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THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1847.

No. 40

GOD CARETH FOR THE POOR.

BY MRS. ANDY.

Oh! speak not of their homely toils, their slow corroding cares;
 Say not that dreary joyless days and anxious nights are theirs;
 Peace oft deserts the palace-gate to seek the cottage-door;
 Contentment loves the lowly roof—God careth for the poor.

Is not the wealth of Nature theirs?—the flowers of varied dyes,
 The silver stars, the towering rocks, the blue and sunny skies;
 The twining boughs their canopy, the mossy turf their floor;
 Say need they pine for gilded halls?—God careth for the poor.

They never chide Time's lagging course, nor wish the moments spent;
 Turning from music, flowers, and books, in peevish discontent;
 Viewing past pleasures with disdain, yet covetous of more:
 They know not vexed satiety—God careth for the poor.

They glide not languidly along o'er life's unruffled seas;
 Labour imparts enjoyment to their intervals of ease;
 Their hours of pastime swiftly fly, nor leave them to deplore
 Nameless imaginary ills—God careth for the poor.

And deem not that dull ignorance obscures their simple lot;
 The light of knowledge penetrates the lone sequestered cot:
 None vainly need the tidings of salvation to implore;
 The gospel cheers the humblest hearth—God careth for the poor.

His precepts are before them, and His eye is o'er them still;
 They have earth's blessings to partake, earth's duties to fulfil;
 The heaven that smiles above them may be their's for evermore;
 Faith tells them of the promised land—God careth for the poor.

And never shall we scornfully their homeliness deride,
 And never shall we judge them by the world's false code of pride,
 If rightly we have read and prized that Book of sacred lore,
 Which shows to us how lovingly God careth for the poor.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Pale, weary watcher by Bethesda's pool,
 From dewy morn to silent, glowing eve;
 While round thee play the freshening breezes cool,
 Why wilt thou grieve?

Listen! and thou shalt hear the unearthly tread
 Of Heaven's bright herald passing swiftly by,
 O'er the calm pool his healing wing to spread:
 Why wilt thou die?

At his approach, once more the troubled wave
 Leaps gushing into life, its torpor gone:
 Once more called forth its boasted power to save,
 Which else had none!

Ah! then his spirit feels a deeper grief,
 When o'er the rippling surface healing flows;
 His wasted limbs experience no relief;
 No help he knows!

Healing, and strength, and cure for all his woe,
 May linger round that sacred fountain's brim;
 Yet all unable he one step to go;
 No cure for him!

No friend is watching there, whose anxious love
 For him prompt access to the pool can win!
 Soon as the angels did the waters move,
 Others stepped in!

Oh ye! who idly pass unheeding by,
 Knew ye the sickening pang of hope delayed,
 Your listless steps would eagerly press nigh,
 And give him aid.

Ah! wretched lot, of gnawing want to die,
 While smiling plenty mocks us all around;
 Or, shipwrecked, watch, as we all helpless lie,
 Others home-bound!

Yet sadder far, to him who reads aright
 The story of our being's end and aim,
 The spirit darkened 'mid surrounding light
 By sin and shame!

To see the impervious clouds of prejudice,
 Round which the sunbeams pour their light in vain:
 The dead soul, fettered by the fims of vice,
 Knows not its chain.

Then if thy spirit freedom, knowledge drink,
 Bathed in that living fount which maketh pure,
 Oh! aid thy brother, ere he helpless sink,
 To work his cure!

Hopeless, and helpless, vainly did he turn
 For help or pity to the busy throng;
 Yet found them both in ONE, whose heart did burn
 With love, how strong!

AN ANSWER TO A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

(From an American Publication.)

The Bible begins the story of the Redeemer's mercy; but it is only a beginning. The whole history of redemption can never be said to be published, till every name on the pages of the book of life has been read, and the leadings of God's mysterious providence, in regard to each one, have been unfolded in eternity.

A few years since, I was called from my study to see a stranger. He brought a letter from a friend in Ohio, which stated that he was "a man of the right stamp." His name was Joseph W. Barr, then a student at the Theological Seminary at Andover. He was out of health; had walked nearly thirty miles; and there was nothing very prepossessing in his first appearance. But a few hours' acquaintance only was necessary to discover that he was a man of a strong, well-balanced mind, of deep piety, and of a breast full of benevolence. One great object of his visit was to restore his health, which had become impaired by study. But instead of lying upon the couch, taking gentle exercise, and "light medicines," he hired himself out, for the vocation, as a carpenter; and a better, or more diligent and faithful workman, seldom entered the shop. He received high wages, and the family in which he resided can hardly speak of him, to this day, without tears. On leaving us, he carried away a good stock of health, and more of the heart and good wishes, and pure substantial tokens of confidence from his Christian friends, than if he had spent his time in any other way. While in my study, one evening, I requested him to relate to me his Christian experience, and the dealings of God in regard to his soul. He began at once, and did it with such simplicity and humility, that I was compelled more than once to turn away my head to conceal my tears. I wrote down the account just as he had related it, as soon as he had left me. It is not merely a true account of his conversion; but, as nearly as possible, in his own words:—

"Among my first recollections is the image of my sainted mother. We lived at the West, in what was then a howling wilderness, but is now the flourishing state of Ohio. My father was a minister and a missionary, and my mother was every way qualified to be his helper. My father was gone much from home in searching for the scattered sheep of Christ's fold, and could not do much towards forming my character. But my Mother, she was an angel to me. We lived in a log house, and had but one large room; of course she had no closet there. But there was

a beautiful grove, a little back off the house, and there, as early as I can remember anything, I can remember that she took me by the hand and caused me to kneel by her side, while she prayed aloud for my absent father and for me. At first, I hardly understood it; but soon learned that God, who dwelt far, far above those high trees, could hear her prayer, and was harkening to her sweet voice. She used stately to lead me there, and always laid her right hand on my head while she prayed; and feelings of deep awe always came over me. She never omitted this practice whilst she lived; and I there had distinct and correct impressions made as to my character, as well as to the character of God.

"She died when I was nine years old, and was buried near by. During the most giddy and wicked period of my life, I could never forget these impressions. The grove is cut down now, but the spot seems a hallowed spot. Even since the grove has been gone, and since my Mother's grave has become level with the surrounding ground, I have stood on this spot, and her meek image seemed to be before me, and her voice, tremulous with feeling, seemed to come again to my ears; and I have paused there in tears, chained by a remembrance of her faithfulness and her love. No legacy could she have left me half so precious, nor could her features have been more vividly and accurately left upon canvass, than they are upon my memory.

"Many years after my Mother's death, I was in the hey-day of youth, and in a course of sin truly dreadful. The restraints of conscience were broken, and there was little that could or did check me, except my early education. My Mother had died when I was a mere child, and my Father was too far off to reach me otherwise than by his prayers. I well remember many seasons of deep conviction for sin, but which my stubborn heart resisted or stifled. One night at a ball, whither I went, as I should then have said, for rational and innocent amusement, my conscience was suddenly startled.

