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THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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No. 38

HART-LEAP WELL.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

BY W. WORDSWORTH.

The knight had ridden down from Wensley moor
With the slow motion of a summer's cloud;
He turned aside towards a vassal's door,
And "Bring another horse!" he cried aloud.

"Another horse!"—That shout the vassal heard,
And saddled his best steed, a comely gray;
Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third
Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes;
The horse and horseman are a happy pair;
But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,
There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's hall,
That as they galloped made the echoes roar;
But horse and man are vanished, one and all;
Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain;
Brach, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,
Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The knight hallooed, he chid and cheered them on
With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern;
But breath and eye-sight fail; and one by one,
The dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race?
The bugles that so joyfully were blown?
—This chace it looks not like an earthly chace;
Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain-side;
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
Nor will I mention by what death he died;
But now the knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting then, he leaned against a thorn;
He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy;
He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn,
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned,
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat;
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned;
And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched:
His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,
And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched,
The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,
(Never had living man such joyful lot!)
Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west,
And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.

And climbing up the hill—(it was at least
Nine rods of sheer ascent)—Sir Walter found
Three several hoof-marks which the hunted beast
Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face and cried, "Till now
Such sight was never seen by living eyes:

Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow,
Down to the very fountain where he lies.

"I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,
And a small arbour, made for rural joy;
'Twill be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's cot,
A place of love for damsels that are coy.

"A cunning artist will I have to frame
A basin for that fountain in the dell!
And they, who do make mention of the same
From this day forth, shall call it Hart-leap Well.

"And, gallant brute! to make thy praises known,
Another monument shall here be raised;
Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn stone,
And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

"And in the summer when the days are long,
I will come hither with my paramour;
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song,
We will make merry in that pleasant bower.

"Till the foundations of the mountain fail,
My mansion with its arbour shall endure;—
The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,
And them who dwell among the woods of Ure!"

Then home he went, and left the Hart, stone-dead,
With breathless nostrils stretched above the spring.
—Soon did the knight perform what he had said,
And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.

Ere thrice the moon into her port had steered,
A cup of stone received the living well;
Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared,
And built a house of pleasure in the dell.

And near the fountain, flowers of stature tall,
With trailing plants and trees were interwin'd,—
Which soon composed a little sylvan hall,
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

And thither, when the summer-days were long,
Sir Walter led his wondering paramour;
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song
Made merriment within that pleasant bower.

The knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time,
And his bones lie in his paternal vale,—
But there is matter for a second rhyme,
And I to this would add another tale.

PREDICAMENTS OF PERIL.

BY CHARLES EDWARD JERNINGHAM, ESQ.

It is a peculiar property of the human mind to be more excited and affected by the narrative of hair-breadth escape than by that of a positive calamity.

To read in the morning's papers that four members of one family had died within a week, may produce in our minds a transient feeling of sympathy and commiseration. To find in another column an account of a man falling head foremost from the roof of a house, whose life is miraculously saved by his grasping the drawing-room balcony in his descent, excites a far more stirring and thrilling interest. Yet the one was a case of irreparable misfortune, the other a mere instance of extraordinary escape. To analyse the rationale of these

anomalies of the human mind would be no easy task, falling, as they pretty clearly do, within the province of metaphysical inquiry. The following anecdote, for example, is a complete philosophical problem.

A man, determined upon suicide, stood upon the parapet of the Pont Royal at Paris, and was just on the point of leaping into the river, when his eye and ear were arrested by the angry challenge of a sentinel, who, pointing his musket at the man, peremptorily ordered him to come down, threatening at the same time to shoot him. It seemed easy and natural enough to have avoided this new danger by putting into execution the preconceived resolution of jumping into the Seine; for it might well be presumed, that a person who had made up his mind to be drowned, need not have evinced so marked a repugnance to the alternative of being shot; strange however to relate, the word and gesture of the sentry produced such a reaction in the mind of the intended suicide, that instead of casting himself into the water, he hastily scrambled down from the bridge parapet, and took to his heels.

The French have a word, "La chair de poule," by which they express that sort of electric shudder which is apt to run through the frame at the recital of terrific perils and marvellous escapes, and it is a feeling which like the contagious terror produced by ghost stories upon the minds of a fire-side party, is not without its charm.

The following are a few situations of imminent hazard wherewithal imagination may be so self-tortured.

The Land's End in Cornwall consists of a promontory covered with green sward, of which the granite cliffs present to the ever stormy sea that dashes against that coast, a grand and most precipitous rampart. The descent from the high road, distant about a quarter of a mile from the sea, to the very brink of the cliffs, is by an extremely steep smooth lawn.

Some years back, a gentleman on horseback was run away with on this spot. Horse and rider were seen rushing down the green declivity with ungovernable speed, and the immediate destruction of both seemed inevitable; but upon this very edge of the precipice, the horseman had the dexterity to let himself drop on the turf, thus saving his life. The horse leapt into the sea, and the impress left on the sod by his hinder feet, about a yard from the brink of the precipice, has been preserved to this day in commemoration of the event.

A more fatal leap was that which many years ago gave the name of "the white mare" to Whiston Cliff, an abrupt precipice on the side of one of the Hambleton hills in Yorkshire. An extensive tract of table land has been long used as a training ground for race-horses, skirted in one direction by the above cliff. A thorough-bred mare had run away with her trainer. Unable to control her course, his efforts to check the animal's speed probably rendered her the more ungovernable; she leapt the precipice with her rider, and both were dashed to atoms.

It is difficult to conceive a more horribly grand spectacle than that which must have been afforded by that doomed horseman on his maddened steed taking the dreadful leap.

The eminent French landscape painter, Robert, when pursuing his studies at Rome, upon two occasions found himself in positions that deserve to be recorded among the predicaments of peril. Having gone alone to the catacombs of St. Sebastian to examine the fresco paintings which are to be met with amongst those gloomy and intricate caverns; in the ardour of a youthful artist's research, he lost the line by means of which he threaded his way through the labyrinth, and for twenty-four hours endured the horrible apprehension of being buried alive. During all that time, by the light of a torch, (which became extinguished long before he had succeeded in his wearisome search) Robert groped his way through the subterranean passages, vainly seeking to recover his lost clue, and with apparent reason anticipating his utter inability to do so. Overwhelmed with fatigue, hunger, and terror, he had almost given himself over for lost, when, on the morning of the second day, as he languidly crawled among the bones of the dead, his hand all at once grasped the long looked for line, and the emotion of that moment, its revulsion of feeling, and the sudden transition from the depth of despair to hope and life, were never forgotten.

Another time, the same artist had ascended the cupola of St. Peter's, and was watching the proceedings of some work-

men employed upon certain repairs required in and about the dome. To facilitate the bringing up of the water necessary for their operations, they had bethought themselves of throwing a couple of planks, fastened together in the centre, across the inside of the cupola, and by means of ropes attached to them, drawing up buckets from the basement of the church. A bridge was thus formed of about two feet wide, but as it had been only constructed for the convenience of raising water, no attention had been lavished on its capability for the support of a human being. A sudden and irresistible impulse to cross this insecure and narrow bridge seized Robert, and not till he had made three or four steps along it did he become fully sensible of the extreme danger of the enterprise, at the same time that he discovered the impossibility of turning back. To stop short and close his eyes, was, as he himself afterwards declared, the only expedient which saved him at that moment from falling, overpowered by vertigo, and startled by a volley of imprecations uttered by the workmen upon seeing the Frenchman thus periling his life. Straining his presence of mind to the utmost, the artist opened his eyes, and with a firm step trode the tottering plank. As he approached the centre part, he felt it crack beneath his feet.

