

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a micro filmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Wrinkled pages may film slightly out of focus.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 10X | 12X | 14X | 16X | 18X | 20X | 22X | 24X | 26X | 28X | 30X | 32X |
| | | | | | | | | | ✓ | | |

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, MAY 15, 1846.

No. 4.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

Be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!
Then 'midst our dejection
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection
Of kindness—*returned*.

When day has departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch broken-hearted
Where all she loved sleeps!
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those we love!

Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing;
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling!
Oh! be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!

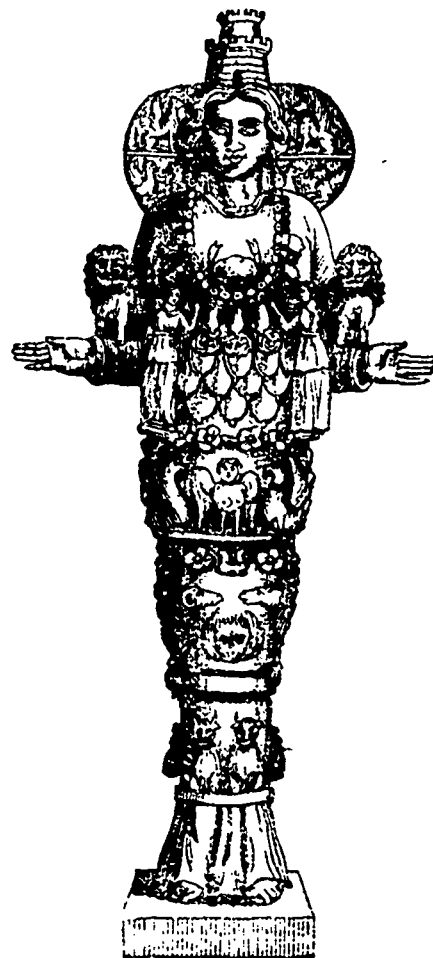
DIANA.

"A! with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians."—Acts xix. 34.

The Temple of Diana at Ephesus was counted as one of the seven wonders of the world, on account of its extent and magnificence, at the period of the birth of Christ. The same rank was held by an earlier temple than that which existed at this time. Xerxes, the Persian king, who destroyed the idol temples wherever he came, spared that one on account of its extreme magnificence and grandeur: but it was set on fire, on the night Alexander the Great was born, and burned to the ground. This was done by a man named Erostratus, who confessed that he had done the deed to immortalise his name by the destruction of this wonderful building. To baulk him, it was decreed that his name should never be mentioned; but such a decree served only to make his name more memorable. Alexander offered to rebuild the temple, on condition that the Ephesians would allow his name to be placed in front; but this offer was respectfully declined. The materials saved from the fire were sold, and the women parted with their jewels; and the money thus raised served to carry on the work till other contributions came in. These were sent most liberally from all parts, and in a short time amounted to an immense treasure.

The new temple stood between the city and the port, and was built at the base of a mountain, at the head of a marsh, which situation is said by Pliny to have been chosen as less liable to earthquakes. It, however, had the effect of doubling the expenses; for vast charges were incurred in making drains to convey the water that came down the hill into the morass and the Cayster. It is said that in this work so much stone was used as exhausted all the quarries of the country. To secure the foundations of the conduits and sewers, which were to support the weight of so prodigious a structure, Pliny says that there were laid beds of charcoal, well rammed, and over them others of wool, and that two hundred and twenty (or, as some copies read, one hundred and twenty) years elapsed before this grand temple was completed by the contributions of all the

cities of Asia (Proper?). It was four hundred and twenty-five feet in length, and two hundred and twenty in breadth, supported by one hundred and twenty-seven marble pillars sixty feet high, of which thirty-six were curiously sculptured and the rest polished. The pillars were said to have been the gifts of as many kings, and the bas-reliefs on one of them were wrought by Scopas, one of the most famous of ancient sculptors; and the altar was almost entirely the work of Praxiteles. Diana was the goddess of hunting, of travelling, of chastity, of childbirth, of enchantments, &c.; and in her different characters she was Diana, Luna, Lucina, Hecate, Proserpine, besides many other names derived from the places in which she was worshipped. Her most usual figure was that of a huntress, with a crescent on her head, and attended by dogs. But the



Ephesian Diana was differently represented from any other, being figured with several tiers or rows of breasts—intimating that she was at Ephesus regarded as Nature, the mother of mankind. The image wore a sort of high-crowned cap or mitre; and its feet were involved in the garments. Notwithstanding what the "town-clerk" says in Acts, c. xix. v. 35, about "the image which fell down from Jupiter," it seems that Mucianus, who had been three times consul, and whose authority Pliny follows (lib. xvi. 40), learnt at Ephesus that this famous image was the work of a very ancient sculptor named Canetias. As he further states that the original statue had never been

changed, it must have been the same to which the "town-clerk" there refers. It seems to have been an ugly little statue, made of several pieces of wood—generally said to be ebony, but Mucianus thought vine-wood—which precludes the otherwise possible idea that the material might have fallen from the sky in the form of an aerolite; and shows that the priests availed themselves of the remote antiquity and the uncouth form of this image to persuade the people of its divine origin.—*From the Pictorial Bible.*

[Such was the much vaunted wisdom of ancient Greece and Asia, which infidels have compared to the sublime doctrines of Christianity.—Ed. Pxo. Mag.]

IMPORTANCE OF WOMAN'S DUTIES.

It is generally assumed, and almost as generally contended, that woman's business and cares are contracted and trivial; and that the proper discharge of her duties, demands far less expansion of mind and vigour of intellect, than the pursuits of the other sex. This idea has prevailed, because women, as a mass, have never been educated with reference to their most important duties; while that portion of their employments, which is of least value, has been regarded as the chief, if not the sole, concern of a woman. The covering of the body, the conveniences of residences, and the gratification of the appetite, have been too much regarded as the sole objects on which her intellectual powers are to be exercised.

But, as society gradually shakes off the remnants of barbarism, and the intellectual and moral interests of man rise, in estimation, above the merely sensual, a truer estimate is formed of woman's duties, and of the measure of intellect requisite for the proper discharge of them. Let any man of sense and discernment, become the member of a large household, in which a well-educated and pious woman is endeavouring systematically to discharge her multifarious duties; let him fully comprehend all her cares, difficulties, and perplexities; and it is probable he would coincide in the opinion, that no statesman, at the head of a nation's affairs, had more frequent calls for wisdom, firmness, tact, discrimination, prudence, and versatility of talent, than such a woman.

