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THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1847.

No. 42

THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride,
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on thy lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye,
And the red was on thy lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day as bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words,
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here;
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest;
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But, oh! they love the better far
The few our father sends
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Your's was the brave good heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength had gone,
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow;
I bless you for that same, Mary,
Though you can't hear me now.

I thank you for that patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break—
When the hunger pain was gnawing there,
And you hid it for my sake,
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore;
Oh, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true;
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to,
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as far.

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile,
Where we sat side by side;
And the springing corn, and the bright May
morn,
When first you were my bride

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON'S OVERLAND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

(From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.)

An overland journey to India is performed by sea, with the exception of the narrow Isthmus of Suez; but an overland journey round the world is a vastly different thing. In the latter, the traveller traverses three continents—Europe, Asia, and America—and crosses the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. But Sir George Simpson, in addition to this, paid a flying visit to the Sandwich Islands, in the middle of the North Pacific, and coasted along the opposite American shores for a distance of some 25 degrees. The idea of such a journey bewilders the imagination. The exploits of the circumnavigators seem nothing in comparison; and one feels disposed to place Sir George at the head of all adventurers of his class. But when we remember, as remember we must, the changed circumstances of the world even since the most recent of preceding expeditions—when we find that “our hero” traversed the two oceans by means of steam—that he found the savages of America tamed at least into submission—the murderers of Cook a comparatively civilised and somewhat luxurious people—and the deserts of Siberia the track of a regular commerce—our surprise diminishes, while our interest increases. In fact, we know of no book more suggestive than the one before us of proud and elevating thoughts—more conclusive, when taken as a whole, of the rapid advancement of mankind in their glorious but indefinite career.

Sir George, accompanied by some other gentlemen connected with the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, left Liverpool on the 4th of March, 1841, and on the 20th arrived at Boston. From Montreal he embarked on the St. Lawrence in light canoes, with the Earls of Caledon and Mulgrave, who visited the wilds of America to enjoy the amusement of hunting. The nature of this part of the route may be collected from the following picturesque description: “To begin with the most important part of our proceedings—the business of encamping for our brief night—we selected, about sunset, some dry and tolerably clear spot; and immediately on landing, the sound of the axe would be ringing through the woods, as the men were felling whole trees for our fires, and preparing, if necessary, a space for our tents. In less than ten minutes, our three lodges would be pitched, each with such a blaze in front, as virtually imparted a new sense of enjoyment to all the young campaigners, while through the crackling flames were to be seen the requisite number of pots and kettles for our supper. Our beds were next laid, consisting of an oil-cloth spread on the bare earth, with three blankets and a pillow, and, when occasion demanded, with cloaks and greatcoats at discretion; and whether the wind howled or the rain poured, our pavilions of canvas formed a safe barrier against the weather. While part of our crews, comprising all the landsmen, were doing duty as stokers, and cooks, and architects, and chambermaids, the more experienced voyageurs, after unloading the canoes, had drawn them on the beach with their bottoms upwards to inspect, and, if needful, to renovate, the stitching and the gumming; and as the little vessels were made to incline on one side to windward, each with a roaring fire to leeward, the crews, every man in his own single blanket, managed to set wind, and rain, and cold at defiance, almost as effectually as ourselves.

“Weather permitting, our slumbers would be broken about one in the morning by the cry of “Lève, lève, lève!” In five minutes—wo to the inmates that were slow in dressing!—the tents were tumbling about our ears; and within half an hour the camp would be raised, the canoes laden, and the paddles keeping time to some merry old song. About eight o'clock, a convenient place would be selected for breakfast, about three-quarters of an hour being allotted for the multifarious operations of unpacking and

repacking the equipage, laying and removing the cloth, boiling and frying, eating and drinking; and while the preliminaries were arranging, the hardier among us would wash and shave, each person carrying soap and towel in his pocket, and finding a mirror in the same sandy or rocky basin that held the water. About two in the afternoon we usually put ashore for dinner; and as this meal needed no fire, or at least got none, it was not allowed to occupy more than twenty minutes or half an hour."

Their course through Lake Superior was to some extent impeded by ice; but they at length arrived at Fort William, at its extremity, and exchanged their vessels for two smaller canoes, better adapted for the shallower and more intricate river navigation that was to follow. The following is a picture on the route:

"The river, during the day's march, passed through forests of elm, oak, pine, birch, etc., being studded with isles not less fertile and lovely than its banks; and many a spot reminded us of the rich and quiet scenery of England. The paths of the numerous portages were spangled with violets, roses, and many other wild flowers; while the currant, the gooseberry, the raspberry, the plum, the cherry, and even the vine, were abundant. All this bounty of nature was imbued, as it were, with life by the cheerful notes of a variety of birds, and by the restless flutter of butterflies of the brightest hues. Compared with the adamantine deserts of Lake Superior, the Kamustaquoia presented a perfect paradise." Here is another, for the sake of contrast: "On the morrow, towards noon, we made a short portage from the Macan to a muddy stream falling into Lac la Pinié. As we were passing down this narrow and shallow creek, fire suddenly burst forth in the woods near us. The flames, crackling and clambering up each tree, quickly rose above the forest; within a few minutes more, the dry grass on the very margin of the waters was in a running blaze; and before we were well clear of the danger, we were almost enveloped in clouds of smoke and ashes. These conflagrations, often caused by a wanderer's fire, or even by his pipe, desolate large tracts of country, leaving nothing but black and bare trunks, and even these sometimes mutilated into stumps—one of the most dismal scenes on which the eye and the heart can look. When once the consuming element gets into the thick turf of the primeval wilderness, it sets everything at defiance; and it has been known to smoulder for a whole winter under the deep snow."

