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SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

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PSALM LXXVI. VERSIFIED.

In Judah the name of Jehovah is known,
In the chorus of Israel triumphantly swelling;
In Salem's high places is planted his throne,
And on Zion's fair hill is his glorious dwelling.

There brake he the arrows, there brake he the bow,
There brake he the shield and the sword, and the battle;
And worthier honour the mountain shall know
Than the hills where the shafts of the Plunderers rattle.

Fall'n are the proud and despoil'd of their store,
And the slumber of death is the sleep they are sleeping:
And the hands of the strong ones are mighty no more,
And their triumph is turn'd to despairing and weeping.

Oh! God of our Fathers! both horsemen and car
At the breath of thy pow'r to destruction were hurl'd;
Who may stand in thy sight, fearful Lord of the war,
When the bolts of thy wrath are abroad on the world!

From the height of the heavens thy sentence was heard,
And earth, as it trembled, grew still at the voice,
When raising to judgment thy glory appear'd,
And bade all the neck of thy people rejoice.

The fierceness and scorn of rebellion and pride
Shall but end in thy glory, and perfect thy praise;
Thou shalt turn all the darts of the wicked aside,
And crush all thy foes, Oh Thou Ancient of days!

Then pay ye your vows to the great King of kings,
And be faithful all ye that assemble before him;
While each servant of God his peace-offering brings,
And serve him, and magnify, fear, and adore him.

OPIMUM.

The exhilarating effect of opium is very unlike that of wine or spirits; for the head is unaffected, the faculties bright and clear, the body active and vigorous; and although the person seems to pass the night without sleep, yet still he is pleasant and comfortable—arises happy and refreshed, and remains so until the period of his next dose; then, and not till then, he feels that there is something wanting, also a sinking of the stomach and considerable languor. It is no less singular than true, that if a man accustomed to a large nocturnal dose of opium, swallows a somewhat minor quantity, he, notwithstanding he sleeps well, leaves his bed weak, languid and without an appetite, and which will continue several hours; while on the contrary, if he take a full dose, appear to sleep scarcely any, and roll from side to side incessantly, yet he is in the morning cheerful, hungry, and invigorated.

Are, then, the days of opium-eaters all halcyon ones? Alas! they are the reverse, and beset with evils which shall be explained.

The dose requires a gradual increase; this is a serious matter, for it soon in a year or two becomes so large as to

need a division of it into two or three doses, which mostly occasions a slight nausea of an hour's duration, inasmuch as this medicine decidedly impairs the powers of the stomach. Opium, in long continued quantities, usually produces obstinate constipation demanding almost constant purgatives. After dinner, from disturbed sleep by night, the patient is excessively drowsy—scarcely able to read—and naturally sleeps in his chair for hours, if undisturbed; during which sleep he sometimes, but not always, imagines, and really seems, to feel that he is convulsed and paralytic; and when he awakes he is languid, unhappy and miserable. He remains in this state for an hour or two: next takes his opium; and, before two hours, all is a shine—he is happy and vigorous, fit for deeds of arms or great literary undertakings. But as the practice is, and we admit to be, very bad, yet still it is not half so deadly as immoderate drinking. Unfortunately, when an individual has been long accustomed to the delights of opium, he seldom or never abandons it, for the want of it is the acme of human misery. His spirits are gone, his activity fled, his appetite reduced: to him the world is a blank—its allurements, empty names: his only wish is to lie down and stir no more; yet his usual dose will in an hour, restore him to happiness, health and strength; and this no other human agent can accomplish, since to an opium taker wine or spirits have a contrary effect, and soon nauseate. Doubtless these unpleasant consequences will gradually disappear, provided the sufferer persevere in his abstinence. We are well acquainted with a distinguished instance, in which the subject displayed a degree of resolution worthy of a Roman name. After having incautiously increased the dose to nine drachms of the tincture in eleven months; and this he regularly persevered in for thirteen months longer, vacillating between seven drachms for his *minimum* and nine for his *maximum*: during these two years he suffered all the evils which have been enumerated, he determined to conquer a practice so pernicious. It may be interesting to write the scale by which he effected his design, premising that he invariably took the medicine in the evening, and never at any other period.

