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SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

PRICE TWO PENCE.

Vol. I.]

MONTREAL, APRIL 19, 1834.

[No. 22.

THE CHILL'S FIRST GRIEF.

“ Oh! call my brother back to me!
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?”

The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track:
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh! call my brother back!

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden-tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh! call him back to me!

“ He would not hear thy voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given;
Go—thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in Heaven.”

“ And has he left his birds and flowers;
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours—
Will he not come again?”

And by the brook and in the glade
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had lov'd him more!”

AN EVENING WALK.

LOVE LANE.

“ 'Tis fitter now to ease the brain,
To take a quiet walk in a green lane.”

This observation of our matchless bard, the idol and delight of our own times, though just, few, I fear, follow—either from want of inclination, or, what is as bad, want of time. But there are some whose hours of toil, mental and bodily, do not preclude them from seeking the tranquil haunts of nature. With me, after nervous irritability, and mental excitement, it has been, and is, a favourite enjoyment, to quit the dusky dwellings of man, and wander among the fields and green lanes of our southern shore, while the sun is declining, and stillness begins to settle around.

Listlessly roving, whither I cared not, I have sauntered along till I felt my unquiet sensations gradually subside, and a pleasing calmness steal upon me. I know of nothing more annoying than that nervous thrilling or trembling, which runs through the whole frame after the mind has been

troubled; it seems to me like the bubbling and restless swell of the ocean after a storm—one mass of fretful and impatient water, knowing not how to compose itself. But to come to the green fields. There is a lane leading from the grove at Camberwell, called Love-lane: it is well so called—long, winding, and quiet, with scenery around beautifully soft—the lover might wander with the mistress of his soul for hours in undisturbed enjoyment. This lane is dear to me—for with it is linked all my early associations—the bird—the butterfly—the wild white rose—my first love. The bird is there still—the butterfly hovers there—and the rose remains; but where is my first love? I may not ask. Echo will but answer “where!” yet I may, in imagination, behold her—I call up the shadowy joys of former times, and like the beautiful vision in “*Mansfield*,” she stands before me:—

A thousand recollections in her train
Of joy and sorrow, ere the bitter hour
Of separation came, never again
To meet in this wide world as we have met,
To feel as we have felt, to look, to speak,
To think alone as we have thought allow'd.

What happy feelings have been ours in that quiet lane! We have wandered arm in arm, gazed on the scenery, listened to the bird. We have not spoken, but our eyes have met, and thoughts, too full for utterance, found answers there. Those days are gone; yet I love to wander there alone, even now—to press the grass that has been pressed by her feet—to pluck the flower from the hedge where she plucked it—to look on the distant hills that she looked on, rising in long smooth waves, when not a sound is heard save the “kiss me dear,” which some chaffinch is warbling to his mate, or the trickling of waters seeking their sandy beds in the hollows beneath the hedgerows. I strolled thither a few evenings ago: the sun was softly sinking, and the bright crimson which surrounded him, fading into a faint orange, tinged here and there with small sable clouds; the night-cloud was advancing slowly, darkly on; afar in the horizon were

The light-ships of the sky
Sailing onward silently.

One bird, the lark, was singing his evening song among the cool grass; softly, sweetly, it died away—and all was silent, deep tranquility: a pleasing coolness came on the faint breeze over the neighbouring fields, pregnant with odours, refreshing as they were fragrant. It was twilight—the green of the distant hills changed to a greyish hue, their outlines were enlarged, the trees assumed a more gigantic appearance, and soft dews began to ascend—faint upshootings of light in the eastern horizon foretold the rising of the moon; she appeared at length above the clouds, and a deeper stillness seemed to come with her, as if nature, like man at the presence of a lovely woman, was hushed into silent admiration;—the grey clouds rolled away on each side of her as rolls the white foam of the ocean before the bows of the vessel; her course was begun, and,

"Silently beautiful, and calmly bright,
 Along her azure path I saw her glide,
 Heedless of all those things that 'neath her light
 In bliss, or woe, or pain, or care abide.
 Wealth, poverty, humility, and pride,
 All are esteemed as nothing in her sight,
 Nor make her for one moment turn aside.
 So calm philosophy unmoved pursues
 Throughout the busy world its quiet way;
 Nor ought that folly wiles or glory woes,
 Can tempt awhile its notice or its stay:
 Above all earthly thoughts its way it goes,
 And sinks at length in undisturbed repose."

Coldly and calmly the full orb glided through the stillness of heaven. My thoughts were of the past—of the millions who had worshipped her—of the many she had inspired—of Endymion, of the beautiful episode of Nisus and Euryalus in Virgil, of Diana of the Ephesians, of the beautiful descriptions of her by the poets of every age, of every clime. The melancholy, yet pleasing, feeling which came on me I can hardly describe: my disquietude had ceased—an undisturbed calmness succeeded it: my thoughts were veaned from the grosser materiality of earth, and were soaring upward in silent adoration. I felt the presence of a Divinity, and was for a moment happy. Ye who are care-worn—whose minds are restless—go, at the peaceful hour of eve, to the green fields and the hedge-clothed lanes. If you are not poets, you will feel as poets; if you doubt, you will be convinced of Supreme Power and Infinite Love; and be better in head and heart for your journey.

SISTER! SINCE I MET THEE LAST.

Sister! since I met thee last,
 O'er thy brow a change hath pass'd;
 In the softness of thine eyes
 Deep and still a shadow lies;
 From thy voice there thrills a tone
 Never to thy childhood known:
 Through thy soul a storm hath moved,—
 Gentle sister! thou hast loved!

