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THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 8.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

Matthew xxv. 35.

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay.
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye,
Which won my love, I knew not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered—not a word he spake—
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on—
I ran and raised the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er;
I drank and never thirsted more.

'Twas night. The floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
I laid him on my couch to rest;
Then made the ground my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment—he was healed.
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

I saw him bleeding in his chains,
And tortured 'neath the driver's lash,
His sweat fell fast along the plains,
Deep dyed from many a frightful gash,
But I in bonds remembered him,
And strove to free each fettered limb,
As with my tears I washed his blood,
Me he baptized with mercy's flood.

In prison I saw him next condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honoured him midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger started from disguise:

The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before my eyes!
He spoke, and my poor name he named—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed,
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
not, thou didst them unto me."

—Mon'gomery.



HEATHEN DRUID SACRIFICES.

There are many heathens now who offer human sacrifices to their idols, but the race represented in the above cut is extinct—they were called Druids, and were, about eighteen hundred years ago, the heathen inhabitants of England. That was of course before England became a Christian country, for Augustine, with forty other Missionaries were the first who brought Christianity into England, and that was in the year 597, A. D. The Druids had no temples in which to worship, but instead they had sacred groves, where they performed these horrid sacrifices. Within these groves they sometimes had one or two circles of immense stones, and on these stones they often sacrificed their victims. It was sometimes their custom also to enclose the sacrifice in a large wicker case, made like the figure of a man, and when shut in there to suspend him between some of their immense stones, and burn him to death. This, they thought doing their gods service, and had it not been for God's mercy, Britain might be now as then, a heathen land. There are many places in Britain, where to this day may be seen those circles of large stones, where those cruel rites were performed. Near the officiating priest, in the picture you see some other Druids on their knees—and behind are a body of Roman Soldiers, armed with spear and shield, after the manner of those times. The tree to which the young man is tied, seems to be an oak, which was a tree held sacred by the Druids. We could give many more interesting facts about the Druids, but the present statement will be sufficient to prove that the "tender mercies of the heathen are cruel."—*Children's Missionary Record.*

WATER RUNNING UP HILL.—Dr. Smith, in a lecture on Geology, at New York, mentioned a curious circumstance connected with the Mississippi river. It runs from north to south, and its mouth is actually four miles higher than its source, a result due to the centrifugal motion of the earth. Thirteen miles is the difference between the equatorial and polar radius; and the river, in two thousand miles, has to rise one-third of this distance—it being the height of the equator above the pole. If this centrifugal force was not continued, the river would flow back, and the ocean would overflow the land.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF FRANCE.

While the conflict was raging in Paris, between the troops of Charles X., and the insurgent people, it is said that the king, with his son, stood upon the towers of his palace at St. Cloud, about six miles from the city, with his spy-glass in his hand, anxiously watching the national flag, the emblems of the Bourbon power, as it floated from the battlements of the Tuilleries. Suddenly he saw it fall, and the tri-colored flag of victorious rebellion rose and was unfurled triumphantly in its stead. It revealed to him at a glance that all was lost—that his honor and his crown had fallen for ever. The next moment he saw the dust raised by his retreating troops, flying from the city. Charles and his family, accompanied by a small retinue, fled in the utmost consternation, to Rambouillet, about thirty miles from the revolted capital.

And now the cry resounds through the streets of Paris—'to Rambouillet! to Rambouillet!' Scarcely had Charles arrived with his fugitive household, at his hunting-seat, ere the alarm-couriers rushed from their panting, foaming steeds, into the presence of the royal family, to tell them, with pale lips, that all Paris was on the march to attack them. Men, women and children on horseback, in hacks and omnibuses, and carts, and on foot, a motley throng of uncounted thousands, were on their way to pay the fallen monarch a most unwelcome visit. It was a vivid revival of the scenes of terror in the old French revolution. Charles had not forgotten the awful day in which his brother Louis was torn from his throne and his palace, and dragged in a cart to a most ignominious death. The sun had already gone down, and darkness overshadowed the land. It was indeed a night of terror and of tears, when Charles and the royal family, in midnight gloom, precipitately entered their carriages, surrounded by a few faithful adherents, and fled from their foes. As the infuriated shouts of the approaching multitude swelled upon the night air, mingled with the crackling fire of musketry and the distant thunders of heavy artillery, the Bourbons commenced their melancholy journey, from regal magnificence to ignominy and exile.

When the next morning's sun rose above the hills of France, this funeral procession of departed power, was seen wending its mournful way through the distant provinces of the empire, to find in foreign lands a refuge and a grave. The alarm-bells of the nation tolled the knell of departed royalty, while every now and then came pealing through the air the deep and distant thunders of the insurrection gun. The tri-colored flag of triumphant revolt floating from every castle and stream from every turret, proclaimed that the Bourbons had gone down into a grave from whence there was no resurrection. Charles and his son, and his grandson, three generations of kings, with the sobbing females of the royal family, witnessed these sights, and heard these sounds, with emotions that no language can describe. They darkened the windows of their carriages, that they might conceal from the popular gaze their countenances, wan and wasted with sleeplessness and terror and despair. Apprehensive every hour of arrest, and consignment to the dungeon or the guillotine, they hardly ventured to alight for refreshment or repose, in the, funereal flight from the splendors and the honors of the Tuilleries Versailles and St. Cloud to the tomb of ignominy and of exile. A few hundreds of the defeated body-guard of the king followed in the train of the royal carriages, silent and dejected, the pall-bearers of the Bourbon house.

Deeply as we must condemn the conduct of this fallen monarch, who can refrain from shedding a tear of sympathy over the ruined fortunes of himself and his race? We forget his political crime in the magnitude of the ruin with which it overwhelmed him. Even the generous people whom he had so deeply injured, when they witnessed his utter and hopeless discomfiture, manifested no disposition, by arrest, or insult, or reproaches, to add to the bitterness of his anguish. They allowed him to depart unmolested. When this melancholy train of weeping fugitives arrived at the ocean shore, they were received into two American ships, which happened to be there, and were conveyed to England, there to linger out the remnant of their days in inglorious and hopeless banishment.

While these scenes were transpiring in Paris, the Duke of Orleans was at his residence in Neuilly, so weary of being the

support of revolutions as to take no part in the conflict. He seemed to feel that he had borne his full share in the perils of political parties, and could hardly with justice be called upon to expose himself to new dangers. But La Fayette and the other leaders of the revolution immediately directed their eyes to him, as the most suitable candidate to ascend the throne of the fallen monarch. They felt assured that France was not prepared for a republican form of government, and they wished to sustain the throne, but to surround it with free institutions. Louis Philippe was a branch of the royal family, and that would conciliate the royalists. [He was the richest man in France, and expended his immense resources with great liberality and wisdom, and that gave him great power, for all the world over, wealth is influence. I have seen his private property estimated by a French writer at one hundred millions of dollars. At any rate it is so immense that a few millions more or less are of no account. He owns some very valuable blocks of buildings in New York, so that in the event of another revolution his children will not find themselves penniless in this city.] He was a known and long-tried advocate of liberal political opinions, and that would reconcile the republicans.

