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# SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

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## JOSHUA BEFORE JERICHO.

So the people shouted when *the priests* blew with the trumpets; and it came to pass, when the people heard the sound of the trumpet, and the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city. *Joshua, chap. vi. verse xx.*

Before the city's walls he stood,  
The chosen one of God ;  
And Jericho beheld the strength  
Of his chastising rod.  
The strong ones trembled, and the weak  
Grew pallid with affright,  
And o'er the city's fate there fell  
A hopeless, starless night.

"And," said the Lord to Joshua, "see,  
I've given into thine hand,  
The city and the King thereof,  
And the mighty of the land.  
And ye shall compass it around,  
Ye men of war-like ways,  
Go round about the city once,  
Thus shalt thou do six days."

And thus they did, and Joshua then  
On the seventh day came out,  
And the priests the brazen trumpets blew,  
And the people raised a shout.  
And the Omnipotent, the Lord,  
Was faithful to their trust,  
And the harlot walls of Jericho  
Were humbled with the dust.

Thus when thy voice, oh! Lord, is heard,  
Before the wall of sin,  
Which, in his strength, the Evil One,  
Has lifted up within ;  
May it be levelled by its power,  
And I become in truth,  
What thou in mercy and in love,  
Had made my sinless youth.

## THE ORPHANS.

I was staying, about ten years since, at a delightful little watering place on the southern coast, which, like many other pretty objects, is now ruined by having had its beauty praised and decorated. Our party had wandered, one sunny afternoon, to an inland village. There was amongst us all the joyousness of young hearts; and we laughed and sang, under an unclouded sky, "as if the world would never grow old." The evening surprised us at our merriment; and the night suddenly came on, cloudily, and foreboding a distant storm. We mistook our way,—and, after an hour's wandering through narrow and dimly-lighted lanes, found ourselves on the shingly beach. The tide was beginning to flow; but a

large breadth of shore encouraged us to proceed without apprehension, as we soon felt satisfied of the direction of our home. The ladies of our party, however, began to weary; and we were all well nigh exhausted, when we reached a little enclosure upon the margin of the sea, where the road passed round a single cottage. There was a strong light within. I advanced alone, whilst my friends rested upon the paling of the garden. I looked, unobserved, through the rose-covered window. A delicate and graceful young woman was assiduously spinning; an infant lay cradled by her side; and an elderly man, in the garb of a fisherman, whose beautiful grey locks flowed upon his sturdy shoulders, was gazing with a face of benevolent happiness upon the sleeping child. I paused one instant, to look upon this tranquil scene. Every thing spoke of content and innocence. Cleanliness and comfort, almost approaching to taste, presided over the happy dwelling. I was just going to knock, when my purpose was arrested by the young and beautiful mother (for so I judged was the female before me) singing a ballad, with a sweet voice and a most touching expression. I well recollect the words, for she afterwards repeated the song at my request:—

### SONG OF THE FISHER'S WIFE.

Rest, rest, thou gentle sea,  
Like a giant laid to sleep;  
Rest, rest, when day shall flee,  
And the stars their bright watch keep;  
For his boat is on thy wave,  
And he must toil and roam,  
Till the flowing tide shall lave  
Our dear and happy home.

Wake not, thou changeful sea,  
Wake not in wrath and power;  
Oh bear his bark to me,  
Ere the darkness midnight lower;  
For the heart will heave a sigh,  
When the loved one's on the deep,  
But when angry storms are nigh,  
What can Mary do,—but weep?

The ballad ceased; and I entered the cottage. There was neither the reality nor the affectation of alarm. The instinctive good sense of the young woman saw, at once, that I was there for an honest purpose; and the quiet composure of the old man showed that apprehension was a stranger to his bosom. In two minutes our little party were all seated by the side of the courteous, but independent fisherman. His daughter, for so we soon learnt the young woman was, pressed upon us their plain and unpretending cheer. Our fatigue vanished before the smiling kindness of our welcome; while our spirits mounted, as the jug of sound and mellow ale refreshed our thirsty lips.—The husband of the young wife, the father of the cradled child, was, we found, absent at his nightly toil. The old man seldom now partook of this labour. "His Mary's husband," he said, "was an honest and generous fellow;—an old fisherman, who had, for five and forty years, been reughing it, and, 'blow high, blow

low,' never shrunk from his duty, had earned the privilege of spending his quiet evening in his chimney-corner; he took care of the boats and tackle, and George was a bold and lucky fellow, and did not want an old man's seamanship. It was a happy day when Mary married him, and God bless them and their dear child!"—It was impossible for any feeling heart not to unite in this prayer. We offered a present for our refreshment, but this was steadily refused. The honest old man put us into the nearest path; and we closed a day of pleasure, as such days ought to be closed, happy in ourselves, and with a kindly feeling to all our fellow-beings.

During my short residence at the village I have described, I made several visits to the fisherman's cottage. It was always the same abode of health, and cheerfulness, and smiling industry. Once or twice I saw the husband of Mary. He was an extremely fine young man, possessing all the frankness and decision that belong to a life of adventure, with a love of domestic occupations, and an unvarying gentleness that seemed to have grown in a higher station. But ease and competency, and luxurious refinement, are not essential to humanize the heart. George had received a better education than a life of early toil usually allows. He had been captivated, when very young, by the innocent graces of his Mary. He was now a father.—All these circumstances had formed him for a tranquil course of duty and affection. His snatches of leisure were passed in his little garden, or with his smiling infant. His wife's whole being appeared wrapped up in his happiness. She loved him with a deep and confiding love; and if her hours of anxiety were not unrequited, there were moments of ecstasy in their blameless existence, which made all peril and fear as a dim and forgotten dream.

