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Mr Hancock

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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THE SONG OF STEAM.

BY G. W. CUTTER.

Harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein:
For I scorn the power of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight,
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil which he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the courier dove,
As they bore the law a King decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love;
I could but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripp'd afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car,

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last,
They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with thunder blast,
And laughed in my iron strength.
Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and the ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind nor tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
The mountains steep decline,
Tim—space—have yielded to my power—
The world, the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline;
The giant streams of the queenly West,
Or the orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice,
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling at my voice;
I carry the wealth and the lords of earth,
The thoughts of god-like mind;
The wind lags after my flying forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel,
Where my arms of strength are made;

I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print,
On Saturday every eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage this world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT VOLCANOES OF HAWAII, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

(From Correspondence of New-York Evangelist.)

I have written first impressions of the great Hawaiian volcano, such as it appeared when it was my privilege to view its remarkable phenomena. But these phenomena are ever-varying, so that no two visitors ever found them alike, or the aspect of the crater unchanged at two several visits. At the time I saw it, its fires were uncommonly low and quiescent, and the crater almost supernaturally still. Thus my companion, who had been there twice before within the last two years, had never observed so little activity as now. And the changes he found and pointed out as we passed along in the bed of the crater, are very great. Many huge cones that a year ago were labouring with unearthly throes and groanings, and now and then projecting from their top smoke, and steam, and liquid lava, with terrific detonations, have entirely vanished, and the places where they stood are hardened and smooth.

The hissing of steam, the roaring as of mighty fires, and the sound of the lake, like the noise of many waters, were then distinctly heard from the tops of the cliffs, and streams of bright lava were seen falling and flowing between the labouring cones. Now there was an entire absence of those appalling noises, and suppressed struggles, and inward mutterings of agony and wrath, as of immense power writhing under chains and darkness, which almost all visitors will tell you of. Neither did we hear any of those underground explosions which are said sometimes to reverberate from end to end of the crater, and shake even its massive walls. Such an explosion occurred in the night while Mr. Stewart and the English naval commander Byron, were on a visit to the volcano in 1825. An account of it is given in the popular volume entitled "Journal of a Residence in the Sandwich Islands, by C. S. Stewart," page 307. The tumult and tremour awakening them, and springing from their sleeping-places, they "saw a dense column of heavy black smoke rising from the crater directly in front. The subterranean struggle ceased, and immediately after flames burst from a large cone near where we had been in the morning, and which then appeared to have been long inactive. Red-hot stones, cinders and ashes, were also propelled to a great height with immense violence, and shortly after the molten lava came boiling up, and flowed down the sides of the cone, and over the surrounding scoria, in two beautiful curved streams, glittering with indelcribable brillianco. At the same time a whole lake of fire opened in a more distant part, which could not have been less than two miles in circumference. Its surface had all the agitation of an ocean—billow after billow tossed its monstrous bosom in the air, and crested and broke in sheets and spray of fire, like heavy rollers sweeping over a reef to the shore, and occasionally burst with such violence as in the concussion to dash the fiery spray forty and fifty feet high."

One of those prodigious engines which they call cones, (more properly funnels or fire pumps,) he examined near at hand, and "judged it to be one hundred and fifty feet high. A huge, irregularly-shapen, inverted funnel of lava, covered with clefts, orifices, and tunnels, from which bodies of steam escaped with deafening explosion, while pale flames, ashes, stones, and lava, were propelled with great force and noise from its ragged and yawning mouth."

Ellis, in his "Missionary Tour through Hawaii," is believed to have been the first who described this unique and grand crater. "At the time of his visit, (he says,) the southwest and northern parts of it were one vast flood of burning matter, in a state of terrific ebullition, rolling to and fro its fiery surge and flaming billows. Fifty-one conical islands, of varied form and size, containing as many craters, rose either round the edge, or from the surface of the burning lake. Twenty-two constantly emitted columns of gray smoke, or pyramids of brilliant flame; and several of them vomited from their ignited mouths streams of lava, which rolled in blazing torrents down their black, indented sides, into the boiling mass below. Streams of lava from smaller craters in vigorous action higher up the sides of the great gulf, rolled down into the lake, and mingled with the melted mass there, which, though thrown up by different apertures, had perhaps been originally fused in one vast furnace.

"At night, (he says farther on, page 217,) the agitated mass of liquid lava, like a flood of melted metal, raged with tumultuous whirl, and darting its fierce light athwart the midnight gloom, unfolded a scene terrible and sublime beyond all we had yet seen. The living flame that danced over its undulated surface, tinged with sulphureous blue, or glowing with mineral red, cast a broad glare of dazzling light on the indented sides of the insulated carter, from whose roaring mouths, amidst rising flames, and eddying streams of fire, shot up, at frequent intervals, with loudest detonations, spherical masses of fusing lava, or bright ignited stones. The dark, bold outline of the perpendicular and jutting rocks around, formed a striking contrast with the lakes below, whose vivid rays, thrown on the rugged promontories, and reflected by the overhanging clouds, combined to complete the awful grandeur of the imposing scene. * *

"The natives sat most of the night talking of the achievements of Pele, and regarding with a superstitious fear, at which we were not surprised, the brilliant exhibition. They considered it the primeval abode of their volcanic deities. The conical craters, (they said,) were their houses, where they frequently amused themselves by playing at *Konane*, (a game of draughts.) The roaring of the furnaces, the crackling of the flames, were the *kani* of their *hula*, (the music of their dances,) and the red, flaming surge was the *suri* where they played, sportively swimming on the rolling wave. * *

"From their accounts we learned that it had been burning *mai ka po mai*, from chaos till now; and had overflowed some part of the country during the reign of every king that had governed Hawaii; that in earlier ages it used to boil up, and overflow its banks, and inundate the adjacent country; but that for many kings' reigns it had kept below the level of the surrounding plain, continually extending its surface, and increasing its depth, and occasionally throwing up, with violent explosion, huge rocks, or red-hot stones. These eruptions were always accompanied with dreadful earthquakes, loud claps of thunder, with vivid and quick succeeding lightning. No great explosion, (they added,) had taken place since the days of Keona, a part of whose forces, while going to war, met here with a sudden and awful destruction. But many places near the sea had since been overflowed, on which occasions they supposed Pele went by a road under ground from her house in the crater to the shore. * *

Every reader of the Herald is familiar with Mr. Coan's graphic account of the eruption lower down in Puna, in 1840; when night was converted into day on all eastern Hawaii, and the brilliancy of the light was like a blazing firmament. Just before that eruption it is said the entire pit of the crater of Kilauea, about three miles long, and two or more broad, was one sea of fire. On the breaking out of the lava in Puna, it immediately subsided, and even the caldron sunk several hundred feet below its present surface, revealing vast caves and galleries by which the fused material had been drawn off.

I am informed by Mr. C. that in Puna there is an extinct crater (ten or twelve miles from Kilauea, nearly as deep, and

that there are to be met with all along in that region both sunken pits and conical mounds. They are all lateral craters to the great volcanic dome of Mauna Loa, which has been raised by successive eruptions 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. It had been thought by the Scientific Corps of the Exploring Squadron, and by most other observers up to a year ago, that while its fires should continue to burn, no eruption could take place from a point higher than Kilauea, which is estimated at about 4000 feet above the level of the sea. But the sudden lighting of a taper one night a year ago, upon the bare top of the monarch mountain itself, revealed the fallacy of such an opinion. A fiery river took its rise there, which Messrs. Coan and Paris explored a couple of months after, till they found it disembogued and lost under ground in some ancient caves and galleries.

