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SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

PRICE TWO PENCE.

VOL. I.]

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 21, 1833.

[No. 5.

THOU ART, OH GOD.

Thou art, Oh God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven—
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'er shadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beautiful bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine!

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.

The daily uninterrupted possession of privileges and employments, even of the highest order, has ever had a tendency to cause their real value to be overlooked. We, who, through God's blessing, have full and unrestrained access to the hearing and reading of the Holy Scriptures, can but imperfectly estimate the evils resulting from the want of them. Accustomed from our childhood to see the bible in everyday familiar use, we appear to take it for granted that such was the case always, and in every place. We little dream that our forefathers obtained this privilege with the greatest difficulty, and preserved it not without a struggle. So that it may be useful, as well as interesting, to submit to general readers a brief account of the several English versions of the Bible, which have appeared from time to time, and more especially of our present authorized translation.

Writers of unquestionable authority assert, that from the very earliest periods of the church, the Holy Scriptures have been found in the language of almost every Christian nation. This privilege and advantage they continued to enjoy unmolested; until that a new power arose in the western world, claiming unheard-of dominion over men's minds and bodies, and the court of Rome perceived that nothing was more fatal to her assumptions of universal supremacy, than a general and free perusal of the Holy Volume of the Word of God. That which she long had wished, at length she dared to do; and at a synod holden at Toulouse, in France, in the year 1228, the circulation of the Scriptures was, for the first time, forbidden. The immediate cause of this edict was the circumstance that the Waldenses in the Valleys of Piedmont had dared to oppose the Pope's pretensions, and

to assert that the Bible was the rule of Christian faith, and as such, ought to be free and open to persons of every class. This synod, however, contented itself with forbidding laymen to possess the books either of the Old or of the New Testament.

In this, our country of England, the Saxons, its former masters, are known to have possessed a translation of the Scriptures in their own language. A copy of the Gospels of this version is remaining in manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The historian, the Venerable Bede, who flourished in the seventh century, is said to have translated the entire bible; and King Alfred is reported to have done the same thing; though the greater part of these, his holy labours, have not survived to our times.

From the time when the religious orders multiplied in England, the friars were ever found most vehement in forbidding the use and knowledge of the Scriptures; probably, not only in obedience to the orders received from their superiors at Rome, but likewise, as historians assert, from a wish to conceal their own utter ignorance of them, and general want of learning on every subject. There were, however, some noble exceptions.

During the reign of Edward the Third, about the year 1340, Richard Hampole, an Augustinian monk, translated the Psalter into the English of that day. In the same king's reign, and that of his next successor, flourished the renowned John Wicliffe, who was educated at Oxford, being a fellow of Merton College, and afterwards Master of Balliol; at a later period he became Rector of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. Wicliffe translated afresh the whole Bible, about the year 1380. But this praiseworthy work did not escape without violent opposition raised against it. About twenty years after its appearance, the priests attempted to suppress it; and actually procured a bill for this purpose to be brought into the House of Lords. But the truth found a patron in John Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, uncle to the king, who is reported to have stood up boldly in his place, and to have said, 'We will not be the refuse of all men; for that other nations have God's lawe (which is the lawe of our belief) in their own language;' 'which he affirmed (as the story sayth) with a great oath agaynst them, whatsoever they were, that began the bill.'

A few years later, in 1407, Archbishop Arundel published a Constitution, forbidding any person to translate any part of Scripture; and also, to read any translations of it whatsoever. It is melancholy to think, that several persons, both men and women, were actually burned for transgressing this order.

The fifteenth century gave birth to the wondrous art of Printing; which, by God's blessing, was made a mean of multiplying bibles in all languages, with great rapidity, and at little comparative cost. About 1455 appeared the bible in Latin; * 1460 in German; 1471 in Italian; 1475 in Flemish; 1478 in Spanish; 1488 in Bohemian, &c. &c.

* It was the Latin Bible of 1462, which, by the surprisingly rapid multiplication of copies, gave rise to the accusation of magic against Faust, its printer; from whence sprung the story, so well known formerly to our children, of 'the Devil and Doctor Faustus.'

The Reformation, as was naturally to be expected, directed men's attention earnestly and successfully to the Scriptures, as the foundation and sole rule of faith; and every exertion was used by learned men that translations of them should become every where accessible.

The praise-worthy labours of Luther, in this particular, soon found imitators in England; and the first who distinguished himself in this field, and who afterwards fell a victim to the tyranny and revenge of Rome, was William Tyndale, a native of Wales, educated at the university of Oxford, where a portrait of him is still preserved. Tyndale determined to furnish his countrymen with a modern version of the New Testament. The former English translations mentioned above had been made from the Latin Vulgate; but Tyndale wisely resolved to go to the fountain-head, and to translate from the original Greek. His New Testament was first printed abroad in the year 1526, the state of religious feeling in England not then permitting the publication of such a work in this country! So little liberty then had the press! [This first edition is so rare, that only one copy and part of a second are known to be existing.] The book was most eagerly received by the people; which, when Tonstall, Bishop of London, heard, he issued severe orders (then obeyed) to call in all the copies and deliver them to him; he himself bought up very many, and caused them to be publicly burned in London. This decree, however, of the Bishop, only turned to his own confusion; for the very money which he paid for the copies so eagerly sought after, enabled Tyndale to prepare and circulate a revised and more correct edition.