She has a husband, to whose peculiar tastes and habits she must accommodate herself; she has children, whose health she must guard, whose physical constitutions she must study and develop, whose temper and habits she must regulate, whose principles she must form, whose pursuits she must direct. She has constantly changing domestics, with all varieties of temper and habits, whom she must govern, instruct, and direct; she is required to regulate the finances of the domestic state, and constantly to adapt expenditures to the means and to the relative claims of each department. She has the direction of the kitchen, where ignorance, forgetfulness, and awkwardness, are to be so regulated, that the various operations shall each start at the right time, and all be in completeness at the same given hour. She has the claims of society to meet, calls to receive and return, and the duties of hospitality to sustain. She has the poor to relieve; benevolent societies to aid; the schools of her children to enquire and decide about; the care of the sick; the nursing of infancy; and the endless miscellany of odd items, constantly recurring in a large family.

Surely, it is a pernicious and mistaken idea, that the duties, which tax a woman's mind, are petty, trivial, or unworthy of the highest grade of intellect and moral worth. Instead of allowing this feeling, every woman should imbibe, from early youth, the impression, that she is training for the discharge of the most important, the most difficult, and the most sacred and interesting duties that can possibly employ the highest intellect. She ought to feel that her station and responsibilities, in the great drama of life, are second to none, either as viewed by her Maker, or in the estimation of all minds whose judgment is most worthy of respect.—*Catherine Beecher.*

PAUL'S "FIRST ANSWER TO NERO."

Nero was a cruel prince, and the people looked on his palace much as they would have looked upon a leopard's den. An order has arrived to bring the Galilean prisoner to the emperor's judgment-hall. The apostle had just time to warn a few friends, and like enough they came and consoled with him; but they thought it prudent not to go with him into court. It might compromise their own safety, and it could do him no effectual good; and he did not urge them. The soldiers arrived, and he went away cheerily with them—the old weather-beaten man—without his cloak, for he had left it at Troas; without his friends, for he had left them behind at his own hired house—as forlorn as ever a prisoner stood before Cæsar. And how was it that the infirm old man passed with so serene a look, the clashing swords and scowling centries at the palace front. And how was it that in the dim and dangerous presence-chamber, where cruelty sat upon the throne of luxury,—how was it that, with that wolf upon the judgment-seat, and those blood-hounds all around him, with none but pagans present, and not one believing friend to bear the com-

pany—how was it, O Paul! that in such an hour of peril, instead of pleading not guilty, and falling down on suppliant knees, thou didst commit the very crime they charged against thee—the crime of loyalty to Jesus—and urge Christ's claims on Cæsar? Why, the secret of this strange courage was, "at my first answer no man stood with me, but all forsook me. Notwithstanding, the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me, that by me the preaching might be fully known, and that all the Gentiles might hear; and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion."—*Rev. James Hamilton.*

PRAYERS ANSWERED.

Of many of the petitions offered now we know not what becomes. Some are for places far away; some for people whom we never see again; some for blessings, which, if bestowed, we can never know it. But all these prayers are efficacious. I pray for faith, they all have prevalency. They have effected something; and they are all self-registering. They go into the book of remembrance. They keep account of themselves, or rather God keeps it, and when the great day comes round, and the throne is set and the books are opened, it will be seen how much every Christian has prayed, what were the gifts he coveted most earnestly, and what were the petitions he urged most frequently. And strange things will come to light that day. Here is one who was never known on earth; perhaps in all the right-hand company none can recollect his name. He was very poor. He had no money to give to the cause of Christ—hardly the two mites—and he was very plain, simple, and unlearned. He could not express himself. But his name is Israel. He was a Prince with God, and see how often he has prevailed. And here is another, who was bed-ridden many years, could not work, could not visit, could not write—but she could pray. And see what a benefactress she has been. See this long list of affectionate intercessions for her relatives and neighbours and friends; these many supplications for the church and the world, for the unconverted, for missions, for mourners in Zion! And see the answers! What a Dorcas she has been,—though she could make no garments for the poor! What a Phæbe,—though she could not stir a step! What a Priscilla,—though she could expound the way of God to few, for her prayers often did it all! And here is another. He had just escaped from Papal darkness, and was beginning to enlighten others, when he was put in prison, and after months of languishing he went up from Smithfield in his chariot of fire,—a martyr of Jesus Christ. He never preached. He was refused the use of ink and pen. He wrote nothing. He printed nothing. He spake to no one, for thick dungeon-walls enclosed him. But he prayed. From the height of his sanctuary the Lord looked down; he heard the groaning of this prisoner; and in the Reformation sent the answer.—*Id.*

NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES OF OATS.—Oats are undoubtedly far richer in Nitrogenous, or muscular matters, in proportion to the weight, than wheat. A comparison, according to the analysis of Professor Johnston, shows this. One hundred pounds each, of fine wheaten flour and shelled oats, contain:—

| | WHEAT, | OATS, |
|---------------------------|--------|-------|
| Muscular Matter | 10lb | 18lb |
| Fat | 3 | 7 |
| Starch | 50 | 65 |
| | 63 | 89 |

This may serve to give some explanation of the fact, that the muscular power of horses is greater when fed on oats, than when kept on any other food; and it serves also to lessen our wonder at the athletic feats, corporeal strength, and power of endurance, shown by the stalwart Highlander, reared on this simple but nutritious fare.—*N. E. Farmer.*

CALIFORNIA.—A large number of hardy American adventurers have made arrangements for removing to California as soon as the opening of Spring will permit. We see in the Western papers notices of two expeditions, one under Mr. Leavitt, and the other under Mr. Grayson. It is supposed that from 500 to 1000 in all, will start from Fort Smith on the 1st of April, for the purpose of establishing a colony at San Diego Bay. This bay is south of San Francisco, and situated due West of the Gulf of California. It is said to possess the greatest advantages for commerce, and to be the most favourable place in California for a new colony. Mr. Grayson, with his party, will leave Independence on the 15th of April next. The tide of emigration to that beautiful country will increase yearly with just such hardy and courageous individuals as know how to subdue the wilderness and make it bloom like the rose;

ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPEROR PAUL.

