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THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, AUGUST 15, 1846.

No. 10.

SCENE IN A DESERT.

Over a burning Indian plain,
A Missionary sued;
The noon-ray fell like fervid ram,
Down on his fainting head.

No dwelling cast a kindly gleam,
Athwart the cheerless waste;
But on beneath the melting beam,
The traveller passed in haste.

Till where a giant palm-tree shade,
Made pleasant coolness round,
Awhile his hurrying foot was stayed—
What hath the pilgrim found?

Has a clear fountain sought the day,
With friendly smile and tone?
No: but out-stretched a Hindoo lay,
In the last strife, alone.

Alone! no mother's gentle breast
Pillowed his dying head;
No weeping household circle pressed,
With farewells round his bed!

But far, O far from heath and tower,
Where erst his smile gave light;
How shall he meet the Strong One's power,
In such unequal fight?

Alone! where shall the spot be found
Where mercy is not dealt?
Beside him, on the fervid ground,
The son of England knelt;

And whispered in the sufferer's ear,
With accents kind and low,
"Thou'rt passing brother from our sphere;
What is thy comfort now?"

Quick at the words his glazing eye,
Forth from its dewy brow,
Seemed with the wouted ecstasy
Of health and youth to glow.

And while the life-tide seemed to run
Fresh through each withering vein,
He shouted, "Christ, the Father's Son,
Has washed me from my stain."

No more: nature her strength had riven,
While Faith renewed his tongue;
Swift soared the ransomed soul to heav'n,
To join the blood-washed throng.

And bending o'er the senseless dust,
That cold and stone-like lay;
Did not that man of God gain trust,
To triumph on his way?

—Baptist Magazine.

HOME.—To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence. —Johnson.



PERSECUTION IN MADAGASCAR.

One of the most interesting fields of modern Missionary labour has been Madagascar, partly on account of the success which attended Missionary efforts, but chiefly on account of the cruel persecutions to which native converts were, for a series of years, subjected, and the constancy and fortitude with which these persecutions were endured. In fact, in Madagascar more than any part of the world, at present, have the scenes been re-enacted which characterised the early progress of the Christian Church; and there, too, has it been made manifest that the Gospel still produces precisely the same faith, zeal, and self-denial, that it did at first. The truth that God has made all nations "of one blood," is also strikingly confirmed in Madagascar, for among its dark-skinned inhabitants we find precisely the same cruel opposition to the Gospel, on the part of the authorities, which was manifested in the palace of the Cæsars, and the same meek suffering on the part of the converts which the educated Jews, Greeks, and Romans, who became obedient to the faith, were enabled to display. We sub-join a representation of the martyrdom of one of the Christian heroes of Madagascar, and will, perhaps, return to the subject at a future time.

THE RANCHEROS OF MEXICO.—The *Rancheros*, part of the *materita* 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 leggings, with sandals of the same material, bound together with leathern 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 *sombbrero*, 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.)

HOUSES FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

On the Importance of a Society formed for the Purpose of Constructing Houses for the Occupation of the Working Classes.

BY J. T. BRONDORREST, ESQ.

The interest shown in Britain by many benevolent persons, in the establishment of baths and wash-houses for the operatives, has led to the inquiry how far such institutions are needed in Canada; but, in making the inquiry, and looking into the mode of life of those classes here, our attention is forcibly called to a still more important subject, namely, the dwellings they reside in, the localities of such dwellings, and the charge for rent.

Upon investigating the matter it will be found, that their dwellings are cold in winter and warm in summer, very liable to accidents from fire, situated in swamps and other dangerous localities, occasioning a fearful loss of life, especially among infants; without water or other accommodation; and for these miserable tenements double the rent is exacted, in proportion to the cost, that is obtained for the best residences in the city. Without comfort or the means of cleanliness at his home, the public-house is often resorted to, at first as a means of enjoying, even in a slight degree, what is denied at his fireside, and the temptation leads to destruction.

Now, the question arises, how shall this evil be removed? The answer is plain: by combination, by those possessed of means and activity associating themselves together for the purpose of erecting buildings which will afford the accommodation called for at a moderate rate, having many apartments under one roof warmed by a common fire, thus economising fuel, and preventing the poor from having to pay for that article twice as much as the rich; by having a common summer kitchen, bath-house, and wash-house, for many families, with water in abundance, and by having such located in healthy quarters of the city.

And all this could be done, affording the full rate of interest for the money expended, with sufficient reserved for repairs.

Charities where nothing is given, but where money is merely lent, have been always found to be the most beneficial; being merely a loan, industry, instead of being deadened, as is too often the case where donations are made, becomes quickened; the party feels the obligation, and is desirous of getting rid of it; whilst the money, instead of helping a single individual, will help many. Now, the charity I propose will extend in effect to all, without conferring oppressive obligations on any. Nay, more, the entire system of building would be improved, not only from a good example being shown, but from the mere effect of competition. People build showy houses to prove their taste or their wealth. The houses for the poor are built either by the needy, at great cost compared to those erected by men of means, or are put up by the avaricious—the main object being to make money, regardless of the comfort of the inmates.

Even as a profitable investment I believe it would answer, and that six per cent. might be obtained for money thus laid out. There would be no want of tenants, and the pay is, generally speaking, more certain than that of persons of higher rank.

