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PORTUGUESE HYMN TO THE VIRGIN MARY.

BY JOHN LAYDEN.

Star of the wide and pathless sea,
Who lov'st on mariners to shine,
These votive garments wet to thee,
We hang within thy holy shine,
When o'er us flushed the surging brine,
Amid the warring waters tost,
We called no other name but thine,
And hoped, when other hope was lost,
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the vast and howling main,
When dark and lone is all the sky,
And mountain-waves o'er ocean's plain
Erect their stormy heads on high;
When virgins for their true loves sigh,
And raise their weeping eyes to thee,
The Star of Ocean heeds their cry,
And saves the foundering bark at sea.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the dark and stormy sea,
When wrecking tempests round us rave,
Thy gentle virgin form we see
Bright rising o'er the hoary wave.
The howling storms that seem to crave
Their victims, sink in music sweet,
The surging seas recede to pave
The path beneath thy glistening feet,
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the desert waters wild,
Who pitying hears the seaman's cry,
The God of Mercy, as a child,
On that chaste bosom loves to lie;
While soft the chorus of the sky
Their hymns of tender mercy sing,
And angel voices name on high
The mother of the heavenly king,
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! at that blest name
The waves sleep silent round the keel,
The tempests wild their fury tame
That made the deep's foundations reel:
The soft celestial accents steal
So soothing through the realms of woe,
• • • • •
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the mild and placid seas,
Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown,
Whose name thy faithful Portuguese
- O'er all that to the depths go down,
With hymns of grateful transport own,
When gathering clouds obscure their light,

And heaven assumes an awful frown,
The Star of Ocean glitters bright,
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! when angel lyres
To hymn thy holy name essay,
In vain a mortal harp aspires
To mingle in the mighty lay!
Mother of God! one living ray
Of hope our grateful bosoms fires
When storms and tempests pass away,
To join the bright immortal choirs.
Ave Maris Stella!

FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

If a woman be as beautiful as one of those celestial beings, with whom the vivid dreams of imagination have peopled Mahomet's paradise, as lovely and fresh as the fabled Aurora, and graceful as Hebe—yet, if she does not unite to the external charms of her person the refined accomplishments and sublime sentiments of an elegant mind, she can never enchant the heart of her husband with those golden fetters which only death can sever. Sweetness of disposition and intellectual endowments wreathe those fetters with the ever-blooming roses of enjoyment, and call forth into action all the tender charities which irradiate that sphere of connubial happiness. A woman may shine in mechanical accomplishments, though a ray of mental light does not dawn upon her mind; she may paint, sing, and play upon musical instruments, and by those manual-vocal arts gain a transient triumph over those who are contented with female cultivation hung on walls, or hearing it vibrate on strings.

But a man of discernment feels that a woman thus gifted can only amuse for an hour, and attract by her adscititious donations some frippery fops, who, like the stupid butterflies, light on exotic flowers without fragrance or perfume, rather than on the odoriferous blossoms that yield delicious honey. The looks of a stupid beauty, "who has not soul within her eyes," are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility; they emit no electric spark to kindle the affections—so that they are examined without emotion, and beheld without love.

In the winter of life, when the gaudy flowers of personal beauty are nipped by the "rude breathing" of age; and when the lustre of the blue eye is dimmed, and the bloom of the rosy cheeks fled; how fallen then will be the unmarried who has not resources in the treasury of knowledge; she will remain a tyrant without power and remorse. A woman of intellectual accomplishments, on the contrary, in the evening of life, will draw at the fountain of the graces the limpid balsam of literary knowledge—diffuse the pleasure of instruction to her children, and illuminate, by her cheerful conversation, all who are circled within the attractive sphere of the society in which she moves. Beauty is as fleeting and as fragile as the bloom of an exotic flower, blown under the chilling influence of a northern breeze. Education alone is the towering oak that braves the tempest of years.

The most inestimable blessing which the benign bounty of the Creator has bestowed upon man is the possession of

a virtuous, amiable and educated woman; her love is the highest delight which gladdens him in the vale of suffering—it is a great oasis that spreads for him its grassy verdure on the desert of despair. In the possession of a lovely, sympathetic woman, even in the solitudes of life, only illuminated by her smiles, the soul is more gratified than upon the throne of Napoleon, when the world honoured him with its homage, and was dazzled by the lustre of his glory.

Though Rousseau threw enchantments over the tender passion; though Byron and Ossian transfused the most sublime and profound sensibility into love, yet they never experienced those fine feelings of which the pure heart of woman is susceptible. It is the fountain from which piety and ardent affections gush in a spontaneous and flowing union. It is in the midst of distress and anguish that the finest qualities of the female, and the noblest traits of the female character, are displayed in all their characteristic grandeur.

When the husband is under the pressure of unalterable woe—when his prospects are withered by the dissolved illusions of hope, and the cruel deserts of friends—it is then that the consolations of a wife pour the balm of sympathy in the corroded bosom of grief. Adversity only gives an additional impulse of ardour to her attachment—it seems to inspire her with a spirit of devotedness to the object of her love, which rises superior to afflictions or misfortune. No changes or chances estrange the constancy or subdue the intensity of her devotion.