In 1530, Tyndale published a version of the Five Books of Moses; and in 1531, the prophecy of Jonah, with a preface against the pope. In 1535, appeared the *Whole Bible*, translated by Miles Coverdale, who subsequently became Bishop of Exeter, but at this time was abroad, through fear of persecution for holding Protestant tenets. His bible was not printed in England, (but either at Antwerp or Hamburg) though it was dedicated to King Henry the Eighth. Shortly afterwards, in 1536 or 1537, through the influence of Thomas Cromwell, Lord Privy Seal, the King's Vicegerent in Ecclesiastical affairs, and a warm favourer of the Reformation, an injunction was obtained that every parish church should be provided with a large bible, to be openly exposed in the choir for public use.

Two years after the former, there appeared a second translation of the Bible, in folio, under the name of *Matthew's*; consisting partly of Tyndale's version, and partly of Coverdale's, with several corrections. In 1539 came forth the *Great Bible* or *Cramer's Bible*, that Archbishop being known for a special favourer of so good a work. This was a large and handsome folio volume, fit for the public use of churches; it was chiefly a correction of Matthew's Bible. From it is taken that version of the Psalms which is still retained and used in our Prayer books. In the same year, 1539, appeared another corrected edition, by Richard Taverner: in 1540 and 1541, reimpressions of the *Great Bible*, with a prologue by Cramer: and in this last year the King decreed that a copy of this Bible in the great volume, should be set up in every parish church in England.

But soon afterwards Henry's religious views were turned into another direction; and, by the continual urgent exertions of the popish party among the Bishops, an Act of Parliament was passed, restricting closely the liberty, formerly enjoyed, of possessing and reading the Scriptures. This Act contains several curious clauses: namely, all translations are allowed, *except Tyndale's* (the one most in use); but all preambles or notes are ordered to be cut away or blotted out, from Bibles and Testaments of every translation whatsoever. [This clause may account for the mutilated state in which copies of our early editions of the Scriptures are most frequently found.] No person, unless appointed thereto by the King or the Ordinary, may read to others any

part of the Scripture in English, on pain of a month's imprisonment. But the Lord Chancellor, Captains of the wars, the Judges, Recorders of cities, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, 'which heretofore have been accustomed to declare or teach any good, virtuous or godly exhortations in any assemblies,' may use any part of Scripture as they have been wont. Likewise, every nobleman or gentleman, being a householder, may read, or cause to be read by any of his family servants, and to his own family, any text of the Bible or New Testament: and every merchant, being a householder, and any other persons, except women and apprentices, might read the Bible *privately to themselves*. But no women (except noblemen and gentlemen, who might read to themselves, but to none others,) artificers, apprentices, journeymen, husbandmen, or labourers, were permitted to read the Bible or New Testament in English, either privately or openly, to themselves or to others, under pain of a month's imprisonment. From this period nothing more was done towards the circulation of the Bible during the remainder of Henry's reign: but on the contrary, a still more strict proclamation came forth in his last year, 1546, prohibiting even the possession of either Tyndale's or Coverdale's translation.

His son, King Edward the Sixth, like a prince of true piety and enlightened understanding, speedily removed these obstructions, and gave every encouragement to the diffusion of the Holy Scriptures among all his subjects. He issued orders, that a copy of the Bible should be open in every parish church, to which persons of every class might have unrestrained access, and they were exhorted to make good use of the privilege. Every clergyman was ordered to possess himself of the New Testament, and of Erasmus's paraphrase on it.

During this king's reign our Liturgy was formed, with great care and deliberation; and the year 1549 saw the first appearance of the "Book of Common Prayer;" which at once superseded the various Romish formularies, under the names of *Missals, Breviaries, Graduals, Hours, Processionals, Manuals, Offices, Pontificals, &c.* Several impressions of both the Bible and New Testament were published; but though many of these underwent a "recognition" or revision, no new translation of Scripture appeared during Edward's reign.

Upon his death, and the accession of Queen Mary, who by education, and in feeling, was a bigoted Romanist, all those happy beginnings received an abrupt overthrow. Mary, through her agents, Bishop Bonner and Cardinal Pole, carried back every thing once more to the darkness of Popery; issuing orders even that the sentences of Scripture, which were inscribed on the walls of many churches, should be obliterated, as "opening doors to every kind of vice!" but Providence mercifully interposed, and prevented her power from becoming equal to her will, in this respect: for the good seed had now been sown in men's hearts, and the light of the Gospel could no more be quenched. During her reign, as might be expected, no step was taken towards diffusing a knowledge of the Bible; but the old Romish Primer of Salisbury was reprinted.

The persecution to which every leading Protestant was now either actually subjected, or felt himself to be at every moment liable, induced several of the clergy to withdraw themselves for security into foreign countries. And some of these, establishing themselves at Geneva, where Calvin was then flourishing in the plenitude of his fame, undertook the formation of a new version of the Bible. They first published the *New Testament* in the year 1557, and three years afterwards the entire *Bible*, accompanied by a profusion of notes.

