

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela est possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
						✓					

# SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

PRICE TWO PENCE.

Vol. I.]

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 14, 1833.

[No. 4.

THE SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE again commits itself to the current of popular opinion, under an improved form—which the Editor has thought himself bound to adopt, in order to manifest his sense of the favourable disposition of his patrons, so unequivocally proved by the rapidity with which the subscription list was filled. The object and nature of the design have previously been explained; and the plan already approved will be pursued in the future progress of the work.

The gentle public must not be offended, if we candidly inform it why the undertaking was temporarily discontinued at its third number. The cause may be guessed when we mention, that we have in our possession a bag filled with the detestable copper coin which every body sneers at, and of which an uncourteous portion of the public thought it an excellent opportunity to rid itself at our expense.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

Sir,—At the moment when your agent called, I was about to write you a note, requesting you to add my name to the list of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Magazine—a work which, if well conducted, is admirably calculated to diffuse knowledge, at a cheap rate. I trust you will allow me, at the same time, to point out, with all due respect, an important historical error in your last number. You mention the accession of the *House of York* in the person of *Henry the Sixth, 1422*—whereas, that accession took place in the person of *Edward IV., A. D. 1461.*

Henry the Sixth was a *Lancasterian*, or *red Rose*, being the son of Henry V., grandson of Henry IV., and great grandson of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.—I leave to your own superior judgment to suggest the best mode of correcting this error in your next number.

I trust the motive and manner of this communication will prevent the possibility of offence.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

B. B. STEVENS.

#### THE VOICE OF PRAYER.

I.

I hear it in the summer wind,  
I feel it in the lightning's gleam;  
A tongue in every leaf I find,  
A voice in every running stream.  
It speaks in the enamell'd flower,  
With grateful incense borne on high;  
It echoes in the dripping shower,  
And breathes in midnight's breathless sky;  
Through all her scenes of foul and fair,  
Nature presents a fervent prayer—  
In all her myriad shapes of lore,  
Nature transmits a prayer above.

II.

Day unto day, and night to night,  
The eloquent appeal convey;  
Flasheth the cheerful orb of light,  
To bid creation bend and pray—  
The shadowy clouds of darkness steal  
Along the horizon's azure cope,  
Bidding distracted nations kneel  
To Him, the Lord of quenchless hope—  
To Him, who died that hope might live,  
And lived, eternal life to give—  
Who bore the pangs of death, to save  
The dead from an eternal grave!

III.

Oh! tread you tangled coppice now,  
Where the sweet briar and woodbine strive—  
Where music drops from every bough,  
Like honey from the forest-hive—  
Where warbling birds and humming bees,  
And wild-flowers round a gushing spring,  
And blossoms sprinkled o'er the trees,  
And gorgeous insects on the wing,  
Unite to load the gladden'd air  
With melody of grateful prayer—  
Unite their Maker's name to bless,  
In that brief space of happiness!

IV.

And can it be that MAN alone  
Forbids the tide of prayer to flow,  
For whom his God forsook a throne,  
To weep, to bleed—a man of woe?  
Ah! 'tis *alone* the immortal soul  
An endless bliss ordain'd to win,  
The heaven of heavens its destined goal,  
That thus is sunk in shameless sin!  
Scantly permitting to intrude  
The faintest gleam of gratitude;  
And but in hours of dire despair,  
Responding in the voice of prayer!

The God of mercy walks his round  
From day to day, from year to year,  
And warns us each with awful sound,  
"No longer stand ye idle here."

Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,  
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,  
Waste not of youth the morning light,  
Oh fools why stand ye idle here?

And ye whose scanty locks of gray,  
Foretell your latest travail year,  
How fast declines your useless day,  
And stand ye yet so idle here?

One hour remains, there is but one,  
But many a grief, and many a tear,  
Through endless ages, must atone  
For moments lost and wasted here.

HENRY

## THE INDIAN PALANKEEN.

The palankeen is about six feet long by two and a half wide, and serves at night-time for a bed, in the day-time for a parlour. In the front part of the interior is fitted a broad shelf, underneath which a drawer pulls out, and over the shelf a net is stretched, such as we see in travelling carriages. In the after part, as a sailor would call it, there is generally fixed a shelf for books, a net for fruit or any loose articles, and hooks for hats, caps, towels, and other things. There are two doors, or sliding partitions on each side, fitted with Venetian blinds in the upper pannel; and in each end of the palankeen are placed two little windows. Many travellers choose to have a lamp fixed in one corner, with a glass face turned inwards, but trimmed from without, either for reading or for sleeping by—for your Indian must always have a light to see how to shut his eyes, as Pat said. The bottom, or seat, is made of strips of rattan, like that of a chair, over which is laid a light elastic mattress, made either of horse-hair, or, which is still better, I believe, of the small shavings used in dressing the bamboo and rattan.

Across the palankeen, at a distance of a foot and a half from the end, is hung a flat square cushion, buttoned tightly from side to side, for the traveller's back to rest against; while his feet are prevented from slipping forwards by a cross-bar, similar in principle to the stretchers in a boat, against which the rowers plant their feet. This bar, which slides up and down in slits cut at the sides of the palankeen, is capable of being shifted nearer to or further from the end, according to the length of the voyager's legs, or to his choice of position. In the space behind the cushion or rest for the back, are stowed away, in the day-time, the sheets, blankets, pillow, and other night-things; and in the net above, two or three changes of clothes, in case of any accident separating the traveller from his heavy baggage. In the drawers may be kept shaving articles, and such nick-knacks as a compass, thermometer, sketch-book. On the shelf behind, a few books—among which, of course, will be found a road-book and a Hindustanee vocabulary—jostling with a tea-pot and sugar-canister. Under the mattress, an infinity of small things may be hid, provided they be flattish. In each corner of this moving house are placed little round sockets for bottles and glasses. Many other odds and ends of comforts and conveniences suggest themselves as the journey advances, or may be found cut and dry in expensive palankeens. I speak merely of what mine possessed, and it was a very ordinary affair—cheap and strong, and not too heavy. Along the top, on the outside, is laid a wax-cloth cover, which, when not in use, is rolled up; but in rainy weather, or when the night air becomes chill, this cloth is let so loose as to envelope the whole palankeen.

