arms with steady countenances, the English began the action by a vigorous charge upon the left wing of the Scots, under Randolph, near the spot where the bridge is now thrown over the river, at the small village of Chartreshall, which was the only place where the river could be crossed in any sort of order. A large body of cavalry advanced to attack in front; meanwhile another compassed about to fall upon the flank and rear, and fell into the snare prepared for them. Many of their horses were disabled by sharp irons rushing into their feet; others tumbled into concealed pits, and could not disentangle themselves. In this situation Randolph vigorously charged upon them.

While this was passing upon the left wing of the Scottish army, the battle was spreading and raging along the front. It was commenced by the impetuous courage of an Englishman. The Scottish King was mounted upon a little palfrey, carrying a battle-ax in his hand, and upon his helmet he wore a purple hat in form of a crown. This dress, with his activity, as he rode in front of the lines, observing their order, and cheering the men, rendered him very conspicuous. Henry Bohun, an English knight, cousin to the earl of Hereford, and ranked amongst the bravest in Edward's army, galloped furiously up to engage with Robert in single combat, and by so eminent an act of chivalry, ended the contest. Bohun missed his first blow, and Robert immediately struck him dead with his battle-ax, which broke in the handle, from the violence of the stroke. This bold attack upon their king, in the face of the whole army, roused the Scots to instant onset, and they rushed furiously upon their foes. The ardor of one of their divisions carried it too far, and it was sorely galled by a body of English archers, who charged it in the flank; these were soon dispersed by Edward Bruce, who came behind them with a party of spearmen; or, according to other accounts, by Sir Robert Keith, whom the King despatched to its relief, with a company of five hundred horse. Edward Bruce, however, soon needed similar relief himself. A strong body of English cavalry charged the right wing, which he commanded, with such fury that he had been quite overpowered, if Randolph, who appears to have been at that time disengaged, had not marched to his assistance. The battle was now at the hottest, and the fortune of the day uncertain. The English continued to charge with unabated vigor; the Scots received them with inflexible intrepidity, and fought as if victory depended upon each man's single arm. A singular scene suddenly altered the face of affairs, and contributed greatly to decide the contest. All the servants and attendants of the Scottish army, amounting, it is said, to above fifteen thousand, had been ordered, before the battle, to retire with the baggage behind Gillic's-hill. During the engagement they arranged themselves in a martial form, some on foot, and others mounted upon baggage-horses, marching to the top of the hill, they there displayed white sheets upon long poles, in the form of banners, and moved towards the field of battle with frightful shouts. The English, taking them for a fresh reinforcement to the Scots,

were seized with panic, and gave way in great confusion. Buchanan says that the King of England was the first that fled; but in this he contradicts all other historians, who affirm that the English monarch was among the last on the field. According to some accounts he would not be persuaded to retire till Sir Aymer de Vallance, seeing the day lost, seized his horse's bridle and forced him off. The King's other Knight, Sir Giles de Argentine, would not leave the field; throwing himself at the head of a battalion, he animated it to prodigious efforts, but was soon overpowered and slain. Sir Giles was a champion of great renown; he had signalized himself in several battles with the Saracens, and was reckoned the third knight of valor in his day.

The Scots pursued and made deadly havoc among the English, especially at the passage of the river, where order in retreat could not be kept, because of the irregularity of the ground. Within a short mile from the field of battle is a plot of ground called the "Bloody field;" it is said to take its name from a party of the English having there faced about and sustained a dreadful slaughter. This tradition corresponds with a relation in several historians concerning Gilbert de Clare, earl of Gloucester, and nephew to Edward II.; seeing the general rout, he made an effort to renew the battle at the head of his military tenants; and after having done much execution with his own hand, was, with most of his party, cut in pieces. With this martial prince perished Robert de Clifford, first lord of the honor of Skipton—they fought side by side. Their heroism had excited the admiration of Bruce; they had been companions in the field, and that they might not be separated after death, he sent their bodies to Edward II. at Berwick, to be interred with the honors due unto their valor.

At the battle of Bannockburn there fell, on the side of the English, one hundred and fifty-four earls, barons, and knights, seven hundred gentlemen, and more than ten thousand common soldiers. A few stanzas from one of the oldest effusions on the subject, will show the fiery and taunting tone of exultation raised by Scottish minstrelsy on the victory.

SONG OF THE SCOTTISH MAIDENS.

Here comes your lordly chivalry,
All charging in a row;
And there your gallant bowmen
Let fly their shafts like snow.
Look how yon old man clasps his hands,
And hearken to his cry—
"Alas, alas, for Scotland,
When England's arrows fly!"

Ye! weep, ye dames of England,
For twenty summers past
Ye danced and sang while Scotland wept—
Such mirth can never last.
And how can I do less than laugh,
When England's lords are nigh?
It is the maids of Scotland
Must learn to wail and sigh;

For here spurs princely Hereford—
Hark to his clashing steel!
And there's Sir Philip Musgrave,
All gore from helm to heel;
And yonder is stout d'Argentine;
And here comes with a sweep,
The fiery speed of Gloucester—
Say wherefore should I weep?

