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# SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

PRICE TWO PENCE.

VOL I.]

MONTREAL, JANUARY 4, 1833.

[No. 7.

OH! THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR!

Oh! Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear!  
How dark this world would be,  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to Thee!  
The friends who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes, are flown;  
And he who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone.  
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
And even the hope that threw  
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!  
Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not thy wing of love  
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom  
Our peace-branch from above?  
Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright  
With more than rapture's ray;  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day!

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The King of Light, Father of aged time,  
Hath brought about that day, which is the prime  
To the slow gliding months, when every eye  
Wears symptoms of a sober jellity;  
And every hand is ready to present  
Some service in a real compliment.  
Whilst some in golden letters write their love,  
Some speak affection by a ring or glove,  
Or pins and points, (for ev'n the peasant may,  
After his ruder fashion, be as gay  
As the brisk courtly sir,) and thinks that he  
Cannot, without a gross absurdity,  
Be this day frugal, and not spare his friend  
Some gift, to show his love finds not an end  
With the deceased year.

## POOLE'S ENG. PARNASSUS.

In the volume of "ELIA," an excellent paper begins with "Every man hath two birth-days: two days, at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which, in an especial manner, he termeth his. In the gradual desuetude of old observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper birth-day hath nearly passed away, or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand anything beyond the cake and orange. But the birth of a new year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.

"Of all sound of all bells—(bells, the music highest bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. I never hear it without a gathering-up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth—all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected—in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies. It takes a personal colour; nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary, when he exclaimed,

'I saw the skirts of the departing year.'

Ringling out the old and ringing in the new year, with "a mery new year to you!" on new year's day, were greetings that moved sceptred pride, and humble labour, to smiles and kind feelings in former times; and why should they be unfashionable in our own?

The Rev. T. D. Fosbroke, in his valuable "Encyclopedia of Antiquities," adduces various authorities to show that congratulations, presents, and visits were made by the Romans on this day. The origin, he says, is ascribed to Romulus and Tatius, and that the usual presents were figs and dates, covered with leaf-gold, and sent by clients to patrons, accompanied with a piece of money, which was expended to purchase the statues of deities. He mentions an amphora, (a jar,) which still exists, with an inscription denoting that it was a new year's present from the potters to their patroness. He also instances, from Count Caylus, a piece of Roman pottery, with an inscription wishing "a happy new year to you;" another, where a person wishes it to himself and his son; and three medallions, with the laurel leaf, fig, and date; one, of Commodus; another, of Victory; and a third, Janus, standing in a temple, with an inscription, wishing a happy new year to the emperor. New year's gifts were continued under the Roman emperors until they were prohibited by Claudius. Yet, in the early ages of the church the Christian emperors received them; nor did they wholly cease, although condemned by ecclesiastical councils on account of the pagan ceremonies at their presentation.

Honest old Latimer, instead of presenting Henry VIII. with a purse of gold, as was customary, for a new year's gift, put into the king's hand a New Testament, with a leaf conspicuously doubled down at Hebrews xiii. 4, which, on reference, will be found to have been worthy of all acceptance, though not, perhaps, well accepted. Dr. Drake is of opinion that the wardrobe and jewellery of Queen Elizabeth were principally supported by these annual contributions on new year's day. He cites lists of the new year's gifts presented to her, from the original rolls published in her Progresses by Mr. Nichols; and from these it appears that the greatest part, if not all, the peers and princesses of the realm, all the bishops, the chief officers of state, and several of the Queen's household servants, even down to her apothecaries, master-cook, serjeant of the pastry, &c., gave new year's gifts to her majesty; consisting, in general, either of a sum of money, or jewels, trinkets, wearing apparel, &c. The largest sum given by any of the temporal lords was £20; but the Archbishop of Canterbury gave £40, the Archbishop of York £30, and the other spiritual lords £20 and £10; many of the temporal lords and great officers, and most of

the peeresses, gave rich gowns, petticoats, shifts, silk stockings, garters, sweet-bags, doublets, mantles embroidered with precious stones, looking-glasses, fans, bracelets, caskets studded with jewels, and other costly trinkets. Sir Gilbert De-thick, garter king at arms, gave a book of the States in William the Conqueror's time; Absolon, the master of the Savoy, gave a bible covered with cloth of gold, garnished with silver gilt, and plates of the royal arms; the Queen's physician, presented her with a box of foreign sweetmeats; another physician presented a pot of green ginger, and a pot of orange-flowers; her apothecaries gave her a box of lozenges, a box of ginger candy, a box of green ginger, and pots of other conserves. Mrs. Blanch a Parry gave her majesty a little gold comfit-box and spoon; Mrs. Morgan gave a box of cherries, and one of apricots. The Queen's master-cook and her serjeant of the pastry presented her with various confectionary and preserves.

"New Year's gifts," says Dr. Drake, "were given and received, with the mutual expression of good wishes, and particularly that of a happy new year. The compliment was sometimes paid at each other's doors in the form of a song; but more generally, especially in the north of England and in Scotland, the house was entered very early in the morning, by some young men and maidens selected for the purpose, who presented the spiced bowl, and hailed you with the gratulations of the season." To this may be added, that it was formerly the custom in Scotland to send new year's gifts on new year's eve; and on new year's day to wish each other a happy new year, and ask for a new year's gift. There is a citation in Brand, from the "Statistical Account of Scotland," concerning new year's gifts to servant maids by their masters; and it mentions that "there is a large stone, about nine or ten feet high, and four broad, placed upright in a plain, in the (Orkney) isle of North Ronaldsay; but no tradition is preserved concerning it, whether erected in memory of any signal event, or for the purpose of administering justice, or for religious worship."

