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THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

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No. 30

THE UNANSWERED PRAYER.

BY WILLIAM R. TAPPAN.

"Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!"

No moon or planets ruled the hour
When Jesus, wrapped in deeper shade,
And pressed by an infernal power,
At midnight, in the garden prayed.
He asked, who never asked in vain—
And sighs embalmed the heavy air—
That hence might pass the cup of pain,
Yet His was an unanswered prayer.

I go in vision where He lies,
Forsaken in His utmost need;
I see His terrors, hear His cries,
For whom there's none to intercede.
The night dews wet His burning brow,
The moaning breezes lift His hair,
Why crowd these horrors on Him now?
And wherefore this unanswered prayer?

It may not pass—that tearful cup—
Though mortal flesh and spirit shrink;
Insulted Law has filled it up,
The world is lost, and He must drink.
No pity for His doom is shown
Who comes unmeasured wrath to bear;
The quick cross lightning guards the throne,
And wards off that unanswered prayer.

O had that cup but passed from Him,
And Calvary borne a stainless tree,
In Heaven might range the Cherubim,
But *where*, my spirit, wouldst thou be?
To break the cruel yoke of Sin,
To raise from rags Creation's heir,
The rebel to repentance win,
Must this remain unanswered prayer.

Unanswered—that forevermore
Should contrite cries the boon obtain;
That he who knocks at Mercy's door
In truth, might never knock in vain.
Then strengthened be thy bo'd intent,
In all thy need to Him repair,
And He will teach thee to present
What shall not be Unanswered Prayer.

ACTIVITY.

Open the casement, and rise with the Sun:
His gallant journey is just begun:
Over the hills his chariot is roll'd,
Banner'd with glory, and burnished with gold.—
Over the hills he comes sublime,
Bridegroom of Earth, and brother of Time!

Day hath broken, joyous and fair:
Fragrant and fresh is the morning air.—
Beauteous and bright those orient hues,
Balmy and sweet these early dews;
O, there is health, and wealth, and bliss,
In dawning Nature's motherly kiss!

Lo, the wonderful world awakes,
With its rosy-tipped mountains and gleaming lakes,

With its fields and cities, deserts and trees,
Its calm old cliffs, and its sounding seas,
In all their gratitude blessing him
Who dwelleth between the Cherubim!

Break away boldly from Sleep's leaden chain;
Seek not to forge that fetter again;
Rather, with vigour and resolute nerve,
Up, up, to bless man, and thy Master to serve,
Thankful, and hopeful, and happy to raise
The offering of prayer, and the incense of praise.

Gird thee, and do thy watching well,
The duty of Christian sentinel!
Sloth and Slumber never had part
In the warrior's will, or the patriot's heart;
Soldier of God on an enemy's shore!
Let Slumber and Sloth enthrall thee no more.

THE LAST CHARGE OF THE OLD GUARD.

From Headley's *Napoleon and his Marshals*.

At length a dark object was seen to emerge from the distant wood, and soon an army of 30,000 men deployed in the field of Waterloo, and began to march straight for the scene of conflict. Blucher and his Prussians had come, but no Grouchy, who had been left to hold them in check, followed after. In a moment Napoleon saw that he could not sustain the attack of so many fresh troops, if once allowed to form a junction with the allied forces, and so he determined to stake his fate on one bold cast, and endeavour to pierce the allied centre with a grand charge of the old guard, and thus throwing himself between the two armies, fight them separately. For this purpose the imperial guard were called up, which had remained inactive during the whole day, and divided into two immense columns, which were to meet at the British centre. That under Reille no sooner entered the fire than it disappeared like mist. The other was placed under Ney, the "bravest of the brave," and the order to advance given. Napoleon accompanied them part way down the slope, and halting for a moment in a hollow, addressed them in his fiery impetuous manner. He told them the battle rested with them, and that he relied on their valor. "*Vive l'Empereur!*" answered him with a shout that was heard all over the field of battle.

He then left them to Ney, who ordered the charge. Bonaparte has been blamed for not heading this charge himself; but he knew he could not carry that guard so far or hold them so long before the artillery, as Ney. The moral power the latter carried with him, from the reputation he had gained of being the "bravest of the brave," was worth a whole division. Whenever a column saw him at their head, they knew that it was to be victory or annihilation. With the exception of Macdonald, I do not know a general in the two armies who could hold his soldiers so long in the very face of destruction as he.

The whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith—now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and his charge to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single charge. The intense anxiety with which he watched

the advance of that column, and the terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle wrapped it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek wrung on every side, "*la garde recule,*" "*la garde recule,*" makes us for the moment forget all the carnage in sympathy for his distress.

Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum, or a blast of a bugle to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons and whole battalions disappearing at once, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on.

The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he scarcely mounted another before it also sunk to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till five had been shot under him. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot, with drawn sabre, at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzle they pressed, and driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the British lines. But at that moment a file of soldiers, who had lain flat on the ground, behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley in their faces. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled. Ney was borne back in the reflux tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone, and fallen on his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to fly, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavoured to stem the terrific current, and would have done so had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks. For a long time these squares stood and let the artillery plough through them. But the fate of Napoleon was writ, and though Ney doubtless did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star that had blazed so brightly over the world went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle. It was worthy of his great name, and the charge of the old guard at Waterloo, with him at the head, will be pointed to by remotest generations with a shudder.

CANADIAN DISTILLERIES.

(Translated from the *Manuel de la Temperance.*)

Do you see in the cities, and unfortunately already in some of your most beautiful country places, those immense distilleries set up?

What is that thick, black smoke which escapes from them, and darkens every thing, even the rays of the sun?

That smoke which rises up to heaven, cries for vengeance against you.

That smoke! * * * it is your substance, it is your children's bread, it is the inheritance of your fathers.

Yes, your blood, the sweat of your brow, your riches, your religion, all will be swallowed up and lost, at the counter of the merchant, the distillery, and the tavern.

And do not say, like some senseless persons, "We are fortunate in having these distilleries, for they purchase our grain, and increase the value of it."

If you purchased neither beer nor whisky, you might indeed have some profit in getting a high price for your grain at the distillery. But that supposition is impossible: for as soon as you had, as we hope you soon will have, the wisdom to drink only the water so pure, and so wholesome, which the good God offers you every where, the distilleries would be ruined and

all. And the day in which they fall should be for you, for your family, and for your parish, a day of joy. It would then be proved to you, that it is not the distillery that supports you, but rather you who support it, and enrich it by your intemperance.

We conjure our fellow citizens, and particularly those amongst them to whom God, in calling them to direct the press seems to have given commission to enlighten and improve the people, to use the knowledge, and the irresistible power they have on the public mind, to paralyze and stop the erection of those gigantic distilleries, the multiplicity of which should grieve the eye of the patriot as much as that of the moralist. Let us tell the truth, and all the truth to our people. Let us show them that if they wish to draw down the blessings of Heaven on their fields, it is not by having their grain changed into poison in the distillery that they will succeed. Let us show them that though, for the moment, they may appear to have increased their income, before many years they will be grievously convinced of their error, for as the distilleries multiply, the use of liquors will increase; a thousand new snares will be put in the way of the youth; a thousand new traps will be so well laid for them every where, that it will be almost impossible for them to escape, and which sooner or later, will bring ruin on their persons and fortunes.