Weep, all ye English maidens,
Lo, Bannockbrook's in flood
Not with its own sweet waters,
But England's noblest blood.

For see, your arrow shower has ceased,
The thrilling bow-string's mute;
And where rides fiery Gloucester?
All trodden under foot.

Wail, all ye dames of England,
Nor more shall Musgrave know
The sound of the shrill trumpet—
And Argentine is low.
Thy chivalry, proud England,
Have turn'd the rein to fly;
And on them rushes Randolph—
Hark! Edward Bruce's cry.

'Mid reeking blood the Douglas rides,
As one rides in a river;
And here the good King Robert comes—
And Scotland's free for ever.
Now weep, ye dames of England,
And let your sons prolong
The Bruce—the Bruce of Bannockburn—
In many a sorrowing song.

THE HINDOO WIDOW.

Near the city of Benares, a Bramin lately died, leaving behind him a widow.

The custom of women committing themselves to the funeral pile with the bodies of their deceased husbands, is, if not abolished, at least, under very great restrictions; as it is not allowed to be practised but by express permission.

The widow of the Bramin, therefore, waited in person upon the English resident, and in the most pathetic manner implored his permission for the high honour of burning herself with the body of her deceased husband, to which the resident pre-emptorily refused to accede. Nothing discouraged thereby she continued her entreaties—prostrated herself on the ground before him and mingled her tears with the dust.

All was in vain: the Englishman was inflexible. Rage and despair filled the breast of the beautiful victim.—'Ah, miserable me!' she exclaimed, 'why was my mother burnt? why my aunt? why my two sisters?—Ah! miserable me!—why am I alone, alone refused the honours of my sex?'

A Bramin happened to be present at this interesting scene. He gazed ardently on the young woman; and now and then turning his eyes towards the resident, silently reproached him, for refusing the prayer of the widow's petition. When the resident noticed this man, he exclaimed, 'It is you who have administered intoxicating drugs to excite phrensy—it is owing to your pernicious doctrines that a custom so shocking to humanity is still in practice!'

The Bramin, unabashed by this rebuke, assured the resident, that he had never before spoken to the woman, but confessed that he had prepared many others to undergo the same sacrifice; that it was an act agreeable to her god Bramha; and for this reason he begged him (the resident) in the most respectful manner, to grant his consent, on which the widow redoubled her tears and entreaties. The Bramin thus encouraged to go on, added, 'sir, great, great will be her reward! and great her recompense for it in the other world! there she shall be rejoined to her husband by a second marriage, and live with him to all eternity.'

The widow's fine black eyes instantly received new lustre. She darted piercing looks at the Bramin, expressive of satisfaction, mingled with a portion of terror. 'What! she exclaimed, 'shall I indeed find my husband in heaven? How have I been deceived by two old priests! They never told me this; they knew my husband well—they knew too how he treated me. Then, sir,' said she, turning round to the resident, 'since the god Bramha would reunite me to

my husband, I renounce him and his religion for ever, and embrace yours.' Then looking at the Bramin, 'you may, if you please, when you see my husband, tell him what I have done, and say that I hope to find myself extremely well without him—for he was an old cross wretch—stupid, jealous, and offensive.'

MARRIAGES OF THE ARABS.

The marriage ceremony in general is very simple. Negotiations commence with the father of the maiden, who usually consults the wishes of his daughter, and if her consent is gained the match takes place.—The marriage day being appointed perhaps five or six days after, the bridegroom comes with a lamb in his arms to the tent of his betrothed, and there cuts the animal's throat before witnesses, and as soon as the blood falls upon the ground, the ceremony is regarded as completed. It is accompanied with feasting and singing; all the guests present must eat bread and meat; for this is a circumstance absolutely necessary on such occasions. The form of betrothing differs in different tribes; sometimes the friend of the lover, holding the girl's father by the hand, merely says before witnesses, "You declare that you give your daughter as wife to ——" Among the Bedouins of Sinai, the father of the bride gives to the suitor a twig of a tree or shrub, or something green, which he sticks in his turban and wears for three days to show that he has taken a virgin in matrimony.—The betrothed is seldom made acquainted with the change that is to take place in her condition. On returning home in the evening with the cattle she is met a short distance from the camp by her future spouse and a couple of his young friends, who carry her by force to her father's tent. If she entertain any suspicion of their design, she defends herself with stones, and often inflicts wounds on the assailants though she has no dislike to the lover, for the more she struggles, bites, kicks, cries and strikes, the more she is applauded ever after by her own companions. Sometimes she escapes to the neighbouring mountains and several days elapse before the bridegroom can find her; her female friends, mean time, being apprised of her hiding place, furnish her with provisions.—When brought to her father's tent, she is placed in the woman's apartment, where one of the young men immediately throws over her an abba in the name of her future husband; and this is often the first time she learns who the person is to whom she is betrothed.