BRITISH MANNERS IN FORMER TIMES.

Mons. Jorevin, a French traveller, who journeyed through England in the reign of Charles II., stopped at the Stag inn, at Worcester, in the High-street; and he describes the entertainment of himself and a friend, with whom he supped, so as to acquaint us somewhat with the entertainments in inns at that time. "During supper, he (his friend) sent for a band of music, consisting of all sorts of instruments; among these the harp is the most esteemed by the English. According to the custom of the country, the landladies sup with the strangers and passengers; and if they have daughters, they are also of the company, to entertain the guests at table with pleasant conceits, where they drink as much as the men. But what is to me the most disgusting in all this is, that when one drinks the health of any person in company, the custom of the country does not permit you to drink more than half the cup, which is filled up, and presented to him or her whose health you have drank. Moreover, the supper being finished, they sat on the table half a dozen pipes and a packet of tobacco, for smoking, which is a general custom, as well among women as men, who think that without tobacco one cannot live in England, because, say they, it dissipates the evil humours of the brain." It appears from a "Character of England," printed in 1659, "that the ladies of greatest quality suffered themselves to be treated in these taverns, and that they drank their *crowned cups* roundly, danced after the fiddle, and exceeded the bounds of propriety in their carousals."

If a description of Scottish manners, printed about fifty years ago, may be relied on, it was then a fashion with females of Edinburgh to frequent a sort of public-house in that city. The writer says: "January 15, 1775—A few evenings ago I had the pleasure of being asked to one of these entertainments by a lady. At that time I was not acquainted with this scene of 'high life below stairs;' and, therefore, when she mentioned the word 'oyster-cellar,' I imagined I must have mistaken the place of invitation; she repeated it, however, and I found it was not my business to make objections, so agreed immediately. I waited with great impatience till the hour arrived, and when the clock struck away I went, and inquired if the lady was there.—'O yes,' cried the woman, 'she has been here an hour or more.' The door opened, and I had the pleasure of being

ushered in, not to one lady, as I expected, but to a large and brilliant company of both sexes, most of whom I had the honour of being acquainted with. The large table, round which they were seated, was covered with dishes full of oysters, and pots of porter. For a long time I could not suppose that this was the only entertainment we were to have, and I sat waiting in expectation of a repast that was never to make its appearance. The table was cleared, and glasses introduced. The ladies were now asked whether they would choose brandy or rum punch? I thought this question an odd one, but I was soon informed by the gentleman who sat next me, that no wine was sold here, but that punch was quite 'the thing;' and a large bowl was immediately introduced. The conversation hitherto had been insipid, and at intervals; it now became general and lively. The women, who, to do them justice, are much more entertaining than their neighbours in England, discovered a great deal of vivacity and fondness of repartee. A thousand things were hazarded, and met with applause; to which the oddity of the scene gave propriety, and which could have been produced in no other place. The general ease with which they conducted themselves, the innocent freedom of their manners, and their unaffected good-nature, all conspired to make us forget that we were regaling in a cellar, and was a convincing proof that, let local customs operate as they may, a truly polite woman is every where the same. When the company were tired of conversation they began to dance reels, their favourite dance, which they performed with great agility and perseverance. One of the gentlemen, however, fell down in the most active part of it, and lamed himself; so the dance was at an end for that evening. On looking at their watches, the ladies now found it time to retire; the coaches were therefore called, and away they went, and with them all our mirth. The company were now reduced to a party of gentlemen; pipes and politics were introduced; I took my hat and wished them good night. The bill for entertaining half a dozen very fashionable women amounted only to two shillings apiece. If you will not allow the entertainment an elegant one, you must at least confess that it was cheap."

We turn to the Florentine Ubal dini's description of England, as it was about two hundred years previous. It is dated A. D. 1551; and, after giving an account of the excessive state and ceremoniousness of Edward the Sixth's court—which he, however, observes was much relaxed since Henry the Eighth's time—Ubal dini thus proceeds:—

"The English generally spend their incomes. They eat often, and sit as many as two, three, four hours at table, not so much to eat all the time, as agreeably to entertain the ladies, without whom no banquet is given. They are disinclined to exertion, and sow so little, that the produce scarcely suffices to support life; wherefore they eat little bread, but so much the more flesh, which they have of every kind, and perfectly good. Cakes, made with milk and cheese, are everywhere prepared; for innumerable herds feed, day and night, in the most fruitful pastures. There are no wolves, but exceeding plenty of deer, swine, and other game. There is a great deal of hunting and hospitality.

"The women do not yield in beauty, agreeableness, dress, and good morals to the Sicenses, or the most esteemed in Italy. The lords keep uncommonly numerous households.

"The people are, upon the whole, rather tall, but the nobility, in good part, small, which comes of their frequently marrying rich maidens under age. Men and women have a white skin; to preserve or improve this natural colour, the latter are bled two or three times a year, instead of painting like Italian ladies.

