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No. 16

THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1847.

No. 16

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MY SISTER.

BY MISS ELIZABETH L. DYER.

I remember how I loved her,
When a little guiltless child,
I saw her in the cradle—
As she looked on me and smiled;—
My cup of happiness was full—
My joy, words cannot tell;
And I blessed the glorious Giver,
"Who doeth all things well."

Months passed—that bud of promise
Was unfolding every hour,—
I thought that earth had never smiled
Upon a fairer flower;
So beautiful, it well might grace
The bowers where angels dwell,
And waft its fragrance to his throne
"Who doeth all things well."

Years fled—that little sister then,
Was dear as life to me,
And woke in my unconscious heart
A wild idolatry,—
I worshipped at an earthly shrine,
Lured by some magic spell,
Forgetful of the praise of Him
"Who doeth all things well."

She was the lovely star whose light
Around my pathway shone,
Amid the darksome vale of tears,
Through which I journey on;—
Its radiance had obscured the light
Which round His throne doth dwell,
And I wandered far away from Him,
"Who doeth all things well."

That star went down in beauty—
Yet it shineth sweetly now,
In the bright and dazzling coronet,
That decks the Saviour's brow;
She bowed to the Destroyer,—
Whose shafts none may repel,—
But we know,—for God hath told us—
"He doeth all things well."

I remember well my sorrow,
As I stood beside her bed,
And my deep and heartfelt anguish,
When they told me she was dead;
And oh! that cup of bitterness—
Let not my heart rebel,—
God gave—He took—He will restore—
"He doeth all things well."

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

Come to the place of prayer!
Parents and children, come and kneel before
Your God, and with united hearts adore
Him whose alone your life and being are.

Come to the place of prayer!
Ye band of loving hearts, oh come and raise
With one consent, the grateful song of praise
To him who blessed you with a lot so fair.

Come in the morning hour—
Who hath raised you from the dream of night?
Whose hand hath poured around you cheering light?
Come and adore that kind and heavenly power.

Come at the close of day,
Ere wearied nature sinks in gentle rest,
Come, and let your sins be here confessed;
Come, and for His protecting mercy pray.

Has sorrow's withering blight
Your dearest hopes in desolation laid,
And the once cheerful home in gloom arrayed?
Yet pray, for He can turn the gloom to light.

Has sickness entered in
Your peaceful mansion? Let the prayer ascend,
On wings of faith, to that all-gracious Friend,
Who came to heal the bitter pains of sin.

Come to the place of prayer!
At morn, at night, in gladness or in grief,
Surround the throne of grace; there seek relief,
And pay your free and grateful homage there.

So in the world above,
Parents and children all may meet at last,
When this their weary pilgrimage is past,
And mingle there the joyful notes of love.

CHAPTERS FOR CHILDREN, No. I.

THE CONTRARY BOY.

By Jacob Abbott.

Do you know what a contrary boy is? I will tell you. He is one who is never satisfied with what he has, but always wants something different. If I were to say to you, "Come James, and see what a pretty picture I have got here;" and you should say, "No, I don't want a picture, you said you would bring me a pretty book,"—that would be being contrary. If your father should bring you home a little cart to draw about the room, and you should say, "I don't want a cart, I don't like carts, I want a horse and whip, like William's;" that would be being very contrary.

Now I knew a little boy once, who was unhappy a great deal of the time, because he would not be pleased with the playthings he had, but always wanted another kind, or something else. This little boy had a very kind father and mother, who loved him very much, and who tried to make him happy. They bought him good clothes to wear: they gave him good things to eat whenever he was hungry, and they bought him a great many pretty playthings. Nobody liked to give Charles any playthings or sugar-plums or any thing, because they did not make him happy: and they did not make him happy because he would not be pleased, but always thought of something else which he fancied he would rather have.

One day, Charles' mother came into the room where he was playing, and said, "Charles, little brother William is going to walk with Susan; should you like to go too?"

"Yes," said he, "but I shall want to wear my new cap."

"But I told you the other day," said his mother, "that you could not wear it for a whole week, again, because you threw it upon the floor when you came in yesterday, instead of hanging it on its nail."

"Then I don't want to go," said Charles.

"Very well," said his mother, and calling to Susan, she told her she need not wait any longer.

"But I *shall* want to go," said Charles, beginning to cry.

"You must not go now," said his mother, "for you said you did not want to go, just because you felt contrary, and out of humour."

His mother then sat down to work. Charles, finding it was useless to cry, dried his tears, and began throwing his playthings about the room.

"Don't you do so," said his mother; "you will break that pretty box, and your white cards, with the pretty coloured letters, will get soiled, and not fit to be used."

"I don't care if they do," said Charles; "it is not a pretty box, and I don't like the cards."

His mother rose, took away all his playthings, and left him sitting upon the floor, with nothing to do. As she took no notice of his cross looks, he presently went to the window, and stood on a little cricket, looking to see the horses and carriages passing, and soon he began to feel pleasantly again.

"Oh! mother," said he, "there are two beautiful little dogs in the street, and a little boy running after them. Oh! how I should like a little dog. Mother, will you buy me one?" and he ran to his mother and looked up in her face.

His mother laid down her work and took him in her lap. "What would you do with a dog," said she, "if you had one?"

"Oh! I should play with him; I would put some things in my cart, and tie the dog to it, and let him draw it to market; just like the dog in William's picture."

"But I am afraid," said his mother, "that if your father should buy you a dog, you would sometimes get out of humour with him, and then you would say it was an ugly dog, and you did not want it any more."

"No, I would not," said Charles; "I should always love my little dog."

"So you said, if I would buy you a new cap, you would be a good boy, and never give me any trouble about it, but yesterday you forgot your promise, and did not put it where it hangs; and to-day you have made me very unhappy by your bad temper. And you have displeased God too, for he was looking directly into your heart when you said you did not want to go with Susan, and saw that you was saying what was not true."

"But I will remember next time, if you will only get me a little dog."

Just then William came into the room with a large piece of cake in his hand, which a lady had given him. He went up to his brother, and breaking it in two pieces, offered him one of them.

"No, I want the other piece," said Charles.

"But I can't give it to you," said William; "I want it myself."

"Then I won't have any," said Charles impatiently,

"Keep all the cake yourself, William," said his mother; "Charles must not have any, because he is not a good boy."

"But I do want some," said Charles, beginning to cry very loud. Then his mother went to the door, and calling Susan, told her to take Charles into the other room, and keep him there until he was perfectly pleasant and good-humoured. So you see Charles lost a pleasant walk and a nice piece of cake, and after all, had to be sent away from his kind mother, just because he would be a contrary boy. Do you think he was happy?

The next afternoon, as these two little boys were playing in the yard, they looked up, and saw a carriage, drawn by two large white horses, stop at the door. It was their aunt's. She had brought her little son and daughter, named James and Mary, to spend the afternoon with their cousins. As soon as they were out of the carriage, they ran to their cousins, and all looked as happy as if they were expecting to have a noble good time; and so they were.

Their aunt went into the house, and the children played together out in the yard. When they were tired of that, they went into the mowing field, where the hay was spread to dry, and began to throw it upon each other. This they enjoyed very much till Charles began to cry, and say they should not throw the hay upon him. He wanted to *pelt* the others, but was not willing to have them pelt him. So this contrary boy spoiled the whole play, and he cried so loud that his mother had to call him into the house. When he was gone, James laid down in the hay, and told his sister and cousin to cover him up in it. When he was hidden entirely, so that they could not see him, he jumped up suddenly, and ran to catch them with an arm full

of hay, to *pay* them for treating him so. They laughed very loud, and were very happy, now they had no one to disturb them with crying. They were soon called in to tea.