Yes! thy varying cheek hath caught
 Hours too bright from troubled thought:
 Far along the wandering stream
 Thou art followed by a dream;
 In the woods and valleys lone,
 Music haunts thee—not thine own—
 Wherefore fall thy tears like rain?
 Sister! thou hast loved in vain!

Tell me not the tale, my flower!
 On my bosom pour that shower;—
 Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted,
 Tell me not of young hopes blasted;
 Bring not forth one burning word,
 Let thy heart no more be stirr'd!
 Home alone can give thee rest,—
 Weep, sweet sister, on my breast!

HENRY VIII. AND NICE PUDDINGS.

The building formerly rented by the African Company, was anciently part of the dissolved priory of the Holy Trinity, Aldgate; but on account of Mrs. Cornwallis having gratified the appetite of Henry VIII. by presenting him some fine puddings, he granted this and other tenements to her and her heirs. This house was once the residence of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, a favourite of Queen Elizabeth.

CHABERT, THE HUMAN SALAMANDER.

This exhibitor's public performances in London, seem to have excited great curiosity in a multitude of persons unacquainted with the natural quality of the human body to endure extraordinary heat. The journals teem with astonishing accounts—people wonder as they read—and, by and by, they will "wonder at their own wonder." Perhaps the most interesting account of his first appearance is the following:—

NOT! NOT!—ALL NOT!

Monsieur Chabert (the celebrated continental salamander) exhibited his power in withstanding the operation of the fiery element, at White Conduit Gardens, yesterday evening (June 7, 1826). In the first instance, he refreshed himself with a hearty meal of phosphorus, which was, at his own request, supplied to him very liberally, by several of his visitors, who were previously unacquainted with him. He washed down this infernal fare with solutions of arsenic and oxalic acid, thus throwing into the back-ground the long-established fame of Mithridates. He next swallowed, with great *gout*, several spoonful of boiling oil, and, as a desert to this delicate repast, helped himself, with his naked hand, to a considerable quantity of molten lead. There are, we know, preparations which so indurate the cuticle as to render it insensible to the heat either of boiling oil or melting lead, and the fatal qualities of certain poisons may be destroyed, if the medium through which they are imbued, as we suppose to be the case here, is a strong alkali. We cannot, however, guess in what manner Monsieur Chabert effected this neutralization; and it is but fair to state, that the exhibitor offered to swallow prussic acid, perhaps the most powerful of known poisons, the effect of which is instantaneous, if any good-natured person could furnish him with a quantity of it. During the period when this part of the entertainment (if entertainment it can be called) was going on, an oven, about six feet by seven, was heated. For an hour and a quarter, large quantities of faggots were burnt in it, until at length it was hot enough for the bed-chamber of his Satanic Majesty. "O for a muse of fire!" to describe what followed. Monsieur Chabert, who seems to be a piece of living asbestos, entered this stove, accompanied by a rump steak and a leg of lamb, when the heat was at about 220. He remained there, in the first instance, for ten minutes, till the steak was properly done, conversing all the time with the company, through a tin tube, placed in an orifice formed in the sheet-iron door of the oven. Having swallowed a cup of tea, and having seen that the company had done justice to the meat he had already cooked, he returned to his fiery den, and continued there until the lamb was properly done. This joint was devoured with such avidity by the spectators, as leads us to believe, that had Monsieur Chabert himself been sufficiently baked, they would have proceeded to a Caribian banquet. Many experiments, as to the extent to which the human frame could bear heat, without the destruction of the vital powers, have been tried from time to time; but so far as we recollect, Monsieur Chabert's fire-resisting qualities are greater than those possessed by the individuals who, before him, have undergone this species of ordeal. It was announced some time ago, in one of the French journals, that experiments had been tried with a female, whose fire-standing qualities had excited great astonishment. She, it appears, was placed in a heated oven, into which live dogs, cats and rabbits were conveyed. The poor animals died, in a state of convulsion, almost immediately, while the *fire queen* bore the heat without complaining. In that instance, however, the heat of the oven was not so great as that which Monsieur Chabert encountered. If Monsieur Chabert will attach himself to any of the insurance companies, he will, we have no doubt, "save more goods out of the fire" than ever *Ninning Ned* did.

As regards the taking of poisons by this person, the "Morning Chronicle" account says, "Monsieur Chabert's first performance was the swallowing a quantity of phosphorus, which, we need not inform our readers, is one of the most violent poisons. Happening to stand near the exhibitor's table, he invited us to weigh out the phosphorus, and taste the pure water with which he washed down the aconite. We accordingly administered to the gentleman a dose of sixty-four grains, enough, we imagine, to have proved a quietus to even Chumy himself. We observed, however, that the pure water was strongly impregnated with an alkali (soda), and we need scarcely observe, that any of the fixed alkalies would have the effect of neutralising the phosphorus, and destroying its pernicious effects in the stomach. There was a similar exhibition of swallowing a quantity of arsenic, some of which was fused over charcoal, to convince the bystanders, by the smell, that it was the real poison. To us, however, it appeared that it was merely metallic arsenic, the swallowing of which might be done with impunity—at least, to the extent to which Monsieur Chabert received it into his stomach. We thought this part of the exhibition rather offensive and silly, for it was obvious that the quality of the drugs, professed to be poison, was submitted to no fair test; and there were several links deficient in the chain of reasoning necessary to convince an intelligent person that the professed feat was really performed." Supposing this statement correct, there is nothing surprising in Monsieur Chabert's trick.

