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THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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No. 39.

HART-LEAP WELI.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

BY W. WORDSWORTH.

The moving accident is not my trade :

To freeze the blood I have no ready arts :

'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,
It chanced that I saw standing in a dell,
Three aspens at three corners of a square :
And one, not four yards distance, near a well'.

What this imported, I could ill divine :
And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop,
I saw three pillars standing in a line,
The last stone pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were gray, with neither arms nor head ;
Half-wasted the square mound of tawny green ;
So that you just might say, as then I said,
"Here in old time the hand of man hath been."

I looked upon the hill both far and near,
More doleful place did never eye survey ;
It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,
And Nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,
When one, who was in shepherd's garb attired,
Came up the hollow :—Him did I accost,
And what this place might be I then inquired.

The shepherd stopped, and that same story told
Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.
"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old ;
But something ails it now : the spot is cursed.

"You see these lifeless stumps of aspen wood—
Some say that they are beeches, others elms—
These were the bower ; and here a mansion stood,
The finest palace of a hundred realms !

"The arbour does its own condition tell ;
You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream ;
But as to the great lodge ! you might as well
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

"There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone ;
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

"Some say that here a murder has been done,
And blood cries out for blood ; but, for my part,
I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,
That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

"What thoughts must through the creature's brain have past !
Even from the top-most stone, upon the steep,
Are but three bounds—and look, sir, at this last—
O, master ! it has been a cruel leap.

"For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race ;
And in my simple mind we cannot tell
What cause the Hart might have to love this place,
And come and make his death-bed near the well.

"Here on the grass, perhaps, asleep he sank,
Lulled by this fountain in the summer-tide ;
This water was, perhaps, the first he drank
When he had wandered from his mother's side,

"In April here beneath the scented thorn
He heard the birds their morning carols sing ;
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

"But now here's neither grass nor pleasant shade ;
The sun on drearier hollow never shone ;
So will it be, as I have often said,
'Till trees, and stones, and fountain all are gone."

"Gray-headed shepherd, thou has spoken well ;
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine :
This beast, not unobserved by Nature, fell ;
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

"The Being, that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

"The pleasure-house is dust :—behind, before,
This is no common waste, no common gloom ;
But Nature, in due course of time, once more
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

"She leaves these objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may be known ;
But, at the coming of the milder day,
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

"One lesson, shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shews, and what she conceals,
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

M. THIERS'S SKETCH OF MR. O'CONNELL'S CHARACTER.

The *Paris National* contains a biographical sketch of Mr. O'Connell's life and character, in which the following account is given of the origin of that bold and sagacious movement which eventually led to the passing of the relief bill.

In the year 1823, two men, equal in eloquence, met at Wicklow, at the house of a common friend ; both patriots and both young, they shed tears on the fate of Ireland. Those were Sheil and O'Connell. Supported one by the other, they determined to rouse the population from its apathy, by founding a vast Catholic Association. The foundation was soon laid, and they agreed to meet in the parlour of a bookseller in Dublin. Ten members were considered sufficient to found the association. Four meetings were held ; but, notwithstanding the most pressing invitations, the ten members could not be found. The last day, there were eight ; and after waiting two hours, they were about to separate, when Mr. O'Connell heard voices in the bookseller's shop. They were those of three students of divinity, who came to purchase books. According to the statutes of the association in *embryo*, every ecclesiastic was, *ipso facto*, a member. Mr. O'Connell invited the students to take their places ; they hesitated ; he forced them into the room, and, closing the door, he exclaimed with a thundering voice, "We are constituted. Mr. Sheil, I call on you to speak." This feeble nucleus soon became larger ; the acorn assumed the proportions of an immense oak ; all the priests were appointed officers of the association. Within two years, it extended over the entire territory ; it presented itself everywhere ; and if any act of violence was committed against an Irishman, a lawyer was employed to prosecute the affair ; the act was denounced in the newspapers and at the meetings of the association. At the close of the year, 1,201,000 signatures were attached to

the Catholic petition, and the following year more than 2,000,000. Ireland appeared to be roused, and the feeling of nationality inspired her population. The activity of O'Connell appeared to exceed the powers of a human being. He spoke during seven or eight hours a-day; harangued everybody; at one moment in the public streets, the next at a meeting; the same day at a public dinner, and the following day appeared a letter signed by him in the journals of the association, or some pamphlet, or denunciation of an abominable law or an act of oppressive government. He excited agitation with all the strength of his powerful lungs. It was then that he developed all the resources of his unparalleled eloquence—little careful of his style, but ascending to the sublime and descending to the grotesque with the same facility—an eloquence spontaneous, multiplied, varied, affecting every chord of the human heart—exciting at his pleasure the laughter or the tears of the auditory according to circumstances—inflaming the passions—raising and calming storms—sometimes burning and sometimes picturesque, but ever animated with that spirit of inspiration drawn from the love of his country and hatred of oppression. He found pleasure in quoting old patriotic adages even when they were opposed to his principles. How many times did he not repeat those celebrated lines,

“Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not,
Who would be free, himself must strike the blow?”

And again he invoked all the beauties of his dear Ireland, and her verdant hills, and her picturesque sites, and her immense lakes, and her population, brave, honest, devoted, intellectual, and so worthy to be happy, so well disposed to become so, and which the brutal hand of the Saxon crushed like a flower of which you break the stem. “Ireland, first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea!” And with this enthusiasm he mingled the traditional history, the remarkable deeds of arms, the ancient glory, of his country, which gave masters to all Europe, and which was learned when other nations were plunged in ignorance and barbarism. This was the inexhaustible theme of his speeches; and it was by re-animating that love of country more and more, that he was able to conquer the most unbounded empire and popularity ever enjoyed by any man. The history of that first association is similar to that of all the others; and the talent, as well as the power of O'Connell, preserved since then the same character. The English government, seeing that new struggle in the name of the law, wished to terminate it by the law. The bill of 1825 prohibited all meetings, all associations, during more than fourteen days! This was sufficient for O'Connell to continue to develop his work. The law was promulgated in the month of March. On the 13th of July, the Catholic association was re-modelled on a new legal basis. It no longer had a centre nor a constant duration. It had as many centres as there were towns, as many meetings as there were villages; the principal orators, and O'Connell at their head, traversed Ireland in every direction, and innumerable assemblies hailed them with transports of enthusiasm. It was on the 13th of July, in the church of Waterford, amidst the prelates and crowds which thronged the edifice, that the new association was inaugurated. The Catholics, not satisfied with speaking, resolved to act. They were excluded from parliament, and determined to force their way into it. Fitzgerald, the representative of Clare, had become a cabinet minister, and again solicited the suffrages of his former constituents. An order was given to elect O'Connell in his place, although O'Connell was not eligible. The particulars of that solemn demonstration are known to everybody. During three days, the Irish electors, escorted by a multitude of peasants, repaired to the hustings, and openly voted for O'Connell. During three days, the people, in a mass, kept watching, and, strange to say, no act of disorder, no sign of intemperance, disturbed that immense reunion. A solemn circumstance imparted a dramatic colour to the event. At nightfall, when the result of the poll was about to be proclaimed, a Catholic clergyman made his way through the crowd, ascended the hustings, and commanding silence with his hand, slowly pronounced these words: “Irishmen! brethren! an impious Catholic had the misfortune to vote for Fitzgerald.” (“Shame! shame!” exclaimed the indignant people.) “Silence,” replied the speaker, in a severe tone; “the indignation of man is feeble compared with the wrath of God! The hand of the Almighty has punished him. I inform you that he has just been struck with apoplexy. A prayer for his soul!” And in an instant the whole multitude fell on its knees, when some stentorian voice shouted out, “O'Connell is

returned! O'Connell for ever! O'Connell and Ireland free!” The crowd then dispersed in every direction, carrying to the extremity of the island the glorious tidings which made every heart rejoice. He proceeded to London, presented himself in the House of Commons, and when tendered an oath he could not take, he protested and retired. The electors of Clare refused to elect another deputy, and the agitation of Ireland becoming more and more menacing, the English aristocracy were compelled to yield, and the emancipation of the Catholics was proclaimed by that same Sir Robert Peel, whose fortune was always magnified by the strange circumstance, that he was obliged to carry the measures most violently opposed by himself and his party.