I would propose buildings of brick on a stone foundation, to be constructed 82 feet long by 36 deep; having three stories, attic, and cellar, with a kitchen in rear. To accommodate twelve families in the body of the building, and two more in the attics, using only the centres of the roof, and two rooms besides for the keeper of the house, who should have them rent free, in consequence of his keeping up the fires, and collecting the rents weekly. I would have the whole house warmed by one fire, in a Russian stove in the hall; such stove having a boiler for the purpose of heating water, two ovens for cooking in, and a set of pipes for the purpose of heating water in the back kitchen for bathing and washing. The back kitchen, or wash-house, to have provision made in it for cooking and warming water, independent of the hall stove; so that no fire need be made in the dwelling during the warm weather. Water to be laid on, and accommodation in the back kitchen both for bathing and washing. The fuel to be furnished by the proprietors; the fires kept up by the man in charge; the rent being in proportion.

By this arrangement, although the baths, wash-troughs, and boilers, are in the back building, in winter the whole fuel is consumed alone in the main edifice; in summer, there is in the principal building no fire at all.

I propose each family to have three rooms, 12 by 18, opening the one into the other. The attics to contain rooms of the same dimensions, which, as they would be taken out of the centre of the roof only, would be nearly square. Each inmate to have a portion of the cellar divided off, for the purpose of holding provisions and other goods, and the use of an airy yard.

The superintendent would take care that cleanliness should be enforced, and would report any injury done, or any irregularity of conduct, on the part of the inmates, derogatory to the character of the neighbourhood.

Can any one doubt the utility of such a measure? If so, let him only for a few hours look at the houses inhabited by even the more respectable of the operatives; let him imagine then what the hovels of the day labourer must be; let him observe whole families crowded

into a single room, and consider how injurious to morals all this must prove, and I feel certain he will think that few things are more deserving of public attention.

THE OLD, OLD, VERY OLD MAN.

There is a curious poem, with the above title, by John Taylor, the Water Poet, printed at London in 1635, giving a metrical account of the celebrated Thomas Parr, who died in that year, at the extraordinary age of 152 years, 9 months and odd days. It is dedicated to the high and mighty Prince Charles, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland. As a piece of composition it is beneath criticism, but it contains some very interesting facts, and a valuable appendix, detailing the most remarkable events that happened in England during Parr's lifetime. One curious circumstance mentioned in the Poem is, that Parr underwent a public rebuke in Alderbury Church, when he was 105 years old. In regard to his diet the poet says:—

"This man ne'er fed on dear compounded dishes,
Of metamorphosed beasts, fruits, fowls, and fishes,
The earth, the air, the boundless ocean
Were never raked nor foraged for this man;
In all his lifetime, he was never known,
In drinking other's healths, to lose his own;
The Dutch, the French, the Greek, and Spanish grape
Upon his reason never made a rape."

"Good wholesome labour was his exercise,—
Down with the lamb and with the lark would rise,
In mire and toiling sweat he spent the day,
And to his team he whistled time away;
The cock his night-clock, and till day was done,
His watch and chief sun dial was the sun.
He was of old Pythagoras' opinion,
That green cheese was most wholesome, with an onion
Coarse Meslin bread, and for his daily swig,
Milk, buttermilk, and water, whey, and whig;
His physic was good butter, which the soil
Of Salop yields, more sweet than cundy oil:
And garlic he esteemed more than the rate
Of Venice treacle, or best mithridate.
He entertained no goat, no aerie he felt,
The air was good and temperate where he dwelt;
While mavissey, and sweet tongued nightingales
Did chant him round-lays and madrigals.
Thus living within bound of Nature's laws,
Of his long lasting life may be some cause,
For though the Almighty all men's days do measure,
And doth dispose of life and death at pleasure,
Yet Nature being wronged, man's days and date
May be abridged."

In the Appendix, Taylor first gives an account of the different political and religious revolutions which England had undergone during Parr's life. He lived under seven Sovereigns—Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, James, and Charles.

"He hath outlived six great plagues. He was born long before we had much use of printing; for it was brought into this kingdom in 1472, and it was long after that ere it was in use.

"He was above 50 years old before any guns were made in England, 1535.

"The vintners sold no Sacks, Muscadels Malmseys, Bastards, Allegants, nor any other wines, but white and claret, till the 33d year of Henry VIII. (1543), and then was old Parr 60 years of age; all these sweet wines were sold till that time at the apothecaries, for no other use but for medicines.

"There was no starch used in England till a Flanders woman, one Mrs. Dinghen Vanden Plasse, brought in the use of it, 1564, and then was this man near 80 years old.

"There were no bands worn till King Henry VIII.'s time, for he was the first king that ever wore a band in England, 1513.

"Women's masques, busks, muffs, fans, periwigs, and bodkins were invented by Italian courtezans, and transported through France into England, in the ninth of Queen Elizabeth.

"Tobacco was first brought into England by Sir John Hawkins, 1565, but it was first brought into use by Sir Walter Raleigh many years after.

"He was eighty-one years old before there was any coach in England; for the first that was ever seen here was brought out of the Netherlands, by one William Boomen, a dutchman, who gave a coach to Queen Elizabeth; (for she had been seven years a Queen before she had any coach) since when they have increased (with a mischief) and ruined all the best house-

keeping, to the undoing of the water-men, by the multitude of hackney or hired coaches; but they never swarmed so thick to pester the streets as they do now, till the year 1605, and then was the gunpowder treason hatched, and at that time did the coaches breed and multiply.

"He hath known many changes of scarcity and plenty; but I will speak only of the plenty.

"In the year 1499, the 15th of Henry VII., wheat was sold for 4s. the quarter, or 8d the bushel, and bay salt at 4d., and wine at 43s. the tun, which is about three farthings the quart.

"In the first of Queen Mary beer was sold for sixpence the barrel, cask and all, and three great loaves for one penny.

"In the year 1557, the 5th of Queen Mary, the penny wheaten loaf was in weight 56 ounces, and in many places people would change a bushel of corn for a pound of candles."

THE ABERDEEN SCHOOLS OF INDUSTRY.

(From Chambers' Journal.)