"I was introduced to a young lady for my partner, who came from a distant section of the country. After the dance, in which we were partners, I entered into conversation with her respecting the place from which she came. She gave me many interesting particulars of that then newly settled place, and among other things mentioned the late sickness of her Father, and the many continued kindnesses and attentions of a Mr. Barr, a missionary; stating that Mr. Barr had been to see her Father very frequently, and that she felt much attached to him. She knew not my name. I replied, that 'Mr. Barr, the missionary, is my Father.' She started as if from an auditor. 'Your Father! he your Father! what would he say if he knew you were here!' Had a dagger been thrust into me, I could not have felt the wound more deeply. It spoiled the evening for me. It ruined my peace, and, though I know not that it can be said to have been the means of my awakening from the sleep of sin, yet, I am confident it planted a thorn in my conscience, which was not taken out till I had bowed to God with a broken heart. The giving and receiving of this keen reproof were both, as it were, involuntary, and showed that neither of our consciences could approve of the employment of that evening, if allowed to speak out without restraint.

"A few days after the ball, I was present at a communion. At the table many of my near friends were found. The scene before me, and the thoughts of a future, eternal separation, affected me greatly. The sermon, too, reached my conscience; and I might, at the close of the service, be said to have been under strong convictions of sin. The same day a very devoted Christian was accidentally thrown in my way. He began to address me on the subject of my salvation, without knowing anything of my previous history, or the state of my feelings at that time. Then my heart began to rise with a strength of bitterness which I never knew before. I reproached him, pointing to the inconsistencies in the church; raved like a madman; and, while my conscience was grinding me like a millstone, I still kept pouring out my invectives. He bore it with meekness, perfectly unmoved, and, by his gentleness, held up a shield which caused every dart I threw to recoil upon myself. His Christian meekness was too much for me; I rose up in wrath and left him. Had he given only one retort—shown one angry feeling, it would have relieved me; but no, I could find no handle. I went out into the woods, smarting under the wounds which I had been giving myself; and when I could stand under it no longer, I returned—told my Christian friend my situation and feelings—asked his pardon, and beg-

ged his prayers. Truly, as Henry Martyn beautifully says, "And thus also I learned, that the power of gentleness is irresistible."

"I had now been under deep and pungent convictions of sin for more than three weeks. I could not pray. I could not feel sorry for sin, nor hate it except as it must bring me to unspeakable ruin. There seemed to be no mercy for me. At length, I determined to take my own life. Not far from me was a considerable waterfall; thither I went one beautiful morning, fully resolved to return no more. The waters, dark and deep, gathered themselves together in a narrow channel, and after whirling themselves around several times, as if recoiling from the plunge, they rushed headlong over a time-worn rock, and fell forty feet or more into a large basin beneath. On that rock I placed myself prepared to do the deed. I looked down into the great basin, forty feet below me, and there the falling waters were boiling and foaming up, as if indignant at being thus cast down. I drew myself back to take the plunge. There was no faltering—no shaking of a single muscle—no sensation of fear. But just as I was in the act of leaping, the hand of Omnipotence seemed to be laid suddenly upon me. Every nerve seemed to be paralyzed, and every bodily function to fail. A cold shivering came over me, and I had not the strength of a child. I turned my face away; the beautiful sun was shining, and for the first time a voice, like that of my departed mother's, seemed to say, 'Perhaps there may yet be mercy for you.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I will seek it till God takes my life!' And there, on the very spot where I was about to consign soul and body over to endless misery, there the mercy of God found me, and there the first ray of hope visited me. Oh! I can never think of this temptation without feeling that I have been near the pit; and that man, if left by God, will quickly destroy both soul and body."

Before closing this narrative, I will add, that this interesting young man lived the life of devoted, consistent, ardent piety. He completed his education, and devoted himself as a missionary to Africa. He was all ready to depart—had taken farewell of his friends, and was, as I believe, on his way to the ship which was to convey him to Africa. He arrived at Richmond, Va., on Saturday night, and was to have preached the next day; but about midnight he was seized with the cholera, (of which he was the first and only victim in that city,) and after twelve hours passed in indescribable pain, he calmly and sweetly fell into the arms of God's messenger, and was carried to that glorious assembly where the praying mother, we doubt not, welcomed to her everlasting embrace, the child of so many prayers.

How mysterious are the ways of God! He raises up pious friends, and leads them to labour, and pray, and go down to the grave, without seeing any good fruit from the plants which they nourish and water with prayers and tears. But, long after they are gone, their prayers are answered and their labours blessed. Let no praying mother doubt that her prayers will finally be answered. God is mysterious, too, in that he raises up instruments apparently fitted for great usefulness, and then cuts them off just when they promise to be most useful. But his own glorious plans will go on, and he will raise up others to take the places of those who are dead. All shall be for the glory of God! Oh! the blessedness of belonging to a kingdom which cannot be injured by any changes among such beings as we are. Reader! if you belong to this kingdom, be up, be doing, be vigilant, be faithful. Your crown is near—it is sure. If you do not belong to this kingdom, come at once and give yourself to the work of serving God. Repent of all sin, forsake all sin, and that same Redeemer who saved the dear youth of whom I have been speaking, shall be yours.

SCRAPS OF BOTANY FOR THE NURSERY.

CHRIST'S THORN—ALOE PLANTS—PALM TREES—THE PALMYRA TREE.

From the British Mothers' Magazine.

The cruel crown of thorns which the Jews thrust upon the head of our Redeemer at his crucifixion, may have been formed of any one or more of numerous thorny plants which grow wild in Palestine; yet it is commonly supposed, and not without good reason, to have been wholly formed of the shrub which gardeners call Christ's Thorn, and botanists *Paliurus aculeatus*. This plant is closely allied to the buck-thorns. It is a native of most of the countries which border upon the Mediterranean; and has, for upwards of two centuries, been allowed a place in many

British shrubberies. Its stem has usually a height of about four or five feet; its branches are slender; its thorns occur in pairs at the joints of the branches,—one thorn of each pair straight, erect, and about half an inch long, and the other bent backwards, and scarcely one quarter of an inch long; its leaves are oval, pale-green, and scarcely an inch in length; and its flowers have a yellowish colour, and make a considerable show in June and July. An old writer on forestry piously remarks, "Plants of Christ's Thorn should principally have a share in those parts of a plantation that are more peculiarly designed for religious retirement; for they will prove excellent monitors, and conduce to due reflection on, and gratitude to 'Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.'"

All thorny plants, indeed, ought, whenever we see them, to remind us of the two great facts, that men are naturally under the curse of God's law on account of their sins; and that they can be pardoned and saved only through the merits of the shed blood of Christ. A mother, with her little ones beside a sloe-bush, a bramble-bush, a rose-bush, or a hawthorn fence, might readily speak of the Redeemer's crown of thorns, and thence of all the facts and doctrines of his atoning death.

The plants which yield the aloes of our medical shops, are a very curious and grotesque group, belonging to the same natural order as our common day lily; and the agaves or American aloes are one of the most extraordinary groups in the world,—growing for thirty or fifty or eighty years without either rising much from the ground, or producing a single blossom, or a mouthful of pleasant sap; and then suddenly soaring away to the height of twenty-five or twenty-six feet, displaying all at once hundreds or even thousands of beautiful flowers, pouring out gallons of delicious and nourishing juice, and dying abruptly and irretrievably down in the manner of mere annuals. These groups of plants are deeply interesting, and afford many illustrations of the skill and bounty of the All-benevolent; yet they have no sort of connexion with the "aloes" so repeatedly mentioned in the Word of God. I remember that, when I was a boy, I confounded the aloes of Scripture with the black, bitter, nauseous gum of the drug shops; and in consequence totally lost the meaning of the beautiful passage in which it is mentioned.