[The writer accounts in the following manner for O'Connell's hatred of bloodshed:]

Daniel O'Connell had seen in his youth the efforts of the multitude, the ardent impatience of that oppressed nation—the mysterious insurrection—the frequently sanguinary violence of the Irish perishing of hunger—those appeals of the secret societies to arms, succeeded by those terrible executions of which the traces were to be found on the high road or at the gates of the rich—the entire history of a people reduced to despair, which feels the weight of invasion on its breast, and which contends with fire and sword against the foreigner. Well! he execrated that history; he came not to organise that army, but to destroy it; he declared so in the first speech by which he established his reputation; he wished to substitute a struggle in the face of the sun for a midnight battle—legal means for violent conduct—for the vengeance of despair, he substituted that activity which affords hope. From the commencement he spoke with respect of legality; he declaimed vehemently against the oppressed, who, by their crimes, appeared to wish to justify their oppressors; and in the year 1811, he pronounced those words, so often repeated by him, that the greatest progress of the human mind was not worth a single drop of human blood. It was easy to see from that moment in what circle he had enclosed himself. The sight of the massacres, the political trials, and the sentences of death passed in the year 1798, struck his mind with invincible horror for the saturnalia of force. At a later period, having been insulted by one of his countrymen, he fought and killed his adversary in a duel. After this affair, he ran to a Catholic church in a state of distraction, and vowed that he would never again touch an instrument of destruction. That double impression decided his political career. Thus oppression might stretch its springs, and double the number of its victims. O'Connell determined to combat and to pursue it without any cessation; but he had previously traced the line beyond which he would not pass. It was in legality he placed his hopes—it was legality which was his only flag; it was likewise his force as an agitator and as an orator. He said, like others, “Peace everywhere, and for ever,” but that peace was neither idle nor disgraceful; it was neither sterile, corrupt, inert, nor sleepy. He was able to make that peace formidable to England, and he derived from it all the conquests which it was possible to extract. From the population of Irish peasants, enrolled under the banner of the Whiteboys, he formed an immense Catholic legion, and the clergy was his staff.

LIFE OF SARAH MARTIN—PRISON VISITING.

(Continued.)

Sarah Martin's education was merely such as could be obtained at a village school; all her real information was acquired by self-tuition in after-life. At fourteen she passed a year in learning the business by which she was to earn her bread, and, after that time, being a superior workwoman, was constantly employed. She had no other preparation for becoming a jail-visitor than could be acquired from teaching a class in a Sunday-school, or from occasionally reading the Scriptures in the sick-ward of the workhouse. Without in any degree undervaluing, but, on the contrary, highly applauding the labours of Mrs. Fry, we think there was something far more simple, and far more nearly heroic, in the conduct of her humble sister. Of Mrs. Fry's adventitious advantages Sarah Martin had none; but she had drunk deep into the spirit of that book, “which ever tells,” she says, “of mercy,” and in the strength of that spirit she proceeded, without confidant or companion, to convey comfort to those wretched outcasts.

The manner of her reception in the jail is told by herself with

admirable simplicity. The unmatured mother stood before her. She "was surprised at the sight of a stranger." "When I told her," says Sarah Martin, "the motive of my visit, her guilt, her need of God's mercy, &c., she burst into tears, and thanked me!" Those tears and thanks shaped the whole course of Sarah Martin's subsequent life. If she had been rudely repelled, even her fortitude might have given way. But the messenger of mercy is ever welcome to those who feel their guilt, and the more guilty the more welcome, if the glad tidings be but kindly proclaimed. "I read to her," she adds, "the twenty-third chapter of St. Luke;"—the story of the malefactor, who, although suffering justly by man's judgment, found mercy from the Saviour.

Her reception at once proved the necessity for such a missionary, and her own personal fitness for the task; and her visit was repeated again and again, during such short intervals of leisure as she could spare from her daily labours. At first she contented herself with merely reading to the prisoners; but familiarity with their wants and with her own powers soon enlarged the sphere of her tuition, and she began to instruct them in reading and writing. This extension of her labour interfered with her ordinary occupations. It became necessary to sacrifice a portion of her time, and consequently of her means, to these new duties. She did not hesitate. "I thought it right," she says, "to give up a day in a week from dressmaking, to serve prisoners. This regularly given, with many an additional one, was not felt as a pecuniary loss, but was ever followed with abundant satisfaction, for the blessing of God was upon me."

Her next object was to secure the observance of Sunday, and, after long urging and recommendation, she prevailed upon the prisoners "to form a Sunday service, by one reading to the rest; * * * but aware," she continues, "of the instability of a practice in itself good, without any corresponding principle of preservation, and thinking that my presence might exert a beneficial tendency, I joined their Sunday morning worship as a regular hearer."

After three years' perseverance in this "happy and quiet course," she made her next advance, which was to introduce employment, first for the women prisoners, and afterwards for the men. In 1823, "one gentleman," she says, "presented me with ten shillings, and another, in the same week, with a pound, for prison charity. It then occurred to me that it would be well to expend it in materials for baby clothes; and, having borrowed patterns, cut out the articles, fixed prices of payment for making them, and ascertained the cost of a set, that they might be disposed of at a certain price, the plan was carried into effect. The prisoners also made shirts, coats, &c. * * * By means of this plan, many young women who were not able to sew, learned this art, and, in satisfactory instances, had a little money to take at the end of the term of imprisonment. * * *

The fund of £1 10s. for this purpose as a foundation and perpetual stock (for whilst desiring its preservation, I did not require its increase.) soon rose to seven guineas, and since its establishment, above £10^s worth of various articles have been sold for charity."

The men were thus employed:—

"They made straw hats, and, at a later period, bone spoons and seals; others made men's and boys' caps, cut in eight quarters—the material, old cloth or moreen, or whatever my friends could find up to give me for them. In some instances, young men, and more frequently boys, have learned to sew grey cotton shirts, or even patch-work, with a view of shutting out idleness and making themselves useful. On one occasion I showed to the prisoners an etching of the Chess-Player, by Retzsch, which two men, one a shoemaker and the other a bricklayer, desired much to copy: they were allowed to do so, and being furnished with pencil, pen, paper, &c., they succeeded remarkably well. The Chess-Player presented a pointed and striking lesson, which could well be applied to any kind of gaming, and was, on this account, suitable to my pupils, who had generally descended from the love of marbles and pitch-halfpenny in children, to cards, dice, &c., in men. The business of copying it had the advantage of requiring all thought and attention at the time. The attention of other prisoners was attracted to it, and for a year or two afterwards many continued to copy it."

After another interval she proceeded to the formation of a fund which she applied to the furnishing of work for prisoners

upon their discharge: "affording me," she adds, "the advantage of observing their conduct at the same time."