"The men are naturally obstinate, so that if one is obliged to contradict them, he must not at once butt against them. (*urtarli*) but gradually allege his reasons, which they then, through their good parts, readily comprehend. Many to

whom this English nature was unknown have dealt very disadvantageously with so suspicious a nation.

"The meaner inhabitants of the towns, and part of the country people, are ill disposed towards strangers, and believe that no realm upon earth is good for any thing except their own; but they are set right as to such foolish notions by those who have more understanding and experience. Meanwhile it is, on this account, not advisable for a foreigner to travel about the country; because it is usual to begin by inquiring whether Englishmen are well or ill received in his native land. (We might hence argue that foreigners did not meet with ill usage, save when it was in some sort justified as a measure of retaliation.) But if he have a royal passport, he is not only well received every where, but forwarded with the horses allotted to court business, or, in case of need, he may demand them from the owners.

"Very different in this respect is the nature of the great. For there is not a lord in the land who would not gladly have foreign servants and nobles about him, paying them good salaries. The king himself has many Italians and Spaniards, of divers professions, in his service. These are on good terms with the courtiers, who gladly learn Italian and French, (for this last purpose Frenchmen might have been more useful than Spaniards,) and eagerly pursue knowledge. He who is wealthy lets his sons and daughters study, and learn Latin, Greek and Hebrew; for since that storm of heresy burst upon the country, it is held useful to read the Holy Scriptures in the original tongues. Poorer persons, who cannot educate their children so learnedly, yet will not appear ignorant, or quite strange to the refinement of the world; therefore are they seen, on Sundays and holidays, well, ay, better dressed than fits their condition. (An odd, but even to the present day not unusual mode of concealing ignorance.) Men and women mostly wear fine black cloth, with silken well-wrought ribbons and trimmings, and so, following the profuse turn of the nobility, do they honour city and court.

"Noble ladies are easily distinguished from inferior women, inasmuch as those wear a hat, (*ciapperone*) after the French fashion—these a cap, or head-dress, (*aconciatura*), of fur or of white linen, according to their station and English custom.

"Their wedding customs differ not from those of other countries, but they marry young, and moreover a second or third time; nay, sometimes have married persons engaged themselves provisionally to another husband, or another wife, in case their actual partner should die."

TESTIMONY OF ROUSSEAU TO THE DIVINE PERFECTION OF THE CHARACTER OF THE SAVIOUR.

The majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the Gospel has its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers, with all their pomp of diction—how mean, how contemptible are they, compared with the Scriptures! Is it possible a book at once so simple and so sublime should merely be the work of man? What prepossession, what blindness, it must be to compare the son of Sophroniscus to the Son of Mary! What an infinite disproportion is there between them! Socrates, dying without pain or ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might be doubted if Socrates, with all his wisdom, was any thing more than a vain sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of morals. Others, however, had before put them in practice; he had, therefore, only to say what they had done, and to reduce their examples to precept. But where could Jesus learn among his contemporaries that pure and sublime morality, of which He only has given us both precept and example? The death of Socrates, peacefully philosophising with his friends, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for—that of Jesus, expiring in the midst of agonizing

pains, abused, insulted, and accused by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be found. Socrates, in receiving the cup of poison, blessed the weeping executioner who administered it—but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating tortures, prayed for his merciless tormentors. Yes! if the life and death of Socrates were those of a philosopher—the life and death of Jesus were those of a God!—EMILY.

A SONG ON THE TIMES.

Here's a health to right honest JOHN BULL,
When he's gone we sha'n't have such another;
And with hearts, and with glasses brim full,
Here's a health to OLD ENGLAND, his mother.

She gave him a good education,
Had him keep to his church and his king,
Be loyal and true to the nation,
And then go be merry and sing.

Now John is a very good fellow,
Industrious, honest and brave;
Not afraid of his betters, when mellow,
Since betters he knows he should have.

For there must be fine lords and fine ladies,
There must be some little, some great;
Their wealth the supply of our trade is,
Our hands the support of their state.

Some are born for the court and the city,
And some for the village and cot;
But oh! 'twere a dolorous ditty,
If all became equal in lot.

If our ships had no pilots to steer,
What would come of poor Jack in the shrouds?
Or our troops no commanders to fear,
They'd soon be arm'd robbers in crowds.

Then the plough and the loom must stand still,
If they made of us gentlemen all;
Or all clodhoppers—then who would fill
The parliament, pulpit and hall?

Rights of Man make a very fine sound,
Equal Rights is a plausible tale;
But whose labour would then till the ground?
All would drink—but who'd brew the best ale?

When half naked, half starved, in the street,
We were wand'ring about, *sans culottes*,
Would Equality go fetch us meat,
Or Liberty lengthen our coats?

That knaves are for lev'ling, no wonder,
'Tis easy to guess at their views;
'Tis they would get all by the plunder,
'Tis they who have nothing to lose.

Then away, such nonsensical stuff,
Full of treason, confusion and blood;
Ev'ry Briton has freedom enough
To be happy as long as he's good.