This substance is a surpassingly fragrant wood,—quite as precious, and almost as famous in our own day as in the days of Solomon; and is produced by a rare and very handsome little tree or ever-green shrub of China, Malacca, and some of the East Indian Islands. The aloe tree is called by botanists *Aquilaria Malaccensis*; and has so singular a character as not to be easily classifiable with any other plants. It somewhat resembles the olive tree in both height and form. Its timber is well known to merchants; but a living plant of it was never, till about twenty years ago, seen in Britain. Its outer wood is black, compact, and heavy, and is frequently called eagle-wood; its inner wood is dark-coloured, fragrant, shining, exceedingly light, and combustible like wax, and is usually called calambouc or calamba-wood; and its heart-wood, or that which lies next the pith, is surpassingly odoriferous, but exceedingly scarce, and is commonly called tambac. Both the tambac and the finer sorts of the calambouc are often sold in the East for their weight in gold, to be burnt in censers like incense; and even the inferior kinds of the calambouc are imported at a great price into Europe, and held in high esteem for their delicious odour, and for the making of pastiles. One most glorious passage of the Bible lifts these fragrant aloe-woods into association with the mightiest of moral and everlasting truths,—“Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever; the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre; thou lovest righteousness, and hatest iniquity: therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows: all thy garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad.”

Palm-trees are one of the grandest, most imposing, and most useful family of trees in the world. Their majestic outline beautifies many a landscape; their foliage affords a grateful shade from the scorching play of the tropical sun; their stems form houses, furniture, and utensils to man; their leaves form roofs and cordage; their sap produces wine and cooling drinks; their pith yields nourishing and delicious farina; their fruit yields food, drink, condiment, and oil; and their habits and economy afford a thousand evidences of the beneficence of Deity, and some fascinating illustrations of the sacred record. A mother, who possesses a little knowledge of palms, may charm her children with

descriptions of oriental scenery, with accounts of sago, dates, cocoa-nuts, palm-oil, and other common exotic commodities of our markets,—with hundreds of startling and brilliant instances of the skill and loveliness of God's physical works,—and with explanations of some of the most significant of the Bible's emblems of constancy, patience, prosperity, and triumph. Palms inhabit the warm and happy regions which combine tropical light and heat with the streams of fountains, and a profusion of dews. Most love the margins of rivers; a few flourish in the oases of the wilderness, or on the tops of tropical mountains; and some collect in large forests, while others grow singly or in clumps among woods or on the plains. Few species extend beyond a very limited range of territory; and probably so many as a thousand different species are in existence. The stem of most is lofty and majestic, and that of all is unbranched and perfectly erect; their wood consists of longitudinal fibres, and is soft and pulpy in the centre, but as hard as horn at the circumference; their leaves or fronds rise in a plated bundle out of the crown of the stem, and spread magnificently out like a vast umbrella cut into pinnae or stiff and regular shreds; their flowers are produced in club-like masses, and burst suddenly out with an evolution of the most fragrant odours; and their fruit is a drupe, with either a fibrous or a fleshy coat, the mass of its kernel consisting of oily albumen, soft enough in the cocoa-nut to be eaten, but as hard in almost all the other species as the hardest portion of the wood.

Though the date-palm and the cocoa-nut tree are probably the most interesting of the palms, yet since they are also the best known, I shall select as a fine specimen of the whole family, the Palmyra-tree, or fan-leaved Palmyra, called by botanists *Borassus flabelliformis*. It abounds in many parts of both the islands and continent of India, and was introduced about seventy-five years ago to the palm-houses of British gardens. Its stem, in its native country, is from twenty to forty feet high; its leaf or frond is about four feet long, situated on a spiry leaf-stalk of about the same length, and divided into seventy or eighty ragged rays; and its fruit is somewhat triangular, is as large as a child's head, has a thick, fibrous, sappy rind, and contains three seeds, each about the size of a goose-egg. Young plants of the palmyra-tree, are used by the people of India as pot vegetables; in some districts, they are dried and pounded into a sort of meal; and in most, they are boiled and eaten with a little of the kernel of the cocoa-nut. The leaves of the full-grown trees are used for house-thatch, fans, baskets, hats, mats, umbrellas, buckets, temporary huts, and a substitute for writing-paper; and when employed for the last of these purposes, they are written upon with an instrument of steel. The outer wood is brown, very hard, capable of longitudinal division, and susceptible of a fine polish; and it is frequently employed for making bows. The wood of a particular variety, usually procured in other parts of India from Jaffnapatam, is hard, close-grained, and dark-coloured, and is considered a valuable timber for house-buildings and other purposes. A clear, gelatinous, pleasant-tasted pulp, is obtained from the half-grown fruit, and used as a condimental food; and a very copious sap is drawn from the whole plant, and either manufactured into a cooling and aperient wine, or evaporated into agreeable and nourishing syrups and sugar. Behold the emblem of a true Christian! "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree." Everything about him is of value. All the varieties of his moral produce—not the fruit only, but the fibres, the sap, and the foliage—are of service to the world. He is not an upas tree, shaking poison from his branches,—he is not even a mere fruit-tree, yielding good produce only of one kind, and only in autumn,—but he is a palmyra-tree, or a date-tree,—all productive, in all his constitution,—all the year through, in youth and in age,—and "the more he is oppressed, the more he flourisheth, the higher he grows, the stronger and broader is his top;" and the longer he lives, the more abundantly does he yield fruits of faith and love, for the multiplying of "trees of righteousness," that God may be glorified.

PROGRESS OF THE BRITISH NATION.

It is only from the commencement of the present century that anything like correct population returns have been received. The increase in the first half of last century was—omitting fractions—not more than 17 per cent.; in the second half it rose to 52 per cent. The number added to the population of the kingdom from 1801 to 1841, was 10,700,000, but in 1846 this had

risen to 12,000,000; nearly as much as the whole number of inhabitants in 1811. This increase is in a ratio 3 to 1 greater than that of France, which country doubles her population but once in a century, while England doubles hers in fifty years.

In 1801, the number of marriages was 67,288; in 1840, 115,548. The number of houses in the first year of the century was 1,467,870, but in 1841 it had increased to 2,753,295, or nearly double in the space of forty years; the yearly value at the latter period was £23,386,401, in 1815 it amounted to £14,290,889. To meet the wants of the rapidly increasing population, an addition of house accommodation to the amount of £10,000,000, and 1,000,000 tons of shipping, are required annually.

With an increasing population we have a decreasing rate of mortality. In 1700, 1 in 39 died; in 1800, 1 in 47.

The number of persons employed in agriculture has diminished, and in manufactures increased. Where formerly the labour of seven families was required to produce a certain amount of food, the same quantity is now raised by five. Between the years 1811 and 1831, the agricultural class increased 7 per cent., and the trading and manufacturing class 34 per cent.

The greatest progress is seen in manufactures: the exports of woollen goods, which in 1829 were between four and five millions, now exceed £8,000,000 annually. Between the years 1835 and 1839, one hundred and thirty-two woollen and worsted factories were built in addition to those already existing, and the increase of operatives in those branches of industry for the same period was 15,137. It is well known that the population of some of the Yorkshire towns, the principal seat of the woollen trade, has more than doubled since the commencement of the century.