She is then dressed by her mother and female relations in her wedding suit, which is provided by the bridegroom; and being mounted on a camel ornamented with tassels and shreds of cloth, she is conducted, still screaming and struggling in the most unruly manner, three times round the tent, while her companions utter loud exclamations. If the husband belong to a distant camp the women accompany her;—and during the procession decency obliges her to cry and sob most bitterly. These lamentations and struggles continue after marriage; and sometimes she repeats her flight to the mountains, refusing to return until she is found out, or even far advanced in pregnancy.

Marrriages are generally solemnized on Friday evenings, and the contracts are drawn up by the Cadi; if the bride be a widow, or a divorced woman, it is attended with little or no rejoicing. This sort of connexion is always reckoned ill-omened; no resistance is made—no feast takes place—no guest will eat of the nuptial bread; for thirty days the husband will not taste any provisions belonging to his wife, and visitors, when they come to drink coffee, bring their own cups, because to touch any vessel belonging to the newly married widow would be considered the sure road to perdition. Sheiks and rich citizens display more splendour in their dresses and entertainments. The bride is decked

out in the finest attire, perfumed with essences, and every part of her body painted with figures of flowers, trees, houses, antelopes and other animals. Instead of receiving a marriage portion, the husband pays for his wife, the sum varying according to rank and circumstances. Among the Arabs of Sinai it is from five to ten dollars; but sometimes thirty if the girl is handsome and well connected. At Mecca the price paid for respectable maidens is from forty to three hundred dollars; and on the borders of Syria young men obtain their master's daughters by serving a number of years. Part of the money only is paid down; the rest remaining over as a kind of debt, or as a security in case of a divorce.—The price of a widow is never more than half, and generally but a third of what is paid for a virgin.

CONFINING JURORS FROM MEAT AND DRINK.

The Gothic nations were famous of old for the quantities of food and drink which they consumed. The ancient Germans, and their Saxon descendants in England, were remarkable for their hearty meals. Gluttony and drunkenness were so very common, that those vices were not thought disgraceful, and Tacitus represents the former as capable of being as easily overcome by strong drink as by arms. Intemperance was so general and habitual, that no one was thought to be fit for serious business after dinner; and under this persuasion it was enacted in the laws, that judges should hear and determine cases fasting, and not after dinner. An Italian author, in his Antiquities, plainly affirms that this regulation was framed for the purpose of avoiding the unsound decrees consequent upon intoxication; and Dr. Gilbert Stuart very patiently and ingeniously affirms, in his Historical Dissertation concerning the antiquity of the British Constitution, p. 238, that from this propensity of the older Britons to indulge excessively in eating and drinking, has proceeded the restriction upon jurors and jurymen, to refrain from meat and drink, and to be even held in custody until they had agreed upon their verdict.

LORD TOWNSHEND.

During Lord Townshend's residence in Dublin, as vice-roj, he often went in disguise through the city. He had heard much of the wit of a shoe-black, known by the name of Blind Peter, whose stand was always at the Globe Coffee-house door; having found him out, he stopped to get his boots cleaned; which was no sooner done than his lordship asked Peter to give him change for half a guinea.—“Half a guinea! your honour,” said the ragged wit, “change for half a guinea from me! Sir, you may as well ask a Highlander for a knee-buckle.” His Lordship was so well pleased, that he left him the bit of gold, and walked off.

WINTER GARDENS IN PRUSSIA.

At Berlin there are four extensive winter gardens, in which the appearance of a perpetual summer is kept up. They are simply large green-houses, or orangeries, with paved floors, a lofty ceiling, and upright windows in front—the air heated by stoves, supplied with fuel from without. On the floor are placed, here and there, large orange trees, myrtles, and various New Holland plants, in boxes. Round the stems of the trees tables are formed, which are used for refreshments for the guests, and for pamphlets and newspapers.—There are also clumps of trees and of flowering plants, and sometimes pine apples and fruit trees. The gardens abound with moveable tables and seats, and there is generally music, a writer of poetry, a reader, a lecturer;

short plays have even been acted on them on the Sundays. In the evening the whole is illuminated, and in certain days of the week the music and illumination is on a grander scale. In some of these orangeries there are separate saloons for billiards, for ladies who object to the smoke of tobacco, for cards and select parties. In the morning part of the day the gardens are chiefly resorted to by old gentlemen, who read the papers, talk politics, and drink coffee.—In the evening they are crowded by ladies and gentlemen, and refreshments of various kinds are taken; and it is quite common for company to call in after the play to meet their friends, or take refreshments. There is nothing of the kind in any other country of Europe to be compared to those gardens.

COATS OF ARMS.

The arms of France are three golden lilies, supported by two angels in the habits of Levites, each holding a banner. The crest is an open crown. The battle cry of France is ‘Montjoy St. Denis,’ and the inscription of the Oriflamme or Royal Banner, is ‘Lilla non laborant neque ment.—The lilies toil not, neither do they spin.

The arms of the Pope, as sovereign of the lands of the church, are a head-piece of gold, surmounted with a cross pearly and garnished with three royal crowns, together with the two keys of St. Peter placed *in situ*.

