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THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1846.

No. 5

SPECIMENS OF OLD ENGLISH POETS.

No. II.—CHAUCER.

Portraits from the Pilgrimage to Canterbury.

[Chaucer wrote in the last half of the fourteenth century, and has ever since enjoyed a high reputation. His description of manners, customs, and characters, belong of course wholly to Roman Catholic times, as the reformation in Britain did not take place until nearly a century afterwards. The three portraits given in our last were those of a Nun, a Monk, and a Friar, being, we may presume, ordinary specimens of the three monastic orders. The next that we shall give is a very different character. He is described as a poor person (parson) of the town, and a learned clerk, and is evidently a specimen of the faithful under-shepherds whom the great Shepherd of the sheep raises up for himself in all ages.]

THE PARSON.

A good man ther was of religioun,
That was a poure Person of a town :
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a Clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche ;
His parishens devoutly would he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient,—
And swiche he was ypreved often sithes :
Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes :
But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,
Unto his poure parishens, aboute,
Of his offring, and, eke, of his substance.
He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder ;
But he ne lef nought, for no rain ne thunder,
In sikeness and in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,—
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,—
That, first, he wrought ; and, afterward, he taught.
Out of the gospel he tho wördes caught,
And this figure he added yet therto,
That if gold ruste, what shulde iron do ?
For if a preeste be foule, on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewed man to rust ;
And shame it is, if that a preest take kepe,
To see a shitten shepherd and clene shepe.
Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve
By his clenenesse, how his shepe shulde live.
He sette not his benefice to hire,
And lette his shepe acombred in the mire,
And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,
To seken him a chanterie for soules ;
Or with a brotherhede to be withold ;
But dwelt at home and kepte wel his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie ;
He was a shepherd and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,—
He was, to sinful men, not dispitous ;
Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne ;
But, in his teching, discrete and benigne.
To drawn folk to heven, with fairnesse,
By good ensample, was his besinesse :
But if it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were of highe, or low estat,
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.
A better preest I trowe that no wher non is.
He waited after no pomp ne reverence,
Ne maked him no spiced conscience :
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught,—but first he folwed it himselfe.

[The next and last that we shall give, though there are many more, and all interesting, is the Miller—a character who is always represented in old poetry as being endowed with a large measure of the might which then often made right, and ready to exercise that might in no very scrupulous way. This is more than hinted in the present case, where it is said he could steal corn well, and take toll thrice.]

THE MILLER.

The Miller was a stout carl for the nones,
Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones ;
That proved wel ; for over all ther he came,
At wrastling he wold here away the ram.
He was short shuldered, brode, a thikke gnarre,
Ther n'as no dore, that he n'olde heve of barre.
Or breke it at a renning with his hede.
His berde as any sowe or fox was rede,
And therto brode, as though it were a spade :
Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
A wert, and theron stode a tuste of heres,
Rede as the bristles of a sowes eres :
His nose-thirles blacke were and wide.
A swerd and bokeler he bare by his side.
His mouth as wide was as a forneis :
He was a jangler and a goliardeis,
And that was most of sinne and harlotries,
Wel coude he stelen corne and tollen thries.
And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.
A white cote and a blew hode wered he.
A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and sounne,
And therwithall he brought us out of tounne.

LOUISE DE LORRAINE.

A TALE FROM HISTORY.

On the 30th of April 1553, at Nomein, in a Gothic chateau on the banks of the Seine, was born the Princess Louise, daughter of Marguerite d'Égmond, the first wife of Nicolas, Duc de Mercœur and Comte de Vaudemont. At the birth of this child there was no prince in the eldest branch of the house of Lorraine. Nicolas anxiously desired a son ; therefore the little girl was received more with resignation than pleasure. She was not baptised, with the pomp due to her rank, at the cathedral of Nancy, where her cousin the Duc Charles de Lorraine then ruled, but received the baptismal rite at the little chapel of Nomein : her sponsors were the bishop of Toul and the Comtesse Louise de Salins, whose name was given to her.

The little Louise was scarcely two years old when Madame de Champy, her governess, one day came to seek her, all in tears, and bore her to the couch of her dying mother, who had never recovered the birth of Louise. Tapers were burning at the foot of the bed, whilst a kneeling priest recited the prayers for the dying. These prayers, repeated in a sad and monotonous tone by the persons around, filled the poor child's heart with terror, and she uttered loud cries. Her voice seemed to restore the dying mother to life ; the comtesse extended her arms, and Louise forgot her fear in embracing her parent, who unsfastened from her own neck a string of pearls, to which was suspended a sacred relic. 'May this guard thee, my child, as it has protected me,' said the dying mother, putting the necklace over the fair golden curls of Louise ; 'and never, never part with it !' Then, unable to speak more, she pressed her already cold lips to the forehead of Louise, and signed to Madame de Champy to remove her quickly, lest the child should be witness to her death.

The Comte de Vaudemont loved his wife tenderly, and for a long time could not endure the sight of the infant whose birth had caused so grievous a loss. Louise was entirely confided to her governess, whose attachment to her pupil increased in proportion

to the father's neglect. She was wholly engrossed with the care of Louise—in guarding her health, forming her mind, and implanting the germ of that fervent piety which so distinguished the house of Lorraine. But this strong affection, almost bordering on passion, rendered her often unjust to those who did not thus idolise her pupil. Mademoiselle de Montvert, under-governess to the young princess, added to this by flattery, so that the excellent disposition of Louise alone saved her from being ruined by indulgence. But if natural good qualities pass unscathed through this ordeal, still the sweetest temper is not proof against prejudice imbibed from those whom we love and revere.

The Comte de Vaudemont, having no son, thought of a second marriage. It was soon known that he had demanded the hand of Jeanne de Savoie, sister of the Duc de Nemours. This intelligence grieved the kind heart of Madame de Champy. 'The poor child will then have a stepmother,' cried she. 'Ah! Heaven have mercy on her!' and without considering the effect of her words on a girl four years old, she repeated them continually; and when the child questioned her on this fearful misfortune, she replied that it was meet to submit to the will of Heaven. So the fears of the princess were lulled.

'What is a stepmother?' said she one day to Mademoiselle de Montvert.

'It is a monster who brings ruin on families,' answered the under-governess.

'Ah!' cried Louise in terror, 'it is then a woman who beats little children?'

'Too often so,' replied Mademoiselle de Montvert; but then repenting having so said, she tried to weaken the effect of her expressions by adding that all stepmothers were not cruel—that some were very kind to their husband's children. But the impression was made; and on the marriage-day, when the Comte de Vaudemont desired Louise to embrace her second mother, the child fled away weeping, and nothing could induce her to receive the caresses of her stepmother. Troubled at this estrangement, yet considering it natural, the comtesse took the part of Louise, and opposed her being sent to a convent, as the Comte de Vaudemont had angrily decided.

Two years passed, and still the dislike of Louise to her stepmother remained unconquered. This sentiment, first roused by the lamentations of Madame de Champy, had become invincible; and the comtesse, despairing of winning the love of Louise, saw her no more, except at family solemnities.

At the age of seven, the princess was seized with small-pox, and was in the greatest danger. She was immediately sent to the chateau of Nomein. Madame de Champy shut herself up with the sick child, quitted her neither night nor day, and became so distracted with grief when the physicians declared the crisis had arrived, that she was borne fainting to her chamber, where she was confined for some time with fever and delirium. Mademoiselle de Montvert had left the chateau through fear at the first symptoms of the disease. Who was there to care for and watch over the poor little princess?