Seven years had passed over me, with all its various changes. One of the light-hearted and innocent beings who rejoiced with me in the happiness of the fisherman's nest, as we were wont to call the smiling cottage, was no more. I had felt my own sorrows and anxieties—as who has not? and I was in many respects a saddened man. I was tempted once again to my favourite watering place. Its beauty was gone. I was impatient of its feverish noise and causeless hurry; and I was anxious to pass to quieter scenes. A recollection of deep pleasure was, however, associated with the neighbourhood; and I seized the first opportunity to visit the hospitable cottage.

As I approached the green lane which led to the little cove, I felt a slight degree of that agitation which generally attends the renewal of a long suspended intercourse. I pictured Mary and several happy and healthy children;—her husband more grave and careful in his deportment, embrowned, if not wrinkled, by constant toil;—the old man, perchance, gone to rest with the thousands of happy and useful beings that leave no trace of their path on earth. I came to the little garden. It was still neat; less decorated than formerly, but containing many a bed of useful plants, and several patches of pretty flowers. As I approached the house I paused with anxiety; but I heard the voices of childhood, and I was encouraged to proceed. A scene of natural beauty was before me. The sun was beginning to throw a deep and yellow lustre over the clouds and the sea; the old man sat upon a plot of raised turf at the well-known cottage-door; a net was hung up to dry upon the rack behind him; a dog reposed upon the same bank as his master; one beautiful child of about three years old was climbing up her grandfather's shoulders; another of seven or eight years, perhaps the very same girl I had seen in the cradle, was holding a light to the good old man, who was prepared to enjoy his evening pipe. He had evidently been labouring in his business: his heavy boots were yet upon his legs; and he appeared fatigued, though not exhausted. I saw neither the husband nor the wife.

It was not long before I introduced myself to the "ancient" fisherman. He remembered me with some difficulty; but when I brought to his mind the simple incidents of our first meeting, and more especially his daughter's song, while I listened at the open casement, he gave me his hand, and burst into tears. I soon comprehended his sorrows and his blessings. Mary and her husband were dead! Their two orphan girls were dependent upon their grandsire's protection.

The 'Song of the Fisher's Wife' was true in its forebodings to poor Mary: her brave husband perished in a night of storms. Long did she bear up for the sake of her children; but the worm had eaten into her heart; and she lies in the quiet church-yard, while he has an ocean grave!

Beautiful, very beautiful, is the habitual intercourse between age and infancy. The affection of those advanced in life for the children of their offspring, is generally marked by an intensity of love, even beyond that of the nearer parents. The aged have more ideas in common with the young, than the gay, and busy, and ambitious can conceive. To the holy-minded man, who wears his grey locks reverently, the world is presented in its true colours: he knows its wisdom to be folly, and its splendour, vanity: he finds a sympathy in the artlessness of childhood; and its ignorance of evil is to him more pleasing than men's imperfect knowledge, and more imperfect practice of good. But the intercourse of my poor old fisherman with his two most dear orphans was even of a higher order. He forgot his age, and he toiled for them: he laid aside his cares, and he played with them: he corrected the roughness of his habits, and he nursed them with all sweet and tender offices.—His fears lest they should be dependent upon strangers, or upon public support, gave a new spring to his existence. He lived his manhood over again in all careful occupations; and his hours of rest were all spent with his beloved children in his bosom.

Excellent old man! the blessing of Heaven shall be thy exceeding great reward; and when thou art taken from the abode of labour and love to have thy virtue made perfect, thou shalt feel, at the moment of parting, a deep and holy assurance that the same Providence which gave thee the will and the ability to protect the infancy of thy orphans, shall cherish and uphold them through the rough ways of the world, when thou shalt be no longer their protector.

#### ST. LUKE—XIX. 41.

Proud daughter of Zion! the years of thy glory  
Are waning away—and the mighty shall fall;  
And *I-cha-bod*\*, yet on the page of thy story,  
Shall be written the last and the deepest of all.

Ere he come from his eyrie, yon eagle of Rome,  
To wave his red plumes o'er each desolate hearth  
Of the dwellings of Judah, one deed of her doom,  
Will make her the scorn of the uttermost earth.

There are tears—and the words of the Weeper declare,  
How lov'd she hath been, and how deep is the ban,  
That is written for her in the book of despair—  
'Tis the vengeance of God, and the hatred of man.

O! who is the weeper! and why should a tear  
Be shed for the haughty Jerusalem now!  
And what is the crime that is doom'd to appear,  
More dark than the fratricide's curse on her brow?

It was Jesus who wept, and the tears as they fell,  
Were an omen too true of her darkness to come;  
And the deed of her shame let Mount Calvary tell—  
'Tis done—and where now is the Israelite's home?

\* I. Samuel, iv. 21. † Genesis, iv. 15.