The arms of Venice are a winged Lion, holding under one of his paws a covered book.

The arms of the Grand Seignior are a crescent, crested with a turban, and charged with three heron's plumes; bearing the proud motto ‘Donce totum implem orbem,’ implying that the crescent shall continue to enlarge itself until it covereth the earth.—But the Turkish moon is on the wane and not on the increase.

The arms of Persia are a couching lion looking at the sun as it rises over his back.

The arms of the King of Abyssinia are a lion rampant, with the motto ‘The lion of the tribe of Judah is victorious.’

Perhaps the proudest of all arms, with the most appropriate motto, are those of the State of New York; the rising sun; the motto ‘Excelsior,’ higher. It implies continued and unchecked elevation. Were the motto in the superlative it would imply that the elevation had ceased and that declension must follow.

GRENADIERS.

29th June, 1678, Mr. Evelyn enters in his diary—“Now were brought into service a new sort of soldiers called Grenadiers, who were dextrous in flinging hand grenades, every one having a pouch full; they had furred caps with coped crowns like Janizaries, which made them look very fierce; and some had long hoods hanging down behind, as we picture fools; their clothes being likewise py-bald, yellow and red.” Grenadiers derived their name from being trained to throw grenades. In battle, after throwing this missile firework, upon the word “Fall on,” they rushed with hatchets upon the enemy. They were not confined to the infantry. Besides grenades in pouches, and axes, they were armed with firelocks, slings, swords and daggers. Bayonets were first appropriated to the grenadiers and dragoons.”

NATIONAL TRAITS.

Every nation has its traits:—the Spaniards sleep on every affair of importance—the Italians fiddle—the Germans smoke—the French praise every thing—the British eat—and the Americans talk upon every thing.

• Fosbroke's Ency. of Antiquities.

REMEMBER.

Remember, remember, the vow so early made,
By the marble fountain's side, 'neath the spreading palm
tree's shade ;
When the distant sun was sinking, and thou swore by him
on high,
On the bosom that then pillowed thee, to live—to love—to
die.

Remember, remember, the hour so sad to me,
When thou fled'st thy home and love in the strange bark
o'er the sea ;
And I stood upon the shore, and the curse rose in my
breast,
But prophetic tears came on my cheek, my heart yearn'd,
and I blest.

Remember, remember, when, after years of pain
And madness of heart and head, I saw thee once again ;
When menials spurr'd the maniac from the portal where he
lay,
In the last fond hope of dying in thy presence, or thy way.

Now thou 'rt low, and art left to the cold sneer and the gaze
Of the world that bent before thee in thy former stately
days ;
And the sycophants thou smil'dst upon forsake thee in thy
need,
As the stricken deer is left by the fleeting herd to bleed.

But one star yet to thee is left—nay, fear from me no word,
Of all we are, or might have been, my claims shall be un-
heard :
I will but ask to look on thee, and think upon the days
When I joy'd me in the sunny light of thy young beauty's
rays.

Fear not that I should speak of love—all word of that is
past,
Although its dart will rankle in my sear'd breast to the last ;
I will but ask to tend thee with an elder brother's care,
And to kneel to thee in death, with a blessing and a prayer.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

Time, the universal destroyer, is nevertheless the univer-
sal beautifier. It confers the ripeness of manhood, before
it brings on the chilly winter of age, and it sheds the mel-
low tranquility and the repose of centuries on the lofty tower,
which, ere long, it will level in the dust. Like the eani-
bal who fattens, before he feasts upon, his victim ; time
only scatters beauty that it may have the malignant pleasure
of trampling upon it—the gratification of destruction is en-
hanced by the beauty of the object destroyed.

Were reality to be reversed, and could modern times boast
of architects superior to those of the past ages, the pile of
to-day, though unequalled in every point in which human
ingenuity could be exerted, would still be unable to cope
with its more aged brother, in impressing the mind of the
beholder with that train of deep and retrospective thought
into which we are naturally led by gazing on some hoary
ruin, sanctified by time, and pregnant with recollections of
romance and chivalry. The newly erected church has an
appearance of freshness which seems to insinuate the novelty
of the religion it is dedicated to promote. The venerable
tower of the village church speaks in a far different lan-
guage ; the stillness of age is upon it ; the green youth of
the ivy is forcibly contrasted with the gray old age of the
mouldering stone ; he who died yesterday reposes by the
side of him who died centuries before. The past and the
present are strangely interwoven. On viewing the newly
erected house of God, we certainly may rejoice in the struc-

ture, as a proof of the spreading influence of the Holy Gos-
pel, and a consequent increase of civilization. But the
shrine, hallowed by age, stands like an ancient landmark, to
tell us that despite the wrath of man, the deluded fanatic, or
the attacks of infidelity, our religion has survived the shock,
and claims our affection for the perils which it has sur-
mounted.