After traversing Lac la Pinié, Sir George was presented with a letter, congratulating him on his arrival, and soliciting an audience. The letter was written in English, and in good set terms, by one of about a hundred Salteaux warriors; but as soon as a favourable answer was received, his red children set themselves to work to "pelt away at him with their incantations." Gathering round a fire, they endeavoured to bend his mind to their wishes by charms, rattles, and burnt offerings, and closed the performance by marching round the circle, singing, whooping, and drumming. The object of these literary savages was to obtain a renewal of the abolished gift of rum!

On reaching Red River settlement, they had accomplished a voyage of two thousand miles. This was founded by Lord Selkirk in 1811, in pursuance of his plans of British emigration; but after his death, in 1820, it received no encouragement from government. The census, notwithstanding, numbers at present five thousand souls; and the population, consisting of Scottish Highlanders, Orkney men, and half breeds from the Swampy Cree Indians, doubles itself every twenty years. "Fort Garry, the principal establishment in the place, is situated at the forks of the Red River and the Assiniboine, being about fifty miles from Lake Winnipeg, and about seventy-five from the frontier; and it occupies, as nearly as possible, the centre of the settlement. This, which is the official residence of the governor of the colony, is a regularly-built fortification, with walls and bastions of stone. Nearly opposite, on the right bank of the united streams, is the Roman Catholic cathedral. The principal Protestant church is about two miles further down, on the left bank.

"In the immediate neighbourhood of this last mentioned place of worship, stands the Red River academy, a large and flourishing school, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Macallum, for the sons and daughters of gentlemen in the service. Below Fort Garry, many respectable dwellings, most of them of two storeys, belong to the wealthier class of inhabitants. The lower fort, which is about four times the size of the upper establishment, is in process of being enclosed by loopholed walls and bastions. This is my own head-quarters when I visit the settlement; and here also resides

Mr. Thom, the recorder of Rupert's Land—so named in the royal charter."

From this place their journey lay over a series of plains, diversified by a constant succession of small lakes, and occasionally sand hills, but terminating near the settlement of Carlton in scenes like this: "In the afternoon we traversed a beautiful country, with lofty hills and long valleys, full of sylvan lakes, while the bright green of the surface, as far as the eye could reach, assumed a foreign tinge under an uninterrupted profusion of roses and blue-bells. On the summit of one of these hills, we commanded one of the few extensive prospects that we had of late enjoyed. One range of heights rose behind another, each becoming fainter as it receded from the eye, till the farthest was blended, in almost undistinguishable confusion, with the clouds, while the softest vales spread a panorama of hanging copses and glittering lakes at our feet." Here a story is told of certain unsophisticated savages who had never seen Europeans before, and who were greatly puzzled by the appearance among the strangers of a negro. "This man they inspected in every possible way, twisting him about, and pulling his hair, which was so different from their own flowing locks; and at length they came to the conclusion that Pierre Bungo was the oldest specimen of a white man that they had ever seen."

Leaving Fort Carlton on the 19th of July, they enjoyed a buffalo hunt, which appears to be a game of mere slaughter; and then came into play the science and art of curing what has been killed. Sometimes dried meat is preferred, the bones being taken out, and the flesh hung up in the sun; but if pemmican be the order of the day, the lean, after being dried, is pounded into dust, which, being put into a bag made of the hide, is enriched with nearly an equal weight of melted fat." On this food the traveller lives very well; although occasionally there are scenes of famine as well as repletion. "In the year 1820, when wintering at Athabasca Lake, our provisions fell short at the establishment, and on two or three occasions I went for three whole days and nights without having a single morsel to swallow; but then, again, I was one of a party of eleven men and one woman who discussed three ducks and twenty-two geese at a sitting. On the Saskatchewan the daily rations are eight pounds of meat a-head, whereas in other districts, our people have been sent on long journeys with nothing but a pint of meal and some parchment for their sustenance."

Fort Edmonton is the capital of a district as large as England, yet containing a population of less than 17,000 natives. Leaving this place, the ground began to rise more perceptibly, and the scenery to assume a wilder character, while even the willow and poplar disappeared, "and nothing was to be seen but the black, straight, naked stem of the pine, shooting up to an unbroken height of eighty or a hundred feet; while the sombre light, as it glimmered along numberless vistas of natural columns, recalled to the imagination the gloomy shades of an assemblage of venerable cathedrals." At length, "about seven hours of hard work brought us to the height of land, the hinge, as it were, between the eastern and the western waters. We breakfasted on the level isthmus, which did not exceed fourteen paces in width, filling our kettles for this our lonely meal at once from the crystal sources of the Columbia and the Saskatchewan, while these feeders of two opposite oceans, murmuring over their beds of mossy stones, as if to bid each other a long farewell, could hardly fail to attune our minds to the sublimity of the scene."