Saturday, 7 drachms of the tincture; Sunday, 5; Monday, 5; Tuesday, 4; Wednesday, 4; Thursday, 3; Friday, 2½; Saturday, 2 drachms; and after this the task was easy, yet he continued this dose for a few weeks, to guard against a recurrence of pain in his stomach. Thus it will be evident that in seven days this gentleman omitted the enormous quantity of 23½ drachms of tincture of opium. It may be urged, he proceeded too rapidly; he did so, but he was the occasional subject of pain, and it was absolutely necessary to catch the golden periods, since a severe attack might have rendered every resolution fruitless. In lieu of the extra quantity of opium, he, during slight pain and sinking of the stomach in the evening, which were accompanied with universal lassitude, drank gradually a pint of warm ale, and this greatly revived him, besides being an indispensable auxiliary. This gentleman, ever studious and temperate, succeeded at last; his sufferings, they have been already described, were most distressing and heart-rending: but they slowly yielded to time.

FLOWERS.

He who delights to trace, with serious thought
 In all he sees the noiseless steps of Time,
 Shall find the outward forms of Nature fraught
 With ample food for many a lofty rhyme ;
 Or should he fear such dazzling heights to climb,
 And love to tread a less aspiring way,—
 Leaving untouch'd the awful and sublime,
 And seeking humbler objects to pourtray,
 May find in such the theme of many a pleasing lay.

What though the glorious Sun, enthron'd on high,
 May more conspicuously this lesson teach ;
 Or moon and stars, which gem the midnight sky,
 A yet more touching homily may preach,
 As day to day still utters ceaseless speech,
 And night to night yet added knowledge shows,—
 Far lowlier objects to the heart may reach,
 And Wisdom's purest precepts may disclose,
 Cull'd from the *Lily's* bloom, or gather'd from the *Rose* !

Yes,—you delightful handy-works of Him
 Who arch'd the Heavens, and spann'd the solid Earth,
 Before whose glory day's proud light is dim,
 And Art's achievements, if not food for mirth,
 Display at best its barrenness and dearth :
 You, too, instruct us, and with 'line on line,
 Precept on precept,' show us by your birth,
 Your bud, your blossoming, and your decline,
 Time's never-ceasing flight, and tell us truths divine.

You, as the changing Seasons roll along,
 Still wait on each, and added beauties lend :
 Around the smiling *Spring* a lovely throng
 With eager rivalry her steps attend ;
 Others with *Summer's* brighter glories blend ;
 Some grace mild *Autumn's* more majestic mien ;
 While some few ling'ring blooms the brow befriend
 Of hoary *Winter*, and with grace severe
 Awraethe the King of storms with Mercy's gentle shoen.

• • • • •

Come forth, then, lovely heralds of the Spring !
 Leave, at your Maker's call, your earthly bed,
 At his behest your grateful tribute bring
 To light and life, from darkness and the dead !
 Thou timid *Snow-drop*, lift thy lovely head ;
Crocus and *Primrose*, show your varied dye ;
Violets, your ceaseless odours round you shed,
 Yourselves the while retiring from the eye,
 Yet loading with your sweets each breeze that passes by.

And you,—in gay variety that grace,
 In latter months, with beauty the parterre,
 " Making a sunshine in the shady place,"
 As *Una* and her milk-white lamb were there ;
 Arise ! arise ! and in your turns declare
 The power of Him who has not only made
 The depths of Ocean, and the heights of air,
 And Earth's magnificence, but has display'd
 In you that power and skill with beauty's charms array'd.

Uplift, proud *Sun-flower*, to thy favourite orb,
 That disk whereon his brightness loves to dwell ;
 And, as thou seem'st his radiance to absorb,
 Proclaim thyself The Garden's Sentinel :
 And thou, too, gentle, modest *Heather-bell*,
 Gladden thy lovely birth-place : *Jasmines*, spread
 Your star-like blossoms, fragrant to the snell ;
 You *Evening Primroses*, when day has fled,
 Open your pallid flowers, by dews and moonlight fed.