"But," the same writer adds, "it was different with the pyrotechnic exhibition.—Monsieur Chabert first poured nitric acid upon metallic filings, mixed (we suppose) with sulphur, to form byrites; these he suffered fairly to ignite in the palm of his hand, and retained the burning mass some time, although a small quantity ignited in our hand quickly made us glad to plunge it into water. Monsieur Chabert then deliberately rubbed a hot shovel over his skin, through his hair, and finally upon the tongue. This was very fairly done. The next feat was that of swallowing boiling oil. We tried the thermometer in the oil, and found it rose to 340 degrees. Monsieur Chabert swallowed a few table spoonfuls of this burning liquid, which perhaps might have cooled to about 320 degrees, between the taking the oil from the saucepan and the putting it into his mouth. A gentleman in the company came forward, dropping lighted sealing-wax upon M. Chabert's tongue, took the impression of his seal. This, we suppose, is what is called *sealing a man's mouth*."

As to M. Chabert, the "Morning Chronicle" account says, "But now came the grand and terrific exhibition—the entering the oven—for which expectation was excited to the highest pitch. We had the curiosity to apply the unerring test of the thermometer to the inside of the oven, and found the maximum of heat to be 220 degrees. M. Chabert, being dressed in a loose black linen robe, rendered, he assured us, as fireproof as asbestos, by a chemical solution, entered the oven amidst the applause of the spectators. He continued like a modern Shadrach in the fiery furnace, and after a suspense of about 12 minutes, again appeared to the anxious spectators, triumphantly bearing the beef-steak fully dressed, which he had taken into the oven with him raw. M. Chabert also exhibited to us the thermometer, which he had taken into the oven with him at 60 deg., and which was now up to 590 deg. We need not say that the bulb had been kept in the burning embers, of which it bore palpable signs. This was a mere trick, unworthy of the exhibition, for M. Chabert really bore the oven heated to 220 degrees for full twenty minutes. Whether we were emulous of Paul Pry, and peeped under the iron door of the oven, and beheld the beef-steak and leg of mutton cooking upon a heap of charcoal and embers concealed in the corner of the oven, we must not say, 'it were too curious to consider matters after

that manner." We are only doing justice to Monsieur Chabert in saying, that he is the best of all fire-eaters we have yet seen, and that his performance is truly wonderful, and highly worthy of the public patronage. A man so impervious to fire, may 'make assurance doubly sure, and take a bond of fate.'

Stay, stay! Not quite so fast. M. Chabert is a man of tricks, but his only real trick failed to deceive: this was placing the bulb of the thermometer in burning embers, to get the mercury up to 590, while, in fact, the heat he really bore in the oven was only 220; which, as he bore that heat for "full twenty minutes," the writer quoted deems "really wonderful." That it was not wonderful for such an exhibitor to endure such a heat, will appear from the following statements:—

About the middle of January, 1774, Dr. Charles Blagden, F.R.S., received an invitation from Dr. George Fordyce, to observe the effects of air heated to a much higher degree than it was formerly thought any living creature could bear. Dr. Fordyce had himself proved the mistake of Dr. Boerhaave and most other authors, by supporting many times very high degrees of heat, in the course of a long train of important experiments. Dr. Cullen had long before suggested many arguments to show that life itself had a power of generating heat, independent of any common chemical or mechanical means. Governor Ellis, in the year 1758, had observed, that a man could live in air of a greater heat than that of his body; and that the body, in this situation, continues its own cold; and the abbé Chappe d'Auroche had written that the Russians used their baths heated to 60 degrees of Reaumur's thermometer, about 160 of Fahrenheit's. With a view to add further evidence to these extraordinary facts, and to ascertain the real effects of such great degrees of heat on the human body, Dr. Fordyce tried various experiments in heated chambers without chimneys, and from whence the external air was excluded.

THE GRACES.

Simplici myrto nihil affaboras
Sedulus cura. HON.

I lay upon a bank with harebells strown;
For now the ruddy Sun was growing pale;
And here and there a star was glittering lone,
And rich with odours from the blossomed vale
Came slowly as a sigh the evening gale.
Then all was hushed,—but where, with folded wing,
Above me, cooed the turtle-dove her tale,
And, through the grass, a little bubbling spring
Woo'd gentle Summer-sleep with its low murmuring.

But whether that sweet spot was haunted ground,
Or that the world-sick fancy loves to stray
Through regions on our weary Earth unfound;
No sooner sleep upon my eyelids lay,
Than seemed to light the East a lovelier day;
Came winged and rose-wreathed forms, that with fond
play,
Danced round and round a slow-descending car,
From which a radiance shone, richer than Sun or Star.

And from it stooped upon the flowery bank
Three shapes of beauty—yet they wore no plumes,
In reverent worship at their feet I sank:
"We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume,
"We come, The Graces three! to teach the spell,
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:
"Let Wit and Wisdom with her sovereign beauty dwell!"

CHRONOLOGY.

WILLIAM, EARL OF KILMARNOCK.

August 18, 1746, William, Earl of Kilmarnock, aged 42, and Arthur, Baron Balmerino, aged 58, were beheaded on Tower-hill, as traitors, for levying war against King George II., in behalf of the pretender.