But though this version was immediately brought into England, and circulated with no small industry, Elizabeth being now queen, it failed to give general satisfaction; and critical scholars pointed out faults and errors in every one of

the existing translations. Upon which, Parker, the Archbishop of Canterbury, learning that a fresh supply of copies was required throughout the kingdom, seized the opportunity of causing a careful revision of former translations to be made by several very learned men, amongst whom he distributed the Bible in distinct portions, for their exact and particular revision. The majority of these divines being Bishops, the corrected version which they published, in a large folio, in 1568, obtained the name of the "*The Bishops' Bible*." Both this and the version of Geneva continued to be used during the whole reign of Elizabeth; the former being principally made use of in churches, while many private families preferred the latter.

King James succeeding to the throne in 1602, the Puritans immediately presented to him a petition of church grievances, which led to the well known Conference at Hampton Court; where these complaints were solemnly examined, and were adjudged frivolous and groundless. But as they found fault, among other things, with the Bishops' Bible, and earnestly pressed the formation of a new translation, the king assented to their request; and by a Royal Commission, delegated the important work to fifty-four of the most learned men within his dominions: these were enjoined to parcel out among themselves the several portions of the work, guiding themselves by the inspired originals, and following the Bishops' Bible as nearly as those would permit; making no change in any thing for the mere love of novelty, and submitting every part of their labours to the deliberate judgment and revision of the entire body, to be assembled at a general meeting.

These judicious regulations being received and attended to in the best spirit, the great work was brought to a happy conclusion, by the united labours of so many sound scholars, within seven years from the issuing of the commission; the first edition of the new Translation, being published, in a large handsome folio, in black letter, in 1611.

At its first appearance, cavils were raised against this version, both by the Roman Catholics and Puritans; but these soon died away, and the translators deservedly obtained, not only from our own countrymen, but also from learned foreigners, the praise of great fidelity, united with precision and clearness of expression. The former of these qualities was the most important, but even the latter was not without its manifold use. For, since this Bible was designed, not (as formerly) only for the closets of scholars, but also for the daily use and comfort of even the humblest individual, it was essential that its language should be freed as far as possible from every needless obscurity, and every ambiguous or ill-understood expression. To this, the translators appear diligently to have attended; and this object they were enabled through God's Providence, so far to attain, that even now at the distance of more than two hundred years, our authorized Bible continues readily intelligible to persons of every class; and perhaps contains fewer words or phrases, the meaning of which have sunk into obscurity, than any other work in the English language, of the same bulk and age.

Happily for this country, God's blessed Work is now unfettered by any human restrictions: it is open for every perusal: all are taught, advised, and exhorted, to make it their study, and look up to it as the Great Charter of their salvation. We own it for our sole and perfect rule of faith: we know that countless multitudes are daily deriving from it comfort, and joy, and hope: and, while we distribute it around, in tens and hundreds of thousands yearly, we pray that all into whose hands it falls may have grace to use it in such sort, that through the blessing of Almighty God it may make them wise unto salvation.

The establishment of our religion ought always to be accompanied by an unlimited toleration of all others, upon the principle of both justice and policy.—*Bentley*.

A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER, ON PRESENTING HER A BIBLE.

No diamond bright, or ruby rare,
To grace thy neck, adorn thy hair,
My dearest child I give;
These are vain toys, that please awhile,
But, like the rainbow's transient smile,
Their beauty cannot live.

This sacred treasure, far more dear
Than diamond, pearl, or ruby clear,
This living gift divine,
A father's love presents to thee—
Oh, may it to thy spirit be
What it has been to mine.

A solace, hope, unerring guide,
Companion constant at thy side,
To check the wrong desire;
A faithful monitor to warn,
Its purity thy soul adorn,
Its promises inspire.

GOLDEN RULES, TO RENDER YOUNG TRADESMEN RESPECTABLE, PROSPEROUS AND WEALTHY.

1. Choose a good and commanding situation, even at a higher rent or premium; for no money is so well laid out as for situation, provided good use be made of it.
2. Take your shop-door off the hinges at seven o'clock every morning, that no obstruction may be opposed to your customers.
3. Clean and set out your windows before eight o'clock; and do this with your own hands, that you may expose for sale the articles which are most saleable, and which you most want to sell.
4. Sweep before your house; and, if required, open a foot-way from the opposite side of the street, that passengers may think of you while crossing, and that all your neighbours may be sensible of your diligence.
5. Wear an apron; if such be the custom of your business; and consider it as a badge of distinction, which will procure you respect and credit.
6. Apply your first returns of ready-money to pay debts before they are due, and give such transactions due emphasis by claiming discount.
7. Always be found at home, and in some way employed; and remember that your meddling neighbours have their eyes upon you, and are constantly gauging you by appearances.
8. Re-weigh and re-measure all your stock, rather than let it be supposed that you have nothing to do.
9. Keep some article not usually kept, or sell some current article cheap, that you may draw customers, and enlarge your intercourse.
10. Keep up the exact quality or flavour of all articles which you find are approved by your customers.
11. Buy for ready-money as often as you have any to spare; and, when you take credit, pay to a day, and unasked.
12. No advantage will ever arise to you from any ostentatious display of expensiveness.
13. Beware of the odds and ends of stock, of remnants, of spoiled goods, and of waste; for it is in such things that your profits lie.
14. In serving your customers be firm and obliging, and never lose your temper—for nothing is got by it.
15. Always be seen at church or chapel on Sunday; never at a gaming-table; and seldom at the theatres, or at places of amusement.
16. Prefer a prudent and discreet to a rich and showy wife.