The malady affected her eyes; for four days she was unable to open them; and when reason returned, she called her 'dear kind friend,' *sa bonne amie*, for so she entitled Madame de Champy.

'Why is she not here?' said the child sobbing.

'Because she is very ill herself,' said a sweet affectionate voice, 'and she needs repose. But I am here to tend you as carefully as she, my dear child. Do not disquiet yourself, but drink this; it was she who desired me to intreat you to obey me.' This request was spoken in so winning a tone, that, in spite of her repugnance, Louise swallowed the potion which touched her lips.

'Who then are you?' asked she.

'A new nurse, who will replace your governess until she recovers.'

'Ah! you will not remain with me all night, as she did?'

'Yes, my child, I will stay with you night and day until you are strong and well, and then we will try to amuse you. You will love me a little then, will you not?'

'Yes, yes,' answered Louise, seeking with her burning hand that of the person who spoke. 'I see now that it is *ma bonne amie* who sent you. You love little children? you are not a stepmother?'

The hand which Louise held was drawn slowly away; a long silence ensued. 'What is your name?' asked the sick girl.

'Jeanne,' was the reply.

'Well then, Jeanne, do you know any pretty stories, such as

Madame de Champy tells me, where there are handsome knights of Lorraine, and tournaments, and hermits?'

'Certainly, I know some very interesting ones, which will send you to sleep as soon as hers.' She began, and in a short time Louise slept; and this quiet slumber dispelled her fever. Two days after, she was considered out of danger, but the effect of the disease on her face was dreaded. The physicians declared that she would be disfigured if she touched the spots which covered her features, and proposed to fasten her hands. The idea of being so restrained made the little invalid desperate; but her new nurse engaged to watch her so carefully, as to prevent her touching her face. Louise wished to embrace her; and Jeanne feared not to take the grateful child in her arms, nor to remain day and night, her eyes fixed on the little sufferer. Invalids are often capricious and wilful. Louise, disliking the camphor odour of a lotion with which her eyes were bathed, refused to have it applied. Neither intreaties nor declarations that she would always remain blind could move her; and the physician departed, saying, 'If she will not be saved from blindness, I can do no more.'

'Who is weeping there?' asked Louise.

'It is I,' said Jeanne. 'How can I but be troubled, since you will be blind through your own fault?'

'Well, then, do not weep,' answered Louise in a softened voice; 'come and bathe my eyes. I will do all you wish; only do not weep.'

Jeanne took the liquid and bathed the child's eyes, praising her for her docility.

'Oh,' cried Louise with delirious joy, 'I can see! I can see clearly!' In truth her eyelids had half-opened, but the broad daylight caused them to shut quickly again.

Jeanne rushed to the window, drew close the thick damask curtains, and the partial obscurity thus obtained enabled the young princess to look around her.

'Jeanne, Jeanne!' said she, 'come, that I may see thee.' But Jeanne hid herself behind the curtains at the foot of the bed. 'Where art thou, Jeanne? Ah! it is no longer night! How happy I am! It is thou who hast cured me! Come, and let me thank thee: come, dear Jeanne! Art thou not happy also?'

'Yes, I am very happy,' replied Jeanne, advancing to take the hand which Louise extended to her. But the child, struck with sudden terror, cried out, 'Oh Heaven! the comtesse!' and fell back almost insensible on her pillow.

'No, no, it is thy mother,' said Jeanne of Savoy, bathing the wasted arms of Louise with her warm tears. 'See what thou makest her suffer! Awake, and console her!'

The tones of her voice recalled to the child's heart all the care of this tender nurse, and her fears vanished. 'You do love me, then?' said she. She was answered by fond embraces.

Thus love and confidence were established between the kind stepmother and her daughter. Louise, repenting her unjust prejudice against her, promised her the affection and submission of a child. This promise, springing from gratitude, was easily fulfilled, for the comtesse became the best of mothers to the young princess.

Louise de Lorraine grew up a lovely girl; and her stepmother conducted her to the court of the Duc Charles, to be placed with the Duchesse Claude, daughter of Henri II. and Catherine de Medicis. There Jeanne of Savoy applied herself in developing all the good and amiable qualities of Louise, and in giving her that refinement and grace of manner which the Duchesse Claude had introduced from France into the court of Lorraine.

But the princess was called soon to deplore the loss of this second mother, so worthily beloved. The comte married again. His third choice was Catherine de Lorraine, daughter of the Duc d'Anjou; a haughty and jealous woman, hating Louise on account of her great beauty. The life of the princess was now as bitter as it had before been sweet. Each day she received fresh unkindness from her stepmother; and, to obtain a few hours' peace, she asked permission of her father to go on a weekly pilgrimage to the shrine of San Nicolas. History tells us that she went thither dressed as a peasant girl, accompanied by her maids of honour, a gentleman, and a lacquey; giving away in alms the twenty-five crowns she received as her monthly allowance.

One evening, returning much wearied, she was about to retire to rest, although it was still early. Catherine de Lorraine entered her apartment, saying ironically, 'What, mademoiselle! are you about to retire at this hour, and steal away from the admiration which awaits you always? Are you not the star of the court of

Lorraine, and can we receive a king here without showing him the fairest thing we possess?

'Pardon me, madame; I do not understand you,' said Louise.

'What! do you not know that the young king was to pass here on his way to be crowned at Warsaw; that he is arrived, but will depart to-morrow; and that the Duc Charles wishes to give a festival to-night in his honour, and to show him all that is most worthy of notice at court?'

'I think, madame, that I may dispense with this honour.'

'No, no,' replied the comtesse; 'your father commands you to dress yourself immediately, and to follow me.'

This imperious command was obeyed. Louise retired, and soon appeared in a court dress, simple but elegant, which showed to perfection her noble and graceful figure. Without ornament, she appeared most lovely. As soon as the young prince saw her, he stood mute with admiration. None of the young beauties with which Catherine de Medicis loved to surround her son, had given him the least idea of a creature so perfectly lovely. Too much struck to do more than politely greet her, Henri placed himself by his sister, the Duchesse Claude, and overwhelmed her with questions about her beautiful cousin. The duchesse answered that Louise was as good as she was lovely; citing, as a proof of her gentleness, her constant submission to the unkindness of her stepmother. Henri uttered some words of indignation, and treated the Comte de Vaudemont and his wife with marked coldness.

The king's journey was precisely fixed; and to retard it a day, or to alter a stage, was to expose it to numberless inconveniences. In spite of the representations of his attendants, Henri determined to stay one day at Nancy. 'He wished,' he said, 'to spend a little more time with his sister; and then it was so sad to quit *la belle France*, even to gain a crown!'

Hunting, feasting, and dancing, occupied the second day. Never had the prince appeared to more advantage: his grace, his elegance, his noble countenance, charmed every one. All thought it unfortunate that a prince so winning and agreeable should leave France to reign in Poland; and Louise felt the same. The departure of the young king left her to her accustomed sadness. The jealousy of her stepmother, excited by the brilliant success of the princess, invented all sorts of stratagems to ruin her in the estimation of the Comte de Vaudemont. Unjustly treated by her father, persecuted by her stepmother, the courage of Louise grew fainter and fainter, and she resolved to enter a cloister.

The death of Charles IX. called the young king of Poland to the throne of France. The whole nation rejoiced at this event; for the remembrance of the victories of Jarnac and Montcontour, gained by Henri at the age of eighteen, proved his valour; his generosity was well known; and a brave and generous king is so beloved in France!

Louise alone was indifferent to this intelligence. What to her was the elevation of a prince whom she had seen but once, and who doubtless had entirely forgotten her? She dared not demand protection against her enemy, for this enemy was the wife of her father.