At each end there is fixed a single strong smooth bar, which rests on the bearers' shoulders. This pole, which is somewhat thicker than a man's arm, is possessed of none of the elasticity which gives such an unpleasant motion to a sedan chair, being secured tightly to the corners of the palankeen by iron rods. To one of these poles there is generally suspended a beautifully shaped rattan basket, holding a goblet or water pitcher, which is still further defended from injury by an open tracery of split rattans, resembling not a little the work in relief on the buttresses and pinnacles of Henry VII's chapel in Westminster Abbey. This goblet is hung in front, that the dew that exudes from its pores may be evaporated by the current of air it encounters as the bearers move on; and thus, even in the hottest weather, a cool draught of water may always be obtained. Under the pole behind are hung a tea-kettle, coffee-pot, and a curious but useful kind of wash-hand basin, imported from China, of a cylindrical shape, made of wood highly varnished.

Some people add a brace of pistols to the equipment of their palankeen; and I preferred, if it came to the push,

rather to be robbed in peace, than to fight a pitched battle with desperadoes about a trumpery watch, or a handful of pagodas. At the very best, one could only hope to repel the boarders, and perhaps put one or two of them to death; in return for which, a broken pate, or a slice with a grass-cutter's knife, would remain as lasting evidences of the traveller's prowess in jungle. As for tigers, I was assured that in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, they are quite as glad to make off from man as man is glad to get off from them; and in truth their instinct must be but small, or their hunger inordinately great, if they have not learned by this time, that Mr. Homo is much more than a match for Mr. Brute, with all his claws and teeth. Of this fact I saw ample proofs in the course of my journey, as I shall have occasion presently to relate in describing a great native festival near Seringapatam, where animals really wild, and not such tame creatures as are to be seen in our misnamed "wild beast" shows, were exhibited and baited for our edification, within twenty-four hours after being caught in the forest.

If the journey to be made in the palankeen be a short one, say thirty or forty miles, it may be run over in the night, with only one stop, during which the bearers light a fire and dress their supper. Including this delay, I have made, between eight in the evening and half-past six in the morning, a journey of full forty miles—that is, from Madras to the Seven Pagodas, or Mahabalipooram, the city of the great god Bali. On ordinary occasions, for short distances between house and house, when you are going out to dinner, only a couple of men run under each pole, and at such times the palankeen is carried at the rate of four or five miles an hour. But on journeys, there are generally three men to each pole, which employs six men out of the twelve, while the others run by their side, ready to relieve their companions at intervals. During the whole time they are in progress, they make a noise which is not easy to describe. Sometimes it consists of a long, deep, but slightly varied groan, in which the whole party join to correct time. Mostly, however, the men in front use one kind of groan or grunt, which is answered by another from those behind. These sounds often approach to a scream, and frequently include, words of warning against stones in the way, or pools of water; but these are articulated so indistinctly, that it is difficult to catch them. I remember one exclamation frequently used, "Kurab high!" Occasionally, when it is wished to make a great exertion, the leader of the song suddenly calls out some such word as "Shabash!" to which every one answers, and away they spring at double speed, while the tone of the music, so to call it, is changed from a dull sort of grumbling bass, to an angry and sharp intonation, mixed with something almost insulting or reproachful in its tone.

## POETRY AND SCULPTURE.

James Montgomery, in his lectures on poetry and general literature, thus contends for the pre-eminence of poetry over sculpture:—

"Poetry is a school of sculpture, in which the art flourishes, not in marble or brass, but in that which outlasts both—in letters, which the fingers of a child may write or blot: but which, once written, Time himself may not be able to obliterate; and in sounds, which are but passing breath, yet, being once uttered, by possibility, may never cease to be repeated. Sculpture, to the eye, in palpable materials, is, of necessity, confined to a few forms, aspects and attitudes. The poet's images are living, breathing, moving creatures: they stand, walk, run, fly, speak, love, fight, fall, labour, suffer, die—in a word, they are men of like passions with ourselves, undergoing all the changes of actual existence, and presenting to the mind of the reader solitary figures, or complicated groups, more easily (for words are better recollected than shapen substances,) and in-

initely more diversified than the chisel could hew out of all the rocks under the sun. Nor is this a fanciful or metaphorical illustration of the pre-eminence which I claim for the art I am advocating. In proof of it, I appeal at once to the works of the oldest and greatest poets of every country. In Homer, Dante, and Chaucer, for example, it is exceedingly curious to remark with what scrupulous care and minuteness, personal appearance, stature, bulk, complexion, age, and other incidents, are exhibited for the purpose of giving life and reality to the scenes of actions in which their characters are engaged. All these are bodied forth to the eye through the mind, as sculpture addresses the mind through the eye."