MY MOTHER.

If there is a being on earth that deserves my respect, my esteem, my warmest love, it is my mother. I reflect with the highest degree of satisfaction on my past life : I feel conscious that I have been guilty of no neglect of duty, of inattention or unkindness towards her who first gave me birth, and then, with the tenderest and most watchful care, guarded and guided me safely through the alluring paths and labyrinths of youthful life. A mother's whole soul is turned to the welfare of her children. For them she passes many a sleepless night, awaiting their return from their various pastimes and recreations, or watching over them while languishing in sickness ; for them she rises at the dawn and endures the fatigues of the day, without a murmur ; for them she often is elated with the most joyful sensations, and anon, for them she sinks in sorrow and gloomy care ! For them only she seems to live and move, and, with a most tenacious grasp, to hold and hang upon life's slender thread, and for them she is ready to depart and be no more on earth.

When I look upon my affectionate mother, now advanced in life, I seem to wish that we might be specially favoured by Heaven, and placed back in life about thirty years, that I might have an opportunity of doing her more positive good : that I might render to her services of more essential benefit and different from what she now may require, although, as I before said, I have no scruples of conscience about the former observance of my filial duties. But stay ! are there now no opportunities to serve one to whom I owe every thing of kindness and tender regard ? If she express a wish, shall I hesitate to gratify her, thinking it to be the 'effect of humour or old age ?' It is a delightful task to rear the tender thought, to conduct the youth from infancy up to manhood. And is there no pleasure in extending a helping hand to aid and succour those who are passing down the declivity of life ? Yes, my mother, it shall ever be the highest satisfaction of him whom thou hast 'nourished and brought up,' for whose safety thou hast laboured and toiled, and whose growth and improvement thou hast watched with the warmest interest and affection, to look to thee in nature's decline ; to anticipate each want and wish ; to strew flowers in the rugged pathway ; to bring thee comfort, joy and peace, that thy decline of life may afford thee, so far as possible on earth, a happy and cheering foretaste of Heaven.

THE HARP OF ZION.

O ! how art thou fallen, thou City of God !
 He hath stricken the crown from thy brow with his rod ;
 On thy neck is the yoke—on thy garment a stain—
 And the Lion of Judah hath bow'd to the chain !

The phial of wrath on thy forehead was pour'd,
 Thou hast shrunk from the withering glance of the Lord ;
 Like the gourd of the Prophet, thy beauty is gone,
 And thy cedars are blasted on proud Lebanon !

Thy temples are ruins—thine altars o'erthrown—
 On the Hill of thy strength is the Infidel's throne ;
 And the wreck of thy glory, where'er it is hurl'd,
 Is the scoff of the Gentiles—the scorn of the world !

O turn thee, our God ! let thy mercy awaken,
 And smile on thy Zion—deserted, forsaken !
 Let the light of thy glory on *Solyma* burst,
 And its lightning-glance wither her foes to the dust !

O ! Zion ! his smile shall dawn on thy night
 Of sorrow and shame, with a heavenly light,—
 As the burst of the sun-beam comes over the sea,
 When the dark cloud has past, and the thunder-storms flee.

UGLY WOMEN.

« Un homme rencontre une femme, et est choqué de sa laideur ; bientôt, si elle n'a pas de prétentions, sa physionomie lui fait oublier les défauts de ses traits, il la trouve aimable, et conçoit qu'on puisse l'aimer ; huit jours après il a des espérances, huit jours après on les lui retire, huit jours après il est fou »

DE L'AMOUR.