At the foot of a flight of stairs in the tower, Lord Kilmarnock met Lord Balmerino, and embracing him, said, "My lord, I am heartily sorry to have your company in this expedition." At the Tower-gates, the sheriffs gave receipts for their bodies to the lieutenant, who, as usual, said, "God bless King George,"—whereon the Earl of Kilmarnock bowed; Lord Balmerino exclaimed, "God bless King James." They were preceded by the constable of the Tower hamlets, the knight-marshal's men, tipstaves, and the sheriff's officers, the sheriffs walking with their prisoners, followed by the tower warders, and a guard of musqueteers. Two hearses and a mourning coach terminated the procession, which passed through lines of foot soldiers to the scaffold on the south side of the hill, around which the guards formed an area; and troops of horse wheeled off, and drew up in their rear five deep.

The lords were conducted to separate apartments in a house facing the scaffold, and their friends admitted to see them. The Rev. Mr. Hume, a near relative of the Earl of Hume, with the Rev. Mr. Foster, an amiable dissenting minister, who never recovered the dismal effect of the scene, assisted the Earl of Kilmarnock; the chaplain of the tower, and another clergyman of the Church of England, accompanied Lord Balmerino, who on entering the house, hearing several of the spectators ask, "which is Lord Balmerino?" answered, with a smile, "I am Lord Balmerino, gentlemen, at your service." Earl Kilmarnock spent an hour with Mr. Foster in devotional exercises, and afterwards had a conference with Lord Balmerino, who, on their taking leave, said, "My Lord Kilmarnock, I am only sorry that I cannot pay this reckoning alone: once more, farewell for ever!"

As Lord Kilmarnock proceeded to the scaffold, attended by his friends, the multitude showed the deepest signs of pity and commiseration. Struck by the sympathy of the immense assemblage, and the variety of dreadful objects on the stage of death—his coffin, the heading-block, the axe, and the executioners—he turned to Mr. Hume, and said, "Hume! this is terrible!"—but his countenance and voice were unchanged. The black baize over the rails of the scaffold was removed, that the people might see all the circumstances of the execution, and a single stroke from the headsman separated him from the world.

Lord Balmerino, in the mean time having solemnly recommended himself to the Supreme Mercy, conversed cheerfully with his friends, took wine, and desired them to drink to him "ane degree ta heaven." The sheriff entered to inform him that all was ready, but was prevented by his lordship inquiring if the affair was over with Lord Kilmarnock. "It is," said the sheriff. He then inquired, and being informed, how the executioner performed his office, observed, "It was well done;" turning himself to the company, he said, "Gentlemen, I shall detain you no longer," and saluted them with unaffected cheerfulness. He mounted the scaffold with so easy an air, as to astonish the spectators. No circumstance in his whole deportment showed the least fear or regret, and he frequently reproved his friends for discovering either, upon his account. He walked several times round the scaffold, bowed to the people, went to his coffin, read the inscription, and with a nod, said, "it is right;" he then examined the block, which he called his "pillow of rest." Putting on his spectacles, and taking a paper out of his pocket, he read it with an audible voice, and then delivering it to the sheriff, called for the executioner, who appearing, and being about to ask his lordship's pardon, he interrupted him with "Friend, you need not ask

my forgiveness, the execution of your duty is commendable," and gave him three guineas, saying, "Friend, I never was rich, this is all the money I have now, and I am sorry I can add nothing to it but my coat and waistcoat," which he then took off, together with his neckcloth, and threw them on his coffin. Putting on a flannel waistcoat, provided for the purpose, and taking a plaid cap out of his pocket, he put it on his head, saying he died "a Scotchman." He knelt down at the block, to adjust his posture, and show the executioner the signal for the stroke. Once more turning to his friends, and looking round on the crowd, he said, "Perhaps some may think my behaviour too bold, but remember, sir, (said he to a gentleman who stood near him,) that I now declare it is the effect of confidence in God, and a good conscience, and I should dissemble if I should show any signs of fear."

Observing the axe in the executioner's hand as he passed him, he took it from him, felt the edge, and returning it, clapped the executioner on the shoulder to encourage him. He then tucked down the collar of his shirt and waistcoat, and showed him where to strike, desiring him to do it resolutely, for "in that," said his lordship, "will consist your kindness."

Passing to the side of the stage, he called up the warder, to whom he gave some money, asked which was his hearse, and ordered the man to drive near.

Immediately, without trembling or changing countenance, he knelt down at the block, and, with his arms stretched out, said, "O Lord, reward my friends, forgive my enemies, and receive my soul,"—he gave the signal by letting them fall. His firmness and intrepidity, and the unexpected suddenness of the signal, so surprised the executioner, that the blow was not given with strength enough to wound him very deep; another blow immediately given rendered him insensible, and a third completed the work of death.

HOME.—LINES AT PARTING.

FROM A YOUNG OFFICER IN THE ARMY TO HIS WIFE.

The packet is ready: how sickens my heart!
Each feeling is riven. Alas! do we part?
The surges of passion drive o'er me their foam:
My happiness, dearest, is sever'd from home!

The bosom of ocean will leave thee away,
Though sorrow, all aching, would linger and stay:
But brighten, my sweetest!—Our Erin will be
A home to my darlings, a parent to thee.

The bugle that gladdens the veteran's core,
Shall quicken my pulses of pleasure no more,
Ere, graced with his honours thy soldier be found
At home, with embraces of tenderness bound.

Tomorrow the vessel will bear me along
To lands oriental, with music and song;
But ne'er shall a fibre, that parting has wrung,
Expand, till the chorus of home shall be sung.

As over the billows my troubles shall flow,
The tempest above me, the waters below,
The turtle of comfort can visit my bark,
And bless to my spirit the home of an ark.