To be ruled by a merciful king,
To be guarded by juries and laws,
And when the work's finish'd, to sing,
This, this is true Liberty's cause.

Then, halloo, boys! halloo boys! for ever—
For just such a nation as we;
'Tis our pleasure—O may it cease never—
'Tis our pride to be *Loyal and Free*.

ON INDIGESTION AND CONSUMPTION.

CHAPTER I.

One of the most troublesome, prostrating and painful diseases, which confinement and muscular inactivity give rise to, is indigestion, or *dyspepsia*. This disease seems to be a severe penalty affixed to disobedience to the law of motion. The muscles of our body are made for action. Those that are not under the direction of the will are almost constantly at work. The heart, for instance, is nothing more than a muscle; its alternations from action to rest, and from rest to action, are quick and successive. If it should suspend its operations for a few moments, life would become extinct. The muscles which move the chest and carry on the process of respiration are equally as active. The muscles which produce all the voluntary movements of the body require exercise, or they become small, flabby and weak.

Inactivity, alone, enfeebles the body, and renders it inadequate to support itself under great fatigue, or overcome any violent disease. But add to this, intemperance in eating, bodily infirmities, and painful falls, and a premature death follow as surely as the apple falls prematurely from its mother tree, when a canker has eaten into its very core.

Almost every man, whether he has little or much exercise, eats too much—more, we mean, than is necessary for the wants of his body. All the lower animals eat only in obedience to the cravings of hunger; but man, who may be made a little lower than the angels, often eats for fashion's sake—for amusement, on account of the delicious taste of some highly flavoured dish, or to oblige the kind solicitations of a friend. Let us describe as nearly as we can the course of many who enter stores early in life, and the ruinous consequences which we have positively known more than once to follow. A boy enters a store, for example, in Boston. He has just come from the country, where he has had free exercise, has breathed a pure air, and lived upon simple, but nutritious food. He is now confined to the store from sunrise till sundown, and, perhaps, all the evening, with the exception of walking a short distance for his meals. His food is entirely different from that to which he has been accustomed: he eats more fresh meat and pastry. He soon loses his rosy cheeks; his muscles do not retain their former strength and roundness; he grows tall, but he looks more like a slender stalk springing up from a shallow soil, than a deep-rooted plant which gives promise of abundant flowers. His ambition is excited—he wishes soon to become a man, and he solicits his master to let him take charge of the books, the very worst employment he can have at that time of life. He now remains, bent over the desk, day after day, and month after month; takes little or no exercise, grows weak and languid, but still he enjoys a tolerable degree of health and a good flow of spirits. He boards with a few pleasant associates, who must all have a lunch before going to bed, and he eats freely with them. His sleep, in consequence, is restless—frightful dreams annoy him—he awakes unrefreshed in the morning, his mouth tastes bad, he is a little feverish, and has a slight headache; he goes on in the same course, although he is making frightful inroads upon his constitution. He now forms a few acquaintances out of the family; he spends some of his evenings with them; perhaps he is flattered for his wit and his liberal feelings, and he eventually takes the lead of a little gang of convivial jokers—pretenders to social enjoyment, causers of liberality, and servile imitators of the vices of some older than themselves, whom they consider praiseworthy examples.

What are the effects resulting from such a course of life? A weakened constitution, and mental imbecility—moral and physical pain, and a premature death. We appeal to those who are older, and who have had more experience than ourselves. We ask them if this picture is not a true one? If so, in what does the remedy consist? It surely is not found in apothecaries' shops. It is not found in following the directions of ignorant pretenders. It is not found in pursuing

the same injudicious habits. No—it is found in daily exercise in the open air; in diminishing the quantity of food; in abandoning forever the practice of eating just before going to bed; in spending the evenings in cultivating the mind and morals. This is the course that must be pursued by those who would become useful to their masters—who desire to be rich, and have those feelings that are necessary to enjoy an abundance.

Masters should permit their clerks, who are confined to the desk, to take so much of exercise as is necessary for the preservation of their health. It is for their interests to attend to their clerks' health. Let the body become diseased, and the mind is weakened. It will be less able to withstand temptation, and it will be more likely to be led captive by unhallowed passions. Many clerks, we have no doubt, have sacrificed their masters' interest, and robbed their purses, for the purpose of gratifying desires that were riding triumphant over their bodily infirmities—desires that never would have gained an ascendancy, if their own physical powers had not been immolated upon the altar erected by their avaricious masters.

Unquestionably, there are many ladies, in cities, who are now suffering under the tortures of nervous irritability, consequent on indigestion, and want of muscular activity, and who, if they had the stimulus of prospective want, powerfully applied, would enjoy much better health, and live a greater number of years, than they now will.