A parcel of printed reports which has just reached us from Aberdeen, conveys the pleasing intelligence that the Schools of Industry established in that town for the suppression of juvenile mendicancy and crime continue to be in a flourishing state. The object of these schools, as may be remembered, is to prevent begging and crime by children—vagrancy or begging being observedly a mere preliminary to theft, theft leading to burglary or higher offences, and all these crimes sooner or later terminating in imprisonment, transportation, or penal inflictions still more severe. The aim, then, of these institutions is to prevent crime, instead of waiting till it needs to be punished. The way they go to work, consists in the seizure of every boy or girl found begging or vagrandering within the limits of the police, and conducting them, not to jail, but to a School of Industry, where they are fed, instructed, and caused to work at an easy kind of productive employment. All are sent home at night; but after a little time, the whole attend daily without any compulsion. By this means the streets are effectually cleared of all juvenile beggars and petty offenders. The crop of thieves is cut off ere it attains maturity. Crime is effectually nipped in the bud. From the report of the rural police committee of Aberdeenshire, laid before the commissioners of supply, April 30, it appears that the benefit of the schools is extended over all parts of the adjoining district. A few years ago, the number of juvenile vagrants which infested the county of Aberdeen was between 300 and 400. It was quite common to take up above 300 in the year. In the year, however, ending April 1845, the number had diminished to 105; and in the year ending April 1846, it had sunk to 14. To the activity of the police is, doubtless, owing some of this remarkable diminution; but further, observes the committee, is it owing to "the establishment of the admirable Schools of Industry in Aberdeen—food and education having been provided for this unfortunate class, and thus even the shadow of an excuse has been taken away for sending out children to procure subsistence by begging. Your committee desire to draw particular attention to this subject, feeling it to be of the highest importance, because juvenile vagrancy is, they are persuaded, the nursery whence a large proportion both of the crime and the pauperism of after-years is furnished. Doubtless the Schools of Industry more immediately benefit the city of Aberdeen; but as it was from Aberdeen that most of the juvenile vagrants in the county issued, so now the county also is sharing largely in the benefit of these institutions."

Whatever be the merits of the various plans now before the public in respect to the punishment and treatment of criminals, it can admit of no question that institutions such as those we allude to may be rendered important national engines for the general prevention of crime. What can be more sorrowful than the sight of a prison half filled with children, who, having once got into a course of vice, are almost certain not to stop till they endure the higher penalties of the law. That properly-organised Schools of Industry will tend to assuage, if not nearly extirpate, this crying evil, the best evidence is obtained from the reports before us. Let every large town, then, follow the example which has been so admirably set. Let the metropolis, always behind in movements for social advancement, be up and doing in this good work. Already the subject has been sufficiently talked about; the time has come for action. To set about anything of the sort, a little

energy on the part of a single influential individual is alone required. In each locality, such an individual will know where to look for funds. He will not wait, and wait, and wait to see if government will lend its helping hand. Government seems to know or care little for first principles, and, besides, has neither power nor inclination to assist in any scheme of this broad and humanising nature. In establishing Industrial Schools, however, for pauper children, the co-operation of the local magistracy and police is extremely desirable: compulsion being a primary means of filling the benches with pupils. It would further be desirable to have a piece of ground in connexion with each school, which could be cultivated by the boys able for garden or field labour. Valuable as employment within doors may be, it is much less exhilarating than that in the open air, where the whole influences of nature contribute not only to physical, but also moral improvement. The returns from any species of field labour, we apprehend, would also aid materially in supporting the establishment, and render it less burdensome to the friends by whom it would, in the first place, be maintained.

SLANG WORDS.

Young people cannot be too guarded in avoiding the use of any words which disguise the real character of vicious actions. The use of slang words, like swearing, is a habit exceedingly easy of acquisition, and most difficult to be eradicated when once fixed and cherished. It is a habit which assuredly endangers sound moral principle, and at the very least gives a low grovelling turn to the character of those who indulge in it. When spoken by cheats, thieves, robbers, and every other species of livers on plunder, it betokens a mind sunk in vice, and, perhaps, hopelessly ruined. When used by gentlemen, it is equally significant of a want of purity of thought.

You may depend on the correctness of this fact, that no boy who swears, who irreverently makes use of the word God, or who in any respect employs improper or slang phrases, can be of good disposition, or in the way of well doing. Avoid his society. Shun his company. Have nothing to do with him. Lying, stealing, and speaking slang words, are all of a piece: they go hand in hand. A thief is always a liar—always a dissembler of his actions under fantastic phraseology. I think it thus necessary to put you on your guard, for I never yet knew any good come of a young man who used loose expressions. It is a well-known saying of Solomon, "My son, when sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Now, you must observe that sinners never entice any one to commit an evil deed by using correct terms of speech, which is a circumstance very apt to escape the attention of youth. Suppose a companion were to speak to you in these words, "I would like if you would go and steal a penny from your mother," I believe you would at once refuse to commit so abominable an action. The thievish bad companion knows this, and so he attempts to undermine your virtuous resolutions, by insinuating in the first place what a delightful thing it would be to have a penny to spend on some pleasing gratification, and then hints, in sly slang terms, that it would be very easy for you to "nip up" such a trifle. Such is invariably the practice of those evil-disposed persons whom Solomon advises his son to avoid. I therefore say—whenever you hear any one using words of an ambiguous or slang nature, pause to think on what their real meaning may be, and so prevent yourselves from falling into mischief.—*Edinburgh Journal.*

THE DAUGHTER'S REPROOF.—I once visited a poor miserable dwelling, when I heard a very bad man using wicked and cruel language to his wife, who was confined to her bed of illness; it was fearful to see and hear him, and I am sorry to say, I had not the courage to speak to him—I actually trembled with horror and dread.—But a little sick girl, about eleven years of age that was dying of a consumption, went to the angry man, and laid her small, emaciated hand upon his arm, and looking up in his face said, "Father, don't speak so, God hears all we say; pray don't speak so, father." She uttered these few words with such tender earnestness, and such loving gentleness, that her feeble, trembling voice touched the heart of the angry man and he was silent for a moment, and then he said, "I will do anything that child tells me to do, for she's an angel." His fierce nature was subdued: goodness and love had made this little child one of God's ministering angels to her wicked father.