Let us repeat to the people every day, if necessary, this first principle of political economy, which is never to do any thing though it may for the time appear advantageous, which tends to encourage vice and immorality. It would be infinitely better to grow wheat, than any of those grains which distillers use. And in any case where the ground can produce none but the latter, it would be better for the country in general, if they were made use of to fatten meats for exportation, than exchange them for liquors. * * * Let us show them that the system of free trade opens an unfailing market for their wheat. And that even though they should sell it at a low price, they have nothing to fear, for a man can never suffer while his granaries are full of wheat, if he slakes his thirst with the pure water of his fountain, if he can moderate his desires, and think himself and his family as respectably dressed with the fleece of his own sheep, as with the cloth of Europe, which, though fine, is expensive.

It is a well known fact, that nothing will so soon bring ruin on a parish, as to set up a distillery in it. The more it prospers, the more rapidly will the parish sink into poverty. This is too clear to require proof.

The distillery! It is the forge where the chains are being prepared to bind your hands and feet, the more easily to force you from your homes.

The distillery! It is the citadel from whence the Devil continually hurls his fiery darts to consume your houses and fields, and to reduce them to ashes.

The distillery! Ah! it is like a fiery cloud which, passing over your heads and falling in a rain of fire, as it did formerly in Sodom, will cover your country with ruin and tears.

The cholera which swept away the tenth of you, and the fly which devoured your harvests these past years, have not done you half as much harm as the distilleries will, if you have the misfortune to accustom yourselves and your children to use the poison they prepare, no matter under what name.

We read in a Montreal French journal of the 14th Dec., a long congratulatory article on the prosperity of the distilleries. It was there said. "Four million gallons of whisky have been distilled in the City of Montreal alone, in 1846." It affirms that "one of these establishments alone, does not consume less than 1800 bushels of grain every day."

Truly it is incredible that such a fact should be matter of rejoicing, and should be announced to one's countrymen, as an event of happy omen.

What! you admit that no manufacture is encouraged in Canada, that a pin or a button cannot yet be made there; we must send to England for the cloth for our coats, and even the straw bonnets for the women. One branch only receives encouragement, almost incredible, and the only and immediate result of that, is to cause torrents of tears to flow, and to carry ruin, desolation, opprobrium and death into the heart of a thousand families; and it is strange that you feel able to congratulate your fellow countrymen on it!

In a country which has just been smitten stroke after stroke, by all the scourges, pestilence, civil war, famine, and by such

conflagrations as have struck the whole world with stupor, do you know what causes the hearts of some men to pant for joy? Hear the great news: Montreal has furnished the country this year, with four million gallons of whisky!!!

Poor children, who by thousands are in want of bread, of clothes, and fuel, because your parents are drunkards: oh! console yourselves:—your parents will never be in want of whisky. Montreal does not distil less than ten thousand nine hundred and four gallons every day!

Unfortunate women, the number of whom is daily and rapidly increasing, who have to endure the brutalities of a drunken husband, wipe away your tears:—four million gallons of whisky have been distilled this year, in the City of Montreal alone; and it is hoped, seeing the progress of civilisation, and the march of intellect, that this quantity will be doubled next year!

Fathers and mothers of families, you whose children go daily to the tavern, and the house of refreshment, and forget the sentiments of propriety and religion, which they had imbibed at the paternal fireside; console yourselves and hope all things from the future:—the distilleries are in the most prosperous state. To assist you in bringing back into the paths of honour and virtue your numerous families, they distil for you each hour of the day and night not less than four hundred and forty-four gallons of whisky of the first quality, at twenty-five coppers the half gallon unreduced!

Canadians of all ranks, open your breasts to feelings of the most lively joy. The country is saved. Our dear Canada will soon rank among the greatest, strongest, and most intelligent nations. A futurity of unbounded prosperity is opening before you; and if you have any doubts on the subject, come into the distilleries and see the prodigious quantity of whisky they issue every day, and which carry every where peace, happiness, and plenty!!!

With all due respect to the intentions of the estimable writer with whom we contend, we must say, that too much has been said of the amount of money which the distilleries circulate among the public, and the price given for grain, while not a word is said of the enormous sums taken from the people yearly. To hear our modern economists speak, one would think that Messrs., the distillers, after having paid a good price for the grain, give their beer and whisky gratis. Have these four million gallons of whisky distilled in one year, in Montreal, been exported? No, (with the exception of 3074 gallons sent to England, within the last two years) all has been drunk and consequently paid for, by our poor and unhappy people.

The traffic with the distillery, is, in every respect, ruinous to the people, and to be convinced of this we need but look at the following table, which is only the history of the trade carried on between the people and the distillery in figures.

Dr.	1st January, 1846.	
The Distillery to the Canadian people, for Barley, Rye, and Oats, received.		\$1,000,000
Dr.	30th December, 1846.	
The Canadian people to the Distillery, for Rum, Whisky, Beer, &c., delivered,		\$2,000,000
Balance against the people.		\$1,000,000

Oh! we would that God would deign to give to our feeble voice the needful strength and authority, to enable us to make the truth penetrate everywhere: and we would say to our fellow citizens.—Guard against the distilleries, and those who extol their imaginary benefits.

The high price they give for your grain, is an illusion, and not a real advantage, for if a million of dollars have been put into your hands, as the price of your grain, in the autumn of 1845, means have been found in the course of the year, not only to make you bring back that sum to the distillery, but you have been induced to double it; and for a million dollars that they appeared to give you, they have taken two millions from you.

TWO METHODS OF DIRECTING SINNERS TO REPENT.

By the Rev. J. S. Christmas.

“There are two methods pursued by ministers and professing Christians in their directions to inquiring sinners, one of which is unwarranted and therefore dangerous, the other is scriptural and therefore safe. When those who pursue the first method are asked by any one, *What must I do to be saved?* they tell him to repent and believe, and so far correctly. When the

sinner replies, that he cannot do it, they tell him ‘to pray to God to give him a heart for it; to continue in the use of the means in the hope that he shall find grace; to lie at the pool of ordinances until the Spirit shall descend to bless him.’

“Now, this counsel given to an inquirer, *directly tends to stifle his convictions, is a virtual relinquishment of God’s claim on the heart, is an inconsistent direction to do what is as difficult as repentance itself, and is contrary to scriptural direction and scriptural example.*

“Such a counsel directly tends to stifle a sinner’s convictions. His conscience has been disturbed. He feels the force of God’s demands upon his love and obedience; and it is an unwillingness to comply with these demands, and a sense that he must, if he would be saved, that wrings his heart with anguish. Just at this time his spiritual guide, instead of pressing home his obligations, tells him to ‘use the means, and lie at the pool, wait. ‘g God’s time.’ Glad to catch at any thing rather than immediately comply with them, he uses the means, and prays and reads, and reads and prays, and thinks he is now doing his duty. His conscience is relieved, his distress disappears, and he consoles himself with the thought, that if he is not saved it will not be his fault. Thus are his convictions quenched and his fears allayed, by saying *peace, peace, when there is no peace.* The temporary relief thus afforded is the reason why such preaching and such directions are so welcomed by the unregenerate, and why it is called such hard doctrine to preach immediate submission, a circumstance which sometimes solicits a minister to ‘ave the plain dealing of truth.