"The plank is rotten, the unhappy man will . . ." cried one of the workmen, and a violent blow on the mouth from one of his comrades prevented him from completing his sentence.

Aghast and breathless, the Frenchman reached the opposite side of the cupola, and fell on his knees in speechless gratitude to heaven.

He was roused to consciousness by receiving blows and abuse from the workmen for having caused them such a moment of terror. Robert was at first disposed to be very wrathful at such usage, but observing a boy's mouth bathed in blood, inquired why it was in such a state: "Would you have had us let him go on bawling in such a manner as to have deprived you of the few senses you had left!" was the reply. Its bluff good will disarmed the artist's anger, and with a cordial grasp of the hand, he acknowledged his gratitude for the mason's friendly interest, thus rudely, but effectively, exerted in his behalf.

Some years ago, public curiosity at Rome was painfully excited by the feats of two English gentlemen, vying with each other in acts of temerity. One of them placed himself astride upon an arm of the cross which surmounts the cupola of St. Peter's: and the other to surpass his companion's hardihood, mounted to the top of it. Not however to be outdone, the former clambered up a conductor which soars twelve feet above the cross, of dimensions too taper to be distinguishable from the earth, and placed his glove upon its point. At that altitude, and clinging to an invisible rod, the adventurous climber appeared to the astounded multitudes that thronged the great Piazza in front of St. Peter's, as if he were soaring unsupported in mid-air.

Perhaps none of the many callings exercised by mankind present situations of more imminent hazard than the occupation pursued by the hardy islanders of the North Sea, who lower themselves from their precipitous cliffs by means of a rope fastened round their waists, and derive a livelihood from taking the eggs of sea-birds, myriads of which frequent those coasts, and rear their young in fissures and cavities of the rock. The Faroe Islands vary in altitude from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet, generally presenting a perpendicular face to the sea, which continually dashes against their base, and to behold human beings suspended between earth and ocean, with seeming unconcern pursuing their perilous avocation, creates a thrill in the bosom of the beholder.

Of such wild scenes and daring men are the following anecdotes illustrative.

A fowler had gone out to lay gins on the verge of the cliff. His foot catching in one of them, he fell head foremost over the precipice, and literally remained all night suspended by his great toe. To call for assistance at so late an hour would have been fruitless, to make any attempt to struggle upwards, equally so, besides endangering thereby the already frail fastening by which alone he was still held to the earth. The only resource was by desperate efforts to grasp such casual projections as might be presented by the perpendicular side of the precipice, and thus slightly relieve the foot from enduring the burthen of the whole body. In this position, looking downwards at the

sea, the luckless wight was rescued next morning in a half dying state.

Less physically painful, but to appearance as desperate, was the predicament of another fowler, who in the solitary pursuit of sea-birds' eggs had lowered himself half-way down an immense precipice, by means of a rope which he had fastened to a rock on its verge. Observing a cavity in the cliff which promised to yield an abundant harvest, with the agility common to men of his calling, he swung himself into it, and eagerly commenced ransacking the cave for the eggs with which it was richly stored. Now, it should be remarked, that the summit of the cliff projected forward in such a way as that a rope, lowered vertically from its verge, came only within sixteen feet of the cavity which the fowler had contrived to reach. Forgetful of all but the immediate object of his search, it was only when his wallets were well filled, that upon looking round he found that he had unfortunately let go his rope, and beheld it dangling motionless at the above-mentioned distance from the spot which he occupied. The trapper was fairly trapped. To wait for assistance was hopeless, as it was an utterly unfrequented part of the coast; no means of safety were at hand; to remain in the cave was to abide a death of starvation. But one fearful alternative, involving the probability of destruction, alone presented itself, and the fowler screwed up his courage to attempt it. Without the power of giving himself any spring—the cavity was barely high enough to afford him standing room—he leaped at the rope, grasped it, and was saved.

What must have been the man's emotions when taking this awful jump, with a stormy sea raging at an enormous depth beneath him? What must have been the undulations and gyrations of the rope suddenly put in motion by his weight; how its strength must have been tested and hazarded by the convulsive grasp of a heavy falling body, are considerations of which the pursuit likens itself to a kind of night-mare.

A fowler in the Hebrides, had lowered himself half-way down a huge cliff overhanging the sea, when he was attacked by an eagle that had built its nest in a crevice of rock. Hastily drawing his knife, he directed a stroke with it at the bird, but in doing so inflicted such a gash on the rope that it had begun to unravel, and appeared gradually narrowing to a size that would render it quite inadequate for the support of a man's weight. In breathless fear he watched the rope above him progressively uncoiling, and awaited what he supposed to be an inevitable fate, when to his inconceivable relief there proved to be still strength enough to support him till he had clambered upwards to its sounder portion.

The castle of Dunbeath in the county of Caithness, stands on the very point of a precipitous neck of land projecting into the ever stormy Pentland Firth. A narrow causeway alone divides its walls from the very brink of the cliff, which is of prodigious altitude. Of the former proprietor of this fortalice it is related that he, on one occasion, surprised his only daughter, a child of eight years old, in the act of plucking some wild flowers that grew out of rocky crevices, a couple of feet below the edge of the precipice. To accomplish her object the body of the child was more than half suspended over the abyss. To startle her at such a moment would have probably caused the child to lose her balance and fall into the sea. In breathless silence the agonized father watched each movement of the little girl. He beheld her gradually raise herself from the fearfully perilous situation, rushed to her as soon as he saw her safely landed on terra firma, and snatching her up in his arms, bore her distractedly away.

After all, custom reconciles men to the ready encounter of the most obvious dangers. Among the mountains of Glencoe there is a twelve feet leap, which is taken every day by the shepherds with the utmost carelessness, and as a mere matter of course. The achievement of such a leap presents indeed no physical difficulty. To flinch or slip in its performance would, however, be somewhat fearful; for it consists of a fissure in the mountain, probably the result of some mighty convulsion of nature, and about two thousand feet in depth.—*Dolman's Mag.*

CRITERION.—When thou gettest no comfort in hearing, nor ease to thy spirit in praying, and yet growest more eager to hear, and art more frequent in prayer; O, soul, great are thy faith and patience.—*Venn.*

LIFE OF SARAH MARTIN—PRISON VISITING.