Earthquakes and volcanoes, which are only held in abeyance by the arm of Omnipotence, from their destined work of the world's destruction, are not to be dictated to by man, nor to have their laws clearly ascertained, or the places and times at which they shall or shall not break forth, declared beforehand. This is a province of knowledge which God keeps very much to himself. He only knows the treasures of fire kept in store, and pent-up in the bowels of the earth, and constituting there

"A capacious reservoir of means,
Formed for his use, and ready at his will;"

and waiting only his nod to leap out and wrap in fiery ruin, earth, air and sea. *The deep places of the earth are the Lord's.*

"She quakes at his approach. Her hollow womb,
Conceiving thunders through a thousand deeps
And fiery caverns, roars beneath his feet.
The hills move lightly, and the mountains smoke,
For he has touched them. From the extremest point
Of elevation down into the abyss.
His wrath is busy, and his frown is felt,
The rocks fall headlong, and the valleys rise.
What solid was, by transformation strange,
Grows fluid; and the fixed and rooted earth.
Tormented into billows, heaves and swells,
Or with vortiginous and hideous whirl,
Sucks down its prey insatiate."—COWPER.

—Hilo Hawaii.

H. T. C.

DUELLING.

(From the Louisville Examiner.)

The death of George C. Dromgoole, of Virginia, occasioned deep regret among a large circle of friends.

We knew him in other days. He was no ordinary man. His mind was unusually clear and strong, and had no adverse circumstances occurred, he would have been an ornament to society, and an honour to the nation.

But it was in private life he charmed. So simple, so kind, so true! We never knew a more generous man; he was wholly disinterested, and knew how to sacrifice with a grace which won him the love of friends, and respect of acquaintances.

In an evil hour he was tempted, acting upon false notions of honour, to peril his life and the life of another. His antagonist fell. From that hour he was an altered man; he knew no peace; and to drown the bitter thought, that he was a murderer, he sull'd his soul still deeper in crime by drinking to excess! And in early life he was taken from us, a debased and self-blighted man!

Yet how like him was the last act of his life. This little paragraph below, inserted in newspapers without comment, and glanced at by the readers, possibly without thought, tells, at once, the rectitude of his intentions, and his own estimation of the depth of his crime.

"George C. Dromgoole, in his will, gave all his property to the children of the individual who fell by his hand in a duel."

It has fallen to our lot, in days when we thought duelling no sin, if we could be said to have thought about it at all, to meet with many, to know well some, who had killed their men. We never knew one who lived in peace after the murder; we know only two who survive, and they are sots.

The first time we were called upon to witness a duel, was in Augusta, Georgia, in 1829. We were just entering manhood. We knew them well. They were stationed at their places, and at the word "fire," the elder of the two, a man of promise and place, fell dead. We saw him, saw his brother who gazed wildly into his pale face, just now so full of life, saw friends as they hurriedly took up his body, and bore him onward to his home.

And we saw afterwards the grey-haired father as he bent over his body, hot tears falling down his cheeks, fall as one struck with palsy, for his prop, the boy of his hopes was taken away, and there was no longer happiness for him on earth!

But the survivor! Business relations brought us together; we were his attorney: and we had to see him at his home, and our house. In company, we saw no change in him; he was light-hearted, almost frolicsome in his gaiety. He never spoke of the murder; by an unuttered, but well understood compact, (and how terribly did this describe the deed,) none ever referred to it. But soon we learned that he never slept without a light in his room. Soon after we found that he was fast becoming a drunkard, and scarce three years had passed since the duel ere he was stricken down in early manhood, and had near his antagonist in the earth.

But his death! we were present at it, and never may we witness such another! That subject—so long kept sealed up by himself—so long untouched by family or friend—the murder of his school companion and neighbour, was at last broken by himself. "I could not help it," said he, as his eyes glared upon us and his breathing became painful, from its quick and audible action. We knew to what he referred, and endeavoured to direct his thoughts into other channels. In vain, "I could not help it; I was forced into it; could I help it?" And all this was, in duelling sense, true. He had every excuse a man could have to fight; but when so assured, he exclaimed, wildly, "It will not do—I murdered him—I see him now—I have seen him as he lay dead on the field, ever since I slew him. My God! My God!" And uttering these, and like sentences, with a shriek, such as I never heard mortal utter, he died!

Another instance. A young Scotchman came to Charleston, S. C., and settled there. He gave offence to a noted duelist, and was challenged; fought and killed him. He removed afterwards to New Orleans; was engaged in successful business, and was regarded the merriest fellow about. His intimate friends thought the murder had made no impression upon him; not one of his relatives believed he cared anything about it.

In 1834 or '35 he was engaged in large cotton speculations. News of a rise in price reached New Orleans, soon after he had shipped a large number of bales to New York. If he could sell, or make particular arrangements, he could realize a fortune. But it was necessary to go to New York. He jumped on board the steamer, went to Montgomery, Alabama, and pushed rapidly on by land for Washington City. Over excitement brought on fever, and he was obliged to stop in the interior of South Carolina.

Full fifteen years or more had elapsed since he had killed his man. For the first time he lay on a bed of sickness. He had fever and delirium with it, and in that delirium, with terrible anguish and maniac fury, he spoke of this deed of death! It made those of us who heard him shudder as we listened! Was his laughter all along forced! Had his merriment been lip deep—of the intellect and not of the heart? He grew better and his physician thought him convalescent. Now and then he would start up in his sleep, exclaiming, "take him off me: don't tie his dead body to me!" but the fever had abated, and we all thought he would soon be well. He did grow better, but watching his opportunity he went to a chest of drawers, as if for some clothing, stealthily took from it a razor, and drew it rapidly across his throat! It was a dreadful gash that he made, and would have been fatal had not one who was near struck his elbow, as he was making the attempt upon his life!

Poor man! He knew, and had known, no peace since the day he had killed his opponent. When he thought his end near, he made the confession—"He felt," he said, "as if he was a murderer, though no one charged him with the crime!"

And our belief is, that no man who kills another ever feels otherwise! The mark of Cain is upon him, and he sees it if no other eye does.

THE SABBATH.

The sabbatical institution is not a positive or moral institution merely. It is based upon a *natural* law. And if it is the duty of labouring men not to commit suicide, it is their duty to keep the Sabbath.

In the year 1832 the British House of Commons appointed a committee to investigate the effects of labouring seven days in a week, compared with those of labouring only six, and resting one. That committee consisted of Sir Andrew Agnew, Sir Robert Peel, Sir Robert Inglis, Sir Thomas Baring, Sir George

Murray, Fowell Buxton, Lord Morpeth, Lord Ashley, Lord Viscount Sandon, and twenty other members of Parliament. They examined a great many witnesses, of various professions and employments. Among them was John Richard Farre, M.D. of London; of whom they speak as "an acute and experienced physician." the following is his testimony:

"I have practised as a physician between thirty and forty years; and during the early part of my life, as the physician of a public medical institution, I had charge of the poor in one of the most populous districts of London. I have had occasion to observe the effect of the observance and non-observance of the seventh day of rest during this time. I have been in the habit, during a great many years, of considering the *uses* of the Sabbath, and of observing its *abuses*. The abuses are chiefly manifested in labour and dissipation. Its use, medically speaking, is that of a day of rest.