The Lecturer then selects the following fine illustration of his argument from Childe Harold:—

"Let us bring—not in gladiatorial conflict, but into honourable competition, where neither can suffer disparagement—one of the master-pieces of ancient sculpture, and two stanzas from 'Childe Harold,' in which that very statue is turned into verse, which seems almost to make it visible:

#### THE DYING GLADIATOR.

'I see before me the gladiator lie;  
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony;  
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low;  
And through his side, the last drops, ebbing slow  
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder-shower;—and now  
The arena swims around him—he is gone,

Ere ceased the inhuman shout that hail'd the wretch who won.'

"Now all this sculpture has embodied in perpetual marble, and every association touched upon in the description might spring up in a well-instructed mind, while contemplating the insulated figure which personifies the expiring champion. Painting might take up the same subject, and represent the amphitheatre thronged to the height with ferocious faces, all bent upon the exulting conqueror and his prostrate antagonist—a thousand for one of them sympathizing rather with the transport of the former than the agony of the latter. Here, then, sculpture and painting have reached their climax; neither of them can give the actual thoughts of the personages, whom they exhibit so palpably to the outward sense that the character of those thoughts cannot be mistaken. Poetry goes further than both, and when one of the sisters had laid down her chisel, the other her pencil, she continues her strain; wherein, having already sung what each had pictured, she thus reveals that secret of the sufferer's breaking heart, which neither of them could imitate by any visible sign. But, we must return to the swoon of the dying man:—

'The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout that hail'd the wretch who won.

'He heard it, and he heeded not—his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far away;  
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize—  
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,  
There was his young barbarians all at play—  
There was their Dacian mother;—he, their sire,  
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—  
All this gush'd with his blood.'

Myriads of eyes had gazed upon that statue; through myriads of minds all the images and ideas connected with the combat and the fall, the spectators and the scene, had passed in the presence of that unconscious marble, which has given immortality to the pangs of death; but not a soul among all the beholders, through eighteen centuries—not one had ever before thought of the 'rude hut,' 'the Dacian mother,'

'the young barbarians.' At length came the poet of passion; and, looking down upon 'the dying gladiator,' (less as it was than what it represented,) turned the marble into man, and endowed it with human affections; then away over the Apennines, and over the Alps, away, on the wings of irrepressible sympathy, flew his spirit to the banks of the Danube, where, 'with his heart,' were 'the eyes' of the victim, under the night-fall of death; 'for there were his young barbarians at play, and there their Dacian mother.' This is nature—this is truth. While the conflict continued, the combatant thought of himself only; he aimed at nothing but victory; when life and this were lost, his last thoughts, his sole thoughts, would turn to his wife and his little children.

#### EDUCATION.

The following beautiful extract is from an address delivered before the Zelosophie Society of the University of Pennsylvania, by the Honourable Joseph Hopkins, L. L. D., page 26:

"The American parent does an injustice to his child which he can never repair, for which no inheritance can compensate, who refuses to give him a full education because he is not intended for a learned profession. Whatever he may intend, he cannot know to what his son will come; and if there should be no change in this respect, will a liberal education be lost upon him because he is not a lawyer, a doctor, a divine? Nothing can be more untrue or pernicious than this opinion. It is impossible to imagine a citizen of this commonwealth to be in any situation in which the discipline and acquirements of a liberal education, however various and extended, will not have their value. They will give him consideration and usefulness, which will be seen and felt in his daily intercourse of business or pleasure; they will give him weight and worth as a member of society, and be a never-failing source of honorable, virtuous, and lasting enjoyment, under all circumstances, and in every station of life. They will preserve him from the delusion of dangerous errors, and the seductions of degrading and destructive vices. The gambling table will not be resorted to to hasten the slow and listless step of time, when the library offers a surer and more attractive resource. The bottle will not be applied to to stir the languid spirit to action and delight, when the magic of the poet is at hand to rouse the imagination and pour its fascinating wonders on the soul. Such gifts, such acquirements, will make their possession a true friend, a more cherished companion, a more interesting, beloved, and loving husband, a more valuable and respected parent."

#### BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

##### HOWARD.

John Howard, an Englishman, who has justly obtained a celebrity over the whole civilized world for his extraordinary and unceasing efforts in the cause of suffering humanity, and for which he has been generally and justly entitled "the Benevolent Howard," was born about the year 1727, at Clapton, in the parish of Hackney, a large village immediately adjoining London. To this place his father seems to have removed from the pursuit of his business as an upholsterer, in Long Lane, Smithfield, where he had acquired a considerable fortune. The education of young Howard was extremely superficial; and when he left school he was put as an apprentice to a wholesale grocer in the city; but this situation not being at all to his taste, he embraced the opportunity, on coming of age, of purchasing from his master the remainder of his time. By his father's will, he was not to come into possession of his fortune until he reached his twenty-fourth year, and then he became entitled to the sum of £7000. In addition to the whole of his father's landed property, his plate, furniture, pictures, &c. Coming thus

into possession of a respectable patrimony, he was now at liberty to follow out the bent of his inclinations, which he did by setting out on his travels through France and Italy. On his return, being of delicate health, and inclined to consumption, he was put upon a rigorous regimen, which is said to have laid the foundation of that extraordinary abstemiousness and indifference to the gratification of his palate, which ever after so much distinguished him. In 1752, while twenty-five years of age, he married a lady in her fifty-second year; a step he took in consequence of having received from her many marks of kind attention during a sickness with which he was overtaken. The death of his wife in a few years put an end to this somewhat imprudent connexion. Soon after the death of his wife, he resolved upon leaving England on another tour, with a view to divert his mind from the melancholy reflections which that event had occasioned.