A communication in an English journal of January, 1824, relates, that in Paris, on new year's day, which is called *le jour d'etrennes*, parents bestow portions on their children, brothers on their sisters, and husbands make presents to their wives. Carriages may be seen rolling through the streets with cargoes of *bon-bons*, *souvenirs*, and the variety of *et ceteras* with which little children and grown-up children are bribed into good humour; and here and there pastry-cooks are to be met with, carrying upon boards enormous temples, pagodas, churches, and play-houses, made of fine flour and sugar, and the embellishments which render French pastry so inviting. But there is one street in Paris to which a new year's day is a whole year's fortune—this is the *Rue des Lombards*, where the wholesale confectioners reside; for in Paris every trade and profession has its peculiar quarter. For several days preceding the 1st of January, this street is completely blocked up by carts and waggons, laden with cases of sweetmeats for the provinces. These are of every form and description which the most singular fancy could imagine; bunches of carrots, green peas, boots and shoes, lobsters and crabs, books, musical instruments, gridirons, frying-pans, and saucepans—all made of sugar, and coloured to imitate reality, and all made with a hollow within to hold the *bon bons*. The most prevailing device is what is called a *cornet*, that is, a little cone, ornamented in different ways, with a bag to draw over the large end, and close it up. In these things, the prices of which vary from one franc (tenpence) to fifty; the *bon-bons* are presented by those who choose to be at the expense of them, and by those who do not, they are only wrapped in a piece of paper; but *bon-bons*, in some way or other, must be presented. It would not, perhaps, be an exaggeration to state, that the amount expended for presents on new year's day in Paris, for sweetmeats alone, exceeds 500,000 francs, or £20,000 sterling. Jewellery is also sold to a very large

amount, and the fancy articles exported in the first week in the year to England and other countries, is computed at one-fourth of the sale during the twelve months. In Paris it is by no means uncommon for a man of 8,000 or 10,000 francs a year to make presents on new year's day which cost him a fifteenth part of his income. No person able to give must on this day pay a visit empty-handed. Every body accepts, and every body gives according to the means which he possesses. Females alone are exempted from the charge of giving. A pretty woman, respectably connected, may reckon her new year's presents at something considerable. Gowns, jewellery, gloves, stockings, and artificial flowers, fill her drawing-room; for in Paris it is a custom to display all the gifts, in order to excite emulation, and to obtain as much as possible. At the palace, the new year's day is a complete *jour de fete*. Every branch of the royal family is then expected to make handsome presents to the king. For the six months preceding January, 1824, the female branches were busily occupied in preparing presents of their own manufacture, which would fill at least two common-sized waggons. The Duchess de Berri painted an entire room of japanned pannels, to be set up in the palace; and the Duchess of Orleans prepared an elegant screen. An English gentleman, who was admitted suddenly into the presence of the Duchess de Berri two months before, found her, and three of her maids of honour, lying on the carpet, painting the legs of a set of chairs, which were intended for the king. The day commences, with the Parisians, at an early hour, by the interchange of their visits and *bon-lons*. The nearest relations are visited first, until the furthest in blood have had their calls; then friends and acquaintances. The conflict to anticipate each other's calls, occasions the most agreeable and whimsical scenes among these proficient in polite attentions. In these visits, and in gossiping at the confectioners' shops, which are the great lounge for the occasion, the morning of new year's day is passed; a dinner is given by some member of the family to all the rest, and the evening concludes, like Christmas-day, with cards, dancing, or any other amusement that may be preferred. One of the chief attractions to a foreigner in Paris is the exhibition, which opens there on new year's day, of the finest specimens of the Sevres china manufactured at the royal establishment in the neighbourhood of Versailles during the preceding year.

New year's day in London is not observed by any public festivity; but little social dining-parties are frequently formed amongst friends; and convivial persons may be found at taverns, and in publicans' parlours, regaling on the occasion. Dr. Forster relates, in his "Perennial Calendar," that many people make a point to wear some new clothes on this day, and esteem the omission as unlucky: the practice, however, from such motives, must obviously be confined to the uninformed. The only open demonstration of joy in the metropolis, is the ringing of merry peals from the bellies of the numerous steeples, late on the eve of the new year, and until after the chimes of the clock have sounded its last hour.

On new year's day the man of business opens new account-books. "A good beginning makes a good ending." Let every man open an account to himself; and so begin the new year that he may expect to say at its termination—it has been a good year. In the hilarity of the season let him not forget, that to the needy it is a season of discomfort.

There is a satisfaction  
In doing a good action:

and he who devises liberal things will find his liberality return to him in a full tide of happiness. An economist can afford to be generous. "Give me neither poverty nor riches," prayed the wise man. To him who is neither encumbered by wealth, nor dispirited by indigence, the stores of enjoyment are unlocked.