The appendages of the old village church add greatly to
the beautiful ideas with which it is invested. The bell,
that early offspring of music, is indispensable in almost
every stage of life ; we can tell by its gay and lively pealing
that hands, and we hope, hearts, have been united. Its
slow murmur utters a tale not to be mistaken—a warning
differing from the former, inasmuch as the event which the
latter proclaims must inevitably overtake us all ; in the feel-
ing words of Southey, it is “ a music hallowed by all circum-
stances—which, according equally with social exultation and
with solitary pensiveness, though it falls upon many an un-
heeding ear, never fails to find some hearts which it exhilar-
ates, some which it softens.” Buonaparte, walking upon
the terrace at Malmaison, heard the evening bells at Ruel.
His ambitious thoughts assumed a tinge of momentary sad-
ness, and a recollection of less troubled and more innocent
days rushed across his mind—“ If such is their effect upon
me, what must it be with others.”—Did not his conscience
say to him, if such is their effect upon you, so deeply stain-
ed with crime, so deaf to every voice, human and divine,
how beneficial must the effect be when these sounds fall
upon an ear that has never been closed to the voice of mercy
and peace?—Such thoughts might have flitted across his
brain for a moment, but they were too pure there to fix their
resting-place. It is an instrument breathing a rude music,
but, in spite of civilization, it loses not a single charm. The
camel and the ass refuse to proceed when their bell is re-
moved and the tinkling ceases, and many of us could with
difficulty bring ourselves to believe we were going to church,
were we not invited by the sacred and accustomed summons.
We live in days when it no longer reminds us of slavery.
No curfew quenches the cheerful blaze in the hearth, or robs
a winter evening of its social happiness. The half-merry,
half-melancholy peals that swell the evening breeze glide
gently over the tranquilised senses, and leave us, like Gar-
rick between Tragedy and Comedy, doubting whether we
will yield to sadness, or resign ourselves to mirth.

Another feature of the old village church is the venerable
looking sun-dial, a stone in which indeed there is a sermon,
or at least a subject for one, viz—some Scripture text rudi-
ly carved. The inanimate index of revolving time, it looks
with apathy and indifference upon all around it, and, though
wanting the tone of the bell to give utterance to its speech-
less admonition, the silent shadow that it casts expresses a
language, a visible rhetoric, that the poorest peasant can un-
derstand. It is true it will not go ten degrees backwards
for us ; but if properly applied it may enable us by its warn-
ing to live a life, though short in days, yet long in deeds of
goodness and christian charity. And can we forget the fa-
vourite old seat at the porch ; here the rustic pilgrim, be-
fore he enters the house of God, rests his toilstrung limbs ;
here the villagers congregate in a knot and discuss the poli-
tics of the village—the last wedding, or the freshest grave,
are main themes of discourse. Here the ancient dames,
with their prayer-books neatly folded in their glazed hand-
kerchief, and attired in their scarfs, refreshed by a week's
repose, canvass the merits of the parson's wife, or reprobate
the vanity which induces some Cicely, or Phœbe, to deck
her perishable body in such an unprofitable gaudiness.
Alas ! did not they, in their spring time, love to bask in the
sun, and to heighten their charms by a gay riband, or an
envy-exciting lace ? Observation will find an ample field
to roam over in the church porch ; and the benevolent
christian will rejoice in contemplating the unpolished thron-

approaching the altar of God, with their countenances clad in the smiles of Sabbath peace. He will reflect on the sweet repose of that everlasting Sabbath when we shall rest from our labours in the presence of our Heavenly Father.

Opposite the church, and in a sheltered corner, stands the vicarage house, such a one as Hooker would have loved; where he could eat his bread in peace and privacy. Who can read Goldsmith's beautiful lines on the village curate, and not admire the simplicity of truth, and the vivid character he draws? How different is his description of the priest from that in Pollok's Course of Time, where the author labors, toils, and pants, and leaves us in pain, not in peace. And such a pastor here resides, active as Gilpin, learned as Hooker, and poor in spirit as Herbert. He is not a dumb dog that does not bark. He is the physician of his flock, spiritual and bodily—a counsellor to the foolish—a reprover of the wicked—an encourager of the lowly and meek-hearted—a father to the fatherless—a husband to the widow—the prop of the aged—and the guide of the young. He meddles but little in matters of state, but when he does he supports his king, and proves himself a zealous defender of the church. "Our minister likes sermons—he is even as hospitable as his estate will permit, and makes every alms two, by his cheerful way of giving it. He loveth to live in a well repaired house, that he may serve God therein more cheerfully, and lying on his death bed he bequeaths to each of his parishioners his precepts and examples for a legacy, and they in requital erect every one a monument for him in their hearts." These are the words of the estimable Fuller, and in these has he written his own character. Many villages in England have such a pastor—would that every one had! Let a blind guide depart, and be succeeded by a faithful minister. The change will fully prove that the bulk of mankind is well inclined to follow righteousness when it is inculcated by one who practices what he preaches.

GERMAN WATCH SONGS.

