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PRAYER FOR THE DEAD.

Prayer for the dead ! yet pray not thou
For him that in repose is blest !
The calm and coffined sleeper now,
Where weary travellers are at rest ;
Unconscious of the smile or tear,
Life's blessed sympathies unknown,
Thy voice falls listless on his ear
Who with decay is left alone.

Prayer for the dead ! yet pray not thou
For him that girdeth up to fly,
Where waits prepared for his brow
The glorious chaplet of the sky ;
For ever free from human ills,
The billows of this Jordan trod,
He'll drink the satisfying rills
That flow fast by the throne of God.

Prayer for the dead ! yet pray not thou
For dwellers 'neath the stormy cloud,
O'er which mild Mercy flings no bow—
The fainting, faithless, and the proud ;
For them that in their spirit-powers,
And in immortal madness strong,
Still buffet the unwasting hours,
And shout in agony, " *How long !*"

Prayer for the dead ! whom from their sleep
Time's solemn footfall fails to wake—
Whose midnight dreamings, still and deep,
The judgment trumpet may not break !
Yet in whose soul—if there be shed
Light from the Cross—new life begins ;
They cluster round your hearths—the dead !
The dead in trespasses and sins.

BY T. MOORE.

" Why come ye to the house of prayer
With jewels in your braided hair ?
And wherefore is the house of God
By glittering feet profanely trod ;
As if, vain things, ye come to keep
Some festival, and not to weep ?
Oh, prostrate weep before that Lord
Of earth and heaven, and life and death :
Who blights the fairest with a word,
And blasts the mightiest with a breath !

God 'tis not thus, in bright array,
Such sinful souls should dare to pray.
Vainly to angered heaven ye raise
Luxurious hands where diamonds blaze ;
And she who comes in broidered veil
To weep her frailty, still is frail."

TURKEY.

PROFESSIONAL VISITS TO TURKISH HAREMS.

Dr. Oppenheim, in his recent work *On the state of Medical Science in Turkey*, gives the following accounts of professional visits to harems :—

" The favourite wife of the *Kiaja Bey*, (a man of business) of the Pasha of Adrianople, had been indisposed for three days, and the Pasha, who had the greatest confidence in me, assured the husband that I could certainly cure, if permitted to visit her. The *Kiaja Bey*, without seeing me himself, ordered his *Harem-Kiaja* (the guardian of his women) to conduct me into the harem. The abode of the women stood at the distance of a full half mile from the *Kiaja Bey's* own. We at length reached a low door, at which my conductor knocked ; it was opened, and we passed through it into a garden, in which was an airy pavilion, with a magnificent basin of water, and a refreshing fountain. Here I was desired to sit down, and served with pipes and coffee, whilst notice was given of my arrival. In a quarter of an hour I was led through the garden to another door, which my companion opened, and where I was received by a veiled woman—the female superintendant and porter of the harem. She led me through another garden to the building appropriated to the women, where a crowd of children and female slaves, white and black, were running about, and peeping curiously from behind curtains. At length the sick room was opened to me : a pretty little chamber, hung with red, the blinds of which were carefully closed. The invalid lay on mattresses, on the well-carpeted floor, beside the divan ; the curious attendants were dismissed, and, except myself and my interpreter, no one remained in the room but the two children of the invalid, of four and five years old, and the old matron. The questions I now put to my patient were answered through the veil without any hesitation of prudery, even when they were of the kind that annoy and distress our European ladies. Upon my expressing a wish to feel the pulse, a pair of beautiful white hands were put forth, one after the other ; and when I desired to see the tongue, the invalid raised her veil sufficiently to enable me to scan the features of a very lovely brunette, barely twenty years of age ; but she immediately withdrew herself again, like a snail in his shell, and I was now requested to leave the room, and address any further questions to the old woman, who could inform me on all points. This person then led me back to the *Selamluck*, or the entrance room of the master, and again regaled me with coffee and pipes. I was now led to the *Kiaja Bey*, who questioned me about his wife's health. I made him easy upon the subject ; and when to his two questions of, how soon she would be well, and whether I must visit her again, I returned the satisfactory answer, that the last was unnecessary, and health would be fully restored in a few days, provided my directions were strictly followed ; he expressed his perfect satisfaction by a motion of the head, again entertained me with coffee and pipes, (the established mark of respect) and through his *Hasnadar* (treasurer) handed me a purse of 500 piastres." But the *Kiaja Bey* of Adrianople seems to be the most liberal of all Sultan Mahmoud's reform-

ed Turks; in no other harem was our Doctor allowed such free intercourse with his patient.

Upon being called to another sick lady, he tells us—"I was received by the husband and the father of the invalid, and entertained in the usual way. When I would have addressed some questions to the husband relative to my patient, he answered that he knew nothing about the matter, nor did it signify, as he would himself take me to the invalid, and I should feel her pulse. She lay upon mattresses, as in the room before described, so thickly covered up and veiled that it was impossible to suspect the presence of a human body amidst that bulky mass of cushions, mattresses and shawls. Questions there were none; but after I had seated myself by the side of the invalid, the husband said, "Here is the physician;" and, from amidst the cushions, a hand was stretched out, so wrapped up in a white cloth as to leave, in the region of the wrist, just so much uncovered skin as might admit of two fingers being placed upon the pulse. This done, I was taken away again; and as there remained much which it was indispensable that I should know, my every question occasioned a message into the harem, to procure the requisite information. Thus did an hour elapse ere I could learn whether the invalid slept well, whether she suffered from heat, from thirst, &c. &c." Upon this occasion the husband secured, by his own presence, the invisibility of his wife. But when such was not the case, Dr. Oppenheim assures us that, generally speaking, young and pretty women were sufficiently willing to indulge him with a glimpse of their charms; and that those who were most rigidly scrupulous as to the closeness of their veils were the old and ugly, to which class, it should seem, belongs in Turkey almost every woman turned of thirty.