She had thus, in the course of a few years—during which her mind had gradually expanded to the requirements of the subject before her—provided for all the most important objects of prison discipline; moral and intellectual tuition, occupation during imprisonment, and employment after discharge. What great and good men, at a distance, unknown to her, were inquiring and disputing as to the way and the order in which these very results were to be attained—inquiries and disputes which have not yet come to an end—here was a poor woman who was actually herself personally accomplishing them all! It matters not whether all her measures were the very wisest that could have been imagined. She had to contend with many difficulties that are now unknown: prison discipline was then in its infancy; everything she did was conceived in the best spirit; and, considering the time, and the means at her command, could scarcely have been improved.

The full extent to which she was personally engaged in carrying out these objects, has yet to be explained. The Sunday service in the jail was adopted, as we have seen, upon her recommendation, and she joined the prisoners as a fellow-worshipper, on Sunday morning. Their evening service which was to be read in her absence, was soon abandoned; but, finding that to be the case, she attended on that part of the day also, and the service was then resumed. "After several changes of readers, the office," she says "devolved on me. That happy privilege thus graciously opened to me, and embraced from necessity, and in much fear was acceptable to the prisoners, for God made it so; and also an unspeakable advantage and comfort to myself."—(*Life*, p. 13.) These modest sentences convey but a very faint notion of the nature of those singular services. Fortunately, in a report of Captain Williams, one of the inspectors of prisons, we have a far more adequate account of the matter. It stands thus:—

"Sunday, November 29, 1835.—Attended divine service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled; a female, resident in the town, officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the liturgy of the Church of England; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well—much better than I have frequently heard in our best appointed churches. A written discourse, of her own composition, was read by her; it was of a purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to the hearers. During the performance of the service, the prisoners paid the profoundest attention, and the most marked respect, and, as far as it is possible to judge, appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was read by her afterwards to the female prisoners."—(*Second Report of Inspectors of Prisons*, 1836, p. 69.)

Sarah Martin is here brought before us in a new character. Hitherto we have seen her pursuing, energetically and successfully, certain definite practical ends of plain and obvious utility. She now claims our attention as a moral teacher. From the commencement of her Sunday labours, which began probably in 1820, or shortly afterwards, up to 1832, she read printed sermons; from that time to 1837, she wrote her own sermons; from 1837 to the termination of her labours in 1843, "I was enabled," she says, "by the help of God, to address the prisoners without writing beforehand, simply from the Holy Scriptures"—(*Life*, p. 13.) We were curious to know what kind of addresses a person so intimately acquainted with the habits and feelings of criminals would think it right to deliver to such an audience, and have been kindly permitted to peruse her unpolished notes of various sermons delivered by her in the year 1835. They have certainly surprised us.

We believe that there are gentlemen in the world who stand so stiffly upon the virtue of certain forms of ministerial ordination, as to set their faces against all lay, and especially against all female, religious teaching. We will not dispute as to what may, or may not, be the precise value of those forms. They ought to confer powers of inestimable worth, considering how stubbornly they are defended—and perhaps they do so; but every one amongst us knows and feels, that the power of writing or preaching good sermons is no amongst the number. The cold, laboured eloquence which boy-luchelors are authorized by custom and constituted authority to inflict upon us—the dry husks and chips of divinity

which they bring forth from the dark recesses of the theology (as it is called) of the Fathers, or of the middle ages, sink into utter worthlessness by the side of the jail addresses of this poor uneducated seamstress. From her own registers of the prisoners who came under her notice, it is easy to describe the ordinary members of her congregation:—poor London pickpockets, whom a cheap steamboat brought to reap a harvest at some country festival; bores whom ignorance and distress led into theft; depraved boys, who picked up a precarious livelihood amongst the chances of a seaport town; sailors, who had committed assaults in the boisterous hilarity consequent upon a discharge with a paid-up arrear of wages; servants, of both sexes, seduced by bad company into the commission of crimes against their masters; profligate women, who had added assault or theft to the ordinary vices of a licentious life; smugglers; a few game-law criminals; and paupers transferred from a work-house, where they had been initiated into crime, to a jail, where their knowledge was perfected. Such were some of the usual classes of persons who assembled around this singular teacher of righteousness. Their characters were as distinct as their crimes. A few extracts from Sarah Martin's "Prison Records" will exhibit their variety:—

"W. W. Homely villager. Very good natural powers; temper good; grateful for instruction; desirous of improving.

"W. W. Inferior capacity; inoffensive; always behaved well; does not seem to have had a bad character.

"J. B. Extremely ignorant; low habits.

"B. P. Quiet; slow in capacity and habits; shrewd in his way, and etc.

"W. T. Depraved; deceitful; full of pretence; obsequiously obliging; troublesomely forward in manners.

"J. S. With me, still and almost dumb—he soon compelled the governor to order him to the cell for the most violent conduct.

"J. C. One of the very worst. Foolish; hardened; idle; lazy; and destitute of the wish to improve. In prison a corruptor."

Judging from the notes which we have seen, her addresses to this strange auditory were formed upon a regular system, which was calculated to set before them that particular view of Christian truth which she thought best suited to their circumstances and comprehension. She principally urged three points. I.—The inseparable connexion between sin and sorrow; the great fact, that, in spite of all the allurements and artful promptings of temptation, misery "doth vice, e'en as its shade, pursue," and with the same certainty that effect follows cause in any of the physical operations of nature. This was a foundation upon which, before such an auditory, she might most safely build; and, whilst she reiterated the position in many varieties of expression, her hearers must have felt bitterly conscious that she was not dealing with an imaginary case, but with a stern truth of which they were themselves the evidences and the victims. II.—Her second point was, that there was a similar and equally indissoluble connexion between goodness and happiness. Station, wealth, and the pleasures of life, when viewed at a distance, seem to lead to a different conclusion. They promised fairly, but if approached, or partaken of, it became evident that they excited hopes which it is not in their power to gratify, and that, unless united to goodness, sorrow was their inseparable adjunct. God is eternally happy only because He is immutably good, and man can procure exemption from misery only by attaining to freedom from the shackles of vice. III.—Her third point was, to lead her auditory to the ever-open door of mercy, and, in glowing strains of Bible-eloquence, to invite, entreat, and urge them to enter in. The Almighty was held forth to them as desirous to communicate of his own sinless happy nature to all who came to Him as the willing servants of the crucified Redeemer; ready by his own Spirit to purify and guide them; to be to them as a hiding-place from trouble, a pavilion in which they shall be kept secretly from the strife of tongues, a place of refuge in which they should be compassed about with songs of deliverance. Thus were the realities of their position traced to their fountain-head, a way of escape was pointed out, and, in the midst of their sin and shame, they were affectionately allured towards the service of God, as that which should give them freedom, peace, and happiness. There is reason to believe that these doctrines, urged with a kindly, warm-hearted sincerity, were eminently successful. The respect and attention which would not have been yielded to a preacher who had endeavoured to excite alarm by the enforcement of religious terrors, were willingly conceded to an instructor who sought to win them to a love of purity, by considerations which, without being directly personal, flowed naturally out of a knowledge of their feelings. The papers we have seen are, for the most part, mere skeletons or rough notes of

sermons, and their entire publication would not be desirable; but in any more extended biography, a few extracts from them might be very usefully introduced.