The night appearing sufficiently advanced, the conspirators, to the number of about sixty, sallied forth, divided into two bands. Count Pahlen took one under his direction, General Benningsen the command of the other; both officers, dressed in their full uniform, and wearing their sashes and orders, marched forward sword in hand. The palace Michael was constructed and guarded like a fortress; but the bridges were lowered, and the gates thrown open to the chiefs of the conspirators. Benningsen's party marched first, and proceeded direct towards the emperor's apartments. Count Pahlen remained behind with his reserved body of conspirators. This man, who had organised the conspiracy, disdained to assist personally in its execution. He was only there to provide for any unexpected emergencies. Benningsen penetrated into the apartment of the sleeping monarch. Two heyduks were on duty as his bodyguard. These brave and faithful attendants attempted to defend their sovereign. One was struck down by a blow from a sabre, the other took flight, crying out for help—cries utterly unavailing in a palace, the guards of which are almost all accomplices in the plot. A valet who slept in a room adjoining that of the emperor ran to the scene; they compelled him, by force, to open the door of his master's chamber. The unhappy Paul might have found a refuge in the apartments of the empress; but, in his distrustful suspicions, he had taken the precaution, every night, to barricade the door which led to them. All escape being cut off, he flung himself to the bottom of the bed, and concealed himself behind the folds of a screen. Plato Soubow ran to the imperial bed, and finding it empty, cried out, in alarm, "The emperor has escaped; we are lost!" But at the same instant Benningsen caught sight of the prince, rushed towards him sword in hand, and presented to him the act of abdication. "You have ceased to reign!" he exclaimed to him; "the grand duke Alexander is now emperor. I summon you, in his name, to resign the empire, and to sign this act of abdication. On this condition alone I answer for your life." Plato Soubow repeated the same summons. The emperor, confused and lost in dismay, demanded of them, what he had done to deserve such treatment. "For years past you have never ceased to persecute us," retorted the half-intoxicated assassins. They then pressed upon the unhappy Paul, who struggled hard, expostulated, and implored them in vain. At this moment a noise was heard; it was the footsteps of some of the conspirators who had remained behind; but the assassins, believing that some one was coming to the assistance of the emperor, fled in disorder. Benningsen alone, inflexibly resolute, remained in the presence of the monarch, and advancing towards him, with his sword pointed at his breast, prevented him stirring from the spot. The conspirators having recognised each other, re-entered the chamber, the theatre of their crime. They again hemmed in the unfortunate monarch, in order to force him to subscribe his abdication. The emperor for an instant tried to defend himself. In the scuffle, the lamp which gave light to the frightful scene was overthrown and extinguished; Benningsen ran to procure another, and, on his return, discovered Paul expiring under the blows of two assassins; one had broken in his skull with the pommel of his sword, whilst the other was strangling him with his sash.

Whilst this scene was enacting, Count Pahlen had remained outside with the second band of conspirators. When he was told that all was over, he ordered the body of the emperor to be laid out on the bed, and placed a guard of thirty men at the door of the apartment, with orders not to admit any one, even the members of the imperial family. He then repaired to the grand duke, to announce to him the terrible occurrence of the night.

The grand duke, in a state of violent agitation, demanded of him when he approached, what had become of his father? The silence of Count Pahlen soon dissipated the fatal illusions he had cherished, in imagining that an act of abdication was only contemplated. The grief of the young prince was profound; it continued to be, we are told, the secret remorse of his life, as he was naturally of a good and generous nature. He threw himself upon a chair, and burst into tears; would listen no longer to anything, but loaded Pahlen with bitter re-

proaches, which the latter received with imperturbable composure.

Plato Soubow went in quest of the grand duke Constantine, who was wholly ignorant of what was going on, but who has been unjustly accused of having been implicated in this bloody catastrophe. He came to the spot trembling, believing that all his family were to be sacrificed, found his brother overwhelmed with despair, and then learnt every thing which had taken place. Count Pahlen had desired a lady of the palace, who was very intimate with the empress, to acquaint her with the fact of her tragical widowhood. This princess rushed in haste towards her husband's apartments, and attempted to reach his death-bed; but the guards kept her back. Having for an instant recovered from her first paroxysm of grief, she felt, together with the emotions of sorrow, the rising impulses of ambition awoken in her breast. She thought of the great Catherine, and wished to reign. She despatched several persons to Alexander, who was about to be proclaimed, telling him that the throne belonged of right to her, and that it was she, and not he, who ought to be proclaimed as successor. This was a new embarrassment; this was increased anguish for the already lacerated heart of the son, who, about to ascend the steps of the throne, had to pass between the corpse of a murdered father and an agonised mother, in tears, frantically demanding, by turns, her husband or the sceptre. The night was consumed while these appalling and tragical events were passing; the day approached; it was necessary to leave no time for reflection; it was of importance that the death of Paul and the accession of his successor should be proclaimed at the same time. Count Pahlen approached the young prince: "You have wept sufficiently as a child," said he, "come now and reign." He tore him from this house of mourning, and, followed by Benningsen, hastened to present him to his troops.—*Thiers' History of the Consulate.*

TAKING A HINT.

It is very surprising to see how slow some men are to take a hint. The frost destroys about one-half the bloom on fruit trees; everybody prognosticates the loss of fruit; instead of that the half that remain are larger, fairer, and higher flavoured than usual; and the trees instead of being exhausted are ready for another crop the next year. Why don't he take the hint, and thin out his fruit every bearing year? But no; the next season sees his orchard overloaded, fruit small and not well formed; yet he often boasts of that first mentioned crop, without profiting by the lesson which it teaches.

We heard a man saying, "The best crop of celery I ever saw, was raised by old John—, on a spot of land where the wash from the barn-yard ran into it after every hard shower." Did he take the hint, and apply liquid manure to his celery trenches? Not at all.

We knew a case where a farmer subsoiled a field, and raised crops in consequence, which were the admiration of the whole neighbourhood; and for years the field showed the advantages of deep handling. But we could not learn that a single farmer in the neighbourhood took the hint. The man who acted thus wisely, sold his farm, and his successor pursued the old plan of surface scratching.

A staunch farmer complained to us of his soil as too loose and light; we mentioned ashes as worth trying; "Well, now you mention it, I believe it will do good. I bought a part of my farm from a man who was a wonderful fellow to save up ashes, and round his cabin it lay in heaps. I took away the house, and to this day I notice that when the plough runs along that spot, the soil turns up moist and close-grained." It is strange that he never took the hint.

A farmer gets a splendid crop of corn or other grain from off a grass or clover ley. Does he take the hint? Does he adopt the system which shall allow him a sward to put his grain on? No; he hates book farming, and scientific farming, and "this notion of rotation," and plods on the old way.

POISON FOR RATS.—Small pills, composed of flour, sugar, and about one-sixtieth part of phosphorus, are a very attractive and efficacious poison for rats.

THE MESSENGER DOVE.

(From the New York Observer.)

"Also he sent forth a dove from him, to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground."—Gen. viii. 8.

The stormy wrath of heaven was o'er,
For its deathful work was done;
And the parting clouds revealed once more
The smile of the welcome sun;
While the ark that war'ered through the strife,
O'er the buried hills, with its freight of life,
On the lofty mountain found a rest,
That pierced the waves with its lonely crest.

The snowy dove, whose flightless wing
Had rested long unspread,
Went gladly forth with a lithesome spring,
And swift in her freedom sped;
But afar she flew on a goalless track,
And came with a weary pinon back,
For nought she found but a shoreless sea
Where her verdant haunts were wont to be.