TREATMENT OF SURGEONS IN TURKEY.

If the physician purposes to perform an operation (Dr. Oppenheim, be it remembered, is both surgeon and physician,) it is necessary that he should conclude a bargain before the judge, not so much to ensure payment, as, in case of an unfortunate result, to secure himself from insults, accusations of murder, or individual vengeance. Accordingly, the patient, or one of his relations, goes with the operator before the *Cadi*, or, in large towns, before the *Mufti*, who gives them a *Fetwa*, by which the operator is acquitted of all blame in case of an unfortunate result, and promised a certain sum for the operation, only the half of which is paid in case of failure. The advantages of such a proceeding I myself experienced. After the affair of Monastir, on the 24th of August, 1830, I performed an amputation on a wounded *Delhi*. He died. Some months afterwards, being sent by the Grand Vizier to Pristina, to examine some recruits, I was invited to visit the *Cadi*. After the usual compliments and courtesies, he asked me, "Art thou the Grand Vizier's physician? Didst thou operate upon the *Delhi*, Soliman Aga, and is he dead?" I answered affirmatively, and he went on, "Here is his father, who accuses thee of homicide. Thou hast shed his blood, and must atone it." I was already sufficiently familiar with the manners and language of the country not to be frightened, and, after a few rough answers, I withdrew, and reported the affair to the Pasha, who reprimanded both accuser and judge. It is very different when, without a surgical operation, a physician has the misfortune of losing a patient by an internal malady. He then runs no danger of paying for the lost life with his own, unless the deceased have held some political office, in which case the family are often tempted to revenge upon the physician the loss of their income. Otherwise, the family is soon consoled: Fate had appointed this hour for the death of the deceased; and, as he is gone to Paradise, death is, to him, no misfortune.

POISONINGS IN TURKEY.

Still more frequent than accidents like these are intentional poisonings; and the native ministry to the perpetration of such crimes. According to the religious opinions of many Turks, crimes of this description are nowise sinful, inasmuch as he who commits them only forestalls an enemy, who is watching for an opportunity of doing the same by him; and also because, if the enemy's death be not pre-ordained by fate, the attempt will, in one day or another, fail. If it is horrible that the perversion of an article of faith should give birth to the thought of such crimes; it is yet more revolting to see them carried into effect by Christians, who have no similar palliative. Alas! native physicians, who are in the service of a rich Turk, a Pasha, or the like, too often lend a hand to such deeds; and it is not advisable for a conscientious physician to enter the service of a Turkish Grandee, as the rejection of such proposals is not unattended with danger to himself. My own sad experience in these matters determined me to leave Turkey more hastily than I should have done otherwise. The last Turkish-Albanian campaign was decided rather by a series of crafty and villainous deeds, than by the moral force and superiority of the Grand Vizier. Of open fighting and the measuring of physical strength, there was scarcely any question. Two of the most powerful adversaries, Whely Bey and Asslan Bey (the Lion-prince,) were invited by the Grand Vizier to attend a review of the regular troops, whom they had not yet seen; they were stationed betwixt two battalions, that, upon the signal being given, fired with ball, and—the two enemies were put out of the way.* * * One evening I chanced, in accordance, indeed, with my duty, but not with my custom, to make one of the crowd of courtiers who stood with bowed heads and folded hands before the Grand Vizier, as he sat alone at table. This was a moment at which he was wont to inquire the gossip of the day, or himself to make communications, to which the circle listened with some relaxation of the accustomed Moslem gravity; whilst all anxiously awaited the Vizier's signal of dismissal, which would allow them to enjoy their own repasts. Upon the evening in question, he kept me with him after his supper was finished—ordered coffee, pipes, and the chess-board, and bade me sit down upon the divan. All servants were dismissed, and I remained alone in the spacious hall with the man who expected unconditional obedience from his dependants: at whose nod upwards of an hundred thousand heads had already fallen. We had made a couple of moves on the chess-board,* when the Grand Vizier looked me steadily in the face, and said *Hehin-Baschi*, (the title of a physician,) I have enemies—thou canst, thou wilt assist me." Hereupon he gave the signal of dismissal; I had no words to answer, nor, after that signal, was it allowed me to speak. I bowed, after the Turkish fashion, to a superior, with a movement of the right hand to the ground, and to my own mouth and forehead, which, in Turkish, means *basch ustund*, or my head upon it—the equivalent of the Frank, Your humble servant. In haste and agitation I rode home. I had but too well understood the Pasha, and clearly saw my own danger: I could not obey, and must be upon my guard. Two of the most considerable Albanian princes, who mistrusted the Grand Vizier's body physician, had applied in full confidence to me; the Vizier knew this, and I was to despatch them. I meditated on the speediest means of escaping from the Vizier, and hoped to accomplish it through the grasping and envious Armenian and Greek banker and secretary, and large pecuniary sacrifices. Twelve days elapsed, during which I carefully avoided not only the Vizier, but all out-of-doors intercourse. When I rose on the thirteenth morning, my servant brought me, as usual, my pipe and a small Turkish cup of black coffee