Charles had not been very well in the morning, and his mother was afraid to give him as many strawberries in his milk as she did the rest. So Charles began to cry, and said he would not have any. His mother then sent him out of the room, and did not allow him to return until his cousins had gone.

You see how many pleasant things he lost by being so contrary. His mother said she could not buy him a dog until he had learned to be a good, pleasant boy. His cousins said they did not want to go and see him again, for he spoiled their play; and when his mother went to see his aunt, she took William, but left Charles at home. She said she could not take him with her until he was willing to do as others wished to have him, and not always cry to have his own way. By and by, Charles learned that it was better to be pleasant all the time, and not get out of humour when things did not exactly suit him; and then every body loved him, for he was a good little boy in every other respect.

FEMALE INFLUENCE AND OBLIGATIONS.

(Continued.)

Let females reflect on the *guilt which they incur by refusing to exert their influence in favour of the Christian religion*. Let them seriously consider, *whose authority they reject and contemn, when they do nothing to honour Christ and save souls; and when, perhaps, they do much to dishonour the former and destroy the latter—when, in fact, they neglect their own souls and the souls of others*. It is the authority of the everlasting God. Oh, what an act of high-handed rebellion is here! A female setting her God at defiance! And remember, God has bestowed upon you powers and opportunities of *achieving much*. He has exalted you in the family circle, has thrown the entire infant world into your arms for moral training, given you a vast control over the virtues and vices of society, opened before you the habitations of poverty, disease and death, and invited you to enter and do good; and if these interests are disregarded, if this trust is betrayed, guilt of a crimson stain must be incurred. If properly seen and felt, this guilt would be indeed appalling here; but its true character will never be known till it is looked upon in the light of eternity. It will then be seen, that "where much is given, much is required;" and that guilt and punishment will be proportioned to the talents and influence which have been possessed and abused. It will then be seen, too, that you are chargeable with the loss of that good which you might have secured by embarking in the great interests of Christ's kingdom. And do you ask the amount of this good, in order to finish the picture of your guilt? This can never be ascertained till we obtain facts from the records of another world. But should the soul of your husband, your child, or your neighbour, perish for the want of that Christian influence which you might have exerted—and who will dare to say that this may not be the case?—what guilt would be yours! Think of this—a soul irrecoverably and eternally lost through your neglect! And instead of *one* soul, it may be *many*. Can the female heart reflect on these things, and not be moved? Oh! while you read, resolve, by the help of God, to consecrate your soul, with all its living energies, to the kingdom of Jesus Christ and the interests of a perishing world. Let your *own* heart be right with God, and then you may do good to others.

But if the fear of incurring guilt cannot induce you to devote your influence to the cause of Jesus Christ, then let the consideration of *the actual good you may accomplish* find its way to your heart. You live in a world of means; and God himself is bringing about his great purposes by the use of means; by the instrumentality of human influence and of human action. He is employing men and women as his instruments to reform and save their fellow-beings. The work of preaching the Gospel is committed to *men*; but this is only one wheel in the vast and mighty machine which is radically to change the character, feelings, and habits of the world. In the gospel kingdom much is to be done; and the exertions of pious females have always been attended by the blessing of Heaven. God has given you influence for this very purpose, that you might exert it for his glory and the good of others.

But do you ask what good you can do? The answer is easy.

Much is to be done; so much, that your last talent is needed; your last effort is called for in the kingdom of Christ. Lift up your eyes and look upon the world, and let the surrounding scene affect your heart. What untold miseries are to be relieved; what inveterate vices are to be rooted out; what profound ignorance is to be instructed; what scarlet abominations are to be met with a decided frown; what Christian virtues are to be trained and cultivated; what enterprises of heavenly charity are to be enlarged, perfected, and sustained; and what an unnumbered multitude of immortal souls are to be saved from hell, and fitted for heaven! Some of this work is committed exclusively to female hands; and much more might be accomplished by female effort, if your entire influence were made to bear upon the moral interests of the world. Let every female who reads this Tract, (looking to God for the aid of his Holy Spirit,) resolve that she will, from this moment, do every thing in her power to give success to the Gospel, and to save souls; and what might not be done? The church would put on her beautiful garment, the earth would feel the sacred impulse, and the angels would come down from heaven to rejoice. You have influence at home and abroad, over your own sex, and through the various circles of human life; and if this influence were exerted to the utmost, every power called into action, and every resource laid under contribution; if you were to act with the judgment bar before your eyes, and with the joys and woes of eternity pressing upon your hearts, you would prevent an amount of misery which no arithmetic could compute; you would accomplish an amount of good which would become one of the themes of the everlasting song.

Should these motives prove ineffectual, then let females reflect on the evils which must be the consequence of refusing to enlist their influence in favour of the Gospel. You are placed in a situation where you must act. You must be the friends or the enemies of God. You might as soon renounce your existence, as your influence. If it is not exerted for Christ, it must be enlisted against him. If you do no good, you will accomplish much evil. And in such a world as this, it is much easier to do evil than to do good. A bad example, and perverted influence, fall in with the natural current of the heart and world, and, on this principle, a small effort may do great mischief. It is easier to destroy a hundred souls than to save one. What, then, must be the consequence of enlisting your example and influence against the cause of Jesus Christ? This is the true state of the case; for "those who are not for Christ, are against him." Look into your own families, and abroad in society; look down the track of future generations, and along the dread current pursued by the ever-rolling and unwasting ages of eternity, and read the dark history of your present doings! You refuse to exert the influence which God has given you for the glory of his Son who died for you, and for the good of souls who are perishing around you. Nay more, you neglect your own salvation, and use your influence against God, and Christ, and souls. And what is the consequence? You are giving a downward impulse to a world already groaning under the curse of Heaven. You are confirming many of your own sex in irreligion and fastening the bands of death upon them. You are giving a moral tone to a generation who will rise up and rebel against God. You are increasing the gaiety, the pleasures, and the dissipations of society; and thus shutting Christ, as far as in you lies, from a thousand houses, and grieving the Holy Spirit from ten thousand hearts. You are opening channels which are every day filling with troubled waters. You are swelling that stream which bears upon its dark bosom the souls of your fellow-beings to an eternal hell. And, if without religion, you are floating along to the same world of sin and wo.

CANADA AND ITS LITERARY PROSPECTS.

If Jacques Cartier and his companions who visited Stadacona and Hochelaga, in the year of our Lord one thousand five hundred and thirty five, could return to this lower world and review the scenes of their former enterprise and discoveries, from the Saguenay to Isle Bacchus, and from Saint Croix to Mont-Royal, with what feelings of surprise and admiration would they behold the impregnable fortresses of Quebec, and the superb and stately city of Montreal. What would be their delight in conversing with men whose knowledge of literature and science far surpasses that of the "savans" of their own day, on those shores where they heard nought but the song and the war whoop

of savages, and witnessed little else than the Indian dance and the hideous gestures of wild and festive revelry.

Or if Samuel Champlain, who began the settlement of Quebec in sixteen hundred and eight; or the four Recollect Priests, who arrived in Quebec in 1615 when the population of that place was not more than fifty souls, could revisit the shores of the St. Lawrence, how great would be their wonder in beholding the gigantic progress made by the then infant colony towards its present maturity; indicative of the future greatness of Canada; at no distant period, perhaps, destined to quit the fostering and genial protection of the parent state, and proudly maintain those advantages and privileges given by Providence, and assert that equality amongst the nations of America, to which Canadian intelligence, strength, and industry will hereafter be entitled.