The ministers of Charles also foresaw, that for these very reasons he was the individual from whom they had the most to fear. As the retreating troops of Charles passed the park of Louis Philippe, they discharged a few volleys of artillery into his country seat, as the emphatic expression of their consideration. On the same day, and almost at the same hour, two detachments arrived at his residence at Neuilly;—one from the victorious people of Paris, to conduct him in triumph to the capital; the other a detachment from the royal guard, to drag him with hasty violence, to imprisonment. But Louis Philippe, long schooled in the wisdom of troubled times, was nowhere to be found. He had sought security in concealment. The royal guard, however, soon abandoned the search, and consulted their own safety in precipitate flight. It was ten o'clock at night, when Louis ventured from his retreat to meet the deputation from Paris. He received them at the gate of his park. By the pale and flickering torch-light, he read the commission inviting him to the metropolis to take the office of Lieutenant-General of France, which meant, in reality, to ascend the now vacant throne of the Bourbons.

It is reported, and undoubtedly with truth, that Louis Philippe was exceedingly reluctant to leave the peaceful scenes of domestic enjoyment, and again launch forth upon the turbulent ocean of political life, where he had already encountered so many storms and perils. By such a change he hazarded every thing, and could gain nothing. He is reported to have said that during all his days he had been the victim of the tempests of state, in persecution, in poverty, in exile, and that he desired to be permitted to pass the evening of his days in the retirement and peace of his tranquil home. His wife also wept in unfeigned anguish, in the view of the dangers and the sorrows of regal state. She was familiar with the melancholy history of kings and courts, of popularity turned into hatred, of applause succeeded by execrations; monarchs and queens hurled from the throne, pelted by the people, driven into exile, or bleeding headless under the executioner's axe. She had heard the story of Maria Antoinette, driven from the very chambers of the palace at Versailles, into which her husband was now invited to enter; fleeing in her night-dress, even from the sanctity of her bed, before the infuriated rabble who swarm forth from the dens of infamy in Paris. She had not forgotten that from those regal mansions, into which the French nation would now introduce her, the idolized daughter of Austria, the once adored Queen of France, had been dragged by the most insolent and brutal violence, and plunged into a deep and dismal dungeon, till her fairy form was withered and her eye blinded, and her once almost angelic countenance became ghastly and hideous through the intensity of her woes. Amelia could not forget that the streets of Paris once resounded with the acclamations of Maria, as she entered them a youthful bride charioted in splendor; and that but a few years elapsed before she was dragged through those same streets on the executioner's hurdle, blinded, deformed, revolting in aspect, through her miseries, exposed to the jeers and to the execrations of the mob, till the slide of the guillotine terminated her woes.

She knew that the queenly diadem could be only one of thorns;

that as one revolution placed them upon the throne, another might remove them to bleed upon the scaffold. Thus, when the people took Louis Philippe by violence, and would make him their king, Amelia, in her retired chambers, wept bitterly over the wreck of her domestic peace. But there seemed to be a moral necessity that Louis Philippe should ascend the throne. The rulers of the people saw that probably he alone could stay the effusion of blood, conciliating in his regal lineage and his democratic principles both monarchists and republicans. He was, therefore, told that he must either ascend the throne, or leave France. The only choice before him was the crown or exile.

At twelve o'clock the next day, Louis Philippe, clambering over the barricades of the streets of Paris, on foot, entered the Hotel de Ville. The excited millions of Paris and its environs thronged all its avenues. They, however received him in silence. Louis Philippe was not very remotely a Bourbon. The blood of that family, so hateful to the people was in his veins. They feared that after all their conflicts and bloodshed they might be betrayed, and merely have one Bourbon for a king instead of another. The scale of popular enthusiasm was in that state of perfect equilibrium, in which it was uncertain whether the next moment the air would resound with applause or execrations.

At this critical moment, when a breath was apparently to decide the destinies of France, the venerable form of the people's idol, La Fayette, appeared upon the balcony of the Hotel de Ville, waving in one hand the tri-colored flag of the old republic, and with the other presenting Louis Philippe as the candidate for the new monarchy. The endorsement of La Fayette was at once accepted. Instantaneously every mind responded to the appeal. One loud, long, hearty, heaven-rending shout rose from the multitude, and Louis Philippe was the elected monarch of France. —*Rev. J. S. C. Abbott.*

BOOKS IN LONDON.

An American in London, after spending a few days in looking over the Library of the British Museum, and the stocks of the London booksellers, will not wonder that Englishmen should find it difficult to acknowledge that America has any literature at all. If the quantity of our books is the test, we certainly have no literature worth speaking of. It is my candid opinion that if you were to empty the stocks of all the Boston booksellers into one, the aggregate would not equal what may be found on the shelves and counter and floor of many a London bookseller. The press has been at work three or four hundred years, and for the last twenty by steam. Books beget books. Hundreds of writers employ themselves in diving into the depths of the book ocean, to bring up what pearls they can. Besides that literary genius which is born of poverty, which is sharp, pungent, and pushes its way in the world for very life—and which, in this great focus of the world is abundant,—there is the literary genius which is born of wealth, and which is sharper or duller as the case may be, but astonishingly prolific! One day I was looking over some magnificent pictorial works at a bookseller's shop, and came across one of inferior size which I had seen on this side of the water. It was Audubon's largest book of birds! At the Library of the Capitol in Washington, it cuts something of a figure, and is regarded by most visitors as the gigantic king of books. But here, on a bookseller's counter, it was but a humble and obscure individual; hid among stacks of larger works, the products of Dukes, Lords and great learned Societies. Some of these books, it is said, contain but little "matter." With paper as thick as paste board, and type as large as that of a show bill made to be read across the street, there were acres of margin. But they were generally full of costly engravings. Some literary lord who has several estates, and nothing to do but to be waited on, and catered up to by his flunkies, takes it in his head to write a history of his family or his castles. He employs writers, engravers, printers, and the result is, a magnificent book which might be read comfortably by the Titans. A few copies are sold at an enormous price, or given away to his friends, and the rest find their way to the trade. Stocks of such publications have accumulated with a few dealers, who make it their special business to buy the remainder of editions at a nominal price, and sell them as they can find purchasers. Henry G. Bohn of York street, Covent Garden, is the prince of this trade. He occupies about four four story dwell-

ings, all the rooms of which, from the cellar to the garret, are filled up with all manner of books, ancient and modern, acquired chiefly by purchasing the remainder of editions, from Longmans, Murray, Knight, and the Pater-Noster Row publishers. The space at command to-day, will not allow me to explain the peculiar system by which books are distributed from the great publishing offices. It will form the subject of some future number.—*Chroaotype.*