In 1801, 54,203,433 pounds of cotton were imported; but so unparalleled has been the increase in this branch of trade, that the quantity entered in 1844 was 554,196,602 pounds. In the same year the value of cotton goods exported was £25,805,348, having increased from £16,516,748 in 1820. Two pieces of calico per week was the utmost a hand-loom weaver could produce; but the steam-loom weave, of the present day produces, with an assistant, twenty-two such pieces in the same space of time. The article of hobbin-net employs nearly two hundred thousand persons in its manufacture, at an annual expenditure in wages of £2,500,000. The linen trade of Ireland has shared in the general expansion; the value of linen goods exported having advanced, in the first quarter of the century, from £3,400,000 to £5,500,000.

The progress of steam navigation is striking. In 1814, the United Kingdom and colonies owned but two steam vessels; in 1815, they had 10; in 1820, 43; in 1830, 315; and in 1844, 988. Scotland, which took the lead in steam navigation, has ever since shown a large proportional list of vessels. Of the above 988, England had 679, Scotland 137, Ireland 81, Guernsey, &c., 3; and the colonies 88. The total burden was 125,675 tons. The number of steam vessels in all the world besides, is stated in another table at 719, of which the United States had 261, and France 119. It thus appears that Scotland has more steam vessels than all France.

The diminution in the number of capital punishments is perhaps the most hopeful indication of moral progress. Not more than twenty-five years ago, it was not at all uncommon to hang one hundred criminals in the course of twelve months. From 1805 to 1825 there were one thousand six hundred and fourteen executions; from 1825 to 1845 six hundred and twenty-six. Of the latter, one hundred and eleven have been hanged in the last ten years—less than the number executed in 1813 alone.

EARLY MORNING IN SPRING AND SUMMER.

The beauty of early morning, and the awakening of birds, is thus delightfully sketched by Mr. Knapp:

"At one period of my life, being an early waker and riser, my attention was frequently drawn to the songs of earliest birds; and I also observed that those creatures appeared abroad at very different periods as the light advanced. The rook is, perhaps, the first to salute the opening morn; but this bird seems rather to rest than sleep. Always vigilant, the least alarm after retirement rouses instantly the whole assemblage, not successively, but collectively. It is appointed to be a ready mover. Its principal food is worms, which feed and crawl upon the humid surface of the ground in the dusk, and retire before the light of day; and

roosting higher than other birds, the first rays of the sun as they peep from the horizon, become visible to it. The restless, inquisitive robin is now seen too. Its fine large eyes are fitted to receive all, even the weakest rays of light that appear. The worm is its food, too, and few that move upon its surface escape its notice. The cheerful melody of the wren is the next we hear, as it bustles from its ivied roost, and we note its gratulation to the young-eyed day when twilight almost hides the little minstrel from our sight. The sparrow we now see peeping from its pent-house, inquisitively surveying the land; and should provision be attainable, immediately descends upon it without scruple, and makes himself a welcome guest with all. The blackbird quits its leafy roost in the ivied ash; its chink, chink, is heard in the hedge; and mounting on some neighbouring oak, with mellow, sober voice, it gratulates the coming day, "The plain song cuckoo gray," from some tall tree, now tells its tale. The lark is in the air; the martin twitters from her earth-built shed; all the choristers are tuning in the grove; and amid such tokens of awakening pleasure, it becomes difficult to note priority of voice. These are the matin voice of the summer season; in winter, a cheerless chirp, or a hungry twit, is all we hear; the families of voice are away or silent; we have little to note, and perhaps as little inclination to observe. During no portion of the day can the general operations of nature be more satisfactorily observed than in the early morning. Rosy June!—the very thought of an early summer's morning in the country, like enchantment gives action to the current of our blood and seems to breathe through our veins a stream of health and enjoyment! All things appear fresh and unsoiled. The little birds, animated and garrulous, are frisking about the sprays; others, proceeding to their morning's meal, or occupied in the callings of their nature, give utterance, by every variety of voice, to the pleasures that they feel; the world has not yet called us, and with faculties unworn, we unite with them, partake of this general hilarity and joy, feel disposed to be happy and enjoy the blessings around us; the very air itself, as yet uninhaled by any, circulates about us, replete with vitality, conveying more than its usual portion of sustenance and health, "and man goeth forth to his labour." The very vegetation, bathed in dew and moisture, full fed, partakes of this early morning joy and health, and every creeping thing is refreshed and satisfied.

MULCHING AND SUMMER PRUNING FRUIT TREES.—Mulching, (spreading a coat of long stable manure over the roots,) is mentioned as indispensable to newly planted trees, and those laden with fruit; it defends the tree against exhaustion from drought, and, as the author says, prevents an irregularity of root action—the cause of cracked fruit and impoverished trees. Proper summer pruning is, this month, forcibly urged. Not a moment's delay can be permitted. For, although young spray may remain in a crowded state with impunity, during the early summer months, such cannot be permitted in July and August, without perilling the welfare of the blossom in the ensuing spring. Light—abundance of light, admitted to the leaf and bud, is the great desideratum with all fruit trees.—*Botanic Garden and Fruitist, for July.*

APPLES OF GOLD.

Verily, I say unto you, They have their reward. Matt. vi. 2. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing. 2 Tim. iv. 8.

For this crown faith strives. And because this faith justifies, it makes the world say,—Well, I also believe; but where is their conflict and conquest? It is answered, I rely on Christ and grace. But Canaan was also a free gift of grace, and yet it was not taken without conflicts. And, moreover, as worldly people are unacquainted with the wickedness of their hearts, they do not trust alone upon grace, but on their duties and the outward form of godliness, self-love and pride still reigning in their hearts.

No works nor duties of your own
Can for the smallest sin atone;
The robes that nature may provide
Will not your least pollutions hide.

Ye sons of pride that kindle coals
With your own hands to warm your souls,
Walk in the light of your own fire,
Enjoy the sparks that ye desire.

This is your portion at my hands,
Hell waits you with her iron bands;
You shall lie down in sorrow there,
In death, in darkness, and despair.

—Bogat:ky.

THE CLOVE TREE.



This plant is a native of the Molucca islands, but has been introduced into many other tropical or other countries. It is found now in Brazil. It is called in botany, the *Caryophyllus Aromaticus*. A tree, five years old, will yield from eight to twenty pounds of cloves in a year. The cloves, as they find their way into the market, are the flower buds of this plant, gathered before they open, and dried in the sun. The round ball which you have noticed at the end, is the corolla enclosing the stamens. The stem is the tube of the calyx, and is somewhat hollow on the living plant, though shriveled very much in its dried state. The four teeth at the top, surrounding the ball, are divisions of the calyx.

The name *clove*, given to the spice, is a corruption of the French word *clou*, which means a nail. The name was, no doubt, given on account of the resemblance of the dried clove to a small nail.—*Youth's Cabinet*.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

"And continue there a year, and buy, and sell," James iv. 13.

The practice to which the apostle here refers, is very common in the east at this day, among a very respectable and intelligent class of merchants. They convey the products of one place to some distant city, where they remain until they have disposed of their own goods and purchased others suitable for another distant market; and thus the operation is repeated until, after a number of years, the trader is enabled to return prosperously to his home. Or, again, a shopkeeper or merchant takes only the first step in this process—conveying to a distant town, where the best purchases in his own line are to be made, such goods as are likely to realise a profit, and returning, without any further step, with a stock for his own concern. These operations are seldom very rapid, as the adventurer likes to wait opportunities for making advantageous bargains; and sometimes opens a shop in the place to which he comes, to sell by retail the goods he has brought.—*Pictorial Bible*.