“In the next place, such a direction is a virtual relinquishment of God’s claim on the heart. When the sinner objects to the gospel injunction to repent, that he ‘cannot,’ he is only expressing his repugnance to the duty. It is not true that he cannot, in any other sense than that he *will not.* To direct him then to ‘use the means,’ in order to get perchance a better heart, is to allow that the objection is valid. Of consequence it follows that God has no right to make such a demand, and the sinner is under no obligation to comply with it. The point in controversy between God and the sinner, viz., his claim on the heart, is conceded to the sinner, and his spiritual guide authorizes him for the present to render something else and something less than his heart, viz., an attendance on the means; authorizes him to continue a little longer in rebellion against God, authorizes him to cherish his heart of enmity until God shall give him a better.

“In the next place, such a direction is inconsistent, for it calls on him to do what is as repugnant to the sinner’s feelings as repentance itself. It is presumed that no one who gives such a direction, would advise the sinner to read and pray and hear in an unbelieving and impenitent manner. But to use these means with penitence and faith, implies that he has already done the duty which the direction evades.

“And finally, such a direction is contrary to scriptural instruction and example. The Bible no where admits that the sinner cannot comply with his duty. It no where directs him to use the means of grace in order to get a heart to repent. It fearlessly directs him to repent, taking it for granted that he can if he will, and there it leaves the matter, and there it leaves the sinner to meet the consequences of impenitence.

“In accordance with this is every direction given to sinners by the preachers of holy writ. Isaiah says, *Wash you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings, cease to do evil, learn to do well.* He calls upon the *wicked man to forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts.* Jeremiah calls upon backsliders in Israel to *circumcise themselves to the Lord, and take away the foreskins of their hearts.* Ezekiel says, *Cast away from you all your transgressions, whereby ye have offended, and make you a new heart and a new spirit.* Joel calls upon sinners in danger to *turn unto the Lord with all their hearts.* John the Baptist came preaching in the wilderness, saying, *Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.* When the Redeemer began to preach, he said, *Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.* The Apostles, in their preaching, made the same unqualified demand of immediate repentance. When the three thousand, on the day of Pentecost, said, *Men and brethren what must we do?* the only direction the Apostle gave them was, *Repent, and be baptised, every one of you, for the remission of sins.* On another occasion he said to the multitude, *Repent ye therefore*

and be converted. that your sins may be blotted out. James says, *Cleanse your hands, ye sinners, and purify your hearts, ye double-minded.* In all these instances there was no allowance made for the moral impotence of sinners. The duty of sinners was pointed out, and obligation enforced; but there was no direction to pray to get the disposition to do their first and immediate duty. Nor dare we, if we would conform to apostolical example, pursue a different course.

"If it be said that this places sinners in a hard case, we reply, that they cannot be placed in any different situation until they repent. It is the situation their own impenitence places them in, nor can any relief be warrantably given until they do repent. The Gospel has not a word of encouragement until you do this; and when this is done, it is all mercy, and there will be time enough to offer the balm of its consolations. There is no by-road to heaven, there is no entrance to the narrow way but by the strait gate. We must exhort you to repent and believe the gospel. We dare direct to nothing as a substitute for this, to nothing which implies its procrastination. For there is no time to lose. The next resolve may be, *Cut him down, why cumbereth he the ground.* The next discovery of the sinner may be that he is in a world where it is too late to repent. Our next meeting may be at the bar of God, where you shall not have it to say that you were directed to use the means and wait God's time, instead of immediate repentance, and a cordial surrender of your whole hearts to your Creator, Benefactor, Redeemer, and Judge."

THE ABORIGINES.

The following description of the deterioration of the Indians of the Lower Provinces, by the introduction of the vices of white men, is from an old French work by Mons. Deny. It describes them as affected by an intercourse of only 30 or 40 years:—

"Their funeral services continue the same, but they no longer deposit in the tomb so many articles, or make so many offerings to their *manitou*, they are less superstitious and more interested. Their festivals are kept up as usual; the women take no part in them; they have their harangues and dances as heretofore, but the result is not the same; since they drink wine and spirits they often resort to blows. When drunk they are all great captains, and they quarrel about their rank and importance. At the commencement a little wine and spirits intoxicated them. But since they frequent the fishing vessels they have no taste for wine and drink only spirits; they are never satisfied till they get drunk, and then they fight. The women, however, frequently succeed in getting away their guns, axes, spears, arrows, and even their knives, before they begin to drink, otherwise the women would not dare to interfere, and when they succeed they carry off all these weapons to the woods and hide themselves with their children, and never return till the day after the men have got sober. The fights among the Indians, when the arms are thus carried away, are with the poles of their cabins which they pull to pieces to get these weapons, and then the poor women must go to the woods, get other poles and bark, and if they complain they are sure to be beaten.

"These scenes frequently recur. They give all the proceeds of their hunting and even their effects to the fishermen for spirits, till they are completely ruined. Most of the articles traded with the Indians, are furnished by the shipowners, for the use of the officers and crew, and paid for at the expenses of the ship.

"The settlers on the shore were also in the habit of giving to each of the Indians, men and women, who visited them, a glass of brandy and some bread and tobacco, both on their arrival and departure. This custom had been introduced with a view of encouraging to visit the ports, that they might be more readily converted and instructed in the Christian Religion; and the Jesuit missionaries had obtained great success in this pious work, but they have been obliged to withdraw, finding it impossible to do any good among people kept in a constant state of drunkenness by their trade and intercourse with the shipping.

"There is hardly a year in which less than seven or eight Indians are killed in consequence of their drinking. Even the women begin to drink, and lose their former character for modesty and chastity. The men curse and swear, and steal, and proceed to acts of revenge and murder. They have even plundered some fishing vessels and boats, and when we complain they immedi-

ately answer that we have done the same thing to one another, every one having recourse to fraud in trading, and even fighting with each other, and taking whatever we desired, when we happened to be the strongest."—*Deny's Description Geog.*

BRILLIANT WHITEWASH.