THE UPAS TREE.—Before quitting Java I must say a word about the famed upas tree. Such a tree certainly exists on the island; but the tales that are told of its poisoning the air for hundreds of yards around, so that birds dare not approach it, that vegetation is destroyed beneath its branches, and that man cannot come near it with impunity, are perfectly ridiculous. To prove their absurdity, a friend of mine climbed up a upas tree, and passed two hours in its branches, where he took his lunch and smoked a cigar. The tree, however, does contain poison, and the natives extract the sap, with which they rub their spear and kris blades: wounds inflicted with blades thus anointed are mortal. Such I believe to be the origin of the many fabulous stories that have passed from hand to hand, and from generation to generation, about the upas tree of Java.—*Davidson's Trade and Travel.*

PROMISES.—There is a sort of people in the world of whom the young and inexperienced stand much in need to be warned. These are sanguine promisers. They may be divided into two sorts. The first are those who, from a foolish custom of fawning upon all those they come in company with, have learned a habit of promising to do great kindnesses which they have no thought of performing. The other are a set of warm people, who, while they are lavishing away their promises, have really some thought of doing what they engage for; but afterwards, when the time of performance comes, the sanguine fit being gone off, the trouble or expense appears in another light; the promiser cools, and the expectant is bubbled, or perhaps greatly injured by the disappointment.—*Burgh.*

DRUIDICAL MONUMENTS.—In no other part of England are there so many Druidical monuments remaining as in Devon and Cornwall. The discoveries which Mr. Dray has made among the rocks at Dartmoor warrant the assertion, that, perhaps, there was not a more celebrated station of Druidism than on Dartmoor; one reason for this being the facilities which the masses of granite, everywhere strewn throughout the moor, and the tors that crowned the summit of every hill, afforded for the purpose of their altars, circles, of elisks, and logans (or rocking stones). On the plains of Salisbury nature had done nothing for the grandeur of Druidism, and art had to do all. The architects of Egypt who planned the Pyramids, like the Druids of Stonehenge, had a level country to contend with, and they gave to it the glory of mountains, as far as art may be said to imitate nature in the effects of her most stupendous works. On Dartmoor, the priests of the Britons appropriated the tors themselves as temples, so that what in level countries became the most imposing object, was here considered as a matter of comparative indifference. In such scenes a Stonehenge would have dwindled, in comparison with the granite tors, into insignificance; it would have been as a pyramid at the foot of Snowdon. These tors are rocks which lie piled, mass on mass, in horizontal strata. They are mostly found on the summits of our hills.—*Sherrin's London Magazine.*

THE TWO NEIGHBOURS RECONCILED.—Two merchants of the same city, being neighbours and jealous of each other, lived in a scandalous enmity. One of them, entering into himself, submitted to the voice of religion, which condemned his resentments; he consulted a pious person, in whom he had great confidence, and inquired of him how he should manage, to bring about a reconciliation. "The best means," answered he, "is what I shall now indicate to you; whenever any person shall enter your store in order to purchase, and you have not what suits them, recommend them to go over to your neighbour." He did so. The other merchant being informed of the pious man whom these purchasers came to him, was so struck with the good offices of a man whom he considered his enemy, that he repaired immediately to his house to thank him for it, begged his pardon with tears in his eyes, for the hatred he had entertained against him, and besought him to admit him amongst the number of his best friends. His prayer was heard, and religion closely united those, whom self-interest and jealousy had divided.

FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE.—There are 3,528 perspiration pores in a square inch of the palm of the hand. Each pore is the aperture to a little tube 1-4 of an inch long, consequently there are 882 inches, or 73½ feet of these tubes in a single square inch of the hand! The number of square inches of surface in a man of ordinary size is ascertained to be 2,500; the number of pores, therefore, is 7,000,000; the number of inches of perspiration tube, 1,750,000, that is, 145,833 feet, or 46,800 yards, or nearly 28 miles! Think of it, ye thoughtless! 28 miles exposed to morbid influence.

THE MOTHER.

The incident related in the following lines occurred in 1821, on one of the Green Mountains in Vermont. The mother was a Mrs. Blake, whose child was preserved alive in the manner described.

The cold wind swept the mountain height,
And pathless was the dreary wild—
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child.
As through the drifting snow she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.
And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifting snow,—
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone:
"Oh, God!" she cried, in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child."

She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round her child she wrapt the vest,
And smiled to think her babe was warm.
With one cold kiss a tear she shed,
And sunk upon a snowy bed.

At dawn a traveller came by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil—
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale:
He moved the robe that wrapped the child—
The babe looked up, and sweetly smiled!

—American Paper.

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

Suppose, to illustrate the glorious truth of man's redemption, an enclosure, in some part of our world, many miles in circumference, filled with the diseased, the dying, and the dead. Love, like an angel of mercy, comes down from the upper sanctuary, and looks upon the gigantic enclosure, weeping at the painful spectacle of the dying in all their stages of disease, and the dead sleeping beneath the shadow of despair. Approaching one of the gates, Love finds a sentinel stationed to guard it, and asks his name; he answers, 'I am Truth.' Love asks, 'Is it possible I may enter here to heal the dying, and bid the dead arise?' Truth replies, 'I have written, the soul that sinneth it shall die, and I cannot cancel it.' Love hastens to another gate, and finds another sentinel, and asks his name; and his answer is, 'I am Holiness.' Love says, 'Cannot the dying be restored, and the dead be made to live?' Holiness replies, 'I can permit none that are impure, to escape from their congenial residence, and hold communion with the holy.' Love goes to a third gate, and finds there a sentinel whose name is Justice; Love asks the question, 'Can the dying be healed, can the dead be quickened? May I enter to redeem the one, and to restore the other?' Justice replies, 'I have weighed them in the scales, and it is written upon them all, 'Altogether wanting.' Love asks, 'Then what is to be done? I would recover the dying, I would quicken the dead. How is it possible to accomplish it?' Justice and Truth and Holiness reply, 'If an atonement can be made adequate to our demands, we will surrender the keys entrusted to our care; and not only may the dying be recovered and the dead live, but we will assist to accomplish it.' Love returns to that residence from whence it came, and announces the solemn and faithful fact, that either all living creatures in our lost world must sink into hell forever, or some glorious atonement must be made, so efficacious, that all the attributes of God shall be glorified, and Love enabled to reach and reclaim the perishing guilty. The question is asked, amid the millions of heaven, 'Who will go for us?' Who is prepared to bear the curse and exhaust it, to magnify the law, and make it honorable? All heaven is dumb; angels are dumb, archangels are dumb, the seraphim that burn and glow around the everlasting throne, are dumb. At last, 'a still small voice' proceeds from the throne, as of a Lamb that had been slain, saying, 'Here am I; send me; Lo I come!'—*J. Cumming.*

THE MEGATHERIUM.