* To have taken a couple of whiffs of the pipe given me, would have been highly indecent. I was to keep it untouched by my side.

with sugar. I drink; the taste is disagreeable, and I am sick. With the cup in my hand I hasten to the apothecary, and two drachms of corrosive sublimate are found remaining in the sediment. I took emetics, swallowed quantities of whites of eggs, and recovered. I had no grounds for suspecting one person more than another. The number was great of those who, from fanaticism, envy, fear, or the like, wished me away; and if the order to poison me came from a superior, every hand would be ready to execute it. I at length accomplished getting a passport from the Vizier, and hastened into Greece, leaving behind me considerable pecuniary claims. Such atrocities are so much the order of the day that the expression, "a man to be poisoned," is equivalent to a wealthy or influential man.

OPIMUM-EATERS.

Opium-eaters usually begin with from half a grain to two grains, and gradually increase the dose to two drachms a day, and upwards. They swallow it in pills, but cannot drink with them, under penalty of a violent colic. Sometimes, to make it more palatable, it is mixed with various syrups, which lessen its intoxicating quality. It is then either eaten with a spoon, or dried into lozenges, and stamped with the words *Mash Allah* (the word of God.) The action of the opium appears in an hour or two, and lasts, according to the dose and the temperament of the individual, four, five, or six hours. The effect, in those who are accustomed to it, is a high degree of excited inspiration, (Query, trance?) described by the *Theriaki* as the most exquisite enjoyment. * * * When two drachms fail to produce the desired delightful intoxication, corrosive sublimate, to the amount of ten grains, is mixed with the opium. * * * A determined opium-eater is easily known. A wasted body, a sallow yellow skin, tremours of the limbs, a distorted spine, and dead, deep-sunk eyes, mark him out at first sight. He eats next to nothing; the powers of body and mind are gone. Nervous spasms follow, that opium cannot allay. Few that begin early reach their fortieth year.

THE EARLY DEAD.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

When into dust, like dewy flowers departed,
From our dim path the bright and lovely fade;
The fair in form—the pure—the gentle hearted,
Who looks within the breach a sabbath made;
How like a whisper on the inconstant wind,
The memory of their voices stirs the mind!

We hear the sigh, the song, the fitful laughter,
That from her lips, in balm, were wont to flow;
When hope's beguiling wings they hurried after,
And drank her syren music, long ago;
While joy's bright lamp to sweetest lays was strung,
And pour'd rich numbers for the loved and young.

When the clear stars are burning high in heaven—
When the low night-winds kiss the flowering tree,
And thoughts are deepening in the hush of even—
How soft those voices on the heart will be!
They breathe of raptures, which have bloom'd and died—
Of sorrows, by remembrance sanctified.

Yet, when the loved have from our pathway vanished,
What potent magic can their smiles restore!
Like some gay sun-burst, by the tempest banished,
They passed in darkness—they will come no more;
Unlike the day-beams when the storm hath fled,
No light renewed breaks on their lowly bed!

ST. CATHARINE OF SIENNA.

St. Catharine often saw the devil. According to Ribadeneira, at six years old she knew the lives of the holy fathers and hermits by revelation, practised abstinence, and shut herself up with other children in a room, where they whipped themselves. At seven she offered herself to the Virgin as a spouse for her son. When marriageable, she refused the importunity of her parents to wed, and having cut off her hair to keep her vow, they made her a kitchen-maid; but her father one day as he was praying in a corner, seeing the Holy Ghost sitting upon her head in the shape of a dove, she was released from drudgery, and was favoured with a revelation from St. Dominick. She ate no meat, drank only water, and at last left off bread, sustaining herself by herbs alone, and her grace before meals was, "Let us go take the punishment due to this miserable sinner." She so mastered sleep, that she scarcely took any rest, and her bed was only boards. She wore round her body next to the skin a chain of iron, which sunk into her flesh. Three times a day, and for an hour and a half each time, she flogged herself with another iron chain, till great streams of blood ran down; and when she took the black and white habit of the order of St. Dominick she increased her mortification. For three years she never spoke, except at confession; never stirred out of her cell but to go to the church; and sat up all night watching—taking rest in the quire of matins only; and then lying upon the floor, with a piece of wood under her head for a bolster. She was tempted by devils in a strange manner, described by Ribadeneira; but to drive them away, she disciplined her body with the iron chain so much the more. When the fiend perceived he could make no impression on her virginal heart, he changed his battery. She had undertaken to cure an old woman who had a cancer in her breast, so loathsome that no one would go near her; but by the devil's instigation, the old woman gave out that Catharine was not as good as she should be, and stuck to her point. Catharine, knowing the devil's tricks, would not desist; and, to do her honour, Christ appeared, and offered to her the choice of two crowns—one of pure gold, the other of thorns; she took the crown of thorns, pressed it so close upon her head that it gave her great pain; and Christ commanded her to continue her attendance upon the woman, who, in consequence of a vision, confessed her calumny, to the great confusion of the devil. Ribadeneira says, that after this Christ appeared to her, "opened to her the wound in his side, and made her drink till she was so ravished, that her soul was deprived of its functions." Her love and affection to Christ were so intense, that she was almost always languishing and sick; at last it took away her life, and she was dead for four hours, in which time she saw strange things concerning heaven, hell and purgatory. On a certain day he appeared to her, with his mother and other saints, and espoused her in a marvellous and singular manner; visited her almost continually with the greatest familiarity and affection, sometimes in their company, though ordinarily he came alone, and entertained her by reciting and singing psalms with her. Once, as she was coming home from church, he appeared to her in the disguise of a pilgrim, and begged a coat of her; she returned to the church, and secretly taking off her petticoat, brought it to him, not knowing who he was. He asked her for a shirt; she bade him follow her home, and she gave him her shift. Not content with this, he requested more clothes of her, as well for himself as a companion; but she had nothing else left, and was much afflicted; in the night he appeared to her as the pilgrim, and showing her what she had bestowed upon him in the garb he had assumed, promised to give her an invisible garment, which should keep her from all cold both of body and soul. One time she prayed to him to take from her her heart of flesh, and it seemed to her that he came, and opening her side, took out her heart, and carried it away with