Ye idolized rivers which rove in the East;
Ye thickets of danger, abodes of the beast;
Ye pagods or idols offensive to view;—
Ah! how shall a foreigner home among you?

Anon, in the glowing domain of the sun,
The land by the greatness of Albion won,

A Zion, arising with temple of prayer,
May open the gates of a home for me there.

How, then, shall affection's devotional flames
Inspire my breastplate of jewels and names!—
The husband and father, where'er he may roam,
Is ever anointed the priest of his home.

My colours may scorch in eruptions of fight,
As hotly they rush on the armies of might;
But thoughts of my home with enchantment will come,
To hearten me more than the trumpet or drum.

If mercy propitiously smile on my life,
And raise me in sickness, and shield me in strife,
And guard in temptation, and save me from harm,
Until I regain thee—my home and my charm—

O then! what a symbol of heaven will be
The meeting of rapture! the breast's jubilee!—
The tones of our cherubs, with home's happy noise,
Will echo the chime of our new-marriage joys!

AGRA.—DISCOVERY OF A BED OF FOSSIL (MARINE ?)
SHELLS ON THE TABLE LAND OF CENTRAL INDIA.

A circumstance which must prove highly interesting to all lovers of geology has lately been brought to light by the discovery of a bed of fossil shells (marine ?) in a good state of preservation. Accident, as usual, in discoveries of this kind, led to their detection. A well had been sunk some fourteen years ago by a native, half a mile distant from Saugor beside the road leading to Jubbelpore, and with the stones turned out of it, he erected a small hut for his workmen, little dreaming at the time that he was piling up such geological treasures. A man, the other day, seeing something unusual in a lump of the limestone of which the hut was built, dragged it out, and took it to his master, Mr. Fraser, who immediately recognised it as being a shell. So interesting a fact could not be lost sight of, and means were immediately taken to follow up the discovery. On searching the walls of the dwelling several other stones, equally rich in shells, were detected; and the owner of the ground being questioned, stated they came out of the well about half way down; but ocular proof was not to be obtained, from the sides of the well being stoned up with large blocks of sandstone. To allow a point of so much interest to remain in doubt would have been highly culpable, and Dr. Spry immediately set about sinking a shaft parallel to the well that the locale might be effectually set at rest. After striking through basalt both soft and hard, he came, I understand, upon a bed of soft, fatty, red soil, containing nodules of lime, and presently reached the anxiously sought limestone bed, from which he had the satisfaction of disentombing some rich specimens of shells. The bed is formed exactly seventeen feet below the present surface. The shells are composed of different sizes—some nearly as long as the hand, and all of them are what is termed *reversed* shells. I understood, however, he is proposing to send an account of them to the Asiatic Society, and I shall not therefore venture to do more than announce the discovery to you.

CRAY-SLATE AXES FOUND IN A WHALE.

A clay-slate axes was found in the blubber of a whale lately, by the carpenter of a Greenlandman, of Montrose. It had sunk to the depth of 18 or 20 inches, and the wound had cicatrized. It is neatly ground, presenting the knife-edge, and seems to have armed an Esquimaux lance.

LOVE IS LIKE A DIZZINESS.

I lately lived in quiet ease,
An' never wish'd to marry, O!
But when I saw my Peggy's face,
I felt a sad quandary, O!
Though wild as ony Athol deer,
She has trepann'd me fairly, O!
Her cherry cheeks an' een sae clear,
Torment me late an' early, O!
O, love, love, love!
Love is like a dizziness;
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his bizness!

To tell my fears this single week
Wad mak a daft-like diary, O!
I drave my cart outow'r a dike,
My horses in a miry, O!
I wear my stockings white an' blue,
My love's sae fierce an' fiery, O!
I drill the land that I should plough,
An' plough the drills entirely, O!
O, love, love, love! &c.

Ae morning, by the dawn o' day,
I rase to theek the stable, O!
I keust my coat, an' plied away
As fast as I was able, O!
I wrought that morning out an' out,
As I'd been redding fire, O!
When I had done an' look'd about,
Gudfaith, it was the byre, O!
O, love, love, love! &c.

Her wily glance I'll ne'er forget,
The dear, the lovely blinkin' o't
Has pierced me through an' through the heart,
An' plagues me wi' the prinking o't.
I tried to sing, I tried to pray,
I tried to drown't wi' drinkin' o't,
I tried wi' sport to driv't away,
But ne'er can sleep for thinkin' o't.
O, love, love, love! &c.

Nae man can tell what pains I prove,
Or how severe my pliskie, O!
I swear I'm saier drunk wi love
Than ever I was wi' whiskey, O!
For love has raked me fore an' aft,
I scarce can lift a leggie, O!
I first grew dizzy, then gaed daft,
An' soon I'll dee for Peggy, O!
O, love, love, love!
Love is like a dizziness—
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his bizness!

Now, as the sun declines, may be seen, emerging from the surface of shallow streams, and lying there for a while till its wings are dried for flight the (misnamed) *May-fly*. Escaping, after a protracted struggle of half a minute, from its watery birth-place, it flutters restlessly up and down, up and down, over the same spot, during its whole era of a summer evening—and, at last, dies, as the last dying streaks of day are leaving the western horizon. And yet, who shall say that in that space of time it has not undergone all the vicissitudes of a long and eventful life? That it has not felt all the freshness of youth—all the vigour of maturity—all the weakness and satiety of old age, and all the pangs of death itself? In short, who shall satisfy us that any essential difference exists between *its* four hours and *our* fourscore years?

