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# THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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Vol. I.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1847.

No. 29

## MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA.

BY WHITTIER.

[In order to understand the following lines, it is necessary to premise that Latimer, a fugitive slave from Virginia, was arrested in Massachusetts, and rescued by the people of Boston, when about to be dragged back to slavery—a proceeding which raised great excitement in both States, and led to angry threats, almost amounting to a declaration of war from Virginia.]

The blast from Freedom's Northern hills, upon its Southern way,  
Bears greeting to Virginia, from Massachusetts Bay :—  
No word of haughty challenging, nor battle-bugle's peal,  
Nor steady tread of marching files, nor clang of horsemen's steel.

No train of deep-mouthed cannon along our highways go—  
Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies the snow ;  
And to the land-breeze of our ports, upon their errands far,  
A thousand sails of commerce swell, but none are spread for War.

We hear thy threats, Virginia ! thy stormy words and high,  
Swell harshly on the Southern winds which melt along our sky ;  
Yet, not one brown, hard hand foregoes its honest labour here ;  
No hewer of our mountain oak, suspende his axe in fear.

What means the Old Dominion ? Hath she forgot the day  
When o'er her conquered vallies swept the Briton's steel array ?  
And side by side, with sons of hers, the Massachusetts men  
Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire, and stout Cornwallis, then ?

Forgets she how the Bay State, in answer to the call  
Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke out from Faneuil Hall ?  
When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came pulsing on each breath  
Of Northern winds, the thrilling sounds of "LIBERTY OR DEATH !"

What asks the Old Dominion ? If now her sons have proved  
False to their father's memory—false to the faith they loved,  
If she can scoff at Freedom, and its Great Charter spurn,  
Must we of Massachusetts from Truth and Duty turn ?

We hunt your bondmen, flying from Slavery's hateful hell—  
Our voices, at your bidding, take up the bloodhounds' yell—  
We gather, at your summons, above our fathers' graves,  
From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear your wretched slaves !

Thank God ! not yet so vilely can Massachusetts bow,  
The spirit of her early time is with her even now ;  
Dream not because her pilgrim blood, moves slow, and calm, and cool,  
She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's slave and tool !

All that a sister State should do, all that a free State may,  
Heart, hand, and purse we proffer, as in our early day ;  
But that dark loathsome burden ye must stagger with alone,  
And reap a bitter harvest, which ye yourselves have sown !

Hold, while ye may, your struggling slaves, and burden God's free air  
With women's shriek beneath the lash, and manhood's wild despair ;  
Cling closer to the "cleaving curse" that writes upon your plains  
The blasting of Almighty wrath against a land of chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the cavaliers of old,  
By watching round the *shambles* where human flesh is sold—  
Gloat o'er the new-born child, and count his market value, when  
The maddened mother's cry of woe shall pierce the slaver's den !

Lower than plutimet soundeth, sink the Virginian name !  
Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves with rankest weeds of shame ;  
Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's fair universe—  
We wash our hands forever of your sin, and shame, and curse !

And when the prowling man-thief came hunting for his prey  
Beneath the very shadow of Bunker's shaft of grey,  
How, through the free lips of the son, the father's warning spoke ;  
How, from its bonds of trade and sect the Pilgrim city broke !

A hundred thousand right arms were-lifted up on high,  
A hundred thousand voices sent back their loud reply ;  
Through the thronged towns of Essex the startling summons rang,  
And up from bench and sounding loom her young mechanics sprang.

The voice of Massachusetts ! Of her free sons and daughters—  
Deep calling unto deep aloud—the sound of many waters !  
Against the burden of that voice what tyrant power shall stand ?  
No fetters in the Bay State ! No slave upon her land !

Look to it well, Virginians ! In calmness we have borne  
In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and your scorn ;  
You've spurned our kindest counsels—you've hunted for our lives—  
And shaken round our hearths and homes your manacles and gyves !

We wage no war—we lift no arms—we fling no torch within  
The fire-damps of the quaking mine beneath your soil of sin ;  
We leave ye with your bondmen—to wrestle while ye can,  
With the strong upward tendencies and God-like soul of man !

But for us and for our children, the vow which we have given,  
For Freedom and Humanity, is registered in Heaven :  
No slave-hunt in our borders—no pirate on our strand !  
No fetters in the Bay State—no slave upon our land !

## THE FORTITUDE OF THE CHRISTIAN DISARMING THE ASSASSIN.

Oh ! the majesty of love ; it has disarmed the bold unblushing swindler. Who has not read the well-known anecdote of the holy and noble-minded John Fletcher, of Madely ? He had a nephew, an officer in the Sardinian service, profligate, ungentlemanly, depraved. His depravity hurried him to desperation.

"He waited on his eldest uncle, General de Gons, and having obtained a private audience, he presented a loaded pistol, and said :—'Uncle de Gons, if you do not give me a draft on your banker for five hundred crowns, I will shoot you.' The general, though a brave man, yet seeing himself in the power of a desperado, capable of any mischief, promised to give him the draft if he withdrew the pistol, which, he observed, might go off, and kill him, before he intended it. 'But there is another thing, uncle, you must do ; you must promise me, on your honour, as a gentleman and a soldier, to use no means to recover the draft or to bring me to justice.' The general pledged his honour, gave him a draft for the money, and, at the same time, expostulated freely with him on his infamous conduct. The good advice was disregarded, and the young madman rode off triumphant with his ill-gotten acquisition.

"In the evening, passing the door of his younger uncle, Mr. Fletcher, the fancy took him to call and pay him a visit. As soon as he was introduced, he began to tell him with exultation, that he had just called upon his uncle De Gons, who had treated him with unexpected kindness, and generously given him five hundred crowns. 'I shall have some difficulty,' said Mr. Fletcher, 'to believe the last part of your intelligence.'—'If you will not believe me, see the proof under his own hand,' holding out the draft.—'Let me see,' said Mr. Fletcher, taking the draft, and looking at it with astonishment. 'It is indeed my brother's writing, and it astonishes me to see it, because he is not in affluent circumstances ; and I am the more astonished, because I know how much, and how justly he disapproves your conduct, and that you are the last of his family to whom he would make such a present.' Then folding the draft, and putting it into his pocket—'It strikes me, young man, that you have possessed yourself of this note by some indirect method : and, in honesty, I cannot return it, but with my brother's knowledge and approbation.' The pistol was immediately presented

to procure the return of the draft. 'My life,' replied Mr. Fletcher, 'is secure in the Protection of the Almighty Power who guards it; nor will He suffer it to be the forfeit of my integrity and of your rashness.'

This firmness drew from the other the observation, that his uncle De Gons, though an old soldier, was more afraid of death than he was. 'Afraid of death!' rejoined Mr. Fletcher, "do you think I have been twenty-five years the minister of the Lord of life, to be afraid of death now? No, Sir, thanks be to God, who giveth me the victory! It is for you to fear death, who have every reason to fear it. You are a gamester and a cheat, yet call yourself a gentleman! You are a seducer of female innocence, and still you say you are a gentleman! You are a duellist, and your hand is red with your brother's blood, and for this you style yourself a man of honour! Look there, Sir, look there! See, the broad eye of Heaven is fixed upon us! Tremble in the presence of your Maker, who can, in a moment, kill your body, and forever punish your soul in hell! By this time the unhappy man was pale; he trembled alternately with fear and passion; he threatened, he argued, he entreated. Sometimes he withdrew the pistol, and, fixing his back against the door, stood as a sentinel to prevent all egress; and at other times he closed on his uncle, threatening instant death. Under these perilous circumstances, Mr. Fletcher gave no alarm to the family, sought for no weapon, attempted neither escape nor manual opposition. He conversed with calmness; and, at length, perceiving that the young man was affected, addressed him in language truly paternal, until he had fairly disarmed and subdued him. 'I cannot,' said he, 'return my brother's draft; yet I feel for the distress in which you have so thoughtlessly involved yourself, and will endeavour to relieve it. My brother De Gons, at my request, will, I am sure, voluntarily give you a hundred crowns. I will do the same. Perhaps my brother Henry will do as much; and I hope your other family will make up the sum among them.' He then prayed with him, and for him."