17. Spend your evenings by your own fire-side, and shun a public-house, or a sottish club, as you would a bad debt.

18. Subscribe with your neighbours to a book-club, and improve your mind, that you may be qualified to use your future affluence with credit to yourself, and advantage to the public.

19. Take stock every year, estimate your profits, and do not spend above their fourth.

20. Avoid the common folly of expending your precious capital upon a costly architectural front; such things operate on the world like paint on a woman's cheeks—repelling beholders, instead of attracting them.

21. Every pound wasted by a young tradesman is two pounds lost at the end of three years, and sixteen pounds at the end of twenty-four years.

22. To avoid being robbed and ruined by apprentices and assistants, never allow them to go from home in the evening; and the restriction will prove equally useful to servant and master.

23. Remember that prudent purchasers avoid the shop of an extravagant and ostentatious trader; for they justly consider that, if they deal with him, they must contribute to his follies.

24. Let these be your rules till you have realized your stock, and till you can take discount for prompt payment on all purchases; and you may then indulge in any degree which your habits and sense of prudence suggest.

COMMON SENSE.

THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

My untried muse shall no high tone assume,
Nor strut in arms;—farewell my cap and plume:
Brief be my verse—a task within my power—
I tell my feelings in one happy hour;
But what an hour was that! when from the main
I reach'd this lovely valley once again!
A glorious harvest fill'd my eager sight,
Half shock'd, half waving in a flood of light;
On that poor cottage roof where I was born
The sun look'd down as in life's early morn.
I gazed around, but not a soul appear'd;
I listen'd on the threshold, nothing heard;
I call'd my father thrice, but no one came;
It was not fear or grief that shook my frame,
But an o'erpowering sense of peace and home,
Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.
The door invitingly stood open wide,
I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.

How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair!
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appear'd the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before!—the same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacks behind,
And up t'ey flew, like banners in the wind;
Then gen. y, singly, down, down, down, they went.
And told a twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land;—that instant came
A robin on the threshold; though so tame,
At first he look'd distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black steadfast eye,
And seem'd to say (past friendship to renew)
'Ah ha! old worn-out soldier, is it you?'
Through the room rang'd the imprison'd humble bee,
And bomb'd and boune'd, and struggled to be free,
Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor:

That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy stray'd
O'er undulating waves the broom had made,
Reminding me of those of hideous forms
That met us as we pass'd the *Cape of Storms*,
Where high and loud they break, and peace comes never:
They roll and foam, and roll and foam for ever.
But here was peace, that peace which home can yield—
The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,
And tickling clock, were all at once become
The substitutes for clarion, fife and drum.
While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still
On beds of moss, that spread the window sill,
I deem'd no moss my eyes had ever seen
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,
And guess'd some infant hand had placed it there,
And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.
Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling, rose,
My heart felt every thing but calm repose;
I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
But rose at once, and bursted into tears;
Then, like a fool, enraged, sat down again,
And thought upon the past with shame and pain;
I raved at war, and all its horrid cost,
And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.
On carnage, fire, and plunder, long I mused,
And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.
Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
One bespoke age, and one a child's appear'd—
In stepp'd my father, with convulsive start,
And in an instant clasp'd me to his heart.
Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid,
And stooping to the child, the old man said,
'Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again,
This is your uncle Charles, come home from Spain.'
The child approach'd, and with her fingers light
Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.
But why thus spin my tale, thus tedious be?
Happy old soldier! what's the world to me!

GENIUS IN PRISON.

It was in prison that Boethius composed his excellent work on the Consolations of Philosophy; it was in prison that Goldsmith wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield*; it was in prison that Cervantes wrote *Don Quixote*, which laughed Chivalry out of Europe; it was in prison that Charles I. composed that excellent work, the *Portraiture of a Christian King*; it was in prison that Grotius composed his commentary on *Saint Matthew*; it was in prison that Buchanan composed his excellent *Paraphrase on the Psalms of David*; it was in prison that Daniel de Foe wrote his *Robinson Crusoe*, (he offered it to a bookseller for ten pounds, which that liberal encourager of literature declined giving;) it was in prison that Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his *History of the World*; it was in prison that Voltaire sketched the plan and composed most of the poem of *The Henriade*; it was in prison that Howell wrote most of his *Familiar Letters*; it was in prison that Elizabeth of England, and her victim Mary, Queen of Scots, wrote their best poems; it was in prison that Margaret of France (wife of Henry IV.) wrote an apology for the irregularities of her conduct; it was in prison that Sir John Pettas wrote the book on metals, called *Fleta Minor*; it was in prison that Tasso wrote some of his most affecting poems; it was in prison that Bunyan wrote his *Pilgrim's Progress*. With the *fear* of a prison how many works have been written. [The list may be extended. Pellico's *Memoirs* are a recent example.]

Hath any wounded thee with injuries, meet them with patience; hasty words rattle the wound, soft language dresses, forgiveness cures it, and oblivion takes away the scar. It is more noble by silence to avoid an injury, than by argument to overcome it.

KNOWLEDGE.