He who holds fast the *Golden Mean*,  
And lives contentedly between  
The little and the great,  
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,  
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,  
Embittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the pow'r  
Of wintry blasts; the loftiest tow'r  
Comes heaviest to the ground;  
The bolts that spare the mountain's side  
His cloud-capt eminence divide,  
And spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher  
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,  
And hopes, in spite of pain;  
If Winter bellow from the North,  
Soon the sweet Spring comes dancing forth,  
And Nature laughs again.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,  
Thy magnanimity display,  
And let thy strength be seen;  
But, oh! if fortune fill thy sail  
With more than a propitious gale,  
Take half thy canvass in.

COWPER.

At the close of this day, he who can reflect with satisfaction on the past, may anticipate with calm delight the entrance of the new year, and lift his eyes to the living lustres of the firmament with grateful feelings. They shine out their prismatic colours through the cold thin air, keeping watch while man slumbers, or cheering him, who contemplates their fires, to purposes of virtue. In this season

—The night comes calmly forth,  
Bringing sweet rest upon the wings of even:  
The golden wain rolls round the silent north,  
And earth is slumbering 'neath the smiles of heaven.

BOWRING.

## GREAT GOD! FORGET ME NOT!

The star that shines so pure and bright,  
Like a far off place of bliss,  
And tells the broken-hearted  
There are brighter worlds than this;  
The moon that courses through the sky,  
Like man's uncertain doom,  
Now shining bright, with borrow'd light,  
Now wrapp'd in deepest gloom—  
Or when eclips'd, a dreary blank,  
A fearful emblem given,  
Of the heart shut out by a sinful world  
From the blessed light of heaven:—  
The flower that freely casts its wealth  
Of perfume on the gale;  
The breeze that mourns the summer's close  
With melancholy wail;  
The stream that cleaves the mountain side,  
Or gurgles from the grot—  
All speak in their Creator's name,  
And say, "Forget me not."

When man's vain heart is swoll'n with pride,  
And his haughty lip is curl'd,  
And from the scorner's seat he smiles  
Contempt upon the world;  
Where glitter crowns and coronets,  
Like stars that gem the skies,  
And flattery's incense rises thick  
To blind a monarch's eyes;

Where the courtier's tongue with facile lie  
A royal ear beguiles;  
Where suitors live on promises,  
And sycophants on smiles;  
Where each, as in a theatre,  
Is made to play his part;  
Where the diadem hides a troubled brow,  
And the star an aching heart—  
There, even there, 'mid pomp and power,  
Is oft a voice that calls  
"Forget me not," in thunder,  
Throughout the palace halls.

Or in the house of banquetting,  
When the maddening bowl is flush,  
And the shameless ribald boasts of deeds  
For which his cheek should blush;  
Where from the oft-drain'd goblet's brim  
The eye of mirth is lit;  
Where the cold conceits of a trifler's brain  
Pass for the coin of wit;  
Where flattery sues to woman's ear,  
And tells his tale again,  
And beauty smiles upon things so mean,  
We blush to call them men;  
Where 'tis sad to hear the slippant tongue  
Apply its hackney'd arts—  
Oh, their heads would be the hollowest things  
But for their hollow hearts!  
But hush! the revellers' shout is still'd,  
The song, the jest, forgot;  
The hair is snapp'd, the sword descends,  
With a dread "Forget me not!"

So, hie thee to the rank church-yard,  
Where sits the shadowy ghost,  
And see how little pride has left  
Whereon to raise a boast;  
See beauty claiming sisterhood  
With the nauseous reptile worn—  
Oh, where are all the graces fled  
That once arrayed her form?  
Her head will rest more quiet now  
Than when it slept on down.  
With cloven crest and bloody shroud  
The once proud warrior lies;  
And the patriot's heart hath not one throb  
To give a nation's cries.  
A solemn voice will greet thine ear  
As thou lingerest round the spot,  
And cry, from out the sepulchre,  
"Frail man, forget me not."

"Forget me not," the thunder roars,  
As it bursts its sulphury cloud;  
'Tis murmured by the distant hills,  
In echoes long and loud;  
'Tis written by the Almighty's hand  
In characters of flame.  
When the lightnings gleam with vivid flash,  
And His wrath and power proclaim.  
'Tis murmured when the white wave falls  
Upon the wreck-strewn shore,  
As a hoary warrior bows his crest  
When his day's work is o'er.  
Go speed thee forth, when the beamy sun  
O'erthrows the reign of night,  
And strips the scene of its misty robe,  
And arrays it in diamonds bright;  
Oh, as thou drinkest health and joy,  
In the fresh and balmy air,  
"Forget me not," in a still small voice,  
Will surely greet thee there.

Oh, who that sees the vermeil cheek  
 Grow day by day more pale,  
 And beauty's form to shrink before  
 The summer's gentle gale—  
 But thinks of Him, the Mighty One  
 By whom the blow is given;  
 As if the fairest flowers of earth  
 Were early pluck'd for heaven.  
 Oh yes, on every side we see  
 The impress of his hand;  
 The air we breathe is full of Him,  
 And the earth on which we stand.  
 Yet heedless man regards it not—  
 But life's uncertain day,  
 In idle hopes, and vain regrets,  
 Thus madly wastes away.  
 But, in his own appointed time,  
 He will not be forgot:  
 Oh, in that hour of fearful strife,  
 GREAT GOD! "FORGET ME NOT."

#### EARLY RISING.

Early rising is a habit easily acquired, so necessary to the despatch of every business, so advantageous to health, and so important to devotion, that, except in cases of necessity, it cannot be dispensed with by any prudent and diligent man.