(From the *Edinburgh Review.*)

The town of Great Yarmouth in Norfolk, which has been for many ages a place of considerable commercial importance, was originally a mere fishing-station. The men of the Cinque Ports, who were in early times the principal fishermen of the kingdom, used to assemble on that coast during the herring-season; and a sand-bank, situated at the mouth of an arm of the sea, which then flowed far into Norfolk, was their usual landing place. There, upon the dunes, or *dunes*, by the sea-shore, they spread their nets to the sun, repaired their boats, and cured or otherwise disposed of their catch of fish. The recession of the sea, the convenience of the situation, and the periodical visits of a concourse of busy men, led to the permanent occupation of this bleak and barren spot. The rearing of a few huts for the residence of such handicraftsmen as could assist the fishermen in the repair of their barks and nets, and of such dealers as could supply their accustomed wants, was the first advance towards a settlement. The next was the erection of a little chapel upon a green, bent-covered hill in the sand, which was indiscreetly dedicated to the patron of black monks, Saint Benedict. Hence arose discord and confusion. The men of the Cinque Ports had probably begun to doubt the efficacy of the winds which they bought before they started upon their voyages; and, in lieu of the ancient application to the wise woman, now took with them a chaplain, some true clerk of St. Nicholas, the seaman's universal patron. The fisher-priest soon quarrelled with the clerk of St. Benedict upon the subject of oblations; and, as must have seemed likely from their respective habits of life, the worshipper of St. Nicholas, "removed, expelled, and evil-intreated," his adversary. He probably even pulled down the little opposition chapel to the ground; for antiquarian diligence has never been able to discover the slightest trace of it. But the triumph of this vigorous stroke of conservative policy was short-lived. Some few years afterwards, a bishop of Thetford, the same who removed that see to Norwich, happened to be the king's chancellor, and a church-builder. He heard the Norfolk priest's cause in his equitable tribunal, and, with an appearance of kindness, as well as impartiality, settled the dispute, by himself erecting, not far from the mouth of the river Yare, a church so large, that *both* priests might officiate in it at separate altars! and, by way of compensation to the prescriptive rights of the men of the Cinque Ports, he dedicated the whole building to the true saint of the sea-shore, St. Nicholas. The church thus erected was rendered by subsequent additions one of the largest parish churches in England, and remained, until a comparatively recent period, the only church in Yarmouth.

Within the next hundred years after the settlement of this church question, the importance of Yarmouth increased rapidly, and, at the end of that time, the town was raised into the first rank of English municipalities by a royal charter, which conferred upon the burgesses a great variety of privileges, and, amongst them, that of trying pleas of the crown, or criminal causes. "according to the law and custom of Oxford." Hence arose the necessity for a prison; and a building was erected for that use on the site of the present strange, grotesque and in part ancient jail, whose ugliness seems intended to aid the law in exciting feelings of terror and aversion in the minds of evil-doers.

According to the theory of our ancestors, the people of Yarmouth had now advanced to the point of completeness as a borough. Law and gospel had each its representative among them. Their sanction and their penalties were brought home to every man's own door. When men sinned, the church assessed a compensation to Heaven, in the shape of penances, and insisted upon external marks of contrition before the offender was permitted to resume his standing in the visible congregation of the faithful. When men committed crimes, the law mulcted them in pecuniary fines, or deprived them of their liberty, sequestered them from kirk and market, but, instead of aiming at reformation, or even at penitence, sought only punishment; secluded them in loathsome places of confinement; subjected them to the tyranny of ignorant, and often brutal keepers, who were responsible only for their safe custody; and herded them all together, whatever their ages, stations, or offences, without occupation, without instruction, and sometimes

even unfed and unclad, save by the poor proceeds of a begging-box, the rattling of which invoked the charity of the passers-by. Strange as this now seems, it continued for centuries. The church was the first to awake. She discovered that her outward penances were unavailing towards the rectification of the heart, and following out that principle, effected all the changes of the ecclesiastical Reformation. There, for a time, the course of social improvement seemed stayed. The law, in spite of this glimmer of right reason in its sister institution, still held its ancient way. Jails were thought to be places by means of which men were to be intimidated from crime; but it was not seen, or the fact was disregarded, that such jails were mere academies of crime, and that, through their instrumentality, the law itself was the principal teacher of the science of law-breaking.

Yarmouth was one of the last places in the kingdom to become convinced of this fact. The town, however, increased in size and importance. A spacious quay afforded accommodation for the numerous fleet which carried the produce of Yarmouth fisheries, and the manufactures of Norwich, to the remotest quarters of the globe; noble mansions testified to the wealth of Yarmouth merchants; while no less than four hundred narrow lanes, locally termed *rows*, by which the principal streets are intersected at right angles, demonstrated the existence of the dense population. The whole place looked prosperous, cheerful, busy; and gay visitors flitted about, in search of health or pleasure, upon that very beach on which the men of the Cinque Ports had spread their nets. Still there stood that jail, with its long succession of corrupt and ever-corrupting inmates. Infinite changes and improvements had taken place around it, but within the system of mismanagement remained almost untouched. Generation after generation passed along that narrow street, and looked with the outward eye upon that hideous abode of misery and guilt; but their feelings were so thoroughly engrossed by their own affairs, their merchandize or their farm, their pleasures or their griefs, that they remained mentally unconscious of the guilt which the continued existence of such a building and such a system was entailing upon society at large. And this continued down to the year 1819, and even much later. There was no schoolmaster, no chaplain, no attempt at occupation or reformation. "The doors were simply locked upon the prisoners * * * their time was given to gaming, swearing, playing, fighting, and bad language; and their visitors were admitted from without with little restriction." There was no divine worship in the jail on Sundays, nor any respect paid to that holy day. There were "underground cells" (these continued even down to 1836), "quite dark and deficient in proper ventilation." The prisoners described their heat in summer as almost suffocating, but they prefer them for their warmth in winter; their situation is such as to defy inspection, and they are altogether unfit for the confinement of any human being." The whole place was filthy, confined, unhealthy; and its occupants were "infested with vermin and skin disease." Such a state of things could not continue for ever. It is the great comfort and consolation of all persons who seek after social reformation, that the abuses of society have within them a principle of decay, under the influence of which no power can long uphold them against the peaceable assaults of advancing civilization. Human impatience has often caused premature reformation, after many a hard struggle, to stop short of the point which might have been attained with ease, if the over-hasty hand could have been stayed, until the arrival of that "fulness of time" which the laws under which all human things exist are surely bringing about. At Yarmouth, that fulness of time was allowed to travel onwards at its slowest pace; but arrive it did at last, and then these iniquities fell before the touch of apparently the weakest instrument that could have been raised up to wield a lance against them.