The country which Howard first intended to visit was Portugal, then rendered particularly interesting by the situation of its capital, still smoking in ruins from the effects of a tremendous earthquake. A great part of its capital, Lisbon, and thousands of its inhabitants, had been embowelled in the earth. It was to this sublime spectacle that Mr. Howard's attention was principally directed; and he accordingly took his passage in a vessel which, unfortunately, was captured by a French privateer. This event, unlucky in itself, gave a turn to the fate of the young philanthropist, and proved ultimately beneficial to mankind. His captors used him with great cruelty; for, after having been kept forty hours without food or water, he was carried into Brest and confined, with the other prisoners, in the castle of that place. Here, after being cast with the crew and the rest of the passengers into a filthy dungeon, and there kept a considerable time without nourishment, a joint of mutton was at length thrown into the midst of them; and, for want of a knife, they were obliged to tear it in pieces, and gnaw it like dogs. In this dungeon, he and his companions lay for six nights upon the floor, with nothing but straw. He was afterwards removed to Morlaix, and thence to Carpaix, where he was two months upon parole. He had no sooner obtained his own liberty, than he exerted all his influence to procure the liberation of some of his fellow-countrymen. Whilst at Carpaix, he obtained sufficient evidence of the English prisoners of war in France being treated with inhuman barbarity, and he did not rest till he influenced the government in their behalf. It is to this event that Mr. Howard himself refers the first excitement of that attention to those who were sick, and in prison, which afterwards occupied the greater part of sixteen years. Soon after his return to England, he formed a connexion with an amiable young lady, whom he married, and with her assistance he carried into effect various schemes of benevolence, for ameliorating the condition of his tenantry and the poor in his neighbourhood. Of this valuable assistance he was, however, soon deprived, by the death of his wife, soon after she had given birth to a son. In 1769-70, Mr. Howard paid a third and fourth visit to the Continent, and of which he has left various memoranda, written in a strain of unaffected Christian piety. In 1773, while in his retirement in England, he was created High Sheriff of the county of Bedford. In this office he had numberless opportunities of inspecting the condition of the jails and bridewells under his jurisdiction, of remedying grievances, and alleviating the distress of poor prisoners. The more and more that this benevolent man saw of the condition of the English prisons, he became the more anxious to pursue his investigations all over the country. He proceeded upon tours into the counties of Hertford, Berks, Wilts, Dorset, Hants, Sussex, Surrey, &c. The scenes of misery which now came under his notice were truly deplorable. At Salisbury, just without the prison gate, was a chain passed through a round staple fixed in the wall, at each end of which a debtor, padlocked by the leg, stood offering to those who

passed by, nets, laces, purses, &c., made in the prison. At Winchester, Mr. Howard saw a destructive dungeon for felons, eleven steps under ground, dark, damp, and close. In it the surgeon of the jail informed him that twenty prisoners had died of the jail fever in one year. One of the places which Mr. Howard inspected in the course of his journey, was the bridewell of Surrey, at Guildford, in which he found neither bedding, straw nor work. Soon after his return from making investigations into the condition of these abodes of vice and misery, he was examined before a committee of the House of Commons, touching the knowledge he had thus acquired; and, being called to the bar, the speaker acquainted him that the house was very sensible of the humanity and zeal which led him to visit the several jails of this kingdom, and conveyed to him the grateful thanks of the house and the country for his benevolent exertions in behalf of the most destitute and outcast members of the community.

Mr. Howard continued, throughout the years 1773-74, to inspect the prisons and bridewells of England, and on one occasion extended his tour of philanthropy into Scotland and Ireland. In 1775, he proceeded to the Continent for the purpose of examining the jails in France, Holland, and part of Flanders, Germany and Switzerland, mostly all of which he found under better management than those in Great Britain. He was particularly pleased with the prisons of Holland, which presented a model which, except in a few points, he wished to have seen adopted in England, and every nation on the globe. He found a good deal to interest him in Germany. In the towns in that country, he frequently saw the doors of sundry rooms in the prisons marked, *Ethiopia, India, Italy, France, England, &c.*; on inquiring what such words meant, he was informed that in these rooms, parents, by the authority of the magistrates, confined their dissolute children, answering, in the meanwhile, to the inquiries which might be made after them, that they were gone to whatever country might be written upon the place of their confinement. This seems a strange and harsh arrangement, though we have no doubt many parents in this country would be glad to have the same ready means of incarcerating their dissolute children. In travelling, Mr. Howard lived in the plainest manner; generally carrying along with his luggage a tea-kettle and other utensils, as well as the materials for making tea, of which he was fond, for its simple, exhilarating qualities. At the inns, however, he generally ordered the best victuals and wines, so that there might be no complaint as to his stinginess; but these luxuries he seldom tasted. When he considered himself ill-treated by positions, he punished them by withholding extra fees; but to show that he did not do so for the purpose of saving money, he sent his servant to gather the poor of the place, and, in the presence of the postilion, distributed among them the sum he would have paid. These traits of character becoming widely known, he, in time, was well known and carefully attended to wherever he travelled. On one occasion, he happened to visit a monastery at Prague, where he found the inmates feasting on a day which ought to have been devoted to abstinence. He was so much displeased with this breach of discipline, that he threatened to proceed to Rome to inform the Pope, and it was only after the monks had made the most humiliating apology, and expressed their contrition, that he promised to be silent on the subject to the head of their church. In 1781, he again departed from England on a tour of philanthropy, in order to proceed through Denmark, Sweden, Russia and Poland, and some other countries in the north of Europe, and with the view of inspecting the prisons and hospitals on his route. Copenhagen, Stockholm, Petersburg, and Moscow, were respectively visited, and in each he collected valuable information on the state of the common jails, and modes of punishment. Having thus visited every state of Europe, whence he could hope to derive assistance for the completion of the great de-