Thanks be to the goodness of God, and the fostering hands of our kind parents, this habit is so formed in some of us, that we should think it a cruel punishment to be confined to our beds after the usual hour. Let us prize and preserve this profitable practice; and let us habituate all our children and servants to consider lying in bed after daylight, as one of the ills of the aged and the sick, and not as an enjoyment to people in a state of perfect health.

If any of us has been so unfortunate as to have acquired the idle habit of lying late in bed, let us get rid of it. Nothing is easier. A habit is nothing but a repetition of single acts; and bad habits are to be broke as they were formed, that is, by degrees. Let a person, accustomed to sleep till eight in the morning, rise the first week in April at a quarter before eight, the second week at half after seven, the third at a quarter after seven, and the fourth at seven: let him continue this method till the end of July, subtracting one quarter of an hour each week from sleep, and he will accomplish the work that at first sight appears so difficult. It is not a stride, it is a succession of short steps, that conveys us from the foot to the top of a mountain. Early rising is a great gain of time; and should the learner just now supposed, rise all the harvest month at four instead of eight, he would make that month equal to five weeks of his former indolent time.

Country business cannot be despatched without early rising. In spring, summer, and autumn, the cool of the morning is the time both for the pleasure and riddance of work; and in the winter, the stores of the year are to be prepared for sale, and carried to market. The crop of next year, too, is to be set or prepared for. Every business worth doing at all, is worth doing well; and as most business consists of a multiplication of affairs, it is impossible to disentangle each from another, to put all in a regular train, and to arrange the whole so that nothing may be neglected without coolness and clearness of thinking, as well as indefatigable application. The morning is necessary to all this; and the time and the manner of setting out, generally determines the success or the listlessness of the day. Besides, all businesses are subject to accidents, and to set forward early is to provide for the repair if not for the prevention of them. It is a fine saying of Job, 'If my land cry against me, or the fur-

rows thereof complain, let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley.'

Lying long and late in bed impairs the wealth, generates diseases, and in the end destroys the lives of multitudes. It is an intemperance of the most pernicious kind, having nothing to recommend it, nothing to set against its ten thousand mischievous consequences, for to be asleep is to be dead for the time. This tyrannical habit attacks life in its essential power, it makes the blood stagnant in its way, and creep lazy along the veins; it relaxes the fibres, unstrings the nerves, evaporates the animal spirits, saddens the soul, dulls the fancy, subduces and stupifies a man to such a degree, that he, the lord of the creation, hath no appetite for any thing in it, loathes labour, yawns for want of thought, trembles at the sight of a spider, and in the absence of that, the creatures of his own gloomy imagination. In every view therefore, it was wise in the psalmist to say, 'My voice shall be heard in the morning.'

#### LOOK AT T'OTHER SIDE, JIM.

When a boy, as I was one day passing through the market with my brother Joe, I spied a beautiful orange on the top of a basket full of the same kind of fruit. I immediately enquired the price, and was proceeding to buy it, when my brother exclaimed, with a shrewdness which I shall never forget—'look at t'other side, Jim.' I looked, and, to my astonishment, it was entirely rotten.

In passing through life, I have been frequently benefited by this little admonition.

When I hear the tongue of slander levelling its venom against some fault or foible of a neighbour, I think, 'look at t'other side, Jim.' Be moderate; have charity. Perhaps the fault or foible you talk so much and so loudly of, is almost the only one in your neighbour's character, and perhaps you have as great or greater ones in your own.

It may be, this is your neighbour's weak side, and, except this, he is a good citizen, a kind neighbour, an affectionate father and husband, and a useful member of society. Others may listen to this story of calumny, but remember they will fear and despise the calumniator. Learn to overlook a fault in your neighbour; for, perhaps, you may some time wish them to pardon a fault in you.

#### DEATHS OF ENGLISH PRINCES.

"With equal pace, impartial fate  
 Knocks at the palace, as the cottage gate."

It is a remarkable fact that the three Williams, Kings of England, all died in consequence of accidents which befel them whilst on horseback. The death of William the Conqueror was occasioned by an injury which he received during his French expedition to recover the revolted Dukedom of Normandy. In leaping his horse over a ditch at the siege of Mantes, he struck his protuberant stomach against the pommel of the saddle, by which mortification was produced, and his death shortly followed. William Rufus was accidentally killed, whilst hunting in the New Forest, by an arrow from the hand of Sir Walter Tyrrel; and Wm. III. in riding near Hampton Court, met with a violent fall from his horse, by which his collar bone was broken; and his constitution being weak, a fever succeeded, which soon terminated fatally. Of the twenty nine other princes who have reigned over this kingdom since the conquest, twenty-two have died natural, and seven by violent deaths. The three Richards, two of the Edwards, one of the Henrys, and one of the Charleses, came to an untimely end. Richard died of a wound received at the siege of Chalus,—Edward II. was barbarously murdered in Berkeley Castle, and his great grandson Richard II. in Pontefract Castle,—Henry VI. was assassinated in prison by command of Edward IV. —Edward V. and his infant brother were smothered in the