We have had young men apply to us for relief from a languid feeling, a weakness in all their joints, and an indisposition to move, or apply themselves to their calling; but when they were asked whether they took much exercise, they almost invariably would answer no, for they did not feel strong enough. 'Is your appetite good?' 'Yes, excellent.' 'What do you eat?' 'Why, meat twice a day; a piece of pudding or pie at dinner, and drink a cup of coffee in the morning, and tea at night.' When urged to leave off drinking coffee and tea, and eating meat—to take exercise, and live upon bread and milk—they could not do it, for they were very weak, and wanted something to strengthen them. By requesting them to follow these simple directions for a few days, and promising that, if they were not better, medicines should be given, they have usually listened to the advice reluctantly—and are soon astonished at the change. They begin to have more strength, and their morbid appetite leaves them. What would have been the result, had they continued to eat as usual, and taken a little stimulus or tonic medicine? Why, they would have felt relieved for a few days; but when the stomach had been taxed to its utmost, it would have risen in rebellion, and have nullified the whole body.

What are the effects of *dyspepsia* on the intellectual faculties? The mind is weakened; it becomes irritable and peevish, the judgment is distracted, for it sees things through a false medium. The passions are less under controul; fearful anticipations of the future induce melancholy, which, if indulged, settles down into deep despair or woful insanity. In this state of mind, what are the honours or the possessions of the world, when the poor sufferer can no longer enjoy them, although they may be showered in profusion upon him.

We would say, then, to all young men, look to your health—to the cultivation of your mind, and your morals. We would also say to all young ladies, look well to your personal health; consider that you have many and important duties to perform; and, if your physical powers are prostrated, you are ill prepared for them. Your happiness, your comfort, and your duty admonish you, to take care of those powers, which the Great Author of our existence has entrusted to your care.

It is impossible, says the learned Bishop Taylor, to make people understand their own ignorance—for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and, therefore, he that can perceive it hath it not.

WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

All out door work

Now stands; the waggoner, with wisp-wound feet,
 And wheelspokes almost filled, his destined stage
 Scarcely can gain. O'er hill, and vale, and wood,
 Sweeps the snow-pinioned blast, and all things veils
 In white array, disguising to the view
 Objects well known, now faintly recognised.
 One colour clothes the mountain and the plain,
 Save where the feathery flakes melt as they fall
 Upon the deep blue stream, or scrawling lake,
 Or where some beetling rock o'erjutting hangs
 Above the vaulty precipice's cove.
 Formless, the pointed cairn now scarce o'ertops
 The level dreary waste; and coppice woods,
 Diminished of their height, like bushes seem.
 With stooping heads, turned from the storm, the flocks
 Onward still urged by man and dog, escape
 The smothering drift; while, skulking at a side,
 Is seen the fox, with close downfold tail,
 Watching his time to seize a straggling prey;
 Or from some lofty crag he ominous howls,
 And makes approaching night more dismal tall.

GRAHAM.

The severest English winter, however astonishing to ourselves, presents no views comparable to the winter scenery of more northern countries. A philosopher and poet of our own days, who has been also a traveller, beautifully describes a lake in Germany:—

CHRISTMAS OUT OF DOORS AT RATZBURG.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

The whole lake is at this time one mass of thick transparent ice, a spotless mirror of nine miles in extent! The lowness of the hills, which rise from the shores of the lake, preclude the awful sublimity of Alpine scenery, yet compensate for the want of it, by beauties of which this very lowness is a necessary condition. Yesterday I saw the lesser lake completely hidden by mist; but the moment the sun peeped over the hill, the mist broke in the middle, and in a few seconds stood divided, leaving a broad road all across the lake; and between these two walls of mist the sunlight burnt upon the ice, forming a road of golden fire, intolerably bright! and the mist walls themselves partook of the blaze in a multitude of shining colours. This is our second post. About a month ago, before the thaw came on, there was a storm of wind; during the whole night, such were the thunders and howlings of the breaking ice, that they have left a conviction on my mind, that there are sounds more sublime than any sight can be, more absolutely suspending the power of comparison, and more utterly absorbing the mind's self-consciousness in its total attention to the object working upon it. Part of the ice, which the vehemence of the wind had shattered, was driven shoreward, and froze anew. On the evening of the next day at sunset, the shattered ice thus frozen appeared of a deep blue, and in shape like an agitated sea; beyond this, the water that ran up between the great islands of ice which had preserved their masses entire and smooth, shone of a yellow green; but all these scattered ice islands themselves were of an intensely bright blood colour—they seemed blood and light in union! On some of the largest of these islands, the fishermen stood pulling out their immense nets through the holes made in the ice for this purpose, and the men, their net poles, and their huge nets, were a part of the glory—say rather, it appeared as if the rich crimson light had shaped itself into these forms, figures, and attitudes, to make a glorious vision in mockery of earthly things.

The lower lake is now all alive with skaters and with ladies driven onward by them in their ice cars. Mercury surely was the first maker of skates, and the wings at his feet are symbols of the invention. In skating, there are three pleas-

ing circumstances—the infinitely subtle particles of ice which the skaters cut up, and which creep and run before the skate like a low mist and in sunrise or sunset become coloured; second, the shadow of the skater in the water, seen through the transparent ice; and third, the melancholy undulating sound from the skate not without variety; and when very many are skating together, the sounds and the noises give an impulse to the icy trees, and the woods all round the lake rinkle.