As the season of whitewashing and house cleaning has come, we cannot serve our readers better than by giving them the following:—

Much is said of the brilliant stereo whitewash, on the east of the President's house at Washington. The following is a receipt for making it, with some additional improvements learned by experiment:—

Take half a bushel of nice, unslacked lime: slack it with boiling water, covering it, during the process, to keep in the steam. Strain the liquor through a small sieve or strainer, and add to it a peck of clean salt, previously well dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice, mixed to a thin paste, and stirred in when boiling hot; half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting, and a pound of clean glue, which has been previously dissolved by first soaking it well and then hanging it over a slow fire, in a small kettle, within a larger one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the whole mixture, stir it well, and let it stand a few days covered from the dirt. It should be put on quite hot; for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about one pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house, if properly applied. Brushes more or less fine may be used, according to the neatness the job requires. It retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it, either for outside or inside walls. Colouring matter may be put in, and made of any shade you like. Spanish brown stirred in will make a red or a pink, more or less deep, according to quantity. A delicate tinge of this is very pretty for inside walls. Finely pulverized common clay, well mixed with Spanish brown, before it is stirred into the mixture, makes it a lilac colour. Lamp black in moderate quantities makes a slate colour, very suitable for the outside of buildings. Yellow ochre stirred in makes a yellow-wash, but chrome goes further, and makes a prettier colour. In all these cases, the darkness of the shade will of course be determined by the quantity of the colouring matter used. It is difficult to make a rule, because the tastes are very different; it would be best to try experiments on a shingle and let it dry. I am told that green must not be mixed with lime; the lime destroys the colour, and the colour has an effect on the whitewash which makes it crack and peel. When walls have been badly smoked, and you wish to have them a clean white, it is well to squeeze indigo plentifully through a bag into the water you use before it is stirred into the whole mixture. If a larger quantity than five gallons is wanted, the same proportions should be observed.

APPLES OF GOLD.

Now he who stablisheth us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us, in God; who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts. 2 Cor. i. 21, 22: Eph. i. 14.

A sensible joy of faith, and great delight in prayer, are not the only evidences of this earnest and sealing of the Spirit; these sometimes are wanting, when we know we are sealed by these marks; namely, when we receive Christ in all his offices, and have a sincere desire to do the will of God in all things; when we love the ordinances of Christ, and regard the children of God with a brotherly affection, and seek to do them good; when we hate sin, and watch and pray against it; and, lastly, when we are poor in spirit, vile in our own eyes, and led into further acquaintance with Christ himself, and with his gospel, by the Spirit. These are constant marks even for the weakest.

Why should the children of a King
Be mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

CHINESE AGRICULTURE.



Chinaman watering his crops.

The husbandman belongs to a privileged class of the population in China. In importance, immunity, and honour, he is next to the Mandarin and the man of letters; and from the remotest antiquity, his avocation has been styled, "The grand science of the citizen and of the prince." The great maxim of the government has been, that agriculture is the true source of national prosperity and wealth; and, keeping this principle in view, they have, in practice, afforded every possible encouragement and security to the cultivators of the soil. Even the emperor himself, "the son of heaven," thinks it not beneath him once a year to be a tiller of the ground; for on the arrival of spring time, he repairs in splendid pomp to a piece of land, marked out for the purpose, attended by his suite of officers; and, after prostrating himself on the ground nine times, in a prayer prepared by the court of ceremonies, he invokes the benediction of Tien, the God of heaven, on the industry of himself and of his subjects. Then, as the high priest of the empire, he sacrifices a bullock, during the offering of which a plough, drawn by a pair of oxen, and richly ornamented, is brought to the emperor, who, throwing aside the robes of majesty, puts his hand to the plough, and, in the presence of his princes, mandarins, and peasantry, opens up a few ridges of land, and casts in the first seed of the season; a ceremony which is performed on the same day by the viceroys of the different provinces throughout the kingdom.

Perhaps two thirds of the inhabitants of China are employed in the manual labours of the field; and, without exaggeration, they may be spoken of as the happiest and the most independent of the nation; for although they pay to the amount of a tenth annually to the emperor, they have neither priesthood nor poor to support, unless the poor of their own families, for whom all classes are bound to provide. The monarch is the universal emperor of the soil, and the tithe exacted from it is the whole rent paid by the farmer. But though the cultivator is thus in a manner tenant at will, he is never disturbed in his possession, so long as he continues to pay his land tax, and he has the power of letting out any part, or the whole, if he please, to another. By this means the lands are almost equally divided among the growers of grain, and there are no immense farmers or monopolisers of produce who can command the market, while they exclude others of less capital and enterprise. Of the extent of land brought under culture it is impossible for us to speak with precision; but from the latest census, published by order of the government, it appears that there are about six hundred and forty millions five hundred and seventy-six thousand three hundred and eighty-one English acres under proper tillage, the greatest part of which is devoted to the production of food for man alone. "In China," observes Mr. Medhurst, "the natives make no use of butter or cheese, and very seldom of milk; the principal animal food is pork, which is generally home fed; they have few horses for travelling, pomp, or war; and the only cattle they keep are such as are needed in husbandry; hence there are no grazing farms, no meadows, and very little pasture; while every acre of ground capable of cultivation is turned up by the spade or plough, in order to afford sustenance for the teeming inhabi-

tants. A common is quite unusual throughout the eastern half of China; while parks and pleasure grounds are proportionably scarce, as the anxiety to satisfy the appetite prevails over this desire for amusement. Against the eating of beef the Chinese have a strong prejudice; not so much on account of religious scruples, as because oxen are used in husbandry, and they think it a shame, after a poor animal has been labouring all his life in their service, to cut him to pieces at last, and then to feed upon his flesh, and make shoes of his hide!

The great staple article of food is rice, of which there are two crops annually; but besides this, in some districts, the Chinese agriculturist cultivates barley, maize, millet, wheat, peas, beans, and other garden vegetables not indigenous to Europe. In the culture of the first mentioned article, which is their staff of life, the growers display great industry and ingenuity in their system of irrigation, and their economy of the water, which is indispensable to its produce.

Besides their canals and artificial rivulets, which intersect every part of the empire, they dig reservoirs to catch the rain or the water that may descend from the upper lands; and this they distribute by means of wheels, levers, chain pumps, swinging buckets, and by other hydraulic machines, worked by the hands or feet, and sometimes by a buffalo. On their implements of husbandry, much praise cannot be expended. The plough is very simple in structure, and is inferior to the worst of ours fifty years ago. Even their best plough does not turn up the earth to the depth of more than six inches, so that new soil is never reached, and being worn out, the mould requires the addition of an immense quantity of manure, in the procuring of which the Chinese are astonishingly industrious; for, among this extraordinary people, even the hair of the human head, and the shavings of the beard are collected, and preserved for the purposes of agriculture. Every barber—a numerous body in China, where all the head being shaved, except a lock behind, few men have dexterity enough to shave themselves—is always provided with a small bag in which he carefully deposits the locks and shavings he cuts off, which are indeed considered excellent manure. According to the missionaries, they cut off the bristles and even shave their swine, the hair of which is esteemed most valuable for giving strength and vigour to their rice lands. "In short," as Mr. Barrow remarks, "it may be literally said in this country, that nothing is permitted to be lost."—*London Sunday School Magazine.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

"Divided them in the midst."—Gen. xv. 10.