LINES TO A MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

BY COWPER.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed!
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad *to-morrow* came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
Short lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst sottly speak, and stroke my head and smile.)
Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Allion's coast,
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd,)
Shoots into port at some well-hav'n'd isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her leucous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamer's gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchor'd at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest toss'd,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
But oh the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now farewell—time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

AN HONEST BOY.—That "honesty is the best policy," was illustrated some years since under the following circumstances, detailed by the Rochester Democrat. A lad was proceeding to an uncle's to petition him for aid for a sick sister and her children, when he found a wallet containing fifty dollars. The aid was refused, and the distressed family were pinched for want. The boy revealed the fortune to his mother, but expressed a doubt about using any portion of the money. His mother confirmed a good resolution—the pocket book was advertised, and the owner found. Being a man of wealth, upon learning the history of the family, he presented the fifty dollars to the sick mother, and took the boy into his service, and he is now one of the most successful merchants in Ohio. Honesty always brings its reward—to the mind, if not to the pocket.

ANGER.—Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

He that revenges knows no rest:
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—We were awakened from a deep sleep early this morning by the curses of a wretch who was whipping his poor horse in the street, near our window. The animal seemed to have been made angry by the unnecessary goadings of its master, and the human brute had seized a club and was striking it across the head with all his might. The horse, though its nostrils were blown abroad by the pride within seemed to turn a beseeching look upon its master, who only answered it with another and a heavier blow. The consequence was, the animal commenced bleeding at the nose, reeled to and fro for about a minute, and then fell to the earth—Dead!—*Cin. Chron.*



THE MARTYR OF ERROMANGA.

John Williams, whose real Missionary enterprises in the South Seas are almost as strange, and quite as interesting as the fabulous adventures of Robinson Crusoe, fell a martyr to the cause of Divine truth when seeking to introduce it to a fierce race of cannibals inhabiting the Island of Erromanga, in the South Seas. His book, and the story of his death, will probably be familiar to most of our readers, and therefore it is that we subjoin an accurate representation of this excellent and justly celebrated man.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

Every body knows how strong our early impressions are. Some have said that all minds are at first alike, and that the difference which appears in later life, arises wholly from the difference of early education. Whatever may be thought of this opinion, no one will deny that the impressions and associations of childhood, have much to do in forming the character.

Every one who observes the operations of his own mind, is able, in some instances, to trace what is peculiar in his character, to some incident or association of his early years.

These impressions are not at all governed by reason or judgment, but generally by the power of association. Indeed, they are frequently found directly opposed to reason, and rule the mind, in spite of all efforts to conquer them. How many foolish aversions may be traced to this cause. Some persons, for example, have so strong an aversion to a cat, that they are almost thrown into convulsions by the sight of one. Others feel in the same way towards spiders, beetles, and grasshoppers. These things are less surprising when we see them in weak or ignorant persons, but they sometimes appear in persons of good education and strong mind, who, we should think, would be more likely to ridicule the weakness, than to be overcome by it.

No man, says a late writer on the power of association, ever gave more decided proofs of courage, than the celebrated Marquis de la Roche Jacqueline; but it is a singular fact, (although no account is given of the origin of this strange association,) that he could not look in the face of a squirrel without trembling and turning pale. He knew his weakness in this respect, but, with all his efforts, he could not prevent such effects whenever he was in the presence of that harmless and timid animal.

The manner in which such associations are formed is easily explained. Miss Hamilton, a sensible and judicious writer on education, accounts for it thus. She supposes a child to see a frog for the first time in company with a person who has no aversion to frogs; who praises the beauty of their skin, admires their agility, and mentions their inoffensiveness, with sympathy

and compassion. The child will be delighted with the appearance of the frog, and think no more of terror or disgust than if it was a robin red-breast. But change the circumstance, and let him, when he first sees a frog, hear a shriek of terror from his mother or nurse; let him see her run from it with trembling, and hear her mention it with horror, and it is probable, the associations thus formed, will remain for life.

While sitting in an alcove, in a friend's garden last summer, I saw a darling little girl, whose mind had been happily preserved from the dominion of prejudice, busily employed in collecting pebbles, and as I supposed, putting them in her frock as she gathered them up. Observing me, she came running towards me with a joyful countenance, "See," cried she, "see what a number of beautiful creatures I have got here," emptying at the same time the contents of her lap into mine. The prize was nothing less than a number of large black beetles. I confess I could have dispensed with the gift; nor could I behold the harmless creatures crawling upon me without shuddering. I had, however, resolution enough to conceal my sensations, and after thanking my little friend for her kindness, begged she would replace them in her frock, that she might put them down where she found them, so that they might find their way to their families. Delighted with the employment in which I could not prevail on myself to assist her, she soon took away my disagreeable companions, and while I watched the expression of her animated countenance, I could not help reflecting, how much I suffered, needlessly, from early associations. An aversion to black beetles, it is true, will not often interfere with our happiness, or with the comfort of those around us; but why, in any instance, should the mind be filled by such vain and foolish prejudices?