'Tis midnight—round the lamp which o'er
 The chamber sheds its lonely beam,
 Is widely spread the varied lore,
 Which feeds in youth our feverish dream—
 The dream, the thirst, the wild desire,
 Delirious, yet divine—to know!
 Around to roam, above to aspire,
 And drink the breath of heaven below
 From ocean, earth, the stars, the sky;
 To lift mysterious Nature's pall,
 And bare before the kindling eye
 In man, the darkest mist of all!
 Alas! what boots the midnight oil?
 The madness of the struggling mind?
 Oh, vague the hope and vain the toil
 Which only leave us doubly blind!
 What learn we from the past?—the same
 Dull course of glory, guilt, and gloom!
 I asked the Future—and there came
 No voice from its unfathomed womb;
 The sun was silent, and the wave;
 The air replied but with a breath;
 But earth was kind, and from the grave
 Arose the eternal answer—Death!
 And this was all; we need no sage
 To teach us nature's only truth;
 O fools! o'er wisdom's idle page
 To waste the hours of golden youth.
 In science wildly do we seek
 What only withering years should bring—
 The languid pulse, the feverish cheek,
 The spirits drooping on their wing.
 Even now my wandering eyes survey
 The glass to youthful glance so dear;
 What deepening tracks of slow decay
 Exhausting thought has graven here?
 To think, is but to learn, to groan,
 To scorn what all beside adore,
 To feel amid the world alone,
 An alien on a desert shore,
 To lose the only ties, which seem
 To idler gaze in mercy given!
 To find both love and hope, a dream,
 And turn to dark despair from heaven!

ORIGIN OF THE MATERIALS OF WRITING.

The most ancient mode of writing was on cylinders, on bricks, and on tables of stone; afterwards on plates of various materials, on ivory, and similar articles. In the book of Job, mention is made of the custom of writing on stone and on sheets of lead. It was on tables of stone that Moses received the law written by the finger of God himself. The Gauls, at the time of Cæsar, wrote on tables; but of what they were composed it is not known. These early inventions led to the discovery of tables of wood; and, as cedar is least corruptible, they chose this wood for the most important writings. From this custom arises the celebrated expression of the ancients, when they meant to convey the highest praise of any composition, that it was worthy to be written on cedar; though some maintain that this phrase refers to the oil of cedar, with which valuable parchment manuscripts were anointed, to preserve them. Isidore of Seville says that the Greeks and Tuscans were the first who used wax to write on. They formed the letters with an iron bodkin. But the Romans substituted the stylus, made of bone. They also employed reeds cut in the form of pens. Naudé observes, that when he was in Italy (about 1652), he saw some of those waxen tablets called *Pugillares*, and others composed of the bark of trees, which the ancients used in lieu of paper; which he observes was not then in

use; for paper is composed of linen, and linen was not then known. Hemp, he adds, was known, but not used. Rabelais, who wrote about 1540, mentions it as a new herb, which had only been in use about a century; and, in fact, in the reign of Charles the Seventh (1470) linen made of hemp was so scarce, that it is said none but the queen was in possession of two shifts.

In the progress of time, the art of writing consisted in painting with different kinds of ink. They now chose the thin peels of certain trees and plants, and even the skins of animals. The first place, it is said, where they began to prepare these skins was Pergamos in Asia. This is the origin of the Latin name, from which we have derived that of *parclement*. These skins are, however, better known amongst Latin writers, under the name of *membrana*, so called from the membranes of animals of which they were composed. The ancients had *parclement* of three different colours, white, yellow, and purple. At Rome, white *parclement* was disliked, because it was more subject to be soiled, than the other, and dazzled the eye. They frequently wrote in letters of gold and silver on purple *parclement*. This custom continued in the early ages of the church; and there are yet extant written copies of the evangelists of this kind.

The Egyptians employed the bark of a plant or reed called *papyrus*. Specimens may be seen at the British Museum. Formerly there grew great quantities of it on the side of the Nile. It is this plant which has given the name to our *paper*, although it is made of linen rags. The Chinese make their paper of silk.

The use of paper is of great antiquity. Some of the specimens of *papyrus* which have been found in the mummy pits of Egypt are said to be as old as the time of Moses. The honour of inventing it is given to the town of Memphis. Before the use of *parclement* and paper passed to the Romans, they used the thin peel found on trees, between the wood and the bark. This second skin they called *liber*—whence their word *liber*, a book; and from them, our word *library*, and the French *livre*. Anciently, instead of folding this *parclement* and paper, they rolled it; and the Latin name which they gave these rolls is passed into our language—we say *volume*, although our books are composed of pages cut and bound together. The ancients were still more curious than ourselves, in having their books richly got up. Beside the tint of purple, with which they tinted their vellum, and the liquid gold which they employed for their ink, they sometimes enriched the covers of their books with precious stones.

The following information, taken from Casley's catalogue of the manuscripts in the king's library, is curious.

"Varro says, that palm leaves, or mallow leaves, were all first used for writing on; whence the word began and continued to signify the leaf of a book, as well as a tree or plant. That the ancients wrote or engraved on brass, is manifest. The laws of the twelve tables, and other monuments kept in the Capitol, were engraven on that metal. The Romans and Lacedæmonians wrote to the Jews in tables of brass. There is a small fragment on bark, near a thousand years old, in the Cottonian library. The art of making paper of cotton was discovered in the eleventh century; the invention of making it of linen rags could not be much later." This last observation differs from Naudé.—*Curiosities of Literature.*

The following occurs in Captain Skinner's *Excursions in India*.