THE JUVENILE TEMPERANCE PIC-NIC.

This celebration, which is now annually expected by the young folk, and without which they would be greatly disappointed, came off on Wednesday last, in a very pleasing manner. The attendance of children was large, as may be inferred from the fact that 4,400 buns, cakes, &c., disappeared almost instantly when they came to be served round, and we scarcely think that the children got more than two upon the average each; it is, however, to be observed, that a considerable number of grown people partook. The arrangements, under

the zealous management of Mr. John McDougall, the marshal of the day, (not John Dougall, as erroneously reported in some of the papers), and Mr. Wadsworth, the General of the Cold Water Army, were excellent, and although there was a shower or two, the very spacious tent, kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. John Jones, prevented the young teetotalers, and their friends, from getting too much cold water.

The addresses for the occasion were delivered by the Rev. Mr. McLoud, of the American Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. Mr. Buchanan of the Free Church, and were lively, striking and appropriate; but for the particulars we must refer our readers to the *Canada Temperance Advocate*, in which they are, we believe, carefully reported. We do not so pass over His Excellency the Governor's speech, which was so short, and at the same time so pithy, that we give what of it we can remember, especially as it is not often that Governors address temperance meetings.

Lord Elgin, attended by an Aide-de-Camp, arrived at the ground about five o'clock, and was received at the entrance by the Committee of the Montreal Temperance Society. He then proceeded through an avenue of flags, bearing temperance mottoes, and supported by juvenile teetotalers to the tent, where he was received with the most enthusiastic cheers. Partial silence being at length secured, Mr. Wadsworth read, on behalf of the children, their address to his Excellency, and he immediately replied in nearly the following words:

My Young Friends,—It gives me great pleasure to see you united together, and assembled here for the advancement of so good a cause, more especially, as I learn from your address, that it is in no spirit of presumption or self-sufficiency that you act, but that you fully recognize the duty of deference to your parents and superiors. This is essential; for I am convinced that no effort of man's devising, however excellent its object, or judicious its arrangement, can, in any respect, violate the ordinances of God with impunity.

But while maintaining the duty of obedience to parents and those in authority over you, I would not underrate the evils of intemperance which you are leagued to suppress. Intemperance is a fearful vice—leading to all other vices, and producing more extensive injuries to individuals and society than any other single cause. Go on in your laudable efforts to save yourselves and others from its baneful effects, and I most heartily bid you God speed. Yet, although you should conquer this form of evil, which I am persuaded you will, I would not wish you to remain satisfied with a single attainment, however great or beneficial. There are many other points in which the superiority of the moral over the material nature is to be asserted. This effort should only be with you the commencement of a warfare against our corrupt nature; and you ought to press steadily onwards to perfection. Let your earnest aim be to fit yourselves for the greatest usefulness here, and happiness hereafter.

His Excellency's speech was loudly applauded, and we hope it will have a lasting effect upon all who heard it. Indeed, we cannot help expressing our most hearty concurrence in all the sentiments uttered.

Shortly after the Governor's departure, the young people were marshalled in marching order, and walked in procession to the entrance of the town, where they dispersed, with joyous hearts and happy faces, to their respective homes.—*Montreal Witness*.

THE TURF AND THE THEATRE.

These incentives to iniquity occupy a prominent place in our public papers at present, and we are told that there is no scarcity in the city of their usual hangers-on, namely, gamblers and blacklegs. What a different scene will be presented at the races about to take place from that which was witnessed at the Temperance Pic-nic last week! The one attracts, generally speaking, the best portion of the community; the other the worst. The influence of the one is all on the side of virtue, purity, and peace; that of the other, on the side of vice, pollution, drunkenness, and strife. Last year there was a man foully murdered on the race-ground, and almost every year furnishes one or more victims to this amusement. Another week will tell whether or not any are hurried into eternity from the race-ground, with all their sins on their heads, this year. In view of these considerations, we most earnestly beseech the good portion of society to lend no aid nor countenance to such unhallowed amusements as Theatres and Horse-races.—*Id.*

TRICKS OF MONKEYS.

Monkeys, it is pretty well known, have every evil quality, and not one good one. They are saucy and insolent; always making an attempt to bully and terrify people, and biting those who are most afraid of them. An impertinent curiosity runs through all their actions; they never can let things alone, but must know what is going forward. If a pot or kettle is set on the fire, and the cook turns her back, the monkey whips off the cover to see what she has put into it; even though he cannot get at it without setting his feet upon the hot bars of the grate. Mimicry is another of the monkey's qualities. Whatever he sees men do, he must affect to do the like himself. He seems to have no rule of his own, and so is ruled by the actions of men or beasts; as weak people follow the fashions of the world, whether it be good or bad. No monkey has any sense of gratitude, but takes his victuals with a snatch, and then grins in the face of the person that gives it him, lest he should take it away again; for he supposes that all men will snatch away what they can lay hold of, as all monkeys do. Through an invincible selfishness, no monkey considers any individual but himself, as the poor cat found to her cost, when the monkey burned her paws with raking his chestnuts out of the fire. They can never eat together in company without quarrelling and plundering one another. Every monkey delights in mischief, and cannot help doing it when it is in his power. If anything he takes hold of can be broken or spoiled, he is sure to find the way of doing it; and he chatters with pleasure when he hears the noise of a china vessel smashed to pieces on the pavement. If he takes up a bottle of ink, he empties it upon the floor. He unfolds all your papers, and scatters them about the room, and what he cannot undo he tears to pieces; and it is wonderful to see how much of this work he will do in a few minutes when he happens to get loose. Everybody has heard of the monkey whose curiosity led him to the mouth of a cannon to see how it went off; when he paid for his peeping with the loss of his head. In a ship where a relation of mine was an officer, while the men were busy fetching powder from below, and making cartridges, a monkey on board took up a lighted candle, and ran to the powder-room to see what they were about; but happily was overtaken just as he got to the lantern, and thrown out at the nearest port-hole into the sea with the lighted candle in his hand. Another lost his life by the spirit of mimicry; he had seen his master shaving his own face, and at the first opportunity took up the razor to shave himself, and made shift to cut his own throat. When the wild monkeys have escaped to the top of the trees, the people below who want to catch them show them the use of gloves, by putting them on and pulling them off repeatedly; and when the monkeys are supposed to have taken the hint, they leave plenty of gloves upon the ground, having first lined them with pitch. The monkeys come down, put on the gloves, but cannot pull them off again; and when they are surprised, betaking themselves to the trees as usual, they slide backwards and are taken.

—*Sharp's London Magazine.*

EXTRAORDINARY INLAND CITY.