The descent of the mountains towards the Pacific is beautifully described, but with little of human interest, if we except the scantiness of the travellers' supplies of food, only indifferently assisted by boiled moss and "cakes of hips and haws," and of an almost tasteless bulb called kamma. These delicacies are gathered and prepared by the women, while the men occasionally do worse than lounge. "In one tent a sight presented itself which was equally novel and unnatural. Surrounded by a crowd of spectators, a party of fellows were playing at cards, obtained in the Snake Country from some American trappers; and a more melancholy exemplification of the influence of civilisation on barbarism could hardly be imagined, than the apparently scientific eagerness with which these naked and hungry savages thumbed and turned the black and greasy pasteboard." After passing Fort Colville, they embarked on the Columbia, and suffering much from the heat, arrived in due time at the embouchure of the river in the Pacific.

Sir George now proceeded on a long voyage along the coast to Sitka, and here the character of the savages appears to change. "In the fleet that swarmed around us, we observed two peculiarly neat canoes, with fourteen paddles each, which savoured very strongly of honeymoon. Each carried a young couple, who, both in dress and demeanor, were evidently a newly-married pair. The gentlemen, with their "arms around their dearies O," were lavishing their little attentions on the ladies, to the obvious satisfaction of both parties. The brides were young and pretty, tastefully decked out with beads, bracelets, anklets, and various ornaments in their hair, and, above all, with blankets so sweet, and sound, and clean, that they could not be otherwise than new. The bridegrooms were smart, active, handsome fellows, all as fine as a holiday, and more particularly proud of their turbans of white calico." The following is extremely curious: "In addition to the mode of dressing the hair, the people of this coast have several other peculiarities, which appear to indicate an Asiatic origin. In taking a woman to wife, the husband buys her from her father for a price as his perpetual property: so that, if she separate from him, whether through his fault or her own, she can never marry another during his life. Again, with respect to funerals: the corpse, after being kept for several days, is consumed by fire, while the widow, if any there be, rests her head on the body till dragged from the flames, rather dead than alive, by her relatives. If the poor creature recovers from the effects of this species of suttee, she collects the ashes of her deceased lord and master, which she carries about her person for three long years; and any levity on her part during this period, or even any deficiency in grief, renders her an outcast for ever." Here is a true Arabian trait: "If a stray enemy, who may find himself in the vicinity of one of their camps, can proceed, before he is recognised, to the chief's lodge, he is safe, both in person and in property, on the easy condition of making a small present to his protector. The guest remains as long as he pleases, enjoying the festivity of the whole village; and when he wishes to depart, he carries away his property untouched, together with a present fully equal to what he himself may have given." The savages along the whole coast live well, having no want of fish, berries, seaweed, and venison.

"According to the whole tenor of my journal, this labyrinth of waters is peculiarly adapted for the powers of steam. In the case of a sailing vessel, our delays and dangers would have been tripled and quadrupled—a circumstance which raised my estimate of Vancouver's skill and perseverance at every step of my progress. After the arrival of the emigrants from Red River, their guide, a Cree of the name of Bras Croche, took a short trip in the Beaver. When asked what he thought of her, 'Don't ask me,' was his reply; 'I cannot speak: my friends will say that I tell lies when I let them know what I have seen; Indians are fools, and know nothing; I can see that the iron machinery makes the ship to go, but I cannot see what makes the iron machinery itself to go.' A savage stands nearly as much in awe of paper, pen, and ink, as of steam itself; and if he once puts his cross to any writing, he has rarely been known to violate the engagement which such writing is supposed to embody or to sanction. To him the very look of black and white is a powerful *medicine*." A dreadful system of slavery prevails on the north-west coast. "These thralls are just as much the property of their masters as so many dogs, with this difference against them, that a man of cruelty and ferocity enjoys a more exquisite pleasure in tasking, or starving, or torturing, or killing a fellow-creature, than in treating any of the lower animals in a similar way. Even in the most inclement weather, a mat or a piece of deer skin is the slave's only clothing, whether by day or by night, whether under cover or in the open air. To eat without permission, in the very midst of an abundance which his toil has procured, is as much as his miserable life is worth; and the only permission which is ever vouchsafed to him, is to pick up the offal thrown out by his unfeeling and imperious lord. Whether in open war, or in secret assassination, this cold and hungry wretch invariably occupies the post of danger." These slaves are often subjected to the most frightful cruelties.