One morning, while still sleeping, the Princess Louise was roused by the opening of her door. It was the Comtesse de Vaudemont. Louise doubted not but that she came to reproach her, and excused herself for not having waited on her morning toilet.

'It is I who ought attend yours, Madame la Princesse,' replied the comtesse with deference, 'and to ask pardon for not having shown you proper respect. You are queen of France: you are promised to the king in marriage: I hasten to tell you the news. But you are good and generous. Oh then, forget my errors, and refuse not to my children, your brothers, your august protection—for their sakes, pardon their mother!'

The princess believed herself still dreaming—surprise took away her utterance. She, the daughter of a younger branch of the house of Lorraine, to pretend to an alliance with the greatest king in Europe! It could not but be a delusion, or a stratagem to try her pride. She was about to speak, and to declare that she was not to be duped by this address, when her cousin, the Duc de Lorraine, entered with her father, to inform her of the king's demand, and to prepare her to receive the homage paid to her by the Marquis du Guastre, in the name of his illustrious master.

It was no dream. Henri III., charmed by the beauty of the Princess Louise, and still more by her noble character, preferred her to the loftiest alliances in Europe.

Scarcely recovered from her astonishment, the princess prepared

to receive those of the court of Lorraine whose rank permitted them to pay their congratulations. Then she was conducted to mass as queen of France. As she entered the chapel, her eyes fell on the Comtesse de Vaudemont, who was weeping.

'Embrace me,' cried Louise. 'It is said that, when on a throne, one forgets one's friends; as for me, I will only forget my enemies.'

At these words of pardon the comtesse fell on her knees before the young princess; and all the people cried aloud, '*Long live our good Queen!*'—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE SCIENCE OF GOOD AND BAD BUTTER.

Good butter is made of sweet cream, with perfect neatness; is of a high colour, perfectly sweet, free from buttermilk, and possesses a fine grass flavour.

Tolerable butter, differs from this only in not having a *fine flavour*. It is devoid of all unpleasant taste, but has not a high relish.

Whatever is less than this is bad butter; the catalogue is long, and the descending scale is marked with more varieties than one may imagine.

Variety 1. *Buttermilk butter*.—This has not been well worked, and has the taste of fresh buttermilk. It is not very disagreeable to such as love fresh buttermilk; but as it is a flavour not expected in good butter, it is usually disagreeable.

Variety 2. *Strong butter*.—This is one step farther along, and the buttermilk is changing and beginning to assert its right to predominate over the butteraceous flavour; yet it may be eaten with some pleasure if done rapidly, accompanied with very good bread.

Variety 3. *Frowy or frowsy butter*.—This is a second degree of strength attained by the buttermilk. It has become pungent, and too disagreeable for any but absent-minded eaters.

Variety 4. *Rancid butter*.—This is the putrescent stago. No description will convey, to those who have not tasted it, an idea of its unearthly flavour; while those who have, will hardly thank us for stirring up such awful remembrances by any description.

Variety 5. *Bitter butter*.—Bitterness is, for the most part, incident to winter-butter. When one has but little cream and is long in collecting enough for the churn, he will be very apt to have bitter butter.

Variety 6. *Musty butter*.—In summer, especially in damp, unventilated cellars, cream will gather mould. Whenever this appears, the pigs should be set to churn it. But instead, if but just touched, it is quickly churned; or, if much moulded, it is slightly skimmed, as if the flavour of mould, which has struck through the whole mass, could be removed by taking off the coloured portion! The peculiar taste arising from this affection of the milk, blessed be the man who need to be told it!

Variety 7. *Sourmilk butter*.—This is made from milk which has been allowed to sour, the milk and cream being churned up together. The flavour is that of greasy sour milk.

Variety 8. *Vinegar-butter*.—There are some who imagine that all milk should be soured before it is fit to churn. When, in cool weather, it delays to change, they expedite the matter by some acid—usually vinegar. The butter strongly retains the flavour thereof.

Variety 9. *Cheesy butter*.—Cream comes quicker by being heated. If sour cream be heated it is very apt to separate and deposit a *whey*: if this be strained into the churn with the cream, the butter will have a strong cheesy flavour.

Variety 10. *Granulated butter*.—When, in winter, sweet cream is over-heated, preparatory to churning, it produces butter full of *grains*, as if there were meal in it.

Variety 11. In this we will comprise the two opposite kinds—*too salt*, and *unsalted butter*. We have seen butter exposed for sale with such masses of salt in it that one is tempted to believe that it was put in as a make-weight. When the salt is coarse, the operation of eating this butter affords those who have good teeth a pleasing variety of grinding.

Variety 12. *Lard butter*.—When lard is cheap and abundant, and butter rather dear, it is thought profitable to combine the two.

Variety 13. *Mixed butter*.—When the shrewd housewife has several separate churning of butter on hand, some of which would hardly be able to go alone, she puts them together, and those who buy, find out that "*Union is strength!*" Such but-

ter is pleasingly marbled; dumps of white, of yellow, and of dingy butter melting into each other, until the whole is ring-streaked and speckled.

Variety 14. *Compound butter*.—By compound butter we mean that which has received contributions from things animate and inanimate; feathers, hairs, rags of cloth, threads, specks, chips, straws, seeds; in short, everything is at one time or another to be found in it, going to produce the three successive degrees of dirty, filthy, nasty.

Variety 15. *Tough butter*.—When butter is worked too long after the expulsion of buttermilk, it assumes a gluey, putty-like consistence, and is tough when eaten. But oh! rare fault! we would go ten miles to pay our admiring respects to that much-to-be-praised dairy-maid whose zeal leads her to work her butter too much! We doubt, however, if a pound of such butter was ever seen in this place.

Besides all these, whose history we have correctly traced, besides butter tasting of turpentine from being made in pine churns; butter bent on travelling in hot weather; butter dotted, like cloves on a boiled ham, with flies, which Solomon assured us causeth the ointment to stink; besides butter in rusty tin pans, and in dirty swaddling clothes; besides butter made of milk, drawn from a dirty cow, by a dirtier hand, into a yet dirtier pail, and churned in a churn the dirtiest of all; besides all these sub-varieties, there are several other, with which we have formed an acquaintance, but found ourselves baffled at analysis. We could not even guess the cause of their peculiarities. Oh Dr. Leibig! how we have longed for your skill in analytic chemistry! What consternation would we speedily send among the slatternly butter-makers, revealing the mysteries of their dirty doings with more than mesmeric facility?

And now, what is the reason that good butter is so great a rarity? Is it a hereditary curse in some families? or is it a punishment sent us for our ill-deserts? A few good butter makers in every neighbourhood are a standing proof that it is nothing but bad housewifery; mere, sheer carelessness which turns the luxury of the churn into an utterly nauseating abomination.

Select cows for quality and not for quantity of milk; give them sweet and sufficient pasturage; keep clean yourself; milk into a clean pail; strain into clean pans—(pans scalded, scoured, and sunned, and if tin, with every particle of milk rubbed out of the seams.) While it is yet sweet, churn it; if it delays to come, add a little saleratus; work it thoroughly, three times, salting it at the second working; put it into a cool place, and then despatch your tempting rolls to market.—*Western Farmer*.

LANDING AT ALEXANDRIA.

(From Mrs. Romer's *Pilgrimage to the Temples and Towns of Egypt*, &c.)