In the frosty season, when the sun
 Was set, and visible for many a mile,
 The cottage windows through the twilight blazed—
 I heeded not the summons: happy time
 It was indeed for all of us—to me
 It was a time of rapture! clear and loud
 The village-clock tolled six! I wheel'd about,
 Proud and exulting, like an untired horse
 That cared not for its home. All shod with steel,
 We hissed along the polished ice, in games
 Confederate, imitative of the chase
 And woodland pleasures, the resounding horn,
 The pack loud bellowing and the hunted hare.
 So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
 And not a voice was idle; with the din,
 Meanwhile, the precipices rang loud,
 The leafless trees and every icy crag
 Tinkled like iron, while the distant hills
 Into the tumult sent an alien sound
 Of melancholy—not unnoticed, while the stars
 Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
 The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
 Into a silent bay, or sportively
 Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng
 To cut across the image of a star
 That gleamed upon the ice; and oftentimes
 Where we had given our bodies to the wind,
 And all the shadowy banks on either side
 Came sweeping through the darkness, shunning still
 The rapid line of motion—then at once
 Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
 Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliff
 Wheeled by me even as if the earth had rolled
 With visible motion her diurnal round!
 Behind me did they stretch in solemn train
 Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
 Till all was tranquil as a summer sea. WORDSWORTH.

RULES FOR SERVANTS.

I. A good character is valuable to every one, but especially to servants; for it is their bread, and without it they cannot be admitted into any creditable family; and happy it is that the best of characters is in every one's power to deserve.

II. Engage yourself cautiously, but stay long in your place—for long service shows worth; as quitting a good place through passion, is a folly which is always lamented of too late.

III. Never undertake any place you are not qualified for; for, pretending to what you do not understand, exposes yourself, and, what is still worse, deceives them whom you serve.

IV. Preserve your fidelity; for a faithful servant is a jewel, for whom no encouragement can be too great.

V. Adhere to truth; for falsehood is detestable—and he that tells one lie must tell twenty more to conceal it.

VI. Be strictly honest; for it is shameful to be thought unworthy of trust.

VII. Be modest in your behaviour; it becomes your station, and is pleasing to your superiors.

VIII. Avoid pert answers; for civil language is cheap, and impertinence provoking.

IX. Be clean in your business; for those who are slovens and sluts are disrespectful servants.

X. Never tell the affairs of the family you belong to; for that is a sort of treachery, and often makes mischief; but keep your secrets, and have none of your own.

XI. Live friendly with your fellow-servants; for the contrary destroys the peace of the house.

XII. Above all things avoid drunkenness; for that is an inlet to vice, the ruin of your character, and the destruction of your constitution.

XIII. Prefer a peaceable life, with moderate gains, to great advantage and irregularity.

XIV. Save your money; for that will be a friend to you in old age. Be not expensive in dress, nor marry too soon.

XV. Be careful of your master's property; for wastefulness is a sin.

XVI. Never swear; for that is a crime without excuse, as there is no pleasure in it.

XVII. Be always ready to assist a fellow-servant; for good nature gains the love of every one.

XVIII. Never stay when sent on a message; for waiting long is painful to your master, and a quick return shows diligence.

XIX. Rise early; for it is difficult to recover lost time.

XX. The servant that often changes his place, works only to be poor; for "the rolling-stone gathers no moss."

XXI. Be not fond of increasing your acquaintances; for visiting leads you out of your business, robs your master of your time, and often puts you to an expense you cannot afford. And, above all things, take care with whom you are acquainted; for persons are generally the better or the worse for the company they keep.

XXII. When out of place, be careful where you lodge; for living in a disreputable house, puts you upon a footing with those that keep it, however innocent you are yourself.

XXIII. Never go out on your own business, without the knowledge of the family, lest in your absence you should be wanted; for "Leave is light," and returning punctually at the time you promise, shows obedience, and is a proof of sobriety.

XXIV. If you are dissatisfied with your place, mention your objections modestly to your master or mistress, and give a fair warning, and do not neglect your business nor behave ill, in order to provoke them to turn you away; for this will be a blemish in your character, which you must always have from the last place you served in.

* * * All who pay a due regard to the above precepts, will be happy in themselves, will never want friends, and will always meet with the assistance, protection, and encouragement of the wealthy, the worthy, and the wise.

The preceding sentences are contained in a paper which a young person committed to heart on first getting a place, and, having steadily observed, obtained a character for integrity and worth incapable of being shaken. By constantly keeping in view that "Honesty is the best policy," it led to prosperity, and the faithful servant became an opulent employer of servants.