A creature belonging to the later Pliocene ages, if not indeed to the era of the Diluvial formation, has been discovered in America, both north and south. This is the *Megatherium*, an animal more widely removed in character from any existing creature, than any of the other fossil remains that have yet been observed. The megatherium was discovered towards the end of the last century. A skeleton almost entire, was found nearly at one hundred feet of depth, in excavations made on the banks of the river Luxan, several leagues to the south-west of Buenos Ayres. The megatherium was a tardigrade (slow-moving) animal, like the sloth, and was at least the size of a common ox. Its limbs were terminated by five thick toes, attached to a series of huge flat metatarsal bones, or those bones with which the toes are continuous, as in the human foot. "Some of the toes (says Buckland, in his notice of this creature) are terminated by large and powerful claws of great length; the bones supporting these claws are composed partly of an axis, or pointed core, which filled the internal cavity of the horny claw; and partly of a bony sheath, that formed a strong case to receive and support its base." These claws, from their position, were admirably calculated for the purpose of digging. The legs of this creature were of enormous thickness, its *thigh-bone being nearly three times the thickness of the same bone in the elephant.* The other bones of the megatherium were almost proportionably heavy. A still more remarkable feature, however, in the animal's structure was the coat of armour, of solid bone, varying from three-fourths of an inch to an inch and a half in thickness, which covered its hide, in the same manner as the armadillo's is encased by the same substance.

The habits and peculiarities of this stupendous sloth—for so the megatherium may be termed—are well described and explained in Dr. Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise. After stating that with the head and shoulders of a sloth, it combined, in its legs and feet, an admixture of the characters of the ant-eater and the armadillo, and resembled them still more in being encased in a coat of armour, he continues, "Its haunches were more than five feet wide, and its body twelve feet long and eight feet high; its feet were a yard in length, and terminated by most gigantic claws; its tail was probably clad in armour, and much larger than the tail of any other beast among living or extinct terrestrial mammalia. Thus heavily constructed, and ponderously accoutred, it could neither run, nor leap, nor climb, nor burrow under the ground, and in all its movements must have been necessarily slow; but what need of rapid locomotion to an animal whose occupation of digging roots for food was almost stationary?—and what need of speed for flight from foes to a creature whose giant carcass was encased in an impenetrable cuirass, and who by a single pat of his paw, or lash of his tail, could in an instant have demolished the cougar or the crocodile? Secure within the panoply of his bony armour, where was the enemy that would dare encounter this behemoth of the Pampas (the South American region where it existed,) or in what more powerful creature can we find the cause that has effected the extirpation of his race?"

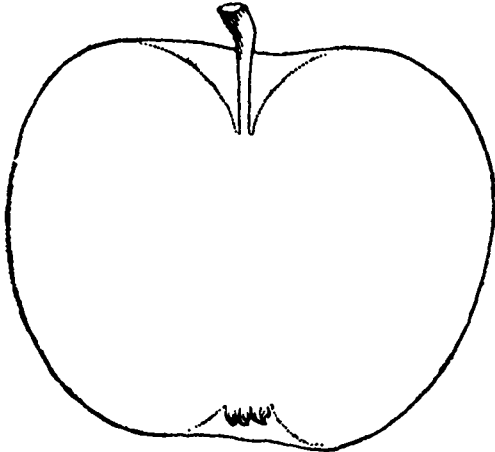
His entire frame was an apparatus of colossal mechanism, adapted exactly to the work it had to do; strong and ponderous, in proportion as this work was heavy, and calculated to be the vehicle of life and enjoyment to a race of quadrupeds, which though they have ceased to be counted among the living inhabitants of our planet, have, in their fossil bones, left behind them imperishable monuments of the consummate skill with which they were constructed.—*Protestant Telegraph.*

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.—When you lie down at night compose your spirits, as if you were not to awake till the heavens be no more. And when you awake in the morning, consider that new day as your last, and live accordingly. Surely that night cometh of which you will never see the morning, or that morning of which you will never see the night, but which of your mornings or nights will be such, you know not. Let the mantle of worldly enjoyments hang loose about you, that it may be easily dopt, when death comes to carry you into another world. When the corn is forsaking the ground, it is ready for the sickle; when the fruit is ripe it falls off the tree easily. So when a Christian's heart is truly weaned from the world he is prepared for death, and it will be more easy for him. A heart disengaged from the world is a heavenly one, and then we are ready for a heaven, when our heart is there before us.—*Barton.*

THREE FINE DESSERT APPLES.

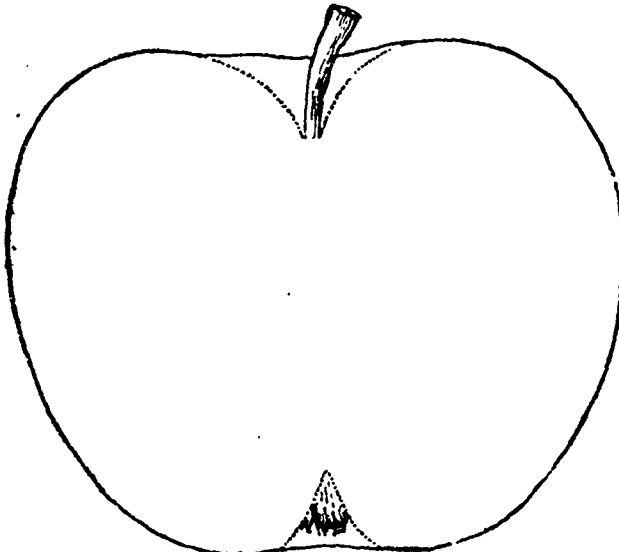
Ross Nonpareil.—An Irish fruit, and in this country, according to Downing, one of the highest flavoured and most delicious of all apples for the dessert, approaching in flavour to some kinds of pears; in England this is a winter fruit, but in this country it is in perfection the last of October, and will keep a month. Fruit rather below medium size, roundish, narrowing a little to the eye. Skin covered with a thin mellow russet, and faintly stained with red on the sunny side. Flesh greenish white, with a rich aromatic fennel flavour. A profuse bearer, and worthy of a place in every garden.

ROSS NONPAREIL.



Baldwin.—A Massachusetts fruit, and more largely cultivated for the Boston market than any other sort; standing at the head of the New England fruits. Fruit large, roundish, narrowing a little to the eye. Skin yellow in the shade, but nearly covered and striped with crimson, red, and orange, in the sun; dotted with a few large russet spots, and radiating streaks of russet about the stalk. Flesh yellowish-white, crisp, with an agreeable mingling of the saccharine and acid, constituting a rich, high flavour. Tree a vigorous upright grower, and bears abundantly. Ripe from November to March; in perfection in January and February.