By Mr. Fletcher's kind mediation the sum was made up; he has, however, been highly censured for this noble action. Let it be remembered that the exposure was not rash and unwonted, but firmness in the moment of exigency—firmness in the reliance of the voice that rolled the stars along, and spake the promises.—*Encyclopedia of Facts, &c., in support of Universal Peace.*

### FAULTS IN THE CONGREGATION.

By Heman Humphrey, D. D.

A fault which I have sometimes noticed; and which I feel constrained to mention, is lingering about the doors and in the porch of the sanctuary, till after the services have commenced. It is less than a year, by half, since I made my way through a crowd of this sort, both morning and afternoon, in a very respectable town, where I was called to supply the vacant pulpit for a single Sabbath. I was surprised, as I walked up the aisle, to see how few of the congregation were in the house. After waiting much longer than I used to do, when I had a pulpit of my own, I commenced. When the crowd of men and boys without, found that "meeting was begun," they began to come "stringing along in," as they opened and shut the doors every moment, and by the time the first singing was through, they had nearly all got their places; though if my memory serves me, there were some stragglers afterwards. I was so much disturbed by it that I made some inquiries, and was told, that this had been the habit of a considerable part of the congregation, for many years. I have witnessed the same faults of lingering till the preacher had gone in elsewhere, but nowhere, I think in an equal degree.

Need I say, that it is a habit, for which there is no excuse? Why should any body stop at the door, or loiter in the porch when the hour of public worship has arrived? It indicates great thoughtlessness and irreverence. No one who goes to the house of God from his closet, and desires to be told the beauty of the Lord in his temple, will think of stopping any where, till he sits down in his pew and lifts up his heart for a blessing. It requires no words to show, that every member of the congregation ought, if possible, to be in the house as soon at least as the minister himself, that there may be perfect stillness when he commences, and that all may worship without distraction.

Another fault, is spending the intermission in worldly, vain and unprofitable conversation. In large country parishes, many of the families live quite too remote from the house of God, to go home and return between the services. But many, if I mistake not, are in the habit of remaining, who might in good weather, easily go and return, if they chose; and some allow their boys and girls to stay, who would be much safer to be taken home and kept under the eye of their parents. Many take the hour or two, "between meetings" to discuss politics, to hear and retail the news, to talk about the weather, to inquire about the markets, to plan visits, to collect and retail all the current gossip, &c. &c. How strangely out of place and out of season is such conversation? How unprofitable, how sinful! I hope it is not common for professors of religion to indulge themselves in this manner, and yet, I fear there are many whose consciences will testify they are not sufficiently careful. How can they expect a blessing upon the word in the afternoon, if they get their minds filled with the world during the intermission? Besides, the example is bad, extremely bad. Whatever those who make no pretensions to piety see members of the church do, they will feel quite safe in doing themselves, and in taking much greater liberties.

Adjusting the dress, putting on over-coats, children's bonnets, tippets, &c., during the last singing, is another fault, to which many in almost every congregation, are, perhaps, unconsciously addicted. They and their neighbours in half the pews around them, have so long been in the habit of making these early preparations for leaving the house, that the impropriety never occurs to them. But let them think a moment. Is not singing as much an act of worship as praying, and can their thoughts and hearts be in either, while they are so busy in arranging their wardrobe, as not to be behind the foremost in leaving their pews? Others, if you will notice, who though not quite so much in a hurry, evidently do not hear a word of the benediction, so busy are they in looking for their hats, buttoning up their coats, and getting ready for an early start. That there is the least necessity for any such haste, no one can plead, and of course, that it is an inexcusable encroachment upon the solemnity and decencies of public worship, who will dare to question? And after all, what is gained by it? How much sooner do these loiterers in coming, and bustlers in going, reach the porch, by elbowing their way through the crowd, than if they waited till the aisles were clear?

Another fault with which some very worthy members of the congregation are chargeable, is bowing to every acquaintance as they are leaving the sanctuary; and addressing one and another, with that easy familiarity, which is so amiable and acceptable in a social party of friends. I am no advocate for a sour and repulsive sanctimoniousness any where. A kind recognition of those who happen to be about us after the service is closed, promotes good fellowship without interrupting those religious trains of thought with which we ought always to leave the house of God. How very different this is from that easy and smiling familiarity which is directly calculated to banish all serious reflections from the mind, I need not stop to show.

Another fault which every preacher must have noticed more or less, is leaving the house in the midst of the service. While he is in the most impressive part of his discourse, some sturdy boy will suddenly start from his pew in the gallery, and with his heavy cow-hides make the floor tremble as he marches the whole length of the church to the stairs and makes his clattering, slamming exit. What preacher has not been thus annoyed and disconcerted either at home or abroad, through the neglect of parents who ought to teach their children better, and who might keep them quietly in their places if they would. For myself, when such a disturbance happens, I cannot help stopping and eyeing the culprit as long as he is in sight, and thus giving him the full advantage of hearing all the noise that he makes, and if it is not presuming too much, I would recommend to my brethren to try the same experiment. I think the boy will either stay at home or keep quiet for a Sabbath or two at least.

The mention of one fault more, will be enough for the present: Did you never see a dozen or twenty boys, (I will call them, though some of them are old and tall enough to be men,) standing near the doors with their hats in their hands, and ready to rush down stairs at the hazard of their necks, ere the blessing is half pronounced from the pulpit? I am sure I have, and that

somebody must be very much to blame for allowing it. It is a disgrace and a sin to any congregation if it is not soon corrected. There must be authority enough somewhere to compel those who are prone to transgress, to remain till the congregation is dismissed, and then to leave the house directly.—*N. E. Puritan.*

### "PASS HER ALONG."

*Extract from the Letter of a British Settler in America to his family.*

"Mountimo, as you were satisfied with my last anecdote, let me give you another; which has nothing in it further than the elucidation of the fact, that the northern people are friendly to the 'Nigger.'

"We have occasional opportunities, on this main route to Canada, of affording to the slave, on his way to the provinces, that assistance which, if afforded to an enemy in time of war, would be treason. This, the United States constitution calls 'aid and comfort.' The fugitive slave not being, on these northern turnpikes, a public enemy, does very generally obtain this aid.

"Not very long since going to business after breakfast, in our good town of T—, I was 'holla'd' to from the other side of the street by Mr. B., a Methodist clergyman then in T—. He informed me briefly, that a coloured girl, about 17, had been brought from Virginia by a gentleman, whose wife could not dispense with her attendance; that, by virtue of threats if she dared to say she was not free, and the ever ready connivance of hotel keepers, they had held her during a month's stay at Saratoga, and had got as far as T— on their way home. At the principal hotel here, black waiters are employed. One of those dusky gentlemen guessed that Leevy (Olivia) was not free; and, by dint of unwearied watching, a female servant got an interview with her sister in colour; soon wrung the fact from her; also that her mistress used to lash her violently, while the masters familiarities were equally dreaded. Time being of vital importance, the housemaid, Dinah, took the matter in hand at once, ordering Leevy to strip herself instantly of every stitch of raiment, that no warrant might be got against her for larceny! She then borrowed a large rough overcoat from one of the servants, and, shoeless, hatless, shiftless, immediately conveyed her by the back premises out of the hotel.

"'Mr.—, you're genuwine English! aint you?' said Mr. B. to me.

"'To the back-bone, Mr. B.' returned I.

"'Well, I don't mind telling you, then, she is now in my garret; and, to divert all track of her, hadn't you better try to raise some clothes for her, while I keep quiet? We will then have her off to the Anti-renters in S— till the fuss is over.'