"As a day of rest, I view it as a day of *compensation* for the inadequate restorative power of the body under *continued* labour and excitement. A physician always has respect to the preservation of the restorative power; because, if once this be lost, his healing office is at an end. A physician is anxious to preserve the balance of circulation, as necessary to the restorative power of the body. The ordinary exertions of man *run down* the circulation every day of his life; and the first general law of nature, by which God prevents man from destroying himself, is the alternating of day and night, that repose may succeed action. But, although the night apparently equalizes the circulation, yet it does not sufficiently restore its balance for the attainment of a *long* life. Hence, one day in seven, by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect by its repose the animal system. You may easily determine this question, as a matter of fact, by trying it on beasts of burden. Take that fine animal, the horse, and work him to the full extent of his powers every day in the week, or give him rest one day in seven, and you will soon perceive, by the superior vigour with which he performs his functions on the other six days, that his rest is necessary to his well-being. Man, possessing a superior nature, is borne along by the very vigour of his mind, so that the injury of *continued* diurnal exertion and excitement on his animal system is not so immediately apparent as it is in the brute; but, in the long run, he breaks down more suddenly; it abridges the length of his life, and that vigour of his old age which (as to mere animal power) ought to be the object of his preservation.

"I consider, therefore, that, in the bountiful provision of Providence for the preservation of human life, the sabbatical appointment is not, as it has been sometimes theologically viewed, simply a precept partaking of the nature of a political institution, but that it is to be numbered amongst the *natural* duties, if the preservation of life be admitted to be a duty, and the premature destruction of it a suicidal act. This is said simply as a physician, and without reference at all to the theological question; but if you consider further the proper effects of real Christianity, namely, peace of mind, confiding trust in God, and good-will to man, you will perceive in this source of renewed vigour to the mind, and through the mind to the body, an additional spring of life imparted from this higher use of the Sabbath as a holy rest. Were I to pursue this part of the question, I should be touching on the duties committed to the clergy; but this I will say,—that researches in *physiology*, by the analogy of the working of Providence in nature, will show that the divine commandment is not to be considered as an arbitrary enactment, but as an appointment necessary to man.

"I have found it essential to my own well-being, as a physician, to abridge my labour on the Sabbath to what is actually necessary. I have frequently observed the premature death of medical men from *continued* exertion. In warm climates and in active service this is painfully apparent. I have advised the clergyman also, in lieu of his Sabbath, to rest one day in the week: it forms a continual prescription of mine. I have seen many destroyed by their duties on that day; and to preserve others I have frequently suspended them, for a season, from the discharge of those duties. I would say, further, that quitting the grosser evils of mere animal living from over-stimulation and undue exercise of body, the working of the mind in one continued train of thought is destructive of life in the most distinguished class of society, and that senators themselves stand in need of reform in that particular. I have observed many of them destroyed by neglecting the economy of

life. Therefore, to all men, of whatever class, who must necessarily be occupied six days in the week, I would recommend to abstain on the seventh; and in the course of life, by giving to their bodies the repose, and to their minds the change of ideas suited to the day, they would assuredly gain by it. In fact, by the increased vigour imparted, more mental work would be accomplished in their lives. A human being is so constituted that he needs a day of rest both from mental and bodily labour."

Such is the opinion of this distinguished man. Nor is it peculiar to him. Other physicians of great eminence, and in great numbers, have expressed the same; and facts show that this opinion is correct. *Men who labour seven days in a week are not as healthy, and do not ordinarily live as long as those who work but six, and rest one.* Many a man has lost his reason and his life, who, had he kept the Sabbath, might have continued to enjoy them.

The celebrated Wilberforce ascribes his continuance for so long a time, under such a pressure of cares and labours, in no small degree, to his conscientious and habitual observance of the Sabbath. "O what a blessed day," he says, "is the Sabbath, which allows us a precious interval wherein to pause, to come out from the thickets of worldly concerns, and give ourselves up to heavenly and spiritual objects. *Observation and my own experience have convinced me that there is a special blessing on a right employment of these intervals.* One of their prime objects, in my judgment is, to strengthen our impressions of invisible things, and to induce a habit of living much under their influence." "O, what a blessing is Sunday, interposed between the waves of worldly business, like the divine path of the Israelites through Jordan." "Blessed be God, who had appointed the Sabbath, and interposed these seasons of recollection." It is a blessed thing to have the Sunday devoted to God." "There is nothing in which I would recommend you to be more strictly conscientious than in keeping the sabbath holy. By this I mean not only abstaining from all unbecoming sports, and common business, but from consuming time in *frivolous conversation, paying or receiving visits*, which, among relations, often leads to a sad waste of this precious day. I can truly declare that to me *the Sabbath has been invaluable.*"

In writing to his friend, he says, "I am strongly impressed by the recollection of your endeavour to prevail upon the lawyers to give up Sunday consultations, in which poor Romilly would not concur." What became of this same poor Romilly, who would not consent, even at the solicitation of his friend, to give up Sunday consultations? He lost his reason and terminated his own life.

Four years afterwards, Castlereagh came to the same untimely end. When Wilberforce heard of it, he exclaimed, "Poor fellow! He was certainly deranged—the effect, probably of continued wear of mind. The strong impression on my mind is, that it is the effect of the *non-observance* of the Sabbath; both as to abstracting from politics, and from the constant recurring of the same reflections, and as correcting the false views of worldly things, and bringing them down to their true diminitiveness. Poor Castlereagh! He was the last man in the world who appeared to be likely to be carried away into the commission of such an act; so cool, so self-possessed." It is curious to hear the newspapers speaking of incessant application to business; forgetting that by the weekly admission of a day of rest, which our Maker has enjoined, our faculties would be preserved from the effect of this constant strain." Being reminded again, by the death of Castlereagh, of the case of Sir Samuel Romilly, he said, "If he had suffered his mind to enjoy such occasional remission, it is highly probable that the strings of life would never have snapped from over-tension. Alas! alas! Poor fellow!"

Well might Dr. Farre say, "The working of mind in one continued train of thought is destructive of life in the most distinguished class of society; and *senators themselves* need reform in that particular. I have observed many of them destroyed by neglecting this economy of life."

A distinguished financier, charged with an immense amount of property during the great pecuniary pressure in 1836 and 1837, said, "I should have been a dead man, had it not been for the Sabbath. Obligated to work from morning till night, through the whole week, I felt on Saturday, especially Saturday afternoon, as if I *must* have rest. It was like going into a dense fog. Every thing looked dark and gloomy, as if nothing could be saved. I dismissed all, and kept the Sabbath in the good old way. On

Monday it was all bright sunshine. I could see through, and I got through. But had it not been for the Sabbath, I have no doubt I should have been in the grave."