And the messenger dove went forth again
On an eager plume at morn;
And returned at the evening hour, but then
With a leaf from the olive torn.
Once more, away! and a last farewell,
For she came no more in the ark to dwell,
But she found a home in the silent wood,
Where the fadeless groves of the olive stood.

There wanders a spirit from many a breast,
O'er the wide world's troubled sea,
That seeketh some bower of peaceful rest,
And a sweet tranquility:
But it turns full oft from a fruitless flight,
Like the dove with a wearied wing,
Till it findeth a bower of calm delight
Where the flowers of virtue spring.

A REMARKABLE MAN.

At a temperance meeting not long since in Alabama, Col. Lehmanousky, who had been twenty-three years a soldier in the armies of Napoleon Bonaparte, addressed the meeting. He arose before the audience, tall, erect, and vigorous, with the glow of health upon his cheek, and said:—

"You see before you a man 70 years old. I have fought 200 battles, have 14 wounds on my body, have lived thirty days on horse flesh, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering, without stockings or shoes on my feet, and with only a few rags for my clothing. In the deserts of Egypt I have marched for days with a burning sun upon my naked head, feet blistered in the scorching sand, and with eyes, nostrils, and mouth filled with dust, and with a thirst so tormenting, that I have opened the veins of my arms and sucked my own blood! Do you ask how I could have survived all these horrors? I answer, that next to the kind providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health and vigour, to this fact, that I never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in my life; and (continued he) Baron Larry, chief of the medical staff of the French army, has stated it as a fact, that the 6,000 survivors who returned safely from Egypt, were all of them men who abstained from the use of ardent spirits."

Rev. Mr. Finney of Newburyport, in some remarks on temperance, stated that he had had several personal interviews with Col. Lehmanousky, and learned from his own lips, that on his arrival in this country, not many years since, at Philadelphia—destitute of money, and with no acquaintances or friends to apply to for assistance or sympathy, unacquainted with our language, and but illy clad to attract the interest of strangers—he threw himself upon his knees on the wharf, and prayed to the "God of battles," who had been his friend through so many dangers, to assist him in his then extremity. He uttered his supplication in Spanish, which attracted the attention of a Quaker,

who interested himself in his behalf, provided him with a suit of Quaker clothing, and assisted him in obtaining a school, to teach the Spanish language. He is now living in Indiana, zealously engaged in promoting the spread of the Gospel at the West. By collections, &c., which he had obtained by lectures, giving the details of his marches with Bonaparte, etc., he had been enabled to build two churches at the West, at his own expense, in addition to the good he is striving by other means to accomplish. The beauties of temperance, and the power of the Gospel, are most singularly illustrated in the character of this war-worn veteran.—*Exchange paper.*

FEMALE HEROISM.

We remember the story of a cruel master, who, without cause, had determined to sever a slave mother and her only child. She had been faithful under the very worst usage, and she determined to remain so, until he told her that on the morrow, her child must be borne to New Orleans, to be sold there in a slave mart. It was mid-winter. The earth was frosted with a hard crust, yet at midnight she started for the Ohio, determined, if she could, to live and die with her child. She reached its banks as the pursuers rose on the hill beyond—no boat was near—masses of rotten ice were sluggishly drifting along—what was she to do? Trusting to heaven, she put her feet on the treacherous element, and with it bending and breaking beneath her, (spectators on either side expecting to see her and her child sink at every moment,) she boldly pushed on from cake to cake, until she landed safe on the Ohio shore. Five minutes sooner and she must have perished; two minutes later she would have met with a watery grave, for before she had proceeded twenty steps the ice behind her close on the Kentucky side, had broken and was scattered ere she reached the mid-river. "Thank God, you and your child are safe," exclaimed the hard-hearted master, as he saw her land, rejoiced that he had escaped the responsibility of their death. "Brave woman," said a Kentuckian who had witnessed her escape and met her at the landing, "you have won your freedom and shall have it." The mother and the child were kept together, and liberty and love is now their lot in their humble but happy home. Was their not true heroism here, and is not the scene worthy the sweetest song of poetry, or the holiest praise of man?—*True American.*

A quaint speaker at the late temperance convention held at Columbus, Georgia, remarked that the retailer was the only mechanic in our community who was ashamed of his work. When other mechanics finish a job they usually hang it out at the door as a specimen of their workmanship to invite purchasers. But when a retailer finishes a job he generally hides it in a back room, or unceremoniously thrusts it out into the street, that passers by may not be permitted to behold a specimen of his handywork.

In his seventy-second year, Mr. Wesley thus speaks of himself. This being my birth day, the first day of my seventy-second year, I was considering how is this, that I find just the same strength as I did thirty years ago, that my sight is considerably better now, and my nerves firmer than they were then, that I have none of the infirmities of old age, and have lost several I had in my youth. The grand cause is the good pleasure of God, who doeth whatsoever pleaseth him. The chief means are,—1st. my constant rising at four, for about fifty years,—2nd. my generally preaching at five in the morning, one of the most healthy exercises in the world,—3d. my never travelling less, by sea or land, than four thousand five hundred miles in a year.—*Watson's life of Wesley.* [Doubtless his strict temperance was also a main secondary cause.—*Ed. P. MAG.*]

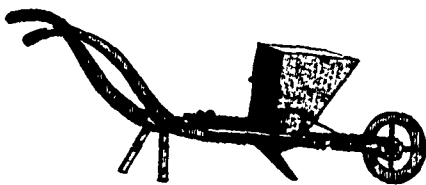
O JESUS! I DO THIS FOR THEE.—Mrs. Comstock, of the Burmah Mission, was called upon to part with her two children. Duty obviously demanded that they should be brought home to America to be educated. The day came for their separation. She took one in each hand, and led them down to the ship which was to bear them away. She paused on the shore; her face grew pale; her lips quivered; she raised her hands and said, "O Jesus! I do this for thee;" and then quietly returned to her Missionary work.

YANKEE NOTIONS.—Among the articles now exported largely to England, are clothes' pins, (which are carried over by hundreds of hogheads) ivory and wood combs, angurs, gimblets, and cut tacks. In all these things we supply the English market. Yet there are a thousand other articles which they make cheaper than we do. The English have never made satinets, or cut nails of any sort, except as they have imported the nail machine from this country, and then they have proved unable to use them successfully.—*American Paper.*

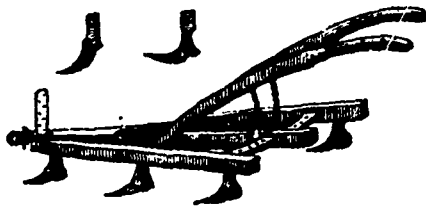
LABOUR-SAVING MACHINES.