him. It appeared almost incredible to her confessor when she told him she had no heart; "Yet," says Ribadeneira, "that which happened afterwards was a certain argument of the truth; for, in a few days, Christ appeared to her in great brightness, holding in his hand a ruddy heart, most beautiful to behold, and coming to her, put it into her left side, and said, 'My daughter Catharine, now thou hast my heart instead of thy own;' and having said this he closed up her side again, in proof whereof a scar remained in her side, which she often showed." By her influence with heaven, she obtained forgiveness for numbers that were ready to fall into hell. Two hardened and impenitent thieves, being led to execution, and tied and tortured on a cart, were attended by a multitude of devils. Catharine begged the favour of going with them in the cart to the city gates; and there, by her prayers and intercession, Christ showed himself to the thieves, all bloody and full of wounds, invited them to penance, and promised them pardon if they would repent, which they accordingly did. Through her intercession, her mother, who died without confession, was raised to life again, and lived till she was fourscore and nine years old. She had the gift of prophecy, healed the sick at the last gasp, cast out devils, and worked miracles. Once making bread of tainted flour, the "queen of angels" came to help her to knead it, and it proved to be most excellent bread, white and savoury. She drew also very good wine out of an empty hoghead. Her numerous victories over the devil enraged him so much, that he tormented her till she was nothing but skin and bones. Sometimes he amused himself with throwing her into the fire, and the marks and prints of the wounds he gave her appeared all over her body. "At length," says Ribadeneira, "when she was three and thirty years old, she entered into an agony, fought the devil valiantly, and triumphed over him at her death, which happened at Rome on the 29th of April, 1380; her ghost appearing to Father Raymundus, her confessor, at Genoa, on the same day, and her body working so many miracles, that, for the multitude of people resorting thither, it could not be buried for three days."

All this may be seen in Ribadeneira's "Lives of the Saints," with more, which, from regard to the reader's feelings, is not even adverted to. It should be added, that the present particulars are from the "Miraculous Host," a pamphlet published in 1821, in illustration of a story, said to have been used in converting two ladies belonging to the family of Mr. Loveday, of Hammersmith.

ELEGANT STANZAS,

WRITTEN BY AN OFFICER LONG RESIDENT IN INDIA, ON HIS RETURN TO ENGLAND.

I.

I came, but they had pass'd away—
The fair in form, the pure in mind—
And like a stricken deer I stray,
Where all are strange, and none are kind;
Kind to the worn, the wearied soul,
That pants, that struggles for repose:
O that my steps had reach'd the goal
Where earthly sighs and sorrows close.

II.

Years have past o'er me like a dream,
That leaves no trace on memory's page:
I look around me, and I seem
Some relic of a former age.
Alone, as in a stranger-clime,
Where stranger-voices mock my ear;
I mark the lagging course of time,
Without a wish—a hope—a fear!

III.

Yet I had hopes—and they have fled;
And I had fears were all too true:
My wishes too!—but they are dead,
And what have I with life to do!
'Tis but to bear a weary load,
I may not, dare not, cast away;
To sigh for one small, still, abode,
Where I may sleep as sweet as they:—

IV.

As they, the loveliest of their race,
Whose grassy tombs my sorrows steep;
Whose worth my soul delights to trace—
Whose very loss 'tis sweet to weep;
To weep beneath the silent moon,
With none to chide, to hear, to see:
Life can bestow no dearer boon
On one whom death disdains to free.

V.

I leave a world that knows me not,
To hold communion with the dead;
And fancy consecrates the spot
Where fancy's softest dreams are shed.
I see each shade, all silvery white—
I hear each spirit's melting sigh;
I turn to clasp those forms of light,
And the pale morning chills my eye.

VI.

But soon the last dim morn shall rise,
The lamp of life burns feebly now—
When stranger-hands shall close my eyes,
And smooth my cold and dewy brow.
Unknown I lived—so let me die:
Nor stone, nor monumental cross,
Tell where his nameless ashes lie,
Who sigh'd for gold, and found it dross.

MISS FANNY BRADDOCK.