In the year 1826, Sarah Martin's grandmother died, and she came into possession of an annual income of ten or twelve pounds, derived from the investment of "between two or three hundred pounds." She then removed from Caister to Yarmouth, where she occupied two rooms in a house situated in a row in an obscure part of the town, and, from that time, devoted herself with increased energy to her philanthropic labours. A benevolent lady, resident in Yarmouth, had for some years, with a view to securing her a little rest for her health's sake, given her one day in the week, by compensating her for that day in the same way as if she had been engaged in dressmaking. With that assistance, and with a few quarterly subscriptions, "chiefly 2s. 6d. each, for bibles, testaments, tracts, and other books for distribution," she went on devoting every available moment of her life to her great purpose. But dressmaking, like other professions, is a jealous mistress; customers fell off, and, eventually, disappeared. A question of anxious moment now presented itself, the determination of which is one of the most characteristic and memorable incidents of her life. Was she to pursue her benevolent labours, even although they led to utter poverty? Her little income was not more than enough to pay her lodging, and the expenses consequent upon the exercise of her charitable functions: and was actual destitution of ordinary necessities to be submitted to? She never doubted; but her reasoning upon the subject presents so clear an illustration of the exalted character of her thoughts and purposes, and exhibits so eminent an example of Christian devotedness and heroism, that it would be an injustice to her memory not to quote it in her own words: "In the full occupation of dressmaking, I had care with it, and anxiety for the future; but as that disappeared, care fled also. God, who had called me into the vineyard, had said, 'Whatsoever is right I will give you.' I had learned from the scriptures of truth that I should be supported; God was my master, and would not forsake his servant; He was my father, and could not forget his child. I knew also that it sometimes seemed good in his side to try the faith and patience of his servants, by bestowing upon them very limited means of support; as in the case of Naomi and Ruth; of the widow of Zarephath and Elijah; and my mind, in the contemplation of such trials, seemed exalted by more than human energy; for I had counted the cost, and my mind was made up. If, whilst imparting truth to others, I became exposed to temporal want, the privation, so momentary to an individual, would not admit of comparison with following the Lord, in thus administering to others."—(Life, p. 30.)

Noble woman! A faith so firm, and so disinterested, might have removed mountains; a self-sacrifice founded upon such principles is amongst the most heroic of human achievements.

EXTREMES.—A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

APPLES OF GOLD.

"We would see Jesus. Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." John xii. 21; v. 39

It is remarkable, that the wise men, travelling to find Christ, followed only the star; and, as long as they had that in view, were assured that they were in the right way, and we may believe had great pleasure in their journey; but when they entered Jerusalem, (whereas the star led them not thither, but to Bethlehem,) and there would be instituted where Christ was born, they were not only ignorant of the place where, but had also lost sight of the star that should guide them thither.—Whereby we are taught this useful lesson, that when we are going to learn Christ, and seek Christ, who is above, to beware we lose not the star of God's word, which only is the mark that shows us where Christ is, and which way we may come to him: to which may be added, that if with David we make the word of God "a lantern to our feet, and a light to our paths," we shall not be led aside by every false fire that presents itself to us; but, by keeping close to the word of God, we shall be brought to the knowledge of Christ here, and to the full enjoyment of him hereafter. Reader, this little book is only designed to lead thee to "Search the Scriptures," which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith in Jesus Christ.

Eternal life God's word imparts,
Whereon each fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer our hearts
Than all the round of nature gives

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.



"And the Isles shall wait for his law."—Isaiah xlv. 4.

The beautiful prophetic description of the Messiah, given in the chapter above quoted, is in no respect more literally fulfilled than in the reception of the Gospel, in our day, by the islands of the sea. "The Isles and the inhabitants thereof," are in many cases singing "a new song to the Lord," (verse 10,) and the various missionary ships that are sent forth, a feature, by the by, almost entirely new in the history of missions, are realizing the other part of the verse, respecting those that go down to the sea in ships. The above cut may be considered a representation of the natives of one of the numberless islands of the south seas, waiting with great anxiety for the arrival of the missionary ship, which is seen in the offing.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

(From the Montreal Witness.)

When, a few years ago, Rowland Hill urged the Penny Postage Scheme on the British Government, it was deemed by many an impracticable affair. Some seemed so much afraid of the expected loss to the revenue as almost to deem it a duty to pay as much for one letter as they ought to pay for a dozen; and one might almost have supposed, from the way in which the probable deficiency, for a year or two, was spoken of, that the Post-Office Department had hitherto borne on its shoulders the whole weight of the Estimates for the Army and Navy, as well as the interest of the national debt. Others again were terrified, that when a letter was only worth a penny to Government, the said Government would not care a penny about delivering it, and consequently the whole system would be broken up. All sorts of bugbears arose in the minds both of those who admired the good old times of high postage, and of those who longed for a cheap system: as for instance, the being always obliged to pre-pay, the trouble connected with weighing letters, the certainty that stamps would be forged or used a second time, or that they would be rubbed off in the transmission. Nay, it was even affirmed, that so many letters would be sent that it would be impossible to get people to deliver them, or that the coaches would break down with the weight, as those who sent a letter before would now send a six or eight ounce parcel. Or it was objected that the Post-office accounts would always be going wrong with so much more work to be done, and less time to do it in; or it would be so easy to pay a postage, it would be brought within the reach of some who had no business to be writing letters at all. *Festina lente* was the motto of most, but many were for adopting the *lente* without the *festina* at all; these were the bit-by-bit reformers, who would delay reform forever, because in their opinion it was not yet time. These were the gradual emancipationists, who would begin the abolition of slavery by manumitting all children to be born after the year 1860, and perhaps even place them after that under a long apprenticeship. Good counsel, however, had its weight to some extent; the existing government were quick to see the advisableness of bringing in with a speed, as long as they had the power to do it, a measure of postage reform. They saw how it must take with the people; they saw the advantage it must necessarily give to the commercial community; they learned from this merchant how many prices current he might send at a penny, compared with what he *did* send at a shilling—how many transactions might be done by the transmission of samples of light staples; as, for instance, cotton, silks, etc., raw and manufactured;

and how many questions might be put, and answers returned, without any one as before considering the expense of postage. They learned from that publisher that for every work he issued it would pay him well to send, it might be, a thousand circulars into the country under a low postage, for ten he at present sent. The Government, who had this chance of popularity in their hands, were theoretically on the side of non-restriction on importation of any kind; and they were not slow to perceive that if it was contrary to sound principles of political economy to prevent free ingress and egress for cheap articles of food or clothing, it was most injurious to continue restriction on the communication between parties necessary to the making a bargain. These things they saw and admitted, but still deemed it well to make a kind of intermediate step; and while the discussion was hot as to the likely result of the inquiry and consideration of Government, they lived on four-pence as the just medium. This, however, was not what the people, who ought to have their own way in their own matters, wanted; and, stubbornly enough, John Bull would not pay three-pence more than he should do, and waited until the paternal government yielded, and gave him a penny stamp on newspapers, and a penny stamp on letters, and so the same remaineth until this day.

We have more to say of this matter, for a cheap postage we must have; and if our brethren of the press will only join us in the crusade for cheap postage, urging it at least from week to week, and be content to take it from any Government who will give it, an impetus will be given to the education, commerce, and agriculture of our Province of which we have scarcely yet dreamed.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

(From the Montreal Witness.)