As the system of protection, which has always a sedative tendency, appears to be passing away, it behoves agriculturists to put forth their ingenuity, enterprise, and thrift, to meet the exigency; and one of the most obvious means of increasing the productions of a country, and at the same time diminishing their cost, is the employment of Labour-saving Machines, by the aid of some of which one man may do the work of many. The cultivation of root crops also, is essential to the prosperity of any agricultural country, and more especially of one far removed from a market, for upon them depends, in a great measure, the extent to which cattle, sheep, hogs, &c., may be kept, and wool, butter, cheese, beef, pork, &c., produced—as well as the quantity of manure to keep the land in heart. Implements used in the cultivation of root crops are therefore particularly important.

These considerations induce us to give cuts and brief descriptions of three implements, which may be considered indispensable to this kind of agriculture, in the hope that the ingenious mechanics of Canada may manufacture them, and the enterprising farmers purchase and use them, wherever this is not already done. The cuts, &c., are from the *Genesee Farmer*.



The Drill-Barrow, is used in sowing various small seeds, as turnips, onions, radishes, lucern, beans, peas, &c. The machine is propelled like a wheel-barrow, and sows and covers the seed at the same operation.



The Cultivator, (*fig. 2.*) is the most useful implement for dressing Indian corn, as well as ruta baga. By being passed frequently between the rows, the ground is kept free from weeds, and in a fine state of pulverization, while the manure and vegetable matter is left under cover, where it is most beneficial, and the roots of the plants preserved from injury. It should be passed twice at a dressing, and if the soil is stiff or grassy, it may be passed oftener, or repeated at short intervals. The teeth are of various forms, according to the purposes for which they are used. Some of these are figured in the cut. It is most convenient to have sets of different kinds, and the cost is trifling, that they may be shifted at pleasure. The cultivator is often denominated horse-hoe, scuffler, scarrifier, &c. It has sometimes a wheel attached forward to regulate the depth,



The Turnip Hoe, (*fig. 3.*) is a very simple but useful implement, particularly in the garden, where it greatly facilitates the weeding process. We have them of various lengths, from four to ten inches. They should be of cast-steel, and may be made of an old file or rasp; the blade should be thin, and not more than one and a half or two inches broad. They may be drawn the arm's length without being raised, and there is little danger of cutting the plants among which they are used.

ASSASSINATION OF KLEBER.

A young man, a native of Aleppo, named Suleiman, who was a prey to extravagant fanaticism,—who had performed the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, who had studied at the Mosque El Azhar, the most celebrated and the wealthiest in Cairo—that where the Koran and the Turkish Law are taught,—who, finally, purposed to obtain admission into the body of the doctors of the faith,—chanced to be wandering in Palestine, when the wrecks of the Vizier's army passed through the country. He witnessed the sufferings, the despair of his co-religionists, which violently affected his morbid imagination. The age of the Janissaries, who chanced to see him, inflamed his fanaticism still more by his own suggestions. This young man offered to assassinate “the Sultan of the French,” General Kleber. Furnished with a dromedary and a sum of money he repaired to Gaza, crossed the desert, proceeded to Cairo, and shut himself up for several weeks in the great mosque, into which students and poor travellers were admitted, at the cost of that pious foundation. The rich mosques are in the East what convents formerly were in Europe; there are found prayer, religious instruction, and hospitality. The young fanatic intimated his design to the four principal sheiks of the mosque, who were at the head of the department of instruction. They were alarmed at his resolution, and at the consequences to which it was likely to lead; they told him that it would not succeed, and that it would bring great disasters upon Egypt; but still they refrained from apprising the French authorities. When this wretched man was sufficiently confirmed in his resolution, he armed himself with a dagger, followed Kleber for several days, but finding no opportunity to approach him, he resolved to penetrate into the garden of the head-quarters, and to hide himself there in an abandoned cistern. On the 14th of June he appeared before Kleber, who was walking with Protain, the architect of the army, and shewing him what repairs would require to be done in the house, to obliterate the traces of the bombs and balls. Suleiman approached him, as if to beg alms, and, while Kleber was preparing to listen to him, he rushed upon him, and plunged his dagger several times into his breast. Kleber fell under the violence of his attack. Protain, having a stick in his hand, fell upon the assassin, struck him violently on the head, but was thrown down in his turn by a stab with the dagger. At the cries of the two victims the soldiers ran to the spot, raised their expiring general, sought and seized the murderer, whom they found skulking behind a piece of rubbish.

A few minutes after this tragic scene Kleber expired. The army shed bitter tears over him. The Arabs themselves, who had admired his clemency after their revolt, united their regrets to those of our soldiers. A military commission assembled immediately to try the assassin, who confessed every thing. He was condemned according to the laws of the country, and impaled. The four sheiks to whom he had communicated his intention were beheaded. These bloody sacrifices were deemed necessary for the safety of the chiefs of the army. Vain precaution! With Kleber, the army had lost a general, and the colony a founder, for whom none of the officers left in Egypt was qualified to make amends. With Kleber, Egypt was lost to France.—*Thiers' History of the Consulate.*

BUSH AMUSEMENTS IN AUSTRALIA.

(From *M'Kenzie's Emigrant's Guide.*)

The chief sources of amusement you may freely enjoy in the bush are the following:—fishing, hunting, shooting, riding, and reading. Our rivers abound with fish of all sizes. The blacks generally catch their fish by spearing. At a single glance they aim at the fish, and drive their spear through him with unerring precision, as he swims at a considerable depth under the water's surface. You would suppose, from witnessing their skill and practice, that they studied, in Newton's *Principia*, all that is there stated on the angles of incidence and reflection. They capture wild ducks in the same way as fish—by spearing. The black fellow either crawls quietly on fours through the long grass, or keeping a tree in a line between him and the ducks, he softly creeps until he reaches the edge of the lagoon or river, when he suddenly darts his spear, and generally secures one, if not two of them.

HUNTING THE NATIVE DOG.