This very solemn form of ratifying a covenant is again particularly mentioned in Jer. xxxiv. 18. It consisted in cutting the throat of the victim, and pouring out its blood. The carcass was then divided, lengthwise, as nearly as possible into two equal parts, which being placed opposite to each other at a short distance, the covenanting parties approached at the opposite ends of the passage thus formed, and meeting in the middle took the customary oath. The practice was by no means peculiar to the Hebrews. Traces of it may be found in the Greek and Roman writers, and in the accounts of travellers.—*Pictorial Bible.*

THE DAIRY.—BUTTER.

Advice of a Scotch Farmer to a Friend in Canada.

Butter is made in two different ways, viz: from the cream, and from the milk, cream and all.—The last mode produces the finest butter.

Every body knows how to make butter from cream—the cream must be allowed to sour, or it may be soured in the churn with a little warm water, or by heat of any kind—in cold weather, having a tendency to become cold, the action of churning should be brisk, and the friction will keep it up till the butter begins to separate from the milk, which is easily felt, when the action should become gradually slower, and latterly rather a pressing of the butter particles together than any thing else. When finished, put the butter-milk through a milk sieve, and scum the small particles which you cannot catch with your hands, put all into a vessel and put cold water upon it, work it well with your hands, changing the water till it comes off quite clear; it is then ready for putting up according to the fashion of the place, or salting as may be necessary.

But in situations where the whole milk may be churned with advantage, I mean where there is a demand for butter-milk, it is better to

churn the whole milk. I know that there is a prejudice against milk butter, as it is called, but I know it is better than what is called cream butter—the people don't yet understand, that it is only the cream in both cases that becomes butter, the milk continuing milk still, and the real state of the question is, whether cream produces better butter churned by itself, or churned amongst the milk? I am quite prepared to support the latter position. Cream butter will not keep any length of time even salted, without becoming rancid. What is the reason? Wiseacres say, because it is too rich. Not at all—it is because it is too gross—because it has not passed through a body large enough, and is not attractive enough to refine it.—The philosophy of the process is this. The substance called butter is found in milk, incased in small bladders, (excuse the bull) which from the nature of their contents are lighter than milk, and therefore rise to the surface. Before you can get the particles of butter contained in these bladders, the bladders must be broken, and the butter be let out, the acid and heat expand the buttery particles, the bladders burst and out comes the butter—this explains churning. Now suppose that an immense quantity of these bladders were skimmed off the top of milk, put altogether and broken, would not the result be a hotch potch of bladder skins and their contents, in fact, a complete "Gabelrunzie's Wallet."

So with butter (to argue from a less to a greater) the buttery bladders brought together and broken, are their skins and all, it is the skins that become rancid, and they spoil the butter, but let these bladders be broken in a large quantity of milk, the skins will float in it, and the pure butter which comes out of them will adhere particle to particle, and come out of the churn infinitely superior to that which is mixed with the bladder skins. It will be finer to eat—it will be more easily preserved.

Well, you see the reason why I prefer churning milk and cream together, to cream alone, let us now see how the process is best accomplished.

When the "milk from the cow" has been passed through the milk sieve into boyns, let it stand till quite cold, then you empty it into a large barrel sufficient to hold as much as you can churn at once, and there it remains. When it is as full as you require, or nearly so, put into it the last meal of milk, warm. If the weather is moderately warm the milk will now thicken by standing 24 or 36 hours, if cold it will be longer, but it must be thickened before it will churn, it must be lappeded. As soon as it is thickened, put it into the churn, put a little warm water into it and drive on; many a *dour* brush you will have at it if you churn much.

If your butter is too white, which will always be the case in winter, colour with annatto, the same as cheese—the size of a pea will colour the butter in a hand churn.

Another secret I wish to put you in possession of, is of importance—the removal of strong or unnatural tastes from the butter.

If the grass is rank and strong in summer, and if you feed with turnips, &c., in winter, the butter will taste strongly of both.

To prevent this, when you go to milk the cows, put about the size of a bean of saltpetre into the milking pail, this is all you have to do, it will take away every kind of unnatural or disagreeable taste, and will enable you to use many kinds of food for your cows, which would without it destroy your cheese or butter.

AFRICA—NEGROLAND.

The following is one of Mr. Raymond's interesting letters to young people, about the west coast of Africa.

You have doubtless read about a kind of ants in Africa, that throw up large mounds of earth. There are several kinds of these all coming under the general name of "Termites." The vulgar name, however, is "Bug-a-bug." There is a small kind of these that are called "Mushroom Termites," from the shape of their nests. They are scarcely a quarter of an inch in length, and of a greyish colour. Their nest, let it be made of what soil it may, is always black, and is generally a pillar some four or six inches in diameter, on the top of which is an overhanging roof. The whole very much resembles the shape of the Mushroom. This kind of Termites receive a certain kind of worship from the natives, but for what purpose and to what extent I have not been able fully to ascertain. Near almost every town are some of these Termites' nests covered with a small house from two to four feet in diameter. At certain times the path leading to it is cleaned out, and an area of considerable size cleaned around it. Here a sacrifice is made in a "Sacra," as they call it. This consists of pieces of broken earthen dishes, strips of cloth which they

tie either about the house or some tree near it, and cooked rice and palm oil.

When they cut their farms or plant their rice, they take a little rice and cook it, and throw it before the nest, and ask it to give them a good crop. When a child is sick they take water and pour before it, and ask that the child may get well. Although they are thus worshipped they do not seem to be looked upon as sacred.

The people make many other "Sacras" besides those they make to the Termites. Sometimes you will see a piece of cloth tied around a large tree in the bush, there to remain and rot. Sometimes a mat is spread in the road, there to remain till it is worn out. There seems to be no restriction as to the articles of which "Sacras" can be made. They take any thing that has value, though the articles and the amount is generally specified by the "Country fashion man," as he is called. These country fashion men are a kind of priests, generally from the lower class of the people, and not unfrequently from among slaves. They understand a kind of legerdemain which generally consists in making marks in the sand, or hustling pebbles and pieces of bone together, by which they pretend to tell whether certain events will or will not take place, and what "Sacra" must be made. Generally, a good part of the "Sacra" goes to them. They have no correct idea of God. In fact, some seem to have no idea at all. Those that do, seem to look upon him only as a malignant being, whose anger is to be appeased and favour obtained by their "Sacras."

They put great confidence in "gree-grees," or charms. These gree-grees are made by the "Country fashion men." Of what they are made is known only to those who make them. The material, whatever it is, is usually deposited in sheep's or goat's horn, and suspended around the neck. Every gree-gree has its own use. One is to make the owner rich—another to keep off sickness—another to keep off witches. All gree-grees and charms are called by the general name of "medicine."

They have other charms besides those made by their "Country fashion men." There is a kind called "Shebby," or "Sebby," which are made by the Mandingoes who are Mahomedans. These are detached sentences of the Koran or something else of their own imaginations, written in Arabic characters on a piece of paper, and sewed up in a piece of leather or cloth.

The Catholic slave traders, taking advantage of their passion for charms, sold them crosses at an enormous price. I once saw a small cast-iron one, for which the owner asked a slave. Of all, they think the Portuguese "Medicine," that is the cross, is the best; I have even seen Mahomedans wear it.