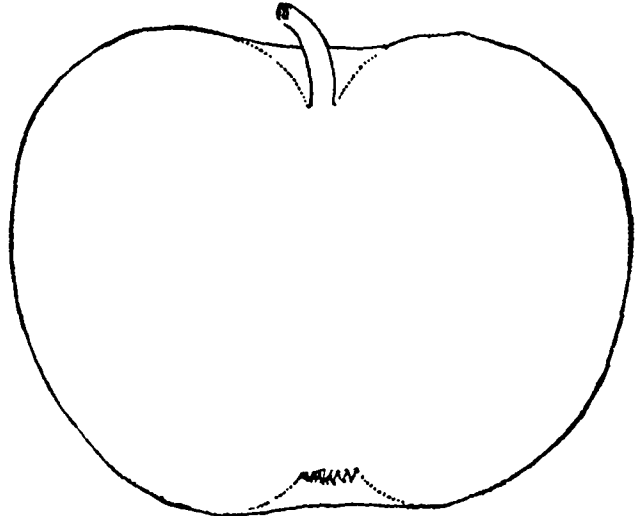
BALDWIN.



Rhode Island Greening.—Is a universal favourite. It succeeds well in almost all parts of the country, and on a great variety of soils, and is, perhaps, more generally esteemed than any other early winter fruit. In the Eastern States where the Newtown pippin does not attain full perfection, this apple takes its place; and in England, it is frequently sold for that fruit, which, however, it does not equal. Fruit large, roundish, a little flattened, pretty regular, but often obscurely ribbed. Skin oily smooth, dark green, becoming pale green when ripe, when it sometimes shows a dull blush near the stalk. Flesh yellow, fine grained, tender, crisp, with an abundance of rich, slightly

aromatic, live'y, acid juico. The tree grows very strongly, and resembles the Fall pippin in its wood and leaves, and bears most abundant crops. The fruit is as excellent for cooking, as for the dessert. In use from November to February; or, in the north, to March.

RHODE ISLAND GREENING.



—Downing's Fruits and Fruit Trees.

OLD ALGERINE PIRATES.

If Africa owns one peculiar district on which her ancestral curse is specially entailed, it is surely that portion of the southern shore of the Mediterranean flanked by the pathless sands of the Desert of Sahara, which is known by the modern appellation of 'Algeria.' In former times, indeed, the hand of the Algerines 'hath been against every man'—and foul were the outrages and cruelties which rendered their city a byword, and their name a reproach.

"Ergo exercentur, penis, veterumque malorum Supplicia expendant." Rhadamanthus himself could not inflict a severer expiation for former license, than their present condition. The red pennon of the pirate is forgotten in the aggressions of the tri-color. Providence—or ambition—has assigned to the 'Great Nation' the task of avenging, and that, perhaps, altogether too ruthlessly, the ancient insults of the lawless corsairs of Algiers.

We propose, in the present article, to take a rapid review of the rise and fall of this piratical state, and to enter into some brief considerations of the position and prospects of its French conquerors.

The north-western coast of Africa has undergone, perhaps, more than the usual vicissitudes to which national as well as individual life is subjected. Mauritania Cesariensis—for such was the name which that district, which we now term Algeria, received from the Romans, when the battle of Thapsus reduced Numidia under their sway, is a region whose most prominent feature is the two parallel chains of mountains which traverse the country from west to east. The southern and more lofty of the two is called the *Great*, and that which fringes the Mediterranean coast, the *Lesser Atlas*. Ancillary ridges, usually stretching north and south, unite at unequal intervals the two masses, and enclose within their arms valleys and table-lands of exquisite fertility; while the northern slopes of the lesser Atlas are covered with the rich and varied vegetation of the East, and yet preserve some of the peculiar advantages of more temperate climates.

This productive colony was lost to the Western Empire, under the third Valentinian. Bonifacius, the imperial governor in Africa, desirous to revolt, but diffident of his own resources, resolved upon an experiment, which is never tried but once, and invoked the aid of a foreign power. Genseric and Gonderic, the young and ambitious leader of the Vandals, having already devastated Spain, cheerfully promised their assistance; and these princes established on the ruins of the kingdom they were summoned to preserve, a dynasty which (though at one time menaced by the famous Belisarius,) continued to sway the north of Africa, until its conquest was achieved, at the close of the seventh century, by the enterprising khalifs of Arabia.

The reduction of the West had indeed been attempted by the Saracens somewhat earlier; for in the year 647 Abdallah, the

father-brother of Othman, led thither an army of 40,000 men; and though this expedition was not entirely successful, it paved the way for future attempts; and Has-an, the Governor of Egypt, established a nominal Arabian supremacy over an immense region, more than 2300 miles in length, comprising under the general name of Barbary, the states of Morocco, Fez, Algiers, Tripoli, and Tunis.

But though the Arabs overcame the resistance of the aboriginals and of the Romans who still remained in the country; and though their half-disciplined and predatory tribes roamed at pleasure through these fertile districts; it was not in the power of such an unconnected and marauding people, whose principal strength lay in their fervent but evanescent religious enthusiasm, to form any lasting projects for the subjugation of the provinces they overran. Many, indeed, settled in the country they had invaded, and in time became exposed, in their turn, to aggressions, such as those by which they had themselves profited. But the greater number, referred the wild charms of a desert life to the sober pleasure to which alone a citizen can aspire. Princes, however, of Arabian blood,—the Zeirides,—reigned over the north-western coast till the beginning of the twelfth century; and it was under their patronage that Abdallah, the marabout,* implanted in the bosom of his countrymen that love of Islamism, which,—if it has imparted to the resistance of their hardy descendants the ferocity of a religious war,—has also stamped it with generous self-devotedness which irresistibly challenges our admiration and our sympathy.

But, in addition to the aboriginal tribes, the remaining Roman colonists, the Vandals, and their Arabian conquerors—and we must add to our list the ubiquitous Jew—another people combined to swell the heterogeneous throng which dwelt in these regions. The Spanish Moors, driven from their native fields in Granada and Andalusia, found here a temporary refuge where they might brood over vain hopes of future revenge.

This confused mass, in course of time, subsided into separate and independent kingdoms—of which Algiers, Morocco, and Tunis, were the most considerable. The history of the two last must from this period be abandoned in order to pursue the fortunes of Algiers itself.

Exposed to all the temptations which situation, poverty, and the hereditary craving for wild and hazardous adventure conspired to afford, it is not strange that the coast of Barbary became the dread of every Mediterranean cruiser; but the maritime depredations of its occupants, however daring, did not attain any formidable degree of organisation till the commencement of the sixteenth century; when the restless ambition of two brothers, in humble station, laid the foundation of that lawless power—'friends of the sea, but enemies of all that sailed thereon'—as they exultingly proclaimed themselves, which for nearly three centuries rendered the name of Algiers at once an object of hatred and of terror.