TO THE MAY FLY.

Thou art a frail and lovely thing,
Engender'd by the sun ;
A moment only on the wing,
And thy career is done.

Thou sportest in the evening beam,
An hour—an age to thee—
In gaiety, above the stream,
Which soon thy grave must be.

Although thy life is like to thee—
An atom—art thou not
Far happier than thou e'er could'st be
If long life were thy lot ?

For then deep pangs might wound thy breast,
And make thee wish for death ;
But as it is, thou'rt soon at rest,
Thou creature of a breath !

And man's life passeth thus away,
A thing of joy and sorrow—
The earth he treads upon to-day
Shall cover him to-morrow.

KING RICHARD'S WELL.

This well is situate on the spot where the celebrated battle of Bosworth Field was fought, by which, the long-existing animosities between the rival houses of York and Lancaster were finally closed. The King is said, during the heat of the engagement, to have refreshed himself with water from this spring. A few years ago a subscription was entered into, for the purpose of erecting some memorial of this circumstance, and the late learned Dr. Parr being applied to, furnished an inscription, of which the following is a copy :—

AQUA . EX . HOC . PUTEO . HAVSTA
SITIM . SEDAVIT
RICARDVS . TERTIVS . REX . ANGLIÆ
CVM . HENRICO . COMITE . DE . RICHMONDIA
ACERRIME . ATQVE . INFENSISIME
PRAELIANS
ET . VITA . PARITER . AC . SCEPTRO
AVITE . NOCTEM . CARITVVS
XI KAL . SEPT . A . D . MCCCCXXXV .

TRANSLATION.

Richard III. King of England, most eagerly and hotly contending with Henry, Earl of Richmond, and about to lose, before night, both his sceptre and his life, quenched his thirst with water drawn from this well, August 22, 1485.

The Roman month was divided into kalends, nones, and ides, all of which were reckoned backwards. The kalends are the first day of the month. Thus, the first of September being the kalends of September, the thirty-first of August would be *pridie kalendarii*, or the second of the kalends of September; the thirtieth of August would then be the third of the kalends of September. Pursuing this train, the twenty-second of August and the xi. of the kalends of September will be found to correspond.

The battle of Bosworth field was fought on the 22d of August, 1485, "on a large flat spacious ground," says Burton, "three miles distant from this town." Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., landed at Milford-haven on the sixth of August, and arrived at Tamworth on the eighteenth. On the nineteenth he had an interview with his father-in-law, Lord Stanley, when measures were concerted for their further operations. On the twentieth, he encamped at Atherstone, and on the twenty-first, both armies were in sight of

each other the whole day. Richard entered Leicester, with his army, on the sixteenth, having the royal crown on his head; he slept at Elmesthorpe on the night of the seventeenth. On the eighteenth he arrived at Stapleton, where he continued till Sunday, the twenty-first. The number of his forces exceeded sixteen thousand—those of Richmond did not amount to five thousand. On each side the leader addressed his troops with a splendid oration, "which was scarcely finished," says an old historian, "but the one army espied the other. Lord! how hastily the soldiers buckled their helmets! how quickly the archers bent their bows and brushed their feathers! how readily the billmen shook their bills and proved their staves, ready to approach and join when the terrible trumpet should sound the bloody blast to victory or death!" The first conflict of the archers being over, the armies met fiercely with sword and bills, and at this period Richmond was joined by Lord Stanley, which determined the fortune of the day.

In this battle, which lasted little more than two hours, above one thousand persons were slain on the side of Richard. Of Richmond's army, scarcely one hundred were killed, amongst whom the principal person was Sir William Brandon, his standard-bearer. Richard is thought to have despised his enemy too much, and to have been too dilatory in his motions. He is universally allowed to have performed prodigies of valour, and is said to have fallen at last by treachery, in consequence of a blow from one of his followers. His body was thrown across a horse, and carried, for interment, to the Greyfriars at Leicester. He was the only English monarch, since the conquest, that fell in battle, and the second who fought in his crown. Henry V. appeared in his at Agincourt, which was the means of saving his life, (though, probably, it might provoke the attack,) by sustaining a stroke with a battle-axe, which cleft it. Richard's falling off in the engagement, was taken up and secreted in a bush, where it was discovered by Sir Reginald Bray and placed upon Henry's head. Hence arises the device of a crown in a hawthorn bush, at each end of Henry's tomb in Westminster-abbey.

In 1644, Bosworth field became again the scene of warfare; an engagement, or rather skirmish, taking place between parliamentary and royal forces, in which the former were victorious without the loss of a single individual.

SONG.

Flower of Beauty! in thy halls
All is pomp and pleasure now;
Music echoes round thy walls,
Jewelled Nobles round thee bow;
Yet the one who dies for thee,
Wanders on the lowly sea!

Come, sweet lute! and bid the wind
Whisper in my Lady's ear,
How her image was enshrined
In my bosom's hope and fear.

So, her stately breast may prove
Some sad memory of thy love!

Yet, he blush'd! my Lady's cheek
Ne'er shall lose the rose for me;
Heavy heart! in silence break,
Rather than her sorrow see.
Rather pine in cold disdain,
'Till be happy—in her pain.

Princes for thy beauty sighed,
But I scorned with them to sigh;
True love has a lion's pride,
It can only love—and die!

Lady sweet! thy struggling slave
Finds his freedom in the grave.

COAST OF CEYLON DURING THE PEARL FISHERY.