Tower by order of their unnatural uncle, Richard, Duke of Gloucester; and that cruel usurper was himself slain in the battle of Bosworth Field. By his death the race of the Plantagenet Kings became extinct, after having been in possession of the Throne for 330 years. Last of all, Charles I. the unfortunate victim of party violence and ungovernable fanaticism, perished on the scaffold, January 30th, 1649. The deaths of the other Kings of England were natural, though some were hastened by various causes. Thus Henry I. died of a surfeit occasioned by eating stewed lamprays;—Stephen, of the iliac passion, and an hemorrhoidal complaint;—Henry II. of grief for the unnatural rebellion of his children;—John of anguish and disappointment at the loss of his dominions;—Henry III. oppressed by care, and the infirmities of old age, after a long reign of fifty-six years;—Edward I. and his grandson Edward III. of a dysentery;—Henry IV. in a fit;—Henry V. of a fistula;—Edward IV. of a quartian ague;—Henry VII. and his grandson Edward VI. of consumption;—Henry VIII. of corpulence and a complication of diseases;—Queen Mary of a dropsy;—Queen Elizabeth of deep melancholy, caused, it is said, by grief for the Earl of Essex, to whose execution she had unwillingly consented;—James I. of a tertian ague;—Charles II. of apoplexy;—James II. a fugitive in France;—Queen Mary, consort of William III. of the small pox;—Queen Anne of apoplexy;—George I. of indigestion occasioned by eating melons;—and George II. from the bursting of a blood vessel.

In the reign of Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots was executed at Fotheringay Castle,—a sacrifice to the jealousy and duplicity of her more powerful rival. Her grandson Henry Prince of Wales, (eldest son of James I.) died at the early age of seventeen of a fever, or, as some say, by poison. Henry Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Charles I. died of the small pox in the year of the Restoration, before he had attained the age of manhood. His eldest sister Mary, Princess of Orange, (mother of William III.) soon after fell a victim to the same disease; and his second sister Elizabeth did not long survive them, her life being shortened it is supposed, by grief for her father's cruel fate. The Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II. was beheaded for a rebellion against James II. his pretensions to the throne being utterly destroyed by the loss of the battle of Sedgemoor. George Prince of Denmark, consort of Queen Anne, died of the dropsy, and their eldest son William, Duke of Gloucester, was cut off by a fever in his twelfth year. Their five other children all died in infancy, so that on the death of Anne, the Protestant line of the House of Stuart became extinct. Frederick, Prince of Wales, eldest son of George II. died of an abscess in the lungs; and his brother William Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, from the bursting of a blood vessel. Edward Duke of York, second son of the Prince of Wales and next brother to George III., died at Genoa of a malignant fever, in the 28th year of his age. His third and fourth brothers, the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester, also died in the prime of life; and his youngest brother Frederick at the early age of seventeen. The fate of his sister Matilda, the unfortunate Queen of Denmark, is well known; and the deaths which have occurred in the Royal family since that period, are too recent to require repetition.

#### EPITAPHS.

There is a humble, unpretending kind of poetry, limited in its subject—the production alike of the learned and the ignorant, the high and low, the rich and poor—which, alike interesting to all, has failed to obtain much regard from those to whom it addresses instruction: I mean Epitaphs. The living naturally wish to shun all intercourse with the dead; and though the latter, in many a warning line, lift up their voice, and call aloud from the ground, we heed not

the posthumous counsel, but tread over the gravel, or the green sod, which covers our ancestors' dust, without even whistling to keep our courage up. In the course of a long and busy life. I have read many epitaphs in various parts of England; and though many of these are the avowed productions of men of learning and genius, yet by far the greatest number, like the songs of the peasant, are the production of humble and nameless persons. I have not failed to observe, that the inscriptions which spoke the plainest sense, expressed the happiest sentiments, contained the richest poetry, and gave the most original and vivid portraiture of past beauty or worth, were generally the works of obscure persons, whose names are unknown to literature; and who, probably both before and after, sought no intercourse with the muse. I shall only transcribe now a few of these epitaphs, which seem not generally known, and confine myself rather to the curious than the beautiful. The following very simple and affecting epitaph expresses more in few words than we usually observe in this kind of composition:

Nineteen years a maiden,  
One year a wife,  
One hour a mother,  
And so I lost my life.

The brevity of the following is of a different nature, and approaches too close to the epigrammatic:

Life is uncertain, death is sure;  
Sin is the wound, and Christ the cure.

Many wretched conceits, middling jokes, obscure compliments, as well as innumerable lines, are cut in stone. The following, on a child, will be found at Brighton:

He tasted of life's bitter cup,  
Refused to drink the potion up;  
But turn'd his little head aside,  
Disgusted with the taste, and died.

Those who die at peace with the world, and leave rich legacies to their relations, commonly come in for a very reasonable share of good qualities in their epitaphs. There is some bitterness contained in two lines on a tombstone at Pentonville:

Death takes the good—too good on earth to stay;  
And leaves the bad—too bad to take away.

An inscription at Islington is in better taste and gentler feeling. It is on a child some months old; and, brief as it is, contains a fine sentiment:

Here virtue sleeps—restrain the pious tear!  
He waits that judgment which he cannot fear.

One on a young man at Chichester will not be read without emotion:

Art thou in health and spirits gay?  
I too was so the other day;  
And thought myself of life as safe,  
As thou who read'st my epitaph.

Honest Stephen Rumbold, of Oxford, is thus briefly remembered:

He lived one hundred and five,  
Sanguine and strong;  
An hundred to five  
You live not so long.