The power of such associations is also seen in the groundless fears of many persons on other subjects. Some are so affected by the fear of thunder and lightning, that the mere apprehension of a storm, is sufficient to occasion the most violent terror. The author is acquainted with a family in which the parents always take refuge under a feather-bed, when the storm commences. As might be expected, this terror has been communicated to the children, who will probably feel and suffer from its effects through life.

But the worst result of such associations is seen in those superstitious fears which are so prevalent, even in the present enlightened age. It was a remark of the late President Dwight, that few persons, however distinguished for strength of mind or literary attainments, are able wholly to conquer the superstitious fears indulged in early life. The truth of this remark is abundantly evident from facts. A chief justice of the state of New York once said, "I have no faith in signs, and yet I always feel unpleasantly if I find a pin with the point towards me!" And another gentleman, of cultivated mind and elevated station, says, "a belief in signs is perfectly ridiculous, yet I cannot for the life of me see the new moon over my left shoulder, without an uneasy sensation."

How many persons are affected with the most gloomy apprehensions at the howling of a dog, or the ticking of a death-watch. How many would shrink from passing through a graveyard at midnight, or watching alone at night by a corpse.

How many are accustomed to associate feelings of terror with darkness, so that the mere fact of going into a dark cellar or closet, or of being left alone in a dark room for a few moments, would occasion very disagreeable feelings.

Such being the effect of early impressions, how important it is, that these impressions should be of a salutary nature, and that a conviction of a superintending Providence, should be implanted in the mind at the earliest period.

In those who have been from childhood accustomed to the indulgence of superstitious fears, a complete cure is not possible. The diffusion of knowledge will, however, do much towards it. As more light prevails, and people generally become better acquainted with the laws of nature, these vain apprehensions, which arise mostly from ignorance and superstition, will gradually disappear. But nothing will tend so powerfully to remove them, as habitual trust in the wisdom and goodness of God, who rules over all. It will, therefore, be my object in this work to state such facts, and make such remarks as may throw light on the origin, and consequently expose the folly of superstitious fears; and particularly to deepen the conviction

in the mind of the reader, that all events, the smallest as well as the greatest, occur under the direction of an Almighty Power, who orders all things according to the council of his own will.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

"If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus 1. Cor. 15, 32.

It has been questioned whether St. Paul here refers to an actual conflict with wild beasts at Ephesus, or alludes figuratively to a contest with brutal men. A very respectable body of commentators advocate the former opinion, and certainly produce some strong arguments against the latter. But on attentively considering the question, their objections do not appear unanswerable, and it seems much the safest course to assign the passage a literal interpretation, which has received the support of the great body of commentators, ancient and modern. But even were it not so, it would still be allowed that the illusion is derived from the conflicts with wild beasts to which men were often in this age exposed. Some slight notice of this practice may therefore be very suitably introduced.

To view wild beasts fight with each other, in the amphitheatre, or men combating with them, or even men exposed unarmed to be devoured by them, after abortive attempts to evade their savage fury, were among those barbarous spectacles in which the Romans delighted, and which they introduced in the principal cities of their wide-spread dominion. In most countries of the East, and even of Europe, there are, or have been, more or less, practices of this sort, such as bear and bull-baiting in this country; bull-fighting in Spain; or single combats of men with forest beasts, or of such beasts with one another, in the East; but all these things are of small note and of trifling consequence compared with the doings of the Romans; for we frequently read of three or four hundred beasts being, in one way or another, slain in one show, for the amusement of the most sanguinary people that ever breathed. All sorts of animals from all parts of the world were employed on such occasions; and even water was sometimes introduced into the amphitheatre to enable the sea monsters and the inmates of the forest to combat together. Such fights of animals with one another do not however apply to the illustration of the present text.

The men who fought with wild beasts in the amphitheatre, were of different classes. First there were persons condemned to death, and who were exposed to the wild beasts with some weapon in their hands which they might use as best they could against the assailant. But very often such persons were exposed unarmed to be literally devoured by wild animals; in which case the spectators seem to have found their amusement in the feats of activity and prowess which even unarmed men often displayed in such desperate circumstances. We know from early ecclesiastical history, that under the Roman persecutions, Christians were very commonly sentenced to be given to the beasts, which sentence means either armed or unarmed exposure, though the latter seems in the end to have become its most usual meaning, as applied to condemned Christians, probably because it was found that they were disposed to submit passively to their doom, and would not afford amusement either by their resistance to the assailing beast, or by their activity in evading his assaults.—*Pictorial Bible.*

EFFECTS OF WORKMEN'S STRIKES AT LIVERPOOL AND OTHER PLACES.

(From the Times.)

The history of the late ill advised attempt, with some difference of phases, is a recapitulation of all the strikes that have preceded it. Ten weeks of glorious weather have been lost. Capital to an immense extent has been locked up. Men at work have been compelled to subscribe a portion of their earnings to support those who have been idle. The latter, instead of earning 25s. a week, have been injuring their children, and plunging themselves into debt, by accepting from 8s to 12s. a week from the club box. Treasurers and Secretaries have been elevated into union fame, and after all this waste of time and money, and the infliction of injury upon masters, men, and

the public at large, work is resumed upon the same terms as before the strike, and hostile feelings have been called into existence, which it will require some time and mutual forbearance to allay. Notwithstanding all that has been urged in favour of trades' unions, it is clear that they amount to a tyranny of organized numbers over helpless industry; and they reverse the state machine by laying their ban upon the freedom of labour, and compelling the helpless to contribute to the support of the organized and dissatisfied. They attempt to make the producer the governor of the capitalist, not reflecting that capital, if once scared, is not easily courted back. By no human contrivance, by no combination or inert conspiracy, can capitalists be compelled to pay wages which are a loss to themselves, or which abridge the fair profit that every man has a right to expect who devotes his money and his energy to a particular business; and the course now attempted by the masons, to reduce the hours of labour to nine per day, must, in the end, result in a reduction of wages proportionate to the reduction of time. Many years ago the shippers of shoes from Liverpool had their orders executed by the shoemakers of that port, and the shoemaking trade was one that furnished employment to large numbers of artisans. Whenever the orders were numerous a strike took place, men refused to work, and the Masters were obliged to send their orders to Stafford, where wages were much lower. So difficult at last was it to get a foreign order executed in Liverpool, that the Merchants were compelled to send their orders to Stafford direct, and in a few years not a shoe was made in Liverpool for foreign export. The town lost that trade entirely, Stafford derived the benefit, and for many years Liverpool itself has been inundated with Staffordshire made shoes, and some of the principal manufacturers have sale shops in this town, all their workmanship being done at Stafford or its vicinity. This fact will show the mischiefs that have ever resulted from ill directed and mismanaged combinations.