## CHRISTMAS.

Familiar, yet welcome, awakening associations, alternately pleasing and painful,—what mingled recollections does the natal day of Christianity bring to our bosoms. With what a pleasure do the scenes of infancy return to the mind at this season: memory paints, in revered brightness, many an hour of unalloyed happiness. The house of our father,—the maternal tenderness that cherished our youth,—the happy group that shared that love with us,—companions of our sports, with whom we knelt around that mother's knees, and nestling together, enjoyed the slumbers of childhood; these, linked with a thousand sweet remembrances, arouse feelings which neither the cares nor the evils of the world, nor time itself, can utterly extinguish. How soon, alas, does the happy and affectionate company which, from our paternal home, set out together in life, become broken, separated, perhaps alienated. The mother who nightly breathes a blessing over her sleeping group, as they lie like "folded flowers," not yet severed from the parent stem, blest in her ignorance, little thinks where they may repose their heads, when life's wanderings are ended. For those who arrived midway in their career, can seldom look around upon an unbroken circle, and it is the penalty of living long to live alone. Some with whom we commenced our course were early hid in the grave from the storms of life; others were shipwrecked almost as soon as they had left the shore, and live to pain us with the sorrowful spectacle of their ruin. Seas and mountains intervene between one; perhaps anger and unnatural strife separate us from another of those who have been hushed to rest upon the same bosom. Oh, how should such retrospects tighten the bonds which unite us to those that remain, and imbue, with kindness and forbearance, our social intercourse, for very bitter is the thought of past harshness to friends who are beyond the reach of our repentance.

But this season, while it suggests remembrances which are tinged with sadness, brings with it also cheerful images and pleasurable hopes. The countenances of our friends seem now to wear a kindlier aspect, the heart expands and throws off awhile its worldliness, and for one brief day society looks placid, as if to each ear some kind voice had whispered, 'there is peace on earth and good will towards men.' All Christian nations have delighted to consecrate this occasion with various and singular ceremonies, and heathen customs have been borrowed for its observance, until hallowed by time and identified with sacred images, their origin has been forgotten. The remains of druidical superstition lent to an English Christmas many of its ancient rites; the misletoe bush and the yule log were evidently of indigenous growth. In Germany, the custom of exchanging presents—which, indeed, is one of the pleasantest which has come down to us—arose from the celebration of a pagan festival in honour of the birth of Sol, which was afterwards transferred to the day of Christmas.—That is a beautiful picture of the first Christmas Eve represented by the sacred historian with graphic skill, but in the perfection of simplicity. Eighteen centuries ago, nearly at the season, and in much the same climate, we enjoy, we may imagine the shepherds of Palestine, as they watched upon the plains of Judea.—The scenery of that picturesque country, in its diversified beauty, was spread around them, touched by the moonlight and arrayed in mellow splendour, while the constellations of heaven, familiar to their gaze, looked out of the deep blue ether with unwonted lustre. Solemnly impressive is the midnight stillness of nature, "nor eye nor listening ear an object finds; creation sleeps;" and solemnly was that silence broken, when angelic heralds clothed in the glories which irradiate heaven, appeared to their dazzling vision, and in sounds of melody worthy of the message they conveyed, spoke of peace and hope to a benighted world. A light then dawned upon earth, which, through each revolving year, as ages have elapsed, has emitted a clearer radiance; a plant

then upreared its head, which time has matured to a stately tree, beneath whose ample shades nations have found shelter. A power then appeared, whose influence has sustained the hopes, and guided the steps, of millions; and which remains in undiminished plenitude to administer to the happiness of all earth's countless tribes. Well, then, might the messengers of gladness address the awe-struck peasants with "fear not," and impressively to every heart does each returning anniversary of the scene repeat those words of encouragement. Though life looks dark, though our course seems perplexed, and the draught which we must drink is sometimes mingled with our tears,

"Though wide the waves of bitterness around our vessel roar  
And heavy grows the pilot's heart to view the rocky shore!"

Let us fear not, but look for length and strength to that moral sun which shall know no setting. Or, if surrounded by enjoyments, reflecting happiness from the eyes of those we love, our hearts responding to the voice of friendship, we are so rich in blessings, that our very abundance excites a feeling of instability, let us fear not, though the friends and pleasures of earth must pass away, the favour of Him endures. Life is, indeed, mutable, but "there surely is some blessed clime, where life is not a breath," and the event which this season recalls to mind, is a pledge of that happier existence.

While many are reciprocating expressions of kindness, and the coldest heart aroused to livelier sensibilities, it should not be forgotten that there are some to whom this season of general hilarity brings no joy. Will not a slight search, (if, indeed, search be necessary) discover a helpless orphan, a desolate widow, or a poverty and disease stricken sufferer, whose woes a little active kindness may alleviate. Are there not within our observation some in painful sorrow, or penury, to whom we might be messengers of joy, and bid them fear not? If there is no demand upon our charity, are there no claims upon our kindness, no humble merit to advance, or modest worth to encourage? Have we inflicted harshness or injury on a fellow mortal—is there one to whom we owe reparation or concession—let us hasten to make it; are there any to whom kind notice or attention would be a grateful balm, let us not delay those friendly offices, but consecrate this season by acts of kindness and by words of peace

## MY OWN FIRESIDE.

Dear, happy home!  
All other pleasures I deride,  
Nor wish for change from thee to roam—  
My own fireside.