In August, 1819, a woman was committed to the jail for a most unnatural crime. She was a mother who had "forgotten her sucking child." She had not "had compassion upon the son of her womb," but had cruelly beaten and ill-used it. The consideration of her offence was calculated to produce a great effect upon a female mind; and there was one person in the neighbourhood of Yarmouth who was deeply moved by it. She was a poor dressmaker; a little woman of gentle quiet manners, possessing no beauty of person, nor, as it seemed, any peculiar endowment of mind. She was then just eight-and-

twenty years of age, and had, for thirteen years past, earned her livelihood by going out to the houses of various families in the town as a day-labourer in her business of dressmaking. Her residence was at Caister, a village three miles from Yarmouth, where she lived with an aged grandmother, and whence she walked to Yarmouth and back again in the prosecution of her daily toil. This poor girl had long mourned over the condition of the inmates of the jail. Even as long back as in 1810, "whilst frequently passing the jail," she says, "I felt a strong desire to obtain admission to the prisoners to read the scriptures to them; for I thought much of their condition, and of their sin before God: how they were shut out from society, whose rights they had violated, and how destitute they were of the scriptural instruction which alone could meet their unhappy circumstance."—(*Life*, p. 11.) The case of the unnatural mother stimulated her to make the attempt, but "I did not," she says, "make known my purpose of seeking admission to the jail until the object was attained, even to my beloved grandmother; so sensitive was my fear lest any obstacle should thereby arise in my way, and the project seem a visionary one. God led me and I consulted none but Him."—(*Ibid.*, p. 12.) She ascertained the culprit's name, and went to the jail. She passed into the dark porch which overhung the entrance, fit emblems of the state of things within; and no doubt with bounding heart, and in a timid modest form of application, uttered with that clear and gentle voice, the sweetest tones of which are yet well remembered, solicited permission to see the cruel parent. There was some difficulty—there is always "a lion in the way" of doing good—and she was not at first permitted to enter. To a wavering mind, such a check would have appeared of evil omen? but Sarah Martin was too well assured of her own purposes and powers to hesitate. Upon a second application she was admitted.

There has been published an interesting account of Mrs. Fry's first entry into the female ward of Newgate. Locked up with viragos, amongst whom the turnkey had warned her, that her purse, her watch, and even her life, would be in danger, "she addressed them with dignity, power, and gentleness," and soon awed them into a compliance with a code of regulations which there was a committee of ladies ready to aid her in carrying into execution. All this was very admirable, and, in its results, has been most beneficial. But Mrs. Fry was a woman of education, and had something of the dignified bearing of a person accustomed to move in the higher walks of life; she was also a practised speaker in the meetings of the religious community of which she was a member, and was supported by influential and well-tutored assistants. Sarah Martin's position was the reverse of this in every respect. "My father," she says, "was a village tradesman. I was born in June, 1791; an only child, deprived of my parents at an early age, and brought up under the care of a widowed grandmother, a poor woman of the name of Bennett, and by trade a glover, at Caister."

(To be continued.)

APPLES OF GOLD.

"In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee, for thou wilt answer me." Psalm lxxvi. 7.—*God's Answer*: "Thou shalt thou call and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am." Isa. lviii. 9. "The Lord is rich unto all who call upon him; and it shall come to pass that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved"—(this, to the comfort of the weak is several times repeated in Scripture) Joel ii. 32; Acts ii. 21; Rom. x. 12, 13—"The righteous cry and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles." Psalm xxxiv. 17. "The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon him." Psalm cxlv. 18. "The prayer of the righteous availeth much." James v. 16.

O glorious promise! how can God deny me any thing now that I pray for? He has passed his word for it; his Son has purchased it; the Holy Spirit inspires the prayer; the word holds it forth; and the prayer of faith lays hold of it, and actually receives it. Prayer is the mouth of faith. If thou wilt have much, "open thy mouth wide and it shall be filled." Who then should not be stirred up to pray much? O what foolishness is this, that we have nothing, but may obtain all from God, and yet are so loath to pray much and pray right.

God knows the pains his servants feel,
He hears his children cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

—Bogatzy,

CHAPTERS FOR CHILDREN.—No. X.



ALICE BLAKE; OR, THE THANKFUL LITTLE GIRL.

Alice Blake lived with her father and mother, in a pretty little cottage at the end of a long green lane. There was a nice garden in front of the cottage, filled with sweet flowers, and a larger one behind, where fruit and vegetables grew. Alice had no brothers and sisters to play with, so she used to amuse herself with dressing her doll, and reading her pretty story books. But you must not fancy that she did nothing else all day, for she went to school; and when she came home in the afternoon, she was often sent on little errands for her mother.

One evening, when Alice had finished her tea, her mother told her to put on her bonnet and shawl, and carry a little basket to her grandfather. He lived about half a mile off, at the other end of the village, and Alice was glad to go, not only because it was a pleasant walk, but because she loved her grandfather very much. She hung the little basket on her arm, and bidding her mother good-by, ran merrily along.

Should you like to know what was in the basket? I will tell you. There was a nice, plain seed-cake, which Alice's mother had made, and two new pocket handkerchiefs, which Alice had hemmed and marked herself.

Her grandfather was very much pleased. He made Alice laugh, by putting on his spectacles to see if she had done her work neatly. "Well, Alice," he said, "you must tell your mother that I am much obliged to her for her presents. How good is God, to let me have such friends, who are so often thinking about me, and trying to make me happy. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.'"

Alice looked thoughtful, but she smiled, for she liked to hear her grandfather talk.

"I wonder, Alice," he said, "if you ever think how many things you have to be thankful for; did you ever try to count them?"

Alice was amused, for it seemed to her rather odd to count up such things. "No, grandfather," she answered, "I don't think I have; it never came into my head to do it." Her grandfather smiled, and replied, "suppose you begin now, Alice; I don't mean just this minute, but when you are at home. You will be surprised to find what a long list you will be able to make, and how many reasons you have for being thankful." "Well, grandfather," said the little girl, "I will try. I will put down all I can think of; and when I come to see you again, I will tell you how I have got on."

Alice said good-by to her grandfather in a very pleasant tone, and then began her walk home. She tripped lightly along, for her mind was filled with pleasant thoughts. She was thinking of what her grandfather had said to her about being thankful, and trying to follow his good advice. By the time she had reached her mother's door, she had remembered many of the daily comforts which she enjoyed, and for which she ought to feel thankful.

Alice delivered the message which she had brought for her mother, and then went up stairs to put her bonnet away. When she came down, her mother was busy; so she got a piece of writing-paper, and a pencil, and sat quietly in her little chair by the window. Do you know what she was going to do? She was going to write down the things which she had already thought of, and also any more she might be able to recollect. Her little fingers moved rather slowly; for although Alice wrote very well, for a little girl of her age, she had not yet

learned to write quickly. And sometimes she had to stop to think of something else to add to her list. Alice's list would perhaps have made you smile if you had seen it, for the lines were rather crooked, and the different things were put down just as she thought of them, without any order. I will mention some of them. At the top of the paper was written in large letters, "Things to be thankful for." Then underneath, there came,

Nice food to eat.—Clothes to wear.—Kind parents to take care of me.—That I can read pretty well.—A garden to play in, and plenty of fruit.—That I can see, and hear.—That I am learning to write.—That I go to school.—For a house to live in.—For chairs and tables.—For a nice, comfortable bed.—For so many pretty books.—That I am very seldom ill.—For being able to walk.—For the new work-box which my aunt gave me.

This was very well for a first attempt; I wonder whether you would have been able to recollect as many. It was getting late when Alice finished the last one, so she put the paper carefully in her drawer, and got the Bible to read a chapter to her mother, before she went to bed. I hope when she knelt down that night to say her prayers, she did not forget to thank God for the many mercies which he had given her.