The New Orleans National, in its sketch of Col. Doniphan's late remarkable expedition, gives the following:—About the time Col. Doniphan made his treaty with the Navijos, a division of his command was entirely out of provisions, and the Navijos supplied its wants with liberality. A portion of the command, together with Col. Doniphan, went to the city of the Sumai Indians, living on the Rio Piscow, which is supposed to be a branch of the Gayla, made a treaty of peace between the Sumai and Navajo, and then returned to the Rio del Norte. These Sumais, unlike the Navijos, live in a city, containing probably six thousand inhabitants, who support themselves entirely by agriculture. This city is one of the most extraordinary in the world. It is divided into four solid squares, having but two streets crossing its centre at right angles. All the buildings are two stories high, composed of sunburnt brick. The first story presents a solid wall to the street, and is so constructed that each house joins, until one-fourth of the city may be said to be one building. The second stories rise from this vast solid structure, so as to designate each house, leaving room to walk upon the roof of the first story between each building. The inhabitants of Sumai enter the second story of their build-

ings by ladders, which they draw up at night as a defence against any enemy that may be prowling about. In this city were seen some Albino Indians, who have, no doubt, given rise to the story that there is living in the Rocky Mountains a tribe of white aborigines. The discovery of this city of the Sumai will afford the most curious speculations among those who have so long searched in vain for a city of the Indians who possessed the manners and habits of the Aztecs. No doubt we have a race here living as did that people when Cortez entered Mexico. It is a remarkable fact that the Sumaians have, since the Spaniards left the country, refused to have any intercourse with the modern Mexicans, looking upon them as an inferior people. They have also driven from among them the priests and other dignitaries, who formerly had power over them, and resumed habits and manners of their own, their great chief or governor being the civil and religious head. The country round the city of Sumai is cultivated with a great deal of care, and affords food not only for the inhabitants, but for large flocks of cattle and sheep.

A SIMPLE FACT.

Seven years ago, while engaged one Sabbath afternoon in circulating the temperance pledge among our coloured friends at Pittsburgh, I received some sad tales of sorrow from their lips. Among those who signed the pledge, I recollected one who was a married woman aged thirty-four years, apparently a person of veracity. Her tale was in substance the following:

When I was nine years old, I was sold and taken away from my father and mother, and have never seen them since. They were both Christians. It almost killed my father when he saw me about to be separated from him. I recollect, as the horse stood by the door, and I was put on his back, being too young to walk, my father came up to the horse and took hold of my little feet, and then he prayed to God to take care of me, and while he was praying for me, he felt so bad to have me go away, that he fainted and fell down on the ground alongside of the horse.

My mother was a Christian too, and when she bade me farewell, she said, "Sarah, when you hear I am dead, don't cry for me, I shall be in heaven. Be a good girl, and prepare to meet me there!" Since that morning, which is now 30 years, I have never seen my dear mother and father; and I never expect to see them in this world. I have eight brothers and sisters scattered through the different slave States, and have not seen one of them these seventeen years."

Honest reader, have you a mother? What would be your feelings if she were now toiling on a plantation, and you her child had not seen her since you were nine years old? Have you a father? How would you feel if your aged father were now a doomed slave, and you had no expectation of seeing him this side of heaven? Are you a father? And have you a little girl whom you love? You never yet knew the pangs of a parent that was not merely sundered from a darling child, but compelled to see that child go forth in infancy a prey to the merciless world. Are you a mother? And would you not fear that your little daughter, severed from a mother's tender care, would fall an easy prey to sin, and never meet you in heaven?

Friendly reader, do you "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them?" If you do, remember this also, that "Each little mortal, weak and weary though he be, can do something toward making up the mighty stream of human events as it rolls on to the ocean of eternity."

CHRISTIAN WOMEN SOLD AS SLAVES BY THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT.—The United States Marshal sold at Washington, on the 13th inst., two female slaves—both professors of religion—on an execution against Henry Miller, in favour of the United States, on a suit brought by the Postmaster General, for \$330.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.—It is with pleasure we notice the fact, that William Shires, who, but a few months ago, was the proprietor and manager of three theatrical establishments, one in Cincinnati, one in Louisville, and one in Pittsburgh, has entirely abandoned that business, and is, at this time, a worthy member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Cincinnati.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

REAL PUBLISHING.—In Massachusetts, the law requires the parties before marrying to be published—that is, their intention of marriage shall be announced in church, three successive public days, or else posted in some public place for two or three weeks. The press, however, has taken advantage of the provisions of the law, and we now see in one of the Boston papers a notice of those who intend marriage. It is a terrible time when a man cannot go a courting, nor a girl get a sweetheart, without having the affair find its way into the papers.—*Boston Republic.*

SELECTIONS.

THREE FAULTS OF NURSES.—1. To lisp in a baby style, when the same words, in an endearing tone, would please as well; the reverse should be—the voice clear, emphatic, and each syllable distinctly articulated for imitation. 2. To tell of witches, ghosts and goblins; such superstitions, impressed upon young minds, are rarely gotten rid of. 3. To direct a child to act like a man; whereas it is not often becoming for a little boy to ape the man, but only to conform his demeanor to his age; every age has its own peculiar decorousness.—*New England Galaxy.*

Religion will always make the bitter waters of Marah wholesome and palatable; but we must not think it continually will turn water into wine because it once did.—*Warburton.*

LOCOMOTION IN PLANTS.—Amongst the numerous phenomena of plants, none is more striking than the movements which sometimes take place in their fructification, for the dispersion of the farina. "The Grass of Parnassus, a very interesting little British plant, has attracted great attention by its elaborate and beautiful nectaries, which are crowned with a semicircular row of little pellucid globules, generally thirteen in number on each scale. And it is also remarkable for the singularity above alluded to. When the flower begins to open, the anthers are discovered close to the sides of the germen, but on the first morning of the expansion of its petals, one of the stamens will move from its apparent repose, and becoming elongated, will present its anther over the stigma or summit of the incipient seed vessel. In this situation its farina will be discharged, and it will then recede from the centre of the flower, and fall back nearly to the petals. Thus, one stamen having performed its destined office, a second will be observed to advance in like manner; as also will each of the others in succession, till the farina of all has been discharged, and the fructification of the seed thereby completed."—*Gardeners' Edition of the Botanic Garden, January, 1847.*

A little girl walking in the cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise, Paris, and reading, one after another, the praises upon the tombs of those who slept beneath, exclaimed, "I wonder where the bad people are buried!"

COMPARATIVE VIEW OF VARIOUS EUROPEAN STATES.—The progress of Russian power since the accession of Peter the Great has not only astonished the people of other nations, but engaged the earnest attention of statesmen and diplomatists. The advance which this empire has made during the last and present century has been unexampled in regard to the acquisition of territory; but we consider that the adjoining kingdom of Prussia has secured greater real power, during the same period, than Russia. Great extent of territory does not constitute power. A population of 30,000,000 inhabitants, with an abundant employment, in a productive, compact territory, and occupying a favourable position on the world's surface, is far more powerful than a population of 60,000,000, settled over a territory ten times as extensive as the country inhabited by the 30,000,000. The 60,000,000 inhabitants are not only less powerful by their scattered position, but are also in a further degree weakened if they consist of different races, who have neither traditional sympathies for, nor existing interests with, each other. France is a country in which are found nearly all the advantages of a great population with abundant means of productive employment, with a territory compactly formed, and with a people who feel that they are, for all purposes of good or of evil, to themselves, or to their neighbours, one nation. Hence arises the great power of France, and the rapid reappearance of prosperity and of force, after the disasters of that great country. England, in like manner, owes her power to the formation and geographical position of her home dominions and to the united enterprise of her people. In respect to the traditional sympathies and the united nationality of the inhabitants, we must admit that France has the advantage over the United Kingdom. Holland is an example above all others, of the power of an united, intelligent, enterprising population, occupying a small territory. The peninsula of Spain and Portugal is, by geographical position and by rural configuration, as favourably adapted for power as France. Yet the great natural advantages of that peninsula are, comparatively, of little value in regard to power; while the country is only inhabited by a people composed of various races, who have had little traditional bonds of union; while the most industrious of these races, the Moors, have been expelled, extirpated, or debased.—*Macgregor.*

NEEDFUL HINT.—A minister was about to leave his own congregation for the purpose of visiting London, on what was by no means a pleasant errand,—to beg on behalf of his place of worship. Previous to his departure, he called together the principal persons connected with his charge, and said to them, "Now, I shall be asked whether we have conscientiously done all that we can for the removal of the debt; what answer am I to give? Brother so-and-so, can you in conscience say that you have given all you can?" "Why, Sir," he replied, "if you come to conscience, I don't know that I can." The same question he put to a second, and a third, and so on, and similar answers were returned, until the whole sum required was subscribed, and there was no longer any need for their pastor to wear out his soul in going to London on any such unpleasant excursion.—*Christian Witness.*

A GREAT TITLE!—A witness examined before the Committee on the New Zealand question, stated incidentally that he knew a chief in New Zealand who maintained that he had a great title in his land, inasmuch as he had eaten the former owner.