There, unreserved,  
Free as the wind on mountain side,  
Our thoughts and feelings are preserved—  
My own fireside.

There, unrestrained,  
Our words may flow and mirth abide;  
No effort there appears constrained—  
My own fireside.

Encircling thee,  
May friends and kindred ne'er divide—  
Thy light unite in harmony—  
My own fireside.

Domestic peace  
There calmly dwells in silent pride;  
Thy comfort all my joys increase—  
My own fireside.

## THE DESERTERS.

The following narrative was found among the papers of Mr. Mason, Secretary to the Duke of Cumberland, who was victorious over Prince Charles Stuart at Culloden, although his name is never mentioned in Scotland without execrations for his inhumanity—yet he was not destitute of the common feelings of our nature.

There was in the ——— regiment two young soldiers above the common level, both from the same place, a town in Lancashire; and each had much friendship for the other. They had enlisted together from different motives: they marched together, and were inhabitants of the same tent. One, whom I shall call the lover, had enrolled his name through an uneasiness from being disappointed in what he thought all his happiness was centered; the marrying of a sweet girl of his own town, by whom he was much beloved. Her relations were inexorable, and his hopes in vain. The other, a lad of spirit, believing the soldier's life as fine as the recruiting officer had described it, willing to see wars, accompany his friend, and serve his country, likewise accepted the King's pictures, and was enrolled in the company. He was called the volunteer. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. She was much grieved at this step, which he had taken without her privy or consent; but being in an easy situation, and not wanting his assistance for her support, she lamented only through affection for him. The widow sent forth her son with tears and blessings; the maid eyed her lover from a distant window, (a nearer approach not being permitted,) and beat time to his steps with her heart till he was out of sight; and then sent her soul after him in a deep sigh. They had not been long in the camp before the volunteer had woful proof of the wide difference between the ideal gentleman and soldier, which he had dressed up in his imagination, and the miserable half starved food for powder. As for the lover, he was insensible to hardships of the body; the agitations of his mind absorbed his whole attention. In vain had he endeavoured to fly from the object of his love: he brought his person only, leaving his thoughts and his heart behind him, and was absent from himself in the noise and bustle of the day, as in a silent midnight watch, or when stretched upon his bed at night. They communicated their situation to each other, and took the fatal resolution to desert. Thus winged by love, and urged by fear, the hills of Scotland flew from their heels, and they had arrived at a valley within a mile of their own town, when they were overtaken by a horse pursuit, and reconducted to their camp. A court-martial was held, and they were condemned to die; but the General ordered, as is usual in such cases, that they should cast lots, and only one of them suffer. At the appointed time the ring was formed—the drum placed in the centre, with the box and dice upon its head—and the delinquents made to enter.

The horrors which sat brooding on their souls, the preceding night, and were now overwhelming them at the awful crisis, were strongly painted in their wan and pallid countenances. Their friendship was real and sincere, but not of that fabulous and heroic kind as to wish to die for each other; each wished to live; and each was disquieted at the thought that his safety must be built on the welfare of his friend. They alternately requested each other to begin. The lover looked earnestly at the little instruments of death, took them in his trembling hand and quickly laid them down. The officer was obliged to interpose, and command the volunteer to throw; he lifted the box in the right hand, then shifted it to the left, and gave it to his right hand again; and as if ashamed of weakness or superstition, cast his eyes upwards for a moment, and was in the act to throw, when the shrieks of female sorrow struck his ear, and in burst, from an opposite part of the circle, the widow and the maid—their hair dishevelled and their garments, by travelling, soiled and torn.

What a sight was this! the mother and son on one side of the drum, and the maid and lover on the other! The first transports of their frantic joy, on finding them alive, was soon abated by the dreadful uncertainty of what was to follow. The officer was a man who did not hurry the volunteer to throw. He put his hand to the box of his own accord, his mother fell prostrate upon the earth, as did also the maid; and both, with equal consistency and fervour, poured forth their different prayers.

He threw nine: a gleam of imperfect joy lighted upon the widow's face; and she looked, as you might suppose her to have done, if standing on the shore, she had seen her son shipwrecked, buffeting the waves; when presently he gains a raft and is paddling to shore, and already she thinks to feel his fond embrace, but still is anxious lest even some envious billow should snatch him forever from her eye. Meanwhile the lovers giving up all for lost, were locked in each other's arms, and entreated to be killed thus together on the spot. She was held from him by force. He advanced towards the drum with much the same air as he would have ascended a ladder for his execution. He threw ten! the maid sprang from the ground as if she would leap to heaven; he caught her in his arms: they fainted on each other's necks and recovered only to faint again. The volunteer was the least affected of the four; and all his attentions were employed about his mother, whose head was on his lap:—but she was insensible to his care. Soon after the women had rushed into the ring, an officer had run to the Duke's tent, to inform him of the uncommon tenderness of the scene. He accompanied the officer to the spot, and standing behind the first rank, was an unobserved spectator of the whole transaction. He could hold out no longer: he came into the circle, raised the widow, and echoing in her ear, "he is pardoned," restored her to life and happiness together. Then turning to the lovers, he commanded them to go immediately to the chaplain, to be united by that tie which death only dissolves. He always declared he felt more pleasure from this action than from the battle of Culloden. He shed tears, but they were not those of Alexander, when he wept for more worlds to conquer.