A potter in the island of Lesbos enjoys the ambiguous celebrity of being the father of these youths. Horuc and Hayraddin have not been the only truants who have shrunk from a life of industry; but seldom has truancy been attended by such disastrous consequences to mankind. Both brothers joined the pirates of the Levant, and Horuc, the elder and more determined villain of the two, soon learned how high a premium, bravery, when united with a total want of humanity and principle, bore among these roving adventurers. With wickedness sufficient to overawe, and with daring to fascinate their comrades, the young Lesbians gained rapidly in resources and influence;—but in all probability would never have aspired beyond command of a few privateers, had not a fortunate conjuncture of circumstances opened to them a field for more permanent conquest.

Spain, even before she sank to the condition of a third-class state in Europe, was never remarkable either for the justice of her arms, or the liberality of her counsels. Not content with persecuting the unhappy Moors with relentless fury, couched under a pretended zeal for the furtherance of Christianity, Ferdinand V., guided by his clever and ambitious minister to the

Cardinal Ximenes, pursued them even to their African retreats. In the year 1505 he despatched to the coast of barbary a powerful force, under Peter Count Navarre; who subdued Crafa—a town which has given its name to one of three Regencies into which Algeria is at present divided, placed there a Spanish garrison and menaced the capital itself.

The Algerines in this extremity summoned to their assistance a prince of Arabian extraction. Selim Eutemi; who enjoyed great influence among the tribes of the desert. This chieftain accepted the sovereignty they offered him, and for a while enabled them to resist the efforts of the generals of Ferdinand. But, in a few years, it was again necessary to resort to foreign aid, and in an ill-advised moment Selim begged succor from Barbarossa (to whom we have already alluded under his more proper name of Horuc.) who at that time became one of the most notorious of the Mediterranean corsairs. The pirate came; and the infatuated Selim went with open arms to greet his future murderer.

Barbarossa, on his arrival, took the command of the fleet and army, and spared no pains to ingratiate himself with the Algerines. A mixture of cruelty and liberality was peculiarly attractive to a people already predisposed to piracy; and when Barbarossa caused Selim to be stabbed in his bath, and himself to be proclaimed king, he found no more serious opposition than a few subsidiary murders, and the distribution of a few bags of sequins, were sufficient to extinguish.

History has not failed to embellish this crime, in itself sufficiently treacherous, with the incidents of romance. It is said that other passions, besides that of ambition, impelled Barbarossa to shed the blood of his suppliant and his host. The innocent incendiary was Zaphira, Selim's Arabian bride, who, on the murder of her husband, repelled with a noble indignation the amorous overtures of the usurper, and—a second but a purer Cleopatra—preferred death itself to rewarding his crimes with her love.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

"Implacable, unmerciful."—Rom. i. 31.

No one needs an interpreter of this, who has turned with horror and sickening disgust, from the accounts of the *amusements* in which the Roman people most delighted, and which consisted in seeing captives and others brought forth to slaughter each other in the theatre, or to engage in mortal combat with wild beasts. Indeed, such fights between couples of men, ending in bloodshed and death, were sometimes provided by the wealthy to amuse the guests at their entertainments. The learned Rosinus, in his 'Antiquitatum Romanarum' (Amstel. 1685), has exhibited his ideas of this last part of the subject by an engraving, the details in which are corroborated by his citations. In this a party of Romans are reclining at table with garlands on their heads, while, for their amusement, the remainder of the banqueting hall is occupied by four pairs of men, engaged, simultaneously, in mortal fight, with sword and shield. One of the men is represented as being just run through the throat by the sword of his adversary, and he is falling towards the table with his blood streaming from the wound.

"FRUITS OF THE GOSPEL."—In Eastern poetry they tell of a wondrous tree, on which grew golden apples and silver bells; and every time the breeze went by, and tossed the fragrant branches, a shower of these golden apples fell, and the living bells they chimed and tinkled forth their airy ravishment. On the gospel tree there grow melodious blossoms—sweeter bells than those which mingled with the pomegranates on Aaron's vest—holy feelings, heaven-taught joys—and when the wind blowing where he listeth, the south-wind waking—when the Holy Spirit breathes upon that soul, there is the shaking down of mellow fruits, and the flow of healthy odours all around, and the gush of sweetest music, whose gentle tones and joyful echoes are wafted through all recesses of the soul. Difficult to name, and too ethereal to define, these joys are on that account but the more delightful. The sweet sense of forgiveness—the conscious exercise of all the devout affections, and grateful and adoring emotions Godward—the full of sinful passions, itself ecstatic music—an exulting sense of the security of the well-ordered covenant; the gladness of surety righteousness, and the kind Spirit of adoption encouraging you to say, "Abba, Father"—all the happy feelings which the Spirit of God increases or creates, and which are summed up in that comprehensive word, "joy in the Holy Ghost."—Rev. J. Hamilton.

* A marabout is the Levite of the Arabs. The distinction is hereditary and is confined to a particular tribe. He is considered a saint both before and after death, and enjoys many privileges and a vast degree of influence. The word marabout is indifferently applied to the tomb or the saint after death.

IMPORTANCE OF COPPER.

Many circumstances concur to induce the belief, that copper will, at no distant day, assume an importance in the economy of the world hitherto unexampled. The prodigious abundance in which this metal has been recently found in Australia, and the almost simultaneous discovery of the copper mines of Lake Superior on this continent, bid fair to increase the supply to an indefinite extent, and, of course, most materially to diminish the price;—a result which will, doubtless, bring it into use in a vast variety of ways hitherto unthought of. In fact, it may become again of as general use as it evidently was in Scripture times under the name of brass. The following paragraph would confirm the idea that new uses for copper are likely to develop themselves rapidly. Iron ships have been considered in several respects superior to wooden ones, but if copper be so much superior to iron for boats, we suppose it would, if sufficiently cheap and abundant, entirely supersede both iron and wood in ship-building, with the decided advantage, that it would never decay, but always be convertible into new vessels, and that the heavy expense of coppering the bottom would be unnecessary. Should this change take place, Canada would still be able to supply the materials for ship-building from the banks of Lake Superior, and our internal communication would assume a greatly increased importance:—

COPPER BOATS.—At the National Fair there is a specimen of a copper boat from the Novelty Works, at New York. This boat is twenty-three feet long, five feet wide, and made of four sheets of copper, stamped in forty minutes to its present shape by powerful machinery. It is impossible for any number of persons to sink her—her strength is four-fold greater than wood boats. It requires one-third less power to propel to the same speed as wood. The copper, after any number of years' wear, will sell for three-fourths first cost. The weight is one-third less than wood, and the water is not absorbed: no caulking, trenailling, or painting is needed. Gigs, cutters, barges, quarter, race, row, club, and ducking boats, from ten to sixty feet, are made of copper or iron, without seams; and up to thirty-two feet long, they are made in four pieces. The strength has been fully tested by dashing them on the rocks, and running against stone piers. They cannot leak or sink.