A distinguished merchant, who, for the last twenty years has done a vast amount of business, remarked to the writer, "Had it not been for the Sabbath, I have no doubt I should have been a maniac long ago." This was mentioned in a company of merchants, when one remarked, "That is the case exactly with Mr. ——. He was one of our greatest importers. He used to say that the Sabbath was the best day in the week to plan successful voyages; showing that his mind had no Sabbath. He has been in the Insane Hospital for years, and will probably die there." Many men are there or in the maniac's grave, because they had no Sabbath. They broke a law of *nature*, and of nature's God, and found "the way of the transgressor to be hard." Such cases are so numerous that a British writer remarks, "We never knew a man work seven days in the week who did not kill himself or kill his mind."

THE APPIAN WAY.

In this age of road-making it cannot be uninteresting to refer to the excellence of those paved highways, which connected the provinces of the Roman Empire with the capital. The most celebrated of these was the "Appian Way," near which was Apii Forum, along which the Apostle Paul once travelled. This road was commenced by the celebrated Sabine Noble, Appius Claudius Cæcus. It was the first scientifically constructed, and well did it deserve the name given it by Statius, "the Queen of Roman ways," (*regina viarum*.) It was first completed as far as Capua, a distance of 125 miles; afterwards it was continued to Brundisium. The way in which it was constructed was as follows:—A trench was dug about 5 feet broad, until a solid foundation was reached. Where this could not be found, as in marshy ground, piles were driven in. Above this were four layers of material. First of all a course of small stones was formed, and then broken stone cemented with mortar was laid to the thickness of nine inches; above this was a compost of bricks, pottery, and mortar, six inches thick. On the top of these, large blocks of very hard stone, joined with admirable skill, formed the upper surface. Each of these stones measured four or five feet. This causeway was strewed with gravel, and furnished with stones for mounting on horseback, and for indicating distance. Even in the time of Procopius, the middle of the 6th century, and more than 800 years after its formation, this road was in excellent preservation. He says, "An expeditious traveller might very well perform the journey from Rome to Capua in five days." Its breadth is such as to admit of two carriages passing each other. Above all others, this is worthy of notice, for the stones which were employed on it are of a very hard nature, and were certainly conveyed by Appius from some distant place, as none of the kind are to be found in the neighbourhood. These having been cut smooth and square, were fitted closely together, without using iron or any other substance; and they adhere firmly.

APPLES OF GOLD.

What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ; yes, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things; and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him, as my righteousness.—Phil. iii. 7-9.

This was the life and constant mind of St. Paul. The words, "in him," "in Christ," "in the Lord," "I am in Christ," &c., occur continually. I choose them also for my staff and my song in the wilderness; they shall be my great tower, my strong fortress, my sweet paradise, mine only element and life. Here may I take up mine abode for ever, and the Lord keep me steadfast! "It is good for us to be here;" for this is Pisgah, the mount of the Lord, where Jesus, being transfigured, reveals his glory to his disciples. Here we should build our tabernacle; and here may death find me at last!

Had I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,

And build on him alone;
For no foundation is there given,
On which I'd place my hopes of heaven,
But Christ, the corner-stone.

Possessing Christ, I all possess:
Wisdom and strength, and righteousness,

And holiness complicate:
Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh
Before the Ruler of the sky,
And all his justice meet.

This is the last number of the PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, and if it has increased the information or exerted a good influence over the hearts of any of its readers, it will not have existed in vain. As before stated the general preference of the MONTREAL WITNESS on the part of such as relished the kind of literature contained in both publications, appeared a sufficient reason for not going on with the Magazine, as a separate publication, and for inviting all its readers who feel so disposed to become subscribers to the Montreal Witness instead. To the few subscribers who have overpaid the volume, the WITNESS will be sent for fully the amount due them.

THE PEACOCK.



(PAVO CRISTATUS.)

This species is spread over the north of India and the islands of Malaisia in its natural state. It is the *Mohr* of the Mahrattas, according to Colonel Sykes, who describes the wild bird as abundant in the dense woods of the Ghauts; it is readily domesticated, and many Hindu temples in the Dukhun (Deccan) have, he tells us, considerable flocks of them. On a comparison with the bird as domesticated in Europe, the latter, both male and female, was found by the Colonel to be identical with the wild bird of India.

Colonel Williamson, in his account of peacock-shooting, states that he had seen about the passes in the Jungletary district curprising quantities of wild pea-fowls. Whole woods were covered with their beautiful plumage, to which the rising sun imparted additional brilliancy. Small patches of plain among the long grass, most of them cultivated, and with mustard, then in bloom, which induced the birds to feed, increased the beauty of the scene. 'I speak within bounds,' continues Colonel Williamson, 'when I assert that there could not be less than twelve or fifteen hundred pea-fowls, of various sizes, within sight of the spot where I stood for near an hour.'

According to the same authority it is easy to get a shot in a jungle, but where the birds flocked together, which they do to the amount of forty or fifty, there was greater difficulty.

Buffon and others say that the bird was introduced into Greece, whence it has been spread throughout Europe, in the time of Alexander the Great. Others again, with greater show of reason, assert that it was brought to Greece before the time of Pericles.

The female, like those of several other gallinaceous birds, is subject to putting on the plumage of the male when unfit for the reproduction of the species. Thus Lady Tynte had a favourite pied pea-hen, which had produced chickens eight several times. John Hunter relates that this bird having moulted when about eleven years old, the lady and family were astonished by her displaying the feathers peculiar to the other sex, and appearing like a pied peacock. In this process the tail (train,) which became like that of the cock, first made its appearance after

moulted. In the following year, having moulted again, she produced similar feathers. In the third year she did the same, and, in addition had spurs resembling those of a cock. She never bred after this change of plumage, and died the following winter in the hard frost of 1775-8.—*Penny Cyclopædia*.

THE THREE MECHANICS.

Seven years ago, if you had entered a mechanic's shop in the village of —, you would have seen three young men engaged in the same employment, and apparently with the same prospects. They were about the same age—were all employed by the same individual—all boarded in the same family—all possessed equal advantages; and neither of them had a title to an inheritance beyond this world.

But even then, if you had entered the secret chambers of their hearts, or stopped to inquire minutely into their moral state, you would have found a wide difference between them.

The family where they boarded was interested in the Sabbath school, in temperance efforts, and in other kindred operations; and each of these youths was solicited to interest himself in these safeguards of morality and virtue. One of them, after much solicitation, put his name to the temperance pledge, and attended regularly on the instruction of the Sabbath school. Another *advorated* the cause of temperance, and occasionally attended the Sabbath school; but he thought he was too old to be a member of the school. The third ridiculed the Sabbath school and all who attended to its instructions, and as to temperance, he thought it very unnecessary to make such a parade about that. He could keep from drinking without *pledging* himself to abstain from it.

It was not long before the one who belonged to the Sabbath school, became interested in the truths he there learned; and, notwithstanding his efforts at mirth and gaiety with his companions, betrayed to their eagle eyes, that there was heaviness at his heart. One day, while together in the shop, the eldest remarked, "I will tell you what it is, E—, you are serious; and if there should be a revival here, you would be among the converts." He made but little reply, merely saying, "It might be well for us all, if we were serious," when a torrent of abuse was thrown out against religion and its instructions.

Although the place was blessed with a revival at that time, yet this young man *alone* sought the Saviour; and it was not long before he was willing openly to acknowledge that he had put his trust in Him.