## THE SNOW.

The fair, the light, and the sparkling snow,  
By gentle breeze or whirlwind driven,  
Thou seek'st the changeful world below,  
And wend'st thy way from heaven:—  
O! thou may'st shame the purest heart,  
For Purity itself thou art!

The virgin snow—the chaste, the free,  
The myriad-winged—the stainless white;  
The mountain's brow is wreathed with thee,  
As with a wreath of light:  
And garments of the vestal bride,  
Are very darkness by thy side.

For thou dost clothe our parent Earth  
With matchless robes, and bid'st her throw  
Ten thousand radiant sunbeams forth—  
Bright as the gems that glow  
Above the purple throne of Night—  
When thou' hast killed the morning light.

Thine icicles in radiance bright,  
In hollow caves and ancient halls,  
Are hung like chrysal lamps of light,  
That gladden festivals;  
Thy floor of frost work thou hast spread,  
Clear as the ocean's coral bed.

The avalanche in thunders dread,  
The might of man indignant scorns;  
The wild volcanic furnace red  
Above thee ever burns;  
And o'er the vast Siberian wild,  
Thou sleepest still a new born child.

Thou art too pure for subject earth  
And thou has made thy loved abode,—  
In giant regions of the North,  
Where foot hath never trod;  
There thou hast pitch'd thy thousand tents,  
And reared thy deathless monuments—

Where thou ne'er feel'st the bosom throbb—  
The heart give forth the crimson flood—  
And where thine ever-spotless robe,  
May not be stained with blood,  
Nor Death's high feast, nor scattered arms  
Bedim the lustre of thy charms.

Emblem of God! effulgent snow!  
The beautiful, unspotted vast—  
Unto the fair green earth below  
Thou comest on the blast;  
O! thou may'st shame the purest heart—  
For Purity itself thou art!

#### INDIAN ADVENTURE.

Mr. Hearne, in his journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean, quotes a singular narrative of the adventures of a poor Indian woman, that his party met with in the course of their route. One day, in January, when they were hunting, they saw the track of a strange snow-shoe, which they followed; and at a considerable distance came to a little hut, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. As they found that she understood their language, they carried her with them to their tents. On examination she proved to be one of the Western Dogribbed Indians, who had been taken prisoner by the Athapuscow Indians, in the summer; when the Indians that took her prisoner were near this part, she had escaped from them, with an intent to return to her own country; but the distance being so great, and having, after she was taken prisoner, been carried in a canoe the whole way, the turnings and windings of the rivers and lakes were so numerous that she forgot the track; so she built the hut in which she was found, to protect her from the weather, during the winter, and here she had resided from the first setting in of the fall.

From her account of moons past since her escape, it appeared that she had been near seven months without seeing a human face; during all which time, she had supported herself very well by snaring partridges, rabbits and squirrels: she had also killed two or three beavers, and some porcupines; that she did not seem to be in want, as she had a small stock of provisions by her when she was discovered, and was in good health and condition, and one of the finest Indian women in North America.

The methods practised by this poor creature to procure a livelihood, were truly admirable, and are great proofs that necessity is the mother of invention.—When the few deer sinews that she had an opportunity of taking with her were all expended in making snares, and sewing her clothing, she had nothing to supply their place but the sinews of the rabbit legs and feet; these she twisted together for that purpose, with great dexterity and success. The animals which she caught in those snares not only furnished her with a comfortable subsistence, but of the skins she made a suit of neat and warm clothing, for the winter. It is scarcely possible to conceive that a person in her forlorn situation, could be

so composed, as to be capable of contriving or executing any thing that was not absolutely necessary to her existence; but there were sufficient proofs that she had extended her care much farther, as all her clothing, besides being calculated for real service, showed great taste, and exhibited no little variety of ornament. The materials, though rude, were very curiously wrought, and so judiciously placed, as to make the whole of her garb have a very pleasing, though rather romantic appearance.

Her leisure from hunting had been employed in twisting the inner rind or bark of willows into small lines, like net twine, of which she had some hundred fathoms by her; with this she intended to make a fishing net, as soon as the spring advanced. It is of the inner bark of willows twisted in this manner, that the Dogribbed Indians make their fishing nets; and they are much preferable to those made by the Northern Indians.

Five or six inches of an iron hoop, made into a knife, and the shank of an arrow head of iron, which served her as an awl, were all the metals this poor woman had with her when she eloped; and with these implements she had made herself complete snow-shoes, and several other useful articles.

Her method of making a fire was equally singular and curious, having no other materials for that purpose than two hard sulphurous stones. These by long friction and hard knocking, produced a few sparks, which had at length communicated to some touch-wood; but as this method was attended with great trouble, and not always with success, she did not suffer her fire to go out all the winter.

The singularity of the circumstance, the comeliness of her person, and her approved accomplishments, occasioned a strong contest between several of the Indians of the party who should have her for a wife; and the poor girl was actually won and lost at wrestling, by nearly a score of different men, the same evening. When the Athapuscow Indians took this woman prisoner, they, according to the universal custom of those savages, surprised her and her party in the night, and killed every soul in the tent, except herself and three other young women. Among those whom they killed were her father, mother, and husband. Her young child, four or five months old, she concealed in a bundle of clothing, and took with her, undiscovered, in the night; but when she arrived at the place where the Athapuscow Indians had left their wives (which was not far distant,) they then began to examine her bundle, and finding the child, one of the women took it from her and killed it on the spot.