It would take a volume to write out all their little superstitions. It has been my aim in this letter to mention only those which seem to have the nearest connection with religion.

FASHIONABLE WATERING-PLACE IN NEW ZEALAND.—Here are to be seen all the varieties of Ngawha (hot-springs). They are mud cauldrons, black, blue, grey, green, yellow, and red, the very emblem of laziness; a faint steam rises from them, and ever and anon a solitary bubble of gas disengages itself slowly from the surface, which then returns to its usual dullness. Close by the side of these, and in strong contrast, are the clear pools of boiling water, of great depth, and of bright azure, enclosed in precipitous walls of sulphurous formation; from some of these, hot streams flow down, which are guided by the natives either into artificial baths or into natural hollows of the rock; the supply of hot water being so regulated as to keep the bath at the right temperature. Among these cauldrons and pools, a strong and rapid stream of cold water rushes down, in some places not a yard from the spot at which the natives are sitting up to their breasts in hot water, shelling Tawa berries, or peeling potatoes, or failing these employments, enjoying their never failing source of smoking. But by far the most beautiful springs are the boiling jets, which are thrown up to the height of many feet from a narrow orifice in the top of an irregular cone, formed of the matter held in solution by the water, which is deposited as it cools, and forms a substance of a pinkish white colour, sometimes also tinged with yellow by crystals of sulphur. It is perfectly safe to stand upon the tops of these cones, to the windward of the spout; and from that position it is grand, first, to hear the roaring and boiling of the cauldron, and then to see the jet spring up into the air, shivered by the force of its projection into silvery foam, and accompanied by a volume of white steam. The hot water, in its descent, trickles down the side of the crater, and falls into several natural baths of most agreeable temperature, formed in the pure and white substance of the cone, and lined with the same matter in its half formed state, still yielding and elastic. Here the traveller may lie at his ease, and watch the bursting of the boiling fountain above him; but if the wind should happen to change, he must shift his position, or his place will soon be too hot for him. A small native village is here, with the usual appurtenances of a native steam

kitchen at the hot springs, namely, hot plates made of large slabs of stone, laid over boiling water to dry the Tawa berry upon, steam hughis, or native ovens, always in readiness, and holes of boiling water in which fish and potatoes can be speedily cooked. A native swing completes the equipment of this fashionable watering-place, which, together with the game of draughts, relieve the ennui of those who resort to their baths.—*Bishop Selwyn's Visitation Tour.*

SELECTIONS.

ORIGIN OF THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, &c.—Commander C. Morton, R. N., has propounded a new Geological theory respecting the basaltic columns of the Giant's Causeway and of Staffa; contending that they are not of volcanic but of *vegetable* origin, and the splendid relics of stupendous bamboos of a far distant age!! In support of this hypothesis he alludes to the fact of the separate joints, both in bamboos and basaltic columns, being articulated with semi-spherical tenons, and corresponding sockets or mortices; the tenon or mortice being, in both productions, sometimes in the upper and sometimes in the lower ends of the joint; as particularly remarkable in the columns of the Giant's Causeway. In reference to the established theory of basaltic columns being crystallized from torrents of molten lava he shows that it is opposed to the general laws of crystallization; and remarks upon the utter impossibility of the separate joints, blocks or crystals, of which the columns are composed, selecting (if thus formed) their fellow-joints of similar diameter, with corresponding sockets or mortices, and arranging themselves so closely and exactly one above another, till stupendous columns were raised many hundred feet in height: the length of the joints, the diameter of contiguous columns, exhibiting all the relative variety of dimensions which mark a field of sugar-canes or a forest of bamboos. He also shows that bamboos, even in the present day, secrete siliceous or flint, the chief component part of basaltic columns; and that the well-known material called 'vegetable ivory,' now substituted for animal ivory in many articles of ordinary use, is the production of an existing order of palm-trees. There is not, says Captain Morton, such disparity in size between the most colossal of the columns of the Giant's Causeway and the bamboos of the present day, as between the monstrous antediluvian lizard, the iguanodon, and our diminutive reptiles of similar tribes.

NATIONAL SUPERSTITION.—During a thunder storm, the Jews open their doors and windows; as it is in a storm they expect the coming of their Messiah. The Catholics of Suabia and other districts of Germany, toll the bells of their churches to deprecate the effects of lightning; and in Senegal, there is a tribe, who sit at the door of their huts, and take unwearied delight in seeing "the spirit of the world" dart along their plains and mountains of sand.

IGNORANCE OF GREAT PHYSICAL TRUTHS.—How few men really believe that they sojourn on a whirling globe, and that each day and year of life is measured by its revolutions, regulating the labour and repose of every race of being. How few believe that the great luminary of the firmament, whose restless activity they daily witness, is an immovable star, controlling, by its solid mass, the primary planets which compose our system, and forming the guonon of the great dial which measures the thread of life, the tenure of empires, and the great cycles of the world's change. How few believe that each of the millions of stars—those atoms of light which the telescope can scarcely descry—are the centres of planetary systems that may equal, if not surpass our own? And how very few believe that the solid pavement of the globe, upon which they nightly slumber, is an elastic crust, imprisoning fires and forces which have often burst forth in tremendous energy, and are at this very instant struggling to escape,—now finding their way in volcanic fires—now heaving and shaking the earth—now upraising islands and continents, and gathering strength for that final outburst which is to usher in the new heavens and the new earth, "wherein dwelleth righteousness." Were these great physical truths objects of faith as well as deductions of reason, we should lead a better life than we do, and make a quicker preparation for its close.—*North British Review.*

POINTED SERMONS.—More than one hundred years ago there graduated at Harvard University a man by the name of Rawson, who subsequently settled in the ministry at Yarmouth, on Cape Cod. He used to preach very pointed sermons. Having heard that some of his parishioners were in the habit of making him the subject of their mirth at a grog-shop, he one Sabbath preached a discourse from the text, "and I was the song of the drunkard." His remarks were of a very moving character, so much so that many of his hearers rose and left the house in the midst of the sermon. A short time afterwards, the preacher delivered a discourse still more pointed than the first, from the text, "And they being convicted out of their own consciences, went out one by one." On this occasion, no one ventured to retire from the assembly, but the guilty ones resigned themselves, with as good grace as possible, to the lash of their pastor.

SEEDING WITH CLOVER.—Clover straw, after threshing, contains enough seed to give a thick seeding to the land, if spread over the surface. Dr. Cook, of Sodus Point, N. Y., pursues the practice very successfully. He spreads a thin coat of straw over the ground, as soon as it is harrowed, which does not injure, but rather benefits the

grain, as it comes up through the straw, and afterwards decays. The seed vegetates well, and affords a very thick growth of clover.—*Cultivator.*

HOME.—O how sacred is that home where every word is kindness, and every look affection! Where the ills and sorrows of life are borne by mutual effort, and its pleasures are equally divided; and where each esteems the other the more worthy! Where a holy emulation abounds to excel in offices of kindness, and affectionate regard! Where the live-long day, the week, the month, the year, is a scene of cheerful and unwearied effort to swell the tide of domestic comfort, and overflow the heart with home-born enjoyments. That home may be the humblest hovel on earth; there heart meets heart, in all the fondness of a full affection. And wherever that spot is found, there is an exemplification of all that is lovely and of good report among men. It is heaven begun below.