As I intimated at the beginning, seven years have since passed away. The youth who joined the temperance society and Sabbath school, feeling a great desire to proclaim to others the Saviour he had found, soon commenced a course of study preparatory for the ministry, and has now a bright prospect before him of extensive usefulness.

The one who vacillated, sometimes attending the Sabbath school and proclaiming himself the friend of temperance, and sometimes appearing indifferent, lost the confidence of his employers, proved unsuccessful in business, and has wasted what little he had gained, in amusements and rioting.

The other one pursued a direct, downward course. To profaneness, he soon added intemperance; and, notwithstanding the warnings of his friends, and the earnest entreaties of a pious brother, he gave himself up to continued dissipation; and a drunkard's grave has just closed over him.

The foregoing sketch should stimulate all who are in any way connected with youth, to influence them as far as possible, to engage in those operations which are designed for the promotion of morality and virtue. The young man mentioned, who is now in college, has frequently been heard to remark, that had it not been for the constant yet judicious entreaties of a Sabbath school teacher, he should not have joined that institution; and might now be following in the devious path of his companions.

This sketch should also lead the young not to be weakly and foolishly ashamed of morality and religion, but gladly to entrench themselves about with the wholesome restraints of both; to trust in the Lord with all their hearts, and lean not to their own understanding.—*Mountain Gleaner*.

The glutton is the lowest-souled of all animals; the butcher's boy is to him an Atlas bearing heaven on his shoulders.

ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION BY YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

From the Montreal Witness.

We have taken it for granted, that there are three classes of callings which may be described as follows:—

1st. Occupations which are evil in their tendencies and results, such as slave-trading and slave-holding, the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks or drugs for common or indiscriminate use, gambling of any kind, and others which will occur to the intelligent mind.

2nd. Callings which, though necessary and useful, are neither good nor bad in a moral point of view, but rendered either by the motives for and manner of carrying them on. Such are husbandry, the mechanical arts, mercantile business, and, in fact, the greater part of the callings, or professions which are pursued in society.

3rd. Callings which, as they are, or ought to be, directly engaged in promoting the best interests of mankind, temporal and eternal, may be said to have the glory of God more distinctly and obviously for their aim and end. Such are the ministry and the missionary work in all their departments; the education of the young, making or publishing good books or periodicals, and, in fact, all that in any way involve the office of public instruction.

Now, between the first and last of these classes, it is quite evident that a complete and perpetual antagonism exists; the one is calculated to make men worse, the other better. The first to promote the kingdom of satan, the last to promote the kingdom of God: and it is equally incongruous and mischievous for a Christian to be engaged in the first, as for a worldly or wicked man to be engaged in the last. Both anomalies, although, alas, frequently seen, have a tendency to confound all notions of right and wrong; to mix up the Church inseparably with the world, and thus obscure her glory and paralyze her power. The middle class of callings is a kind of neutral ground on which Christians and worldlings may meet without inconsistency on the part of either.

Now, let us look at the inferences to be drawn from these premises. The last class of professions are, or ought to be, peculiarly congenial to Christians; and Christians are the only persons who are at all suitable for them. These are the callings which, incalculably more than any others, are to advance the eternal interests of mankind, and, as a necessary consequence, their temporal interests also. These are the callings which like the imaginary lever of the ancient sage are to move, yes to raise up the world; and which, unless filled by Christians for the good of society, will be filled with worldly and hypocritical men to its great detriment. Why do not Christians, then, devote themselves almost exclusively to this class of callings? Do they seek to honour God? Their daily employment in these callings would be for this object. Do they seek to promote his kingdom? That is the direct result of these occupations. Instead of having to go out of their business for a brief space now and then, to engage in the delightful work of speaking about Christ to perishing sinners, which is the most that Christians in ordinary callings can do, this would constitute their daily business in those to which we refer. Do Christians desire opportunities to improve and benefit their fellow-men? These callings just furnish opportunities at every step, and place them in a position of influence which no others can. Do they desire to be good soldiers of the cross, and engage in the conflict with the powers of darkness? These callings are the hope—not forlorn—the vanguard of the army of the Most High.

But, perhaps, there are far more Christians than can be employed in these callings. Well, suppose this to be the case, is it not the more extraordinary that they do not occupy the whole field—that they leave the business of teaching the young, for instance, and the newspaper press and the publishing business, almost exclusively to the worldly or wicked!

But, perhaps, they are jostled out of these employments by the competition of others. Far from it, there is no business that is so destitute of competition as that of school teaching. The field stands open inviting—crying out even for occupants, but scarcely any worthy occupants present themselves; and the same is true, to a lamentable extent, of the missionary field which is the world. Not to speak of the middle class of callings at all, if all Christians who are more or less engaged in those that are positively bad, were to transfer themselves to those which are positively good, the world would soon present a new

aspect. To the young, therefore, who are coming upon the stage, we most earnestly commend the consideration of this subject, and the choice of a calling which shall directly glorify God in seeking to extend his kingdom.

SKETCHES AMONG THE GREEKS AND TURKS.

(From Wuyfaring Sketches among the Greeks and Turks, and on the Shores of the Danube. By a Seven Years' Resident in Greece—a Lady.)

A TURKISH REPAST.

[Here is a description of some of the writer's fellow-voyagers, a party of Turks at supper on deck:—]

I found the whole party seated round a large bowl of pilaf, into which they were digging joyously and savagely; nodding their turbans over it, with solemn ejaculations of Mahomedan piety, and cramming it down their throats with a celerity which seemed to have no other object but a philosophical desire to ascertain how much they could swallow in a given time, without any reference to the nourishment to be derived therefrom. I wished them a good appetite, in Greek, which is a set phrase which I knew they would understand; and they were all so delighted with this proof of intelligence on my part, that I narrowly escaped being choked by the great bullets of rice which they speedily rolled up in the palms of their hands, and would have jerked down my throat with singular dexterity, had I not earnestly deprecated so Oriental a proof of good-will. One corpulent old gentleman, who seemed to have had a superior education, sat looking at me with profound disgust, and affectedly stroked his yellow slippers whenever they even came in contact with my dress. I specially addressed him with a polite invocation for the increase of his appetite, already so voracious, that had my wish been fulfilled, I doubt if any amount of food would have satisfied him; but though he gravely responded, I saw it had no effect in subduing the savageness of his feelings towards me; I was still a ghiaour, and a thing without a soul, and therefore to be despised; seeing this, I went to my father and begged a little tobacco from him, with which I returned, and silently presented it to him; "Mashallah," he exclaimed, this was quite another story; the soulless thing had a wonderful instinct for comprehending his precise tastes, and he instantly became the most affable and talkative of old gentlemen.