The author of "The Chase" elegantly describes one of the devices by which the elephant is caught in his own domains:—

On distant Ethiopia's sunburnt coasts,
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
With slender poles the wide capacious mouth,
And hurdles slight, they close; o'er these is spread
A floor of verdant turf, with all its flowers
Smiling delusive, and from strictest search
Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.
Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
Of various kinds surcharg'd: the downy peach,
The clustering vine, and of bright golden rind
The fragrant orange. Soon as evening grey

Advances slow, besprinkling all around
With kind refreshing dews the thirsty globe,
The stately elephant, from the close shade,
With step majestic strides, eager to taste
The cooler breeze, that from the sea-beat shore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid stream
To lave his panting sides; joyous he scents
The rich repast, unweeting of the death
That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought:
The price is life. For now the treacherous turf
Trembling gives way; and the unwieldy beast,
Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound.
So when dilated vapours, struggling, heave
Th' incumbent earth; if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking subsides, and the thin surface yield—
Down sinks at once the ponderous dome, ingulph'd
With all its towers. SOMERVILLE.

JOHN KEATS.

John Keats, the poet, died in 1821. Virulent and unmerited attacks upon his literary ability, by a severe and merciless reviewer, injured his rising reputation, overwhelmed his spirits, and he sunk into consumption. In that state he fled for refuge to the climate of Italy, caught cold on the voyage, and perished in Rome, at the early age of 25. One of his last poems was in prospect of departure from his native shores. It is an

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

I.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk.
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

II.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delv'd earth,
Tasting of Flora in the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker-full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blusful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

III.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known—
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs—
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs—
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

IV.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards.

Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown,
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

v.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

vi.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death—
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still would'st thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

vii.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown;
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn—
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Or perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

viii.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fumed to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

On Crispin's-day, in the year 1415, the battle of Agincourt was fought between the English, under king Henry Plantagenet V., and the French, under the constable d'Albret. The French had "a force," says Hume, "which, if prudently conducted, was sufficient to trample down the English in the open field." They had nearly a hundred thousand cavalry. The English force was only six thousand men at arms, and twenty four thousand foot, mostly archers. The constable of France had selected a strong position in the fields in front of the village of Agincourt. Each lord had planted his banner on the spot which he intended to occupy during the battle. The night was cold, dark and rainy, but numerous fires lighted the horizon; while bursts of laughter and merriment were repeatedly heard from the soldiery, who spent their time in revelling and debate around their banners, discussing the probable events of the next day, and fix-

ing the ransom of the English king and his barons. No one suspected the possibility of defeat, and yet no one could be ignorant that they lay in the vicinity of the field of Cressy. In that fatal field, and in the equally fatal field of Poitiers, the French had been the assailants; the French determined, therefore, on the present occasion, to leave that dangerous honour to the English. To the army of Henry, wasted with disease, broken with fatigue, and weakened by the privations of a march through a hostile country in the presence of a superior force; this was a night of hope and fear, of suspense and anxiety. They were men who had staked their lives on the event of the approaching battle, and spent the intervening moments in making their wills, and in attending the exercises of religion. Henry sent his officers to examine the ground by moon-light, arranged the operations of the next day, ordered bands of music to play in succession during the night, and before sun-rise summoned his troops to attend at matins and mass: from thence he led them to the field.

His archers, on whom rested his principal hope, he placed in front; beside his bow and arrows, his battle-axe or sword, each bore on his shoulder a long stake sharpened at both extremities, which he was instructed to fix obliquely before him in the ground, and thus oppose a rampart of pikes to the charge of the French cavalry. Many of these archers had stripped themselves naked; the others had bared their arms and breasts, that they might exercise their limbs with more ease and execution; their well-earned reputation in former battles, and their savage appearance this day struck terror into their enemies. Henry himself appeared on a grey palfrey in a helmet of polished steel, surmounted by a crown sparkling with jewels, and wearing a surcoat whereon were emblazoned in gold the arms of England and France. Followed by a train of led horses, ornamented with the most gorgeous trappings, he rode from banner to banner cheering and exhorting the men. The French were drawn up in the same order, but with this fearful disparity in point of number, that while the English files were but four, theirs were thirty deep. In their lines were military engines or cannon to cast stones into the midst of the English. The French force relatively to the English was as seven or six to one. When Henry gave the word, "Banners advance!" the men shouted and ran towards the enemy, until they were within twenty paces, and then repeated the shout; this was echoed by a detachment which, immediately issuing from its concealment in a meadow, assailed the left flank of the French, while the archers ran before their stakes, discharged their arrows, and then retired behind their rampart. To break this formidable body, a select battalion of eight hundred men at arms had been appointed by the constable; only seven score of these came into action; they were quickly slain, while the others, unable to face the incessant shower of arrows, turned their vizors aside, and lost the government of their horses, which, frantic with pain, plunged back in different directions into the close ranks. The archers, seizing the opportunity occasioned by this confusion, slung their bows behind them, and bursting into the mass of the enemy, with their sword and battle-axes, killed the constable and principal commanders, and routed the first division of the army. Henry formed the archers again, and charged the second division for two hours in a bloody and double contest, wherein Henry himself was brought on his knees by the mace of one of eighteen French knights, who had bound themselves to kill or take him prisoner; he was rescued by his guards, and this second division was ultimately destroyed. The third shared the same fate; and resistance having ceased, Henry traversed the field with his barons, while the heralds examined the arms, and numbered the bodies of the slain. Among them were eight thousand knights and esquires, more than a hundred bannerets, seven counts, the three dukes of Brabant, Bar and Alençon, and the constable and admiral of France. The loss of the conquerors amounted to no