sign which animated him, except the two southern kingdoms of Spain and Portugal, he next directed his course thither, and on this journey visited the prisons of Madrid, Lisbon, and other populous towns. This tour being completed, he returned to England, and finished his fourth general inspection of the English jails, preparatory to the publication of a second edition of his Appendix to the State of Prisons—a work he had sometime before given to the public. When these journeys were finished, he summed up the number of miles which, in less than ten years, he had travelled in his own country, and abroad, on the reform of prisons, bridewells and hospitals, and found that they formed a total of 42,033. When, in the spring of 1784, Mr. Howard had laid before the public the result of his minute inspection of the prisons, and many of the hospitals of his own country, and of the principal states of Europe, he retired to his estate at Cardington, in whose calm seclusion he purposed to spend the remaining years of his existence. The benevolent Howard had now nothing to embitter his peace but the conduct of his son, who, having been sent to the University of Edinburgh, and placed under the care of the venerable Dr. Blacklock, unhappily contracted habits of dissipation and extravagance, which were his own ruin, and well nigh broke his father's heart.

After having devoted more than eleven years of his valuable existence to the reformation of the jails, and the improvement of the hospitals of his own country, as well as those of foreign states, he determined again to quit his home on a journey of benevolence, more important to the interests of the human race, though fraught with greater danger to himself, than any he had yet undertaken. His plan was indeed the most humane and beneficent that ever entered into the mind of man; for it was to check the progress of devouring pestilence, by inspecting the condition of the principal lazarettos in Europe, and, if possible, throwing a light on that most dreadful of all scourges of mankind—the plague. On this tour of mercy, he visited the Italian states, and from thence passed by sea to Turkey, in which country he examined the hospitals and prisons of Constantinople, Smyrna, and other places. While on this expedition he “succeeded” in getting on board a vessel with a foul bill of health; and while in it at sea, the vessel was attacked by a Moorish privateer; in the engagement which took place, he fought with great bravery, and aided in repelling the attack of the barbarians. When, along with the crew, he arrived in Venice, he submitted to go through the most shocking privations in a loathsome lazaretto, in order to acquire knowledge of the management of those supposed to be labouring under plague. In all these trials his good spirits never forsook him. Being liberated in due course of time, he returned to England, and resumed his inspection of the town and county jails and bridewells. It is mentioned that he frequently exercised his liberality in relieving poor debtors from confinement, by paying their debts. “I have often seen him come to his lodgings,” says the journal of his attendant in most of his tours, “in such spirits of joy, when he would say to me, ‘I have made a poor woman happy; I have sent her husband home to her and her children.’” He was exceedingly methodical in spending his time. He generally declined every invitation to dinner or to supper whilst on his tours; abstained from visiting every object of curiosity, however attractive, and even from looking into a newspaper, lest his attention should be diverted from the grand purpose in which he was engaged.

In 1789–90, Mr. Howard again proceeded on a journey, which was the seventh and last, to the Continent, to re-examine the prisons and hospitals of Holland, part of Germany, Prussia, and Russia. His plan was to have spent three years abroad. One object of his pursuit, and perhaps the principal one, was to obtain further information respecting the plague, by extending his visits to those parts of the world in which it rages with the greatest virulence, and on

some of whose infectious coasts it is supposed to take its rise. As soon as he had resolved to undertake this hazardous journey, he became impressed with the belief that it would be his last; and when he took leave of one and another of his friends, he did it as one whose face they would see no more on this side the grave. These feelings were sadly verified. The benevolent Howard penetrated in his journey into the deserts of Tartary, to the confines of the Euxine Sea, every where examining the prisons and hospitals, and doing all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the inmates. At Cherson, in the distant region of Russian Tartary, his visits to the infectious hospitals brought upon him the attacks of a severe fever, a species of plague, under which his constitution gave way. Every attention was paid to him by the authorities, but nothing could save his life, which he gave up with pious resignation and hope, on the morning of the 20th January 1790.—Thus died one of the brightest ornaments of English biography; a person whose name is associated with all that is virtuous and benevolent, and who will be remembered with feelings of admiration and respect for numberless ages, in every part of the civilized world.

#### PARAPHRASE OF PSALM LXXX.

The vine of the incarnate Word  
Was planted by the mighty Lord,  
Near Jordan's sacred streams:  
'Twas nurtured in a lowly bed,  
By dews from heaven watered,  
And warn'd by vernal beams.

'Twas pruned and fenced around with care,  
Guarded from blight-infected air,  
And from the noxious worm;  
The briars and thorns that fill'd the land,  
Were weeded out with pow'rful hand,  
To aid the rising germ.

It spread a wide-extended root,  
And upward struck a healthful shoot,  
Which cast its branches round;  
Her boughs to distant ocean stray'd,  
And mighty streams beneath her shade  
Water'd the thirsty ground.

Why hast Thou laid her hedges low,  
That in may rush the forest foe  
To revel o'er her root?  
Why wilt Thou let the passer-by  
Stretch forth with bold impiety,  
To pluck her clustering fruit?

Let not wild beasts nor herding swine  
Uproot, O God! the precious vine,  
Which here thy hand hath sown—  
That branch which Thou hast made so strong,  
For Christ's sake, let it flourish long,  
And be proclaim'd Thine own.

From heaven, O God! Thy resting-place,  
Shed forth, we pray, thy wondrous grace,  
And cause Thy face to shine;  
When in unholy union join'd,  
Zealot with Infidel combined,  
Threaten thy cultured vine.

Thou showest, in Thy sacred Word,  
That they shall be Thy branches, Lord!  
Who still abide in Thee;  
To whom but Thee, Lord! can we go,  
Who hast declared, no powers below  
Shall blight Thy hallow'd Tree.