The ancient inhabitants of Amathus, in the Island of Cyprus, were the most celebrated statuary in the world, which they almost exclusively supplied with gods and goddesses. Every one who had a mind to be in the vogue ordered his deity from these fashionable artists: even Jupiter himself was hardly considered orthodox and worshipworthy, unless emanating from the established Pantheon of the Cypriots; and as to Juno, Venus, Minerva, and Diana, it was admitted that they had a peculiar knack in their manufacture, and it need hardly be added that they drove a thriving trade in those popular goddesses. But this monopoly was more favourable to the fortunes than to the happiness of the parties. By constantly straining above humanity and aspiring to the representation of celestial beauty; by fostering the enthusiasm of their imaginations in the pursuit of the *beau idéal*, they acquired a distaste, or at least an indifference, for mortal attractions, and turned up their noses at their fair countrywomen for not being Junos and Minervas. Not one of them equalled the model that had been conjured up in their minds, and not one of them, consequently, would they deign to notice. At the public games, the women were all huddled together, whispering and looking glum, while the men, congregated as far from them as possible, discussing the *beau idéal*. Had they been prising upon politics, you might have sworn it was an English party. Dancing was extinct unless the ladies chose to lead out one another; the priests waxed lank and woe-begone for want of the marriage offerings: Hymen's altar was covered with as many cobwebs as a poor's box; successive moons rose and set without a single honeymoon, and the whole island threatened to become an antinuptial colony of bachelors and old maids.

In this emergency, Pygmalion, the most eminent statuary of the place, falling in love with one of his own works, a figure of Diana, which happened to possess the *beau idéal* in perfection, implored Venus to animate the marble; and she, as is well known to every person conversant with authentic history, immediately granted his request. So far as this couple were concerned, one would have imagined the evil was remedied; but alas! the remedy was worse than the disease. The model of excellence was now among them, alive and breathing; the men were perfectly mad, beleaguering the house from morning to night to get a peep at her; all other women were treated with positive insult, and of course the whole female population was possessed by all the Furies. Marmorea (such was the name of the animated statue) was no Diana in the flesh, whatever she might have been in the marble; if the scandalous chronicles of those days may be believed, she had more than one favoured lover; certain it is that she was the cause of constant feuds and battles in which many lives were lost, and Pygmalion himself was at last found murdered in the neighbourhood of his own house. The whole island was now on the point of a civil war on account of this philanthropical Helen, when one of her disappointed wooers, in a fit of jealousy, stabbed her to the heart, and immediately after threw himself from a high rock into the sea.

Such is the tragedy which would probably be enacting at the present moment in every country of the world, but for the fortunate circumstance that we have no longer any fixed standard of beauty, real or imaginary, and by a necessary and happy consequence no determinate rule of ugliness. In fact, there are no such animals as ugly women, though we still continue to talk of them as we do of Harpies, Gorgons,

and Chimeras. There is no deformity that does not find admirers, and no loveliness that is not deemed defective. Anamaboo, the African Prince, received so many attentions from a celebrated belle of London, that he could not refrain from laying his hand on his heart, and exclaiming, "Ah! madam, if Heaven had only made you a negress, you would have been irresistible!" And the same beauty, when travelling among the Swiss Cretins, heard several of the men ejaculating, "How handsome she is! what a pity that she wants a Goitre!" Plain women were formerly so common that they were termed *ordinary*, to signify the frequency of their occurrence; in these happier days the phrase *extraordinary* would be more applicable. However parsimonious, or even cruel, Nature may have been in other respects, they all cling to admiration by some solitary tenure that redeems them from the unqualified imputation of unattractiveness. One has an eye that, like Charity, covers a multitude of sins; another is a female Sampson, whose strength consists in her hair; a third holds your affections by her teeth; a fourth is a Cinderella, who wins hearts by her pretty little foot; a fifth makes an irresistible appeal from her face to her figure, and so on to the end of the catalogue. An expressive countenance may always be claimed in the absence of definite charm; if even this be questionable the party generally contrives to get a reputation for great cleverness; and if that, too, be inhumanly disputed, envy itself must allow that she is "excessively amiable."