It is now more than two hundred years since the first institution for the promotion of Literature in this Province was commenced; the Jesuits' College at Quebec having been formed in the year 1635. And one hundred and fifty years ago the population of Montreal was little more than two thousand souls. Truly may it be said, as it was formerly of Ancient Rome

"Hic, ubi nunc Roma est orbis caput, arbor et herba

Et pauca pecudes, et casa rara suit."

The tide of English conquest, immigration, population, and intelligence, rolled westward as well as eastward. Canada, colonised by the French, who, endeavouring to push their empire northward, southward, and westward, found a jealous, formidable, and victorious rival in Great Britain, was finally subdued by British prowess; the key to her vast plains, forests, and lakes, the proud and lofty citadel of Quebec having been gained by the heroic daring of the renowned and gallant Wolfe.

Since the time that Canada was ceded to Great Britain, and its possession confirmed by treaty in the year 1763, British influence has rapidly increased, and literature and science have lent their aid to advance the prosperity of the rising colony. Schools have been established, colleges erected; the press, the pulpit, the bar, and though last not less important, the refinements of social intercourse, have all greatly conduced to foster a literary taste in the minds of the Canadian community, and to soften down the asperities of life by the elegancies of literature.

But the time has not yet come for the full development of Canadian intellect and literary acquirements, and many reasons may be assigned why British America does not occupy a prominent position in the annals of literature.

And first of all, elementary education has hitherto been greatly defective, and there has been an utter want of that rigid training in the rudiments of knowledge and that discipline of the mind necessary to form a scholar, a clear thinker, or an acute reasoner. Attainments of paramount importance to one destined to enter upon the literary arena.

The plentiful supply of good works in all departments of literature both from Britain and the United States, and consequently the little encouragement for native talent has hitherto deterred the aspirant for literary honours to claim his share of public fame.

The author is as much stimulated to exertion by the expected reward of his labour as the enterprising merchant, the professional man, and the industrious mechanic by theirs.

His genius, talents, powers of observation, description, and reflection, are his stock in trade, and if he finds no market for them, or at least one that does not remunerate him sufficiently, he must direct his exertions in another channel, and follow an avocation which is more profitable.

Now, Canada is a new country: its inhabitants, if not poor, far from being affluent, and engaged in amassing riches, or at least in earning a competency, have neither time, means, nor inclination for cultivating an acquaintance with the higher walks of knowledge.

There is, however, a daily growing thirst for literature, and as wealth increases, and the means of ease, retirement, and repose from the cares of business are afforded, in the same ratio will be manifested taste for and an inquiry after learning; and Canadian authors, however backward, may gain a place amongst historians, poets, legislators, men of science, orators and divines, which shall equal that of the United States, and vie even with the mother country. That this will be the case may be reasonably expected from a consideration of the resources possessed by Canada for Education.

Viewing these means in regular order, we find that elementary education, colleges, theological institutes, the press, the pulpit and Bar, are all engaged in the promotion and dissemination of literature.

In providing for Education, the Provincial Legislature, by Act of Parliament, have set apart for school purposes 545,861 acres of land, nearly 200,000 of which, at the present time, remain unappropriated. And the Jesuits' estates having, by the demise in 1800 of the last of the parties interested, reverted to the crown, another fund has thereby been created for the purposes of Education. From these sources upwards of £40,000 per annum are derived for the support of schools and teachers.

Ample as these pecuniary means would at first view appear, they are found to be utterly inadequate to the growing wants of the increasing community of this Province.

DR. BAIRD IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

I spent several days at Cadiz, which is a much smaller city than we should expect to find it, if we were any guaranty that a city, or anything else, ought to be large; for Cadiz boasts of being the oldest city in Europe, having been founded by the Phœnicians—tradition says by *Hercules*, who was however, it is believed, only a poetical impersonation of the achievements of the Phœnicians—more than a thousand years before the Christian epoch.

Everything, almost, about Cadiz is unique. Its very position is nearly without a parallel. It stands on the extreme end of a long peninsula, which separates the large and beautiful bay of the same name from the Atlantic ocean. Its high walls defend it alike against the ocean and the bay. A good but rather sandy road leads from the city along the narrow isthmus, which is two miles in length, to the main land, or rather to the island of Leon. The city occupies merely the tip of the tongue of this long, narrow, and low, but rock-founded piece of land.

But the interior structure of the city is as wonderful as its position is singular. The streets are with few exceptions very narrow—many of them not exceeding six and eight feet. They are admirably paved, however, and kept as clean as they can be. Flagstones constitute the portion nearest the houses, and similar stones form the central parts. But few carriages are used, and they only pass along the widest street. The ass and donkey do nearly all the transportation which is not effected by the muscles of men. Almost everything is carried about on the backs of these animals—kegs of water, baskets of vegetables; great sacks of dirt, the sweepings of the streets; panniers of bread, etc. The houses are of stone, and are white. Their roofs are flat, like those in the East. Little round towers rise over the tops of the stairways which ascend to the roof. Light and beautiful minarets of one, two and three stories, rise above the houses of the rich, not so much as *places of prayer*, as for looking out upon the sea, upon the bay, and upon the fine country which borders it. Surveyed from an eminence, how much there is in Cadiz to remind us of its half Moorish character.

And if we descend, and enter the houses, we are at once carried into the East. A passage of greater or less length, with an outer and inner door kept constantly locked, leads us into a *patio*, or court, paved with marbles laid in mosaic, and open to the heavens. A well, or a fountain of water, stands on one side. If the *patio* be extensive, a sweet little garden of flowers occupies the centre. Sometimes a few trees, or some grape-vines nicely trellised, add to its beauty. The house surrounds this patio. Generally, several families live in one house, for the number of storeys is seldom less than four, and is often five. Each family has a storey to itself.

But enough of description. In a word, Cadiz is a small city of 50,000 inhabitants, cool and healthy in a hot climate, and possessing a refined and elegant population, so far as the higher classes are concerned, of Andalusian origin and manners. It has a good deal of commerce with England, and some with the United States.

From Cadiz I ascended, by steamer, the Guadalquivir to Seville, through the broad and fertile valley amid which that river winds its way to the ocean. Seville is twice as large as Cadiz, and like that city it is very *Moorish*. It will not compare with it, however, in cleanliness, or in the mildness of its climate. It wants the cool breezes of the sea, to mitigate the scorching rays of the sun during the summer months. It is,

however, an agreeable place; and in its *Alcazar*, its *Cathedral*, its *Museum*, and a thousand other things of ancient or modern times—Phœnician, Carthaginian, Roman, Gothic, Moorish, and Gotho-Moorish—it contains much to interest and detain an intelligent traveller.

From Seville I advanced still farther up the valley of the Guadalquivir, to *Cordova*, long the splendid capital of the Moors in Spain. Once it could boast of having nearly a million of inhabitants; now it has scarcely 50,000! It stands in a rich and wide plain, through which the river just named flows, passing by its walls. Extensive fields of wheat and beautiful orchards of olives cover this plain. Around the city the pomegranate, the orange, and the palm—which *Abder-rahman* brought from his native Damascus—are seen.

I spent two days at Cordova, visiting its Cathedral, once a Mohammedan Mosque, with its thousand columns, which give its interior the appearance of a forest, and other spots of interest. On the brow of the Sierra Morena, four miles north of the city, stands the beautiful monastery of the *Hermitages*—now, fit symbol of the fallen state of monastic institutions in Spain, inhabited by only three or four monks. I made them a visit, and was received very kindly.—*New York Evangelist*.