KINDNESS V. RETALIATION.—Retaliation is like a storm which sweeps through the forest in destruction; kindness is like the influence of the sun and rain of the cloud, which germinates seeds and unfolds their leaves, flowers, and odours.—*Rev. G. W. Montgomery.*

THE DEATH OF CROMWELL.—Mr. Carlyle gives a very different account of his hero's death from the current one. No remorse—no terrors of the grave—but peaceful and pious meditations on doctrinal topics, prayers and devout ejaculations—together with this one prayer for the people of England:—"Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in covenant with Thee through grace. And I may, I will, come to Thee for Thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good, and Thee serve; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death; Lord, however Thou do dispose of men, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love: and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on Thy instruments, to depend more upon Thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy people too. And pardon the folly of this short prayer: even for Jesus Christ's sake. And give us a good night, if it be Thy pleasure. Amen." Cromwell died on the 3d of September 1658; a day of thanksgiving for the victories of Dunbar and Worcester.

"LICENSED TO RUIN SOULS."—We never see a sign, "licensed to sell spirits," without thinking that it is a license to ruin souls. They are the yawning avenues to poverty and rags in this life, and as another has said, "the short cut to hell." Is it to be tamely borne in this land of light and information, that these pest houses and dens of iniquity, these mantraps for souls, shall be open on the Sabbath, that they shall be enriched and kept afloat by this unholy traffic—many of them declaring that they could not keep up their shops if it were not for the Sabbath market-day. We may well say, "cursed is the gain made on that day!" Poor wretched man. Do you not know that every penny that rings on your counter on that day, will yet eat your flesh as it were fire—that every drop of liquid poison swallowed in your gas-lit palaces will only serve to kindle up the flame of the "fire that is not quenched."—*M. Cheyne.*

HINTS TO THE WORKING CLASSES FROM A FRIEND.—To gain any freedom worth having, the working classes must first of all emancipate themselves. And from what are they to be emancipated? Why, from all gross animal excesses—from beer insanity, and from tobacco and snuff insanity—the Caunt and Bendigo insanity—and from twelve-months-together-unwashed-skins insanity. Let them insure clean and comfortable bodies first of all. The next great step is to forswear intemperance. Let them avoid the beer-shop, even on business pretences. *Cannot sick-societies and secret orders meet anywhere else as well as at a pot-house?* Is it rational to open the business of the society with a hymn, and then to sottify our brains with beer and tobacco? and after wasting an hour or two in roaring senseless ditties, to shut up shop with another hymn, and go home drunk at one o'clock in the morning?—*Leeds Saturday Journal.*

THE RIFLE.—Many persons who are very expert in the use of the rifle know nothing of the principle upon which it operates, and would be at a loss if asked why a grooved barrel throws a ball truer than a smooth bore. The reasons are these:—In the first place, no bullet is or can be cast perfectly spherical. One side is always heavier than the other. The ball, therefore, swerves from the right line of projection. However hard it may be to prove this, theoretically, practice demonstrates it. The same smooth bore, immovably fixed, twice loaded with the same charge of the same powder, and with balls cast in the same mould, will not plant them in the same spot at the same distance. The rifle barrel is a female screw, which gives the tightly driven ball a rotary motion; so that if the bullet, or rather the slug, swerves with one twist of the screw, another revolution corrects the error. There are but three motions in the rifle ball, the straightforward, the spiral and the downward, caused by the power of gravity. A rifle of thirty to the pound, drops its ball about a foot in a hundred yards. Rifles are sighted, therefore, to meet this deviation. On leaving the barrel, the ball moves above the line of sight, continually falling in a particular curve till it intersects it. The point of intersection is called the point blank. Who invented the rifle is unknown. Its principle was known to the North American Indians before the discovery of the continent. Their arrows are feathered spirally, and move precisely in the manner of a rifle ball.

TRADE IN GODS!—Strange, and even profane as this title may sound, it is a literal fact. *La Democratie Pacifique* states that there is a warehouse in Paris with the title "Depot for African Gods!" The firm of Regis carries on an extensive business with Senegal, where there are about as many kings as medieval Italy had princes. These African kings make war by way of a little pleasant excitement. When one of them has lost a battle he dismisses his "Gods," and orders new French ones from Regis & Co, who employ artists to make them of deal, with serpents heads, lions' manes, and tigers' claws. When a Senegal potentate obtains a consignment of new "Gods" he goes to war in order to test their efficacy. Hitherto Regis and Co. have been lucky in their "Gods."—*True Sun*

NEWS.

POSTAGE.—A despatch from Earl Grey the Colonial Secretary, dated 25th June, was recently laid before Parliament, the purport of which is, that the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury have authorized the Postmaster General to place the sum of £5,189 3s. 5d., in the hands of the Receiver General for the use of the Province, that sum being the surplus Postage in Canada during two years up to the 5th of July last.

DEPLORABLE ACCIDENT ON THE RIVER.—On Thursday afternoon, about four o'clock, as the steamer Charlevoix was passing through the channel between Montreal and the Island of St. Helens, she came in collision, by some means, with a boat containing three persons, the boat was upset in the eddy of the steamer, and two of the three persons were unfortunately drowned. We have not been able to learn the names of the individuals. We understand that no blame is to be attached to the captain of the steamer.—*Transcript of Saturday.*

EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.—The crops throughout the Eastern Townships are generally remarkably fine. The grass crops, in most places, is very heavy, but there is scarcity of labour for getting it in. This seems singular, after the extensive emigration, but it is easily accounted for, by a reference to the nature of the country, and the want of communication with the ports on the St. Lawrence. A dollar a day is commonly given, and labour cannot even be obtained at that sum. The barley and rye are ripe, and in many places have been already cut and housed. There is a complaint in some parts that the wheat is not doing so well as usual, but the complaint (if such it is) is probably only local. A more than usual quantity of Indian corn seems to have been planted, particularly in the French country, and its appearance generally could not be finer. Potatoes do not seem to be so general a crop, but where they have been sown they are looking well, and we hear no complaints of rot. On the whole, the prospects of the harvest in Lower Canada are promising.—*Transcript.*

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—SIXTEEN LIVES LOST.—A sailboat, belonging to a man named Francois Xavier Dion, left here on Saturday, about noon, for St. Antoine, on the south shore, above Quebec. There were nineteen individuals on board, consisting of Dion, his son, another young man, and the remaining sixteen were females, returning from market. They reached St. Nicholas with the tide, in the evening, which place they left about two o'clock yesterday morning, and had not proceeded far when the boat grounded, and through the violence of the weather shortly afterwards upset, and, melancholy to relate, out of the nineteen persons on board, only three escaped, namely, Dion, his son, and a young woman. Up to the time our informant left yesterday evening, thirteen of the bodies had been found.—*Quebec Mercury.*

CONTEMPT OF COURT.—On Friday last, Ch. J. A. Strong, Esq., while presiding in his capacity as Judge of the Bankruptcy Court, inflicted a penalty of ten pounds upon Charles Robert, for contempt of Court.—*Bytown Gazette.*

ARREST.—On Saturday, a person named Logan was arrested by the Police on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of Felix Bell, Bootmaker, Magistrate of Cavan, in Ireland. The information which led to this step, was given to the Police by a woman who professes that she is acquainted with the circumstances connected with the crime. Logan was committed for trial.—*Herald.*

FIRE AT GUELPH.—On Friday morning last the Wellington Mills, owned by Messrs. Clark, & Co., were destroyed by fire. Loss about £5,500; insurance £2050. The fire is believed to have been the act of an incendiary.