Landing at Alexandria is a most formidable affair. As soon as the steamer appears in sight, troops of camels and asses, with their noisy drivers, hasten down to the landing place, and before the inexperienced stranger is aware of what is about to happen to him, he beholds his baggage carried off and piled upon one of the kneeling camels by a score of half-naked, one-eyed Fellahs, and finds himself seized in the arms of somebody, and lifted, whether he will or no, upon a donkey, to the manifest disappointment of a dozen clamorous expectants, who shout forth in English, in a variety of tones; "Want a donkey, sir?"—"Very good donkey, sir, better than a horse."—"Go to Pompey's Pillar, sir?"—"Dat donkey go very bad."—"My donkey go faster than steam-boat!" And fast indeed they do go, and away the new comer is hurried to the great square of Alexandria, where the two European hotels, frequented by travellers, are situated, before he has made up his mind at which of them he will put up.

Having decided upon only devoting a day or two to Alexandria at present, and leaving the labour of sight-seeing to our return, we commenced our rambles betimes yesterday morning by a drive to Pompey's Pillar. Nothing that we had yet seen, either externally or internally, in point of architecture, had given us the idea of an Egyptian city; the great square, in which we are lodged with its numerous Consular residencies and its spacious hotels looks thoroughly European; and the Frank quarter in which it stands is composed of mean-looking wretched streets, where every second house bears the name and calling of some French, Italian,

or Greek tradesman. But in going to Pompey's Pillar, we passed by the Arab quarter, occupied solely by the Fellah population of Alexandria; and there most certainly a novel sight met our eyes, and we were introduced to a personal acquaintance with the misery and debasement to which the wretched population of Egypt is reduced by the oppressions of an arbitrary government and a despotic ruler. Yet in the midst of squalor and poverty unequalled perhaps in any part of the world, these poor Fellahs, lodged in mud hovels sometimes too low to admit of their standing upright in them, scantily fed with the worst and coarsest food, covered over only with a blue cotton shirt, and their children completely naked, contrive to preserve a semblance of cleanliness about their habitations, which is not to be found in the villages of Ireland and Scotland. The streets are scrupulously swept, and not a vestige of animal or vegetable refuse is to be discovered even in any remote corner, nor does any disagreeable effluvia offend the sense of smelling as one walks through those narrow ways, bordered by houses such as we should consider scarcely good enough to shelter our pigs in England, and inhabited by a people notoriously unclean in their persons. Many of them were seated outside of their dwellings, the women covered to the eyes in a large blue cotton wrapping cloth, which, with a pair of loose trousers of the same material, forms their only garment, and is fastened over the nose either by a brass ornament, a row of small coins, or a few coral beads, and wearing massive bracelets of silver or brass upon their naked tattooed arms.

WE CAN ALL HELP.

Four little children were playing together near some water, when one of them fell in and would have been drowned, had not his brother jumped in after him and pulled him out. Another brother helped to carry him home, and their little sister followed them. A little while after, their father, who had heard of what had taken place, called them into his study, that he might reward them as they deserved. He then asked the first, "What did you do when you saw your brother drowning?" "I rushed in after him and brought him out." "You did well; here is your reward." "And what did you do?" turning to the second. "I helped to carry him home." "That was right; here is your reward." "And what did you do when you saw your brother sinking?" speaking to the little girl of three years old. "I prayed, papa." Well, that was all you could do; here is a book for you too.

Now, dear children, some of you, when you grow up, can go to the heathen who are perishing, and tell them the way of salvation. Some, like the second brother, can help in leading them to heaven by assisting the missionaries, and giving your money to their support. Some of you cannot do either; you cannot go to heathen lands, and you are too poor to give any money; but you can imitate the little girl, you can cry to God for them; you can pray that he would bless the missionaries and make them very, very useful. *You can all help.*—*Youth's Record*.

APPLES OF GOLD.

When the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also to her husband with her, and he did eat, Genesis iii. 6. Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lusts, and enticed. Then, when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin, etc. James i. 14, 15.

Thus one sin always begets another; by the eyes it rushes into the heart: from the heart it proceeds into the mouth, hands, and feet; from us it is transferred upon others; and thus we go on sinning and falling deeper and deeper. Therefore, we must set a strict guard over our eyes and ears; be very cautious, and resist the least beginnings of sin, not making light of any; for the least spark of worldly lust being entertained and cherished, we eat of the forbidden tree, standing every way before us; and thereby a great fire may be kindled. But having always our eyes fixed, and all our conversation upon the presence of God in Christ, so as to walk continually in the light, and directly to quell the least inward motions of evil, they will never break forth into gross outward sins, but we shall daily grow in grace. May the Lord enable me to practise this good lesson, and watch himself continually over my heart, eyes, lips, and all other senses and thoughts.

With my whole heart I seek thy face;
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.

Thy word I hide within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. 1.

NAPOLEON'S PERSEVERANCE.



Napoleon and his Generals.

We give the following portion of a dialogue between an uncle and his nephew, published by the Religious Tract Society:—

"One very remarkable thing Napoleon did before becoming emperor, which showed how much he possessed the valuable quality of perseverance: he crossed the Alps with his army at a place which used to be considered impassable."

"I have read at school, uncle, of Hannibal crossing the Alps, and melting the rocks with vinegar!"

"True; but Hannibal's march was not to be compared with Napoleon's in point of difficulty. You will recollect, I dare say, that Napoleon conquered Italy before he went to Egypt. When he was in the latter country, however, the Italians had driven the French out of Italy; and Napoleon, on his return to France, was anxious to conquer it again. He found, however, all the roads into Italy defended by so many large armies that he was afraid to attack them. He asked, therefore, if there were no other road into Italy. They told him there was a narrow path among rocks and precipices, winding along the sides of high mountains, which had been frequented by smugglers; but by which it was madness to think of taking an army, as it was only possible, in many parts of the road, for one man to walk at a time. He said, however, that there was nothing impossible to perseverance, and determined to proceed. The place where he had to cross is so wild that it is called the valley of desolation. The road at times winds along the face of fearful precipices, where a single false step would be instant destruction. In every direction, too, nothing but a dreary waste of snow meets the eye."

"How could he possibly manage to get his army through such a place, uncle?"

"It does certainly appear almost incredible, however he managed it. The large cannon were all dismounted, and put into trunks of trees hollowed out for the purpose. A hundred soldiers would be employed to draw each of these cannon. Napoleon marched beside the men, and cheered them on. The fatigue and toil of the march were excessive. The men, although tired, durst not stop; for, if they did so, the ground was so slippery that those who followed behind them might have been pushed down some of the precipices. Sometimes, however, the men came to places so dangerous, that it seemed impossible to cross them, and the soldiers were brought to a full halt. At these times, Napoleon would order the drums to be beat, and the trumpets to be sounded, when cheered by the music they would push forward, and overcome every difficulty. The soldiers on their march came to the convent of St. Bernard, where those fine dogs, that seek for travellers who lose their way in the snow, are kept. The monks who lived in this convent, gave every soldier, as he passed, a luncheon of bread and cheese, and a glass of wine."

"Very refreshing it would be, too, in such a cold place, and after such hard work!"

"It must have been very nice, I dare say. However to finish the story, Napoleon crossed safely with all his army, took Italy quite by surprise, and conquered it; for they no more expected that an army could have crossed that way than that it could have dropped down from the clouds."

"That was certainly wonderful perseverance of Napoleon, uncle. I think that is one of the best stories you have told about him."