EXTRAORDINARY IMPROVEMENT IN WOOLEN MANUFACTURING.—Chase's Patent Card Spinner places a covering of wool over a cotton thread by a very simple and economical process—the usual machinery requiring very slight alteration. Blankets, carpets, druggets, negro-cloths, skirts, hose, upholstery, &c., are thus rendered very much cheaper and more durable, the elasticity of the cotton protecting the wool from wear. Experiment shows that these fabrics are not affected by shrinking when washed, and that the drying process is more rapid than with wool alone. A large association has been formed in Providence, R. I., to manufacture these new fabrics. For carpets and blankets this invention is so peculiarly adapted that it will effect a complete revolution in those branches of industry, and place our fabrics in all the markets of the world. It is expected that further improvements now being made in this invention will permit its application to satinettes, and perhaps the finer cloths. The attention of all persons interested in woollen goods should be directed to the most important changes that this novel invention is expected to produce. Thomas G. Baxter, Esq., is the agent for the patentee, who resides in Baltimore.

GERRITT SMITH'S BOUNTY.—Samuel D. Porter, of Rochester, has been made the almoner of Mr. Smith's benevolence in the gift of about fourteen hundred acres of land to the colored men of Monroe county. Mr. Smith proposes to divide this land into thirty-four parts, to be deeded to the same number of individuals. Twenty-four persons have already been designated, to whom Mr. Smith has made conveyances, and the deeds are nearly all in Mr. Porter's hands.

Rev. Dr. Baird, in a late letter from Poland, writes that there are in that kingdom, (modern Poland) upwards of 4,800,000 inhabitants, of whom more than 600,000 are Jews, 200,000 are Protestants, 100,000 are members of the Greek Church, and the remainder (nearly 4,000,000) are Roman Catholics. As to the Protestants, they have nearly one hundred churches, and some 50 pastors, not including nine missionaries who are labouring among the Jews. Dr. B. adds in regard to Poland, that intemperance greatly prevails there, but that true religion is making progress, though amid many difficulties.

APPLES OF GOLD.

"Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."
Romans x. 4.

The law calls for a perfect righteousness, which, in ourselves, never will be found; but all its demands were fulfilled by our Surety. Every true believer finds that righteousness in Christ which he stands in need of; and is enabled, through the Spirit, to rest upon it for justification: he faithfully endeavours to obey the law as the great rule of his duty, both to God and man; yet is so sensible of his own manifold defects, that he would utterly despair, if he could not look up unto Jesus, and say, "Thou shalt answer for me, O Lord, my God!"

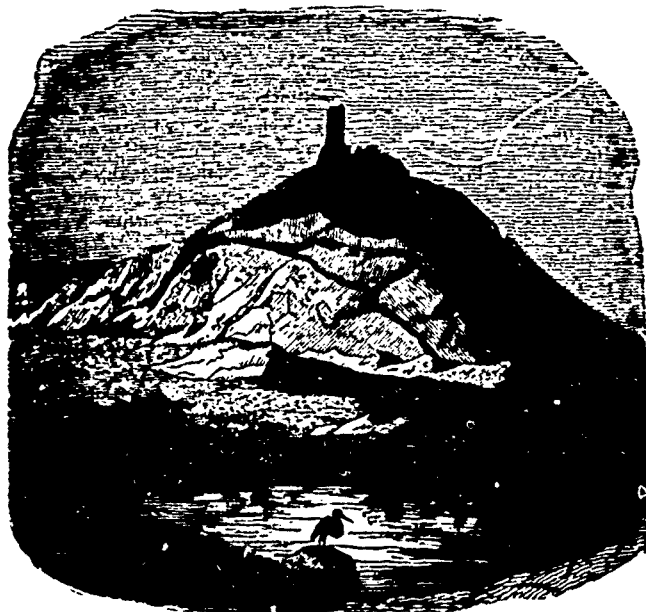
Lord, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws
Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross;

When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine;
And see the Man that groan'd and died
Sit glorious by his Father's side;

My passions rise and soar above;
I'm wing'd with faith, and fired with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains;
And in such humble notes as these
Must fall below thy victories.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.



BIRS NEMROUD (ABEL).

We give the above cut and following remarks from the Pictorial Bible but it is to be remembered that great additional interest is attached to them from the recent discoveries of Mr. Layard, who is, so to speak, disinterring an ancient city, supposed to be Nineveh, from this immense mass of ruins.

“A tower, whose top may reach unto heaven.”—GEN. 11. iv.

The distinction of being a remain of the Tower of Babel has been claimed for three different masses; namely, for *Nimrod's Tower*, at Akkerkoof; for the *Mujelibe*, about 950 yards east of the Euphrates, and five miles above the modern town of Hillah; and for the *Birs Nemroud* to the west of that river, and about six miles to the south-west of Hillah. The *Tel Nimroud*, at Akkerkoof, has already been mentioned as denoting the site of Accad. Many travellers have believed it to be the Tower of Babel, having perhaps their imagination excited by the name of Nimrod attached to it: but the people of the country certainly do not believe it to be the Tower of Babel, the site of which they always indicate by a reference to Hillah, on the Euphrates.

Every one who sees the *Birs Nemroud* feels at once, that of all the masses of ruin found in this region, there is not one which so nearly corresponds with his previous notions of the Tower of Babel.

We give Mr. Rich's description referring to Sir R. K. Porter for a more detailed account. “The *Birs Nemroud* is a mound of an oblong form, the total circumference of which is 762 yards. At the eastern side it is cloven by a deep furrow, and is not more than 50 or 60 feet high; but on the western side it rises in a conical figure to the elevation of 195 feet, and on its summit is a solid pile of brick, 37 feet high by 28 in breadth, diminishing in thickness to the top, which is broken and irregular, and rent by a large fissure extending through a third of its height. It is perforated by small square holes, disposed in rhomboids. The fire-burnt bricks of which it is built have inscriptions on them; and so excellent is the cement, which appears to be lime-mortar, that it is nearly impossible to extract one whole. The other parts of the summit of this hill are occupied by immense fragments of brick-work, of no determinate figure, tumbled together, and converted into solid vitrified masses, as if they had undergone the action of the fiercest fire, or had been blown up with gunpowder, the layers of brick being perfectly discernible.” “These ruins” continues Mr. Rich, “stand on a prodigious mound, the whole of which is itself in ruins, channelled by the weather and strewed with fragments of black stone, sandstone, and marble. In the eastern part, layers of unburnt brick, but *no reeds*, were discernible in any part: possibly the absence of them here, when they are so generally seen under similar circumstances, may be an argument of the inferior antiquity of the building. In the north side may be seen traces of building exactly similar to the brick pile. At the foot of the mound a step may be traced scarcely elevated

above the plain, exceeding in extent by several feet each way to true or measured base; and there is a quadrangular inclosure around the whole, as at the *Mujelibe*, but much more distinct and of greater dimensions.”

INTERVIEW WITH A NUBIAN PRINCE.

(From Mrs. Romer's “Pilgrimage to Egypt, Nubia,” &c.)