The fate of this unhappy young woman, who committed suicide at Bath, on the 9th of September, 1731, is still remembered in that city. She resided with Mr. John Wood, the architect, and on the night of the 8th went well to bed, nowise disordered in behaviour. Her custom was to burn a candle all night, and for her maid to lock the door, and push the key under it, so that she always got up in the morning to let her maid into the room. After she had retired, on the evening mentioned, she got out of bed again, and, it is supposed, employed some time in reading. She put on a white night-gown, and pinned it over her breast; tied a gold and a silver girdle together, and at one end having made three knots about an inch asunder, that if one slipped another might hold, she opened the door, put the knotty end of the girdle over it, and locking the door again, made a noose at the other end, through which she put her neck, by getting on a chair, and then dropped from it. She hung with her back against the door, and had hold of the key with one of her hands; she had bit her tongue through, and had a bruise on her forehead; this was occasioned, probably, by the breaking of a red girdle she had tried first, which was found in her pocket with a noose on it; there were too marks on the door. The coroner's inquest sat on her that day, and brought in their verdict, *non compos mentis*. She was daughter to the late General Braddock, who at his death left her and her sister £6000. By her sister's death, about four years before, she became mistress of the whole fortune; but, being infatuated by the love of gaming, met "an unlucky chance," which deprived her of her fortune. She had been heard to

say, that no one should ever be sensible of her necessities, were they at the last extremity. She was generally lamented, and in life had been greatly esteemed for courteous and genteel behaviour, and good sense. She was buried in a decent manner in the abbey church, in the grave of her honest brave old father—a gentleman who had experienced some undeserved hardships in life; but who might be said to have been thus far happy, that he lived not to see or hear of so tragical a catastrophe of his beloved daughter. The following verses were written by her on her window:—

"O, death! thou pleasing end to human woe!
Thou cure for life! thou greatest good below!
Still may'st thou fly the coward and the slave!
And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave."

Mr. Wood, who wrote "an Essay towards a Description of Bath," speaks of many circumstances which unite to prove that Fanny Braddock had long meditated self-destruction. In a book entitled *New Court Tales*, she is called "the beautiful and celebrated Sylvia," which Wood says, "she was not very improperly styled, having been a tenant under my roof during the last thirteen months of her life; and at the time of her unhappy death, her debt of two-and-fifty pounds three shillings and fourpence for rent, &c., entitled me to the sole possession of all her papers and other effects, which I seized on Monday, the 13th of September, 1731." Though Wood probably knew better how to draw up an inventory, and make an appraisement, than a syllogism, yet at the end of five months the creditors drew "a new inventory" of what was in his possession, and made a new appraisement. "The goods were then sold," says Wood, "and people striving for something to preserve the memory of the poor deceased lady, the price of every thing was so advanced that the creditors were all paid, and an overplus remained for the nearest relation; though it ought to have come to me, as a consideration towards the damages I sustained on the score of Sylvia's untimely death"

Whatever was Wood's estimation of his unhappy tenant when alive, he could afford to praise her dead. "Nothing can be more deplorable than the fate of this unfortunate young woman; a fate that I have heard hundreds in high life lament their not suspecting, that they might have endeavoured to prevent it, though it should have been at half the expense of their estates; and yet many of those people, when common fame every where sounded Sylvia's running out of her fortune, would endeavour to draw her into play to win her money, and accept of whatever was offered them from her generous hand!" She was ensnared by a woman named Lindsey, who kept a house for high play. "When I came down to Bath," says Wood, "in the year 1727, Sylvia was entirely at the dame's command, whenever a person was wanting to make up a party for play at her house. Dame Lindsey's wit and humour, with the appearance of sanctity in a sister that lived with her, strongly captivated the youth of both sexes, and engaged them in her interest." The reputation of this "dame Lindsey" was at a low ebb; but Wood observes, "in the course of three years I could never, by the strictest observations, perceive Sylvia to be tainted with any other vice than that of suffering herself to be deceived to the gaming-table, and, at her own hazard, playing for the amusement and advantage of others. I was, therefore, not long in complying with a proposal she made to me in the summer of the year 1728, for renting part of a house I then lived in, in Queen-square; her behaviour was such as manifested nothing but virtue, regularity, and good nature. She was ready to accept of trifling marks of friendship, to give her a pretence of making great returns; and she was no sooner seated in my house than ladies of the highest distinction, and of the most unblemished characters, were her constant visitors; her levee looked more like that of a minister of state than of a private young lady. Her endowments seemed to have had a power of attraction among her own sex, even stronger than

that of all the riches of a court among the gentlemen that are allured by them."

The last night of her life she spent in Mr. Wood's study, where she took her supper, and dandled two of his children on her knees till the hour of retiring. She then went to the nursery, and taking leave of a sleeping infant in its cradle, praised the innocence of its looks. Passing to her own room, she undressed and went to bed, and, as her servant left the room, bade her good night; she had never done so before. It is probable that at that moment she thought on her fatal purpose, and some passages in Harrington's translation of "Orlando Furioso," are supposed to have strengthened it. It was found that after she had arisen she had been reading in it; the book lay open at pp. 74 and 75, the story of Olympia, who, by the perfidy and ingratitude of her bosom friend, was ruined.

THE FLOATING BEACON.

Why art thou thus, thou lonely bark,
The last on the darkling sea?
Why are thy sails to the night-wind spread,
And why shines that light on thee?

Why art thou here, thou lonely bark,
When the other ships are gone?
I deem'd thee away, with those to-day—
But still thou art sailing alone.