We subjoin another paragraph, to show that the copper trade from Lake Superior is actually under way on the American side:—

FIRST ARRIVAL OF COPPER.—The steamboat *Franklin*, Captain Edmunds, arrived at Buffalo, N. Y., on the 20th instant, having on board seventy-five tons of copper, from the Cliff mines, belonging to a Pittsburg and Boston company. The cargo is valued at \$300,000. In the masses there was a large sprinkling of silver, which gives them their great value. A finger ring, which was hammered from the native metal, was about half and half silver and copper.

INCIDENTS OF SLAVERY.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 29, 1846.—Up to this time I had not been able to comprehend that the fine-looking, intelligent and well dressed men and women of color that I saw about me were chattels, the subject of trade and barter, like my horse or my cow, but a public sale of slaves enabled me to comprehend the painful reality. A. B. had died, leaving certain debts to be paid by his administrators, and his stock of boys and girls (slaves) was brought to the hammer, according to law, in front of the Court House—the sheriff acting as auctioneer. Jack is produced and offered for sale. The sheriff says, "Gentlemen, the terms of sale are cash. I offer you this fine boy, Jack, —he is warranted sound and in good health; he is docile and ingenious; he is of good disposition, was very devoted to his late master; once saved his master's life while drowning at the risk of his own;—can't bear an abolitionist, (a laugh). How much an I offered for the boy Jack? Jack, how old are you?" "I reckon, massa, I am 22 or 25 years old, don't know exactly." The sheriff says, speaking to his mother,—"Snowball, how old is Jack?" "Reckon 20, massa." Well, Jack is from 20 to 25 years of age. How much is bid? \$200, 300, 200, 225, 225, 250, 250. Jack is a professor of religion; 300, by two bidders. Religion sells high! 300, 300, Jack has no education—can't read or write; 350. Ignorance sells at the same price! 350,—350, 375, 400, 425, 430, 435, 440, 440; do I hear no more? last call bid quick or gone—Gone." Jack is knocked off to a man with a broad hat, who wears a heavy gold chain across his bosom, a handsome Bowie knife in his vest, and a huge cane in his hand.

During this dreadful scene, Jack's mother and sister stand

by awaiting their turn. Need I say to human readers that they were overwhelmed with grief and drowned in tears. Jack watched the bidding as intently as the victim would the knife that was either to sever his bonds or send him to the other world. When a man bid who was known to be a kind master, his face would light up with joy. And a bid from a different quarter would cover his face with an expression of anguish, that must be seen to be appreciated. When he was struck off, he turned pale and sank upon the ground a picture of despair. I thought I could see, beneath that dark skin a white soul wrung by mortal agony. He had been purchased by a slave dealer who bought and sold men, women and children to the sugar planters of Louisiana for gain. His new master seized him by the collar and dragged him away to jail, shaking his cane over his head and swearing as only a slave dealer can swear, that he would load him with irons and cure him of the hysterics. The sister, a comely female of nineteen years of age was next offered and sold, I believe, to a kind master. The mother was then offered for sale on time, for any body's note without endorsement. She was sixty-five years of age or more. She was a woman, and a mother, and a Christian, and her head was white with the blossoms of the grave. "The almond tree had begun to flourish, and the grasshopper had become a burden," and there were no bidders. God spare me from another such sight.

After looking much upon Slavery in its home in the South, I am free to say that, in general the slaves seem to be happy and well treated. Very many kind masters and mistresses will not part families—the humanity of the individual is greater than the humanity of the law. The system sanctions cruelties at which the individual slaveholders revolt. It is a dreadful day for slaves when they are exposed to the tender mercies of the law, when the courts of justice (justice forsooth!) take the place of the human Slaveholder.

The slaves of the south are boisterous in their mirth, always laughing, singing, dancing, and hence the unthinking observer says that they are happy, as though happiness was only manifested by much noise. Let all such go to the county jail, the receptacle of the abandoned, and the wretched, and there he will hear boisterous mirth and glee, exceeding even the slaves. And yet prisoners are not happy, the jail is not a paradise.—*Correspondence of the Buffalo Daily Press.*

CANADA.

[The following extracts are from a letter lately received from our respected agent, Mr Gemmell. We think them so pleasing, as exhibiting the substantial prosperity of Canada, that we take the liberty of inserting them, though not intended for publication.—ED. PEOP. MAG.]

I feel sensibly the presence—yes, more than ever, the presence of the Lord. Often he raises me up, and where least expected, good and kind friends, even among utter strangers. Yesterday, I was invited to dine at a large and respectable farmer's, whose house and table resembled that of an old English gentleman, and nothing of that haughty pride, too common in the old country; and to-day, in another direction, I dined in the house of a farmer, whom, of course, I had never seen before, but who was looking for me. In both I enjoyed heartily, good, substantial, yea, luxuriant fare.

When I went up in the fall as far as Brantford and Paris, I saw and knew comparatively nothing of Canada. I am now going through it, and really mixing with its inhabitants; conversing with, eating with, lodging with its merchants, mechanics, and the cultivators of its rich and fertile soil; for truly, tens of thousands of its acres yield abundance of food for man and beast. It is a valuable, as it is an extensive colony. Speak of Scotland! It in many respects, neither in soil nor scenery, can stand a comparison with Canada. Scotland is far before it in trade and manufactures, but in arable land and agricultural produce it is far behind. Truly this is a land flowing with milk and honey; and the beauty of it is, that every year it is improving.

TAKING IT EASY.—When a stranger treats me with want of respect, said a poor philosopher, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights, but my old and shabby coat and shabby hat, which to say the truth, have no particular claim to adoration. So if my hat and coat choose to fret about it let them; but it is nothing to me." This philosopher, with all his poverty, was rich in wisdom.

THE EVERGREEN.