All were confident: and the crowds on the beach looked as joyous for the night, as if the work was going on for their sakes. A city of bowers seemed to have sprung up like Jonah's gourd, or like the tabernacles which, in old times of Jewish festivals, made Jerusalem a leafy paradise for a short season of every year.—Talipot tents and bamboo huts dressed with greens and flowers were clustered around the sordid dwellings on the sands. Throngs of merchants and craftsmen, black, tawney, and white, with their variety of customs, mingled in this great fair.—The polisher of jewels was there with his glittering treasure. The pearl-driller looked to his needles, and pearl-dust, while awaiting on his low seat the materials on which he was to employ his skill. The bald, yellow-mantled priest of Budhoo passed on amidst obeisances in one place, as did the Catholic pastor, in another. The white-vested Mahomedan, the turbaned Hindoo, the swathed Malay merchants, exhibited their stores, or looked passively on the gay scene. The quiet Dutchman from the south sent a keen glance through the market in quest of precious stones in the hands of an ignorant or indolent vender. The haughty Candian abated his fierceness, and stepped out of the path of the European while the stealthy Cingalese was in no one's path, but won his way like a snake in the tall grass of a jungle. The restless lessees of the banks, meanwhile, were fitting near the boats, now ranged in a long row, each with its platform, ropes, and pulleys; each with its sharkbinder, its pilot, its commander, its crew of ten, and its company of divers. The boat lights were being kindled, one by one, and scattering a thousand sparkles over the rippling tide. It was just on the stroke of ten and the signal gun was all that was waited for. The buzz of voices fell into a deep silence as the expectation became more intense. Those who were wont to make the heavens their clock and the stars its hour-hand, looked up to mark the precise inclination of the Southern Cross; while those who found an index in the flow of the tide, paced the sands from water-mark to water-mark. Yet more turned their faces southward towards the dark outline of hill and forest that rose on the horizon, and watched for the land breeze. It came, at first, in light puffs, which scarcely bowed the rushes around the lagoons, or made a stir among the stalks in the rice ground. Moment by moment it strengthened till the sails of the boats began to bulge, and every torch and faggot of cocoa-nut leaves on the beach slanted its forks of flame towards the sea, as if to indicate to the voyagers their way. Then the signal gun boomed, its wreath of smoke curled lazily upward, and dispersed itself in clear air; while a shout, in which every variety of voice was mingled, seemed to chase the little fleet into the distance. The shouting ceased, amidst the anxiety of watching the clusters of reeding lights, which presently looked as if they had parted company with those in the sky, and had become a degree less pure by their descent. Then rose the song of the dancing-girls, as they stood grouped, each with a jeweled arm, withdrawn from beneath her mantle, and her jet-black hair bound with strings of pearl. Mixed with their chaunt, came the mutterings and gabblings of the charmers, who remained on shore, contorting their bodies more vehemently than would have been safe on any footing less stable than terra firma.

THE PARTING.

Farewell! I've broke my chain at last,
My boat is ling'ring on the shore;
The bitterness of death is past,
Nor love, nor scorn, shall wring me more.
I loved, how deeply loved—oh, Heaven!
To thee, to thee the pang is known:
Proud woman, be thy crime forgiven;
Mine be the shame, the grief alone.

The madd'ning hour when first we met,
The glance, the smile, the vow you gave—
The last wild moment—haunt me yet;
I feel they'll haunt me to my grave.
Down, wayward heart, no longer heave:
Thou idle tear, no longer flow;
And may that Heaven she dared deceive,
Forgive, as I forgive her now.

Too lovely—Oh, thou loved, farewell!
Though parting rends my bosom's strings,
This hour we part:—the grave shall tell
The thought that to my spirit clings.
Thou pain, above all other pain!
Thou joy, all other joys above!
Again, again, I feel thy claim,
And die thy slave and martyr—Love!

STEAM VESSELS OF WAR.

To render steamboats fit for war requires a better combination of construction and arming than our official people seem to be aware of. The Salamander at Sheerness, and the Dee, at Woolwich, will both be useless as men of war; the former has sufficient depth of hold, but is built so sharp that she will not stow more than ten days' fuel when her stores and goods are on board; the latter is sufficiently flat, but so shallow, that she also will stow little more than the former; and I understand those at Plymouth and Chatham are in the same predicament. A steam vessel of war ought neither to be so fine as a sailing vessel, nor, on the other hand, have the capacity of an Indianan; in the first case, she would not stow a sufficient quantity of fuel, and would draw too much water for most purposes—in the latter case she would not go with sufficient rapidity. Her floor would not be quite flat, but nearly so; its length should occupy half the vessel, the form of the bow and run should occupy the other half; the dimensions of the vessels built are thirty feet wide, and a hundred and sixty-five feet long; had they been twenty feet deep, and built in the above form, they would have been efficient vessels. I beg it to be fully understood, that I do not propose this as a vessel offering the least resistance in the water, but as one combining the requisites necessary for a steam man-of-war; such a vessel, when light, would draw little more than four feet water, without including the keel, whose depth should be according to circumstances, and quite independent of her construction. Her engines and boilers would immerse her between six and seven feet, and with about eight hundred tons of coals she would draw about fourteen, having her gun deck six feet above water at her greatest loading. With a two hundred horse engine, she would consume twenty tons of coals a day, and if they were good, with great care, something less. The shaft should be as close to the deck as possible, and the diameter of the wheels about twenty feet; when loaded, to fourteen, the paddle boards should shift up, so as to reduce the diameter of the wheels about fourteen feet; as the coal was expended, the boards should be shifted down till they came to their full extent: the coal boxes should be fitted in compartments, to receive water, in order that the wheels may remain sufficiently immersed as the coals were expended. The engine and boilers should be secured against shot, which has not been thought of in any of our vessels; no man will be found to attend them in their present state; men have long made up their minds on going into action, to be killed or wounded; but I never heard of any who are ready to be boiled. It has been proved that a combination of oak timber, iron plates, bales of linen, leather, or reams of paper, five feet thick, would protect the boiler and engine against an eighteen pound shot, and without that protection a steamboat is entirely useless in war. The wheels must, of course, be exposed; but if the maves, which are at present of cast, were