The *Kiashef's* palace [at Derr] is a mud edifice, rather of a better or a more spacious description than those of his subjects, and is preceded by sundry court-yards and flights of broken steps, in which we found no guard of honour, or any living thing in waiting, but some meagre-looking goats and a multitude of pigeons. However, at the entrance of his audience chamber we were received by a dozen attendants dressed in white shirts and turbans, and found the *Kiashef* himself, a fine looking old man, standing in the middle of the room to receive us. This room, an exceedingly large one, is covered in with beams of palm-trees thatched over with the dried leaves of that (in this country) tree of all work. The mud walls, guiltless of either paper or paint, and in all the beautiful simplicity of Nile slime hardened in the sun, looked perfectly clean, as did the clay floor, in the middle of which was a circular heap of ashes hollowed out in the centre and filled with live embers—a strange adjunct in such a climate, when I tell you that the temperature at this moment is that of June in Italy. At the upper end of the room was spread a large Persian carpet, upon which were placed the Prince's cushions, and to the left of him was a smaller Persian carpet, furnished in the same manner with cushions. Upon these we were directed to take our seats, while our host with great dignity assumed his at the head of the room, and desired Mohammed to sit upon the edge of his carpet to interpret for us. Opposite to us on a mat were squatted five Nubians in very fierce-looking turbans, with their slippers placed before them—the notabilities of the place; for on my asking who they were, Mohammed very naively replied they were “the Mollah and the great lawyers of Derr—what you call in England the Attorney-General and Lord Brougham.” (And here, *par parenthèse*, I must tell you that whenever Mohammed is alluding to the *Scheikh-ul-Islam*, or head of the Mahometan religion at Cairo, he invariably calls him the Archbishop of Canterbury, by which parallel he fancies he renders the functions of that personage more intelligible to us.) On the wall behind the Prince were suspended his Nubian arms, consisting of the broad-bladed sword peculiar to this country, a dagger, shield, and gun. The lower end of the room was occupied by the household servant standing; and I should imagine, from the rolls of mats and cushions that were piled up there, it must be converted into a dormitory at night.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

BY THE REV. JAMES T. BYRNE.

However some may undervalue the benevolent and religious societies of the present day, I am disposed to attach considerable importance to them, and to aid and defend them with the utmost energies of my soul. In the estimation of many, some of these institutions are more respectable than others; and with such, they have less objection to identify themselves. In the estimation of these persons, the temperance cause stands lowest in the scale; and hence their unwillingness, either to adopt the principle or to attend public meetings for discussions or details, or to read publications on the subject. There is obviously an error here, and the sooner it is rectified the better.

Having been connected with these institutions, more or less, for upwards of ten years, my convictions of their importance and utility gather strength rather than otherwise. I have heard some object to them, but they were objections containing very little reason and force, and they have been offered in such a way, and under such circumstances, as to reflect very little credit on those who have made them. It is very easy to say that the subject is trivial and unimportant—that it is unworthy of notice—that it cannot be fairly maintained—that it has done harm; but I am bold to challenge these objectors to adduce the proof of what they affirm. I have my objections to the injudicious and improper advocacy of the cause; but none can say ought against the principle, the object, the efficiency, and the effects of these societies, wherever they have been established and properly conducted. Who will venture to controvert facts?

MORALS OF WAR.

But lest any should say what we have advanced is mere declamation and boasting, let us proceed to inquiries and reasoning, sustained by facts. Do any object to the principle of abstinence from alcoholic drinks as a beverage, that it is *unsafe and impracticable*? The trial of years, by persons of all classes, under every climate, and in every possible diversity of circumstances and employments, proves the contrary. The witnesses in favour of the principle are very numerous, and are constantly augmenting. *Having made the trial*, they are competent to judge; whereas, their opponents cannot speak from experience—their love for the drinks in question, or their desire to conform to drinking usages, or their fear that they would not succeed or be able to effect any good, having prevented them from making the experiment. Do any speak of it as *injurious and useless*? In what way can this be proved? Look to the east and west, north and south, where the pledged members of these societies are found, and ask them if they have sustained any injury by the practice, or have found it useless; and a negative reply will issue from every voice, and reverberate from one end of the earth even unto the other. *Injurious!* When health is improved, temptation lessened, obstacles removed, and advantages realized. How can it be? *Useless!* How so? If the time and money spent in drinking are saved—if it rescues from companions, habits, and associations that interfere with personal and domestic peace and comfort—it increases the happiness of individuals, and families, and relations—if it is an advantage to secular employments, and to social order and government—if it contributes to the general welfare of a nation, and is sanctified as a means of religious good—how can it be *useless*? Yet, these and other points of inquiry, are not more easily penned on paper than maintained by *incontrovertible facts*. Do any say that it is *unnecessary* for them to join in this enterprise—that there is *no call* for it—and that they can *accomplish no good* by their co-operation? How can they prove this? I do not say that the practice is *enjoined* in the Scriptures on every individual, but the principle is *sanctioned and sustained* by *examples*, and by the inculcation of the ground of *expediency*, as a means of effecting good. Besides, if it is not necessary to our own safety, may it not exert a beneficial influence on our children, relations, friends, and neighbours? As all have influence, and are responsible for it, is it not as necessary for one to abstain, for the sake of example, as another? Is there *no call* for this? How then shall we interpret the evils—physical, moral, political, social, and religious, which intemperance and tipping occasion? Have they no voice? Is there nothing in them to reach the ear of benevolence, and to call forth its active energies? In the history of our own circle, within the range of our individual observation, and amid the facts which the press continually present, are there no calls upon our sympathy, no persuasive appeals for self-denying effort, no reasons adduced to draw us into the noble ranks of the *temperance alliance*? And should we from purely benevolent or religious motives, adopt the principle of abstinence, and add our names to those of existing societies, who can prove that *no good* will be accomplished thereby? Apart from its influence on others, is there not a pleasure in attempting to do good? Does not example blended with precept give power to our observations, and arguments, and appeals? Will it not strengthen, and encourage, and stimulate, those with whom we unite, and so increase the amount of influence? And if good is effected by a society, is it not by the combined influence of the individuals who compose that society? Independent, then, of our own personal and direct efforts for the good of others, by union and co-operation, we must in various ways, whether we know it or not, be instrumental of good to our fellow-men.

In fact, there is no view we can take of the Temperance reformation, or of temperance societies in their local operations, but we shall perceive importance attached to the subject. We want more Christian influence to bear upon this mighty movement; we require the cheerful and active energies of the servants of the Most High—baptized with his sacred spirit; we need intelligent, prudent, prayerful, and earnest advocacy, such as Christian men can and ought to adduce; and with *such an agency*, who can gainsay the forcible arguments and appeals that will be made, or resist the progress, or prevent the triumphs which *such efforts* will secure? Men of God! the theme is noble, the enterprise is glorious, the field is extensive, the calls are many, the results of your labours will be gratifying and beneficial. No longer hesitate, put your hand to the plough, and go forth with a holy determination to prevail and conquer.

We copy the following extract of a letter from an officer in the Louisville Legion, to a friend in Kentucky. It conveys a melancholy picture of the demoralizing effects of the war:—

“The armistice hangs tediously on all hands;—and pity 'tis we are not engaged in actual fight, for the sake of the reckless gamblers, who night and day are throwing away their scanty pay, in the inhuman recreation of gambling. The General, I am happy to say, has just issued orders to have the whole gambling matter broken up. Men have enlisted, to whom every cent they can possibly get, ought to be esteemed a treasure, and yet the instant they receive their pay, although conscience may tell them that their families at home are in want of all their earnings, disregard its promptings, go to the gaming tables, and lose, perhaps their all, at the cast of a die.

If you would witness wickedness and vice, drunkenness, and all the vicious propensities of the human heart—if you would see the worst passions with which our fallen nature is cursed, in their most odious colours, the American camp, I grieve to say, is the place where you may behold them. Full many a bright and promising youth, who looked forward to a life of usefulness and honor, may date his ruin, it is greatly to be feared, to this campaign—the grand school of iniquity and vice. The ingenuous mind shrinks appalled from the revolting scenes daily exposed to view. Pity, indeed, I have frequently thought it were, that a victorious army should be composed of such unprincipled materials. The volunteers have indeed won for themselves a name, and whatever deeds may be effected by daring impetuosity, they can do. But the regular officers and soldiers too, say, that they are men who fear neither God nor man, and consequently that their bravery is not the bravery of those who go into battle fully impressed with the solemnity of the scene, weighing all the circumstances, alive to the consequences, and resigned, whatever may be their fate.”