"It was no doubt wonderful perseverance; but let us reflect for a moment on the purpose for which it was used. It was not

a good purpose: the cause was one in which thousands of poor people were made miserable only to gratify the ambition of one man. Ah! think, my dear boy, how such perseverance, if used for the glory of God, might have benefited mankind. The name of Napoleon would then have gone down to posterity with blessings upon it, instead of reproaches. I could tell you, if time permitted, many other stories about Napoleon; and how his power increased until he conquered more than a dozen kingdoms, and made almost all his brothers kings."

"Almost all of them kings!"

"Yes; but they lived to become common men again; for they all lost their crowns afterwards, as you will hear by and by. When Wilberforce, that good man, got his measure carried in the British Parliament for putting an end to the slave-trade, it was just at the time Napoleon had been making his brothers kings. One gentleman in the House of Commons, rose and said that he would rather have the pleasure that Mr. Wilberforce must have in going home that night to his family, and telling them how many hundred thousands of persons he had been the means of making happy, than be Napoleon with all his greatness!"

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

The evening and the morning were the first day—*Genesis* i. 5.

This phrase is explained by the computations of time still in use among the Jews and Mohammedans. They do not measure the day from midnight to midnight, as we do, nor from sunrise to sunrise, as some other Oriental people, but from sunset to sunset. Hence the night with the following day, and not the day with the following night, makes their day. Our Friday night is their Saturday night. The ancient inhabitants of western and central Europe, the Gauls, Celts, and Germans, measured the day in the same manner.—*Pic. Bible.*

MINISTERIAL INFLUENCE.

(From the Presbyterian.)

It cannot fail to have been remarked, that contrasting the present with a former age, a very sensible diminution in the respect paid to the ministerial character, has taken place. The blind reverence which an ignorant papist shews for his priest is neither suitable nor required; nor is it to be expected that the ministerial office will secure respect where it is found associated with an unbecoming deportment; but the sanctity of an office, when honestly and faithfully sustained, demands, not only from the nature of the case, but from the express command of God, the deepest respect of all for whose benefit the office was instituted. We do not speak of the admiration which superior talents, and particularly eloquence, may command, but of the affection, attention and reverence, which are due to a faithful exhibition of the truth, and in a measure to him who is the sincere and willing instrument in its exhibition. A disposition to decry ministers of the gospel, necessarily leads to a low estimation of their office, and consequently prevents the good effects which are intended to be produced by it; and it may safely be presumed, that the comparatively inefficient results which at present attend the preaching of the gospel, may be attributed to the common practice of discussing the merits of ministers with a freedom which borders on contempt, and often denunciation. The people, it is true, cannot be blind to the faults of their ministers; they cannot but see that they are men of like passions with themselves; yet still these faults should not be the theme of common discourses, nor be needlessly exaggerated, and, above all, should never be suffered to interfere with the respect which belongs to the office which Paul "magnified." If a congregation should desire the blessing of God to rest upon them, and the work of God to prosper in the midst of them, let them revere the ambassadors of Christ; respect their high calling; be lenient to their faults; attentive to their instructions; affectionate to their persons; and disposed always to regard them as though God was, through them, beseeching sinners to be reconciled.

There are over 3000 gold and silver mines in Mexico, producing annually over \$35,000,000. The amount coined at the Mexican Mint since the conquest is \$443,000,000. The great mine is that of Real de Monte, where the shaft runs 1000 yards deep. Not one fifth part of the mines are worked.

REVIEW OF NEWS.

There being no mail from Britain since our last, we are of course without farther European intelligence.

From the United States there is nothing definite with regard to the war, but the expectation is that a decisive action will be fought soon near San Louis Potosi.

The Agricultural, Horticultural, and Manufacturing Provincial Exhibition, took place in Toronto on the 2d ult., and doubtless gave a fresh impetus to industry: an account of it will be found in another column. Such exhibitions have been found very beneficial in Britain and the United States, and, together with District and County shows or fairs, should meet with all encouragement here. There is one thing about them, however, which we decidedly oppose, viz., the dinners with which such exhibitions are usually closed. It festivity be desired—and we would by no means discourage it—why not have a soiree, which would have the double advantage over the dinner of not abetting drunkenness, and of admitting the ladies to their fair share of the happiness which they have so efficiently laboured to promote. It would be difficult to find the materials for an exhibition without the aid of farmers' wives and daughters; why then adopt a custom which shuts them out from the festivities? It may be considered all right among Indians to keep the women at an outside, but surely such a custom should not prevail in civilized society.

Domestic manufactures are exciting much attention, and every week almost brings accounts of some new enterprise in this way. Woollen factories appear to have the preference, and, we are informed, such has been the demand already created for wool, that farmers in some parts of the country are generally turning their attention to the improvement and extension of sheep husbandry.

AGRICULTURAL MEETINGS.

(From the Economist.)

The first meeting of the Upper Canada Provincial Institution, for the encouragement of Agriculture and Manufactures, was held at Toronto last week, and afforded a most gratifying proof that the time has arrived when Canada will not be content to lag behind other countries in the race of improvement and the development of native skill and industry. From the accounts in the newspapers, it would seem that the exhibition of stock would have done no discredit to an English Agricultural Show, whilst for specimens of mechanical art and the produce of the garden and the loom, the meeting was not less remarkable. It is, indeed, pleasant to recollect of competitions such as these, where the object is to increase the fruits of the earth, and add to the comforts and enjoyments of society. In such competition there is no fear of going wrong or making enemies: every step gained brings with it some good for the community, and the advantage, instead of passing with the occasion, remains permanently, to increase the common stock of the earth. At Toronto, the premiums offered were very numerous, and included not merely agricultural produce and stock, but also manufactures, and (what in Great Britain would be unusual) the "fine arts." It was, indeed, a general demonstration of what the Upper Province can do, and of her ability to furnish herself, not merely with the necessaries of life, but also with many of the luxuries. Viewed in that light, it ought to encourage those who fear the results of Free Trade, and look upon the Colony as a sickly child that cannot support itself away from the leading strings of its mother. It should also teach that he may rely more on himself instead of looking to the Government for protection. Had any one ventured to tell the agriculturists assembled at Toronto that they were not able to compete with their American neighbours, we will be bound they would not have been very well pleased, and would have given as indignant a contradiction to the assertion as was given by an English farmer at a similar meeting held a few weeks back, and who had been told that "run would result by his being placed in competition with the foreigner." "It was a libel on the English farmer," replied this party, "to suppose that he had not a spirit of energy and enterprise sufficient to compete with the foreigner. Never was there a grosser libel on any class of men than to say our farmers are less spirited and able than the foreign farmers in their pursuits. Let them have the same facilities for carrying on their occupation as are afforded to the manufacturer—give them the same certainty of tenure—allow them the same privilege of borrowing capital (for all are pressed at times) at the same rate of interest, namely 4 per cent—and they will be able to produce corn as cheap as the foreigner, as well as support the labourers with even a better rate of wages." The same spirit which animates the English farmer, burdened as he is with a heavy amount of rent and taxes, may fairly be expected in the Colonial farmer, whose position is in many respects so much more desirable.

We give below an account, taken from the Toronto *Globe*, of the principal features of the show, from which our readers will judge of the strides our Upper Canadian friends are making. Nor is it at

Toronto alone that these cattle shows flourish. We seldom take up a paper in which we do not meet with some account of an agricultural meeting, accompanied by remarks showing the interest the agricultural community take in them. In Lower Canada also we are glad to find a similar spirit springing up, and although we do not expect just yet to see a second "Provincial institution," there is enough to encourage a sanguine hope of steady and rapid improvement.