'Of plants, that verdant still throughout the changing year are seen,
Come tell me which I most may prize, as Halley's evergreen.
The laurel? No; it twines around the blood-stain'd victor's brow
And binds the poet's fever'd head in fancy's wildest glow;
But milder triumphs—o'er myself—are all that I desire;
And calmer joys, whose kindling spark is drawn from holier fire.
The pine? It seeks the mountain top and glories in the gale;
Be't mine, with meek humility to haunt the peaceful vale.
The myrtle? No; 'twas Venus' flower—the type of earthly love;
But perish all that does not own the smile of One above.
The ivy leaf? Ah no! it speaks of ruin and decline;
Destructive is its best embrace; it clasps to undermine.
The cypress? 'Twould but teach the heart to dwell in needless gloom;
Dark guardian of death's victories! stern watcher o'er the tomb!
The palm? Oh yes! 'tis this I love—type of the single eye;
Which, bend it as you may, still shoots right upward to the sky.
'Twas borne, to swell the harvest joy, at that glad festival,
By which the prophet has foretold the distant Gentiles' call;
And when the Son of David once in lowly triumph rode,
Its graceful wavings welcomed him to Salem's loved abode.
It marks, in sacred song, the growth of holy souls, while here,—
And shadows forth their ecstasies, beyond this mortal sphere.
When myrtles cease to speak of love, and ivy of decay;
When pines no longer clime the hills, nor warriors snatch the bay;
When cypress needs no more around the narrow house to wave.
Because the voice of Christ hath called the slumbers from the grave;
Still, still remains the rest above, the deep celestial calm,
The joy of harvest in the heavens—the bright unfading palm.

* *Lat. xxiii. 40; Ecc. xiv. 16.20; John xii. 13; Psa. xcii. 12; Rev. vii. 9.*
—James Halley.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been laid on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said
Let little ones come unto me.

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there;
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

—Methodist Protestant.

THE RANCHEROS OF MEXICO.—The *Rancheros*, part of the *materia* of the Mexican army, are half Indian and half Spanish in their extraction: gaunt, shrivelled, though muscular in their frames, and dark and swarthy visaged as they are, these men are the Arabs of the American continent. Living half the time in the saddle, for they are unrivalled horsemen, with lasso in hand they traverse the vast plains in search of buffalo and wild horse. The killing of these animals, or the preparation and sale of their hides are their sole means of livelihood. Their costume generally consists of a pair of tough hide leggins, with sandals of the same material, bound together with leather thongs, over which is a blanket, with a hole, in the centre large enough to allow the head to be thrust out and which falls not ungracefully over their shoulders, leaving ample room to the play of their arms. Add to this a broad straw *sombrero*, and the lasso hanging ready for use in his girdle, and you have the *Ranchero* as he appears in the time of peace. Join to this a long lance with a sharp spear head, and his belt plentifully supplied with pistols and knives, and you have the *Ranchero* as a member of a troop of banditti, or as a soldier in a body of cavalry. Their power of enduring fatigue is almost inexhaustible, and a scanty meal per diem of jerked beef and plantain suffices them during months. These are the men who comprise the great body of the Mexican cavalry, and they are to the armies of that nation what the Cossacks are to the Russians—ever on the alert, never to be surprised, and untiring in the pursuit of the foe, when plunder, no matter how trifling, is to be obtained.—(*Philadelphia Ledger.*)

INTERIOR RIVERS AND LAKES OF THE NEW WORLD.—Differing so much from the Atlantic side of our continent, in coast, mountain, and rivers, the Pacific side differs from it in another most rare and singular feature, that of the Great Interior Basin, of which I have so often spoken, and the whole form and character of which I was so anxious to ascertain. Its existence is vouched for by such of the American traders and hunters as have some knowledge of that region. The structure of the Sierra Nevada range of mountains requires it to be there, and my own observations confirm it. Mr. Joseph Walker, who is so well acquainted in those parts, informed me that, from the Great Salt Lake west, there was a succession of lakes and rivers which have no outlet to the sea, nor any connexion with the Columbia, or with the Colorado of the Gulf of California. He described some of these lakes as being large, with numerous streams, and even considerable rivers falling into them. In fact, all concur in the general report of these interior rivers and lakes; and, for want of understanding the force and power of evaporation, which so soon establishes an equilibrium between the loss and supply of waters, the fable of whirlpools and subterraneous outlets has gained belief, as the only imaginable way of carrying off the waters which have no visible discharge. The structure of the country would require this formation of interior lakes, for the water which would collect between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, not being able to cross this formidable barrier, nor to get to the Columbia or the Colorado, must naturally collect into reservoirs, each of which would have its little system of streams and rivers to supply it. This would be the natural effect, and what I saw went to confirm it. The Great Salt Lake is a formation of this kind, and quite a large one, and having many streams and one considerable river four hundred or five hundred miles long, falling into it. This lake and river I saw and examined myself, and also saw the Wasatch and Bear River Mountains which inclosed the waters of the lake on the east, and constitute, in that quarter, the rim of the Great Basin. Afterwards, along the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada, where we travelled for forty-two days, I saw the line of the lakes and rivers which lie at the foot of that Sierra, and which Sierra is the rim of the Basin.—*Fremont's Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains*

NEWS.

RAPID INCREASE OF MANCHESTER.—From a report prepared by the Chief Constable, and read by Alderman Kay, at a recent meeting of the Town Council, it appears that since the census was taken in 1841, there has been a clear addition of 59,770 souls to the population of the borough, being more than the increase from 1831 to 1841, which was 53,373. The entire population is now reckoned at 295,277.

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—From a summary of the report we extract the following particulars;—The income of the society, for the year ending December 31, 1845, has reached £112,823 9s. 6d., being an advance upon that for 1844 of £7,136 3s. 11d. Of this total, the sum of £92,115 17s. 2d has been raised at home. This home receipt includes £4,486 9s. 8d. contributed as juvenile Christmas offerings: the whole juvenile effort for the year is believed to have raised nearly £5,500. In this total there is also included £11,674 4s. 7d. received from various foreign stations; being an increase in that item of £1,897 0s. 5d. The society's expenditure in 1845 amounted to £104,366 19s. Here there is a decrease of £4,821 7s. 3d. as compared with 1844, which is mainly to be ascribed to the good and kindly feeling and spirit of willing sacrifice evinced by the missionaries themselves, and by the people to whom they minister; and also to the economising operation of certain financial arrangements adopted and directed by the committee, in reference to their annual grants to the dependent stations. Twenty-three missionaries, and six wives of missionaries, have been sent out by the society during the year.—Seven missionaries have been removed by death.

The following passage occurs in the Rev. John Wesley's journal, bearing date July 27, 1787:—"I was invited to breakfast, at Bury, by Mr Peel, a calico printer, who, a few years ago, began with £500, and is now supposed to have £50,000." He was the father of the Prime Minister of England.

WHAT WE ARE.—This country has a frontier line of more than 10,000 miles. We have a line of sea coast of nearly 4,000 miles; a lake coast of 1,200 miles. One of our immense rivers is twice the size of the Danube, the largest river in Europe. The Ohio is 600 miles longer than the Rhine, and the Hudson has a navigation of 120 miles longer than the Thames. The single State of Virginia is a third larger than England. Ohio contains 5,120,000 acres more than Scotland—from Maine to Ohio is farther than from London to Constantinople, and so we might go on and fill pages, enumerating distances, rivers, lakes, capes, and bays, with comparative estimates of size, power, and population.

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