We say that the men who were instrumental in bringing on this war and sustaining it, have a responsibility resting on their shoulders that will yet crush them to the earth.—*Lowell Courier*.

T A H I T I .

The conduct of the French at Tahiti and the situation of the people and their Queen appear to be exciting increased attention and sympathy in England, especially among the religious portion of the community. A number of projects have been started for the succour of the Islanders, among which the following is perhaps the most feasible. It appears in the London Patriot over the signature of William Howe, one of the London Society's missionaries.

The Leeward, or Society group of islands, on one of which Pomare now resides as an exile, has, from time immemorial, been in close and friendly intercourse with Tahiti, but especially with the Pomare family; and in consequence of this, while the Governments of the two groups are entirely independent of each other, the people have intermarried so extensively that a large number of families living in Tahiti have land at the Leeward belonging either to the husband or to the wife. And where this is not the case, the friendship between the two groups is such that the Tahitians would be received either at Huahine, Raiatea, Tekoe, or Borabora, as men of the same nation.

The French have withdrawn from this group, and have acknowledged that it is independent of Pomare; and all that remains to be done to obtain a sure refuge there for our suffering friends is, that the above act of the French be secured by treaty, so that there shall be no danger of their being again disturbed, and that the natives of Tahiti now in hostility to France shall be allowed to retire to these Islands. Should this be accomplished, there will be an opportunity given to the friends of Tahiti to give a practical proof of their sympathy toward them, in a way which will be fully within their reach.

This may appear to many a very cold-hearted view of the case; but I am persuaded that every thoughtful mind will see that it is the only one which has, at present at least, any practicability about it. It is the view which I formed when the aggression was first made, and the subsequent history of the case has tended only to confirm me in it. If the future liberty of the Island is to be sought for with any probability of success, I firmly believe that this is the only means, which just now is at all likely to accomplish it. It is the one which the directors of the London Missionary Society have been acting upon for some time back, and are now recommending to their friends throughout the country.

CRACOW.—The population of the city and territory of Cracow amounts to about, in all, 150,000. The city has above 40,000 inhabitants, and the district the number which constitutes the whole population as above stated.

AN ANTHROPOPHAGUS.—At the beginning of last month, a large shark was caught near Chesme, on the coast of Asia Minor, and on opening the monster, the corpse of a man un mutilated and dressed, was found in his belly.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—A new pacta of Aleppo, to the astonishment of the whole country, refused the presents it is the custom to offer an eastern magistrate on his appointment.

A COLONY OF CONVICTS.—There are now in Van Dieman's Land about 34,000 convicts, male and female, and 27,000 free persons, many of whom are emancipated convicts. The male convicts are distributed over the island in gangs of 250 to 300 each; and nearly the same system is pursued with the females.

SELECTIONS.

How to Give.—At a missionary meeting held among the negroes in the West Indies, these three resolutions were agreed upon:—1. We will give something. 2. We will give as God has enabled us. 3. We will give willingly. As soon as the meeting was over, a leading negro took his seat at a table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give. Many came forward and gave, some more and some less. Among those that came, was a rich old negro, almost as rich as all the others put together, who threw down upon the table a small silver coin. "Take dat back again," said the negro who received the money. "Dat may be according to de first resolution, but it not according to de second." The rich old man accordingly took it up and hobbled back to his seat in a great rage. One after another came forward, and as almost all gave more than himself, he was fairly ashamed, and again threw down a piece of money on the table, saying, "Dere I take dat!" It was a valuable piece of gold; but it was given so ill-temperedly that the negro answered again, "No!—Dat won't do yet! It may be according to the first and second resolutions, but it not according to the last;" and he was obliged to take up his coin again. Still angry at himself and all the rest, he sat a long time, till nearly all were gone, and then came to the table, and with a smile on his face, and very willingly, gave a large sum to the treasurer, "Very well," said the negro, "dat will do; dat according to all de resolutions."—*Exchange Paper.*

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.—A thousand instances might be brought forward to demonstrate the influence of imagination. One of the most remarkable was the dancing mania, which prevailed all over Europe in the fourteenth century, and which actually grew into a real epidemic. It is only necessary to relate two or three instances of more recent date in England. At a cotton manufactory, at Holden Bridge, in Lancashire, England, a girl, on the 15th February, 1787, put a mouse into the bosom of another girl, who was thereby thrown into convulsions, which lasted for twenty-four hours. On the following day, six girls, who had witnessed these convulsions, were affected in a similar manner, and on the 17th six more. The alarm became so great that the whole work was stopped, under the idea that some particular disease had been introduced in a bag of cotton opened in the house. On the 18th three more, and on the 19th eleven more girls were seized. Three of the whole number, namely, twenty-four, lived two miles from the factory, and there were others at a factory at Clitheroe, about five miles off, who were strongly impressed with the idea of the plague, as the convulsions were termed, being caught from the cotton. Dr. Sinclair relieved all the cases by electrifying the affected girls. The convulsions were so strong as to require four or five persons to hold the patients, and to prevent them from tearing their hair or dashing their heads on the floor or on the walls.

EXPENSIVE CLOAK.—His Majesty Kauikeaouli has still in his possession a mamo, or feather war-cloak of his father the celebrated Tamehameha. It was not completed until his reign, having occupied eight preceding ones in its fabrication. It is four feet in length, with eleven and a half feet spread at the bottom. Its ground work is a coarse netting, and to this the feathers, which are very small and exceedingly delicate, are skillfully attached, overlapping each other, and forming a perfectly smooth surface. The feathers around the border are inverted, and the whole presents a beautiful bright yellow colour, giving it the appearance of a mantle of gold. Indeed it would be difficult for despotism to manufacture a richer or more costly garment for its proudest votary. Two feathers only (such as are used wholly in its manufacture) are obtained from under the wings of a rare species of bird inhabiting Hawaii, which is caught alive with great care and toil. Long poles, with an adhesive substance smeared upon them, and well baited, are placed near their haunts. The bird alights upon it, and unable to disengage itself from the adhesive matter, is secured, and the much-prized feathers plucked, and the bird set at liberty. A piece of nankeen, valued at one dollar and a half, was formerly the price of five feathers of this kind. By this estimate the value of the cloak would equal that of the purest diamonds, in the several European regalia, and including the price of the feathers not less than a million of dollars' worth of labour was expended upon it, at the present rate of computing wages. The war spear accompanying the cloak is ten and a half feet in length, of a dark red wood, flattened to a point, and finely polished. It possesses an additional interest when we reflect that it was the favourite weapon of a savage conqueror, and deep stained with the blood of many a Hawaiian warrior.—*Hawaiian Spectator, Vol. 2.*