[Though generally agreeing with the above article as to the injurious consequences of strikes upon the parties who make them, and as to the impropriety of forcing any one to turn out who chooses to continue at work, we must say that we are not clear upon the point, that nine hours labour a day would or should be paid, just one-tenth less than ten hours. In the first place, we think it likely that nearly as much work would be done in the nine hours as in the ten; and in the second, it is probable the diminution of supply would have some effect in enhancing the value of the labour as of other commodities. At all events, if the leisure time were properly used, there is no doubt that some addition to it would prove a great blessing to the labouring classes, and they should be in every proper way assisted in obtaining it.—*Ed. Peo. Mag.]*

LEARNED TESTIMONY TO THE BIBLE.—A writer in the North American Review, evidently a man of extensive learning, in an article on the genuineness of ancient writings, says:—"We should be unfaithful equally to our convictions, principles, and feelings, not distinctly to state that, in point of fact, the genuineness and integrity of the Christian Scriptures, estimated on the broad principles here laid down, are substantiated by evidence in a ten-fold proportion more various, copious, and conclusive, than that which can be advanced in support of any other ancient writing whatsoever. In simple justice, then, the genuineness of these records of our faith cannot so much as be questioned, until the whole body of classical literature has been proved to be spurious."

BLUE BEARD'S CASTLE.—The ruins of the Chateau de la Verriere, in the department of the Loire, are, according to the tradition of the neighborhood, those of the castle of the celebrated Blue Beard, the hero of the well-known nursery tale. This formidable personage, who it appears, is not altogether a mere creation of the fancy, was Giles de Reitz, who lived in the reign of Charles VII., and was vassal of John V., Duke of Bretagne. He was tried at Nantz, on suspicion of having destroyed a number of children who had been seen to enter the castle, and were never heard of afterwards. The bodies of several were found, he having caused them to be put to death to make use of their blood in writing charms and forming incantations to raise infernal spirits, by whose means he believed, according to the superstitions of the times, that buried treasures would be revealed to him. On his trial he confessed the most horrible acts of atrocity, and was sentenced to be burnt alive, but the duke caused him to be strangled before he was tied to the stake. The execution took place on the 25th of December 1440.

RELATIONS OF ASTRONOMICAL AND GEOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

(By Sir D. Brewster, in the North British Review. May.)

In taking a general view of the two great sciences which embrace the phenomena and constitution of the inorganic universe,—the sciences of astronomy and geology—we have been often struck with the singular relation in which they stand towards each other, as well as with the numerous points of resemblance and of contrast which they display. To connect the study of stars with that of stones,—and to compare the geologist, digging into the bowels of the earth, and splitting its pavement, with the astronomer, penetrating into sidereal space, establishing laws, and predicting phenomena, may subject the cultivators of the one science to the charge of presumption, or the friends of the other to that of renouncing the pre-eminence which has ever been conceded to the objects of their pursuit; but, however unfavourable might have been the contrast between the study of the heavens, and that of the earth in the infancy of geology, science now disclaims the distinction, and recognises the unity and equality of her priesthood in the convergency of her truths to one common centre, and in the concentration of their sacrifice on one common altar.

While the astronomer is studying the form and condition and structure of the planets, in so far as the eye and the telescope can aid him, the geologist is investigating the form and condition and structure of the planet to which he belongs, and it is from the analogy of the earth's structure, as thus ascertained, that the astronomer is enabled to form any rational conjecture respecting the nature and constitution of the other planetary bodies. Astronomy and geology, therefore, constitute the same science—the science of material or inorganic nature.

When the astronomer first surveys the concavity of the celestial vault, he finds it studded with luminous bodies differing in magnitude and lustre, some moving to the east, and others to the west; while by far the greater number seemed fixed in space. All these bodies—sun, moon, and stars—appear to be placed at the very same distance, and it is the business of astronomers to assign to each of them its proper place and sphere,—to determine their true distance from the earth,—and to arrange them in systems throughout the regions of sidereal space. In like manner, when the geologist surveys the convexity of his own globe, he finds its solid covering composed of rocks and beds of all shapes and kinds, lying at every possible angle, occupying every possible position, and all of them, generally speaking, at the same distance from the earth's centre. Here the granite rises in lofty peaks, or is dispersed in rounded boulders. There the basalt cuts its way through beds of sandstone, or sustains them on its flanks. Here the strata rest in undisturbed tranquility, the latest deposits from a peaceful sea. There they bristle up with their rugged margin, displaying, in serrated outline, the fractured edges of ancient as well as recent beds. Everywhere, indeed, we see what was deep brought into visible relation with what was superficial—what is old with what is new—what preceded life with what followed it. Thus displayed on the surface of his globe, it becomes the business of the geologist to ascertain how these rocks came into their present places,—to determine their different ages,—and to fix the positions which they originally occupied,—and consequently their different distances from the centre or the circumference of the earth. Raised from their original bed, the geologist must study the internal forces by which they were upheaved, and the agencies by which they were indurated; and when he finds that strata of every kind, from the primitive granite to the recent tertiary marine mud, have been thus brought within his reach, and prepared for his analysis, he reads their respective ages in the organic remains which they entomb; he studies the manner in which they have perished; and he counts the cycles of time and of life which they disclose. Studies like these possess a home interest for reflecting and sympathising man. Life claims kindred with what once lived. It owns the same relation between itself and that which is yet to breathe; and if on the tombs of our fathers is inscribed the law under which we are individually to join them, we read with no less distinctness among the cemeteries of primeval death, that more general enactment under which the races of man, and the tributary creation which obeys him, shall take their place in the coming catastrophe, and

reappear to future pilgrims—memorials of the age of genius—the cycle of intellectual and immortal generations.