From Sitka Sir George retraced his path to Vancouver, and thence proceeded to Monterey in California. The horrors still perpetrated in this country by the Spaniards, are a disgrace not only to Europe, but to human nature. "When the incur-

sions of the savages have appeared to render a crusade necessary, the alcade of the neighbourhood summons from twelve to twenty colonists to serve, either in person or by substitute, on horseback; and one of the foreign residents, when nominated, about three years before, preferred the alternative of joining the party himself, in order to see something of the interior. After a ride of three days, they reached a village, whose inhabitants, for all that the crusaders knew to the contrary, might have been as innocent in the matter as themselves. But, even without any consciousness of guilt, the tramp of the horses was a symptom not to be misunderstood by the savages; and accordingly, all that could run, comprising of course all that could possibly be criminal, fled for their lives. Of those who remained, nine persons, all females, were tied to trees, *christened, and shot!* With great difficulty and considerable danger, my informant saved one old woman, by conducting her to a short distance from the accursed scene; and even there he had to shield the creature's miserable life by drawing a pistol against one of her merciless pursuers. She ultimately escaped, though not without seeing a near relative, a handsome youth, who had been captured, slaughtered in cold blood before her eyes, with the outward and visible sign of regeneration still glistening on his brow." Yet the Spaniards of the Pacific are very different beings among themselves. "Of the women, with their witchery of manner, it is not easy, or rather it is not possible, for a stranger to speak with impartiality, inasmuch as our self-love is naturally enlisted in favour of those who, in every look, tone, and gesture, have apparently no other end in view than the pleasure of pleasing us. With regard, however, to their physical charms, as distinguished from the adventitious accomplishments of education, it is difficult even for a willing pen to exaggerate. Independently of feeling or motion, their sparkling eyes and glossy hair are in themselves sufficient to negative the idea of tameness or insipidity; while their sylph-like forms evolve fresh graces at every step, and their eloquent features eclipse their own inherent comeliness by the higher beauty of expression. Though doubtless fully conscious of their attractions, yet the women of California, to their credit be it spoken, do not 'before their mirrors count the time,' being, on the contrary, by far the more industrious half of the population. In California, such a thing as a white servant is absolutely unknown, inasmuch as neither man nor woman will barter freedom in a country where provisions are actually a drug, and clothes almost a superfluity; and accordingly, in the absence of intelligent assistance, the first ladies of the province, more particularly when treated, as they too seldom are by native husbands, with kindness and consideration, discharge all the lighter duties of their households with cheerfulness and pride. Nor does their plain and simple dress savour much of the labour of the toilet. They wear a gown sufficiently short to display their neatly-turned foot and ankle, in their white stockings and black shoes, while, perversely enough, they bandage their heads in a handkerchief, so as to conceal all their hair except a single loop on either cheek; round their shoulders, moreover, they twist or swathe a shawl, throwing over all, when they walk or go to mass, the 'beautiful and mysterious mantilla.'

"The men are generally tall and handsome, while their dress is far more showy and elaborate than that of the women. Implicit obedience and profound respect are shown by children, even after they are grown up, towards their parents. A son, though himself the head of a family, never presumes to sit, or smoke, or remain covered in presence of his father; nor does the daughter, whether married or unmarried, enter into too great familiarity with the mother. With this exception, the Californians know little or nothing of the restraints of etiquette; generally speaking, all classes associate together on a footing of equality; and on particular occasions, such as the festival of the saint after whom one is named, or the day of one's marriage, those who can afford the expense give a grand ball, generally in the open air, to the whole of the neighbouring community." The Californians, in fine, are happy, hospitable, indolent, and ignorant; and their dominion, in the opinion of Sir George Simpson, is destined very soon to fall out of their nerveless hands into those of either the English or Americans.

We have always some new lessons to learn, some new duty to perform, some new snare to avoid.

THE SWALLOW.

Without any special pleading in their favour, we think the swallows which pay their annual visit, claim a higher degree of admiration than perhaps any other order of birds. They come from distant lands half way across the globe, to gladden us with their presence, and their appearance amongst us is the harbinger of sunny days. They do no harm to man, either to blossoms or fruit, nor are they even suspected by the most prejudiced, but their services are gratefully acknowledged; they attach themselves to him with confidence, and love the neighbourhood of his dwelling. All their movements and proceedings are interesting and entertaining, and the summer evening's walk at the close of a sultry day is rendered more delightful by these most welcome visitors. While enjoying nature in her most pleasant hour, the swallow skims the surface of the still waters, or glances rapidly past us in the fragrant lane; and when we leave the meadows, and enter the village as evening closes, the swifts shoot in bold and rapid flights round the old church tower, uttering their joyous scream.

The martin or window swallow is found in greater numbers than either of its congeners. It is smaller than the house swallow, and differs from it in colour, the rump being almost of a snowy whiteness, and the under parts are also white; the legs are clothed with downy feathers, and the back and wings are blue. Its flight has neither the boldness nor the rapidity of the swallow, both its tail and wings being shorter, but its movements are easy and graceful, as with expanded wings it pursues its prey, neither soaring to a great height nor skimming the surface as a swallow does. Its haunts are always amongst the abodes of man. Sometimes indeed they haunt a favourite mansion in such numbers as to prove inconvenient, and it is said that a coating of soap on the surface will prevent them from constructing their habitation in their favourite coin; but this remedy may be as well applied before the birds commence their labours, as when once they have begun they are heedless of the daily demolition of their intended dwelling, but persist for some time in their fruitless labours. They may be attracted to construct their nests in a new situation by affixing shells or other conveniences underneath the eaves, but they are cautious in ascertaining the solidity of the foundation, and usually commence by forming a buttress for its support. When they have once established themselves in their abode, they continue to frequent it from year to year. For some days after their arrival they disport themselves after their long journey; and when they commence building, which is about the middle of May, they labor only in the early part of the morning, completing a layer of about half an inch a day, which becomes strong and firm by the following morning. They lay five white eggs, and have two broods in the season. White says that the martins twitter in a "pretty inward soft manner on their nests," but their cheerful note, expressive of satisfaction and pleasure, may be also heard while they are on the wing. The martin arrives a week or ten days latter than the swallow, generally in the last week of April.