made of wrought iron, and the arms of the wheels connected with plates, it would require many shot to disable them. The main shaft would be the only vulnerable part, and if the guards which support it are considerably rounded, or, indeed, made like a cuirass, and covered with plate iron, they would glance off any shot. With these precautions, wheels would be less subject to accidents than either masts or yards. Experience has proved beyond a doubt, that the fittest vessels for sea are those constructed with the wheels buried in the side, as the Irish steamers are. I believe the Salamander is built in this manner; the spencing of the Dece only covers one-half the wheels—they are a great deal too wide. She will certainly go the faster in the river Thames, (which is the only thing the engineers and builders think of); but in rough weather, such wheels will never be under command of the engine. I am not aware how it is intended to arm our steamboats; I should propose as many heavy guns on pivots as possible; on the upper deck and between decks, two how-chasers: no arrangement of that nature seems to be intended in those now building. They should be rigged as three masted schooners, with the lower masts in two, having top-sails, topgallant sails, and royals, and all the necessary sails for common purposes, which, with the exception of the lower part of the lower masts, could be got down when it was necessary to steam against the wind.

CONTENTMENT.

Contentment, rosy, dimpled maid,
Thou brightest daughter of the sky;
Why dost thou to the hut repair,
And from the gilded palace fly?

I've traced thee on the peasant's cheek;
I've mark'd thee in the milkmaid's smile;
I've heard thee loudly laugh and speak,
Amid the sons of want and toil.

Yet, in the circles of the great,
Where fortune's gifts are all combined,
I've sought thee early, sought thee late,
And ne'er thy lovely form could find.
Since, then, from wealth and pomp you flee,
I ask but competence—and thee!

NOTRE DAME DES ANGES.

One of the highest mountains of the chain that encircles the territory of Marseilles, has upon its summit a very singular rock, which appears exactly like the ruin of an old castle. This mountain derived its name from a chapel about half way up, dedicated to the holy virgin, under the name of "Notre Dame des Anges," but destroyed during the revolution. On the day of the Assumption, there is held on the mountain, in the vicinity of the chapel, what is called in the Provençal tongue, a *roumaragi*, which is a country feast. The people from the neighbouring parts assemble on the spot, dressed in their Sunday clothes, where they join in dancing, playing at bowls, of which the Provençaux are passionately fond, quoits, running races, and other rural sports. Every village in Provence has a similar fête on some day in the year. In case of the village being named after any saint, which is very common, as St. Joseph, St. Barnabé, St. Zacharie, St. Louis, and many others, the *roumaragi* is held on that saint's day. That on the mountain of Notre Dame des Anges is held on the Assumption, on account of the chapel having been dedicated to the holy virgin. During the revolution there was a general suspension of these festivals, but, to the great joy of the Provençaux, they were resumed under Napoleon.

BLESSINGS OF INSTRUCTION.

Hast thou e'er seen a garden clad
In all the robes that Eden had;
Or vale o'erspread with streams and trees,
A paradise of mysteries;
Plains with green hills adorning them,
Like jewels in a diadem?

These gardens, vales, and plains, and hills,
Which beauty gilds and music fills,
Were once but deserts. Culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land,
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wild usurped the scene.

And such is man—A soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds;
Flowers lovely as the morning's light,
Weeds deadly as an acornite;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed, or flow'ret fair.

LUCIA, OR THE BETROTHED.

We have just finished reading this work. It is a translation from the Italian of Alessandre Manzoni, who stands at the head of the writers of romantic fiction in Italy. The story is one of singular interest, the characters are various and well drawn, and throughout the whole we perceive distinct and evident indications that the author is both a man of genius and a deep thinker. It would take up too much space to enter on a particular detail of the plot and incidents of this tale, and we doubt the utility of forestalling the reader, by this mode of letting him into secrets beforehand. We will, therefore, content ourselves with an honest and sincere recommendation of this work to the patronage of our readers and the public at large.

It cannot fail of proving an additional recommendation, when they learn that the translation is by a lady of the city of N. York—one well known and remembered as an ornament to the circle in which she moved, and whose genius and mental accomplishments eminently qualify her for higher literary exertions than those called for on this occasion. All she had to do she has done in a manner to call forth our almost unqualified approbation. She has rendered the original with great truth and felicity, and in a fine, chaste, harmonious English style, such as we do not often meet even in original works of that language. The translation is indeed far superior to the hasty and inaccurate *doings* of the stock writers usually employed in these off-hand jobs, and fully equal to the best specimens of this kind of literary labour we have seen for a long time. We commend this work of a lady to the notice of the ladies of this country, who are bound to encourage it for the honour of the sex; and to the gentlemen, whose indifference would bespeak a want of taste as well as gallantry.

LIBERTY GAINED BY FASTING.

The records of the Tower mention a Scotchman, imprisoned for felony, and strictly watched for six weeks; during which time he did not take the least sustenance; on which account he obtained his pardon.

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