There came a voice from the lonely bark,
Or mine own thoughts answered to me:
Spread is my sail to the midnight gale,
And my light shines lone on the sea:

For my watch is by the shoal and the sand,
And the rock that is hidden by night,
And many a mariner kneels at home,
And blesses the beacon light.

Is not my light like that holier light
That heaven sheds over life's path—
Thought not of, prized not, in stillness and shine,
But welcomed in darkness and wrath.

LEGAL RECREATIONS.

"To him that goes to law, nine things are requisite:—1. A good deal of money—2. A good deal of patience—3. A good cause—4. A good attorney—5. Good counsel—6. Good evidence—7. A good jury—8. A good judge—and lastly, good luck."

"Reason is the life of the law, nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason."

If a man says of a counsellor of law, *Thou art a daff-down-dilly*, an action lies. So adjudged in *Seccario*, and agreed *per totam curiam*.—1 Vin. Abb. 445.

He hath no more law than Mr. C.'s bull. These words being spoken of an attorney, the court inclined that they were actionable, and that the plaintiff should have judgment, though it was objected that the plaintiff had not declared that C. had a bull.—*Siderfin*, 327, pl. 8. Pasch. 19, Car. II., *Baker v. Morfue*. The chief justice was of opinion, that if C. had no bull, the scandal was the greater. And it was pronounced *per curiam* in the same case, that to say of a lawyer, that *he has no more law than a goose*, has been adjudged actionable.—*Sid.* 127, pl. 8. There is quare added as to the saying, *He hath no more law than the man in the moon*—(1b. 2 Kib. 209)—the law, doubtless, contemplating the possibility of there being a man in the moon, and of his being a good lawyer.

My lord chief baron cannot hear of one ear, adjudged actionable, there being a *colloquium* of his administration of justice. But not so if there had been no discourse of his justice.—1 Vin. Ab. 446.

Adjudged, that the *death* of a parson is a *non-residency*, within 13 Eliz. c. 20, so as to avoid his leases. Mott v. Hales, Crok. Eliz. 129.

In the case of *monopolized cards*, there was cited a commission in the time of Henry V., directed to three friars and two aldermen of London, to inquire whether the philosopher's stone was feasible, who returned it was, and upon this a patent was made out for them to make it.—Moore, 675; Dancey's case.

According to the *Asiatic Researches*, a very curious mode of trying the title of land is practised in Hindostan:—Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the plaintiff and defendant's lawyers put one of their legs, and remain there until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by the insects, in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is the *client*, and not the *lawyer*, who puts his *foot* in it.

Professional practice is frequently the subject of theatrical exhibition. "Giovanni in London" has a scene before going to trial, with the following

TRIO.

First Lawyer, Second Lawyer, Giovanni.

Air—"Soldier, give me one pound."

1st Lawyer.

Giovanni, give me one pound.

2d Lawyer.

Giovanni, give me two.

1st Lawyer.

Trial it comes on to-day;

2d Lawyer.

And nothing we can do.

1st Lawyer.

You must give a fee
Both to me—

2d Lawyer.

And me.

Both Lawyers.

For, oh! the law's a mill
that without grist will never go.

Giovanni.

Lawyer, there is one pound—

(to second lawyer.)

Lawyer, there are two—

(to first lawyer.)

And now I am without a pound,

Thanks to the law and you;

For, oh! I feel the law

Has clapp'd on me its paw;

And, oh! the law's a mill

that without grist will never go.

FIELD FLOWERS.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of nature, I doat upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me it's fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue highland mountains and echoing streams,
And of broken glades breathing their balm,

While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood pigeon's note,
Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June;
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Ev'n now what affections the violet awakes;
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore;
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks,
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart you were dear,
Ere the fervour of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

SATURDAY EVENING.

"How just our pride, when we behold those heights!
"Not the ambition paints in air, but those
"Reason points out, and ardent virtue gains,
"And angels emulate."

A celebrated Heathen represents the mind in her vehicle, by the driver of a winged chariot, which sometimes moults and droops. This chariot is drawn by two horses, one good and of a good race, the other of a different kind, figuratively expressing the tendency of the mind to truth, but retarded by sordid inclinations, and representing the struggles between reason and passion, like horses that draw contrary ways, and move with unequal pace, thus embarrassing the soul in its progress to excellence. This seems an apt symbol of our moral course. Whoever has examined his own character and actions, and reflected on the possibility of a future account to One, in whom every elevated aspiration, every refined sensibility, tells him he has his being—but must perceive, that the instincts which would lead him to seek the exaltation of his nature, are often opposed by adverse principles. The purity of virtue, which bestows on it its most attractive beauty, how easily is it sullied by the indulgence of appetite, and its delicacy, like the wings of the ideal chariot, droop, despoiled of their buoyancy and strength. How often do we feel the reins of self-government tremble in our hands through the turbulence of inordinate desires. Of these struggles between contending principles in our hearts, all are conscious: we feel, from what we would be and what we are, that a deterioration has passed over our nature—that, like a mutilated picture from the genius of an unrivalled artist, though the greatness of the design may be traced, the hand of a master is visible—its primeval beauty is blurred and faded. These considerations, joined to a sense of the obstacles which life and its temptations throw in our way, might almost produce dismay in the mind, awakened to a noble ambition, whose regards were fixed upon the attainment of moral excellence, and whose corrected taste, won by the loveliness of virtue, refused its devotion to the grosser idols of the world. But if there is an effort which may be called divine in its nature and objects, it is when man endeavours to rise above such discouragements, to retrace and deepen the nearly effaced lines of goodness in his mind, by self-command and fervent invocations for divine aid to expunge from his nature what is evil, by virtuous actions to recal its brighter colours, until removed and strengthened, his spirit reflects

to heaven the impress of its purity. Whosoever complains of the *tedium* of life, that his days are monotonous and his actions without excitement, here is an object which will banish languor forever, before whose absorbing interests days will dwindle to hours, the vexations & time lose half their power to grieve—an object which, while it seems to contract existence into a term too brief for its accomplishment, invest it with inconceivable interest and importance.