The sparrow is frequently in the habit of usurping the nest of the martin, and the original possessors, being the weaker party, are compelled to submit to the injustice; but instances are recorded in which superior sagacity has been successful in combating the invader. A writer in Loudon's "Magazine of Natural History" furnishes an instance of usurpation amidst the martins themselves. A pair of these birds had built a nest in the corner of a window, and "as soon as all seemed finished," says the narrator, "my attention was arrested one day by a great noise and bustle at the nest, caused by a stranger of the same family of birds trying to force its way into the nest at the time that the two rightful tenants were within; and notwithstanding their united efforts he succeeded in entering and driving them out. The same warfare and similar expulsions took place daily for a week or more. One day I remarked that the two rightful owners were busy outside, and I soon perceived they were engaged in lessening the entrance to the same; in fact they soon reduced it so much that they could scarcely get themselves into it singly. As soon as they had done, one or other of the inmates constantly placed itself at the hole, with its bill protruding visibly without; and though the intruder made regular attacks upon them for a week or more, he never afterwards made any impression on them, and finally left them to enjoy the reward of so much sagacity and forethought." In the same work, Mr. Moss,

of Cheltenham, relates a circumstance he witnessed, in which a sparrow was the intruder, who met with a singular fate characteristic of the offence. "A pair of martins having built a nest in the upper cornice of Lansdowne House, a sparrow took possession of it, to the great annoyance of the poor martins, who for some time in vain endeavoured to expel the invader. At length the sparrow got his neck entangled in a straw, and the martins, taking immediate advantage of the circumstance, succeeded in throwing him out of the nest. Not being able to free himself from the straw, his efforts only accelerated his fate, and he is now hanging by the neck, about a foot below the nest, quite dead, a fearful warning to all burglars."

The House or Chimney Swallow.—The swallow is distinguished from the martin by its larger size; its back and wings are black, and there is a reddish patch on its throat; the wings and tail are longer, and the latter more forked; and it is also different in its character and habits. It is daring and courageous; possessed of greater strength of wing, it moves with greater rapidity, sweeping in larger curves, and making sudden evolutions in its active course; now it skims past with the quickness of thought, and anon darts off into the open field, again returning and gliding backwards and forwards in the same line, and then is off again into the fields. If the day be fine and the atmosphere clear and dry, the insects on which it feeds are to be found at a greater elevation in the air, and the swallow soars upwards in pursuit of them; but on the approach of rain they descend, and the swallow skims along the surface where they are to be found. The eye cannot follow their motions at the moment when they take their prey, but a sharp snap from the bill may be heard. The principal food of the swallow consists of gnats and various tribes of ephemera. One of the insects on which it feeds is the kind frequently seen on the pathway, apparently wingless, as it has the power of folding up its wings, and at times when it abounds this is the insect which more frequently than any other gets into the human eye, where it causes acute pain by its struggles with its forked tail. The swallow diminishes the number of this enemy. His song consists of a strain about one minute in continuance, prettily enough modulated, repeated at intervals, and always ending with a shrill note rapidly shaken.—*Home Magazine.*

What we are afraid to do before men, we should be afraid to think before God.

Could no power but that of man be enlisted, the conversion of the world would be, of all experiments, the most ridiculous and hopeless.

Truth is the first necessity of man; error is the most usual source of all his faults, and all his misfortunes.—*Segur.*

When men have once made up their minds to stand against adversity, the scene generally brightens; for danger, contrary to the rules of drawing, is less in the fore-ground than in the perspective—difficulties of all sorts being magnified by the misty space which separates us from them.

APPLES OF GOLD.

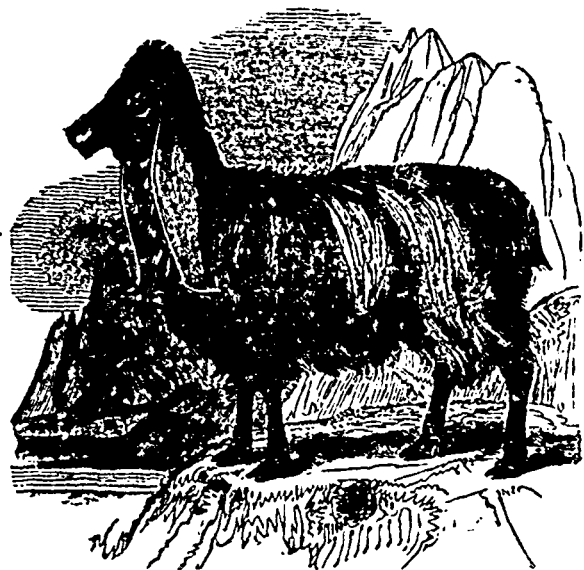
"Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon thee: thou saidst, Fear not; O Lord, thou hast pleaded the cause of my soul, and redeemed my life." Lam. iii. 57, 58. "Fear not, for I am with thee." Isa. xliii. 5. "I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore; and have the keys of hell and of death." Rev. i. 18.