This last piece of barbarity gave her such a disgust to those Indians, that notwithstanding the man who took care of her, treated her in every respect as his wife, and was, she said, remarkably kind to, and even fond of her, so far was she from being able to reconcile herself to any of the tribe, that she rather chose to expose herself to misery and want than live in ease and affluence among persons who had so cruelly murdered her infant.

#### THE WATER LILY.

The Water-Lilies, that are serene in clear water, but no less serene among the black and scowling waves.—LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE.

O! beautiful thou art,  
Thou sculpture-like and stately River Queen!  
Crowning the depths, as with the light serene  
Of a pure heart.

Bright Lily of the wave,  
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,  
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave  
Dwelt in thy cell:

Lifting alike thy head  
Of placid beauty, feminine, yet free,  
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread  
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,  
The gentle and the firm? thus bearing up  
To the blue sky, that alabaster cup,  
As to the shower?

Oh! Love is most like thee,  
The Love of Woman; quivering to the blast  
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,  
'Midst Life's dark sea.

And faith—oh! is not Faith  
Like thee, too, Lily? springing into light,  
Still buoyant above the billow's might,  
Through the storm's breath?

Yes, link'd with such high thoughts,  
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie!  
Till something there of its own purity  
And peace be wrought!

Something yet more divine  
Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre shed  
Forth from thy breast upon the river's bed,  
As from a shrine.

#### SILVER HORSE SHOES.

It is mentioned by Beckmann, that when the Marquis of Tuscany, one of the richest princes of his time, went to meet Beatrice, his bride, about the year 1038, his whole train were so magnificently decorated, that his horses were shod, not with iron, but with silver. The nails even were of the same metal; and when any of them dropped out, they belonged to those who found them. It is well known that an ambassador from England to France once indulged in a similar extravagance, to exhibit his opulence and generosity; having had his horse shod with silver shoes so slightly attached, that, by purposely curvetting the animal, they were shaken off and allowed to be picked up by the populace.

#### TO YOUTHFUL BEAUTY IN THE TOMB.

No tears for thee be shed,  
Blossom of being, seen and gone!  
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,  
O blest departed one!  
Whose all of life, a rosy day,  
Blush'd into dawn, and pass'd away.

Yes, thou art gone, ere guilt had power  
To stain thy cherub soul and form:  
Clos'd in the soft, ephemeral flower,  
That never felt a storm!  
The sunbeam's smile,—the zephyr's breath,  
All that it knew from birth to death.

We rear no marble o'er thy tomb,  
No sculptur'd image there shall mourn;  
Ah! fitter far the vernal bloom,  
Such dwelling to adorn,  
Fragrance, and flowers, and dews must be  
The only emblems meet for thee.

#### A MODERN BACHELOR.

In these unconubial times, a young bachelor of handsome fortune, tolerable good looks, and a title of any sort appended to his name, is so great a *catch*, to use the colloquial term, that the whole world of mannanas, aunts, and married sisters, with a pretty girl in one hand, and a hymeneal noose concealed in the other, chase him from morning till night, from the opera to the play, and from the private ball to the public concert, in the hope of securing him; each as indefatigable in the pursuit as the panting groom whom one sometimes sees running from one corner to another of an extensive field, with a shieve of corn and a hidden halter, striving to catch some skittish horse, who, in the wildness of his liberty, scampers backwards and forwards, desiderating the attractive grain, but having a shrewd presentiment that if he offers to taste it his personal freedom may undergo an unpleasant circumspection. Such a bachelor as we have been describing is veritably a lord of the creation; he "be-rides the narrow earth like a Colossus:" he may exclaim with a literal truth, "I am monarch of all I survey!" for he is magisterial, imperial, autocratical! For ever redolent and tassellated is his table with perfumed, many-coloured billets of invitation; on the same day do twenty dejeuner, dinners, and dances court his acceptance; whithersoever he may go he is a sort of Grand Turk, surrounded with a seraglio of beauties, all eager for the honour of his choice. Constantly enjoying the best things in the best society, his winter life is an incessant round of pleasure; and in the summer, what nobleman or gentleman who has unmarried daughters, or sisters, does not feel a disinterested delight in giving him the run of his hunting-box, and the privilege of his preserves, if he be a sportsman; of his marine villa, if he requires sea-bathing; or the best berth in his yacht, if he have any nautical yearnings? Fortunate bachelor! he enjoys every thing without the trouble of ordering or of paying for anything! But what are these gross and physical advantages compared to the moral beatitudes that form a bright, although, perchance, a deceptive halo around the happy wight who is thus receiving perpetual courtship, not from one but from all; who is spared the annoyance of keeping house, and of returning these civilities; who sees the soul of society, as it were, in a sabbath-dress; and the whole world through a medium of rose colour? Instead of the anger, hatred, and malice, with which others are pestered, he beholds nothing but love, charity, cheerfulness: the women are all amiable, the men all friendly: both parties disinterested! He luxuriates in antepast of the millenium.