A soldier died suddenly in Hampshire, from drinking small beer after a hot march, and this is his epitaph:

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire grenadier,  
Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer.  
Soldiers, be wise, from his untimely fall;  
And when you're hot, drink strong, or none at all.

Nordo wedislike the lines on Sophia Bovel, a child of two years old:

Rest, sweet, thy dust, wait the Almighty's will,  
Rise with the just, and be an angel still.

## GO, LET ME WEEP.

Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,  
 When he who sheds them inly feels—  
 Some lingering stain of early years  
 Effaced by every drop that steals.  
 The fruitless showers of worldly woe  
 Fall dark to earth, and never rise;  
 While tears that from repentance flow,  
 In bright exhalation reach the skies.  
 Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,  
 When he who sheds them inly feels—  
 Some lingering stain of early years  
 Effaced by every drop that steals.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew  
 More idly than the summer's wind,  
 And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,  
 But left no trace of sweets behind.  
 The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves  
 Is cold, is faint to those that will  
 The heart where pure repentance grieves  
 O'er hours of pleasure loved too well!  
 Leave me to sigh o'er days that flew  
 More idly than the summer's wind,  
 And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,  
 But left no trace of sweets behind.

## ELOQUENCE.

"I speak in the spirit of British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil; which proclaim even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of 'universal emancipation.' No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced;—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him;—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down;—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, like life burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of 'universal emancipation.'

[Here Mr. Curran was interrupted by a sudden burst of applause from the court and hall. Silence however was restored after some minutes, by the interposition of Lord Clonmell, who declared the great pleasure he felt himself, at the exertion of professional talents, but disapproved any intemperate expression of applause in a court of justice.]

Mr. Curran then proceeded—"Gentlemen, I am not such a fool as to ascribe any effusion of this sort, to any merit of mine. It is the mighty theme, and not the inconsiderable advocate, that can excite interest in the hearer! What you hear is but the testimony which nature bears to her own character; it is the effusion of her gratitude to that power, which stamped that character upon her."

Lord Erskine when defending Stockdale, the bookseller, on an indictment for libel, burst forth into the following glorious strain:—

"The unhappy people of India, feeble and effeminate as they are from the softness of their climate, and subdued and broken as they have been by the knavery and strength of civilization, still occasionally start up in all the vigor and intelligence of insulated nature. To be governed at all, they must be governed with a rod of iron; and our empire in the east would over and over again have been lost to Great Britain, if civil skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an authority which heaven never gave, by means which it never can sanction.

"Gentlemen, I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject; and I can account for it. I have not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself amongst reluctant nations submitting to our authority. I know what they feel, and 'w such feeling can alone be repressed. I have heard them in my youth from a naked savage, in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hands, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. 'Who is it,' said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure—'Who is it that causes the river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty himself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of these lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it,' said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and depend upon it, nothing but fear will control where it is in vain to look for affection."

## COUSINS.

"I, Hymen, dit-on, eraint les petits Cousins."  
 Had you ever a Cousin, Tom?

Did your cousin happen to sing?  
 Sisters we've all by the dozen, Tom,  
 But a cousin's a different thing;  
 And you'd find if you ever had kiss'd her, Tom,  
 (But let this be a secret between us)  
 That your lips would have been in a blister, Tom,  
 For they are not of the sister genius.

There is something, Tom, in a sister's lip,  
 When you give her a good-night kiss,  
 That savours so much of relationship,  
 That nothing occurs amiss:  
 Put a cousin's lip if you once unite  
 With your's, in the quietest way,  
 Instead of sleeping a wink that night,  
 You'll be dreaming the following day

And people think it no harm, Tom,  
 With a cousin to hear you talk;  
 And no one feels any alarm, Tom,  
 At a quiet cousinly walk;—  
 But, Tom, you'll soon know what I happen to know  
 That such walks often grow into straying,  
 And the voices of cousins are sometimes so low,  
 Heaven only knows what you'll be saying!

And then there happen so often, Tom,  
 Soft pressures of hands and fingers,  
 And looks that were moulded so often, Tom,  
 And tones on which memory lingers;  
 That long ere your walk is half over, the strings  
 Of your heart are all put in to play,  
 By the voice of these fair demi-sisterly things,  
 In not quite the most brotherly way.

And the song of a sister may bring to you, Tom,  
 Such tones as the angels woo,  
 But I fear if your cousin should sing to you, Tom,  
 You'll take her for an angel too:  
 For so curious a note is that note of theirs,  
 That you'll fancy the voice that gave it,  
 Has been all the while singing National Airs,  
 Instead of the Psalms of David.

I once had a cousin that sung, Tom,  
 And for name shall be nameless now,  
 But the sound of those songs are still young, Tom,  
 Though we are no longer so ;  
 'Tis folly to dream of a bower of green,  
 When there is not a leaf on the tree :—  
 But 'twixt walking and singing that cousin has been,  
 God forgive her ! the ruin of me.

And now I care naught for society, Tom,  
 And lead a most anchorite life ;  
 For I have loved myself into sobriety, Tom,  
 And out of a wish for a wife  
 But oh ! if I said but half what I might say,  
 So sad were the lesson 'twould give,  
 That 't would keep you from loving for many a day,  
 And from cousins—as long as you live.