Christ has overcome death, led captivity captive, and, by one offering, perfected forever them that are sanctified. Heb. x. 14. Whoever leaves this world believing in him, being perfected already, has nothing to fear after death. O my heavenly Father, dispose me to seek diligently after holiness; and though the work of sanctification will be imperfect in this life, which should humble me much, yet let it cause no fear of death, nor disturb my confidence in thee since my salvation and my confidence do not depend on a perfect holiness here, but on my being in Christ and adopted through him; which adoption the weakest child hath, as well as the strongest, though both are not equally sensible of it. For every true believer, whether weak or strong, hath eternal life, and shall not fall into condemnation. If, therefore, I am a child of God, though a weak one, I am still an heir, and shall find life and deliverance in death.

I am Alpha, says the Saviour,
I Omega likewise am:
I was dead and live for ever,
God Almighty and the Lamb.

In the Lord is our perfection,
And in him our boast will make;
We shall share his resurrection,
If we of his death partake.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.



THE WILD GOAT OF SYRIA AND EGYPT.

“And went to seek David, and his men, upon the rocks of the wild goats.”—1 Sam. xiv. 2.

This had, perhaps, better have been left untranslated here, as a proper name. That some animal of the *Capra* genus is intended seems certain, but the species has been variously determined. The name is derived from a verb, *alah*, which signifies to ascend or mount up; and which expressively refers to the distinguishing characteristic in the habits of these animals, which impels them to leave the valleys and the plains, to ascend the rocks and rejoice upon the mountains. Our woodcut represents the *Capra mambrica*, which, with some variations, is common to Egypt, Syria, and other parts of the East; and which is perhaps as likely as any that has been mentioned to be the animal intended. Indeed the common accounts say that the specific name of *mambrica* is derived from the mountains of *Mambre*, in the centre of Palestine, near the river Hebron, where the animals abound. This is a confused account, since there is no mountain of *Mambre* or river of Hebron; and if the mountains of *Mambre*, the ancient name for the locality of the town of Hebron, be intended, as we suppose, it is not in the centre, but in the south of Palestine. The mountains of *Mambre*, or Hebron, are doubtless meant; and this is important, because it was among the mountains in the southern part of Palestine that this “rock of the wild goats” occurred. The *Capra mambrica*, in all its varieties, is chiefly distinguished by its long, pendulous, but still moveable, ears.—*Pictorial Bible*.

THE PROGRESS OF DISEASE.

(From the Montreal Witness.)

Immigrant, or typhus fever of the most malignant kind, is now said to be in every street in Montreal, and in one or two localities almost in every house; so that the danger of receiving infection from the citizens is probably much greater than from the immigrants. This is an appalling thought, when taken in connection with the character of the disease, from which the probability of recovery appears to be small; and should certainly teach every individual to prepare to meet his God. No one can say but the business he transacts to day, the letter he writes, the social party he enjoys, may be the last of his life. How important, then, to do everything in the fear of the Lord, and to rejoice with trembling.

But besides this primary call to repentance and obedience, the present state of the public health implies another call, which will probably be better appreciated by the great majority of the community;—we mean a call to use every available means to master the disease. This fever is spreading now, and the most intelligent physicians say there is no hope, under ordinary circumstances, of getting it out of the city before winter: but if it continue until the time when every door and window must be shut on account of the cold, and when, of course, ventilation will be next to impossible, they add that the most awful consequences may be anticipated. It will then be likely to spread with much greater rapidity, and prove a truly appalling visitation.

Now, under these circumstances, we submit that the most energetic measures should be taken to master it during the fine weather. Let hospitals be prepared somewhere in the fields;—Let every citizen who is attacked by fever be transported thither, unless his own house be thoroughly ventilated;—Let the utmost attention be paid to washing the clothing, bedding, etc., which fever patients have used;—Let all stagnant pools in the city be filled up, and nuisances cleared away;—Let tracts be circulated recommending personal cleanliness, and giving the plainest rules for avoiding contagion;—And above all, let every one who knows the way to the throne of grace, be much in prayer for the removal of the Almighty’s rod, which is now laid heavily upon us.

THE TRUE LEGION OF HONOUR.

(From the Montreal Witness.)