Still it must be acknowledged, that however men may differ as to details, they agree as to results, and crowd about an acknowledged beauty, influenced by some secret attraction of which they are themselves unconscious, and of which the source has never been clearly explained. It would seem impossible that it should originate in any sexual sympathies, since we feel the impulsion without carrying ourselves, even in idea, beyond the present pleasure of gazing, and are even sensibly affected by the sight of beautiful children: yet it cannot be an abstract admiration, for it is incontestable that neither men nor women are so vehemently impressed by the contemplation of beauty in their own as in the opposite sex. This injustice towards our own half of humanity might be assigned to a latent envy, but that the same remark applies to the pleasure we derive from statues, of the proportions of which we could hardly be jealous. Ugly statues may be left to their fate without any compunctious visitings of nature; but our conduct towards women, whom we conceive to be in a similar predicament, is by no means entitled to the same indulgence. We shuffle away from them in parties, and sneak to the other end of the dinner-table, as if their features were catching; and as to their falling in love and possessing the common feelings of their sex, we laugh at the very idea. And yet these Parias of the drawing-room generally atone, by interior talent, for what they want in exterior charms; as if the Medusa's head were still destined to be carried by Minerva. Nature seldom lavishes her gifts upon one subject: the peacock has no voice; the beautiful *Camellia Japonica* has no odour; and belles, generally speaking, have no great share of intellect. Some visionaries amuse themselves with imagining that the complacency occasioned by the possession of physical charms conduces to moral perfection:—

"Why doth not beauty, then, refine the wit,
And good complexion rectify the will."

This is a fond conceit, unwarranted by earthly test, though destined, perhaps, to be realized in a happier state of existence.

What a blessing for these unhandsome damsels, whom we treat still more unhandsome by our fastidious neglect, that some of us are less squeamish in our tastes, and more impartial in our attentions. Solomon proves the antiquity of the adage—"De gustibus nil disputandum," for he compares

the hair of his beloved to a flock of goats appearing from Mount Gilead, and in a strain of enamoured flattery exclaims, "Thy eyes are like the fish-pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim; thy nose like the tower of Lebanon looking towards Damascus." Now I deem it as becoming to see a woman standing behind a good roomy nose, as to contemplate a fair temple with a majestic portico; but it may be questioned whether a nose like the tower of Lebanon be not somewhat too elephantine and bordering on the proboscis. The *nez retroussé* is smart and piquant; the button-nose, like all other diminutives, is endearing; and even the snub absolute has its admirers. Cupid can get over it, though it have no bridge, and jumps through a wall-eye like a harlequin. As to the latter feature, my taste may be singular, perhaps bad, but I confess that I have a *penchant* for that captivating cast, sometimes invidiously termed a squint. Its advantages are neither few nor unimportant. Like a bowl, its very bias makes it sure of hitting the jack, while it seems to be running out of the course; and it has, moreover, the invaluable property of doing execution without exciting suspicion, like the Irish guns with crooked barrels, made for shooting round a corner. Common observers admire the sun in his common state, but philosophers find it a thousand times more interesting when suffering a partial eclipse; while the lovers of the picturesque are more smitten with its rising and setting than with its meridian splendour. Such men must be enchanted with a strabismus or squint, where they may behold the ball of sight gracefully emerging from the nasal East, or setting in its Occidental depths, presenting every variety of obscurity. With regard to teeth, also, a very erroneous taste prevails. Nothing can be more stiff and barrack-like than that uniformity of shape and hue which is so highly vaunted; for the merest tryo in landscape will tell us that castellated and jagged outlines, with a pleasing variety of tints, are infinitely more pictorial and pleasing. Patches of bile in the face are by no means to be deprecated: they impart to it a rich mellow tone of autumnal colouring, which we should in vain seek in less gifted complexions; and I am most happy to vindicate the claims of a moderate beard upon the upper lip, which is as necessary to the perfect beauty of the mouth as are the thorns and moss to a rose, or the leaves to a cherry. If there be any old maids still extant, while misogynists are so rare, the fault must be attributable to themselves, and they must incur all the responsibility of their single blessedness.