GERMAN PARABLES. *By Krummacher.* Peabody & Co., 18mo., pp. 216. New York, 1833.

It is a fact that the happiness of mankind flows, in a great measure, from the influence which small matters have upon the mind. He who is not enraptured by the morning song of the feathered race—he, who is not cheered with the smiles of infant innocence—he, who is not delighted with the picture of domestic or fire-side happiness—is a stranger to pure and unadulterated feelings that constitute all that is lovely and virtuous in the principles of human society. So he, who cannot see any beauty in, nor derive instructions from, a simple parable that illustrates nature, sees the world in its ore, and knows not of the brilliant and refined riches which it contains. German pens flow smoothly and sweetly, especially when instruction and amusement are their object.

The parables are short, and so shall be our introduction to them.

**THE BLOOMING VINE.**—Samuel, the Judge of Israel, visited one day the school of the Prophets, which he had instituted at Gibeah, and the advancement of the scholars in the various branches of knowledge, and in the art of vocal and instrumental music, delighted him.

Among the disciples was a young man named Adonijah, the son of Melcha. Samuel was pleased with the youth. His complexion was dark, his countenance beautiful, and the tone of his voice strong and lovely. But his soul was full of scorn and vain presumption, because he surpassed the others in knowledge and deep meditation. He considered himself more intelligent than seven sages, and conducted himself haughtily towards his instructor, whilst his language was mingled with insult and conceit.

The judge of Israel pitied the youth, Adonijah, for he loved him more than the others, because he was full of mental vigor and of a beautiful form. Samuel, therefore, said, the Spirit of God has chosen this boy to be a prophet in Israel; but he counteracts the decree.

And he conducted the youth into the mountain, in a vineyard which was situated in the direction of Ramah, and behold it was the season in which the vine blossoms. Then Samuel raised his voice and said, Adonijah, what seest thou? and Adonijah answered, I see a vineyard, and it wafts over me a sweet odor from its distant flowers.

Step hither, cried Samuel, and view the blossom of the vine. And the youth approached, viewed it, and said, It is a tender little flower, uncomely in hue and humble in form.

Then Samuel answered, And yet it produces goodly fruit to cheer the heart of man, and to renovate his appearance, that it may be beautiful. Adonijah, thus is the noble growth of the vine, in the season of your bloom, before it brings forth the precious fruit!

Remember the vine in your blooming youth.

And Adonijah, the son of Melcha, cherished all the words of Samuel in his heart, and from that moment was full of a mild and gentle spirit. And it was said of Adonijah, who was universally beloved, the spirit of God has descended upon him.

But Adonijah increased in wisdom and in beauty, and became a man like the shepherd of Tekoah, and like unto Isaiah, the son of Amos; and his name was praised throughout all Israel.

**THE MOSS ROSE.**—The angel who takes care of the flowers, and sprinkles upon them the dew in the still night, slumbered on a spring day in the shade of a rose-bush.

And when he awoke he said, with a smiling countenance, Most beautiful of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing odor, and cooling shade. Could you now ask any favor, how willingly would I grant it!

Adorn me, then, with a new charm, said the spirit of the rose-bush, in a beseeching tone.

And the angel adorned the loveliest of flowers with simple moss.

'Sweetly it stood there in modest attire, the moss rose, the most beautiful of its kind.

'Lovely Lina, lay aside the splendid ornament and the glittering jewel, and listen to the instructions of maternal nature.'

(To be continued.)

#### LO, THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

Lo, the lilies of the field,  
How their leaves instruction yield!  
Hark to Nature's lesson given  
By the blessed birds of heaven!  
Every bush and tufted tree  
Warbles sweet philosophy;  
"Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,  
God provideth for the morrow!"  
"Say, with richer crimson glows  
The kingly mantle than the rose?  
Say, have kings more wholesome fare  
Than we poor citizens of air?  
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,  
Yet we carol merrily.  
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow!  
God provideth for the morrow!"

"One there lives whose guardian eye  
Guides our humble destiny;  
One there lives, who, Lord of all,  
Keeps our feathers lest they fall.  
Pass we blithely, then, the time,  
Fearless of the snare and lime,  
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow;  
God provideth for the morrow!"

HEBER.

#### ON THE LOVE OF GOD.

Bishop Heber's amiable and exemplary character, has lately been placed before our readers. The following beautiful passage is from a volume of his *Sermons, preached in India* :—

Beware how you neglect that species and degree of intercourse with your Heavenly Father to maintain which, His mercy permits, and His word invites, and His grace, if you will make use of it, enables you! Beware, lest by thinking of Him but seldom, but seldom addressing him in prayer, and seldom hearing his voice in His Holy Scriptures and his public ordinances, you estrange yourself, by degrees, entirely from His love, and allow the pursuits and pleasures of the world to establish an empire in your hearts, left empty of holier affections! It is by daily prayer, and daily thanksgiving, by patient study of God's word, and by patient meditation on our own condition, and on all which God has done, and will do for us, that a genuine and rational love for Him is kindled in our hearts: and that we become unfeignedly attached to the Friend of whose kindness we have had so much experience. It is to be expected, that in the earlier stages of our approach to God, we should experience but little of that ardour of devotion, those pleasures of earnest piety, which are in this world the reward of love, as well as its most convincing evidence. Our prayer at first will often be constrained, our thanksgivings cold and formal; our thought will wander from our closets to the world, and we shall have too frequent occasion to acknowledge, with shame and sorrow, the imperfection of those offerings which we as yet can make to our Benefactor. A religious feeling, like every other mental habit, is slowly and gradually acquired. A strong and lasting affection is not ordinarily the growth of a day; but to have begun at all is, in religion, no trifling progress; and a steady perseverance in prayer and praise, will not only, by degrees, enlist the strength of habit on the side of holiness, but will call down, moreover, and preserve to us, that spiritual support and influence, without which all human effort must be in vain, but which no one will seek in vain, who seeks for it in sincerity and by the appointed means.