The Rev. Mark Willoughby, of Trinity church, in this city, with the Christian zeal and benevolence for which he was remarkable, organised a band from among the most devoted members of his flock, to minister to the spiritual and temporal wants of the poor suffering emigrants arriving among us, and placed himself at their head. The ministrations of this company of true followers of Christ were unwearied, and their sympathies, especially for the sick and orphans, were of the most lively kind. What has been the result? One of the most unfathomable dispensations of Providence that has, perhaps, ever been seen among men, as the following list will show:

The Rev. Mark Willoughby, leader of this more than Spartan band	- - -	Dead of the emigrant fever.
Lieut. Lloyd, R.N., who assuredly stood second, and only second, in usefulness	- - -	Dead of the same.
Mr. Crispo	- - -	Dead of the same.
Mr. James Geddes	- - -	Ill of the same.
Mr. Harris	- - -	Ill of the same.

The above are all the male members of this company that we have happened to observe at the sheds, and they are all withdrawn from their voluntarily assumed duty, three of them to hear, we trust, the salutation, “Well done, good and faithful servants; enter ye into the joy of your Lord.” Does this not look as if the Lord were saying, “I will work a work in your day, which shall cause the ears of him that heareth to tingle, and none shall hinder it?”

OLIVE LEAF FOR THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.—OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

We may find, in the constitution of the English race, the first element of the argument, by which it was proposed to prove, that upon England alone devolves the duty of giving the world an OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE. The English race is the result of a remarkable combination of three remarkable elements, on a remarkable theatre of amalgamation, and at a remarkable time in the world’s history; and for the purpose, it would appear, of making, in a new sense, of one blood, and of one language, all nations of men. These elements are the Celtic, Saxon, and Scandinavian, combined on the island of Great Britain, just before the discovery of the New World. Each of these is as essential to the integrity and vital energy of the English race, as any other of the three. If emigration had commenced to the Western or Eastern World, before this combination, or from either of these elementary races, the condition and prospects of mankind would have differed seriously from those that distinguish the present day. What would a colony of Celts, or Saxons, or Danes, have done on the American continent? Would the Celts have launched forth into commercial and manufacturing enterprise, and have set the streams of the new world to the music of machinery? Would not the Saxons have followed their old predilections, and have settled down upon the fertile lands, as mere agriculturists, and left the rivers and intervening ocean scarcely whitened by a yard of canvass, as they did in England, when the Danes surrounded the island with nearly a thousand of their little ships? And would not the Danes have overrun the new continent, as they were wont to overrun the seas; without ever stopping to settle, or tarrying longer than to gratify their reckless spirit of adventure, by playing the Nunio in the wilderness, or by waging perpetual war with the Indians? An answer to these questions may be found in the experience of every elementary race, that has sought to colonize itself on the American Continent, or any other foreign land. The French is essentially an elementary race; and it had the first and best chance of colonization in North America; and this it attempted in the choicest localities on the continent. Some of the best families of France settled on the St. Lawrence, Ohio, and Mississippi. But what has been the result? The Canadian French, may be a fair answer. So with regard to Spain. She colonized her best blood in Mexico and Peru; and what came of it, but a listless race, without energy or enterprise? Such, probably, would have been essentially the experience

of each of the elements of the English race, had it attempted the colonization of America. But, combined, they have given to the world a race, not only distinguished by the Celtic faculty of cohesion and endurance: by the Saxon faculty of conformity to all climes and conditions of life, and by the hardy Scandinavian or Yankee spirit of adventure and migration, but also by a political faculty of self-propagation, unknown to any portion of the human family. In evidence of this latter quality, the French savans themselves assert that the population of the United States doubles itself once in 25 years; of Great Britain, in 41 years; of Germany, in 76 years; of Holland, in 106; of Italy, in 135; of France, in 138; of Switzerland, in 227; of Portugal, in 238; and of Turkey, in 555 years. The statistics of population in Asiatic and African countries are too lame to afford a trustworthy basis of calculation. But we know that there are many nations of men that do not increase at all in population; that there are others gradually wasting, like morning dew, before the rising sun of civilization. And perhaps we may safely assume, that the aggregate population of all the other nations, besides those mentioned above, doubles itself in 1000 years. Then, taking the average increase of all these nations, the population of the globe, exclusive of the English race, would double itself in 310 years; and, at now 700 millions, would be in the year 2157, if the world endure so long, 1,500,000,000. But the English race doubles itself in 35 years; and, putting it now at the very low estimate of 50 millions, if it should increase as it has done, it would amount to 21,940,000,000 in 2157; or more than twenty-seven times the present number of the inhabitants of the globe! and more than fourteen times the number of all the rest of the human family 310 years since! Can there exist a reasonable doubt, then, of the ultimate prevalence of one blood and one language over the earth? Is it not inevitable, that these sluggish streams and stagnant pools of human vitality, must be absorbed into that gulf-stream of population, which takes its head and impetus in England?