"I cannot, from my experience at Mookba, withdraw my condemnation of the mountain priests. They are as dirty and ignorant as their brothers whom I have already celebrated for eminence in those qualities; and their women 'Out-Herod Herod.' There is one man, however, in the village, who can write and read: he was educated at Barahal, where there was once a school; but I fear the schoolmaster found himself too little appreciated to be tempted to continue his

vocation. He is a shrewd knave, and has had the advantage of travelling a little. He has been in the valley of Dhoon—a great event. He writes on the bark of a tree—the Boli Pula, well known throughout India as the inner covering of Hookah-smokes: and it makes a capital substitute for paper. The trees are in great quantity thereabouts; and, as the bark is peeled off in large sheets, it requires no preparation, nor is it necessary to have a peculiar pen to write with, as is the case with leaves, that are still used for that purpose in the east."

"The natives of Ceylon as yet employ no paper; they write on thin leaves of the Ola, and are obliged to make use of an iron pen, which they support in a notch cut in the thumb nail allowed to grow for that purpose: a literary man is discovered by such a mark. A quill, or a reed, serves my friend of Mookba, for the pen runs as quickly over the skin of the holi as it would over the surface of a glazed skin."

CLEVER WOMEN.

There is an unaccountable antipathy to clever women. Almost all men profess to be afraid of blue stockings—that is, of women who have cultivated their minds; and hold up as a maxim that there is no safety in matrimony, or even in the ordinary course of society, except with females of plain understandings. The general idea seems to be, that a dull ordinary woman or even a fool, is more easily managed than a woman of spirit and sense, and that the acquirements of the husband ought never to be obviously inferior to those of his wife. But I am afraid they rest on no very good grounds. Hardly any kind of fool can be so easily managed as a person of even first rate intellect; while the most of the species are much more untractable. A dull fool is sure to be obstinate—obstinate in error as well as in propriety; so that the husband is every day provoked to find that she wilfully withholds from acting rightly in the most trifling and perhaps also the most important things. Then the volatile fool is full of whim and caprice, and utterly defies every attempt that may be made by her husband to guide her aright. In the one case, his life is embittered for days, perhaps, by theulkiness of his partner; in the other he is chagrined by the fatal consequences of her levity. Are these results so much to be desired, that a man should marry beneath the rank of his own understanding, in order to secure them? I rather apprehend that cowardice, in this case, as in most others, is only the readiest way to danger. As for the rest of the argument, I would be far from saying, that to marry a woman much superior to one's self is a direct way to happiness. I must insist, however, that there is more safety for a man of well regulated feelings, in the partnership of a superior man of an inferior woman. In the former case, I verily believe his own understanding is likely to be more highly stimulated than in the other. In the first place, he is allowed the credit of having had the good sense at least to choose a good wife. In the second he has counsel and example always at hand, for the improvement of his own appearances before society. The very superiority, however, of his wife, assures that she will be above shewing off to the disadvantage of her husband: she will rather seek to conceal his faults and supply his deficiencies, for her own credit. Now, if a man of sense a fool has, she must always shew it, even though he tries to excite ridicule from its being so little.

These arguments, which every reflecting person will be able to confirm by examples within his own range of observation, refer only to the immediate comfort of the husband. There are, however, other considerations. Will any man think that a woman of plain or inferior understanding is likely to educate her children as well as a person of superior intellect? He must be fond of dullness indeed, who will propose such a proposition.—The truth is, that for the sake of their children alone, a woman cannot be too well informed, or possessed of too much talent.—The formation of the men-

tal character of the family, and consequently their interests in future life, depend upon her; and it is therefore perhaps of more importance that she should possess a cultivated understanding, than that her husband should be so gifted—and this both to the husband himself, whose interests are identified with those of his children, and to the world at large.

This argument derives great force from the observations that have been made upon what I will call the *descent of intellect*.—It is the most trite of all proverbs, that "a wise father may have a foolish son," and nothing can be more obvious than the fact, that men of distinguished ability rarely find a match in their representatives. On the other hand, the mothers of distinguished men are universally found to have been women of a superior order, either in natural or acquired gifts. To explain this, some philosophic minds have suggested that talent is inherited exclusively from the mother, and temper only from the father.—Besides the specific facts which might be advanced in support of this theory, there is one strong general argument in favour of it. Talent, if of natural descent, would remain naturally fixed in certain families, so as to give them a greater ascendancy over their fellows than what is consistent with the general comfort of mankind. But, by descending through females, it is carried from one family into another, remaining no long period in any; so that all have a chance in the course of a few generations. In short, by this means talent acquires a dispersive or diffusive property, which it could not have if limited to heirs male.

Now, whether the mother gives inherent ability, or only good nurture, it is obvious that her talents must be a matter of infinite importance to her husband, and that the greater they are, so much the more certain are his welfare and happiness. If the reader will accept of opinion instead of argument, I will tell him exactly what I think upon the subject. Intellect being, in my opinion, a decided good, and the want of it an evil, I think that its existence in woman makes her so much the more valuable, both in respect of general society and in regard to the advantage of her children. Folly and dullness are less negative properties than some people may suppose, and tend, in my opinion, to have an active and positive effect in diminishing the comfort of existence; therefore they ought to be avoided in women. Let no man tell me that a very clever woman may be too good for her business, or above grappling with it. Depend upon it, excess of ability is the safe side of the question. Neither let me be told that a plain man is in danger of not shewing off well beside his clever wife. He will find, on trying, that it takes a great deal of cleverness in a woman to match with the same *apparent* degree of it in a man, and that, in the long run, he is not nearly so far behind, as he at first supposed. By pitching, on the other hand, only a little beneath his own supposed intellect, he is apt to discover that his partner is an immense distance in the rear.