## READING FOR WORKING MEN.

Of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining book, supposing him to have a taste for it, and supposing him to have the book to read. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had enough or too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness, which, in nine cases out of ten, is what drives him out to the ale-house, to his own ruin and his family's. It transports him into a livelier, and gayer, and more diversified and interesting scene; and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment, fully as much as if he were ever so drunk; with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with his money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and his family,—and without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work, and if the book he has been reading be any thing above the very idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation,—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to return to.

But supposing him to have been fortunate in the choice of his book, and to have alighted upon one really good and of a good class, what a source of domestic enjoyment is laid open! What a bond of family union! He may read it aloud, or make his wife read it, or his eldest boy or girl, or pass it round from hand to hand. All have the benefit of it—all contribute to the gratification of the rest,—and a feeling of common interest and pleasure is excited. Nothing unites people like companionship in intellectual enjoyment. It does more; it gives them mutual respect, and to each among them self-respect—that corner-stone of all virtue. It furnishes to each the master-key by which he may avail himself of his privilege as an intellectual being, to

'Enter the sacred temple of his breast,  
And gaze and wander there a ravished guest;  
Wander through all the glories of his mind,  
Gaze upon all the treasures he shall find.'

And while thus leading him to look within his own bosom for the ultimate sources of his happiness, warns him, at the same time, to be cautious how he defiles and desecrates that inward and most glorious of temples."

## A CHAPTER ON TEMPER.

One of the most impressive admonitions ever given to a mother, is found in the advice of her physician, never to nourish her infant, when in a passion, as the pure fountain from whence it derives support, is for the time poisoned by the ebullitions of rage, and convulsions and death too frequently follow. How dreadful, therefore, is the consequence of passion, when it may even endanger the life of the innocent being at the very moment when it receives the nourishment so necessary for its existence—and how frequently is every enjoyment through life poisoned by giving way to the force of a crabbed, petulant, wayward temper. Something may be charged to Dame Nature in the formation of our tempers, but more to early impressions—to proper corrections, to severe admonitions in repressing and checking the gusts of passion in a child. This watchful and anxious duty is more necessary with a daughter than a son, because the boy is thrown upon the world—mingles with mankind, and rudeness and passion is promptly checked by prompt punishment, and the rough treatment he experiences on life's stormy billows, is an efficient corrective of a bad temper. Not so with a girl. From her pursuits and domestic habits, she is necessarily estranged from the world until that period arrives, when she is called upon to take an interest in its bustling concerns—when her accomplishments, and probably, personal attractions, draw around her friends and admirers;

and when she is about to be translated from scholastic pursuits and maiden habits to the more elevated sphere in which the wife and mother moves. Here is the trying moment. The ardent admirer sees in the object of his fond affection nothing but what is truly amiable; he finds her all that glowing fancy had painted;—but when the giddy lover is superseded by the temperate husband, and he anxiously examines with deeper scrutiny into the qualities of her head and heart, he is shocked beyond expression to find youth and beauty under the deformity of a confirmed bad temper—and he dates his misery and unhappiness from the moment of this unfortunate discovery—he finds that nature has not been munificent in this blessing, but neglect had strengthened natural propensities, like a fair garden which is allowed to be overrun with weeds. If he is blessed with wealth he cannot enjoy it from the fretful contradictions of her temper; if he has to labour with care and anxiety, his home is always hateful to him; if he advises he is treated with neglect; if he admonishes he is threatened with displeasure; if he raises his voice in anger, he is assailed with ten fold violence—his servants refuse to remain with him—his friends will not sacrifice their comfort to her splenetic humours: she is unhappy herself, and makes every one unhappy around her, while her husband driven to other sources for enjoyment, too frequently plunges into dissipation and ruin because he cannot find that happy retreat which his ardent fancy had painted. A bad temper therefore in a woman poisons all her happiness, and 'turns her milk to gall'—blights her youth and brings on premature, fretful old age—pulls all her enjoyments—banishes her friends, and renders her home comfortless and barren. Far different is the ripe, rich harvest of a home made bright and happy by the sweet temper and mild deportment of an amiable wife, who, if afflictions cross her husband abroad, finds comfort and consolation in his domicile—is happy in a companion whose temper is like the silver surface of a lake, calm, serene, and unruffled. If he is rich, his admiring friends rejoice in his prosperity, and delight in his hospitality, because all around is light, airy, and sunshine; if he is poor, he breaks his crust in peace and thankfulness, for it is not steeped in the waters of bitterness. An amiable temper is a jewel of inestimable value in the sum of earthly happiness, because with that alone, the whims of a cross husband may be subdued—many vices may be overcome, the boisterous may be tamed—the unruly conquered—the fretful tranquilized, and the hurricane softened and hushed, as the mild zephyr that sweeps over the honeysuckle under the casement.