THE SLAVE-MARKET OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

A most interesting group presented itself before us: two young female slaves, both with most pleasing countenances, stood together closely embraced, the arm of the one round the neck of the other; their attitude, as well as the strong likeness between them, pointing them out at once as sisters. By their side was an African slave-dealer, in whose ferocious countenance it seemed impossible to discern a trace of human feeling. He was armed with a large heavy stick, with which he drove them to and fro, literally like a herd of animals. Three or four Turks were discussing with considerable animation the price of one of the women; but the bargain had been struck just before we came in, and one of the party, a stout, good-looking man, was paying down the money. When this was completed, with an imperious movement of the hand, he motioned to his newly purchased slave to follow him. It was the youngest and the most timid of the two sisters whom he had selected. Nothing could have been more painful than to watch the intense, the terrified anxiety, with which both had followed the progress of sale; and now it was concluded, and they knew that the moment of separation was arrived, she whose fate had been sealed, disengaged herself, and, turning round, placed her two hands on her sister's shoulders, with a firm grasp, and gazed into her eyes. Not words, not tears, could have expressed one half of the mute, unutterable despair, that dwelt in that long, heart-rending gaze! It were hard to say which face was most eloquent of misery: but the Turk was impatient; he clapped his hands together. This was a well-known signal. A slight tremor shook the frame of the young slave; her arms fell powerless at her side, and she turned to follow her master. The voiceless but agonised farewell was over. In another moment, we could just distinguish her slender figure threading its way through the crowd, in company with the other slaves belonging to the Turk. Her sister had hid herself behind her companions, and now sat on the ground, her head sunk upon her folded arms.

SELECTIONS.

I SHALL BE A KING.—The late Duke of Hamilton had two sons. The eldest fell into a consumption, when a boy, which ended in his death. Two ministers went to see him at the family-seat, near Glasgow, where he lay. After prayer, the youth took his Bible from under his pillow, and turned to 2 Tim. 4: 7. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness;" and added, "this, sirs, is all my comfort!" When his death approached, he called his younger brother to his bed, and spoke to him with great affection. He ended with these remarkable words: "And now, Douglas, in a little time you will be a Duke, but I shall be a King!"

SHAKSPERE'S BIRTH-PLACE.—The committee for the purchase of Shakspeare's birth-place, of which Lord Morpeth and Ellesmere are respectively president and vice-president, have just issued a report, stating the commencement of a fund for the accomplishment of the desired purpose. Prince Albert has consented to become patron, and has contributed £250, her Majesty the Queen dowager has also given £100, and the corporation of Stratford-on-Avon £100.

ABOLITION IN THE DANISH WEST INDIES.—The Journal of Commerce states that letters received here by the Caledonia from unquestionable sources, announce that on the 28th of July last the King of Denmark issued a decree, declaring that all persons who should thereafter be born in his dominions, should be born FREE; and that all persons, in servitude in his dominions on the 28th July last, and remaining so on the 28th of July, 1859, shall then be absolutely free, without compensation to the owners. In the negotiation with the colonists which preceded the issuing of this decree, he offered them the alternative of three years with a compensation of \$60 per head for each slave, or twelve years without any compensation, and they chose the latter. Denmark has three small islands in the West Indies, viz. St. Croix, St. Thomas, and St. John. St. Croix contains about 30,000 slaves. St. Thomas and St. John perhaps 5000 more.

BOOKS.—It is recorded of Plato, that notwithstanding he had a very small paternal inheritance, he bought three books at a price equal to \$1,200 of our money. Before the invention of printing, manuscripts in general bore such excessive prices, that few besides the opulent could acquire a library. St. Jerome almost ruined himself in order to purchase the works of Origen. Benedict Bishop, founder of the English monastery, made no fewer than five journeys to Rome to purchase books; for one of these, a volume of cosmography, King Alfred gave him an estate of as much land as eight ploughs could labour. Muratorio relates that an abbot earnestly besought the Pope, in a letter in 825, to lend him a copy of Cicero on Oratory, and Quintilian's Institutes, "for," says he, "a complete copy is not to be found in France." The Countess of Anjou paid for a copy of Homilies, two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet. Even so late as 1471, when Louis XI. of France borrowed the works of Rhasis, an Arabian physician, from the faculty of medicine at Paris, he not only deposited a considerable quantity of plate as a pledge, but was obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him as surety in a deed, binding himself under a great forfeiture to restore it.

The noble conduct of Captain Camp, of the Spanish brig Emilio, in rescuing the survivors of the crew and passengers of the Tweed steamer, has induced the committee of Lloyd's, to resolve upon recommending the subscribers to bestow a silver medal upon him; a bronze medal upon Senior Vila Verde, his mate; and a sum of money upon the crew of the Emilio.

THE CASTANHA TREE.—Behind the house was a grove of fine trees, some apparently having been planted for ornament, others bearing profusion of various sorts of fruits. The one of all these most attractive was that which produces the Brazil nut, called in the country "castanhas." Botanically it is the *Bertholletia excelsa*. This tree was upwards of one hundred feet in height, and between two and three in diameter. From the branches were depending the fruits, large as cocoa-nuts. The shell of these is nearly half an inch in thickness, and contains the triangular nuts so nicely packed, that, once removed, no skill can replace them. It is no easy matter to break this tough covering, requiring some instrument, and the exercise of considerable strength; yet we were assured by an intelligent friend, at the Barra Rio Negro, that the Guaribas, or howling monkeys, are in the habit of breaking them, by striking them upon stones or the limbs of iron-like trees. When the castanha nuts are fresh, they much resemble in taste the cocoa-nut, and the white milk, easily expressed, is no bad substitute for milk in coffee. This soon becomes rancid, and at length turns to oil. The nuts are exported largely from Para, and are said to form a very important ingredient in the manufacture of sperm candles.—*A Voyage up the Amazon.*

INDIAN DRESS.—A young Indian warrior is notoriously the most thorough-going beau in the world. Broadway and Bond street furnish no subjects that will spend as much time, or endure as much crimping and confinement, to appear in full dress. We think that we have observed such a character constantly employed with his paints and his pocket-glass, for three full hours, laying on his paints and arranging his tresses, and contemplating, with visible satisfaction, from time to time, the progress of his attraction. The chief and warriors in full dress, have one, two, or three clasps of silver about their arms, and generally jewels in their ears. Painted porcupine quills are twined

in their hair. Tails of animals hang from the head behind, or from the point where they were originally appended to the animals. A necklace of beads or alligators teeth or claws of the bald eagle or common red heads, or wanting these, a kind of rosary of red thorns hangs about the neck. From the knees to the feet, the legs are ornamented with great numbers of little, perforated cylindrical pieces of silver or brass, that tinkle as the person walks.—If to all this, he add an American hat, and a soldier's coat, of blue, faced with red, over the customary calico shirt, he steps firmly on the ground, to give his tinklers a simultaneous noise, and apparently considering his appearance with as much complacency, as the human bosom can be supposed to feel.—*Flint.*

FAMILY PRAYER.—In binding a family together in peace and love, there is no human influence like that of domestic prayer. Raising their hearts to heaven, it brings them all together in the presence of God. The family altar to which they repair from the cares and toils of life, reminding them of the rest reserved in heaven, it unites them in the efforts of faith and obedience for its attainment. Earth has no holier spot than a house thus sanctified by prayer—where the voice of supplication and thanksgiving consecrates every day—where the word of God is devoutly read, and all unite to show forth all His praises. It may be humble, but it is holy, and therefore heavenly. Poverty may be there, and sorrow; but its inmates are rich in faith, and joyous in the Holy Ghost. Sickness and death may enter it; but they will be as angels of peace and mercy; and the spirits whom they relieve from the imprisonment of the flesh, will be united, free and happy, to worship forever, as earth did not permit them, a family in heaven.