The subject of female influence is one that has engaged the thoughts and directed the pens of many; and which, in late years, has been often and prominently before the public mind. Far from concurring with those who would draw the gentler sex from their own appropriate sphere, and assign them a prominent position on the arena of human action, we yet believe that the influence of woman has not been over estimated. And need any Christian female be reminded how much of this influence, which she may employ in so blessed a manner, she owes to the benign influence of the gospel? For what but the gospel has exalted the women of Christian countries to their present highly favoured condition? Can these obligations be remembered, and the heart fail to glow with love to the Divine Author of our holy religion? Can any sacrifice be esteemed too great, in seeking its advancement in the world, and the consequent renovation and happiness of mankind? Varied are the paths of usefulness which open themselves to those who sincerely ask, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" and no self-denial involved will induce the earnest disciple to turn away from any of them. But there is one means of usefulness which is universally available, even to those who, in consequence of circumstances over which they have no control, are shut out from many others. I mean *prayer*. It is not every one who has the means to give largely to the cause of the Saviour she loves. The liberal heart may exist where its possessor is unable, if not to devise, at least to perform liberal things. But who so poor that she cannot pray? Some may have neither time nor talent to labour in the varied fields of usefulness: but even the most busy has, or may have, some precious moments, redeemed from sleep, or from unprofitable visiting and conversation, in which to commune with her father in heaven. And even when the hands are most busily occupied, the heart may besiege the heavenly throne, and find access to the King of kings. The toil-worn mother, perplexed by many cares, may yet, in the midst of the little group around her, breathe out to her Father in heaven the wrestlings of her spirit for the souls of these loved ones; and the midnight hour which returns to the enfeebled, and apparently useless mother, unblest by kindly slumbers, may witness on that couch of weariness a nearer approach to the throne of grace than the sun in his noontide glory has ever shone upon. And to those who can afford the brief hour, the social circle for prayer forms no contemptible means of usefulness, and it were well if Christian women were more ready to avail themselves of this much neglected privilege. They are wisely and kindly forbidden to take a prominent part in the more general assemblies of the church; but they may, and ought to meet together,

to unite in supplicating God's blessing upon Zion. Does any one seek a Scripture warrant for this assertion? It is easily furnished. It was at a "place where prayer was wont to be made," that the apostle Paul met the devout Jewesses, when the heart of Lydia was opened to attend to the things which he spoke. Unnoticed or despised, no doubt, by the haughty Pharisees, was that little circle of praying women; but Jehovah stamped it with a mark of signal favour, which their ostentatious services failed to receive.

Perhaps some one will say, "But I can pray alone. In my closet, unseen by any eye save that of the prayer-hearing God, I can seek the revival of his work. Christ is not only where two or three are gathered together in his name, but in every place where a soul seeks him in spirit and truth." This is true; and yet, this ought you to do, and not leave the other undone. While such meetings have received the explicit sanction of Christ, and the Bible and the history of the Christian church afford abundant proof that they have often enjoyed his smile, and been followed by his blessing, we are not warranted to conclude that Zion now can dispense with them, and sustain no injury.

Another may urge, "I have no time; various duties occupy me so fully, that I cannot command the hour required." This may be true; and of course where it is so, it affords a legitimate excuse. But perchance a little reflection will show, that you either have, or ought to have, the requisite time for this object. Doubtless you have time to converse with your friends; can you, then, find none to commune with that "Friend who sticketh closer than a brother?" Perhaps you have time to engage in some of the religious or benevolent operations of the day; and can you find none in which to supplicate, in union with others, for God's blessing on these efforts? It has been well remarked by one, "It is wonderful that we talk so much, when 'the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury,' and pray so little, when 'prayer brings a quick return of blessings in variety.'" What a blessed day will that be for individual Christians, and for the church which Jesus has purchased with his blood, when professors of religion shall spend the time in *prayer* for their brethren, which now they spend in *complaining* of them, in speaking of their faults not to *them*, but to *others*; and how much more good may we expect from the ministry of the word, when each individual member of the church holds up the hands of his pastor by fervent supplications on his behalf to a prayer-hearing God; instead of discouraging him and injuring his own soul by criticising his sermons and complaining of his course. Then may we expect to see Zion put on her beautiful garments, and rejoice in the multitude of her children. Christians! when shall this day arrive? It is for the church to decide. M.

(The author of the foregoing article "knows whereof she affirms," being herself an exemplary member of a little band of ladies who have long met stately for prayer.—Ed.)

AFFAIRS IN MEXICO.

The following is a letter dated Jalapa, May 19:—

To tell you of the siege and capture of Vera Cruz, or the battle of Cerro Gordo, would be repeating a thrice-told tale. You, no doubt, have felt proud, as an American, of the increased glory to our arms by the brilliant results of that day, when less than 1200 men carried a fortified and almost inaccessible height of 1000 feet, defended by 3000 men and six or eight pieces of cannon. The immediate actors on that memorable day who survived the bloody conflict were as much astonished to find themselves safely masters of the height as those of you in the United States were that we reached there at all. As you know the story, I will spare you the garrulousness of an old soldier.

You are aware that the army followed the dispersed and flying enemy until we reached this lovely spot and were right glad to halt at the base, as it were, of the Olizaba, view its snow-capped peak, and partake of all the luxuries that are common and abundant in tropical cities. Here, amidst hills and valleys teeming with every luxury in the form of fruits or vegetables produced either north or south, a portion of the army have reposed for the last month, and another portion, without halting, passed on to Perote, where an officer in waiting politely handed over the keys of the well-known castle and prison, with an invoice of munitions, bowed, and followed the footsteps of his twice-whipped Excellency, who had taken a less frequented road than the Grand National, which, by the by, is one of the most costly, enduring national highways that any country can boast of—bridges sixty and seventy years old are as firm and as strong as if finished but yesterday—a monument of Spanish grandeur that will be admired and talked of when Spain is blotted from the map of nations, and her name, as it were, forgotten.

In the full tide of victory, and the country in dismay at the terrible overthrow of all their hopes at Cerro Gordo, the army came to a dead halt for want of the material of war!—men and means of transportation for our subsistence. Here 3,500 volunteers were sent back, as their term of service expired in little over a month.

Jalapa was to be garrisoned—Perote, Puebla, and Mexico taken with about eight or nine thousand men—one of these cities numbering more than one hundred thousand inhabitants! Trains had to go and return frequently ere the remnant of our noble little army could advance. This was a work of time; a partial supply for this place and Perote, and to accompany the advancing forces, at last arrived. Ere this was accomplished the advance took up the line of march for Puebla, not over three thousand men. Here the Mexican Napoleon, with his re-collected troops, and by forcing into service those who had been paroled under a pledge of their officers not again to bear arms until exchanged, made a feint at a stand; and when four men had been killed left the city, retreating on Mexico, and our handful of men took possession of one of the most splendid and beautiful towns in the country, containing seventy thousand inhabitants.

Thus things stand at present, and the future to my vision is gloomy in the extreme. We are here cut off by the vomito from our base of operations, and after a month the army in the field must depend upon the country for subsistence, and that army destined to fight at another Cerro Gordo, with its numbers reduced nearly one half by the return of volunteers and the garrison left in the rear.

Santa Anna, on retreating from Puebla, it is said, will take up a position at a place called Rio Frio, where another battle will undoubtedly be fought; and, if successful, there is still another at a place within two leagues of the city. This is asking a great deal of six or seven thousand men. They can do it, but the best blood of America must run in torrents. The cry now is, "Victory or Death!"

We are dreadfully and most unfortunately crippled, at a moment when we want all our strength. Thus it was last summer, and ever will be when a foreign war is carried on depending in any degree upon short-term volunteers, whose term is sure to expire just when most needed. Gen. Scott appealed to them to re-enter the service, but in vain. A volunteer for a second term would be looked upon as a wonder and by his comrades as a fool. A year in camp rubs off all the ext. a patriotism that first got them into the scrape. The fruits of our victories are in a good degree lost by not being able to push on; the people have recovered from their panics, and will not give up their capital without making another effort, and the least reverse to our arms will bring upon us the whole nation, who, so long as victory declares in our favour, prefer to remain quiet at home.

HAY-MAKING.