The Minnesingers, or German Troubadours were fond of a species of ballad called "wächterlieder," or watchsongs, many of which possess great sprightliness and beauty of description. The watchsongs generally begin with a parley between the sentinel or watch of the castle, and the love-stricken knight who seeks a stolen interview with his lady. The parties linger in talking leave; the sentinel is commonly again introduced to warn them of the signs of approaching morn, and a tender parting ensues. Two specimens are subjoined, both of which are anonymous. The excellent translation of the second is, with two or three trifling alterations, borrowed from the "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities;" it would be difficult for any one to execute a better.—There are pieces of a somewhat similar character among the Troubadours, and called by them albas or aubades.

The original of the following is given in the collection published by Gorres; but he has neither mentioned the author's name, nor the source whence he took it.

WATCHSONG.

The sun is gone down,
And the moon upwards springeth,
The night creepeth onward,
The nightingale singeth,
To himself said a watchman,
"Is any knight waiting
In pain for his lady,
To give her his greeting?
Now then for their meeting."

His words heard a knight
In the garden while roaming,
"Ah! watchman," he said,

"Is the daylight fast coming,
And may I not see her,
And wilt thou not aid me?"
"Go wait in thy covert
Lest the cock crow reveillie,
And the dawn should betray thee."

Then in went that watchman
And call'd for the fair,
And gently he rous'd her—
"Rise, lady! prepare!
New tidings I bring thee,
And strange to thine ear;
Come rouse thee up quickly,
Thy knight tarries near;
Rise, lady! appear!"

"Ah, watchman! though purely
The moon shines above,
Yet trust not securely
That feign'd tale of love:
Far, far from my presence
My own knight is straying;
And sadly repining
I mourn his long staying,
And weep his delaying."

"Nay, lady! yet trust me,
No falsehood is there."
Then up sprang that lady
And braided her hair,
And donn'd her white garment,
Her purest of white;
And, her heart with joy trembling,
She rush'd to the sight
Of her own faithful knight.

The following is another, and the best specimen perhaps that is known of watch songs; the original has been printed in "Wunderhorn," an interesting, but very inaccurate collection of ancient German popular poetry.

I heard before the dawn of day
The watchman loud proclaim:—
"If any knightly lover stay
In secret with his dame,
Take heed, the sun will soon appear;
Then fly, ye knights, your ladies dear,
Fly ere the the daylight dawn.

"Brightly gleams the firmament,
In silvery splendor gay,
Rejoicing that the night is spent
The lark salutes the day:
Then fly, ye lovers, and begone!
Take leave before the night is done,
And jealous eyes appear."

That watchman's call did wound my heart,
And banish'd my delight:
"Alas, the envious sun will part
Our loves, my lady bright."
On me she look'd with downcast eye,
Despairing at my mournful cry,
"We tarry here too long."

Straight to the wicket did she speed;
"Good watchman spare the joke!
Warn not my love, till o'er the mead
The morning sun has broke;
Too short, alas! the time, since here
I tarried with my leman dear,
In love and converse sweet."

"Lady, be warn'd! on roof and mead
The dew-drops glitter gay;
Then quickly bid thy leman speed,
Nor linger till the day;
For by the twilight did I mark
Wolves hyeing to their covert dark,
And stags to covert fly."

Now by the rising sun I view'd
In tears my lady's face;
She gave me many a token good,
And many a soft embrace.
Our parting bitterly we mourn'd;
The hearts which erst with rapture burn'd
Were cold with woe and care.

A ring, with glittering ruby red,
Gave me that lady sheen,
And with me from the castle sped
Along the meadow green;
And, whilst I saw my leman bright,
She wav'd on high her kerchief white:
"Courage! to arms!" she cried.

In the raging fight each pennon white
Reminds me of her love;
In the field of blood, with mournful mood,
I see her kerchief move;
Through foes I hew, when'er I view
Her ruby ring, and blithely sing,
"Lady, I fight for thee."

THOMAS BROWN, OF BLAND'S REGIMENT.

On the 16th of June, 1743, was fought the battle of Dettingen. In this battle served a private dragoon, in Bland's regiment, of the name of Thomas Brown; he was about twenty-eight years of age, and had not been one year in the army. The French gens d'arms, in a charge, took the standard from the regiment. Brown dashed after the gens-d'armes who bore off the trophy—laid hold of it, and then pistolled the Frenchman; with his sword in its scabbard, his hands grasping both bridle and standard, he put spurs into his horse, and, exposed to fire and sword, as when recapturing the standard, made his way through a lane of the enemy. He received eight cuts in the face, head and neck; two balls lodged in his back, and three went through his hat. His nose and upper lip were nearly severed from his face—a terrible gash from the top of his forehead, crossed his left eye—he received two other wounds on the forehead, and two on the back of the neck—besides having two fingers of the bridle hand chopped off. His regiment welcomed him back into their ranks with three huzzas, such as none but Britons know how to give. In this battle Brown had two horses killed under him. Brown's father was a blacksmith. Thomas was born at Kirkleatham, not far from Scarborough; he was bound apprentice to a shoemaker at Yarm. He stood five feet eleven inches. George II. offered Brown a commission in the army, but his not being able to write prevented his acceptance of it. The king placed Brown near his person in the life guards. As the balls in his back could not be extracted, he was obliged to quit the service. He had a pension of £30 per annum, and died at Yarm, of his wounds, January, 1746, aged thirty-one.