Hunting is a favourite amusement here. The animals hunted are, generally, the native dog, kangaroo, and emu. The native dog closely resembles the English fox in size, shape, and cunning. The English fox, however, is generally of one colour, viz., red: whereas, among the Australian native dogs, some are red, some brown, and some black. They are very numerous, and extremely troublesome. They come almost to the very door of the huts, and leap over the hurdles among a flock of sheep, on one side of the fold, while the watchman is in his box on the other. A great number of calves—perhaps ten per cent at some out-stations—are yearly destroyed by them; and when pressed by hunger they will attack foals. I have seen several of my calves which had their ears and tails bit off by these carnivorous animals. To destroy them is, therefore, the great object of every stockholder, in keeping a few kangaroo dogs, which are a breed between a pure greyhound and a mastiff. At every station you find some of these dogs, and, accompanied by them, some settlers spend a great part of their time in riding over their runs in search of the native dog. He smells as strong as the English fox, and the dogs no sooner come on his scent, than they start at full speed, their noses to the ground. When they get sight of him, you must let your horse out and follow them. He will make hard either for the mountains or the river. They soon catch him and tear him to pieces. I lately came on four of them together, tearing away at the carcass of a calf. They cunningly fled in four different directions. I had only three dogs with me, all of which followed one; after a smart chase they caught him, and fairly cut his throat. Some years ago, several stockholders in this colony used to give two shillings and sixpence for every native dog's brush or tail produced; and then every man who wanted half-a-crown tried to *cur-tail* them. Their barking is quite different from that of a domesticated dog. It has been erroneously stated that they, being in a state of nature, never bark; and some writers have obstinately maintained that barking is entirely the result of civilisation. I am aware that the dogs carried by Columbus to America were afterwards found by him to have lost their propensity to barking. They could merely whine, howl, and growl. And the traveller Sonnini also states, that the shepherds' dogs in the wilds of Egypt possessed not the faculty of barking.

THE KANGAROO.

The kangaroo is an extraordinary animal. There are several kinds of them, and they are of various sizes. The kangaroo forester is about five feet high, and when pursued by dogs, it leaps or bounds from fifteen to twenty paces. The animal goes on his hind legs, steering his body with his tail. His fore legs are only about half the length of his hind legs. He is generally of the same colour as the English hare, and his flesh greatly resembles in taste and appearance that of the hare. The tail which sometimes weighs twenty pounds, is considered the best part of him. It makes excellent soup—indeed equal to any ox-tail soup I ever tasted. His movements in his native wilds are extremely graceful. Seldom rapid, until he sees you and your dogs in full chase after him,—then he hits out in right earnest, hops, skips, bounds, and if you have not fleet dogs before you, and a fleet horse under you, he is soon out of sight. In some parts of the colony they are seen in droves, but I never saw more than five or six of them together. I have often seen them quietly feeding among my cattle, with which they seemed to live on peaceable terms.

When hard pressed, they turn about, put their backs to a tree, and for a time successfully fight the dogs, which they often rip up and disable for life. They have been known not only to drown dogs, but also to take a man in their arms, carry him towards a lagoon or deep pond, and there attempt to drown him as they commonly drown a dog, viz., by pressing his head under water. A friend of mine, a Mr. James Aitken, settler on the Clarence River, has lately received in a battle with a kangaroo a mark which he will necessarily carry with him to the grave. He was in chase after a kangaroo, which at last his dogs caught, when my friend inconsiderately dismounted from his horse for the purpose of assisting his dogs. The kangaroo now left them and attacked Mr. Aitken, whose lip he completely tore. The kangaroo is naturally timid, and is easily tamed.

He lives entirely on grass; and the female has only two young ones at a time, which she carries in a pouch or bag under her belly. When hard pressed in the chase she drops them one by one; you can then be certain that she is nearly beat. The skin is remarkably tough, and is converted into stock-whips, and sometimes used as a substitute for a blanket in travelling through the bush. With half-a-dozen of these skins sewed together, a man could comfortably sleep out all night on a bleak snowy mountain.

PRAYING A CRIME.

From the Life of the Rev. Wm. Knibb.

The difficulties attending the exercise of the Christian ministry in Jamaica at that time were truly appalling. The brutalising, demoralising influence of slavery was especially manifested in the hostility of the planters and their representations to the messengers of truth. Act after act was passed by the Jamaica Legislature, with a view to obstruct the labours of the missionaries, and "wear out the saints of the Most High" among the negroes, by exposing them to cruel mockings and various modes of suffering. Had it not been for the interference of the Home Government, in disallowing or modifying those iniquitous laws, it would have been scarcely possible to persevere in the attempt to give religious instruction. Public and legalised oppression encouraged individual tyranny. The power given to managers of estates was most flagitiously abused, and many a poor slave endured degrading and painful punishment for no other offence than praying to his God. Profligacy was winked at: piety was proscribed. One case may be taken as a specimen, the narrative of which will be given in Mr. Knibb's own words:—

"Yes, he was a lovely Christian, and to him was given not only to believe in the name of Jesus, but also to suffer pain for his sake; he was a plantation slave, and had been promoted for his consistent conduct. A few years ago one of the slave members belonging to the Baptist church at Montego Bay was banished from his home, and sent to the estate where David lived, to be cured of his praying. By the pious conversation of this exiled Christian negro, David was brought under serious concern for his soul, which ended in his conversion to God. Acting up to the Christian negro's motto, 'what good for one negro, good for him brother too,' David spoke to his fellow slaves about Jesus and his love in dying for poor sinners. God, who despiseth not the humblest instrument, blessed the efforts of this poor negro, and in a short time about thirty on the estate began to pray, and at length built a small hut, in which after the labours of the day, they might assemble and worship God. Tidings of these things reached the ear of the white persons employed on the estate, and David was summoned before his attorney and asked whether he was teaching the slaves to pray. On replying in the affirmative, the hut was demolished and burnt, and David was stretched upon the earth and flogged with the cart-whip till his flesh was covered with his blood. Next Lord's day I missed my faithful deacon at the house of God. His afflicted wife came and told me the sad tale of his sufferings, and informed me that his hands were bound and his feet made fast in the stocks. Often did I inquire after him, and the same answer was returned, 'Massa him in the stocks;' till one morning as I sat in my piazza he appeared before the window. There he stood—I have his image now before me—he was handcuffed, bare foot, unable to wear his clothes from his yet unhealed back; his wife had fastened some of her garments round his lacerated body. I called him in and said:—

'David, David, what have you done?'

With a look of resignation, I shall never forget, he replied,

'Don't ask me, ask him that bring me, massa.' Turning to the negro who had him in charge, I said,

'Well, what has this poor man done?'

'Him pray, massa,' was the reply, 'and Buckra sending him to the workhouse for punishing.' I gave him some refreshment, for in the state I have described he had walked thirteen miles under a burning sun, and followed him to that den of cruelty, properly designated a Jamaica acquisition. He was chained to a fellow slave by the neck and sent to work on the Public Roads. The next day I went to visit him again, when I was informed by the Supervisor of the workhouse, that he had

received orders to have him flogged again, as soon as his back was well enough to bear it. In these chains David remained for months; frequently I saw him, but never did I hear one murmur or one complaint, except when he heard that the partner of his joys and sorrows was ill on the estate, and he was forbidden to go and see her.

At the end of three months he was liberated, and returning to the estate, was asked,

'Now, Sir, will you pray again?'

'*Maesa*,' said the persecuted disciple, 'you know me is a good slave, but if trouble come for dis me must pray, and me must teach me broder to pray too.'

Again he was immured in a dungeon, and his feet made fast in the stocks."

ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF HOUSES.