"The show of stock was considerable, a large part of superior quality. We much admired the display of short horn, or Durham, cattle, which were collected from the eastern and western parts of the province, as well as from the Home District. The cows of this breed were particularly good, and attracted the attention of visitors during the whole day. The prize cows of Mr. Howitt, of Guelph, and of Mr. John Wetenhall, of Nelson, Gore District, were very superior animals, and, we are assured, would have obtained a creditable position in either the Highland Society of Scotland, or in the Royal Society of England. These gentlemen disposed of some of their stock at a very high figure, and had, what we should consider, very handsome offers for the remainder.

"There were some magnificent sheep exhibited, and although it is, perhaps, unfair to refer to the stock of any particular breeder, when all the animals were so good, we cannot omit the notice of Mr. George Miller's (of Markham) ewes and weathers. In no part of Britain can superior sheep be found, and if Mr. Miller could improve the quality of his wool, without decreasing the size and symmetry of the carcase, we think his sheep would be unequalled in any country. Some of these sheep would weigh (slaughtered) forty pounds per quarter.

"The dairy room contained many excellent specimens of cheese and butter. We were surprised that none of Mr. Thom's (of Scarborough) celebrated cheeses were there, but, we suppose, his demand is so great that he has ever any on hand. There was a display of vegetables that would have done no dishonor to Covent Garden Market. The varieties of fruit were very small, the apples were, however, of various kinds, large and beautiful.

"MANUFACTURES.—There was much to encourage the friends of the province in the woollen goods exhibited. We saw several specimens of cloth of good texture and handsomely finished, and blankets in imitation of Yorkshire and Whitney manufacture, which for quality of wool and texture, and for finish and color, could not be excelled anywhere. The specimens of stoves and tinware were creditable. The show of ploughs and harrows in the grounds attracted much attention, containing much variety, with some very recent improvements. In the back court were some specimens of carriages, among which was a very handsome double-seated carriage, by Owen, Miller, & Mills, which a Nabob might envy.

"THE FINE ARTS.—They are yet in their infancy, as might be expected, but there are favorable appearances. The portrait of Mr. Doel, by Mr. Macgregor, was universally admitted to be one of the best likenesses ever painted, and a good painting it is. The portrait of Dr. McCaul, by our townsman Mr. March, was also an exact likeness, and well executed. A map of Peterboro, by Mr. Fleming, a young and promising artist from Scotland, was also exhibited. It is a beautiful piece of workmanship, giving a very interesting view of that rising town and neighborhood. It was lithographed by Messrs. Scobie and Balfour.

"LADIES' WORK.—We must not forget the specimens of the ladies' industry. We cannot enumerate all the embroidery, the collars and veils, and other articles. The wax flowers, by Miss Elliott, Yonge street, Toronto, gained much admiration."

Several agricultural meetings have been held in the Lower Province lately, and at all, evidence of a desire to go a-head has been manifested. At the Montreal Ploughing Match, held on the 24th instant, the competition for the 'first class' was so close that it was with great difficulty the judges could arrive at any decision as to who was best, where all were so good. At the Terrebonne Ploughing Match, held on the 18th instant, great spirit was manifested by the competitors, who likewise exhibited much excellence in their art. At the Vaudreuil County Agricultural Show, held on the 27th, the display of stock, and specimens of the dairy and native manufactures was excellent. In some instances the pieces of *stoff*e exhibited were entirely the produce of a single farm, where the wool was grown, spun, wove, and fulled, and where, to all appearances, it would be made up and worn. The dairy, also, presented a delicious sight to the amateurs of good cheese and butter; and what was more gratifying than all, some buyers on the ground went off with the whole stock at full prices, for the Montreal market, declaring at the same time that the quality was unsurpassed by any importation from whatever part, the old country alone excepted.—*Economist*.

NEWS.

CANADA.

We are sorry to learn that several persons who had been scalded by the bursting of the boiler of the *Lord Sydney* have since died, after lingering for some days. A poor market woman from below Sorel is one of the latest; and we are told that the total number of deaths from this cause is not less than fifteen or sixteen. This is very sad, and ought to have called forth a rigid enquiry; but we fear that none such has taken place. Yet if

is generally rumoured that the boiler from which the explosion took place had been for a long time known to be in a bad state, and that the pressure on it at the moment of the accident was much greater than was consistent with safety. What was the evidence adduced before the Coroner's Inquest? Was the engineer, with his assistants, examined; or, in short, have any steps been taken that will afford a guarantee to the public (as far as can be afforded) against similar occurrences? These are things the public have a great interest in knowing, and yet no one we have met with can give us any information on the subject. A correspondent of the Kingston Chronicle and Gazette suggests what would doubtless be a good precautionary measure as regards steam-boats, that is, that it should be rendered binding on the owners to have the boilers tested before starting in the spring of the year, and that this should be done under the eye of a public inspector, employed and paid out of a tax to be levied on steamboats. Such a law ought certainly to be passed, but at the same time existing laws ought not to be forgotten; and wherever an accident is proved to have resulted from wilfulness or neglect, the public—if they respect their lives—should see that the offenders—whether individuals or a company—are brought to a strict account.—In the case of the *Lord Sydenham* we suspect that this has not been done.—*Transcript.*

A Coroner's Inquest was held on the body of a man named Crowley, on Sunday morning last. It appears that, as he was going on board one of the canal steamers, he missed his footing and fell, his head coming in contact with the wharf, fractured his skull, which was the cause of his death. The Jury returned a verdict of "Accidental Death."—*Times.*

We are happy to learn that there is now no doubt of the Railroad between Montreal and Troy being speedily constructed—the stock required to be taken up, in Montreal, having been nearly all subscribed for. This road completed, we shall have a continuous steam communication between Montreal, New York, and Boston.—*Herald.*

ATLANTIC AND ST. LAWRENCE RAILROAD.—This work, the construction of a railway from Montreal to Portland, Maine, is progressing rapidly. We learn from the *N. Y. Herald* that the firm of Norris, Brothers, Philadelphia, has concluded a contract with the company constructing the road, for the supply of all the locomotives, cars, castings and other machinery required for the full equipment of their road; the amount of contract not less than \$750,000.—This speaks volumes for American mechanics, and the enterprise of our railroad managers.—The road is expected to be in successful operation through to Montreal by Jan. 1, 1849.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.—We are glad to notice that the people of Canada are turning their attention very generally to the establishment of manufactories amongst themselves. A public meeting was held in London on Saturday week, as we learn from the *Times*, to take into consideration the propriety of establishing a Woollen Factory in that town. It is intended to raise a capital of £10,000 in 2000 shares of £5 each. From the manner in which the inhabitants of London have taken up this matter, we have little doubt of their ultimate success. Their public spirit, notwithstanding so many reverses, is highly deserving of notice and imitation.—*Spectator.*

MONTREAL, Oct. 29th.—Yesterday, an American named Pinarcillus C. Dilloway was accused before the Petty Sessions of enticing soldiers from their allegiance at St. Johns. The prisoner pleaded guilty, and was fined \$40.

MONTREAL, October 26.—We hear the Montreal Mining Company have made extensive explorations during the Summer which have been most satisfactory: some sixteen or seventeen locations each, consisting of a tract two miles by ten, have been made and mining operations will be carried on this winter to a large extent. The names of the parties connected with this company are a sufficient guarantee that nothing will be wanting to insure success in the undertaking and to command the confidence and co-operation of the community at large. The following are the Directors: Sir George Simpson, (Governor), Hon. George Moffatt, Hon. Peter McGill, W. C. Meredith, Esq., and J. Cringan, Esq.—*Courier.*

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

Accounts have been received during the week from the Cape of Good Hope. The Caffre war is considered at an end; but the colonists suffer from the excessive drought and the high price of provisions caused by diseases among the cattle and sheep.