THE SEASON.

Spring, the year's youth, fair mother of new flowers,
New leaves, new loves, drawn by the winged hours,
Thou art return'd, but nought returns with thee,
Save my lost joys' regretful memory,
Thou art the self-same thing thou wert before,
As fair and jocund: but I am no more
The thing I was.

August 28, 1788, died at Paris, aged sixty-eight, Elizabeth Chudleigh, duchess of Kingston, a woman celebrated for beauty and profligacy. She was a native of Devonshire. Her father, a colonel in the English army, died whilst she was very young. Her mother, supported solely by a slender pension from government, frequented the heartless society of fashionable life, and through Mr. Pulteney, afterwards earl of Bath, procured her daughter to be appointed lady of honor to the princess of Wales. Miss Chudleigh attracted many admirers. The Duke of Hamilton obtained the preference, and it was fixed, that upon his return from a continental tour, the marriage should be celebrated. Mrs. Hanmer, aunt to Miss Chudleigh, intercepted the letters addressed to her niece by the duke, and succeeded in persuading her to privately marry captain Hervey, afterwards earl of Bristol. On the day after the nuptials, Miss Chudleigh resolved never to see her husband again, and they separated. The duke, upon returning to England, offered his hand to Miss Chudleigh, of whose marriage he was ignorant, and to his astonishment was refused. To escape his reproaches, and the resentment of Mrs. Chudleigh, who was likewise a stranger to the secret engagements of her daughter, she embarked for the continent in a style of shameless dissipation; and, as Miss Chudleigh, so wrought upon Frederick the Great that he dispensed with all etiquette, in consequence of her request, that "she might study at her ease a prince who gave lessons to all Europe, and who might boast of having an admirer in every individual of the British nation." During her residence at Berlin she was treated with the highest distinction. She afterwards went to Dresden, where she obtained the friendship of the electress, who loaded her with presents. Upon returning to England she resumed her attendance upon the princess of Wales; and continued to be the attraction of the court. Her marriage with Captain Hervey perpetually annoyed her, and to destroy all trace of it she went with a party to the parish where the marriage was celebrated, and, having asked for the register-book, tore out the register of her marriage while the clergyman was in conversation with the rest of the party. Shortly afterwards, captain Hervey becoming earl of Bristol by the death of his father, and a rumor prevailing that he was in a declining state of health, Miss Chudleigh, now countess of Bristol, hoping to be soon a wealthy dowager, obtained the restoration of the register in the vestry-book. To her severe disappointment the earl recovered, while the Duke of Kingston, still ignorant of her marriage, solicited her hand. She made unavailing efforts to prevail on the earl of Bristol to agree to a divorce, till at length he became enamoured of another lady, and a divorce by mutual consent was pronounced at Doctors' Commons. She had now reached the summit of her wishes, and was publicly married on the 8th of March, 1769, to Evelyn Pierrepont, duke of Kingston, with whom she lived till his death, in 1773. The duke bequeathed to her his entire property, upon condition that she should never marry again; and the duchess plunged into a course of licentiousness which exposed her to public censure, and in consequence of which she went to Italy. A magnificent yacht, built and ornamented at an immense expense, conveyed her to Rome, where she was received by the pope and cardinals with great pomp, and treated as a princess. During her residence at Rome, she was on the eve of bestowing her hand and fortune upon an adventurer who represented himself to be the prince of Albania, when he was apprehended as a swindler, and committed suicide in prison. Soon afterwards she learned that the heirs of the Duke of Kingston sought to establish against her the charge of bigamy, in order to invalidate her marriage with the duke, and set aside his will. She instantly repaired to her banker, who, having been gained over by the other party, concealed himself, to avoid giving her the sum requisite for a journey to London. She placed herself at

his door, and, pistol in hand, compelled him to comply with her demand. Upon her arrival in England she found that her first marriage had been declared valid, upon the ground of incompetency in the court which had pronounced it void. Public opinion was against her; and, under the character of lady Kitty Crocodile, she was ridiculed by Foote, in *A Trip to Calais*, which she succeeded in obtaining to be prohibited. The validity of her first marriage being established, preparations were made to try her for bigamy, and Westminster Hall was fitted up with great state. The trial was attended by most of the members of the royal family, the foreign ambassadors, members of parliament, and other distinguished personages. The duchess, in deep mourning, took her seat unmoved, attended by two *femmes de chambre*, a physician, an apothecary, her secretary, and six counsel. She addressed the peers with energy, but was declared guilty. But, although her marriage with the duke was declared bad, his will was declared to be good: she lost the title but retained the property. Upon this issue of the affair, the adversaries of lady Bristol took measures to prevent her quitting the kingdom; but, whilst the writ *ne exeat regno* was preparing, she embarked for Calais and proceeded to Rome. After remaining there for some time she returned to Calais, and hired a spacious mansion which she splendidly furnished; but, the monotony of the town not suiting her volatile and turbulent disposition, she made a voyage to St. Petersburg, in a magnificent yacht, and was received with the highest distinction by the Empress Catherine, to whom she presented the valuable collection of pictures formed by the Kingston family. She afterwards went to Poland, where prince Radavil gave sumptuous entertainments in honor of her visit, particularly a bear-hunt by torch-light. Upon returning to France she purchased the beautiful chateau de Sainte Assise, two leagues from Fontainebleau, and the mansion in the rue Coq-Héron, at Paris, where she died, after executing a will, made by two attorneys who came from England on purpose. She bequeathed a set of jewels to the Empress of Russia, a large diamond to the pope, and a costly pearl necklace and ear-rings to the Countess of Salisbury, because they had belonged to the lady who bore that title in the reign of Henry IV. Her property in France was estimated at £200,000 sterling, besides which she had valuable possessions in England and Russia.*