more than sixe hundred men, with the Earl of Suffolk and the Duke of York, who perished fighting by the king's side, and had an end more honourable than his life. Henry became master of fourteen thousand prisoners, the most distinguished of whom were the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, and the Counts of Eu, Vendome and Richmond. As many of the slain as it was possible to recognise were buried in the nearest churches, or conveyed to the tombs of their ancestors. The rest, to the number of five thousand eight hundred, were deposited in three long and deep pits dug in the field of battle. This vast cemetery was surrounded by a strong enclosure of thorns and trees, which pointed out to succeeding generations the spot where the resolution of a few Englishmen triumphed over the impetuous but ill-directed valour of their numerous enemies. Henry returned to England by way of Dover; the crowd plunged into the waves to meet him, and the conqueror was carried in their arms from his vessel to the beach. The road to London exhibited one triumphal procession. The lords, commons and clergy, the mayor, aldermen and citizens, conducted him into the capital; tapestry, representing the deeds of his ancestors, lined the walls of the houses; pageants were erected in the streets; sweet wine ran in the conduits; bands of children, tastefully arrayed, sang his praise; and the whole population seemed intoxicated with joy.—*LINGARD.*

This memorable achievement on St. Crispin's-day is immortalized by Shakspeare, in a speech that he assigns to Henry V. before the battle:—

This day is called—the feast of Crispian :
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a-tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian ;
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will, yearly, on the vigil, feast his friends,
 And say—to-morrow is St. Crispian ;
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
 Old men forget—yet shall not all forget,
 But they'll remember, with advantages,
 What feats they did that day : Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouth as household words—
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick, and Talbot, Salisbury, and Gloucester,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered :
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers—
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition ;
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
 That fought with us upon St. Crispin's Day.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Music is to sensibility what language is to poetry—the mode of expressing enthusiastic sentiments, and exciting agreeable sensations. The more imagination the composer is able to put into his music, the more powerfully he appeals to the feelings. Sensibility is the soul of music, and pathos its most powerful attribute.

Generally speaking, musicians are the most intolerant of men to one another, the most captious, the best humoured when flattered, and the worst tempered at all other times. Music, like laudanum, appears to soothe the senses when used in moderation—but the continual employment of either furries and excites the faculties, and often renders the best natured men in the world petulant, irritable and violent.—*Madden's Infirmitics of Genius.*

INTEMPERANCE AND SLAVERY.—WHICH IS THE GREATEST EVIL ?

'Tis better far for man to live
 A slave to man than slave to drink—
 'Tis better far for him to give
 His life to servitude, than sink,
 Detested, hated and despised,
 Below the soulless brute that dies,
 Unconscious of life's brief career—
 Unconscious of all hope or fear:

'Tis better far in chains to lie,
 Deep in some dungeon's gloomy cell,
 Than read reproach in every eye,
 Speaking a language known full well,
 Of honour lost, and blighted fame—
 An outcast, with an outcast's name.

'Tis better far to bear the lash,
 Inflicted by some cruel hand,
 Than blight with misery, and dash
 Your cup with poison, and command
 The orgies of some beastly crew,
 Such as the immortal Shakspeare drew.

'Tis better far to spend this life
 In slavery's degrading form,
 Than riot rise for deadly strife,
 By liquor drugg'd, by passion warm,
 To sunder nature's dearest ties,
 E'en where her holiest bonds arise.

'Tis better far a slave to die,
 Cheer'd with the hope of heavenly bliss,
 In those bright realms beyond the sky,
 Where all is peace and happiness,
 Than tread the drunkard's cheerless path,
 In fear of death and God's just wrath.

A tear may deck the drunkard's grave,
 While thousands mourn the noble slave.

FRICITION AND COLD WASHING.

An inattention to the condition of the surface of the body is a fruitful source of stomach ailment ; and one of the principles upon which exercise proves beneficial to the dyspeptic is, that of its tendency to preserve the excretions from the skin in good condition. Friction of the surface ought to be enjoined as one of the most useful remedies for indigestion. This should be had recourse to every morning immediately on rising from bed ; and with it should be combined a sort of shower bath by a sponge. I have not been so satisfied, in my own case, with any single article of preventive management as the one I now refer to. It is preventive both of stomach derangement, and of that inordinate susceptibility to cold which is usually a concomitant of stomach weakness ; and I have no hesitation in saying, that it ought to be employed by all whose nerves and digestive organs are in any degree disposed to be out of order. Of cold, since I have adopted the practice, I am comparatively careless ; and my digestive energies are improved, to say the least, in an equal proportion. It is a practice, in my mind, far superior to the plunging in the cold bath.—*Dr. Unwin on Indigestion.*

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