"My wife, who had no dread of consequences, nor needed to have, called simply, and with perfect *sang froid*, upon the wealthiest ladies in T—; on Mrs. General—; also on Mrs. W., whose husband is owner of large southern plantations; and others; who smiled, shook their heads, and said she was a little English fool; but whose womanly hearts, touched with the poor girl's destitution, quickly prompted them to aid; and by the evening of the same day, she was comfortably clad, and safe from physical force among the farmers of R— county. No legal coercion could be used against her, as in the case of a fugitive from the Slave States; she having been brought into a free state by her owner, there was no law for him to invoke against her. The hotel-keeper was in a terrific passion about it, and kept half a dozen low fellows hovering round S—, where she was; until the villagers gave some of them a hint of riding them on a rail over a duck pond.

"Leevy could neither read nor write, but has since been carefully educated; and is a good-looking, well-doing girl; and to complete *your* interest in her, I send you a book-mark, bought last week from the fancy fair in Washington-Hall, held by the coloured people for the benefit of the coloured Methodist church, which was made by her own dusky fingers."—*Cheltenham Chr.*

### SCENE AT AN UNPREPARED DEATH-BED.

It was a bitter day in January, and I had laid my plan for a profitable and uninterrupted labour in my own comfortable study. The extreme severity of the weather compelled people to stay at home, and the luxury of a whole day of study unbroken by calls seemed fairly before me. An hour had scarcely passed, however, before a carriage drove up, and I was summoned to attend im-

mediately the death-bed of a young man, one of my parishioners, who, in the midst of life and health, had just been struck down by a violent kick from a horse, and was not expected to live more than a few hours.

Upon entering his chamber, I found him just recovering his consciousness. The blow had broken the skull bone, and cut out a piece as large as the palm of my hand, leaving the top of the mass of brain entirely exposed, the quivering pulsations of which were plainly visible, and presented a ghastly and horrid sight. The physician arrived in a few minutes, and did what he could for the sufferer, but intimated that the injury to the brain was so great that a favourable result could not be hoped for. Judging that the first want of the patient was repose, I suggested, after a few remarks suited to the occasion, that we should unite in prayer, and leave him undisturbed for a little season, to afford his system opportunity to rally from the shock of the accident.

"No, for God's sake, no;" exclaimed he, "do not leave me for a moment. I have but a few to live, and I dare not die as I am. Oh, what shall I do! Tell me quickly, before the light of reason forsakes me."

"James," said I, "there is but one way in which a sinner can be saved, and that is by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ—whether an hour only or years be allowed you, the only way for you to secure salvation is by casting yourself implicitly and unreservedly into the Saviour's hand. Only his blood can save you; and you are welcome now, this moment. All things are ready—come now."

He cast a look of anguish that startled me, and said, "Mr.—, do you remember when I was putting up those shelves in your study, eight months ago, that you asked me to stop while you talked with me about religion, and prayed for me. It was then that I felt that I was a sinner, and after going home, I endeavoured to pray for myself, and determined that I would seek religion. Two or three days these feelings continued, when, unhappily for myself, I took up a book which I had commenced reading before our conversation, and though conscience remonstrated, I went on and finished it. My feelings were much enlisted in the story, but when I got through I had no disposition to pray; and my anxiety about religion was gone. I resumed novel reading, of which I had been very fond, and compromised with my conscience by resolving that at the end of one year I would throw all such books aside, and seek the salvation of my soul. Only two thirds of that year are gone, and here I am, dying? Fool, fool that I was, to sell my soul for a novel—to prefer the excitement of an idle tale to the joys of religion. And now it is too late."

I remonstrated against that conclusion, and begged him whatever might have been his past folly and guilt, to look to Christ for the forgiveness of all. While I spoke, his eye became wandering and vacant, and his mind erratic and stupid. In a short time he was delirious. "Fool, fool," he would ejaculate at intervals, and this was all he uttered. Death, before many hours, ensued, and four months before the period he had appointed to seek religion, he had entered the world of spirits, and answered at the bar of God for the deeds done in the body. The improvement of this simple narrative will be obvious to every reader.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

### BAD HABITS.

Have you any bad habits? Conquer them. It is hard we know, but it will be harder still to grow permanently old—to suffer in body and mind, and perhaps kill yourself by degrees. Thousands have within a few years past overcome the powerful temptation to drink ardent spirits. It was like cutting off the right hand, but they persevered and conquered it. For worlds you could not induce them to return to their old habits.

Have you no bad habits to conquer? Do you smoke or chew tobacco? Break the chain at once. From this time resolve never to puff a segar or chew a quid of tobacco. It is a bad habit and is offensive to many—especially to women.

Do you use profane language? You have no excuse for this. You hanker not after wicked words, and you feel no satisfaction after you have used them. If there is one sin, that calls loudly for reform, it is this. Think, young men, think before you speak, and never give utterance to a word that will pain a Christian heart.

Do you make use of indelicate words? Nothing is more offensive to the ear of modesty, or disgusting to refined society. Reflect on the injury you do yourselves, when you give currency

to foul language. No one respects a person who is habitually guilty of indelicate expressions or impure allusion.

Whatever your habits are that are really bad, have strength and courage to conquer them. Let your voice and your example wherever you are, speak for virtue and truth. Let your influence be ever exerted for the best good of others. This cannot be done unless you reform your habits and conquer every bad propensity. The following translation from an Italian author is appropriate and beautiful:—

"Crown his brow with laurel wreath,  
Who can tread the fields of death—  
Tread with armed thousands near—  
And know not what it is to fear,  
But greater far his meed of praise,  
Juster his claims to glory's page,  
Who, true to reason's voice, to virtue's call,  
Conquers himself—the noblest deed of all."

#### THE LOST CHILD.

An event which occurred near Briançon, will give some notion of the incidents which embazon mountain life and field sports in these regions. A peasant, with his wife and three children, had taken up his summer quarters in a chalet, and was depasturing his flocks on one of the rich Alps which overhang the Durance. The oldest boy was an idiot, about eight years of age, the second was five years old and dumb, and the youngest was an infant. It so happened that the infant was left one morning in charge of his brothers, and the three had rambled to some distance from the chalet before they were missed. When the mother went in search of the little wanderers, she found the two elder, but could discover no traces of the baby. The idiot boy seemed to be in a transport of joy, while the dumb child displayed every symptom of alarm and terror. In vain did the terrified parent endeavour to collect what had become of the lost infant. The antics of the one and the fright of the other explained nothing. The dumb boy was almost bereft of his senses, while the idiot appeared to have acquired an unusual degree of mirth and expression. He danced about, laughed, and made gesticulations, as if he were imitating the action of one who had caught up something of which he was fond, and hugged it to his heart. This, however, was of some slight comfort to the poor woman, for she imagined that some acquaintance had fallen in with the children, and had taken away the infant. But the day and night wore away, and no tidings of the lost child. On the morrow, when the parents were pursuing their search, an eagle flew over their heads, at the sight of which the idiot renewed his antics, and the dumb boy clung to his father with the shrieks of anguish and affright.