We are happy to learn from the farmers throughout the District, that crops of all descriptions are in a most flourishing condition. The potato crop at one time was consid. red doubtful, but from the recent rains we have had, all such speculations have vanished. The disease has not made its appearance as yet, nor is it expected by the most practical farmers here.—*Cornwall Observer.*

A great amount of denture goods is passing through this place for Canada.—Probably a larger amount up to this date than in all last year. It is said there are not vessels enough to do the present pressing business between this port and the Queen's dominions.—*Oswego Whig.*

IRELAND.—The condition of the country, in a social point of view, can be fully understood from fierce litigation now going on at quarter sessions. There is at Nenagh the enormous quantity of 4,500 civil bills, and 200 criminal cases; at Strokestown, one of the divisions of the county of Roscommon, there were 1,900 civil bills, and 200 ejectments for non-payment of rent. At Parsonstown, out of 126 offences, 100 were offences against property.—*Dublin paper, July 8.*

FEVER IN THE PROVINCE.—We regret to observe, from a daily perusal of the provincial papers, that fever of the most malignant kind, and decidedly contagious in character, is very prevalent in the manufacturing districts of England, and likewise in the southern part of Scotland. The heat of the weather naturally favours the diffusion of the malady.—*Times.*

FEARFUL BALLOON ACCIDENT.—A balloon which ascended from Vauxhall Garden, London, on the 6th of July, with fire-work, encountered a thunder storm, when the fire-works instantly exploded; the gas escaped from the balloon, and the aeronauts, Messrs. Albert Smith, Primrose, Coxwell, and Gypson, were given up as lost; but the silk formed a spacious and perfect parachute, and they descended rapidly with gyrations, and came to the ground with fearful force, but miraculously escaped without injury.

THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.—In answer to a question from Sir Robert Inglis, relative to the payment, on the part of the Indian Government, in support of the temple of Juggernaut, Sir J. Hobhouse made the astounding declaration, that he did not think any pledge had been given that the payment for that worship should cease.

THE COMET OF A.D. 1356.—At a meeting of the British Association, Professor Baden Powell, in a discourse which he delivered on shooting stars, stated that the comet of 1356, which caused universal terror in Europe, might be expected next year, 492 years being the period of its revolution round its orbit. A great advantage would result from simultaneous observations and their communication, which he suggested could be most appropriately made through the medium of the association.

THE SABBATH IN LONDON.—At a public meeting recently held in England,

it was stated that out of a population of more than two millions, there was an attendance only of 400,000 persons on the service of the Sabbath, in the churches and chapels of all denominations! "If inquiry was made as to the occupation of the rest, the crowded state of the steam-vessels, railway carriages, public houses, tea gardens, club and gaming houses would furnish a reply."

THE MODEL BATHS AND WASH-HOUSES, WHITE-CHAPEL, LONDON.—On the 13th July, that portion of the building intended for the men's baths of the Model Bath and wash-house establishments in Goulston's street, Whitechapel, was opened for public inspection. The entire erection covers an area of about 4000 square feet, and that part opened on the 13th forms the north division. It contains about 200 separate bathing rooms, each 10 feet by 6, formed by solid blocks of slate, fitted with the necessary requisites, and supplied with hot and cold water by a powerful steam apparatus, placed in the centre of the building. These baths are divided into first and second classes, each having a distinct entrance. They will be opened for public use on Monday, and will, it is hoped, be duly appreciated by the class for whose especial benefit they have been erected. Want of funds has delayed the completion of the wash-houses, and of the baths for females.

HARDSHIPS OF WESTERN EMIGRATION.—The tide of emigration flows from east to west across our country and pushes its waves over the mountains, and through the wild passes that lie between the confines of civilization and the Pacific. During the past year, several considerable parties have emigrated from the state of Missouri, for Oregon and California, whose path has been surrounded by difficulties and horrors, almost without a parallel in the history of our country. The Western Emigrant, published at Independence, Missouri, contains a letter which details hardships that are enough to chill the blood, and make a stout heart quail even at their mention. It appears that the company, to which this account relates, consisted of twenty-three waggons, and left Indian Creek on 13th day of May, 1846. In the month of February following, four women and two men of this company arrived at Captain Johnson's, the first house of the California settlement, entirely naked, and their feet frost bitten. They stated that their company had arrived at Truckee's Lake, on the east side of the mountains, and found the snow so deep that they could not travel. Fearing starvation, 16 of the strongest (eleven males and five females) agreed to start for the settlement on foot. After wandering about for a number of days, bewildered, their provisions gave out. Long hunger made it necessary to cast lots to see who should be sacrificed, to make food for the rest, but at this time the weaker began to die, which rendered the taking of life unnecessary. As they died, the company went into camp and made meat of the dead bodies of their companions. Nin of the men died, and seven were eaten. One of the men was carried to Johnson's, on the back of an Indian. From this statement, it would seem that the women endured the hardships better than the men, as none of them died. The company left behind numbered sixty souls, ten of them men, the others women and children. They were in camp about one hundred miles from Johnson's. Revolting as it may seem, it was stated that one of the women was obliged to eat part of the dead body of her father and brother, and another saw her husband's heart cooked. It ought to be a very fine country to justify an exposure to such sufferings and horrors.—*Buffalo Express.*

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.—The Niagara, Captain Ellsworth, left New York for Albany city Saturday morning last, with 200 passengers. When nearly at Sing Sing, going some 20 miles an hour, racing with the Roger Williams, her steam-chest and one of her boiler flues burst, damaging the boat considerably, and killing two firemen. Two more hands were reported missing. Seven of the passengers were scalded—probably none dangerously. The Roger Williams brought up her passengers. The Captain of the Roger Williams had charge of the Niagara last season. The Niagara was one of the most attractive boats on the river.

CROPS OF THE GREAT WEST.—The Cincinnati Times says, that the yield in the great West, this season, is likely to be as large, if not larger than in any preceding year, notwithstanding the partial failure from winter-killing in particular sections.

EMIGRATION.—The emigration from northern Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois to Oregon, is said to be very large this year. It has been caused by the severe and general sickness which prevailed in that region, last year.

PRODUCE PRICES CURRENT—MONTREAL, August 14, 1847.

Table with columns for ASHES, FLOUR, MEAL, GRAIN, PROVISIONS, and BUTTER, listing various items and their prices in cents and dollars.

THOS. M. TAYLOR, Broker.

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