In the connubial lottery ugly women possess an advantage to which sufficient importance has not been attached. It is a common observation that husband and wife frequently resemble one another, and many ingenious theorists, attempting to solve the problem by attributing it to sympathy, contemplation of one another's features, congeniality of habits and modes of life, &c., have fallen into the very common habit of substituting the cause for the effect. This mutual likeness is the occasion, not the result of marriage. Every man, like Narcissus, becomes enamoured of the reflection of himself, only choosing the substance instead of a shadow. His love for any particular woman is self-love at second hand, vanity reflected, compound egotism. When he sees himself reflected in the mirror of a female face, he exclaims, "How intelligent, how amiable, how interesting!—how admirably adapted for a wife!" and forthwith makes his proposals to the personage so expressly and literally calculated to keep him in countenance. The uglier he is, the more need he has of this consolation: he forms a romantic attachment to the "fascinating creature with the snub-nose," or the "bewitching girl with the roguish leer" (Anglice—squint), without once suspecting that he is paying his addresses to himself, and playing the innamorato before a looking-glass. Take self-love from love, and very little remains: it is taking the flame from Hymen's torch and leaving the smoke. The same feeling extends to his progeny:

he would rather see them resemble himself, particularly in his defects, than be modelled after the chubbiest Cherubs and Cupids that ever emanated from the study of Canova. One sometimes encounters a man of a most unqualified hideousness, who obviously considered himself an Adonis; and when such a one has to seek a congenial Venus, it is evident that her value will be in the inverse ratio of her charms. Upon this principle, ugly women will be converted into belles—perfect frights will become irresistible—and none need despair of conquests if they have but the happiness to be sufficiently plain.

The best part of beauty, says Bacon, is that which a statue or painting cannot express. As to symmetry of form and superficial grace, sculpture is exquisitely perfect, but the countenance is of too subtle and intangible a character to be arrested by any modification of marble. Busts, especially where the pupil of the eye is unmarked, have the appearance of mere masks, and are representations of little more than blindness and death. Painting supplies by colouring and shade much that sculpture wants; but, on the other hand, it is deficient in what its rival possesses—fidelity of superficial form.

Countenance, however, is not within the reach of any of these substances or combinations. It is a species of moral beauty, as superior to mere charm of surface as mind is to matter. It is, in fact, visible spirit, legible intellect, diffusing itself over the features, and enabling minds to commune with each other by some secret sympathy unconnected with the senses. The heart has a silent echo in the face, which frequently carries to us a conviction diametrically opposite to the audible expressions of the mouth; and we see, through the eyes, into the understanding of the man, long before it can communicate with us by utterance. This emanation of character is the light of a soul destined to the skies, shining through its turgent of clay, and irradiating the countenance as the sun illuminates the face of nature before it rises above the earth to commence its heavenly career. Of this indefinable charm, all women are alike susceptible; it is to them what gunpowder is to warriors, it levels all distinctions, and gives to the plain and the pretty, to the timid and the brave, an equal chance of making conquests. It is, in fine, one among a thousand proofs of that system of compensation, both physical and moral, by which a Superior Power is perpetually en-icing his benignity; affording to every human being a commensurate chance of happiness, and inculcating upon all, that when they turn their faces towards heaven, they should reflect the light from above, and be animated by one uniform expression of love, resignation, and gratitude.

An English lady was on a visit to a friend in Edinburgh, who was at great pains to point out to her all the delightful prospects of that romantic city. The stranger, assuming an air of consequence, generally answered, "'Tis very well for a Scotch view!"—One delightful evening, walking along Queen-street, while the autumnal moon shone with uncommon lustre, her friend could not help expressing her admiration on the resplendant orb of night, when the Cockney remarked, "'Tis pretty well for a Scotch Moon!"

MASTER AND MAN.

The spirit of the following saying strikes us as being highly characteristic of English independence:—A respectable tradesman, who had been long in business, and during the latter years struggling against adverse circumstances, finally yielded to necessity, gave up his all, and became a daily labourer. An old friend commiserating this change of fortune, he replied, "For the last ten years I was a *master*, unable to pay my way; thank heaven, I am now only a *man*."