COMFORT OF CHILDREN.—Call not that man wretched who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted, pleasure denied, has a child for whom he has hopes, and on whom he dotes. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its darkest mantle over him, the song of the gay may be far from his own dwelling, his name may be unknown to his neighbours, and his voice may be unheeded by those among whom he dwells, even pain may rack his joints, and sleep flee from his pillow; but he has a gem with which he would not part for a wealth defying computation, for fame filling a world's ear, for the highest health, or for the sweetest sleep that ever sat upon mortal's eye.—*Coleridge.*

THE VALLEY OF POISON.—A real valley of death exists in Java: it is termed the Valley of Poison, and is filled to a considerable height with carbonic acid gas, which is inhaled from crevices in the ground. If a man or any animal enter it, he cannot return; and he is not sensible of his danger until he feels himself sinking under the poisonous influence of the atmosphere which surrounds him; the carbonic acid of which it chiefly consists rising to the height of eighteen feet from the bottom of the valley. Birds which fly into this atmosphere drop down dead; and a living fowl thrown into it, dies before it reaches the bottom, which is strewed with the carcasses of various animals that have perished in the deleterious gas.

THE WICKED NO WHERE SAFE.—There is no place so holy as to defend a wicked man; no place which makes a man holy, but a good man makes every place wheresoever he be holy. When Jeremy preached that God would destroy the temple for the wickedness of the priests, the priests could not abide to hear that, but cried out, "The temple of God, the temple of God," yet Jeremy said still, he would do unto that house as he did unto Sion and destroy it. There is no creature of God so holy, but if a man do abuse it God will give both him and it to his enemies' power if they do not amend. God suffered his holy ark, wherein were the tables written with his own finger, and Aaron's rod, and a pot full of manna, with other reliques, to be given into the Philistines' hands for the wickedness of the people and the priests which bare it, Hophni and Phineas, Eli's sons. So likewise should these holy hills and all of them be devoured with the sword, if they builded not this house of God.—*Bishop Pilkington.*

A PAINFUL SIGHT.—To see young men lounging about month after month, neither working nor desiring to work; while others—perhaps poor parents—are toiling from morning till night, to support and save them from a disgrace which their own thoughtlessness and laziness is fast bringing upon them. But how many such sights are to be seen in every community? How many are found who have not that sense of shame, which is necessary to force them off the loungers' seat, but enough of that false pride which will not allow them to take hold of employment if it does not happen to be genteel and profitable. Alas, the fate of such is sealed; they will go down to the grave unloved, un mourned, and soon to be forgotten by all.

Damon slept on his bed of steel, St. Luke in his iron crown, and a battalion of infantry has been known to sleep on a march.—*Bains' Anatomy of Sleep.*

A WORTHY.—Mr. Davis, the benevolent Burlington County Quaker, who has afforded employment, and found places for so many poor immigrants, called upon the N. Y. Alms House Commissioner yesterday for fifty women, whom he is ready to supply with constant employment. A few benevolent citizens in the adjacent states might in this way do much towards diffusing the worthy portion of these destitute immigrants amongst our older settlements.—*Newark Adv.*

An extensive base coinage of Turkish piastres has been discovered at Birmingham—nine casks of coin have been forged, amounting in nominal value to £25,000. Edward Darwin, charged with the coining and uttering, has been committed for trial.

NEWS.

EMIGRANT HOSPITAL—POINT ST. CHARLES.

Deaths during the week:—

19th September,.....	8
20th "	11
21st "	10*
22nd "	9
23rd "	11
24th "	10
25th "	12†
—	
72	

* Two admitted in a dying state; 352 discharged during the week ending 18th September.

† 433 discharged during the week ending 25th September.

His Excellency the Governor General, the Countess of Elgin, Lady Alice Lampton, and suite, left this city in the steamer Montreal, for Quebec, Wednesday, at 6 p. m. A guard of honour was stationed on the wharf.

The interest which has prevailed in the public mind for the last ten or fifteen days, relative to the probable issue of the libel case between Col. Gogly and the proprietors of the Herald, has subsided by the termination of the trial, which was brought to a close on Monday last. The Jury returned a verdict for the Plaintiff, awarding damages for £250.—Gazette.

The great Bell, so long looked for, was safely landed from the Ottawa, in which vessel it was brought from London. The event created quite a sensation among the French Canadians, who were congregated in large numbers in the vicinity of the church, gazing admiringly at the monster proportions of the new arrival. The bell is not to be placed in the church until the spring, and is housed for the winter in a wooden building erected for the purpose adjoining the entrance of the church. The name of the bell is the "Bourdon of Notre Dame de Montreal." The weight is 29,400 lbs.—the height 6 feet 3 inches—the diameter 8 feet 6 inches. It is one of the most perfect and beautiful specimens of bell cast in the world.—Transcript.

The latest news from Grosse Isle is rather better. The late fine weather had worked wonders. On the 22nd instant, the Hospital Return showed but 1187 patients. A considerable number of healthy passengers have gone on within a few days past. At the last accounts, there were no vessels at the Station.—Quebec, 24th September.

ST. LAWRENCE AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD COMPANY.—A special meeting of the Proprietors in the capital stock of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railroad Company was held at the Company's office on the 20th instant, for the purpose of determining the rate of interest that shall be payable on the paid up capital. A great number of stockholders were present. In the general resolutions which were adopted, it was agreed that 6 per cent. per annum be allowed to stockholders who have July paid up, to be paid the first instalment on the first day of January next. It is expected that another meeting will be called shortly, when the gauge question will be discussed as related to the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad.

On Friday evening last, an attempt was made to rob the Toll house at the Union Suspension Bridge, and, it is supposed, from certain circumstances which have since occurred, to murder the toll-keeper. Fortunately the Rev. Mr. Robb drove up shortly after, and the villains were frustrated in their design.—Bytown Gazette.

A Meeting of the citizens of Toronto was held in the City Hall on Saturday afternoon, to take measures for ameliorating the condition of the sick and destitute immigrants during the approaching winter. Resolutions were passed recommending the building of a House of Industry without delay, and urging that more care be taken to prevent sick persons being shipped off from the several stations.

The Stock in the Port Hope Road, is all taken, and those wishing to take Stock in the Grafton Road had better apply immediately. The public meetings of the Stockholders has been held and the several Directors chosen.—Cobourg Star.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday last, the 14th inst., Emily, third daughter of the Venerable Archdeacon Bethune, aged 6 years, was going up stairs in her father's house, she tripped and fell to the bottom. She was taken up insensible and died about 8 o'clock last night.—Ib.

The Britannia steamship narrowly escaped shipwreck on her late passage from England, having struck the rocks near Cape Race, Newfoundland. The passengers have made a public expression of thankfulness for their delivery from the threatened danger, and of their appreciation of the conduct of the commander, officers and crew of the steamer, under the trying circumstances.