It is a lamentable truth, that far more things are laughed at in this world, than what are really ridiculous. It is so easy to laugh at any thing, that there is no wonder that some things are mistreated in this respect. Among the number of respectable things which the world has agreed to laugh at are *blue stockings*—such is the silly name given to women who aim at cultivating their intellects in a manner superior to their neighbours. Now, for my part, I cannot see that women in the middle and upper ranks of life, can be a whit the worse for general information.—The intellects of women are not so much inferior, naturally, to those of the male sex, as they are rendered inferior by neglected education, and by the weakness to which they are liable, in consequence of being called upon so imperatively to cultivate personal graces. If these intellects, then, can be reclaimed from trifles, and directed to solidly useful pursuits, I cannot see what evil can flow from it. Perhaps, in a very humble rank, any thing that would make a wife less willing to perform servile drudgery would be a decided evil. But what is there in the

duties of women in the middle and upper ranks that can be supposed incompatible with the cultivation of the intellect? It rather appears to me, that, in these ranks of life, every hour spent by women in mental exercise, is just so much waste time redeemed from idleness and folly.

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

[This fine old song was written by George Withers, a satirical writer of the times of James and Charles the First. It is extracted from one of his long pastoral poems, entitled "The Mistress of Philarete," published in 1622.]

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
The turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well deservings known,
Make me quite forget *mine own*?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of *best*,
If she be not such to me
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool, and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think, what with them, they would do,
That without them, dare to woo:
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair.
If she love me, this believe:
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go,
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?

GOOD HOUSE-KEEPERS.

If there be any thing among the temporals to make life pleasant, it is in the walls of a well-ordered house, where all is adjusted to please—not by its finery or costliness, but by its fitness, its air of neatness and content, which invite all who enter to taste its comforts. The woman who does not make this a grand item in all her routine of duties, has not yet learned the true dignity of her station—has not yet acquired the alpha of that long alphabet which is set before her; and she who despises this noble attainment, despises her *best* worldly good, and, indirectly, despises her family, her neighbours, and the word of God. "She looketh well to the ways of her household," was spoken by the wisest man that ever lived, and will be told as a memorial of all those who have been eminent for this noble character.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

The women here are generally more handsome than in other places, sufficiently endowed with natural beauties, without the addition of adulterated sophistications. In an absolute woman, say the Italians, are required the parts of a Dutch woman, from the girdle downwards; of a French-woman, from the girdle to the shoulders: over which must be placed an English face. As their beauties, so also their prerogatives are greater than any nation; neither so servilely submissive as the French, nor so jealously guarded as the Italian: but keeping so true a decorum, that as England is termed the Purgatorie of Servants, and the Hell of Horses, so is it acknowledged the *Paradise of Women*. And it is a common by-word amongst the Italians, that *if there were a bridge built across the narrow seas, all the women in Europe would run into England*. For here they have the upper hand in the streets, the upper place at the table, the third of their husbands' estates, and their equal share of all lands; privileges with which other women are not acquainted. In high esteem in former times amongst foreign nations, for the modestie and gravitie of their conversation but of late so much addicted to the light garb of the French, that they have lost much of their ancient honour and reputation amongst knowing and more sober men of foreign countries who before admired them.—*Peter Heylin's Cosmographie, 1652.*

TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

Neapolitan Air.

Take hence the bowl; though beaming
Brightly as bowl e'er shone;
Oh! it but sets me dreaming
Of days, of nights now gone:
There, in its clear reflection,
As in a wizard's glass,
Lost hopes and dead affection,
Like shades, before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings hither
Some friend who once sat by:
Bright lips, too bright to wither,
Warm hearts, too warm to die!
Till as the dream comes o'er me
Of those long vanish'd years,
Then, then the cup before me
Seems turning all to tears.

NATURAL WOODS OF SCOTLAND.

The trees which predominate in quantity are the common birch, the oak, the hazel, and the mountain ash. These generally grow intermingled; but in many places entire forests are seen composed of single species. Out of the trees which thus occur, the birch is the most common, and next to it the oak. But the oaks of the Highlands bear no resemblance to those of England. Hardly a single tree ever presents itself of the diameter of a foot, which is also the case with the birch. In general the birch occupies the sides of the mountains, while the alder most invariably fringes the streams. The fir is seldom met with in its native state in the northern, or along the coasts of the middle division; but in the central districts of the latter there are still magnificent forests of it. On the shores of Loch Marre, in Ross-shire, the scenery of which is of the most sublime order, the scattered remains of an extensive forest of this tree are still to be seen, and in many other places it is to be met with in small patches; and whenever it was possible to render the woods subservient to the purposes of commerce, the Highland proprietors have not scrupled to strip their estates, and in this desolate condition have they generally left them. The ash, perhaps the most beautiful of our trees, is hardly a native; nor do we remember having met with it in any

place where we could suppose it of spontaneous growth, excepting the upper end of Loch Awe, the entrance of Loch Carron, and the sides of Loch Katrine. Next to it in grace and beauty is the mountain ash, which is of frequent occurrence. Many of the Highland glens are decorated by the bird-cherry, a tree whose beautiful clusters of white drooping flowers form fitting companions to the harebell, which is so frequently seen in the wild glens of the western coasts. The holly is of rare occurrence. The ivy and the beech we have never met with, and require better proof of their being natives than the circumstances of their having found a place in our Floras. Besides the above trees, may be mentioned many species of willow, few of which attain any magnitude:—the sloe-tree, the wild cherry or gean, the hawthorn, the crab apple, and the white bean, together with the rare and beautiful dwarf birch, which occurs in some of the Highland mountains.—*Edinburgh Literary Gazette.*