While thus identified in their general objects and modes of investigation, the twin sisters of terrestrial and celestial physics have been joint heirs of intolerance and persecution,—unresisting victims in the crusade which ignorance and fanaticism are ever waging against science. When great truths are driven to make an appeal to reason, knowledge becomes crime, and philosophers martyrs. The doctrine of the earth's motion and the sun's stability, hurried Galileo into the dungeons of the Inquisition, and the announcements of creations anterior to man, would have thrown Hutton and his followers into a prison, had its bolts and bars been entrusted to bigotry. Truth, however, unlike all other powers, can neither be checked nor extinguished. When compressed, it but reacts the more. It crushes where it cannot expand,—it burns where it is not allowed to shine. Human when originally divulged, it becomes Divine when finally established. At first the breath of a sage—at last it is the edict of a God. Endowed with such vital energy, astronomical truth has cut its way through the thick darkness of superstitious times, and, following in its wake, geology will soon find the same open path when it has triumphed over the less formidable obstacles of a more civilized age.

But though thus coeval in their origin, and coequal in their grandeur, and fellow-sufferers for truth, there is yet one aspect in which the physics of the earth and the heavens require to be assimilated. Every geologist who has displayed genius, or acquired fame, has served a severe apprenticeship to the hammer, and has worn out his sandals, and perchance his greaves, in creeping along river-beds and in clambering over rocks; but, however brilliant be his achievements, and however necessary the continuance of his labours, the time has arrived when geology requires another order of priesthood, who shall worship her in the closet, where the philosopher's inductive glance may dispel the illusion of the observer's eye, where a comprehensive grasp of science may correct the narrowness of his view, and where partial results, and rash hypothesis, and local theories may be combined into a high philosophy of sublunary nature. Ptolemy and Hipparchus, and Galileo, and Tycho Brahe, and Flamsteed, were the hard-working precursors of astronomical theory—the observers who supplied the raw material of that gorgeous fabric which Kepler and Newton so skillfully wove. And in the last century of our own era the law-givers of astronomy have been so completely dissociated from her observers, that neither Euler, nor D'Alembert, nor Lagrange, nor Laplace, ever measured an altitude, or recorded a meridional passage.

THOUGHT OF THE DEAD.—The thought of the dead makes us gentle and childlike, and leads us to forget ourselves, as well it may. For we know that, according to St. Paul's teaching, the spirits of just men made perfect are not far from us. We are come to them, and they are come to us. They can touch us, and we can touch them; they are gliding by every hour. The spirit has but ceased to act upon and through the body, and so we do not see them in their places. They keep threading in and out amongst us; especially so we believe from St. John, in holy churches where their bodies rest in hope. (Rev. vi.) They are the first ranks of the church who have gone before us in the Lord, so far as to be out of sight. They are beyond our view. They may see us; we cannot see them.

SPANISH MAGISTRATES.—In a late number of the Foreign Quarterly Review, the following anecdote is told to illustrate the corruption of the Spanish magistracy:—"A rich miller in the country was fixed upon by three persons as a fit object to be plucked. It so chanced that shortly before the time appointed for the attack of his house, a party of travelling soldiers requested lodgings of him for the night, which he granted; and these soldiers were sleeping above when the robbers arrived and demanded his money. The miller told them he would go and fetch it; he awoke the soldiers, and with their assistance killed the three thieves and left them lying. The next day, as it was proper the authorities should be made acquainted with the circumstances, he went to the house of the alcade magistrate of his village, to call him to make his examinations. The alcade was not at home; on finding which he proceeded to the next in office, who was not at home either. He went on to the third, neither was this man to be found, nor did any body know anything of either of the three. At last, therefore, he returned home and prepared to bury them himself, when on taking off the masks which concealed their faces, lo, and behold, there lay the three alcades!"

The following beautiful lines were written by Madame Guyon, while a prisoner in the Bastille of France. She was confined there and in other French prisons for ten years.

A little Bird I am.

Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee!

Nought have I else to do.

I sing the whole day long,
And He, whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still he bends to hear me sing.

'Thou hast an ear to hear;

A heart to love and bless,
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
'Thou would'st not hear the less;
Because thou knowest as they fall,
'That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round,

Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

O, it is good to soar

These bars and bolts above,
'To him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

NEWS.