The season for making hay is rapidly approaching. The farmer should, therefore, look to his implements and have them in order. Much time may be saved as well as money, by paying early attention to these things. There has been, and is still considerable difference of opinion among good farmers as to the best mode of making hay. One method, and it is the most common, is to dry it thoroughly in the swath, by turning and spreading during the day. Towards evening it is collected into small cocks or raked into wind rows. Next day it is spread again, and in the afternoon put up in larger cocks. On the third or fourth day it is taken to the stack or mow. No salt is used. By this mode the grass is thoroughly dried, but the process is tedious, and in the case of clover, much of its virtue is lost. Another plan which has many intelligent advocates, is to allow the swath to be turned and withered, putting it up into small cocks of about 200 lbs. by noon, when cut before breakfast. In this situation a sweating or fermentation takes place, attended by heat, and an exudation of moisture which tends to cure the hay very fast. The forenoon of the next day the cocks should be examined, and if the heat is abated they may be shook up a little and left for a short time, and then carried to the barn. In moving it away, salt should be sprinkled over it at the rate of two or three pecks to the ton. It will heat again slightly, but if not too green, cures well, and makes the best of hay. The practice is adopted by some, of putting it away with alternate layers of straw, especially when composed of clover; heat is thus avoided, and the straw by imbibing the juices is enriched as food; less salt is required in this case.

Judge Buel, the able editor of the Albany Cultivator, from its commencement until his death, always recommended and practised this plan. He says:—

"Philosophy teaches, and many years experience has confirmed us in the correctness of her teachings, that not only clover, but all hay in which clover or any of the succulent grasses are constituents, should be cured in small grass cocks, not rolled, but formed of layers with the fork. The objections to the old mode of curing wholly in the sun, are, in the first place, that the leaves and finer parts of grasses, dry, crumble and are lost, ere the stems

and succulent portions are fit to carry to the barn. In the second place, that an intensely hot sun is hurtful to the quality of the hay, that cured in the shade being always the most fragrant and nutritious. Third—it is liable to be seriously injured by the dew, sudden showers, or continued rains."

The practice of the best English, Flemish, and French farmers, says Deane, is to expose their hay as little as possible to the sun. It is carried in dry, but it preserves its green colour; and you see hay two or three years old in their market, of so bright and green colour, that we should scarcely conceive it to be cured; yet they are in the practice of preserving it for years, and value it more for its age. The cock excludes it from the sun and preserves its greenness, and if a slight fermentation takes place there, the hay seldom heats and never spoils, in the mow or stack. It is the best mode to make good hay. Let those who think otherwise try it.—*Canada Farmer*.

SELECTIONS.

EMANCIPATION OF BOHEMIAN SLAVES.—Here is a record worth recording—a princely act worthy of being written in letters of gold. The General Assembly of Wallachia, adopted on the 23rd of March, a salutary and important law in virtue of which 14,000 families and 60,000 Bohemian slaves belonging to the state, the clergy, and to all the public establishments, have been emancipated. This great act of philanthropy originated with the truly magnanimous prince Bibesco, the *hospodar* of Wallachia, and much honour is also due to the General Provincial Assembly by which the favourite measure of the prince was adopted. After a lengthy debate, in which the most noble sentiments were expressed in favour of the emancipation of the lower classes, the heads of the church, notwithstanding the opposition which the law encounters on the part of the clergy, addressed an eloquent discourse to the assembled grandees to induce them to follow his example. The only remains of slavery now in Wallachia are about 48,000 individuals, who are private property. Prince Bibesco, the day following these proceedings, gave his formal sanction to the project of law, and addressed a rescript to the general assembly, expressing his satisfaction at the result. He thanked also the head of the members of the assembly for having passed a law, which, as he said, the spirit of the progress of civilization had so long demanded. "This day," concluded the prince, "will constitute an epoch in the annals of Wallachia."—*Bost. Trans.*

CURIOS FACT.—A degree of latitude is equal to a degree of Fahrenheit, and four hundred feet of elevation is the same. This fact, though curious, is of a demonstrative character, and will go far in enabling us to ascertain important facts in reference to climate.

SECRET SOCIETIES.—Democritus, a philosopher of the Cynic school, who resided in Athens at the beginning of the second century, and who lived to the age of one hundred years, was greatly respected for his practical wisdom. He refused to be initiated into the religious mysteries for this very sensible reason: "If they were bad, they ought to be divulged, to keep men away from them; and if they were good, they should be communicated to all from love to mankind." Will not the same remark apply to the secret societies of the present day? May not Christian professors learn wisdom from this venerable heathen sage?—*Evangelist*.

THE RANDOLPH SLAVES.—We have always supposed that Ohio, notwithstanding her black laws, and the outrages which have been committed in her territory on coloured people, had a large remnant who abhor her laws, and the deeds committed under them. The inhuman measure adopted to prevent the Randolph slaves from settling upon their property, caused a feeling of indignation in every generous bosom; but this event, barbarous as it was, is likely to result in their benefit. A correspondent of the *New York Observer*, writing from Piqua, Ohio, speaking of them, says:—"When the mob spirit in an adjoining county prevented these unfortunate people settling on the lands purchased for their future homes, the citizens of this town and its vicinity took prompt and vigorous measures to relieve their wants, and promote their best interests. At present about two hundred have a home in different families, and are dispersed over the neighbourhood, engaged in useful labour, and generally doing very well. Their inhuman treatment by the mob in Mercer County, and their repulsion from their lands, has been evidently overruled by Divine Providence for their good; God has caused the wrath of their enemies to promote their welfare. In Virginia these people had been chiefly employed in the culture of tobacco; they have but little experience and knowledge in the clearing of land, and the necessary labour to be performed in their expected homes. At present, while engaged in the families of those citizens,—on their farms, and in their shops, they are preparing for future usefulness, and the occupancy of their lands when the way is opened. I was exceedingly gratified to know the deep interest taken in these much-wronged people, particularly in their intellectual and spiritual welfare. When they arrived, about four hundred in number, few of them could read, they were deplorably ignorant. For their improvement a Sabbath-school has been organized, and about one hundred have participated in its advantages; they have generally made rapid progress, many of them are now able to read

fluently. Such is their avidity to learn, that during the week days some of them carry their books with them to the place of labour, and whenever an opportunity is found, they avail themselves of the instruction of kind friends, old and young. I found this deeply interesting school poorly supplied with books. This difficulty is now removed by a generous donation from the American Sabbath-school Union."

HOW TO BE HAPPY.—Do all the good you can. Whenever you hear of a poor widow, an orphan child, or aged man who is in affliction, pay that individual a visit. Do not hoard up all you earn; give a certain portion of your property to the poor. Never get angry. If you are slandered or imposed upon, better suffer a little than to retaliate and use harsh language. Be not proud or selfish. Think no more highly of yourself and your talents than you do of the capacities of others. Pay all you owe. Keep out of debt. Have nothing to do with lawyers. Get not entangled in the meshes of the law; avoid it as the sure gate of ruin. Shun vicious pursuits and unprincipled associates. Honour the Sabbath, serve God, and be devoted to truth and religion. Finally, take some useful paper, pay for it in advance, and read it attentively, and our word for it you will be happy. Peace and contentment will smile in your path, joy dance on your countenance, and every lane of life before you will be fraught with blessings rich and abundant.—*Portland Tribune*.

PREVENTION OF INFECTION FROM TYPHUS FEVER.—Dr. J. C. Smith obtained £5000 from Parliament for the following receipt:—"Take six drachms of powdered nitre (saltpetre) and six drachms sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol): mix them in a tea-cup. By adding one drachm of the oil at a time, a copious discharge of nitrous acid gas will take place. The cup to be placed, during the preparation, on a hot hearth, or plate of heated iron, and the mixture stirred with a tobacco pipe. The quantity of gas may be regulated by lessening or increasing the quantity of ingredients. The above is for a moderate-sized room; half the quantity would be sufficient for a small room. Avoid as much as possible breathing the gas when it first rises from the vessel." No injury to the lungs will happen when the air is impregnated with the gas, which is called nitrous acid gas; and it cannot be too widely known that it possesses the property of preventing the spread of fever.