THE HARVEST.—Answers to inquiries as to the harvest from correspondents in all parts of Great Britain are given in a tabular form in the Gardener's Chronicle of last week. The general deduction from these returns seem to be that the wheat crop, which is of rather larger extent than usual, promise, on the whole, considerably over an average produce—that the barley crop, which is of the ordinary extent, is even still further beyond an average than the wheat—that a greater extent of oats, notwithstanding the partial failure in Scotland, will yield an average crop—and that beans and pease, especially the former (but excepting Scotland), though cultivated to a much larger extent than has ever been previously known, will not yield much above half the number of bushels which ordinary crops of past years have produced. The reports are arranged geographically; and they show that as certain crops vary apparently solely with the latitude, and therefore the climate of their several localities, the failure of the oats in Scotland, of the beans from Yorkshire southwards, and of certain of the green crops, also in southern and central England, are most obvious illustrations of this. "And we are inclined to regard our information on the prevalence of the potato disease," says the editor, "as in a measure obeying a similar law; it appears to exhibit the mischief as occurring, for the most part, on the western coast or western side of England. Our worst reports are from Stragfar, Cumberland, Lancashire, Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, Devon, Cornwall, Dorset, and Hampshire."

SIR CLAUDESLEY SHEVELL'S FLEET.—Sir Claudesley Shevell's ships' guns, about 30 in number, and several round and cross-bar shots, were seen on the 17th ult., near a rock called the Glastone, to the westward of Scilly Islands, by a diver belonging to the cutter Argyle, Moses, of Jersey. He states two of the guns could be raised with ease, but the remainder are covered over by a rock apparently of about 30 tons weight, which must have fallen upon them. He recovered two round shot of about 2 lb., and a cross-bar shot of some weight.—Hampshire Telegraph.

LOSS OF HER MAJESTY'S STEAMER MASTIFF.—We are in receipt of letters from the Orkney Isles announcing the probable loss of the Government steamer Mastiff, Commander Lieutenant A. B. Bucher, off the island of Sandor, twelve miles from Kirkwall-bay. She has been for some time past engaged in the survey of the coast and the vicinity of the Orkneys. On the morning of Tuesday (the 24th), while lying at anchor off the island of Sandor, it came on a fearful gale. Every precaution was taken for the safety of the vessel, but during the height of the storm she was driven from her anchor and carried ashore, a violent sea beating over her for many hours afterwards. We are happy to state that the whole ship's crew and officers were saved. Very little chance remains of preserving the steamer, which is full of water, and has sustained considerable injury. The Mastiff was an old vessel, having been launched at Bideford in the year 1813. She was nearly 200 tons burden.—Globe.

EXPENDITURE OF THE LORD STEWARD OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.—The following bill of fare for one year (1846), may not be uninteresting to economists:—Bread, £2050; butter, bacon, cheese, and eggs, £4976; milk and cream, £1478; butchers' meat, £9172; poultry, £3633; fish, £1979; grocery, £1614; oily, £1793; fruit and confectionery, £1741; vegetables, £487; wine, £1850; liquors, &c., £1843; ale and beer, £2811; wax candles, £1977; tallow candles, £679; lamps, £4166; fuel, £3849; stationery, £821, turnery, £376; brazery, £890; china, glass, &c., £1328; linen, £1025; washing, table linen, &c., £3130; plate, £500.

THE MONEY ORDER OFFICE.—During the last year there was issued in the United Kingdom 3,615,697 money orders, the amount of which came to £7,481,056 16s. 3d. The number paid in the same time was 3,500,803; amount, £7,014,097 3s. 6d. Total issued and paid, 7,024,882; amount, £14,125,453 19s. 9d. The amount of commission upon these orders for the year reached the extraordinary sum of £59,550 2s. The cost of management in the office in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and sums of compensation, reached £23,471 19s. 5d., and the net amount of commission paid into the revenue was £31,228. Of the number of seven millions, issued and paid within the year, about one million and a half are issued and paid at the office in London alone.

FEVER IN SCOTLAND.—We regret to state that fever continues to linger about the districts of Edinburgh and Glasgow, chiefly caused by Irish emigration. From the 25th of June to the 17th August no fewer than 26,335 Irish have arrived at Glasgow, of 1150 fever patients admitted into the hospital then, 750 were Irish, 380 Scotch, 15 English and 5 foreigners. Another Catholic clergyman, Dr. Sinnott, has fallen a victim to the prevailing typhus, having died last week at Greenock.—The returning officer for the board at Glasgow has also been taken ill, this being the fourteenth case of attack on the establishment.

THE PROVISION CONTRACT.—The naval contract is announced for 5000 tierces of beef and 14,000 tierces of pork; but it is worthy of remark that this contract is not limited, as heretofore, to beef and pork cured in the United Kingdom, but admits contracts from all parts of the globe. This is the first time that the provision contract has been extended beyond the United Kingdom, and the alteration has been rendered indispensable by the failure of the potato crop in Ireland, and its consequences upon the supply and prices of the description of cured meat required, especially pork.

INFLU. OF GRAIN.—It is reported that the stocks of grain and flour in London are accumulating to such an extent, that the warehouse room at command no longer suffices for their reception, and that recourse had been had to Greenwich for partial accommodation. A notice has been posted at the North and South American Coffee House, in London, requiring the consignees of several cargoes of corn, lying in the river Thames, to come forward and claim them. Prices have fallen to such an extent that the responsibility of accepting consignments of corn has become a serious matter, and hence the disinclination of the consignees to claim the property.

The Cork Examiner says: "Owing to the great receipt of potatoes and other vegetables to our markets, the master bakers of this city discharged, on Monday week, 40 of their journeymen. It is calculated by intelligent persons that the food produced in Ireland this year will be nearly double the usual quantity, owing to the enormous extent of green crops."

PRODUCE PRICES CURRENT.—MONTREAL, September 27, 1847.

ASHES—Provincial duty 1 per cent.	PROVINCIALS—Provincial duty 2s per cwt.
Pots, per cwt 28 6 a 29 0	Beef, Mess, bbl 200 lbs 00 0 a 00 0
Feasts, do 31 6 a 35 0	Prime Mess, do 00 0 a 67 6
FLOUR—Provincial duty 1 per cent.	Prime, do 52 8 a 00 0
Canada Superfine 27 6 a 30 0	Cargo, do 00 0 a 00 0
Do Fine 26 0 a 27 0	Prime Mess, per
Do Middlings none	tierce of 304 lbs 97 6 a 100 0
Do Pollards none	Po. x, Mess, bbl 200 lbs 95 6 a 100 0
MEAL—Provincial duty 2s per 196 lbs.,	Prime Mess, do 77 6 a 81 0
Imperial 2s per bbl, none	Prime, do 00 0 a 67 6
Indian Meal .. none	Cargo, do 00 0 a 67 6
Oatmeal .. 26 0 a 27 0	EACON, &c.—Provincial duty 6s per
GRAIN—Provincial duty 3s per quarter	cnt. Imperial, 3s per cwt.
on all except Oats 2s.	Bacon, .. none
Wheat, U C best 60 lbs 00 0 a 06 0	Hams, .. 00 6 a 09 7 1/2
Do do mid. do 00 0 a 00 0	BUTTER—Provincial duty, 2s. Impo.
Do Red 00 0 a 00 0	rial, 8s; per cwt.
Barley per minot .. 03 0 a 00 0	Butter .. 0 7 1/2 a 0 7 1/2
Oats .. do 00 0 a 00 0	Grease none
Pease .. do 00 0 a 00 0	
Indian Corn, 36 lbs .. none	

THOS. M. TAYLOR, Broker.