AN AMERICAN "NOTION."—We have now entered the iron region, and the huge masses of iron ore which block up the roads in every direction render the way still more precarious. We passed an abandoned iron furnace a short time ago, with its huge cupola cracked and rent in every direction. The abundance of iron utensils of different kinds is, at least, evidence that the proprietor did not labour altogether in vain. The far-famed iron mountain which has been showing us its lofty head, enveloped in the clear and frosty atmosphere all day, is at length at hand, and we are preparing to ascend. Our driver, a fresh one, assures us, as usual, that it is more than our necks are worth to ride up its steep, rugged, and slippery sides, so we must, *per force*, walk up. Several thousand cords of wood, cut upon the lands of that easy and accommodating old gentleman, Uncle Sam, show that the celebrated Iron Mountain Company, about which so much has been said and sung, have at length commenced operations. Whenever a really useful operation is started in this country, how natural is it to divest it of its utility, and envelope it in such a fog of romance and nonsense, that one can scarcely decide whether it is worthy of attention or not. Here was a company started for the ostensible purpose of purchasing the iron mountain (which they did), and of erecting furnaces, &c., for the manufacture of that most useful matter therefrom. Instead, however, of going to work and *doing* the latter, they founded an immense city at the mount, called Iron Mount City, commenced a railroad to the Mississippi river, and founded another city there, called after the mighty river, and intended to vie with it in magnitude. Charts, plans, and maps in abundance were made, beautifully painted and drawn off, with hundreds of steamers making for Mississippi city, and thousands of railway cars running from Iron Mount City; and all this before a pound of iron or even the furnaces had been made! Ten years have elapsed, and still the gigantic trees which nature placed there are the only improvements made in these (to be) great cities, and the company has just begun to put their shoulder to the wheel in a common sense way.—*The Critic*. Art. *A Journey down the Mississippi in 1845-6*.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING.—It is worthy remark now, already, after only about ten years trial, that railroads are surpassing all previous calculation. The last week's accounts shows one company—the Birmingham—in the receipt of more than £40,000 in seven days, or at the rate of about two millions per annum. This same company is now contemplating the addition of two new rails, from London to Birmingham, so as to allow four rails to pass and re-pass each other without

danger. The speed, also, now seriously attempted, is equally beyond all ideas entertained seven years since. An engine has lately been placed on the Great Western line which carried the directors to Bristol, a distance of 118½ miles, in two hours and fourteen minutes. And it is shown that, by employing a like speed, of about sixty miles per hour—which is practicable—passengers will be able to go from London to Edinburgh, dine, do business, and return in the same day, *i.e.*, between six in the morning and ten at night. As might be anticipated, the increase in the number of travellers is prodigious. The five railways which enter Manchester, carried into, or out of that town, in the course of the Whitsun week, no fewer than 395,000 passengers. The subject is worthy of the most serious attention of the Christian philanthropist. It has, like everything else, its good and its evil points. We perceive, by the daily journals, that during the Whitsun week, the London theatres were almost deserted. And we know that nothing is more common among the London mechanics, than to retrench in drink and other like enjoyments, in order to acquire means for a week's trip to Paris.—*Record*.

IBRAHIM PACHA IN THE WHALE'S BELLY.—On Monday week an amusing incident occurred during the Pacha's peregrinations round Birmingham. There happens to be at this moment in Birmingham the skeleton of a large whale on view, at the price of a penny a-head. Ibrahim saw the long line of caravans in which the animal is contained, and he paid it an impromptu visit. The showman received his Highness at the door, and conducted him with all gravity into the whale's belly, where he suddenly slipped away and could not be found. The official conductors of the Prince were wholly at a loss either to explain the different parts of the huge creature, or to show him the way out again, and a search for the showman was instituted, when he was discovered outside his caravan, beating a large gong and blowing a trumpet, bawling at the top of his lungs, when not occupied with his musical instrument—"Now's your time, ladies and gentlemen, walk up, walk up—Ibrahim, King of Egypt, and all his officers, are at this moment in my whale's belly, and they can't find their way out without me." The fellow's ingenious device (for he doubled his charge at once) brought so large a crowd together that the Pacha and his attendants were fain to make their exit at the whale's vent, as the ordinary entrance was too much blocked up for him to be able with convenience to escape as he had come in.—*English Paper*.

EXPECTED CONVULSION IN EUROPE.—*The Times*, referring to the present state of Europe, apprehends, at no distant day, a great convulsion. In its foreign summary it remarks:—"The evidence that the elements of a coming, though possibly distant, storm exist on the continent is pressed upon us in nearly every letter we receive from France, Italy, or Germany. Of the state of Spain and Portugal, our readers require not now to be informed. The condition of Switzerland would be deemed alarming if anything done by the mountebanks at the head of the movements in the cantons could appear important. Throughout Germany a ferment prevails, the profundity of which is not appreciated by the governments of the various states of which the confederation is composed. The Italian peninsula, from north to south, is notoriously agitated. Lombardy and the Legations are even represented as ripe for revolt the moment when Austria shall have occupation elsewhere. To Poland it is unnecessary to refer. 'It is not,' says one of our private letters, 'the force of Russia, the strength of her armies, the depth of her intrigue, or the unbounded character of her ambition, nor the power and the absolutism of Austria and Prussia, nor the selfish views of France, supported by vast military force—it is not any or all of these that menace peace and order—it is the progress.'

RIPPING OPEN NEGROES.—Senor Geronimo Paéz director of a Brazilian diamond mine, having reason to suspect a negro for stealing diamonds ordered him to be ripped open, when a magnificent rose diamond was found in his intestines. Encouraged by the success of this first experiment, he ordered it to be tried on the second, third, and fourth suspected negro, but in each case the victims were innocent, no diamonds were found. This result, however, did not check Senor Paéz, who repeated this atrocious act upon two more negroes, but unsuccessfully. His conduct at last reached the ears of the proprietors of the mine, by whom he was summoned before the tribunal of Villa Bella. By the judgement delivered on the 25th Feb. last, we learn that Paéz was ordered to pay Senores Cifuentes and Co., the lessees, of the mines of Brassala, a sum of 2,500 piasters as the value of the five negroes of whom he had deprived the company by putting them to death, without any utility. No order was made for the first negro, as his death was for the benefit of the owners! For the crime, no proceedings had been taken.

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