## HAPPINESS.

There are few things which tend more decidedly to promote our happiness—to give vigour to the mind and animation to the spirits—than the pursuit of some useful possession, or honourable entertainment ; and perhaps there is nothing more useful and honourable than the pursuit of knowledge. " Literature, like virtue, is its own reward," and possesses every charm which can win us to its embrace. It is full of variety and beauty ; it is inexhaustible ; it has just so much difficulty as to excite interest in the contest, and triumph in the victory ; it raises us in the scale of social and intellectual beings, and brings us into a sort of mysterious communion with the wise of every age and nation. In Marmontel's words, "*c'est un plaisir qui coûte peu, qu'on trouve partout, & qui jamais ne lasse.*" In the words of Owen Felham, " Knowledge is the guide of youth, to manhood a companion, and to old age a cordial and an antidote. If I die to-morrow, my life will be somewhat the sweeter to-day for knowledge."

If we look around us, we shall be speedily convinced, that most men feel the importance of a pursuit, and shall be amused by the curious expedients and strange substitutes to which those have recourse who refuse to take pleasure in rational employment. Some pursue the improvement of their own persons, hunt out fashionable tailors, study the tie of their neckcloth, and muse upon the arrangement of their hair ; some collect trinkets, hang seals to their watches by dozens, doat upon diamond rings, and adore musical snuff-boxes ; others aim at the high art of rowing and sailing, or seek the reputation of being capital cricketers, or ruin their constitution by pedestrianism, or their fortunes by racing. Then there are the male collectors of illegible and unreadable books, of counterfeit coins, defaced statues, Claudes which were born in England, and Cuyps of yesterday's production ; and the female fanciers of china, covered with unnatural figures and hideous designs, of preserved butterflies, and of shells and fossils with forgotten names. Most single women, indeed, have one great object of pursuit, for which they dress by day, of which they dream by night, and which fixes their attention from sixteen to sixty ; while those who are married hunt for cooks who never over-roast the meat, or oil the melted-butter—" faultless monsters whom the world ne'er saw"—or strive to brighten plain children into beauties, or dull ones into prodigies, or emulate the gay parties of some fashionable contemporary, and spend three hundred and sixty-four days of the year in contriving plans for cheating, or coaxing, or worrying, or scolding their husbands into giving a ball, that shall half ruin them, on the three hundred and sixty-fifth.

Young ladies ought to be happy ; they have always some innocent little pursuit in view, besides the great object of their existence, which, like the under-plot in the play, may fill up the dull moments of their drama of life, and occupy the attention till their hero of the piece appears. Sometimes

they collect impressions of seals ; sometimes surrounded by new bread and Prussian blue, they make the seals themselves ; sometimes they fill a dozen fairy music-books with the scarcely visible notes of waltzes and quadrilles, or cover the beautiful paper of a large and splendid volume with old bon-mots and stupid riddles and jolly songs. Others imitate Indian work, or Brussels lace, and injure the brilliancy, and diminish the use, of their eyes, while they pore over the minute tracery of a cabinet, or the miniature embroidery of a veil ; others again paint velvet by wholesale, and look forward with high ambition towards the glorious times when the curtains, and sofas, and cushions of their mother's drawing-room shall be flaring with poppies and pionsies, yellow lilies and flaunting tulips, all the produce of their own fingers—the off-spring of their own labours.

Some degree of difficulty, however, is necessary, in order to give interest to an object, and eagerness to our pursuit of it ; and it is the ease with which the rich and the great obtain all they desire, which so frequently renders their lives rapid and spiritless, and sends them to the gambling-table for excitement and animation. There, and perhaps there only, they are placed on an equality with their companions ; chance is no aristocrat, the dice stops not even by the command of a sceptre ; there they experience the alternations of hope and fear, the excitation of danger and of doubt ; and while love palls because it always smiles, luxuries are insipid because they court acceptance, and the path of life is rendered dull by the very pioneer who makes it so invariably smooth ; they rush like madmen to the table where the choking interest of an hour may be purchased at an enormous price—may be followed by ruin and by death.

Most true it is that happiness most frequently takes up her abode in the middle ranks of life. The mind of man is so constituted as to take more pleasure in anticipating a future good than enjoying a present one ; ease is ten times sweeter when gained by our own exertions ; rest is never truly delightful till purchased by previous labour ; what we procure for ourselves seems more precious than any inherited possessions ; and the little acquisitions and indulgences, for which we work, and for which we economize, are pleasanter amusements in pursuit, and greater blessings in enjoyment, than all the luxury and splendour to which the rich and noble are familiarized from their birth, and which spring not in the remotest degree from their own merit and exertions.

## THE YOUNG MULETEERS OF GRENADA.

Oh ! the joys of our evening posada,  
 When, resting at close of the day,  
 We, young Muleteers of Grenada,  
 Sit and sing the last sunshine away !  
 So blithe, that even the slumbers  
 Which hung around us seem gone,  
 Till the lute's soft drowsy numbers  
 Again beguile them on.

Then, as each to his favourite sultana  
 In sleep is still breathing the sigh,  
 The name of some black-eyed Tirana  
 Half breaks from our lips as we lie.  
 Then, with morning's rosy twinkle,  
 Again we're up and gone—  
 While the mule-bell's drowsy tinkle  
 Beguiles the rough way on.