## A CHAPTER ON HAPPINESS.

Let people say what they will, the middle age of life is the season of happiness. Youth, it is true, has vigor and boiling blood; it has its day dreams and night dreams, its dim and vague but far stretching aspirations, its warm attachments garnered in its heart's core, its panting and unspeakable thirst after knowledge, and there is vividness and intensity of feeling in all it feels or does. It is alive to all influences, whether good or bad, and when the gust of excitement passes over it, it is swayed and shaken like a storm-stricken reed. Let this excitement come in what shape it may, be it love, hate, ambition, pleasure, its effect is of the same overpowering character. And yet, with all the susceptibility of youth to pleasurable emotions, there can be no doubt that it is the season of melancholy. When the world begins to break in with its clouds and storms, and the day-dreams of earlier years begin to vanish one by one before the visits of stern experience; when cold and hungry necessity stands naked before them and makes its demands, young gentlemen are very apt to betake themselves to moping, to nurse discontented and repining thoughts, until their imaginations become so diseased that they can hardly get along without a daily dish of melancholy. Even those who have no carth-



ly reason for repining at the present or for boding trouble for the future, are quite as apt to addict themselves to mental habits of this kind, as those who may have from their untoward lot in life, some plausible reason for the indulgence of such a weakness. Time is the only physician that can cure these morbid gentlemen of their ills, and the sooner he makes his visits the better for them. He alone can cleanse their stuffed bosoms of the perilous stuff that weighs upon them, and bring back the mental and moral constitution to vigorous health. But he is a rough physician and his prescriptions are sometimes difficult to swallow.

Look at the published scribblings of the day, whether of prose or of poetry, that are black with melancholy, that speak of blighted hopes, and crushed affections, and withered feelings; in a word, that contain the whole catalogue of sorrows. Nine out of ten are written by young people, and about one melancholy scribbler out of a hundred, has ever met the harsh reality of what he seeks to describe, or has any just cause for making himself miserable.

He has thought and dreamed till his self-begotten melancholy is of a darker character than that produced by contact with real misfortune. He lives in an atmosphere of sorrow of his own making, which can only be purified by a few electric flashes. They come in time, and he learns to be a cheerful man only when it has become his lot to grapple with adversity.

We believe with Geoffrey Crayon, that there have been such things as broken hearts. If such has been the case, they must have been the tenants of very youthful breasts that have been thus cruelly turned out of possession, for we cannot help thinking that it would be a hard matter to break the heart of a middle-aged man or woman.—Like all other things, they become knotty and tough in the course of years. They learn to meet misfortune in all its shapes, to extract some consolation from its roughest visitings, and as for conjuring up imaginary sorrows wherewith to regale themselves, it is entirely out of their power. A middle-aged man who should take it into his head to be miserable, without a just cause, would find it rather a hard matter to accomplish his object. He might put on a black cap, gird himself with sackcloth, and place himself upon the melancholy stool, with a full determination to be wretched, but it would be all in vain, and the poor man would have to content himself with cheerfulness, and make the best of it. Even if he has not altogether abandoned his habits of dreaming, his dreams are generally those of cheerfulness. If the blue devils have not entirely discontinued their calls, their aspect is less grim, and their vestments less dark than when they presented themselves before him in his youth. Depend upon it, you will find in middle age more cheerfulness than at any other period of life.

#### THE GERMAN EXILE'S DIRGE.

"I attended a funeral where there were a number of the German settlers present. After I had performed such service as is usual on similar occasions, a most venerable looking old man came forward, and asked if I were willing that he should perform some of their peculiar rites. He opened a very ancient version of Luther's Hymns, and they all began to sing in German, so loud that the woods echoed the strain. There was something affecting in the singing of these people, carrying one of their brethren to his last home, and using the language and rites which they had brought with them over the sea from the *Vaterland*—a word which often occurred in his hymn. It was a long, slow and mournful air, which they sang as they bore the body along. The words, '*mein Gott,—mein Bruder*'—and *Vaterland*' died away in distant echoes among the woods. I shall long remember that funeral hymn."—*Flinn's Recollections of the Valley of the Mississippi.*

There went a dirge through the forest's gloom—  
—An Exile was borne to a lonely tomb.

"Brother!" (so the chant was sung  
In the slumberer's native tongue)  
"Friend and brother! not for thee  
Shall the sound of weeping be!  
Long the Exile's woe hath lain  
On thy life a withering chain;  
Music from thine own blue streams  
Wandered through thy fever-dreams;  
Voices from thy country's vines  
Met thee 'midst the alien pines.  
And thy true heart died away,  
And thy spirit would not stay."

So swell'd the chant—and the deep wind's moan—  
Seem'd through the cedars to murmur—"gone."

"Brother! by the rolling Rhine  
Stands the home that once was thine;  
Brother! now thy dwelling lies  
Where the Indian's arrow flies!  
He that blest thine infant head  
Fills a distant greenward bed;  
She that heard thy lisping prayer  
Slumbers low beside him there;  
They that earliest with thee played  
Rest beneath their own oak-shade,  
Far, far hence!—yet sea nor shore  
Haply, brother! part you more;  
God hath call'd thee to that band  
In the immortal Father-land!

"The Father-land!"—with that sweet word  
A burst of tears midst the strain was heard.

"Brother! were we there with thee,  
Rich would many a meeting be!  
Many a broken garland bound,  
Many a mourn'd one lost and found!  
But our task is still to bear,  
Still to breathe in changeful air;  
Lov'd and bright things to resign  
As ev'n now this dust of thine;  
Yet to hope!—to hope in heaven,  
Though flowers fall, and trees be riven;  
Yet to pray—and wait the hand  
Beckoning to the Father-land."

And the requiem died in the forest's gloom—  
They had reached the Exile's tomb.

F. HEMANS.

Years rush by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, nor whitherward it is tending; and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed; and yet Time is beguiling man of his strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foliage. He is a wise man, who, like the millwright, employs every gust.—*Scott.*

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.