SUICIDES.—It has been estimated that during the past year, two hundred and two persons in the United States have destroyed their own lives by a direct and deliberate act, without any reference to the thousands who have as certainly killed themselves by dissipation and intemperance. The causes enumerated are, insanity, drunkenness, and remorse. That is a fearful temptation which entices one to rush unbidden into the presence of his God and Judge. Unless the soul is fortified by piety, no one is secure in the time of trouble, varied and overwhelming as it may be, against the insidious suggestions of the devil. Let those who may be thus tempted, for a moment reflect, that no sorrow of life is to be compared, in point of intensity and continuance, to that infinite misery which they encounter by an act of self-murder.—*Presbyterian.*

CALAMITIES OF GENIUS.—Milton, proscribed and poor, descended in utter blindness to the tomb. Dryden, towards the close of his life, was compelled to sell his talents piece-meal to support existence. Little cause have I, said he, to bless my stars for being born an Englishman. It was quite enough for one century that it neglected a Cowley, and saw a Butler starved to death. Otway, at a later period, choked himself with a piece of bread thrown at him to relieve his hunger. What were not the sufferings of Savage, composing at street corners, writing his verses on scraps of paper picked out of the kennel, expiring in a prison, and leaving his corpse to the gaoler, who defrayed the expense of his interment! Chatterton, after being many days without food, destroyed himself by poison.

DO NOT DESPISE SMALL THINGS.—The possibility of a great change being introduced by very slight beginnings, may be illustrated by a tale which Lockman tells of a vizier, who having offended his master, was compelled to perpetual imprisonment in a lofty tower. At night his wife came to weep below his window. "Cease your grief," said the sage, "go home for the present, and return hither when you have procured a live black beetle, together with a little ghee (or buffalo's butter), three clews, one of the finest silk, another of stout pack-thread, and another of whipcord; finally, a stout coil of rope." When she came again to the foot of the tower, provided according to her husband's commands, he directed her to touch the head of the insect with a little of the ghee, to tie one end of the silk thread around him, and to place the reptile on the wall of the tower. Seduced by the smell of the butter, which he conceived to be in store somewhere above him, the beetle continued to ascend till he reached the top, and thus put the vizier in possession of the end of the silk thread, and he drew up the pack-thread by means of the silk, the small cord by means of the pack-thread, and by means of the cord, a stout rope capable of sustaining his own weight—and so at last escaped from the place of his duress.—*Quarterly Review.*

PROVIDE FOR OLD AGE.—It is not well that a man should always labour. His temporal as well as spiritual interests demand a cessation in the decline of life. Some years of quiet and reflection are necessary after a life of industry and activity. There is more to concern him in life than incessant occupation, and its product—wealth. He who has been a slave all his days to one monotonous mechanical pursuit, can hardly be fit for another world. The release from toil in old age most men have the prospective pleasure of: and in the reality, it is as pleasing as it is useful and salutary to the mind. Such advantages, however, can only be gained by prudence and economy in youth; we must save, like the ant, before we can hope to have any rest in the winter of our days.—*Book of Symbols.*

SPORTS OF ANIMALS.—The sports of animals are peculiarly affecting. It is reported by all who have the charge of flocks, that the lambs resemble children very much in their sports. In the mellowed glory of a June evening, while the ewes are quietly resting in preparation for their night's sleep, the lambs get together at a little distance, perhaps in the neighbourhood of a broomy knoll, and there begin a set of pranksome frolics of their own, dancing fantastically about, or butting as in jest, against each other. The whole affair is a regular game at romps, such as a mere group of human youngsters will occasionally be allowed to enjoy just before going to bed. It is highly amusing to witness it, and to trace the resemblance it bears to human doings which is carried sometimes so far that a single mamma will be seen looking on close by, apparently rather happy at the idea of the young folks being so merry, but anxious also that they should not behave too roughly; otherwise she must certainly interfere.—*Chambers' Journal.*

NEWS.

Official information has been given to the Board of Trade by the Board of Works, that every arrangement is made for the earliest practicable opening of the Leachin Canal, and that the water will be ready to flow after the river and lakes are navigable, and active preparations are making for commencing with vigour the operations on Lake St. Peter, with the view of obtaining a channel 150 feet wide and 14 fathoms deep.

Immigration.—A public meeting has been held in Toronto for the purpose of taking into consideration the most efficient measures of assisting the emigrants who may arrive during the approaching season. The meeting was addressed by Mr. M'Call, Hon. R. Baldwin, Mr. Sherri Jarvis, and G. W. Thompson, Esq.; and it was resolved that a Society should be formed called the "Immigrant Settlement Society," whose particular duty it shall be to put the emigrants, on their arrival, in the way of procuring steady employment without delay, at moderate yearly wages, and of settling themselves and their families in the interior of the country, and generally to afford information to any person desiring to settle in any part of the province.

MONTRÉAL AND PROVINCIAL SAVINGS BANK.—It appears from the Report of the Board of Managers, Directors of the Montreal Provident and Savings Bank, for the year just passed, that an increase of business, fully equal to what could be anticipated has taken place. To find such favourable accounts of these institutions is a bright forward, as a sign of the times, and a proof that habits of providence once formed, assure, from the self respect which they bring to the possessor, a further stimulus to such habits; and the example held out, has a tendency to create growing habits of economy among the industrious classes in general. The amount to credit of depositors is \$171,822 16s 3d.

The Official Gazette of Saturday off is a reward of one hundred pounds for the detection of the perpetrators of the murder of A. Labald Crawford, of Dunwich, in the London (C. W.) District, and of the rape of his wife, on the 28th of March last.

ROBBERY.—On Tuesday evening last, about half past seven o'clock, a most daring robbery was perpetrated upon the person of one George Betz, a German, who had arrived from Cornwall, where he had been working, and having travelled 26 miles, not understanding one word of English, was decoyed by a soldier, named James Handson, of the 51st Regt., to one of Angiers' Cottages, the upper part of which is occupied by a Mrs. Watson, the under part being vacant; when getting as far as the door, and seeing the house empty, he rushed to go in, when he was immediately knocked down, and his pockets rifled, in which were about five dollars. His bundle, containing several articles of wearing apparel, together with a new pair of boots and his cap, were taken from him, and the other decoyed with his boot.

FIAR.—On Sunday morning about half past three o'clock, Doel's brewery was discovered to be on fire. Owing to the great exertions of the Fire Companies, the adjoining dwelling house was miraculously saved, but the brewery itself was burnt down.

We are happy to learn that Mrs. McEwan, who was so murderously attacked by the ungrateful villain Turner, is recovering, and we hope out of danger.—Kingston Chronicle.