#### SINGULAR OLD SONNET.

The longer life, the more offence;  
The more offence, the greater pain;  
The greater pain, the less defence;  
The less defence, the lesser gain—  
The loss of gain long ill doth try,  
Wherefore, come, death, and let me die!

The shorter life, less count I find;  
The less account, the sooner made;  
The count soon made, the merrier mind;  
The merrier mind doth thought invade—  
Short life, in truth, this thing doth try,  
Wherefore, come, death, and let me die!

Come, gentle death, the ebb of care;  
The ebb of care, the flood of life;  
The flood of life, the joyful fare;  
The joyful fare, the end of strife—  
The end of strife, that thing wish I,  
Wherefore, come, death, and let me die!

## VELOCITY AND MAGNITUDE OF WAVES.

The velocity of waves has relation to their magnitude. Some large waves proceed at the rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour. It is a vulgar belief that the water itself advances with the speed of the wave, but in fact the *form* only advances, while the *substance*, except a little spray above, remains rising and falling in the same place, according to the laws of the pendulum.—A wave of water, in this respect, is exactly imitated by the wave running along a stretched rope when one end of it is shaken; or by the mimic waves of our theatres, which are generally the undulations of long pieces of carpet, moved by attendants. But when a wave reaches a shallow bank or beach, the water becomes really progressive, because, then, as it cannot sink directly downwards, it falls over and forwards, seeking its level. So awful is the spectacle of a storm at sea, that it is generally viewed through a medium which biases the judgment; and lofty as waves really are, imagination makes them loftier still. No wave rises more than ten feet above the ordinary level, which, with the ten feet that its surface afterwards descends below this, gives twenty feet for the whole height, from the bottom of any water valley to the summit.—This proposition is easily proved, by trying the height upon a ship's mast at which the horizon is always in sight over the tops of the waves; allowance being made for accidental inclinations of the vessel, and for her sinking in the waters too much below her water-line at the instant when she reaches the bottom of the hollow between two waves. The spray of the sea, driven along by the violence of the wind, is, of course, much higher than the summit of the liquid wave; and a wave coming against an obstacle may dash to almost any elevation above it. At the Eddystone Light House, when a surge reaches it, which has been growing under a storm all the way across the Atlantic, it dashes even over the lantern, at the summit.

## CONGENIAL SPIRITS.

Oh! in the varied scenes of life,  
Is there a joy so sweet,  
As, when amid its busy strife,  
Congenial spirits meet?  
Feelings and thoughts, a fairy band  
Long hid from mortal sight,  
Then start to meet the master hand,  
That calls them forth to light.

When turning o'er some gifted page,  
How fondly do we pause,  
That dear companion to engage,  
In answering applause;  
And when we list to music's sighs,  
How sweet at every tone,  
To read within another's eyes  
The raptures of our own!

To share together waking dreams,  
Apart from sordid men,  
Or speak on high and holy themes,  
Beyond the worldling's ken.  
These are most dear! but soon shall pass  
That summons of the heart  
Congenial spirits soon, alas!  
Are ever doomed to part.

Yet, thou to whom such grief is given,  
Mourn not thy lot of woe;  
Say, can a wandering light from heaven  
E'er sparkle long below?  
Earth would be all too bright, too blest,  
With such pure ties of love;  
Let kindred spirits hope no rest,  
Save in a rest above.

## A BRITISH AMAZON.

The eccentric Lady Hester Stanhope, so long a resident in the East, on being visited by a recent traveller, who advised her to return to her native country, having lost much of her influence over the Turkish Pachas of Syria, from the diminution of her means to bribe them, thus expressed her determination, and described her dangers:—"As to leaving this country your advice is in vain; I never will return to England. I am encompassed by perils; I am no stranger to them; I have suffered shipwreck off the coast of Cyprus; I have had the plague here; I have fallen from my horse, near Acre, and been trampled on by him; I have encountered the robbers of the desert, and when my servants quaked, I have galloped in among them, and forced them to be courteous; and when a horde of plunderers were breaking in at my gate, I sallied out amongst them, sword in hand, and after convincing them, that had they been inclined, they could not hurt me, I fed them at my gate, and they behaved like thankful beggars. Here am I destined to remain; that which is written in the Great Book of Life who may alter? It is true, I am surrounded by perils; it is true, I am at war with the Prince of the mountains and the Pacha of Acre; it is very true, my enemies are capable of assassination; but if I do perish, my fall shall be a bloody one. I have plenty of arms—good Damascus blades; I use no guns; and while I have an arm to wield a *hanjar*, these barren rocks shall have a banquet of slaughter, before my face looks black in the presence of my enemies!"

## SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

*Set to Music by Joseph De Pinna.*

'Tis sair to dream o' them we like,  
That waking we shall never see;  
Yet, oh! how kindly was the smile  
My laddie in my sleep gave me!—  
I thought we sat beside the burn  
That wimplles down the flowery glen,  
Where, in our early days o' love,  
We met that ne'er shall meet again!

The simmer sun sank 'neath the wave,  
And gladden'd wi' his parting ray  
The woodland wild and valley green,  
Fast fading into gloamin' grey!  
He talk'd of days o' future joy,  
And yet my heart was haffins sair,  
For when his eye it beam'd on me,  
A withering death-like glance was there!