The horrible truth then burst upon their minds, that the miserable infant had been carried off in the talons of a bird of prey; and that the half-witted elder brother was delighted at his riddance of an object of whom he was jealous. On the morning in which the accident happened, an Alpine yager,

"Whose joy was in the wilderness, to breathe  
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,"

had been watching near an eagle's nest, under the hope of shooting the bird upon her return to the eyry. After waiting in all the anxious perseverance of a true sportsman, he beheld the monster slowly winging her way towards the rock behind which he was concealed. Imagine his horror, when, upon her nearer approach, he heard the cries, and distinguished the figure of an infant in her fatal grasp. In an instant his resolution was formed—to fire at the bird at all hazards, the moment she should alight upon her nest, and rather to kill the child than leave it to be torn to pieces by the horrid devourer. With a silent prayer and a steady aim, the mountaineer poised his rifle. The ball went directly through the head or heart of the eagle, and in a minute afterwards this gallant hunter of the Alps had the unutterable delight of snatching the child from the nest, and bearing it away in triumph. It was dreadfully wounded by the eagle's talons in one of its arms and sides, but not mortally; and within twenty-four hours after it was first missed, he had the satisfaction of restoring it to its mother's arms.—*Waldensian Researches.*

#### LETTER FROM A YOUNG MAN IN MEXICO TO HIS FRIENDS IN CANADA.

I took a trip to Brazos Island last week by the way of Rio Grande, a distance of 600 miles. The boat laid up every night which afforded me an opportunity of making myself par-

tially acquainted with the manners and customs of the people. Before the war, the waters of the Del Norte had never been ruffled by the paddle-wheels of a steamboat, and but few had ever seen an American. There are at present twenty boats constantly plying between the mouth and Mier, a distance of 750 miles, which make it a great source of profit to the inhabitants. Their wood, which heretofore was left standing, is now cut down and is sold for two dollars and a half per cord. They also obtain a liberal price for their beef, chickens, eggs, hogs, and any thing else they may have to sell. The people are kept in profound ignorance, there being none but the Priests and Alcades that have any knowledge of letters. The rich keep the poor in a state of bondage. There is one residing in the vicinity, that has some 1500 of his fellow Mexicans in bondage, and whose taxes amounted to the enormous sum of \$96,000. He was educated at Beardstown, Kentucky, and married an American lady. He lives in the greatest splendour, while his mercenaries drag out a miserable existence. Men like cattle are liable to be sold for debt, and never have I seen slaves in the Southern States in such abject servitude. The people on the banks of the river live in villages, or what they call "Ranchos," which are owned by a rich man, and the people are nothing but mere tenants.

Their houses are built of posts, placed together as close as possible, and daubed with mud inside: the only opening is the door; the roof is made by placing a pole on two uprights, one at each end, to which the rafters are then fastened with strips of raw-hide. They next place canes, which grow in great abundance, across the rafters, which are also fastened with strips of raw-hide, on the top of which they put the covering, which consists of young cane tied together in small bundles, and placed close together and over each other like shingles. Such a roof, when well made, is perfectly water proof, and will last twenty years. Their furniture consists of a stone to grind their corn, a tray to make their cakes, plates of sheet iron to bake; a few blankets of their own manufacture, laid on the ground for beds; they have no floors to their houses: they have a long narrow box suspended to a rafter for a cradle, and they are all well stocked with children.—The whole occupation of the men is building their huts, making brush fences, turning up the sod with a wooden plough, planting enough corn for the use of the family, a few acres of cotton, and breeding mules. The poorest man in the country rides, even the very beggars, Horned cattle, sheep, and goats, require but little attendance, owing to the salubrity of the climate they need no shelter, and have good grazing the whole year round. The women are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water; they are a mixture of Spanish, Indian and Negro, and in my estimation are no more than half civilized. All the women smoke cigarettes. The men are continually on horseback, with a lasso in their hand, even the smallest boys have their lasso, and they are as expert as our Indians with their bows and arrows. This lasso, or running noose, is made of horse-hair, and they seldom miss their aim. I have seen them catch oxen, and mules around the neck and legs, at full speed, and many an American has lost his life in the same manner.—*Brockville Recorder.*

#### APPLES OF GOLD.

"This do in remembrance of me."—Luke xxii. 19.

Come, my soul, obey thy dying Lord's command; let it be thy delight, as it is thy privilege, to attend thy Master at table, to take a nearer view of his bleeding love, and, by a renewed act of faith, obtain a fresh taste and renewed pledge of the precious benefits contained therein. Stagger not through unbelief; it is a blessed truth, Jesus died for sinners: this is the foundation of a sinner's hope; let this encourage thee, O my soul; thou art a sinner, guilty and defiled! Jesus' blood cleanses from all sin; he is the fountain opened for thy uncleanness: thou art by nature a child of wrath, condemned by the law, exposed to the curse: but Jesus was made a curse for thee: thou art unrighteous, unholy; but Jesus is made of God unto thee righteousness and sanctification: thou art weak, beset with enemies; his strength shall be perfected in thy weakness, and thou, by faith, shall be more than conqueror through him that loved thee. Thou art afraid of perishing at the last; look to Jesus; he purchased thee with his blood: he will not give thee up; none can pluck thee out of his hand.

Rise, then, O my soul, and come to the banquet of love, and partake of the blessings of the everlasting covenant; beseech the Lord to manifest his love, and seal thy pardon, renew thy strength, and enable thee to travel the remaining part of thy pilgrimage till thou come to Mount Zion, and be admitted a welcome guest at the marriage-supper in heaven.

## SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.



ORIENTAL WOMEN, VEILED.

"Also he said, Bring the veil that thou hast upon thee, and hold it. And when she hold it, he measured six measures of barley, and laid it on her."  
—Ruth, iii. 15.

The veils mentioned in Scripture were very unlike those worn at present by the ladies in this country. But the same or very nearly the same kind of veils is worn still in some Oriental countries. These veils were thick, and often concealed the face of the wearer entirely. If you will turn in your Bible to the book of Genesis, and find the account that is given of the first interview of Isaac with his bride, you will notice that when she saw him at a distance, she took a veil and covered herself. This was a common custom at that day, and is still in some Eastern countries. This veil was so thick, that Isaac did not obtain a glimpse of his bride's face till after they were married.

The veil was very large, too, and sometimes served other purposes than that of concealing the features. In the beautiful and interesting story of Ruth, we learn this fact. Boaz, you know, Ruth's relative, wished to make her a present. So he said to her, "Bring the veil that thou hast upon thee, and hold it." She did so, and he placed in the veil six measures of barley, which she carried to her mother.

In the engraving are three styles of the Oriental veil. The same veil which was worn thousands of years ago, is still worn there. The veil shown in the first of these figures is probably similar to that which Ruth and Rebekah wore. It is little else than a large sheet, covering all or nearly all the face, and descending to the feet. These veils are worn now in the East by almost all females, whenever they go abroad.

In Syria, the females of the country hold the veil, so as to cover the whole face except one of the eyes.

In Persia, the veil completely covers the whole face; but there is one small aperture just large enough for the eyes, and these apertures are covered with lace, so that the wearer can see without being seen. The second engraving is designed to represent this form of the veil.

In Egypt, the ladies wear a veil differing somewhat from both the others. It consists of a large hood, formed of black silk, or cotton, fastened to the head by a band or ribbon in the inside, and reaching more than half way down the person, and so constructed that when worn, all the face, with the exception of the eyes, is concealed. Our third engraving represents this form of veil.—*Youths' Cabinet*.

## MAGDALENE ASYLUM.

(From the *Witness*.)

"The Rev. Mr. Parnter, while he remained in Montreal, showed a zeal and assiduity in behalf of the institution which deserves more extended notice. He visited it every Thursday for the purpose of holding religious services, and conversing with the inmates about their spiritual interests, and his visits were felt to be peculiarly acceptable and profitable. When leaving the city, he endeavoured to find some minister to take his place, but did not succeed. The Great Shepherd of the sheep will raise up successors to him."

"The number of houses of ill-fame in the city is at least sixty, averaging about nine inmates each, which gives a wretched population of 540 young females in Montreal living on the wages of infamy, besides the still more degraded women who keep these houses, and the houseless host of street-walkers, vagrants, and prisoners of the same sex; all of whom are victims of lust and intemperance. Is it

not right that an effort should be made to reclaim all that is possible of this mass of human guilt and woe?"

The foregoing paragraphs, which appear in the Report of the Magdalene Asylum, circulated in pamphlet form, were not furnished until after its publication in the *Witness*. We, therefore, think it a duty to lay them before our readers, more especially as they afford a suitable opportunity for a few remarks.