The next morning Alice was up early, helping her mother to get the breakfast ready; and soon after breakfast was over, she took her bag of books, and set out for school, for she had a long way to go, and her mother did not like her to be late. I think Alice was a cheerful, contented girl, for she never complained of having so far to go every day, although it sometimes rained; and in the winter the walk was very cold, and the snow often lay on the ground. But that morning there was neither rain nor snow. The sky was blue and unclouded, and the sun shone brightly, for it was a fine summer's day. The way Alice went to school lay across the fields, and there were no houses near, except one or two old farm houses. The little birds were singing merrily, and the sweet clear voice of Alice mingled with their strains, for she felt happy and light-hearted. She often sang as she went to school, because she had no one to talk to. The hymn Alice was singing, was that pretty one which begins, "Whene'er I take my walks abroad;" and as she hummed over the second verse,

"Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more;
For I have food while others starve,
And beg from door to door;"

it made her think about being thankful, and of the list of things which she had written. She stopped singing, and began looking around her, to try if she could find any more.

"Why there is the beautiful sun," said Alice to herself, "I wonder I did not think of that before. What should we do without the sun? There would be no light, and no warmth, and I don't think we should be able to live at all. But how pretty and bright the sun makes everything look now. How the old church spire glitters! my eyes ache with just looking at it. My text this morning was about Jesus Christ being like the sun. 'Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.'"

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

"And he took butter, and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them." Genesis xviii, 8.

BUTTER.—The continual mention of butter as an independent dish, and as a proverbial sign of plenty, is calculated to astonish an European reader. The word, as used in the Bible, implies butter and cream in various states of consistence. Annotators have discussed whether, in the present instance, the meat was dished up with butter, or that the latter formed an independent dish. It might well be both, or either, if we judge from present Arab usages, which furnish ample illustrations of the extraordinary use of butter among the Hebrews. The butter is usually made with the milk of sheep or goats, and is used to an excess which it seems amazing that the human stomach can bear. All Arab food, considered well prepared, swims in butter, and large quantities are swallowed independently, in a solid or liquid state, Burekhardt mentions that those who can afford such a luxury, swallow every morning a large cup full of butter before breakfast; and even snuff a good quantity up their nostrils. Some tribes welcome a guest by pouring a cup of melted butter on his head.

Our way of spreading butter thinly on bread, seems the height of absurdity to them, and indeed to other Asiatics. When they do eat it with bread at all, it is in the way which was taught us by a Bedouin, who, observing us sitting on the ground, and refreshing ourselves with buttered bread and dates, looked compassionately on our ignorance of the true use of butter, and to give us a valuable lesson on the subject, commenced breaking off a thin bit of bread, about the size of a crown piece, and heaping thereon as large a lump of butter as it would support, threw it into his mouth with great satisfaction. He pursued this instruction, until his rapid progress towards the bottom of our butter skin, obliged us to declare ourselves sufficiently instructed. Burckhardt, in allusion to the extraordinary use of butter among the Arabs, observes, "the continual motion and exercise in which they employ themselves, strengthen their powers of digestion, and for the same reason an Arab will live for months together on the smallest allowance; and then, if an opportunity should offer, he will devour at one sitting the flesh of half a lamb, without any injury to his health." This in some degree accounts for the extraordinary quantity of food which here and elsewhere we find prepared for a very few persons; or a better reason perhaps is found in the existing practice throughout Western Asia of producing at entertainments from five to ten times the quantity of food which the invited guests can consume, the residue going to feast the women and the host of servants and dependents which men of consideration support. It is the same in camps, where a great number of hungry Arabs or Tartars get some benefit from the feast which their sheikh or some wealthy person provides for a stranger.—*Pictorial Bible.*

CANADIAN RAILROADS.

(From the Montreal Witness.)

An article appeared in the Montreal Courier of the 12th inst., upon Railroads, which well deserves the attention of the country. The following is nearly the substance of it.

1st, That there is not enough of capital in Canada to carry on its ordinary business without extensive credits from Britain, and consequently that there is, or ought to be, nothing to spend for Railroads.

2nd, That Railroad Companies cannot succeed either in selling stock or borrowing money abroad, as already exemplified in the case of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railway, and others.

3d, That this difficulty would disappear, if, in addition to the security of the railroads, the British lenders had the security of the Canadian Government.

4th, That if the Government borrowed the money in this way, it would be done at a lower rate of interest than by private companies, even if the latter were able to do it at all.

5th, That the creation of a railway stock, with the double guarantee before mentioned, would present a more favourable investment for parties wishing to run no risk, and to have no trouble about drawing their interest, than any now in existence in this country.

6th, That railways owned and managed by Governments, are not only better planned and carried on from first to last, but rendered much cheaper and more comfortable for the public, as is exemplified by a comparison of the Continental railways with the British. Because among other reasons, the government does not make them a speculation or source of gain, and cares for the comfort of the poor as well as the rich, whereas the private companies seek to make as much money as they can, and make the lower class cars quite uncomfortable on purpose to induce all, who are able, to pay for the higher.

7th, That where the government is the sole railway proprietor, the expensive and jealous contests consequent upon applications for private bills are avoided.

8th, That for the management of a great provincial system of railways, there should be a board appointed, composed of the most efficient and respectable men that can be found, who should receive sufficient salaries, and devote their whole time to the duties of the office.

Such is the substance of the article, and no one can deny the magnitude of the subject, or the importance of the suggestions.

Nevertheless, so dangerous is what has been termed the centralization of power to which this plan would eminently tend, and so generally correct has the principle been found, that government should never do what may be done by individuals, and above all, should leave traffic and industry to individual enterprise: so well established are these points, we say, that any plan which goes against them should be very carefully considered before it receives the sanction of public approbation. We have endeavoured to give the careful consideration requisite in the case, and without pretending to foresee all the consequences, or to pronounce an opinion which we may not be led to alter by the arguments of those who may study the matter more profoundly; the following are the conclusions at which we have arrived:—

1st, That it would not in his case be an infringement of the axiom that government should do nothing for the people, which they can do for themselves; for the people cannot, for a time at least, make the rail-

ways, and the question is, whether it is better to have the roads made by government or not to have them at all.

2d, This is not like an established church, or a system of education, there are no moral or religious questions involved in it. By placing the railways of the country in the hands of government, it does not thereby obtain the mastery or direction of the national mind. Indeed there is probably no argument against this plan which would not equally apply to the management of the post-office by government.

3d, That the railway conveyance on the Continent is better managed, and equally or more comfortable at considerably lower rates of fare, is notorious, and as far as we have seen articles in the British periodicals on the subject, they give the preference to the continental plan.

4th, The great advantage of placing all the railways of a country under a competent, and disinterested central board, is, that the object in view in laying down lines would, it may be presumed, be the public interest alone. That is, the lines most needed and likely to pay interest would be laid down first. There would be no moving of heaven and earth to lay down a railway, leading to nothing, through an uninhabited country, just because the projectors have wild lands to sell in that direction.

5th, Much would probably be saved in the way of acquiring lands. A private company is looked upon as legitimate prey, and two or three prices are asked for the property it requires, it being well known that juries or arbitrators will give a most liberal award—but in the case of government the matter might be greatly simplified, and when disputes did come before a jury, the knowledge that every additional pound given would come not out of the profits of a company, but out of the pockets of the people in one shape or another, would correct, in some degree, the leaning always manifested towards private interests.