I thought him dead, and yet again,  
I thought that that could never be,  
For o'er our heads the mavis sang,  
And homeward hied the janty bee!—  
We pledged our love and plighted troth,  
But cauld, cauld, was the kiss he gave,  
When, starting from my dream, I found  
His troth was plighted to the grave!

I canna weep, for hope is fled;  
And nought would do but silent mourn,  
Were't not for dreams that shouldna come,  
To whisper back my love's return.  
'Tis sair to dream o' them we like,  
That waking we shall never see,  
Yet, oh! how kindly was the smile  
My laddie in my sleep gave me!



## THE NEW PIN.

There are few things which more strikingly exemplify the high point of civilization to which the country has attained than the amount of capital continually expended, the inventive talent exercised, and the powerful agencies employed, as the remedy of exceedingly small evils, and the attainment of equally minute objects of convenience. This remark cannot, perhaps, find a better illustration than in "The New Pin with an Immoveable Solid Head." The defect in the old pin, which it is the object of the present improvement to remedy, is, that the head of the pin being separately spun and then put on, was liable to be detached by the pressure of the thumb. The principle of the improvement consists in this,—that the head being formed of the same piece with the body of the pin, the inconvenience attending its slipping is effectually prevented. This is the minute improvement in a minute article, the accomplishment of which has cost the patentees several years of attentive application, and the expenditure of a large capital, according to their own statement, which, when the extent and character of the machinery employed are considered, there can be no reason to doubt. At the same time, it must be taken in connexion with this improvement, that the patent pin is altogether produced by machinery, instead of partly by hand processes. "The Patent Solid-headed Pin-works" are situated about a mile from Stroud, on the Bath and Birmingham road. The principal building consists of five floors, each of them one hundred feet in length, and completely filled with machinery. A large iron water-wheel, on which a stream acts with a power equal to that of forty horses, gives motion to all the mechanical apparatus, which is so ingeniously constructed as to perform every essential operation for converting a coil of wire into the perfect pin, with scarcely any noise, and little apparent effort. Upon the old system, this comparatively insignificant article had to go through fifteen or sixteen hands before it was finished; but this curious machine effects the whole without manual assistance, or any extraneous aid whatever; for, the wire being placed on a reel, and the machine set in motion, all the mechanical combinations, so numerous and dissimilar in their movements, are simultaneously performing their various functions with a rapidity and precision truly surprising. While one portion of the apparatus is drawing out and strengthening the wire, and cutting it off at the required length, another combination is pointing and polishing the pin, and another compressing a portion of the wire into discs to form a perfect and neat round solid head. The various movements are completely at command, and susceptible of instant alteration and adjustment to pins at any length, and heads of any form, while the machine is working at its ordinary speed. Each machine operates on four wires at once, and from forty to fifty pins are, with facility, produced in a minute by each of the hundred machines which are completed, and in constant operation at the works. As a more particular detail of the process would not be well understood without engravings, we shall only further state that the works, with the present number of machines, are capable of producing upwards of two tons of pins weekly, or, stating the amount numerically, 3,240,000 pins daily, 19,440,000 weekly, supposing all the machines to be in operation twelve hours daily. It is stated, that, altogether, twenty millions of pins are daily manufactured in England for home consumption, and for the foreign market.

It is better to sit with a wise man in prison than a fool in paradise.

Job was not so miserable in his sufferings as happy in his patience.

Knowledge is silver among the poor, gold among the nobles, and a jewel among princes.

## MISS POLLY GRIMES.

Miss Polly Grimes is still a maid;  
She says she ne'er will wed;  
Her week-day frock's blue calico,  
Her Sunday one is red.

Her cheeks are blooming as the rose—  
Her eyes are heavenly blue;  
She does not wear a "dunstable,"  
To hide her face from view.

She never lets her beaux "make free,"  
Nor listen to their vows;  
When she gets up she makes the beds—  
At evening milks the cows.

Nor does she, like affected belles,  
Attempt to poetise;  
She's busy every baking day  
At making cakes and pies.

She's always up at six o'clock,  
In time to skim the milk;  
Her bonnet's made of yellow straw—  
And neatly trimmed with silk.

Her mind is of a curious turn,  
She often thinks of death—  
She does not lace her stays so tight,  
They make her gape for breath.

Her mother thinks there never was  
One like her in the world,  
Her hair is parted o'er her brow—  
She never has it curled.

Beloved by all her female friends,  
She leads an easy life;  
And any man in town would jump  
To get her for his wife.

## BEAUTIFUL REPROOF.

During the sojourn of Pope Pius the 7th in Paris, previous to the coronation of Bonaparte, the Pontiff paid a visit to the imperial printing office; a low bred young man persisted in keeping on his hat: several persons, indignant at the indecorum, advanced to take it off. A little confusion arose, and the Pope observing the cause, stepped up and said, in a tone of kindness truly patriarchal, "Young man, recover, that I may give thee my blessing. An old man's blessing never yet harmed any one." This little incident deeply affected all who witnessed it.

## THE EXPLANATION.

When the late Doctors P. and S., eminent physicians, were on a shooting party, they missed every shot for some time. The gamekeeper requested leave to follow the last covey now on the wing, adding—"for I will soon doctor them." "What do you mean, fellow," quoth Dr. P., "by doctoring them?" "Why kill them, to be sure," replied the impetuous rustic.

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