The character of this female is easily explained. She had a foolish fashionable mother, who taught her to covet the vanity of distinction. She acquired it by nefarious arts, became rich and ostentatious, lived flagitiously, died dishonored, and is only remembered by her vices.

CHATTERTON.

That prodigy of genius, the unfortunate Chatterton, was amusing himself one day, in company with a friend, reading the epitaphs in Paneras church-yard; he was so deep sunk in thought as he walked on, that not perceiving a grave that had just been dug, he tumbled into it. His friend perceiving his situation, ran to his assistance, and, as he helped him out, told him in a jocular manner, he was happy in assisting at the resurrection of Genius. Poor Chatterton smiled, and taking his companion by the arm, replied, "my dear friend, I feel the sting of a speedy dissolution; I have been at war with the grave for some time, and I find it not so easy to vanquish it as I imagined—we can find an asylum to hide from any creditor but that!" His friend endeavoured to divert his thoughts from the gloomy reflection; but what will not melancholy and adversity combined subjugate? In three days after, the neglected and disconsolate youth put an end to his miseries by poison.

* Paris iii. 221.

GREAT SHIPS.

On the 9th of March, 1655, Mr. Evelyn enters in his diary, "I went to see the great ship newly built by the usurper Oliver Cromwell, carrying ninety-six brass guns and 1000 tons burthen. In the prow was Oliver on horseback, trampling six nations under foot, a Scot, Irishman, Dutchman, Spaniard, and English, as was easily made out by their several habits. A Fame held a laurel over his insulting head; the word *God with us*."

The first mention of ships of great burthen in England is derivable from the inscription on Canning's tomb in Radcliffe church, Bristol, which states that he had "forfeited the king's peace," or, in plain words, committed piracies on the high seas, for which he was condemned to pay 3000 marks; in lieu of which sum the king took of him 2470 tons of shipping, amongst which there was one ship of 900 tons burthen, another of 500, one of 400, and the rest smaller. These ships had English names, yet it is doubtful whether ships of so large a size were built in England; it seems more probable that Cannin; had purchased or taken these ships from the Hansatics, or else from the Venetians, Genoese, Luccese, Ragusians, or Pisans; all of whom then had ships of even larger tonnage.*

When I see a gallant ship, well rigged, trimmed, tackled, man'd, munitioned, with her top and top-gallant, and her spread sayles proudly swelling with a full gale in fair weather, putting out of the haven into the smooth maine, and drawing the spectators' eyes, with a well wishing admiration, and shortly heare of the same ship splitted against some dangerous rock, or wracked by some disastrous tempest, or sunk by some leake sprung in her by some accident, me seemeth I see the case of some court-favourite, who, to-day, like Sejanus, dazzleth all men's eyes with the splendour of his glory, and with the proud and potent beake of his powerful prosperity, cutteth the waves and ploweth through the prease of the vulgar, and scorneth to feare some remora at his keele below, or any crosse winds from above, and yet to-morrow, on some storms of unexpected disfavour, springs a leake in his honour, and sinkes on the Syrtes of disgrace, or dashed against the rocks of displeasure, is splitted and wracked in the Charybdis of infamy; and so concludes his voyage in misery and misfortune.

* Anderson.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

CLERICAL DUTY.

June 20, 1716. In the *Stamford Mercury* of this date is the following advertisement:—"If any Clergyman of good character has the misfortune to be destitute of preferment, and will accept of a curacy of £27 in money yearly, and a house kept, let him with speed send to Mr. Wilson, bookseller, in Boston, Mr. Boys, bookseller, in Louth, or the Reverend Mr. Charles Burnett, of Burgh in the Marsh, near Spilsby, in the county of Lincoln, and he may be farther satisfied."

A BANGUINARY DIFFERENCE.

In the same *Journal* of March 28 preceding is announced—"Whereas the majority of Apothecaries in Boston have agreed to pull down the price of bleeding to six pence, let these certifie that Mr. Richard Clarke, Apothecary, will bleed any body at his shop gratis."

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