Who does not sometimes lose himself in dreams of perfection—fancying his character adorned by virtues—ennobled by moral dignity; but here imagination stops—it is for reason to urge us, with energy, to embody the vision in our practice, that we may not be virtuous only in fancy, but cherish the instinct which weaves those dreams of excellence, not by its vain indulgence, but by exciting the best powers of the soul—to be, indeed, what we have only imagined ourselves. In the Grecian games, the crown for which the candidates contended was elevated to their view, to inspire elevation, and arouse the flagging hope; thus the improvement of our character, with its high rewards, its sustaining motives, are a prize held out to the mind, beside whose inestimable worth, the wreaths of fame, the diadems of honour, appear paltry as faded leaves and gilded tinsel.

But at the very first step we meet a serious difficulty; while we have been reposing in mental sloth, evil habits have been twining around us their strong though tiny cords, and it requires but little reflection to learn how even reason may be bribed when custom pleads. It were needless to speak of the force with which habit acts upon the character, and the vigilance with which we should guard against the formation of such as are prejudicial to the liberty of the soul. Every one knows and feels this, for there are few so blest as to be able to look upon the past, without deploring the deleterious influence of some wrong habit of thought or action. It is more important to observe that mighty as this power is, it can be successfully resisted and broken. A vicious bias may be fostered until it becomes as it were a law of our nature, till we seem to others, and to ourselves, its slave and victim; but we are only enthralled while we are willing slaves; the moment a desire to resist the tyrant enters our mind, one link of the fetter that bound us is severed. The faintest throb of the heart for freedom, even when entangled in the most degrading bonds, is a healthful pulse, and indicates returning strength. We should hail it as an angel appearing to unbar our prison doors, and cherish it, until ripened into resolution, it lent us energy to reassert our moral independence. No individual, however overpowered by the cruel mastery of pernicious habits, has a right to conclude that for him there is no hope;—heaven does not pass upon him this sentence, for it permits him to live. None have the hardihood to deny the physical ability of abstaining from evil. When Napoleon was asked if he deemed it possible to cure a long cherished habit, he replied, as easily as you can submit to the amputation of a limb,—a fine remark, which he drew perhaps unconsciously from very high authority. But while we save the frame, all are willing to part with one of its most useful members; few act on the same wise principle in mental diseases. Neither may such a person say that he has not the moral power to retrieve himself to virtue; while there remains one accusing thought, one desire of better things, all is not lost; unsettled as must be the state of a mind debased and crushed by lawless passions, hardened into habit, yet hope, which comes to all, may come to him. If the kindness of Heaven has not been withheld through a course of vicious perseverance, we may hope for its continuance and propitious regards, when with a vigorous effort we break through every difficulty and endeavour to retrace our erring steps. The spectacle of an immortal and once noble spirit, struggling to free itself from the toils of guilt, and escape the moral death of degradation, must be one which enlists the sympathies not only of benevolent

hearts on earth, but awakens the interests of those holy intelligences, who, we are taught, receive such occasions of joy at the return to happiness of the humblest child of earth.

While it is conceded that our way is environed by many dangers, and that solicitations to evil meet us at every turn of life, clothed in alluring forms, yet the inducements to virtuous practices and religious excellence are also strong and numerous. They call in him who, wandering from the path of rectitude, casts himself from even the sympathies of his kind, and bid him hope.—They urge those who, though preserving exterior propriety, are conscious that all is not peace within, to awake their powers and exert their strength in the noble controversy, and they propose no less a reward than the enjoyment of true pleasure. In the allegory of Socrates, pleasure and pain, though contrary in their nature, and though their faces look different ways, are supposed to be tied by Jupiter, together, so that he that lays hold of the one draws the other along with it. This may well apply to the mixed and fleeting joys of sense; but the happiness which we receive from virtue is pure and lasting as it is precious; she never was allied to suffering, and brings no sorrow in her train. Bosom peace, sustaining hope, benevolent wishes, regulated desires, placid tempers and pure thoughts—these are at once the motives and the rewards extended to man by that beneficent Power whose bounty crowns the effort which his goodness excited and sustained.

THE SWEDISH GIRL.

[Previous to the departure of Baron de Stael from Sweden, he was enamoured of his second cousin, a beautiful girl, whom he promised to marry; but after the offers received by him from the Neckar family, he wrote to inform her of the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, and that his union with a lady whom he did not love would be the means of raising his family from poverty and obscurity. His cousin, without any answer, returned him his marriage promise, stained with her tears, and in seven weeks she was a corpse.]

Even to pause on such a thought!

How could it cross his mind!