6th, In the private company system, although the rate of profit may be limited to, say 10 or 12 per cent, there are many ways of evading this stipulation, and drawing a larger revenue from the public—and the only way to correct an overly greedy company would be to oppose them by a parallel line, thus doubling the necessary outlay, whereas the interest would be all that government would require, over and above the expenses of management; and as traffic increased, the fares might either be lowered or the income derived from the roads would, like the New York canals, in a considerable degree relieve the people from other taxes.

These are the advantages, but on the other hand the difficulties are great.

1st, It would at first sight appear inconsistent, after having stretched the credit of the Province for the construction of canals, to lay down parallel lines of railroad at a great additional expense, in order to compete with these very canals for the carrying trade. In answer to this objection it may however be stated, that railways are not at all likely to take the heavy freight, which pays most tolls, from the canals, and that in cases where a railway has been laid down along a navigable river as on the banks of the Clyde from Glasgow to Greenock, it has paid well without sensibly diminishing the traffic on the river. In fact, Railroads must be sustained chiefly by passengers, and they have a certain tendency enormously to increase the number of travellers.

2d, The most formidable objection is, that it would be extremely difficult to keep the railways out of the vortex of party politics. The exact termini of any given line—the country traversed, the contracts for construction, the subsequent management, all might be made the reward of political partisanship. And failing a compliance with requests, however unreasonable, any ministry might be threatened with the opposition of quondam friends in all directions, whilst if it did comply with the said requests, an equal or greater number might be offended on the other hand.

The only remedies that suggest themselves for this great difficulty are either the election by the people of a Board, like the canal commissioners of New York, no way connected with the ministry of the day, to serve for a term of years, or the appointment of such a Board during good behaviour by the executive, to be as independent as the Bench.

We conclude by urging the whole subject upon public attention, and we would not be understood, in the foregoing suggestions, as recommending any particular course, but only attempting to lay the arguments pro and con, upon such a weighty question, before our readers. Would that our Legislators turned their attention oftener to these great practical questions, and less to personal and party contentions.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

(From the Montreal Witness.)

The condition of the emigrants continues to excite the liveliest sympathy. There are now about 850 on the doctors' lists at the sheds, and many more very feeble and ailing. Eight sheds are occupied as hospitals, and a large staff of doctors and nurses, under the efficient headship of Dr. Liddel, are constantly in attendance. The deaths continue to average about 20 a-day, though generally speaking no malignant disease has yet appeared. Soup kitchens and new sheds are erecting for the accommodation of the healthy, under the zealous supervision of Mr. Barrett, an officer connected with the Board of works; every thing that the Doctor asks for is supplied at once by Go-

verment; and, altogether, everything is done for the poor suffering strangers that can be reasonably expected, and much more than we presume, is done for the poor either in England or Ireland. Protestant ministers have, latterly, been assiduous in their attention, as well as pious and benevolent laymen; and the officers of the emigrant department are toiling away without intermission in their arduous and important duties. Yet so great is the sphere of usefulness, that any respectable individual, whether male or female, who will go and pass some time at the sheds, making themselves acquainted with the state of things there, and useful, as they see opportunity, will be most benevolently employed. There is room, we should judge, for twenty such volunteer nurses or assistants.

The most piteous sight of all, perhaps, is a separate shed, appropriated to the orphans, and in which sixty or eighty poor little creatures, some of them not many weeks old, are lying four and six in a berth, many of them wailing in every variety of tone. The priests, nuns, and others, are very attentive to these forlorn babes; but there appear to be no wet nurses yet, and it is almost impossible that many of them can survive.

We have heard had accounts from Lachine, where it is said boats are sometimes detained several days before the steamers will tow them, whilst the passengers are being thinned by death.

There is also said to be much sickness among the emigrants that have reached Kingston, and in fact wherever they go the route is almost strewed with corpses.

At the Quarantine station the sickness and mortality are still appalling, notwithstanding the excellent arrangements lately made. We trust a parliamentary investigation will take place into the causes that led to the detention of so many healthy passengers for such a length of time at that island. Much of the sickness here is undoubtedly the result of confining the healthy passengers so long with the sick on board their vessels at the Quarantine station.

All that we have seen yet, however, is probably only the beginning of sorrows. The vessels hitherto have made comparatively quick passages, and they have been generally well adapted for carrying passengers. The weather also has been quite cool, and altogether the diseases have been comparatively mild; but the long midsummer passages may now be expected, and the sultry heat of a Canadian summer, so that it is likely fevers of the most malignant and contagious kind will be engendered and widely disseminated, not only among the emigrants, but through our cities and towns. Surely this is a time for vigilance and activity on the part of the authorities, and benevolence and fortitude on the part of the people.

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. CHALMERS.

Edinburgh, Monday, May 31.

The Rev. Dr. Chalmers is dead. This morning, at eight o'clock, he was found sitting on the front of his bed, cold as clay, and his eyes fixed and glazed. He had one foot resting on the ankle of the other, and his right arm extended in the direction of a wash-hand basin, which stood on a table near. From this it is inferred that, having found himself unwell, he had risen in sickness, and was struck with apoplexy, of which evidently he died. The only authentic particulars which can be gathered in reference to this melancholy event, are these: On Friday night he returned from London, where he had been to give evidence before the committee on sites. On Saturday he felt rather poorly, and complained of general languor. Being engaged to deliver an address in the assembly of the Free Church on Monday, on presenting the report of the committee of the college fund, of which he was convener, he did a good deal towards the preparation of that document, and retired to rest at a late hour on Saturday night. He did not feel able to be out of bed on Sunday morning, but towards the afternoon he rallied, and in the evening appeared to enjoy his wonted health and spirits. On retiring to rest, Mrs. Chalmers, who is in a very delicate state of health, proposed, in order that the doctor might have quiet rest, that he should go to his bedroom by himself, to which he consented, requesting to be called at six o'clock in the morning. The family, however, being desirous to let him have a refreshing sleep, did not call him till eight, when one of his daughters, finding no response to her calls, became alarmed, and, on entering, found all that was mortal of the great and good man in the situation above described. A physician was immediately sent for, who pronounced death to have ensued from apoplexy, and that he had been dead some hours.

The General Assembly of the Free Church, which met at a quarter after eleven, engaged in most solemn and suitable devotional exercises; after which, the moderator announced the death of the rev. doctor in touching terms, and proposed that the assembly should suspend its

business till Thursday. There was not a dry eye in the assembly; a more sorrowful and truly powerful scene we never witnessed. The late Dr. Chalmers was in his sixty-seventh year. "A great man has fallen in Israel."—*Correspondent of London Patriot.*

SELECTIONS.