The first suggests the desirableness of some one or more ministers filling up Mr. Parnter's vacant place, and making this interesting Asylum a part of their care. Pious laymen may do, and have done much, and in this we rejoice; but it must be admitted that exhortations and attentions, even supposing them to be in other respects equal, would come with much greater weight from one who bears the official character of minister, than from one who does not. We are well aware of the burdens which ministers sustain already, and that in many cases any addition would be almost impracticable, but yet we cannot think that the Magdalene Asylum should be neglected by them as it has been; and these remarks apply as much to pastoral visits as to the stated preaching of the word in the Asylum.

But what shall we say of the second paragraph that shall be faithful and yet not offend delicacy? On the authority of those who have visited every house of the description mentioned, it is stated that there are in Montreal at least 540 young females publicly living upon the wages of their own infamy—a miserable company, advancing rapidly on their way to hell, dizzied and decked with all the allurements which vice assumes to hide its own disease and deformity, and to tempt and ensnare the unwary. Truly, they are painted sepulchres full of rottenness and all uncleanness; and sepulchres they are found to be to the health, reputation, and outward estate, of multitudes of the other sex. Yes, this wretched army have their no less miserable train of camp followers, such as are eloquently described by the wisest of men in Proverbs vii. 6—27.

Let us look at this matter a little closer. There are perhaps some fifty ministers of religion of all kinds among us; but here are at least ten times as many ministers to one single vice. Again, considering the expensive style in which the poor creatures in question are obliged to live, we presume it is not an over-calculation to estimate the annual income of each, on the average, at £100. If so, here is upwards of £50,000 spent on one single vice in Montreal, which, even though a very large deduction were made, greatly exceeds the whole amount paid for churches, Sabbath-schools, missions, and education, in the same time. What a fact for a professedly Christian city! We will only make one other reflexion. The average existence of these miserable victims of man's lust and heartlessness does not, we presume, under the combined influence of drink and disease, exceed five or six years. If so, then there are one hundred victims sinking annually into the charnel-house, and their polluted souls going to the bar of that God who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. Who would not try to stop, or at all events diminish, this dark stream of woe? Who does not feel it a duty to support the Magdalene Asylum, as the only earthly refuge for such of the frail lost ones as may become penitent?

## FAMINE AND PESTILENCE IN IRELAND.

The "Diary of a Dispensary Doctor," published in the *Cork Reporter*, presents a horrifying catalogue of victims. We extract the following:

"On Tuesday, January 26, my services were required for a family in High Street, a locality infested with fever, and I was walking along, meditating on the scenes of desolation, when I recognised the widow Keating, mentioned in my last diary, whose son Mr. Crowley and I buried in a kitchen garden a few days before, and who brought in for interment her daughter, who died the previous morning. 'Doctor,' she said, 'wont you send for my boy? The pigs go into the field where you put him, and I fear they will root the grave, and as no Christian would come near me, I brought in little Mary myself to lay alongside of her father in the chapel-yard.' I employed two men to remove the body from where Mr. Crowley and I had laid it; but they found it in such an advanced state of decomposition as not to admit of its being raised; however, on the next day the mother exhumed the putrid corpse herself, brought it into Skibbereen, and buried it with the remains of her husband and daughter. On Tuesday, February 21, Mrs. Keating again met me, and demanded another coffin for the last of her children and family. I yielded to her entreaties—the coffin was purchased—she placed it on her head, when I

remonstrated with this dying creature, and pointed out the risk that would attend her undertaking such a task. She disregarded my advice, walked home with a heavy coffin on her head, reached her cabin door, fell to the ground before entering the threshold, and expired a victim to her fondness for her family, and reverential respect for their remains. After leaving High Street, I visited a family named Collins, living about two miles from Skibbereen; there were four children and their mother recovering from fever; they had no nutriment of any kind, and although now convalescent from disease, will, no doubt, perish of want. In returning, I passed a house where I had attended a family named Donovan, in fever: it consisted of an old couple, four daughters and a son; the young man was in the habit of coming to my door for assistance for them; and not having seen him for some time, I concluded that he too was ill. On entering, I saw my female patients sitting in their chemises around a single lighted turf, and inquired why they left their beds: but might have saved myself the interrogatory, as there was not even a wad of straw in the house; my next inquiry was for their messenger, and I was told that he, a few moments before, 'dragged his father out, and that she did not know whether he went east or west.' I asked, why did he do so? 'Because,' said the famishing widow, 'my poor man is dead these five days, and no person would help to bury him, and Jerry pulled him out to put him into the dyke.' I followed the track of the body, and on passing through a gap, found the young man, whose pallid cheek and lanch'd lip told he was a famine patient, trying to commit his parent's corpse to the earth. As he was exhausted from the sad office, I took the spade and trowel to effect the interment myself; the ground was too hard, and we threw down a portion of an old fence on the body, and left it to be, perhaps to some future generation, a monument of the horrible famine era of 1847. Twenty-two strangers who came into Skibbereen to beg, had taken up their abode in a house in Bridgetown, and I was sent for in a couple of hours after being present at Donovan's interment, to see five sick of fever. The appearance of this lazaretto, when a bit of bog deal was lighted to show me the patients, baffles description. Four bare walls and an old straw roof constituted the habitation, and there was not in it a single pound of straw for bedding; a shower of liquid soot was falling from the thatch, and a fetid fog was rising from the filthy wet rags that constituted the only clothing of the inmates. I prescribed for my patients, and was about to leave when my attention was attracted by a group at the opposite end of the house, engaged about an old woman and child lying on the ground. 'Doctor,' said one of the party, 'my child is dead, and my mother is going; wout you give a drink?' 'O, thank God, I wout want your drink long,' replied the dying woman, 'for it will soon be all over with me; will I live until morning?' I assured her that before an hour she would be transferred to another world, and she exclaimed, 'Well, I will be soon out of want and hunger; but wout you get me the little girl put in the abbey?' I promised to do so, but in the hurry of business forgot my promise, and was reminded of my neglect when, on entering the house some days after, I found the bodies in the same position in which I saw them expire. I then redeemed my pledge. This very day, the 10th of February, I saw three corpses in this same abode of wretchedness, and they were this moment removed by a man who has contracted burying the dead, without coffins, at the rate of a shilling a head, and whose cart goes round every morning to collect the bodies. I never beheld such a combination of distressing circumstances as in the case of a family named Barrett, who were the last patients that I had occasion to see on the night of the 26th. Six members of this family labouring under fever had been turned out of their lodgings near the old chapel yard, and had struggled to that burying ground, and literally embel themselves in a small watch house, that was built for the shelter of those who were engaged in guarding the bodies against exhumation by the doctors. This shed is exactly seven feet long by about six in breadth; by the side of the western wall is a long newly made grave; by either gable are two of shorter dimensions that have been recently tenanted; and near the hole that serves as a door way is the last resting place of two or three children, the victims of famine; in fact, this hut is surrounded by a perfect rampart of dead bodies, and to such a height have they accumulated that the threshold, which was originally on a level with the ground, is now two feet beneath it. In this horrible den six individuals, males and females, were indiscriminately huddled together. The time that I visited them was midnight; it was blowing a perfect hurricane. I was accompanied by my worthy assistant at the dispensary, Mr. Crowley, and we took with us some bread, tea, and sugar. When we reached the shed I thrust in my head, but had to draw back, so intolerable was the effluvia both from the living and the dead. I had them removed to the fever hospital, where they are recovering, and the account which they gave me of their sufferings whilst immured in this dungeon, exceeds any thing that I have ever heard or read of. For two days they were left without drink, and, although funerals came to the burying ground, so faint were their voices that they could not make themselves heard, and on the night before I visited them, the expedient that they adopted for allaying thirst was to thrust a straw out of the doorway, and suck it when saturated with moisture."