SWEARING IN HEBREW.—Not long ago, as I was on my way from Newark to Jersey City, in the cars, I observed a young lady sitting opposite me, who seemed very much annoyed by the conversation of a young naval official, which was intermingled with oaths. She at length (having sat as long as she could without reproving him) said, "sit, can you converse in the Hebrew tongue?" He replied, "that he could," expecting, no doubt, to hold some conversation with her in that dialect. She then politely told him that if he wished to swear any more he would greatly oblige herself, and probably the rest of the passengers, if he would do it in that language. The young man was silent during the remainder of the passage.—*Gleaner*.

ELIHC BURRITT WRITES FROM ENGLAND THUS:—"If British and American Christians do their duty, the boy is at school who will live to see half the human family speaking the English language, and half the inhabitable surface of the globe covered with the Anglo-Saxon race, and blessed with its civilization. The railway engines shall thunder through the heart of Asia, Africa, and the American continent; will speak and teach the English language, and so will the mounted lightnings on the highways and wire bridges of thought, that shall be erected for the converse of the world's extremes."

ST. PETERSBURG, April 11.—The following is the recital of a series of abominable murders:—"M. Lesniewsky, a land owner, in white Russia, had given a family fête, at which some friends were present. He invited them to pass the night at his house, and promised them a good breakfast the next morning. In the morning, however, nothing was ready; the cook, the coachman, and other domestics having passed the night in drinking. M. Lesniewsky ordered the steward to chastise the coachman, as the most guilty of the three, and pardoned the other two. Having learned that he was to be punished, the coachman spoke to the two domestics, and induced them to arm themselves with axes and kitchen knives. They then went to the house occupied by the steward and his family, and killed him and his wife and daughter. Two brothers of the woman having hastened to render assistance, were also killed. A young girl who had sought refuge behind a stove was dragged out, and in spite of her cries and supplications was likewise murdered. The assassins then went to the residence of M. Lesniewsky who was smoking with a friend. They attacked the two gentlemen with great violence, but after resisting for some time they succeeded in barnading themselves in the dining room. Having in vain tried to break open the door, the three wretches spread themselves over the house and killed the wife of M. Lesniewsky, her servant, and a child who was sleeping in a cradle. They then took horses, and rode off to the house of M. Foremski, a neighbour of M. Lesniewsky, and stating that they had an important letter to remit, fell upon him and killed him. His wife, who was *enroute*, was also slain. They then went to the house of another gentleman, but an alarm having been given, the peasantry took arms to defend their master, upon which the assassins fled. M. Lesniewsky, having escaped from his hiding-place, drew together all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood and the police, and went in pursuit of the assassins. They eventually overtook them, but not before the miscreants had made several other victims. The total number of persons thus murdered was seventeen. The assassins were happily arrested. One of them hanged himself, and the other two were executed.

A STUPENDOUS SPAN.—The new railway bridge across the Susquehanna at Harrisburg is an immense structure. It is about 4000 feet long, built upon the improved double latticed plan. There are 23 spans, averaging 173 feet each, and two arched viaducts, one 53 feet, and the other 84 feet long. The entire cost of this immense structure is short of \$100,000.

NEWS.

Yesterday, about one hundred persons were brought up at the Mayor's Court, and fined, for having dirty yards. The Magistrate gave the defendants to understand that they were determined to enforce the law with the greatest strictness.—*Herald, Saturday.*

EMIGRANT ORPHANS.—We are authorized to say that any application (post paid) made to Lieut. Lloyd, Church Society's Office, Montreal, by parties who are charitably disposed to receive orphan children, male, or female, into their employment, stating their sex, age, and requirements, sending them to the probable occupation, will be promptly attended to. Applicants should also state whether Protestant or Catholic children would be preferred. Direct as above, putting the word "Orphan" in the corner.—*Id.*

We regret to hear of serious disasters to rafts, in Lake St. Peter, on their way to Quebec, during the heavy wind of Monday evening. It is reported that some lives have been lost.—*Courier.*

DROWNED.—On Saturday morning last an unfortunate emigrant, by the name of Michael Loftus, who had been insane for a few days, ran from the sheds, and leaped into the Lake. He was seen leaving the shed, and was pursued, but before he could be overtaken he had thrown himself into the water.—Every effort was made to save him, but to no purpose. An inquest was held and a verdict returned in accordance with the above facts.—*Can. Bourg Advocate.*

On Tuesday morning an immense concourse of people assembled in the vicinity of the goal, to witness the execution of Turney and Hamilton. We regret to add, that a large proportion of the persons present were females. A little after 10 o'clock the unhappy culprits underwent the extreme penalty of the law. Both confessed their guilt and gave evidence of deep contrition.—*Id.* Turney addressed the assemblage as follows:—"I wish to say a few words to all those before me about the charge which I made against Biggins with respect to this affair; the devil, I suppose, tempted me to make the charge; and I say now to all before me, that Biggins had no thing to do in the affair, and no one else but myself was concerned in it; I alone murdered M. Phillips. I hope that God will forgive me for that deed, and I hope that God will forgive me for accusing Biggins, for my false accusation might have brought him here. I am guilty of many other things, which I have confessed, and I suppose they will be published for the satisfaction of the public. I am now going to die, and I beseech God to forgive me. The first thing I stole was from my mother; the next was a shilling from my aunt, for which I was severely punished by my friends. I stole many things from my relations that were not missed, and thus commenced a course of crime that has brought me to the gallows. I hope all here assembled will take warning by my fate, and behave well to their parents and friends. Lord have mercy on my soul; and may God protect my wife and child, and may they at last rise to everlasting happiness. I have nothing more to say."—*Toronto Examiner.*

MELANCHOLY CASUALTY.—We regret to have to record the death of one of the children of Solomon Walker, of this Township, which took place on Thursday last, under the following distressing circumstances:—"The child, (a girl of about three years of age,) while playing about the premises of an adjoining neighbour, accidentally fell into a washing tub, which was placed near the door filled with water. Her head being downwards she was unable to extricate herself or cry for help, and consequently perished. The mistress of the house on going out shortly afterwards, discovered her in this position.—*Long Point Advocate.*

ANOTHER VICTIM.—An unfortunate individual, whose name we have not learned, died in this town on Friday last, while labouring under the effects of that awful disease, delirium tremens. No inquest was held on the body, and he was carried to his last resting place as soon after his death as a rough coffin could be knocked together to contain his remains.—*Id.*

An awful accident occurred at Niagara Falls yesterday. About noon a lad named John Murphy, son of a poor widow, who put out in an old canoe, to cross from the American to the Canada side, above Goat Island, floated into the rapids above the Horse-shoe fall. He struggled a long time, by paddling, and then jumped into the rapids, and was seen no more.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser* of 15th.

NEW ROUTE TO LAKE SUPERIOR.—The British Government has established a semi-monthly mail to the copper mines, on the north side of Lake Superior. It leaves Toronto on the 13th and 28th of each month, taking passengers in 60 hours to Sault St. Marie, by way of Lake Simcoe, to Sturgeon Bay on Lake Huron, and thence to Owen's Sound, and then to the Sault. From Rochester this route is 450 miles nearer than by way of Lake Erie, and places that city within three days of Lake Superior.

The Humburg and Rotterdam steamers are bringing over to Hull every week, on an average, from 2000 to 3000 firkins prime Kiel butter.