ROMANTIC ADVENTURES OF A CHILD.—John Duncan, the son of a respectable working man in Liverpool, having been in Scotland for a few weeks last summer, with his mother and the rest of the family, contracted a strong attachment for the locality and the friends with whom he resided. Upon his return home he frequently requested his parents to consent to his return, and latterly became so importunate, that he had to be chastised in order to drive the notion from his mind of going to Scotland. Within the last few weeks, unknown to his father he had accumulated a small stock of bread and money; and on Monday last he might have been seen with two companions, directing their course towards the Clarence Dock, inquiring in the language of our hero for the "Stotland boat." Upon their arrival at the place of embarkation, all the glowing pictures of the land of cakes failed to induce his less courageous companions to go on board, but undaunted, the child went alone, without companion or guardian, a child seven years of age, with the Commodore, bound for Glasgow and Greenock. From the last mentioned port he had a further sea voyage to perform of twenty miles. In a lonely and mountainous district in the Island of Bute, upwards of 150 miles from the gas-lighted streets of his native Liverpool, the little voyager in the grey of evening approached the object of all his longings, a small farm-house, the inmates of which were gathering round the cheerful fireside, when a knock was heard at the door. When opened, they found to their astonishment, their little Saxon favourite of the previous summer, cold, wearied, and hungry; he received a truly Highland welcome, and soon forgot the toils and dangers of his perilous journey. He breakfasted on the banks of the Mersey on Monday morning, and on Tuesday night he slumbered in the land of the Celt. Such is the romance of steam.—*Liverpool Journal.*

CRISTICAL HISTORIANS.—Gibbon, who, in his celebrated History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, has left a memorial of his enmity to the gospel, resided many years in Switzerland, where, with the profits of his works, he purchased a considerable estate. This property has descended to a gentleman, who, out of his rents, expends a large sum annually, in the promulgation of the very gospel which his predecessor insidiously endeavoured to undermine. Voltaire boasted that with one hand he would overthrow that edifice of Christianity which required the hands of fifteen apostles to build up. The press which he employed at Ferney, for printing his blasphemies, was afterwards actually employed at Geneva in printing the Holy Scriptures; thus the very engine which he set to work to destroy the credit of the Bible was employed in disseminating its truths. It is a remarkable circumstance, also, that the first provisional meeting for the re-formation of an auxiliary Bible Society at Edinburgh, was held in the very room in which David Hume, the infidel, died.

BOISTEROUS PREACHING.—A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a loud and boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change? He answered, "When I was young, I thought it was the thunder that killed the people, but as I grew wiser, I discovered that it was the lightning—so I determined to thunder less and lighten more in future."

STRAWBERRIES.—Is it not singular that so few provide themselves with a plentiful crop of this very early and most delicious fruit? Must, no doubt, be deterred by supposed difficulty and cost of culture. But by the following process, an acre of strawberries may be kept in the first bearing condition for any length of time, at no more cost than to cultivate an acre of corn, after the first setting out has been done. Set out the plants in rows about three feet apart, and a foot apart in the rows. Keep them clean and well cultivated, by a horse attached to the plough or cultivator, and in a year or two they will bear abundantly. In a year or two more, the plantation will want renewing; to do which, let the runners fill up the space between the rows, which has before been kept clean and in fine condition, and then plough under the old rows, leaving a strip of plants formed by the runners between them, for new rows. Cultivate between these new rows with the horse, as before; and so on indefinitely.

DIFFERENT LENGTH OF THE FINGERS.—The difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand purposes, adapting the hand and fingers, as in holding a rod, a switch, a sword, a hammer, a pen or pencil, engraving tool, &c., in all which a secure hold and freedom of motion are admirable combined. Nothing is more remarkable, as forming a part of the prospective designs to prepare an instrument fitted for the various uses of the human hand, than the manner in which the delicate and moving apparatus of the palm and fingers is guarded. The power with which the hand grasps, as when a sailor lays hold to raise his body to the rigging, would be great for the texture of mere tendons, nerves, and vessels; they would be crushed, were not every

part that bears the pressure defended with a cushion of fat, as elastic as that in the foot of the horse and the camel. To add to this purely passive defence, there is a muscle which runs across the palm and more especially supports the cushion on the inner edge. It is the muscle which, raising the edge of the palm, adapts it to lave water, forming the cud of Diogenes.

NEWS.

On Saturday afternoon, two brothers, emigrants, threw themselves from one of the wharves into the river. They were rescued by the exertions of the police officer on duty, and on being taken to the station house, stated that they were in a state of destitution, and wished to put an end to their misery.—*Gazette*.

A scaman while in the act of stepping from one vessel to another, yesterday afternoon, fell between them, and fractured his skull against the chain plates. He was dead when taken from the water. We understand he was in a state of intoxication at the time.

The body of a man, unknown, dressed like a sailor, was yesterday taken out of the River, near the foot of the current St. Mary.—*Gazette*.

During the thunder-storm at St. Pie on Thursday last, two men were killed and two severely wounded by the lightning.

An inquest has been held in Sorel on the body of the man who was killed by the collision of the *Lady Colborne* and the *Pioneer*, on Wednesday last; and the captain, one of the engineers, and the pilot of the *Lady Colborne* were, from the evidence given before the Coroner, Mr. DeSalabery, convicted of wilful murder and lodged in jail.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock, on Wednesday last, an oval door took a Christ of silvered copper, from one of the chapels in the Quebec Parish Church, and broke it from the cross, which was found in one of the adjoining pews. The body of the statue was taken away and left on the stairs of Lord Bishop Mountain's residence, who immediately informed the police of the fact. Until now, all search has been fruitless, but we must hope the perpetrator or perpetrators of this daring crime, committed in broad day-light, and only on purpose to hurt the religious feelings of a part of the population, will be speedily discovered, and brought to justice.—*Canadian*.

The *Quebec Mercury*, of Saturday last, publishes a letter from the Rev. C. Forrest, which gives some faint idea of the arduous duties which devolve on the Clergyman at Grosse Ile. We extract the following remarks:—June 5—weather rainy and cold—buried in the Roman Catholic ground, from the ships 65, from the hospital 40, in the Protestant ground 10. Total 115. June 6th—buried on R. C. ground 55; Protestant do, 12. Total 67. June 7th—buried in R. C. ground 65; Protestant do, 10; total 75. It seems that Mr. Forrest is the only Protestant clergyman on the island; of course all the Protestant funerals devolve upon him, and on the 7th instant—without taking into consideration a number who had just arrived—he had 146 Protestant emigrants to visit daily. The duties of the Roman Catholic clergy are equally arduous. The Lord Bishop of Montreal (Dr. Mountain) is at present on a visit to the island, and is likely to spend some days there.

DISTRESS IN CAPE BRETON.—APPREHENDED FAMINE.—(From the *Cape Breton Spectator*.)—"Summer is at hand; and what are the husbandman's prospects? The cattle everywhere dying in hundreds, the farm-horses too feeble, from starvation, to perform the labour of ploughing—and lastly, more than three-fourths of the farmers in the country wholly destitute of potatoes or grain for seed. The condition of the country is frightful; nor is the above picture over-coloured or exaggerated. The island is menaced, if not immediately, at least prospectively, with all the horrors of actual famine. Upwards of 200 cattle, we are informed, have died from want of food, in the settlement of Middle River alone. Many farmers, in other parts of the country, have lost their live stock.

GREAT DESTITUTION AT THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS.—The *Halifax Sun* says that a letter received from the Magdalen Islands (Gulf of St. Lawrence) represents the people of the settlement there in a state of great destitution. Flour is said to be \$20 per barrel. A vessel from that port, bound to the Labrador, with provisions, touched there on her passage down, and would have disposed of a part of her cargo to the famishing people, but the collector of the customs refused (very inhumanly) to allow the captain to enter his vessel, and pay duties on part, as he desired to do, and the consequence was, that the vessel proceeded on her voyage, without being able to afford even temporary relief to the inhabitants. The number of seals taken at the Islands this spring amounts to about 3000.