A man with knowledge, but without energy, is a house furnished but not inhabited; a man with energy but no knowledge, a house inhabited but not furnished.—*Crystals from a Cavern.*

## A STORM IN A NEW SHIP.

Being now perfectly ready for the dark-looking gentleman to windward coming fast down after us, the breeze died away, until the ship had scarcely steerage way on her. After a little the air felt cooler, the wind freshened up, and blew from the northward; another hand was added to assist in steering. On the gale came with a roaring sound; and the ship kept right before it. We were now steering under a close-reefed main-topsail, and the ship fairly bisping through it; the wind forced the swell fairly down, the clouds cleared away, and nothing could be seen but one bed of foam. There was a description of the sea then given, in a very few words, which I have not since forgotten—"This is the old wash-tub, with the suds all on the top." Such are sailors, that amidst the war of elements which surrounds them, and often threatens them with instantly being engulfed, they will have their joke out. Now no one could hear the other speak, such was the force of the storm. You could feel the ship almost lifted along. The scene was grand; no pen could describe it; the power of the great Creator's breath was on the water, and man was nothing. The surface of the water was blown up into mist, like spray which rose from the foam, as it were, like dust, to the height of several feet, and was forced along before and around us. On, on we went, like something carried along by an invisible power, over which man has no control. The wild but beautiful scene appeared unearthly; there was something enchanting in watching the swift and silent passage of the vessel through this as it were hissing snow. To the non-nautical reader I may here remark, that the running of a ship before the wind creates both a different motion and noise in the ship than one hove to, or running with the wind abeam. The violence of the storm was now so great that any sound or noise we could make on board was inaudible from the roaring of the wind and the foaming of the sea around us. The ship seemed to have life, and bounded away from every threatening wave. "his being the first time we had an opportunity to run before the wind, or try our new ship's qualities in scudding—in fact, we had no alternative, for the storm was too strong to attempt to round the ship to, we would have gone down in an instant—there were relieving-tackles rove, lest the wheel-rops should part; and as we had nothing but a clear sea before us, every one watched closely the ship's action on her new and first trial in this way. The old seamen looked excited and pleased; the younger ones at last felt so much delighted with the ship, that they dauced and waved their clear arm (for one held on), and appeared like madmen.—*Dr. Coulter's Adventures in the Pacific.*

## TAHITI.

The latest dates are to the 12th of October. From several communications I extract that, "Monsieur Buat, having been promoted to the rank of rear-admiral, is about to be replaced by Capt. Lavand, now on his way to Tahiti, and the former being desirous to adjust matters as much as possible before resigning his government to his successor, has, (as I stated in my last letter) invited Queen Pomare to Tahiti, to meditate between him and her subjects, who are still in arms. Negotiations were lately opened between the French authorities and the hostile tribes, who continue to occupy their strongholds in the mountains; but the Tahitians declined to listen to any terms that did not emanate from their own Queen, but stated that at her request they would deliver up their arms to her. They also stipulated that their Queen should be put into full possession of her lawful rights, and that the French should demolish all the forts they have raised on the coast of Tahiti.

"In this state of affairs the Governor made all possible endeavours to procure the Queen's presence at Tahiti. The poor Queen, who is still residing with her husband at Raiatea in great poverty, agreed to come to Tahiti on an invitation from her own people. Something of this sort was got up and presented to her. Then she started her old objection of going on board a French vessel. In this stage of the negotiations a sort of compromise seems to have been made. The *G. rpus*, which arrived here from the Sandwich Islands on the 20th of September, goes to fetch the Queen as far as Eimeo (an Island close by) from which place a French man-of-war will convey her to Tahiti. Perhaps it were better that the Tahitians should yield to an overwhelming destiny, and live in peace (if there be any chance of such a consummation), than slowly, but surely, perish in their blood, or die from sickness engendered by the hardships they endure in their encampment. One more remark, and I am glad (though late) to be able to make it at last, and that is, that a better feeling on the part of the French is evinced towards the English residents."—*London Times.*

## SELECTIONS.

**BREVITY** is the life of a good newspaper. The putting words of a worthy mechanic in Cincinnati were, "give a shill article." Correspondents must remember this. We claim the prerogative of wanting all the long, dull articles in the paper. Correspondents must be short and spicy. A long communication has not had the chance of publication that a small one has.—*National Era*.

**POPIST RELICS.**—Popery is imposture from beginning to end. Many different churches in different parts of the world all in possession of the very same relics. In Flanders, Spain, and France, there are eight atoms of Matthew the evangelist; besides the holy coat at Treves, there are twenty-two other holy coats, all equally genuine, and equally holy; and as for the wood of the true cross, it is so abundant, that, as has been said, it would suffice to build a frigate of 74 guns, or supply a town with fuel for a winter. Nor is it only in the darker parts of Europe that such impostures are practised. The Archbishop of Paris has recently discovered a fund of most precious relics, which he has publicly called on the people of his diocese to come and adore. The following are among the articles enumerated:—A bit of our Saviour's crown of thorns, some of the nails with which he was fastened to the cross, the iron lance that pierced his side, the sponge that contained the vinegar given him to drink, the reed put into his hand for the sceptre, a piece of the real sepulchre, and the towel with which he wiped the apostles' feet!—*Bishop's Light of Prophecy*.

**SLEEPING IN CHURCH.**—The church at Bradford, Massachusetts in the early part of the last century, were much troubled, as many churches are now, with a class of worshippers, who invariably composed themselves, on ordinary occasions, for a nice little nap in the house of God. At length the practise became so offensive to both minister and people, that it was put to vote in a church meeting, and they determined "that sleeping at meeting, especially laying down the head to sleep, in time of public worship, is a very great indecency and irreverence, and justly offensive, and to be observed and reprov'd in any member of the church; and, if not reformed, the church is to be stayed, after exorcise, and the person is to be called forth to be admonished."

**THE CATASTROPHE AT NORTH BLENHEIM.**—We have already published an account of the destruction of the Holdridge family. In regard to the affair the Schoharie Patriot says:—The family of Mr. Holdridge retired for the night between 10 and 11 o'clock. The children, except the one rescued by the mother, slept in the second story. Mary, the daughter saved, cannot tell how she made her escape, but thinks in rushing through the smoke and flame she fell against a door or window, which gave way and let her into the street. Mr. Holdridge has been for years an intemperate man. The town in which he resides, however, having voted for "No License" last Spring, and the law having been observed, he had not been able to procure liquor for some time, until the night of the catastrophe, when a Blue-Ruin pedlar from one of the "Sword-Fish" factories at Troy, happened to pass by, and sold him a five gallon keg of drugged poison, of which he drank and was bereft of his reason. Those who were first at the scene of the disaster, say that the whole family might have been saved without much difficulty, had not the wretched father insisted that all had left the house.—*Evangelist*.

**A HINT TO THE CHURCH.**—Self is Dives in the mansion, clothed in purple, and faring sumptuously every day; the cause of Christ, is Lazarus lying at his gate, and red only with the crumbs which fall from his table.

**THE DIVIDED HEART, AND THE BROKEN HEART.**—There is a wide difference between a heart broken and a heart divided. There is nothing human God loves better than a broken heart: perhaps there is nothing human that has more of his displeasure than a divided heart. I would, he said, thou wert either cold or hot; but because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth. This is the strongest language of detestation. On the other hand, the sacrifice of God, that which he prefers to rivers of oil and the costliest offerings of devotion, is a broken heart. Thou wilt not despise this, says the Psalmist. As if all other offerings in comparison were despicable. Man may despise it, but it is God's chosen sacrifice; and to that man, whether kneeling by the roadside, or in "the long-drawn aisles" of the forest; whether worshipping in temples made with hands, or beneath the broad arch of heaven, or in the dungeon, or on the sick bed; to that man who offers this, the eye of God is directed, and his smile rests there. And yet divided hearts are many, and broken hearts few. The sour cynic of olden time, who searched Athens with his lantern in quest of an honest man, would be scarcely less puzzled to find broken-hearted men now. We do indeed hear of those who have died broken-hearted with grief for lost friends: or through disappointed ambition, or the loss of riches; but in what bill of mortality, in town or country, do we read of death from a broken heart for sin? Alas for us, that the rarest of all experiences should be that of a contrite spirit. Lacking this, what of spiritual good do we not lack? All else is broken, where the heart is not broken. Our alliance with God is broken; our hold on the promises is broken; our peace of conscience is broken.—*Presbyterian*.