Ibrahim Pacha is residing quietly at his palace on the Nile near Cairo, pursuing his favourite occupation of the direction of his farms and selling their produce, which enables him to realize money. He still talks of his travels in Europe, and says that England is more advanced than any other nation. He has engaged a number of engineers to search for coal mines in Egypt and is very anxious for their discovery, of which, however, there is little chance, as geologists are of opinion that none worth working exists in the country. The Rabbi of the Jews having died, Ibrahim Pacha, though a Mussulman, sent 100 soldiers to attend the funeral.

Accounts from Beyrout state that about 20,000 Russian Jews are expected to arrive in the Holy Land, to settle there. They will add about one-third to the Jewish population of Syria and Palestine.

An immense caravan was about to start from Damascus for Mecca. A railroad would be very convenient for the pilgrims. All the caravansaries have, however, been ordered to be repaired on the pilgrim road by the Sultan. On the first day of the Mussulman year three caravans are seen advancing from three different points towards Mecca. The first is from Syria; the second from Bagdad; the third from Africa. They assemble at Mount Ararat, where they are blessed by the Imaun. At this ceremony there are always present exactly 80,000 souls, for, says the pious Hadji, if the numbers were greater, God would reduce it by his power; if it were less, his angels would complete the congregation!

BAIN'S ELECTRIC CLOCK.—Than Mr. Bain's electric clock, nothing can be more satisfactory or complete; allowing for tear and wear of materials from friction and the oxidating influence of the atmosphere, the *perpetuum mobile* is here certainly realized. As long as the electricity of the earth continues—or, in other words, as long as the laws of nature last—so long will Mr. Bain's clock continue its oscillations, and register the transit of time. How singular and interesting the reflection, that by means of wires,

connecting the various public clocks of the metropolis with the main one, the pulse of the same *duplicate second* (for a double oscillation is registered) shall be *simultaneously* announced, however distant, or the index in the various rooms of a house, beat in perfect unison with the parent one—verily, we live in an age of wonders! This wonderful power is entirely derived from the electricity of the earth—the pendulum conducts, and is the treasury of that power, and two simple wheels and their attachments, with the dead escapement, complete the magic machine—music of the movements of the *mechanique celeste*! By an ingenious provision, Mr. Bain's electric clock, at the manufactory, extinguishes the gas light, which illuminates its dial, at half-past twelve precisely.

ROMANCE IN SPAIN.—A rather romantic incident occurred in the escape of the 286 soldiers, compromised in the Gallician insurrection, which is not unworthy of being noticed. Amongst them was a young sergeant, who was attached to a beautiful Gallician girl. This attachment was returned with all the passionate fidelity of a Spanish female heart. When her lover was sentenced to be transported to the Havana, she dressed herself in soldier's clothes, and went on board with him at the Ferrol. As the packet was approaching Lisbon, it was she who suggested to the crew of the revenue boat of the *Vigo*, and others, to rise and overpower the crew of the packet; and she herself, the first laid her hands on the captain's collar, and arrested him. She then placed herself at the head of the mutineers, who chose her for their leader without knowing who she was; they believed her to be a young conscript of an unusually daring character and they submitted to be guided by her. The love of a young woman, who had never been out of her village till then, led to the escape of nearly 300 men, for whom, no doubt, a terrible fate was reserved.—*Times.*

THE DUTCH IN THE INDIAN SEAS.—The overland mail has brought the Java papers of the 7th of July, containing an official account of the expedition to Bali, which is published in the *Staats Courant* of the 25th of September, of which it fills nine columns. The army of the king in the East Indies has covered itself with glory. Thanks to the valour of our troops by sea and land, the expedition directed by the Governor-General Rochuson against the Prince of Bali has been completely successful. 36,000 Balineas, a very warlike people, covered behind intrenchments and defended by 60 pieces of cannon, could not oppose the expedition, which consisted only of 2,000 men; we remain masters of Belling, and of the capital, Singa Radsja. The prince took refuge in the mountains. Some of our troops remain at Bali till the entire payment of the expenses of the war, stipulated by the treaty of peace. This victory cannot fail to have a great moral influence on the population of the Indian Archipelago. The island of Bali is situated in the centre of our possessions in those seas, and not far from Java. In a commercial point of view, the result will be equally important, because Bali is very productive and populous.

AMERICAN POTATOES FOR IRELAND.—There are now unloading on the Dublin quays two American vessels freighted with potatoes from the United States. They are of excellent quality, and selling at the rate of tenpence per stone. We understand this is but the commencement of an extensive import trade of the once staple commodity of Ireland.

From the United States, the latest news is that Santa Anna had left Mexico City for Monterey, with 4000 men.

All accounts from Mexico point out San Louis Potosi as the grand battle field of the campaign—the Waterloo to the self-styled Napoleon of the west. On this point will be concentrated all our forces as well as those of Mexico—and to this point will tend all the immediate operations both of our army and navy. Commodore Stockton has declared the whole Pacific coast of Mexico to be in a state of blockade, and has appointed himself Governor of California. Neutral vessels are allowed 21 days to quit the coast.—*New York Paper.*

THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.—It is estimated that 100,000 drunkards have become total abstemious since 1840. Of these, many thousands have become Christians, and are now in the way to heaven. No wonder that those few professors that are indifferent or are opposed to such a work as this are cursed with a spiritual death.

ANOTHER WIFE MURDERER.—One Daniel Gibler, in a fit of intoxication, inhumanly murdered his wife on Wednesday week, in Rose township, Carroll county, Ohio. He cut her open with a penknife until her entrails came out. She survived about twenty-four hours after the attack. Gibler is now in jail at Carrollton.

A most singular disclosure or confession of robbery has been made by a young man in this country. In the year 1843, during the carnival, two crowns of gold, studded with diamonds valued at over \$50,000, were stolen from the church of *Sainte Marie* in Aix-la-Chapelle, France. The Cure of this church has lately received a letter from Boston, in which a young man, well known at Aix-la-Chapelle, offers to return the property in perfect condition, provided a yearly pension is settled upon him, and that an agent comes to Boston to receive the lost treasure.

ODD FELLOWS.—The lodges throughout the United States and Canada have increased during the past year to 992. The number of new initiations was 32,316. The revenue of the Subordinate Lodges during the year has been \$708,205.40. The number of contributing members at present connected with the Order is 90,753. For the relief of brethren the amount paid by the various lodges has amounted to \$154,237.62, since the last annual report, and for the relief of widowed families \$15,686.12.

OREGON CURRENCY.—One of the laws of Oregon enacts, that in addition to gold and silver, treasury drafts, approved orders on solvent merchants, and good merchantable wheat, at the market prices, delivered at such places as it is customary for merchants to receive wheat, shall be lawful tenders for the payment of taxes, and judgments in the Courts of Oregon territory; and for the payment of all debts.

NEGRO STEALING.—A letter from Tallahassee, Fla., of the 7th ult. says:—"A large nest of negro stealers have been discovered in an adjoining county, and arrested, their captain tried and executed. Six others have been tried and convicted, one of them hung on Friday last—three more will be executed next Friday, and the rest the Friday following. Six more are in jail, and will be tried at the next court, and there is no doubt of the result."

SELECTIONS.