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

Letter written by Archbishop, then Dean, Tillotson, to Lady Henrietta Berkeley, after her seduction by Lord Gray, in the year 1682.

Though I have found by experience that good counsel is, for the most part, cast away upon those who have plunged themselves so deep into a bad course, as to my grief and amazement, I understand your Ladyship has done; yet the concernment I have always had for the honour and welfare of your noble family, and the compassion I have for you, whom I look upon as one of the greatest objects of pity in this world, will not suffer me to leave any means untried that may conduce to your recovery out of that wicked and wretched condition in which you are; and therefore I beg of you, for God's sake and your own, to give me leave plainly to represent to you the heinousness of your fault, with the certain and dismal consequences of your continuance in it. And it is of that heinous nature as to be, for aught I know, without example in this, or any other Christian nation, and hath in it all possible aggravations of guilt towards God, of dishonour to yourself, of a most outrageous injury and affront to your sister, of reproach and stain to your family, of a most cruel ingratitude to as kind parents as any child ever had, of which I am a witness, as I have been since of the deep wound and affliction you have given them, to that degree, as would grieve the heart of a stranger, and ought surely to make a much deeper impression on you, their child, who have been the cause of it. Consider of it, as you will answer it at the judgment of the great day; and now you have done what you can to ruin your reputation, think of saving your soul; and do not, to please yourself or any body else, for a little while, venture to be miserable for ever, as you will most certainly be, if you go on in this course; nay, I doubt not but you will be very miserable in this world; not only from the severe reflections of your own mind, but from the distress you will be reduced to, when after a little while you will, in all probability, be despised and hated, and forsaken by him for whose sake you have made yourself odious to all the world. Before this happens, think of reconciling yourself to God, and to your best friends under him, your parents, of whose kindness and tenderness you have had that experience that you have little reason to fear their cruelty or rigour. Despise not this advice, which is now tendered to you out of great charity and good will; and I pray God it be effectual to bring you to repentance, and a better mind.

I have but one thing more to beg of you, that you would be pleased, by a line or two, to let me understand, that you have read and considered this letter, from

Madam,
Your Ladyship's most faithful
and humble Servant,

JO. TILLOTSON.

ATTAR OF ROSES.

After this subject I shall perfume my paper with a brief account of that luxury of India, the attar of roses. Lieutenant Colonel Potter gives a full history of extracting this essential oil, in vol. i. p. 332, of the Asiatic Researches. The roses grow cultivated near Lucknow, in fields of eleven acres each. The oil is procured by distillation; the petals of the flowers only are used; and in that country no more than a quantity of about two drachms can be procured from an hundred weight of rose leaves, and even that in a favourable season, and by the process being performed with the utmost care. The oil is by accident of different colours; of a bright yellow, of a reddish hue, and a fine emerald. It is to the mother of Mebrul Nessa Begum, afterwards called Nourjehan Begum, or, *Light of the World*, that the fair sex is indebted for this discovery. On this occasion the emperor of Hindostan rewarded the inventress with a string of valuable pearls. Nourjehan Begum was the favourite wife of Jehangir, and her game the fiercest of India. In a hunting party she killed four tigers with a matchlock, from her elephant, and her spouse was so delighted at her skill, that he made her a present of a pair of emerald bracelets, valued at a lack of rupees, and bestowed in charity a thousand mohuns.—*Pennant's Hindostan.*

SO WE'LL GO NO MORE A ROVING.

So we'll go no more a roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to break,
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a roving
By the light of the moon.

A foreigner remarks, in his work on Great Britain, that an Englishman may be discovered any where, if he be observed at table, because he places his fork upon the left side of his plate; a Frenchman, by using the fork alone without the knife; a German, by planting it perpendicularly in his plate; and a Russian, by using it as a tooth-pick. Holding the fork is a national custom, and nations are characterised by their peculiarities in the use of the fork at table. An affectation of the French usages in this respect seems now to be gaining ground in the country.

There are none in the world so wickedly inclined, but that a religious instruction and bringing up may fashion anew and reform them; nor any so well-disposed, whom (the reins being let loose) the continual fellowship and familiarity, and the examples of dissolute men, may not corrupt and deform. Vessels will ever retain a savour of their first liquor; it being equally difficult either to cleanse the mind once corrupted, or to extinguish the sweet savour of virtue first received, when the mind was yet tender, open, and easily seasoned.—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

The SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE is published every Saturday Evening, at the Office of the MONTREAL HERALD, St. Gabriel Street. The price for a single number is Twopence; or Seven Shillings and Sixpence per annum, in advance.