**OUR EARTH'S DISTANCE FROM THE STARS.**—To convey to your minds any idea of the immense distance which separates us from those twinkling orbs which nightly gem our firmament, is utterly impossible.

We may talk of millions of miles, but this serves only to perplex and confound the feeble intellect of man. I may tell you that light, which flies at the rate of ten millions of miles in a second, and which is conveyed to the distant planet of Le Verrier, and reflected back to us in the short space of a few minutes, will require ten years in coming from the nearest fixed star; and if that star was suddenly blotted from existence, it would continue to shine for ten long years in the place it once occupied. Even were it possible for us to transport ourselves to the very confines of our system, or to the planet of Le Verrier, we should still continue to see these objects in their old places, and, to all appearance, no nearer than before. Here would be Sirius, blazing in its wondrous splendour; yonder we should see Orion; and there the polar Bear.—*Prof. Mitchell*.

**ALMACKS.**—This is a place in London of privileged fashion. The rules which regulate admission to its saloons are very strict, and exclusive; among these, it is said, that any physical deformity would exclude even a prince of the blood. If an additional rule were adopted, excluding those who laboured under any moral deformity, the company would be still more select. It is probable that the most acceptable visitors at Almacks will be utterly excluded from heaven, where this latter rule is rigidly observed.—*Presbyterian*.

**POPULAR CHRISTIANITY.**—And the most humiliating, the most alarming symptom in the popular Christianity of the day is, that baptized Christians claim the privilege of friendship with the world in every thing short of actual vice. Let a stranger go into the families of these Christians, and sit at their tables, and be with them morning and evening, and see their way of bringing up children, and follow them into their places of business, and go with them to all their recreations, and see them everywhere except in the house of God: and what would he find that proves them Christians? In what do they differ from the world?—What have they renounced? What do they forego? In what respect does their baptism separate them from the world?—Where are the holy fruits of a living faith displayed in their lives, so as to bear them witness that they are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty?—*Rev. Henry Gregory*.

**NEW-YORK AND LIVERPOOL STEAMERS.**—The Glasgow Citizen gives us the following information relative to the new Atlantic steamers now building in the Clyde. The British and North America Mail Steam Packet Company have ordered four immense timber steamships, to be fitted out for plying between Liverpool and New-York. Three of these are being built by Mr. R. Steel, of Greenock, and the fourth by that veteran in the art of steamboat building, Mr. John Steel, of Port Glasgow, who, in 1811, launched from his building yard the first passenger steamer which ever ploughed the waters of the Clyde. The first of these leviathan steamships will be launched early in March; she is close upon 2000 tons register, and will have engines of 750 horse power. The other three are of the same size, and are constructed on the same model, being, over all, in length 385 feet, in breadth of beam 38 feet, and having a depth of 28 feet. These vessels are intended to ply fortnightly between Liverpool and New-York, commencing on the 1st of January, 1848.

**HONOURS TO AGRICULTURE.**—The British Government has given a life pension to the widow of Mr London, in consideration of the great utility of his writings on agriculture and horticulture.

## NEWS.

Several packet ships have recently arrived, the latest of which brought dates to the 21st ult. This vessel, the Washington Irving, made the passage out in something less than 20 days. The political news was not important. Flour had declined a little from the extreme quotations, and was selling at 40s to 41s. Money was also getting scarce, and as a natural consequence of dear provisions, manufactures and trade generally were becoming dull. The Queen had appointed a general fast to be held on the 24th March, on account of the famine.

From the United States we learn that Vera Cruz has fallen with scarcely a struggle, and indeed we cannot well see how it could have been otherwise, after the American forces had been allowed to land unmolested. The only cause of regret is, that the bombardment of the city slaughtered a thousand human beings, half of whom were women and children. But it is somewhat strange that the Castle, which could have made a resistance, should have surrendered immediately on the fall of the city without having been attacked or even summoned to surrender. The fact is, we suppose, that the Mexican soldiers thought it was more comfortable to walk home to their families, upon parole not to fight again, than to be starved in a fortress or blown to atoms by Paixhan guns. It is said that General Scott with his victorious army, who is forthwith to be joined by that of General Taylor, is in full march for the city of Mexico, there to treat for peace in the halls of the Montezumas.

By the latest accounts from New York, Flour was \$7.69, Wheat \$1.55 to \$1.65, and Freights had fallen to 5s. and 1s. 6d.

The navigation is now open from Dickenson's Landing upward, and also for some distance below Quebec. The ice here still stands fast, with only a channel or two open. The weather is still quite wintry.



The Official Gazette of Saturday contains a proclamation of His Excellency summoning Parliament to meet on the second of June, for the despatch of business. We are not yet able to state to our readers anything positive relative to ministerial arrangements. We can only express our opinion that within two or three days at farthest, the judicial appointments will be made.—*Gazette of Monday.*

The bark *Apollo*, Walker, of Dundee, which, it will be remembered, was reported abandoned at sea on the 24th September last, during the great gale—crew saved, except one man—was fallen in with and boarded on the 9th February, in lat. 30 40 N. lon. 17 30 W. by the ship *Solon*, arrived at New Orleans. All her masts and bow-sprits gone, and nine feet water in her hold—every thing moveable gone. Cargo—coal, iron castings, matting, bagging, duck canvass, and boxes of pipe clay. After examination, the master of the *Solon* set fire to the wreck.—*Quebec Mercury.*

EMIGRATION.—It appears by "papers relative to emigration to the British Provinces in North America," published by order of the House of Commons, that a despatch from Earl Grey to Lord Egin, dated 31st December, 1846, offering to make payments out of British funds in aid of parties erecting villages for emigrants, has been withdrawn, and that by a subsequent despatch, dated 29th January, the assistance to emigrants will be confined to forwarding them to places where they are likely to get work. Lord Grey expresses his "entire approbation" of the manner in which Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Hawke have carried on this service in past years. In a despatch to Sir W. M. G. Colebrooke of the 20th of January, Earl Grey approves of a suggestion to allow land to be sold to emigrants on credit, "to be repaid in work on roads."—*Quebec Gazette.*

STORM.—A terrific storm visited Les Eboulements on the 30th ult. In the neighbourhood of the church, barns and stables were overturned, and two razed from their foundations. The roofs of the church, the sacristy, and several other private dwellings were partially carried away, and a schooner wintering on the beach was driven from her fastenings into the main stream.—*Id.*

It is proposed to establish a new bank at Quebec, with a capital of £300,000, in shares of £25 each, under the title of the "District Bank of Quebec."

The New Brunswick Legislature has passed a Bill to encourage the raising and dressing of hemp in the Province.

A most distressing event occurred in Linfield, on Wednesday evening last. The house and store of Mr. McMartin, were totally consumed by fire, and, lamentable to state, Mrs. McMartin, the only inmate, was also consumed. Part of the remains, we have been informed, were found. Mr. McMartin had left a few days previous, for Montreal.—*Bytown Gazette.*

ACCIDENTAL DEATH IN NICHOL.—At the raising of a barn, on the farm of Mr. Driscoll, township of Nichol, which took place on Wednesday last, Mr. Andrew Cattanach, son of a farmer in the neighbourhood, was killed by the falling of a log, which was in the act of being raised. Striking the young man on the head, it completely mashed it, causing instant death. The deceased was much respected.

PRODUCE TRADE OF DUNDAS.—There are now in the store houses, adjacent to the Desjardins Canal Basin, about 40,000 barrels of produce! These have been forwarded here for shipment since the close of the navigation.—*Dundas Warder.*

PETZEBORO' AND PEKE HOPE RAILROAD.—Vigorous exertions are being made, which, it is believed, will insure the success of this undertaking.

Sir George Grey, the Minister for the Colonies, has published a letter, in which the intentions of the Government respecting convicts are developed. The expatriation of males is to be wholly abandoned, and the penitentiary system to be substituted. Female convicts are still to be sent abroad.