HIGHLAND RELIEF FUND.—**SPLENDID CONTRIBUTION.**—A splendid first-class American ship the *Morca*, Capt. Reid, arrived at the Broomclaw on Monday, with a cargo of meal, beans, bacon, &c., valued at \$21,000, the contribution of the citizens of New England to the Highland Relief Fund.

A NEW MOVE IN EMIGRATION.—The Liverpool Times says there are 100,000 female servants in London alone! and over a million in England and Wales! The number of male servants is as great. The pressure of the times in England has operated very oppressively on servants. A London paper estimates the number of servants out of employ in England, at this time, at 300,000, and adds—"a large portion of them are preparing to leave for Canada and the United States, where it is understood they can get good places and high wages."

The Jerusalem artichoke, which no weather will hurt, which will grow almost anywhere, and which produces about 1 bushel-peck for each root planted, is strongly recommended as a substitute for the potato.

CHEAP TRAVELLING.—The Eastern Counties Railway Company have started a fourth class of open carriages for the conveyance of passengers to the different stations along the line at the cheap rate of one halfpenny per mile.

The Genesee Farmer says that "the hog crop in the United States, this past year, is three times the worth of the cotton crop. The 'standing army' of swine consumes annually two hundred millions of bushels of corn."

Strawberries are more abundant than ever in Cincinnati. One cultivator,

Capt. Culbertson, has 100 pickers engaged on a patch of 60 acres, with gather some 100 bushels a day.

Four hundred boys are now engaged at the Arsenal at Watervliet, near Albany, in the preparation of ball cartridges for the army.

STEAMBOAT DISASTER.—From the Buffalo and Cleveland papers, we learn the particulars of the steamboat disaster, mentioned in our Telegraphic dispatch of yesterday. This collision took place on Lake Erie, near Conneaut, on Thursday, at one o'clock, between the steamer Chesapeake, bound up with passengers and merchandise, and the schooner J. F. Porter, bound down with a cargo of wheat and corn. The crew of the latter were transferred to the Chesapeake, and shortly afterward the schooner sunk in eight fathoms of water. Capt. Warner then manned the pumps, and attempted to reach Conneaut with the Chesapeake, but the water gained on him rapidly, put out the fires, and when within a mile and a half of land, the steamer began to sink. The passengers and crew were immediately hurried up to the promenade deck, and when the steamer sunk, this deck separated from the hull, and was the means of saving nearly all the lives of the passengers and crew. The females on board, together with the children, were lashed to the mast, fifteen feet of which remained out of water after the steamer sunk, and to which the promenade deck was attached, and thus preserved. About four hours after the disaster, the steamer Harrison came alongside, and removed the passengers and crew from their perilous situation.—*Whig.*

GOOD NEWS TO IMMIGRANTS.—The farmers of New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin, and Iowa, have sent pressing orders to New York to hire all the European emigrants who may land there.

THRILLING EXPLOSION.—**IMMENSE LOSS.**—The *New Orleans Picayune*, of the ninth instant, mentions the particulars of a dreadful explosion which occurred on board the steamer *Edu* on the 4th instant, in the *Oachita* river. Twenty-five persons were killed, and eight wounded.

Emigration from the island of Madeira continues to a great extent, upwards of 150,000 persons having left since January last, principally for the West Indies.

PRODUCE PRICES CURRENT—MONTREAL, June 28, 1847.

ASHES —Provincial duty 1 per cent. Pots, per cwt. 25 0 a 25 6 Pots, do 25 3 a 25 9	PROVISIONS —Provincial duty 2 1/2 per cent. Beef, Mess, bbl 200 lbs 00 0 a 00 0 Prime Mess, do 60 0 a 00 0 Prime, do 60 0 a 00 0 Cargo, do 60 0 a 00 0 Prime Mess, per tierce of 304 lbs 90 0 a 92 5 Pork, Mess, bbl 200 lbs 100 0 a 102 6 Prime Mess, do 60 0 a 82 6 Prime, do 72 6 a 00 0 Cargo, do 62 6 a 00 0
FLOUR —Provincial duty 0 1/2 Imp. 2s. Canada Superfine 37 0 a 37 6 Do Fine 35 0 a 36 3 Do Middlings none Do Pollards none	EACON, &c. —Provincial duty 2 1/2 Imperial, 3s per cwt. Bacon, .. none Hams, .. 00 7 1/2 a 00 7 1/2
MEAL —Provincial duty 2 1/2 per 100 lbs. Imperial 2s per bbl. Indian Meal 26 0 a 09 0 Oatmeal 38 3 a 37 6	BUTTER —Provincial duty, 2s. Imperial, 8s per cwt. Prime, .. 0 0 a 0 0 Grease .. none
GRAIN —Provincial duty 3s per quarter on all except Oats 2s. Wheat, U. C. best 60 lbs 8 0 a 8 6 Do do mid. do 7 6 a 8 0 Do Red 7 0 a 7 6 Barley per minot 3 9 a 4 3 Oats do 2 9 a 3 0 Pease do 5 3 a 5 6 Indian Corn, 53 lbs none	

Saturday, 6 p. m. June 26, 1847.

ASHES.—Have declined; sales of Pots may be noted at 25s. to 25s. 4 1/2 and of Pearls, at 25s. 6 1/2 per cwt. There is inquiry for good bills at the lower quotations. Stock in store, Pots 1570, Pearls 361.

FLOUR.—Since the receipt of the mail per *Cambria* the market has been comparatively inactive. The first transactions were at 35s. 3d for July delivery, and advanced to 35s. 3d, to 37s. for Fine, and 38s. 9d. for Superfine; the price then declined to 36s. at which there were several sales, but a dull market. It has since ruled at 35s. to 35s. 6d. for second rate, and 35s. 6d. to 36s. for good brands Fine, 36s. to 36s. 3d. for extra Fine, and 37s. to 37s. 6d. for Superfine. The market to-day firm but dull. Holders generally are not disposed to sell, neither are there many buyers at these rates.

WHEAT.—There have been but few sales since the receipt of the mail; a parcel of Middling at 7s. 7 1/2; two or three lots of red at 7s. to 7s. 3d. and of good mixed and white, at 8s. to 8s. 6d. embrace the transactions. Some quantity, however, has been on the Market, but holders rather store than take the current prices.

OATS.—Were placed before the arrival of the mail at 3s. 4d. per minot, since then at 2s. 9d. and 3s. declined for a good sample.

PEASE.—One or two lots have been placed at 5s. 3d. and 5s. 4d. ex barge, a shipping parcel at 5s. 6d. put on board, and the same figure refused.

BARLEY.—Nothing has been done, but holders are firm at former rates.

OATMEAL.—Has been placed at 37s. 6d. per barrel, of 22 lbs.

PROVISIONS.—In beef there is nothing doing to note, Pork has changed hands in quantity at \$12 1/2 per barrel for cargo, \$14 1/2 for Prime, \$16 1/2 for Prime Mess, and \$10 1/2 to \$21. for Mess, and holds firmly at these quotations.

FREIGHTS.—Have ruled variously since last report; shipments of Flour have been made to Liverpool and Glasgow, at 5s. 6d. to 6s. per barrel; to London at 6s to 6s. 6d. and of grain at 11s. to 12, per quarter to the three ports; a slight improvement in Flour freights may to-day be noted, but for grain rather the reverse, owing to the number of vessels requiring tonnage, being to-day offered at 11s per quarter.

EXCHANGE.—Merchants' Bills, 90 days, 6 1/2. to 6 1/2. and Bank Bills 60 days 8 per cent premium; New York drafts at 3 days, 1 1/2. per cent premium.

THOMAS M. TAYLOR, Broker.

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