There is no point of domestic economy, which more seriously involves the health and daily comfort of American women, than the proper construction of houses. There are five particulars, to which attention should be given in building a house; namely, economy of labour, economy of money, economy of health, economy of comfort, and good taste. Some particulars will here be pointed out, under each of these heads.

The first respects *economy of labour*. In deciding upon the size and style of a house, the health and capacity of the house-keeper, and the probabilities of securing proper domestics, ought to be the very first consideration. If a man be uncertain as to his means for hiring service, or if he have a feeble wife, and be where properly-qualified domestics are scarce, it is very poor economy to build a large house, or to live in a style which demands much labour. Every room in a house adds to the expense involved in finishing and furnishing it, and to the amount of labour spent in sweeping, dusting, cleaning floors, paint, and windows, and taking care of, and repairing its furniture. Double the size of a house, and you double the labour of taking care of it, and so, *vice versa*. There is, in this Country, a very great want of calculation and economy in this matter.

The arrangement of rooms, and the proper supply of conveniences, are other points in which economy of labour and comfort is often disregarded. For example, a kitchen will be in one story, a sitting-room in another, and the nursery in a third. Nothing is more injurious to a feeble woman, than going up and down stairs; and yet, in order to gain two large parlors, to show to a few friends, or to strangers, immense sacrifices of health, comfort; and money, are made. If it be possible, the nursery, sitting-parlor, and kitchen, ought always to be on the same floor.

The position of wells and cisterns, and the modes of raising and carrying water, are other particulars, in which economy of labour and comfort is sadly neglected. With half the expense usually devoted to a sideboard or sofa, the water used from a well or cistern can be so conducted, as that, by simply turning a cock, it will flow to the place where it is to be used.

A want of economy, in labour and in money, is often seen in the shape and arrangement of houses, and in the style of ornaments and furniture. A *perfect square*, encloses more rooms, at less expense, than any other shape; while it has less surface exposed to external cold, and can be most easily warmed and ventilated. And the farther a house is removed from this shape, the more the expense is increased. Wings and kitchens built out, beyond a house, very much increase expense, both in building and warming them.

The *economy of comfort* is often violated, by arrangements made for domestics. Many a woman has been left to endure much hard labour and perplexity, because she chose to have money spent on handsome parlors and chambers, for company, which should have been devoted to providing a comfortable kitchen and chambers for domestics. Cramping the conveniences and comfort of a family, in order to secure elegant rooms to show to company, is a weakness and folly, which it is hoped will every year become less common.—*Catherine Beecher*.

RELATIVE IMPORTANCE OF DUTIES

It may be urged, that it is indispensable for most persons to give more time to earn a livelihood, and to prepare food, raiment,

and dwellings, than to any other object. But it may be asked, how much of the time, devoted to these objects, is employed in preparing varieties of food, not necessary, but rather injurious, and how much is spent for those parts of dress and furniture not indispensable, and merely ornamental? Let a woman subtract from her domestic employments all the time given to pursuits which are of no use, except as they gratify a taste for ornament, or minister increased varieties to tempt the appetite, and she will find, that much which she calls "domestic duties," and which prevent her attention to intellectual, benevolent, and religious objects, should be called by a very different name. No woman has a right to give up attention to the higher interests of herself and others, for the ornaments of taste, or the gratification of the palate. To a certain extent, these lower objects are lawful and desirable; but, when they intrude on nobler interests, they become selfish and degrading. Every woman, then, when employing her hands in ornamenting her person, her children, or her house, ought to calculate whether she has devoted *as much* time to the intellectual and moral wants of herself and others. If she has not, she may know that she is doing wrong, and that her system, for apportioning her time and pursuits, should be altered.

There is need of a very great change of opinion and practice, in this Nation, in regard to the subject of social and domestic duties. Many sensible and conscientious men spend all their time abroad, in business, except, perhaps, an hour or so at night, when they are so fatigued as to be unfitted for any social or intellectual enjoyment. And some of the most conscientious men in the Country will add to their professional business, public or benevolent enterprises, which demand time, effort, and money; and then excuse themselves for neglecting all care of their children, and efforts for their own intellectual improvement, or for the improvement of their families, by the plea that they have no time for it. All this arises from the want of correct notions of the binding obligation of our social and domestic duties. The main object of life is not to secure the various gratification of appetite or taste, but to *form such a character*, for ourselves and others, as will secure the greatest amount of present and future happiness. It is of far more consequence, then, that parents should be intelligent, social, affectionate, and agreeable at home and to their friends, than that they should earn money enough to live in a large house, and have handsome furniture. It is far more needful for children, that a father should attend to the formation of their character and habits, and aid in developing their social, intellectual, and moral nature, than it is, that he should earn money to furnish them with handsome clothes, and a variety of tempting food.

It will be wise for those parents, who find little time to attend to their children, or to seek amusement and enjoyment in the domestic and social circle, because their time is so much occupied with public cares or benevolent objects, to inquire whether their first duty is not to train up their own families to be useful members of society. A man who neglects the mind and morals of his children, to take care of the public, is in great danger of coming under a similar condemnation to that of him, who, neglecting to provide for his own household, has "denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

There are husbands and fathers who conscientiously subtract time from their business, to spend at home, in reading with their wives and children, and in domestic amusements which at once refresh and improve. The children of such parents will grow up with a love of home and kindred, which will be the greatest safeguard against future temptations, as well as the purest source of earthly enjoyment.—*Id.*

MARRIED AND SINGLE.—I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessity of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence, but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that, though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch.—Whereas, a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect, to rancy himself jolly and abandoned, and his heart to fall in ruin like some deserted mansion for want of an inhabitant.—*Washington Irving*.

"I'M GOING HOME."

BY THOMAS RAGO.

A poor and aged Christian, who had past upwards of 70 years on earth, seeing her friends weeping around her death bed, exclaimed, "Mourn not, I'm going home."

I'm going home, prepare the bridal wreath !
 My Saviour bids my happy spirit come ;
 Dimp not with tears the Christian's bed of death ;
 Rejoice !—I'm going home !

Earth hath its cares, for three-score years and ten,
 My lot has been 'midst thorny paths to roam ;
 I would not track those desert scenes again—
 'Tis past !—I'm going home !

The dove hath found her nest—the storm-tossed found
 A place of rest beyond the dashing foam
 Of grief's wild billows : thither am I bound ;
 Joy, joy !—I'm going home !

Earth's flowers all fade—there fadeless roses blow ;
 Earth's sunniest light is shaded by the tomb ;
 Earth's loves all slumber in the vault below—
 Death dwells not in that home.

I see the city of the blest on high,
 With the freed spirit's ken, I come ! I come !
 Ye calling voices, catch my heart's reply—
 Home ! home ! I'm going home !