A fire damp explosion took place in a large coal mine at Barnsley, by which seventy-three individuals were instantly destroyed. Forty-two of the bodies were interred in one grave, in rows six abreast and seven deep.

Out of 170 mills at Manchester, 99 are working full time, 63 short time, and 17 have stopped.

Incendiarism was becoming very common in some of the agricultural districts of England. A very considerable number of ricks of hay, peas, beans, &c., with some barns, had been fired and burnt: one instance is mentioned, in which 14 head of cattle were destroyed by the flames.

Emigration in Ireland is rapidly increasing, and all along the lines which lead from the interior to the ports of embarkation a continued stream flows towards the west. It is announced in the Cork papers, that over two hundred tenants of the Duke of Devonshire, in the south of Ireland, many of them holding large farms, and all of them in comfortable circumstances, are about to emigrate; and so great is the stream from the north-west of Ireland, that the Royal Canal Company have found it necessary to put on an additional packet boat for the exclusive use of emigrants from Sligo, Donegal, Leitrim, Longford, and Westmeath.

The London correspondent of the *Cork Reporter* gives a very gloomy version of the effects of the change of air upon Mr. O'Connell's constitution. "After the first short rally was over," says the writer, "he relapsed into his former excessively depressed and nervous state, and has continued so ever since, gradually sinking, and settling more firmly in the conviction, that his case is hopeless. His voice has failed, and he spends much of his time in devotional exercises."

By the last accounts, Mr. O'Connell's health has improved. He has been visited by the Earl of Salisbury and other distinguished friends.

The Inspector-General of the Forces was, every day during last week, engaged in examining candidates for the office of schoolmasters in the army. The authorities at the Horse Guards have resolved to receive thirty young men of unblemished character, and of good education, one to be allotted to each regiment. For the thirty situations there have been nearly 200 applicants. The pay is 17s. 6d. a-week, with uniform, rations, &c., and a pension of not less than 2s. a-day after ten years' service. The military schoolmaster is to rank with a serjeant-major; his uniform a blue frock, grey trousers, and cap.

THE MANOR LANDS—END OF ANTI-RENTISM.—We learn that many of the tenants on the Van Rensselaer manor lands are purchasing the title to the property they occupy at \$2 per acre. Thus the lessees are, in their own way, settling the anti-rent question without further excitement, by purchasing the land. If this is a fair price, of which we are ignorant, it

will be undoubtedly the most likely way to put an end to anti-rent troubles—and if it had been done before, how much ill-blood would have been saved.

ST. MARY'S CANAL.—A Bill incorporating a Company to construct a canal for opening the communication between Lakes Superior and Huron, has passed the Legislature of Michigan.

Benjamin Cochran, the inventor of cut-nails, died last December, at the age of 83. He was once a fellow-workman with Eli Whitney, the inventor of cotton-gin.

CAPTURE OF VERA CRUZ.—On the 22nd ult., the city was summoned to surrender, and on refusal 7 mortars opened a fire of bombshells, on the 24th a navy battery was opened on a row of 6 guns, and on the 25th another battery of four 24 pounders and three mortars opened their destructive fire, early on the following morning the Mexicans proposed to surrender. Commissioners on the American side, General Worth and Pillow, and Colonel Totten. On the 27th, the negotiations were completed, the city and castle surrendered, Mexican troops marched out and laid down their arms; American troops occupied the city and batteries of the castle, at noon, on that day, the American ensign was hoisted over both, and saluted by the fleet; the garrison of 4000 surrendered and were sent to their homes on parole—5 generals, 60 superior officers, and 270 company officers were detained as prisoners of war. The total loss of the Americans from the day of landing, March 9th, is 65 killed and wounded, of the Mexicans, the slaughter is said to be immense, their force was 5000 regulars and 3000 volunteers. With the loss of the city, the hopes of the Mexicans fell, as they had not provisions enough in the castle to sustain a protracted siege.—*Transcript.*

Details of Vera Cruz news have come to hand in New Orleans papers of the 31st instant. Also the fiscal despatches. Among the Mexicans killed during the bombardment was General Yañez. Half of Vera Cruz was destroyed. The Mexican loss was about 1000, half women and children. Santa Anna had arrived at the city of Mexico. He had succeeded in suppressing the disturbances between the church party and Farie. He is said to be desirous of peace. At the last accounts from Brazos, Gen. Taylor was still in pursuit of Gen. Urrea.

GAMBLERS.—The authorities of New-Orleans are making a clean sweep among the gaming establishments, arresting them all, of high and of low degree, without discrimination. Heavy establishments have been broken up. Our police must look for arrivals here of the expelled blacks.

PROGRESS OF HONG KONG.—Five years ago, in Hong Kong, the island of "fragrant streams," there was not a building of any kind—with the exception of an inferior mandarin's house, and half a dozen fishermen's huts. English enterprise, and skill, and capital, have done more for the island in that short space, than the Portuguese have done for Macao in a century.

The government of India has ordered the completion of the Ganges Canal on which £20,000 a year used to be expended. Henceforth, for four years, £250,000 will be expended, by which means it is expected that within a few years 8,000,000 of acres of land will be rendered productive.

The quarrel between the Queen of Spain and her husband is risen beyond concealment. The Queen herself expresses her abhorrence of her husband, and scruples not to speak openly with disgust of his infirmities, physically and morally. Christina intercedes and supports her daughter; Don Francisco de Paulo supports his son, and these respective parties vent their exasperation in language of the coarsest character, and, according to the last accounts, Christina is about to retire to France. In the meantime a Carlist outbreak on a large scale is in preparation. Several towns in Biscay, Catalonia and Navarre have been already gained.

Monies received on account of Peoples Magazine and Weekly Journal:—

Ambertsburgh, I A, 5s; N P, 5s; S K, 5s.—Clarenceville, A B S, 2s 6d.—Crowland, Miss D B, 2s 6d.—Fergus, J W, 5s.—Hamilton, D B, 6s 3d; C H, 5s; J S, 5s.—Picton, Rev G M, 5s.—Port Robinson, Serg J McG, 2s 6d.—Seneca, R F, 5s.—West Williamsburgh, Mrs B R, 5s.  
*Sundries per Mr. A Gemmil, Sen., Agent.*—Mill Creek, B C, 5s.—Waterloo, Dr Y, 2s 6d.—Naparce, T W G, 5s; Miss C F, 5s.—Belleville, A B, 5s; A M, 5s.—Otonabee, A G, £3 15s.

PRODUCE PRICES CURRENT—MONTREAL, April 19, 1847.

	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.
ASHES, Pots, per cwt	27	6	a	00	0	BEEF, Prime Mess,			
Pearls, .....	27	0	a	27	6	per brl. 200lbs.	60	0	a
FLOUR, Canada Su.						Prime, .....	50	0	a
per fine, per brl.						Prime Mess, per			
196 lbs. ....	34	6	a	35	0	tierce, 304lbs.	00	0	a
Do. Fine, .....	33	6	a	34	0	PORK, Mess, per brl.			
Do. Sour, .....						200lbs	90	0	a
Do. Middlings, .						Prime Mess, .....	75	0	a
Indian Meal, 168lb.						Prime, .....	65	0	a
Oatmeal, brl. 224lb.	35	6	a	00	0	Cargo, .....	00	0	a
GRAIN, Wheat U.C.						BUTTER, per lb. ...	0	7	a
Best, 60lbs, ...	7	3	a	7	6	CHEESE, full milk,			
Do. L.C. per min.	6	9	a	0	0	100 lbs., .....	40	0	a
BARLEY, Minot, ...	3	6	a	3	9	LARD, per lb., best	0	6	a
OATS, " .....	2	4	a	2	6	TALLOW, per lb,			
PEASE, .....	5	6	a	5	9	rough, .....	0	4	a

THOS. M. TAYLOR, Broker.

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