PRESERVATION OF APPLES.—Apples intended to be preserved for winter and spring use, should remain upon the trees until quite ripe, which usually takes place at the coming of the first heavy frosts. They should then be plucked from the trees by hand, in a fair day, and packed up immediately in casks, in alternate layers of dry sand, plaster, chaff, saw-dust, or bran, and conveyed to a cool, dry place, as soon as possible. The sand or saw-dust may be dried in the heat of summer, or may be baked in an oven at the time required to be used. The peculiar advantages arising from packing apples in sand, are explained and commented upon as follows, by the late Mr. Webster, author of the "American Dictionary of the English Language." "1st. The sand keeps the apples from the air, which is essential to their preservation. 3d. The sand checks the evaporation or perspiration of the apples, thus preserving in them their full flavor—at the same time any moisture yielded by the apples is absorbed by the sand—so that the apples are kept dry, and all mustiness is prevented. My pippins, in May and June, are as fresh as when first picked; even the ends of the stems look as if just separated from the twigs. 3d. The sand is equally a preservative from frost, rats, &c.; but after the extreme heat of June takes place, all apples speedily lose their flavor, and become insipid."—*American Agriculturist*.

OUR POSSESSIONS IN THE EAST.—Chusan, which was to have been surrendered in December last, still remains in our possession; and it is not likely that we shall part with it so long as the nominal opening of the five Chinese ports is but a disguise for a continued system of exclusion. The recent establishment of a British settlement on the little island of Labuan is an event of great importance to navigation. Abounding in coal, and affording a safe and convenient anchorage midway between Hong-kong and Singapore, it will yield inestimable advantages to our shipping in those seas; and it will especially facilitate our intercourse with the magnificent island of Kalamantan, (improperly called Borneo,) which has been recently laid open to us by the surprising fortunes of our good and gallant countryman, James Brooke, now hereditary Rajah of Sarawak. The next mail will probably bring us interesting intelligence from that quarter. Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane had sailed from Singapore, at the date of the last dispatches, with a large force, to chastise the piratical Sultan of Bruni, and to crush the Malay rovers, who, forgetting the lessons inflicted on them two years ago, have lately resumed their murderous courses with extraordinary audacity. Measures are in progress for the establishment of a steam navigation from Singapore to Sydney. This would be connected on the one hand with the line from England, via Ceylon, and on the other it would link together in one continuous chain all the British ports and settlements from Chusan to New Zealand.—*Spectator*.

PERFUME FOR CLOTHES.—Take an ounce of cloves, one of cedar and one of rhubarb, pulverize and sprinkle them in a drawer or chest in which clothes are to be placed. It will prevent moths from injuring the clothes, and create an excellent scent.

THE NARROW MIND.—A narrow mind is like a short blanket; we cannot stretch ourselves out under without exposing some part of our body. We must draw up our limbs and huddle ourselves together before we can be comfortable. We must endanger the circulation of the blood if we would avoid the contact of the air. We must lie very quiet if we wish to preserve any degree of heat. So with the narrowminded man,—if his soul expands towards a truth one way, it withdraws from some truth another way. He dares not stir for fear of unsettling his faith. He dares not look at things broadly and bluntly, for fear of losing the little assurance he hath.

You find a family suffering from cholera or fever, and there is a filthy drain close by. You say to the head of the family. "Would you like to know why you all have the cholera? It is that abominable drain." The answer will be, "It is really most nauseous, sir, but our landlord will do nothing." "Well, then," answer, "pay a pound or two a year more rent, in a healthier spot, where the landlord will do something; you will more than save the sum in escaping sickness."—*Medical Gazette—Dr. Laycock's Lectures*.

CONSEQUENCES OF WANT OF SANITARY REGULATIONS.—Dr Southwood Smith has recently shown, that every day's neglect of efficient sanitary measures costs in England alone the sacrifice of 136 lives daily—in other words, that 136 persons, whose lives might be saved, are allowed daily to perish. The last quarterly report of the Register-general continued the remarkable passage, that in the quarter, i. e. the three months ending the 30th June 1846, the deaths in England alone were 43,582. If the mortality had not been higher in the towns than in the poor country districts, where the air is pure, the deaths in that quarter would not have exceeded 33,000, so that in the last three months 10,000 lives have been destroyed in a part of England only, by causes which there was every reason to believe might be removed. Thus 40,000 persons are slaughtered annually, not from natural causes, but in consequence of gross neglect. But this is not all. For one death there must at least have been ten persons struck with disease; so that the actual number of sufferers must have been 400,000 in one quarter of a year, in one part of England only. All this, too, the result of the adoption of preventive remedies within the power of the legislature.

A PLEASANT REFLECTION FOR THE LIVING.—It is of little avail to have secured a sum of money, whether by insurance of life or other means, for the future support of those we regard, unless proper care is taken that it shall come into their possession. It will be sufficient to arouse the attention of individuals who have property to dispose of, to state that since the 1st of January, 1838, between seven hundred and eight hundred wills, or codicils, have annually been rendered null and void, from their not having been executed, or attested, according to the act, commonly called the "New Wills' Bill," which came into operation at that date. It was a saving of Lord Thurlow, when Lord Chancellor, that in England there were two kinds of wills; one that the testators made themselves, which the law could not carry out; and the other that lawyers made for them, which the law could fulfil—but in a manner contrary to the intentions of the testators. Lord Eldon, who was also a Lord Chancellor, and had amassed a large property, amounting to £200,000 in money, and as much in land, in bequeathing by his will, certain annuities and legacies, charged the payment of them primarily on the whole of his £200,000 personal estate; and failing that, upon the estates, in the county of Dorset—a characteristic instance of extraordinary caution, and of the ruling passion strong in death. His Lordship must clearly have had his doubts whether it might not be possible, by some public commotion, private mismanagement, or legal technicality, that his £200,000 personal property might be dwindled down so as to make it an inadequate security for these small bequests.—*Post Almanac for 1846*.

THE TIARA OF THE POPE.—The triple crown which is now used at the coronation of his Holiness is the same that Napoleon presented to Pius VII.; there is also another which was given by Pope Gregory XVI. The tiaras and mitres are kept at Fort St. Angelo, where they are taken back after the ceremony. The tiara given by Napoleon is of white velvet; the three crowns are of sapphires, emeralds, rubies, pearls, and diamonds; on the top is a large emerald, surmounted by a diamond cross. The tiara is estimated at 80,000 Roman crowns (about £17,000.)

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ASHES, Pots, per cwt	00	0	a	00	0	PEASE,	5	0	a	0	0
Pearls,	22	3	a	22	6	BEER, Prime Mess,					
FLOUR, Canada Superfine, per bil.						per bil. 200lbs.	47	6	a	0	0
196 lbs.	33	6	a	34	0	Prime,	42	6	a	00	0
Do. Fine,	31	6	a	32	0	Prime Mess, per tierce, 304lbs.	00	0	a	00	0
Do. Sour,	00	0	a	00	0	PORK, Mess, per bil.					
Do. Middlings, ..					none	200lbs	72	6	a	75	0
Indian Meal, 168lb.	15	0	a	00	0	Prime Mess.....	55	0	a	60	0
Oatmeal, bil. 224lb.	29	0	a	00	0	Prime,	50	0	a	52	6
GRAIN, Wheat U.C.						Cargo,	40	0	a	00	0
Best, 60lbs. ...	5	9	a	6	0	BUTTER, per lb. ...	0	7	a	0	8½
Do. L. C. per min.	0	0				CHEESE, Am. 100lb	30	0	a	40	0
BARLEY, Minot, ...	3	0	a	3	3	LARD, per lb.....	0	5	a	0	6
OATS, "					do.	TALLOW, per lb. ...	0	5½	a	0	5½

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