CLIMBING PLANTS.

There are some plants which grow right up—erect in their own sturdy self-sufficiency, and there are some feeble ones which take hold with their hands and clasp and climb. The soul of man is like these last. Even in his best estate he was not meant to grow insulated and stand alone. He is not strong enough for that. He has not within himself resources sufficient to fill himself. He is not fit to be his own all-in-all. The make of his mind is an outgoing, exploring, petitionary make. The soul of man is a clasping, clinging soul, seeking to something over which it can spread itself, and by means of which it can support itself. And just as in a neglected garden you may see the poor creepers making shift to sustain themselves as best they can ; one convolvulus twisting round another, and both dragging on the ground ; a clematis leaning on the door which will by and by open and let the whole mass fall down ; a vine or a passion-flower wreathing round a prop which all the while is poisoning it ; so in this fallen world it is mournful to see the efforts which human souls are making to get some sufficient object to lean upon and twine around. One clasps a glittering prop, and it poisons him. The love of money blasts his soul, and it hangs round his self-chosen stay, a blighted, withered thing. Another spreads himself more amply over a broad surface of creature-comfort,—a snug dwelling, and a well furnished library, and a pleasant neighbourhood, with a command of everything that heart can wish, and a steady income buy,—but death opens the door, and, with nothing but vacancy to lean upon, he falls over on the other side, all helpless and dejected. And a still greater number groping about along the ground, clutch to one another, and intertwine their tendrils mutually, and by forming friendships, and congenial intimacies, and close relations, try to satisfy their leaning, loving nature in this way. But it answers little end. The make of a man's soul is upward, and one climber cannot lift another off the ground. And the growth of man's soul is luxuriant, and that growth must be stifled, checked, and scanty, if he have no larger space over which to diffuse his aspirations, his affections, and his efforts, than the surface of a fellow-creature's soul. But, weedy as this world-garden is, the Tree of Life still grows in the midst of it,—erect in his own omnipotent self-sufficiency, and inviting every weary straggling soul to lay hold of his everlasting strength, and expatiate upwards along the infinite ramifications of his endless excellencies, and all-inviting love.

God has formed the soul of man of a leaning, dependant make ; and for the healthy growth and joyful development of that soul, it is essential that he should have some object far higher and nobler than himself to dispend his desires and delights upon. That object is revealed in the gospel. That object is Immanuel. His

divinity is the Almighty prop—able to sustain the adhering soul, so that it shall never perish nor come into condemnation—the omnipotent support which bears the clinging spirit loftily and securely, so that the whirling temptations which vex it cannot rend it from the Tree of Life, and that the muddy plash, which soils and beats into the earth its sprawling neighbours, cannot tarnish the verdant serenity and limpid glories of its flowering head. And just as his divine strength is the omnipotent prop of the adhering soul, so his divine resources and his human sympathy make him the all-sufficient object, over which, each emotion and each desire of regenerate humanity may boundlessly diffuse itself. And however delicate your feelings, however eager your affections, and however multitudinous the necessities of your intricate nature, there is that in this Heavenly Friend which meets them every one. There are in his unimaginable compassions, and in his benignant fellow-feelings, holds sufficient for every craving tendril and eager clasper of the human heart, to fix upon and wreath around.—*Rev. James Hamilton.*

NEWS.

SEED POTATOES.—We observe by the import list that two vessels arrived last week from South America, having on board about 100 barrels of potatoes, which we understand were expressly ordered by the importers for seed. It was from South America the potato was first brought to Europe, and it is reasonable to suppose that seed from the indigenous soil will be highly prized at the present moment. Some years ago a small quantity of potatoes was brought from the same quarter, and used as seed by a farmer in Dumfrireshire. The produce, we are informed, turned out very superior.—*Liverpool Albion.*

COMMERCIAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.—A soiree, or tea party, of the Glasgow Commercial Abstinence Society, was held in the Merchants' Hall, Hutcheson street, on Tuesday evening—J. M'Gavin, Esq., president of the association, in the chair. The company was large and respectable. The chairman mentioned that the number of members had already increased to 130; and there was one very important and pleasing feature in the Society, which was, that out of this number, seventy were travellers.

BATHS FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.—We understand that the sub-committee appointed by the Bath Association have purchased that property, No. 12 Nicholson-square, for the purpose of erecting the public baths. Possession will be obtained at Whitsunday first, and thus there is every reason to believe that the object so much desired—baths for the working classes—will be completed during the ensuing summer.—*Scotsman.*

AMERICAN ICE.—A vessel called the America, arrived in the St. Katherine's Dock, two or three days since, from Boston, United States, having on board, with the exception of twenty-eight boxes of provisions, a cargo consisting entirely of ice, amounting to the immense quantity of 460 tons weight.—*London Sun.* (What a business the St. Lawrence might do in ice!)

The white trousers, as an article of summer dress for soldiers, will no longer be worn, and on the first of May next they will, for the first time, appear in an article of darker texture, more serviceable, and less liable to be soiled.

SOLDIERS.—The English army, including the number of troops employed by the East India Company, amounts to about 140,000 men. The French army of the line amounts to 300,000, of which 60,000 are in Algiers. Our regular army, when the two additional regiments are recruited, will be about 8,000.—*American Paper.*

A. W. Gray, of Middleton, has invented a machine for making wrought nails. It can be worked by one horse, or any other power equal, and turn out one hundred pounds per day, as smooth as cut nails, and better than those made by the hammer. It is thought to be a very valuable invention, which promises much both to himself and the community. He has already applied for letters patent.—*Id.*

At the Detroit charter election, held on the 2nd inst., the electors voted against granting licenses to taverns and groceries, by a large majority.

PUBLISHING OFFICE.

FROM and after the 1st May next, R. D. WADSWORTH will open a Publishing Office at No. 4, EXCHANGE COURT, Montreal, at which the following Periodicals will be published, viz. :—

The "Montreal Witness" every Monday evening.

The "People's Magazine" on the 1st and 15th of every month—1s. 3d. for first half-year.

The "Canada Temperance Advocate," semi-monthly—2s. 6d. per annum.

The "Record of the French Canadian Missionary Society," quarterly—1s. 3d. per annum.

The "Children's Missionary and Sabbath School Record," monthly—1s. per annum.

Orders and remittances for any or all of the above publications may be included in the same letters, and addressed to Mr. Wadsworth, Montreal, April, 1846.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE is printed by JOHN C. BECKET, 211½ St Paul Street, for the proprietor, JOHN DOUGALL, and published semi-monthly, by R. D. WADSWORTH, to whom all orders should be addressed, post-paid.

TERMS:—1½d. per Single Copy, or 1s. per Dozen. Semi-Annual Subscription, exclusive of Postage, 1s. 3d., payable in Advance.