## SHAKESPEARE'S CHRISTIANITY.

Why—all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;  
 And he, that might the vantage best have took,  
 Found out the remedy.

*Measure for Measure, Act 2, S. 2*



## LIFE OF SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

The life of Sir Thomas Browne has been written by Dr. Johnson, as the best introduction to his *Moral Essays*. All the readers of the *Saturday Evening Magazine* may not, perhaps, be aware that Sir Thomas Browne was a physician, and that he died at his native city Norwich, in 1682. The most renowned of Sir Thomas' writings is, the "Religio Medici"—and from another of his works, "The Vulgar Errors," we copy the following passages, as a specimen of the pure & nervous English of this author. The commencement of his treatise on "Um Burial," is equal to any thing in Hooker, or in the prose of Milton:

"I hope it is not true, and some indeed have strongly denied, what is recorded of the monks that poisoned Henry the Emperour, in a draught of the holy eucharist. 'Twas a scandalous wound unto Christian religion, and I hope all pagans will forgive it, when they shall reade that a Christian was poisoned in a cup of Christ, and received his bane in a draught of his salvator. Had I believed transubstantiation I should have doubted the effect: and surely the sinne it selfe received an aggravation in that opinion. It much commendeth the innocency of our forefathers, and the simplicity of those times, whose laws could never dreame so high a crime as parricide: whereas this at least may seeme to outreach that fact, and to exceed the regular distinctions of murder. I will not say what sinne it was to act it; yet may it seeme a kinde of martyrdom to suffer by it: for, although unknowingly, he dyed for Christ his sake, and lost his life in the ordained testimony of his death. Certainly, had they knowne it, some zeales would scarcely have refused it, rather adventuring their owne death, then refusing the memoriall of his.

Many other accounts like these we meet sometimes in history, scandalous unto Christianity, and even unto humanity; whose verities not onely, but whose relations honest minds doe deprecate. For of sinnes heteroclitical, and such as want either name or precedent, there is oft times a sinne even in their histories. We desire no records of such enormities; sinnes should be accounted new, that so they may be esteemed monstrous. They omit of monstrosity as they fall from their rarity; for, men count it veniall to erie with their forefathers, and foolishly conceive they divide a sinne in society. The pens of men may sufficiently expatiate without these singularities of Villany; for, as they increase the hatred of vice in some, so doe they enlarge the theory of wickednesse in all. And this is one that may make latter ages worse then were the former; for, the vicious examples of ages past, poison the curiosity of these present, affording a hint of sin unto seduceable spirits, and soliciting those unto the imitation of them, whose hearts were never so perversely principled as to invent them. In this kinde we commend the wisdom and goodnesse of Galen, who would not leave unto the world too subtle a theory of poysons; unarming thereby the malice of venomous spirits, whose ignorance must be contented with sublimate and arsenick. For, surely there are subtler venenations, such as will invisibly destroy, and like the Basilisks of heaven. In things of this nature silence condemneth history; 'tis the veniable part of things lost; wherein there must never rise a Pan-cirollus,\* nor remaine any Register but that of hell.

## STANZAS ON THE NEW YEAR.

I stood between the meeting years,  
The coming and the past,  
And I ask'd of the future one,  
Wilt thou be like the last?

The same in many a sleepless night,  
In many an anxious day?

\*Who writ *de Antiquis deperditis*, or inventions lost.

Thank Heaven! I have no prophet's eye  
To look upon the way!

For Sorrow like a phantom sits  
Upon the last Year's close.  
How much of grief, how much of ill,  
In its dark breast repose!

Shadows of faded Hopes fit by,  
And ghosts of Pleasure fled:  
How have they chang'd from what they were!  
Cold, colourless, and dead.

I think on many a wasted hour,  
And sicken o'er the void;  
And many darker are behind,  
On worse than nought employ'd.

Oh Vanity! alas, my heart!  
How widely hast thou stray'd  
And misused every golden gift  
For better purpose made!

I think on many a once-loved friend  
As nothing to me now;  
And what can mark the lapse of time  
As does an aiter'd brow?

Perhaps 'twas but a careless word  
That sever'd Friendship's shrine;  
And angry Pride stands by each gap,  
Lest they unite again.

Less sad, albeit more terrible,  
To think upon the dead,  
Who quiet in the lonely grave  
Lay down their weary head.

For faith and hope, and peace, and trust,  
Are with their happier lot:  
Though broken is the bond of love,  
At least we broke it not.—

Thus thinking of the meeting years,  
The coming and the past,  
I needs must ask the future one,  
Wilt thou be like the last?

There came a sound, but not of speech,  
That to my thought replied,  
"Misery is the marriage-gift  
That waits a mortal bride:

"But lift thine hopes from this base earth,  
This waste of worldly care,  
And wed thy faith to yon bright sky,  
For Happiness dwells there!"

## THE RIDDLE OF THE YEAR.

By *Cleobulus*.

There is a father with twice six sons; these sons have thirty daughters a-piece, party-coloured, having one cheek white and the other black, who never see each other's face, nor live above twenty-four hours.

Cleobulus, to whom this riddle is attributed, was one of the seven wise men of Greece, who lived about 570 years before the birth of Christ.

Riddles are of the highest antiquity; the oldest on record is in the book of Judges xiv. 14—18. We are told by Plutarch, that the girls of his times worked at netting or sewing, and the most ingenious "made riddles."

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