LIGHT OF THE MOON.—As the moon's axis is nearly perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, she can scarcely have any change of seasons. But it is still more remarkable, one-half of the moon has no darkness at all, while the other half has two weeks of light and two of darkness alternately; the inhabitants, if any, of the first half bask constantly in earth-shine without seeing the sun, whilst those of the latter never see the earth at all. For, as just stated, the earth reflects the light of the sun to the moon, in the same manner as the moon does to the earth: therefore at the time of conjunction or new moon, her further side must be enlightened by the sun, and the nearer half by the earth; and at the time of opposition or full moon, one-half of her will be enlightened by the sun, but the other half will be in total darkness. To the Lunarians the earth seems the largest orb in the universe; for it appears to them more than three times the size

of the sun, and thirteen times greater than the moon does to us—exhibiting similar phases to herself, but in reverse order; for when the moon is full the earth is invisible to them; and when the moon is new they will see the earth full. The face of the moon appears to us permanent, but to them the earth presents very different appearances; the Pacific and the Atlantic Oceans, in the course of each twenty-four hours will successively rivet their attention; and the velocity of motion must excite both surprise and conjecture. Though, as aforesaid, certain of those gentlemen only behold the earth for half a month at a time, those near the border see it only occasionally, and those on the side opposite the earth never see it at all. The moon, being but the fiftieth part of the bulk of our globe, and within 328,000 miles of us, may be brought, by a proper telescope, which magnifies 1000 times, to appear as she would to the naked eye were she only 250 miles off.—*Smith's Cycle of Celestial Objects.*

PRECOCITY NO MARK OF GENIUS.—"What is the use of thee, thou gnarled sapling?" said a young larch tree to a young oak. "I grow three feet in a year, thou scarcely as many inches; I am straight and taper as a reed, thou straggling and twisted as a loosened withe." "And thy duration," answered the oak, "is some third part of man's life, and I am appointed to flourish for a thousand years. Thou art felled and sawn into piling, when thou rottest, and are burned after a single summer; of me are fashioned battleships, and I carry mariners and heroes into unknown seas." The richer a nature, the harder and slower its development. Two boys were once of a class in the Edinburgh Grammar School—John ever trim, precise, and dux; Walter ever slovenly, confused, and dolt. In due time, John became Bailie John of Hunter Square; and Walter became Sir Walter Scott of the universe. The quickest and completest of all vegetables is the cabbage.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

AFRICAN INTERMENT.—The Hottentot custom of burying the dead is the following.—They come with knives and shave the body, and arms, and legs of the deceased, through the thick skin; then they dig a great hole, and set him in it in a sitting position, clapping stones round about him to keep him upright; after comes a company of their women about him, making a horrid noise; then they cover the mouth of the hole, and leave him in a sitting posture.

A SHORT DIALOGUE ON TRIALS.—*A.* My present situation is very uncomfortable. I am subjected to daily privations and annoyances. *B.* True, your situation has its trials, but did you never consider that these trials may be the hedge by which God fences in your other comforts? *A.* Explain your meaning. *B.* It may be that God, knowing that you must have trials to keep you from setting your heart on this world, sends trouble on you in the present *fc.*, to spare himself and you the necessity of trying you in more severe forms. Do you not think it highly probable, for example, that God disciplines some of his children by poverty and perplexity, that he may thus save them from heavier blows, such as wasting sickness and repeated bitter bereavements? *A. (with tears)* I will endeavour by the help of God never to complain again.—*Ohio Obs.*

During the last fourteen years, 2257 bulls, and 2934 horses have been killed in bull-fights in Madrid.

RUSSIAN JUSTICE.—Warsaw, Oct. 20.—A remarkable law suit, which has been pending two years, has just been decided by the Emperor. A wealthy Russian was betrothed to the beautiful daughter of a Polish Noblemen near Warsaw, and obtained his consent to the marriage. On the day fixed for the ceremony, the bridegroom appeared, attended by a Captain and two officers, the first disguised as a pope (priest), and the latter as his witnesses; and the unsuspecting bride, was married to her Russian lover by this false priest. Two years after the General became tired of his wife, and desired her to return to her father's house, at the same time informing her how she had been deceived. She at first thought he was jesting; but her cruel husband soon convinced her of the fatal truth, and shut the door of his house upon her. Her indignant father immediately brought an action against the General, but of course lost it in all the courts against the Russian General till at length the sentence came before the Emperor, who decided as follows:—As the General is not really married to his wife, the marriage is null and void; but as the wife has been most scandalously imposed upon, he is dismissed with the loss of his salary and his office, without having any claim to another appointment; his whole property is given to the lady whom he has so wantonly deceived, and he is not permitted even to marry again; and the two officers, his witnesses, to remain for life with a small salary.

There are 18,000 wind-mills in Holland, averaging a force of 90,000 horse-power, of which 60,000 are required to keep the country above water.

DANGER OF GUN-COTTON.—The Bavarian Government has interdicted the sale of explosive cotton, on the ground that this prepared material cannot be distinguished from that which is in its ordinary state, and therefore may occasion serious accidents.

SUNDAY IN EDINBURGH.—In Edinburgh there are 986 licensed public houses, of which 434 are open on Sundays. One publican declares that on a recent Sunday he drew £20 after the gas was lighted; but taking him as a Triton among minnows, and assuming £5 as the average Sunday income, we have £2170 spent on drink every Sunday, or £112,840 per annum.

POST OFFICE.—Mr. Rowland Hill, to whom the adoption, if not the invention, of the system of cheap postage is to be ascribed, has been appointed "Secretary to the Postmaster General"—the office having been made for him—with a salary of £1200.

Sixty ministers of the United Secession Church have banded together in a holy alliance against intoxicating drinks. Other Ecclesiastical convocations are beginning to feel that it will not do to neglect, altogether, the means of reform in the matter of intemperance, advocated and practised by total abstinents.

NEWS.

IMPORTANT TO LUMBERERS—We understand that Government contemplate having the entire of the Ottawa river and its tributaries surveyed astronomically during the present winter—laying off into Townships all lands that are squatted on. Alphonzo Wells, Esq, the eminent Astronomer, is to survey the Ottawa; J. McNaughton, Esq., with Messrs McDonald, Rooney, and others, are to survey the tributaries, and lay off the Townships. This has been long called for, not only by the settlers on the Ottawa, but also by those engaged in the Lumber Trade. Had it been attended to earlier, less trouble would have taken place regarding limits. In a future number, we will give the particulars as to the locality of the several Townships.—*Bytown Packet.*

EXTENSIONS OF THE ELECTRO MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.—On the first instant, the Electric communication was opened between this city and St. Catharines; yesterday it was opened to Queenstown, and there is every reason to hope that in a very short time, it will extend to Buffalo, thence to all the cities down to the seaboard, and to Washington, the Capital of the Union. So rapidly has this work been completed that some distant journalists have supposed the announcement of it was a mere hoax; it could hardly be believed that the public spirit of Toronto, the old Capital of Canada West, should outstrip that of the United Provinces—Montreal—it has fairly done it however in this instance. Who will take the lead in laying down the first hundred miles of a grand Provincial Railway?—*Toronto Examiner.*

THE POOR INDIANS.—Great mortality has prevailed among the Indians who emigrated from New-York State last spring. They numbered only about 200, and nearly 50 have died, including two chiefs.

BAD BUSINESS FOR A CHRISTIAN PEOPLE.—Musket balls are manufactured at St. Louis, by a machine which turns out 180 a minute. Within two weeks, 2,000,000 balls have been shipped from St. Louis to the seat of war.

CAPSIZED ON THE SABBATH.—A large party of coloured persons started on Sabbath of last week from Norfolk, in a boat to visit their friends on Elizabeth River. A flaw of wind capsized the boat, and eight of the negroes were drowned, and one has since died. There is a law of Providence in this matter of Sabbath-breaking which the world have yet to learn.

TELEGRAPH TO NEW-ORLEANS.—Books are about to be opened in Baltimore, for subscriptions, preparatory to building a line of Magnetic Telegraph from Washington to New-Orleans, passing through Charleston and all the important commercial cities on the route.

HORRIBLE CASUALTY.—The Lexington (Va.) papers state that on the night of the 17th ult., after the tremendous snow storm which occurred in that vicinity, the house of a Mr Pettigrew, in the hollow of the House Mountain, about seven miles from Lexington, was burned to the ground. Mr Pettigrew and one of his children were absent from home, but on returning in the morning, found the wife and five of the children burned and frozen to death.