UNWARRANTABLE CARELESSNESS.—The Philipburgh Gleaner states that the mail bag from Philipburgh to St. Johns was lost on the evening of the 14th instant, between Henryville and the latter place, it contained the money letters, one containing \$100, and the other a draft for the sum of \$51 16s 7d. It was first supposed to have been stolen, but was found 30 days after on the side of the road, covered over with the snow. It had slipped off the carriage unknown to the driver.

GREAT FIRE AT TORONTO.—On Sunday, the 19th inst., a tremendous fire broke out on the premises in the occupation of Mr. Hiram Piper, in the rear of his store, in Yonge Street, Toronto; all the out-buildings of the stores in King Street, east of the store in the occupation of Messrs. Ridout, are consumed. Among the sufferers are, Mr. Green, gunmaker, who lost a valuable horse and buggy; Mr. Piper, whose factory was consumed; Mr. Burgess, Mr. Thomas Glasco (hatter), Messrs. Nordheimer (piano case makers), Mr. Mattison (clothing), and Mr. Lawson, the greater part of whose workshops have been consumed. The fire raged with great fury from 3 to 5 o'clock. The greatest credit is due to the fire-men—Messrs. Ridout, Brothers & Co., have presented the fire department with a handsome donation of ten pounds, in acknowledgment of the exertions made to save their property during the fire.—Toronto Colonist.

THREE PERSONS SHOT.—On Sunday night last, three persons went into Mr Nicholas Hagerman's Sugar Bush, near the Hamilton Gardens, and commenced making free with the sugar-making apparatus; it seems that they were all sitting in a line upon a log, eating the stow-sweets, when Mr. H. came suddenly upon them with a loaded gun, the contents of which were discharged in the faces and breasts of the unlucky boys, one of whom was severely, but not dangerously wounded, as we heard the story. It seems that some persons, at the night previously, done some damage to the sugar kettles; how far this may be, as justification for the shooting, is not our province to say, but doubtless it was considered sufficient justification by the aggrieved party. Hagerman is held in one hundred pounds bond, and two parties of fifty pounds each, for his appearance at the next assizes.—Durham Advertiser.

TRIP OF CAUTION.—Last week, whilst some teams were watering at the Huron Hotel, a young man, more knowing than honest, observed a good whip-lash lying in the team of Mr. John Bell, of North Easthope, and disregarding the tenth commandment—watched the opportunity while the owners of the teams were "watering" themselves in the bar, and took possession of the tempting "whip," and finding that he could not wrench the lash from the man's eye, he took him by the nose, and got into his pocket, got an axe, cut his eye to the bathroom door, so he when he was observed, but the hasty and flurry, while his head was momentarily turned aside, he forgot the vigorous action of his right hand, and chopped off two of the fingers of his left hand in place of the whip-lash. This betrayed him, when the above facts were elicited.—Galt Reporter.

The last news from England say that a panic appears to have occurred. The weather was fine for the spring crops, and the opinion gained ground that the

stocks, particularly of potatoes, were held back by the farmers on speculation. Indian Corn fell 2 1/4 a quarter, Wheat 7s to 8s, and flour in proportion. A slight reaction took place previous to the sailing of the steamer. Canadian Wheat, Red, is quoted at 10 1/2 to 11s, White, 11s to 11 1/2. Peas, 5s 6 to 6s. Flour, Sweet, 37s to 38s; Sour, 33s to 34s 6d. Arches are reported dull—Pots, 31s 6d to 32s; Beans, 29s.

Freights were high and tonnage scarce, and ship-building active. The Navigation Laws were attracting a good deal of attention, and the public seemed in favour of some considerable modification.

The Cotton Market again lively, with a slight advance. The Provision Market was steady with a tendency to decline.

The Bank of England was limiting its discounts, and to last probably the decline in the Corn Market, as well as in the funds, may be largely attributed, 3 per cents were down to 83.

The intelligence from Lda indicates tranquillity and confidence—a reduction of the Company's army to the extent of 40,000 men was in progress.

An accredited delegation from the natives of the Hudson Bay Company's territories is at present in London, urging their complaints against the Company. They complain of illegal oppression, and of neglect on the part of the Company to provide for the moral advancement of the natives.

O'Connell has just quitted Paris, after a stay of two or three days, on his way to Italy. He is not so ill as the London newspapers have represented; but his medical attendants doubt that he will ever again be able to take part in public life. The greatest respect was shown to him by most eminent persons of that country, and his door was literally besieged by visitors, but he received very few.

Accounts have been received from the Cape, which represent that Capt. Gibson and Dr. Howell, of the Rifle Brigade, accompanied by the Hon. Wm. Ch. W. 73d Regiment, went on an amateur excursion among the Caffres, fell into an ambush, and all of them fell a sacrifice to their imprudence.

The New York Commercial Advertiser states, that within the 24 hours preceding the month of the 17th instant, 1983 emigrants had arrived from Europe at New York.

There are said to be 700,000 bushels of wheat in store at Chicago, awaiting the opening of the lake navigation to move forward to the Atlantic markets.

DREADFUL EXPLOSION; NINETEEN MEN KILLED.—On Wednesday morning last, about six o'clock, the press and packing houses attached to the Messrs. Dupont's powder mills, near Wilmington, Del., and in which were about 5000 lbs. of powder, exploded with terrible effect, killing eighteen men instantly, and so mauling another, that he died shortly after.

Telegraphic news from New York, dated April 18th, P. M., states that another battle had been fought between a Genl. Taylor and the Mexican army near Tule, which continued several hours, the Mexicans finally giving way. Among the prisoners said to be taken by the Americans, are Generals Urea and Canales. Advices from Santa Fe, state that a fortress had been stormed in the valley of Puebla, by the Americans, at which 12 Americans were killed and 150 to 200 Mexicans.

LATER FROM VERA CRUZ.—The ship Arkansas, Capt. Hilliard, arrived from Vera Cruz in five days. Mr. Kendall writes us that the last reports from the capital indicate that the dissensions are not yet terminated. Santa Anna is said to have allied himself with the party of Farias, and to be determined to support the war at the expense of the Church. A Guadalajara paper publishes the terms offered by our Government for peace through A. Luchas. The principal one was, in brief, fifteen millions to be paid Mexico for the line of 26° from the Gulf to the Pacific, and the United States to demand no expenses of the war. These expenses are estimated at thirteen millions, making a total of twenty-eight millions for the territory north of 26 degrees.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The last news from Mexico and the seat of war state that Santa Anna has arrived at the capital, where he has been received with great honour, and where, it was thought, his presence would put down the factions which had sprung up during his absence. The country is, however, in a terrible state.

Advices from San Antonio state that the Comanches, by the advice of their great chief, Mochlo, had brought back the presents of the United States Government, and the treaty papers, to Fredericksburgh, and, tramping them under foot, declared the treaty at an end.

PRODUCE PRICES CURRENT.—MONTREAL, April 26, 1847.

Table with columns for commodity names (Wheat, Flour, Beans, etc.), units, and prices in dollars and cents. Includes sub-columns for 'e. d. s. d.' and 's. d. s. d.'.

THOS. M. TAYLOR, Publisher.

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