NEW FOUNDLAND.—SEAL FISHERY.—The Saint John's (N.F.) Royal Gazette of the 18th May, gives a list of 79 vessels arrived (since its former report) from the ice. Summing up the number of seals caught by these 79 vessels, we find they amount to a little more than 53,500. The greatest catch was 2,500: twenty were from that number to 1,000 inclusive; sixty-three from 1,000 to 100—and, only three less than 100, the least being 70. The distress on the north shore of this bay, and in various settlements of Trinity Bay, says the *Harbour Grace Herald*, is still on the increase. Another fruitless sealing voyage has sent hundreds to their homes without a morsel of food or a penny in their pockets. What is to be the end of all this, the eye of providence can alone foresee. We suppose that government will have again to step in with a supply of seed potatoes. The produce last year was below the average; and vast quantities have been spoiled during the past season by the frost, and not a few by the rot. A proclamation has been issued by the new Governor of Newfoundland, Sir J. Gaspard LeMerchant, directing Wednesday the 9th June (the first anniversary of the great fire at St. Johns) to be observed as a day of public fasting and humiliation in the island, "so that the people may humble themselves before Almighty God, in order to obtain the pardon of their sins, and may in the most devout and solemn manner send up their prayers and supplications to the Divine Majesty for the removal of those heavy judgments under which the inhabitants of the island at present labour."

The Cobden testimonial amounts, including paid and unpaid subscriptions, to £80,480 of which Manchester has raised upwards of £52,000. At a meeting of the Committee in that town, on Monday, the subscription was closed.

The short time bill—limiting the time of work at factories to ten hours—has passed both Houses.

PRACTICAL BENEVOLENCE.—At a recent meeting in Cork, in connexion with the existing distress, it was stated, that the very Rev. Theobald Mathew has for some time past been feeding 2,500 poor persons a-day.—*Globe*.

Dr. Marshall, of Kirkintilloch, his son, and the co-pastor of Porto Bello, have sought fraternal intercourse in the Established Church of Scotland, preparatory to union.

Trade, in all its branches, has manifested much improvement during the last two weeks. Money is more easily obtained; and a continuance of fine weather, which leads to the expectation of an abundant harvest, has caused a reaction in the market for all sorts of provisions. The transactions in foreign and colonial produce have been to a large extent, caused, no doubt, by the extensive importations which are going forward, and the readiness of merchants to supply the market and effect sales, even at reduced prices. On the whole, a fair amount of business is doing in all departments of trade; and although prices in most instances rule low, there is not any despondency, like that which existed among merchants in the early part of the past month.—*Wilmer & Smith, 4th instant*.

The civil war in Portugal languishes, and a convention has been concluded between England, France, and Spain, on the requisition of the Queen, by which they agree that her Majesty's propositions are reasonable, and pledge themselves to reduce the insurgents to obedience.

The British and Foreign School Society have decided to accept Government aid by a great majority, at a meeting specially called to consider the question. This majority was largely made up of the ministry and their supporters in Parliament, together with dignitaries and clergy of the Established Church.

Switzerland is by some recent elections entirely in the hands of the liberal or radical party, the same which persecuted the evangelical ministers of the Canton de Vaud so shamefully. One of their first steps will, it is said, be to expel the Jesuits from Switzerland.

By the last accounts from Marshal Bugeau, the interior of Algeria has been reduced to entire submission.

Died at Genoa, on the 15th inst., Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P. His body is to be embalmed and conveyed to Ireland. His heart he bequeathed to Rome, and it will be deposited there. His obsequies commenced from the moment of his decease, and continued for four days with princely pomp in the church of "our Blessed Lady Della Vigne," to whom 'is prayers, mingled with "the adorable name of Jesus, with verses from the psalms, and the most earnest and contrite aspirations," had been constant and fervent during the last stage of his existence.

SPAIN.—The Queen of Spain and her husband are on speaking terms again, and even persuade themselves to ride out together. As they were returning from the Prado a few weeks since, "two detonations" took place in the vicinity of the Custom-house. Whether they proceeded from would-be assassins of Royalty, or from boys with powder-crackers, was unascertained. The ministers, after a proper investigation, concluded in favour of the latter surmise; which seems the most reasonable.

PRODUCE PRICES CURRENT—MONTHLY, June 21, 1847.

ASHES—Provincial duty 1 per cent.	PROVISIONS—Provincial duty 2s per cwt. Imp. 3s per cwt.
Pots, per cwt 25 6 a 26 0	Beet, Mess, hbl 200 lbs 00 0 a 00 0
Pearls, do 26 6 a 26 9	Prime Mess, do 60 0 a 00 0
FLOUR—Provincial duty 4d, Imp. 2s.	Prime, do 60 0 a 00 0
Canada Superfine nominal	Cargo, do 60 0 a 00 0
Do Fine do	Prime Mess, per
Do Middling none	tierce of 30 1 lbs 90 0 a 92 6
Do Pallards none	Pork, Mess, hbl 200 lbs 85 0 a 87 6
MEAL—Provincial duty 2s per 196 lbs.,	Prime Mess, do 77 6 a 80 0
Imperial 2s per hbl.	Prime, do 67 6 a 70 0
Indian Meal none	Cargo, do 00 0 a 00 0
Outmeal 10 0 a 11 3	BACON, &c.—Provincial duty 2s, Im-
GRAIN—Provincial duty 3s per quarter	perial, 3s per cwt.
all except Oats 2s.	Bacon, .. none
Wheat, U Chest 60 lbs nominal	Hams, .. none
Do do mid. do do	nono
Do L C minot do do	BUTTER—Provincial duty, 2s. Impe-
Barley per minot do do	rial, 8s per cwt.
Oats do do do	Prime .. 0 0 a 0 0
Pease do do do	Grease .. 0 0 a 0 0
Indian Corn, 58 lbs none	

MONDAY MORNING, June 21, 1847.

The Mail, per *Cambria*, reached here on Saturday morning; since then the market has been quite unsettled, without a single transaction having transpired. The following remarks, therefore, refer to transactions before the receipt of the Mail.

ASHES.—Quoted dull in last circular at 25s 6d to 26s for Pots, and 26s to 26s 9d for Pearls, advanced, owing to an active demand, about 3d per cwt. As the inquiry became less, the advance was lost, and the quotations remained as before.

FLOUR.—Between the 11th and 18th the market was not active. Sales, however, of several thousand barrels were made at 10s to 40s 6d for second rate brands of fine, 41s to 11s 6d for good, and 42s for Ohio Wheat brands. Extra fine at 42s, and superfine at 42s 6d. On the 18th instant something was done, in anticipation of the Mail, at 11s, although higher prices are reported to have been declined, owing to the unsettled state of the market.

FREIGHTS.—Engagements were made at 6s to 6s 3d to Liverpool and Glasgow, and 6s 6d for London. A vessel was taken up at 5s 6d for Flour, and 12s for Grain.

THOS. M. TAYLOR, Broker.

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