THE TIDE OF EMIGRATION.—It is stated in the New-Orleans *Picayune*, that 1,020 passengers arrived at that port on the 22d ult, and many more were in vessels in the river. They were mostly respectable looking people from Havre and Bremen.

IMPORTANT DECISION IN LAW.—A case has recently been decided by the Supreme Court of Errors in which a quantity of goods were pledged by the agent of the owner to a third party for advances in cash, the third party knowing that the goods were held on consignment, and not owned by the commission merchant. The Court sustained the claim of the original and real owner, and restored to him the value of the goods, including the money advanced to his agent.

FREEDOM IN MISSOURI.—The St. Louis *New Era* of the 24th ult., says: "The County Court has been busily engaged since Tuesday morning in granting licenses to free negroes to remain in the State. Quite a number, we learn, have been granted—and a great many on the other hand have been refused. The officers, both county and city, continue to arrest when an opportunity offers, yet they do not molest those who have applied, and are now making application for license to remain."

WRECK OF THE SOMERS.—The very painful intelligence has reached us during the week, of the capsizing and loss of the United States brig *Somers*, which was maintaining the blockade of Vera Cruz, on the evening of Dec. 7th, about 4 o'clock, p.m., by which 36 of the officers and crew were drowned. The *Somers* was about to be relieved by the brig *John Adams*; and perceiving a gale springing up, the commander, Lt. Semmes, was on his way to take shelter under Green Island; but seeing a strange sail making towards the harbour, he returned to his post. On his way thither, a sudden violent gust struck the ship, turned her on her beam-ends, where she began to fill, and in less than half an hour, sunk beneath the waves. There was time to get out one boat, which was taken in charge by midshipman Clarke, and carried 17 men ashore. The rest plunged into the sea, on whatever floating objects they could seize. The boat returned twice, picking up, the first time, Lt. Semmes and Lt. Parker, the mate. Of nearly sixty who jumped overboard, only seventeen were saved. There were two English, two French, and a Spanish vessel laying in sight of the *Somers*, from which boats were immediately sent out, and men picked up and treated with the utmost care and kindness. The Mexicans saw the accident from the mole, and cheered and exulted for a long time. Through all this appalling scene the greatest composure was observed by men and officers—There was no appearance of panic, no exhibition of selfishness. Those who could not swim were particularly enjoined to go in the boat. Those who survived have told of many instances of heroic self-devotion. The acting master, Henry A. Clemson, was struggling on a small steering sail boom with five others, two of whom could not be supported, and he left and stuck out alone and unsupported. He was seen for the last time upon a sky-light and probably perished in the surf. The five men he left were saved, the two who could not swim being supported by their comrades, Amos Co'son and John Williamson.

DREADFUL EFFECTS OF INTemperance.—A correspondent of the *Tribune* from Hughsonville, Dutchess co., says that that village, on the afternoon of December 30th, was thrown into great consternation by the tragical death of one of its inhabitants—a young man in the morning of life, who killed himself while under the influence of that horrid disease the *dolorium tremens*. A short time before his decease he told his widowed

mother that two men were coming after him and his trunk. His mother quieted his fears and told him there was no danger. He then went to bed for a few moments, but soon arose, and when his mother's back was turned, slipped before the glass, seized a butcher's knife, and inflicted a dreadful gash upon his throat. The knife was immediately taken from him, and he then consummated his intentions with a common jack-knife. It will not be wondered at that his widowed mother is now well-nigh bereft of her senses—almost distracted at the loss of her beloved son. The deceased was a young man, possessing a generous heart, well to do in the world, yet strongly addicted to the fatal cup. Could he have done as he wished, he would probably have been one of the living, but he had formed the appetite, and though conscious of its effects he had not the nerve to resist the temptation that our unlicensed rum-sellers placed before him. He had been subject to similar paroxysms, and as soon as he had recovered he would go with a penitent heart and affix his name to the temperance pledge. Yet go where he would the destroyer was before him, and again he would launch forth into his former habits. At last he sought as a refuge the Sons of Temperance, and for a while he lived as became a true Son of Temperance. Yet even this barrier was too feeble; he went where the destroyer was—he fell. He would have done rightly, but the rum-sellers pardoned to his weakness; they hesitated not, they cared not, and behold the result!—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

MEXICO.—A gentleman arrived in New York, whose reports are worthy of confidence, who left Orizaba late in November, relates many particulars in relation to the state of feeling of the Mexicans, which may be interesting. At Orizaba there were 1000 volunteers collected for the Mexican army, but there was a great scarcity of arms. He asserts that there is really a feeling of deep vengeance aroused in the interior of the country against the United States, and that the farther their troops advance the greater will be the hostility against them. It is feared that ambuscades will be laid to cut off the advanced detachment of the United States army in the operations that are to ensue. From this position Santa Anna can at any time throw a heavy force upon almost any point of the enemy's lines of operations, and annoy Generals Scott and Taylor excessively. All kinds of business was dull in Mexico. The only artisans who had any work were the gunsmiths; they are busy night and day, in every town and city. American deserters are scattered through the country, and are represented as in a deplorable condition. No less than 25 had reached the city of Mexico, in most wretched plight—were begging from door to door, and were received and treated with contempt by all.

RELIEF FOR IRELAND.—We have now the satisfaction to state that the Mayor of New York remitted three thousand dollars by the packet of yesterday, and the committee with singular good feeling and propriety, caused it to be sent to the two Archbishops of Dublin—the Catholic and the Protestant—to be by them distributed as they think best. "We are further delighted to state that two thousand dollars have been collected in Philadelphia among the Society of Friends alone. We may therefore calculate on a handsome sum being raised. "But the most gratifying fact of all is just communicated to us by a highly valued friend in the following note:—"I have taken some pains to inquire of the five different offices where small drafts are given out to the poor labouring Irish men and women, and I find that the remittances made by these poor people within the last sixty days amount to \$50,000; in sums of \$5 to £100 or so." This is done by the poor classes, and of their own accord, without the stimulus of a public meeting or a committee of solicitation. Can anything be more honorable to the Irish character or to human nature.—*N. Y. Albion.*

PRODUCE PRICES CURRENT—MONTREAL, Jan. 18, 1847.

	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.
ASHES, Pots, per cwt	23	0	a	23	6	BEER, Prime Mess,			
Pearls,	23	0	a	23	6	per brl. 200lbs.	47	6	a
FLOUR, Canada Superfine, per brl.						Prime,	42	6	a
196 lbs.			Nominal.			Prime Mess, per tierce, 30lbs.	00	0	a
Do. Fine,	26	0	a	27	0	PORK, Mess, per brl. 200lbs	72	6	a
Do. Sour,			none			Prime Mess,	55	0	c
Do. Middlings, ..			none			Prime,	50	0	a
Indian Meal, 168lb.	15	0	a	00	0	Cargo,	40	0	a
Oatmeal, brl. 22lb.	25	0	a	00	0	BUTTER, per lb. ...	07	a	0
GRAIN, Wheat U.C.						CHEESE, full milk, 100 lbs.	40	0	a
Best, 60lbs. ...	5	0	a	5	3	LAND, per lb.	05	a	0
Do. L.C. per min.	4	6	a	4	9	TALLOW, per lb. ...	06	a	0
BARLEY, Minot, ...	3	0	a	3	3				
OATS, ...	2	0	a	0	0				
PEASE,	4	0	a	4	3				

THOS. M. TAYLOR, Broker.

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