Vain honours traffick'd for and bought,

With happiness resigned!

And love like mine cast meekly by,

At cold ambition's call!

My heart, be calm!—why should I sigh?

Tears, tears, why will ye fall?

The Swedish girl should scorn to stand

'Tween him and his adopted land.

For him what could I not have borne,

What wo or poverty!

And rich in love, have smiled in scorn,

When heartless wealth rolled by.

I would have urged him up the steep,

Where hangs the noblest crown

Honour may gain, or virtue keep,

An honest man's renown;

Soothed him when yielding to his toils,

And brightened each success with smiles.

Yet why thus linger o'er a dream

That my fond spirit bound,

But lent my soul no cheering beam

To light the darkness round!

Well, be it so—I may not speak

What stirs within my heart;

The fetter'd spirit soon will break

Through all things, and depart—

Yet, 'twould be sweet again to bless
The object of past tenderness!

Aye, take thy bride, and gifted one,
And glory in her fame!
And when, paraded in the sun,
Her genius lights thy name,
Forget, amid its dazzling rays,
How dim thine own appears;
Nor think upon the heartfelt praise
Was thine in former years,
When mingling love, and hope and pride,
With her now coldly thrown aside.

Ay, wed another—wed the great!
Gain wealth, but with it care!
Soon shalt thou feel the galling weight,
And mourn each glittering snare,
That wiled thee from thy plighted vow,
From first and unfeign'd love—
And bade thee to a stranger bow,
A stranger's bounty prove!
Madness! that one so loved by me,
Should ever so degraded be.

It may not be! I cannot ask
Earth's happiness for one
Who hath imposed the bitterest task
That woman's pride has done:
I'll curse not, though I may not bless,
The idol of my youth;
But in my wreck of happiness
I'll prove unfaltering truth—
And, blotted thus with tears, return
The pledge I would, but cannot spurn.

PARABLES.

From the German of Krummacher.

THE ROSE-BUD.

A youth stood before a rose-bush full of buds and blooming roses. With busy cheerfulness, he examined first one flower, then another; now a beautiful leaf, then a bud. The father listened at a distance. He stood in a shady bower, and, with inward love, and peculiar sensations, he fixed his eyes on the beloved of his heart. Does it not seem, said he to himself, as if a divine prophetic voice addressed me from the rose-bush, which presents before me, in its buds and blossoms, the image of a father's future joy? Or why does the child appear to me so charmingly beautiful and dear whilst standing before the blooming bush?

Thus spake the father. But the youth did not become weary of beholding and wondering. The admiration of the beautiful awakens a sense of what is true. He wished to discover in what manner the bud transformed itself into the rose. He folded his arms, and looked steadily at the bud. The father smiled. Thus may higher beings smile when they see the philosopher looking fixedly at a star, or examining the internal construction of a glow-worm.

The boy soon discovered that all his efforts were fruitless. He now plucked a bud, broke it open, and viewed it with great attention. Then the father approached.

On what do you meditate so earnestly, my son? asked he. Oh, father, said the boy, I should like to know how it is that the bud becomes a rose, and for this reason I have culled and separated it. But I only see a few small uncomely leaves, full of folds and wrinkles. I wish I had let it alone!

You have done no harm, my son, replied the father—nature has provided an abundance. She not only administers

to our wants, but also to our happiness and our desire. You have learnt but little to know that it is not easy to discover her mysteries.

But the discovery that nature is mysterious, has not advanced me at all in knowledge, said the boy.

What of that? answered the father. You can congratulate yourself on uprightness of purpose. A good design possesses value in itself. The result does not always depend upon man. And if this be successful, a good intention is always the best.

After a pause, the boy said, with an unassuming thirst after knowledge, Dear father, tell me then how the bud forms itself into a flower?

To this the father replied, My son, I can tell you the process in these words: the bud increases in size, in beauty, and gracefulness, until it becomes perfect. Of every other circumstance I know as little as you?

Nature gives us furnished beauty; but she conceals the hand which brings it forth and presents it.

Then the boy again took up the bud which had broken off, and said to his father, If the bud can make itself so beautiful, more beautiful than anything that man can form, why does it not protect itself from the tender fingers of a child? How happens it that it accomplishes so much, and yet so little? Does it then, indeed, form itself, William? asked the father, and regarded the boy with friendly earnestness.

O true, answered the boy, the flowers have a mother and a father, like myself, who feed, nourish and protect them.

A father *with us!* answered the parent, calmly, but we see him not; we only perceive his power, and his love in us and around us!

Thus he spake. Then the feelings of the boy were changed. For his father had placed a jewel in his heart.

And from this moment he regarded the rosebush, and the flower of the field, as affectionate brethren, and grew in stature, wisdom, and gracefulness. But the father treasured the words of the youth, in his heart, and told them to the tender mother of the boy.

How nearly related, said the mother, is the sublimity of truth to innocent simplicity!

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

The sigh for others too that's given,
Or pity's whispered prayer,
Ascends like incense up to heaven,
And claims a blessing there.
While boons where gold and diamonds glow,
Or costliest works of art,
May no such rich return bestow,
Not springing from the heart.

'Twas thus when pomp and pride had thrown
Their offerings to the poor,
A humble widow stood alone,
And gave her little store:
Though small the gift, 'twas all her hoard,
And angels, with delight,
Did in the Book of Life record
That humble widow's mite.

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