Great Britain is not only the heart in which the blood of this wonderful race is elaborated, but the heart that propels it, by organic pulsations, to the world's extremities. During the ten years ending with 1846, under the pressure of a common necessity, she propelled 745,309 of her children across the Atlantic, to seek a field of labour and life in North America alone;—and 125,778 of these during the last year. And this is only one direction in which she has propelled the blood of the English race, to propagate its kind among the distant tribes of men. America, with its 25 millions, of English lineage, language or genius, is but a senior plantation. The whole globe is already sown with the like in kind; and each an evidence of the prodigious fecundity of the stock. Sail the wide oceans over, and you will find one of these plantations striking its vigorous roots deep and broad into the soil, whereon the aborigines are melting away like unsuited exotics. The island-heart of Britain beats on; and its blood acclimates itself to every clime and condition of vitality. And now its pulsations are quickened and strengthened by the pressure of a new necessity, which has been gathering force. Her sea-girt home is too contracted for her landless millions, who are annually increasing in number and in the relentless importunity for bread, and freer life and labour. And she must let her people go—go by hundreds, where they have before gone by scores—go to all lands, where labour can meet the exigencies of human life. During the last year, the official register numbers 129,851 emigrants, who went out from her on this mission of existence. But what is this number compared with the host that will leave the United Kingdom the present year? If nearly a million have gone to distant lands during the last ten, will not a million more follow them in the next five years? And these will go as their predecessors went, with as strong home affections and love of kindred as ever bound human hearts and habitations together. If any one doubt this, let him stand by and witness the scene that is enacted when an emigrant ship unmoors for the Western World; or let him go to America and try the strength of the home-feeling with which the emigrant clings to the remembrance of his native land, and those he has left behind.

Now, then, it is with these millions of emigrants, and with the millions of their poor kindred behind, that we have to do, in asking England to give the world an OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE. We will say nothing now of the convenience of Commerce. The merchant can pay a shilling for the business letter he sends or receives across the ocean. But there are millions in the United Kingdom who cannot do so, without pinching their means of subsistence. And there are a million abroad, in these two islands,—and soon there will be millions of them,—scattered far from the Atlantic sea-board, who can write home scarcely once a year, at the present rate of postage. Why should England expatriate these necessitous myriads of her children, and then cut them off from all communication with their old homes and their kindred? Why, setting aside the humanity and justice of the measure, the home affections of these millions of emigrants might be made a source of revenue to England, with an OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE. But we reserve this department of the subject for future consideration.

Let England apprehend her destiny and duty now, when world-wide measures are requisite for the well-being of mankind. Unless some great physical revolution supervene, to arrest or check the propagation of the English race, in 145 years it must number 800,000,000 souls; outnumbering the present population of the globe? Shall England be the centre, the soul, and seat of moral and commercial legislation of

this mighty race, at such an epoch of its history? Then let her establish an OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE now. Rowland Hill has stated publicly, that nearly half of the entire correspondence of the United Kingdom passes through the City of London. Let him expand the City of London. Let him expand the Penny Post the compass of the Ocean and he may live to say, that half of the entire correspondence of the world passes through England and England's ships, to all the sea-divided habitations of men. Let the testimonial of England's debt to his beneficent genius be deferred, until the people of every clime, colour and country, beyond the sea, and the inhabitants of the far off ocean islands, may add a world's tribute of gratitude for an OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

ELIHU BURRITT.

London, May 6, 1847.

INFIDELITY DEFICIENT IN SYMPATHY.

(From the New York Presbyterian.)

A correspondent of the New York Observer, travelling in Virginia, after describing the magnificent view from the top of Monticello, presents the following melancholy picture, which affords another illustration of the fact that infidelity, cold, cheerless, inhuman, has nothing in it to awaken sympathy or respect, and that the champions of it even regard each other with unfeeling disregard:—

“On the summit that commands this enchanting view, the mansion was built by Jefferson when he had wealth to lavish on his cultivated tastes. The house is a hundred feet long, and of peculiar form and proportions—you enter a wide and lofty hall that was once adorned with the works of art which he had selected with a master's skill in the high places of the cath; then you pass on to the spacious dining room with polished inlaid floor; then to his library and study, and parlours; ascend this flight of stairs not wide enough for more than one to walk up at a time, and you find the chamber where he died on the 4th of July, 1826—the bed was in the recess, the ends of which sustained two cross pieces, and on these was thrown the mattress on which he laid himself to die! It was the gloomiest place—that dead room—that I was ever in: there was the strangest gathering of thoughts, crowding on each other, and each claiming to be the true emotion for the hour and spot: I thought of liberty and revolutions: of human greatness and glory: of philosophy, and religion, and infidelity, and death, and hereafter: of the soul of a mighty man struggling with the fetter of flesh, and rushing away from them into the darkness of an untried future, into the presence of the Infinite, in whom the wisdom of men and angels is lost as a drop that falls on the ocean: before whom the soul of the unholo shrinks away, and finds the rags of human glory, and the fig leaves of philosophy to be no covering when the eye of the Holy One searches the spirit—such thoughts as these pressed on me as I stood in the chamber whence the soul of Jefferson fled to judgment.

The mansion, now owned by Captain Levy, of the navy, is falling into decay: it was sold, and all the furniture, for his creditors, Jefferson having died insolvent; and almost the only relic left of the man whose name is identified with his country's history, as a devoted patriot, and a distinguished President, is a bust of Voltaire, which stands here as a sort of tutelary divinity of this deserted and dilapidated house.

As you descend the mountain, you pass an inclosure without a gate, that contains the grave of Jefferson; and a more neglected, wretched burial-place, you will seek in vain. If Campbell's ‘last man’ had been buried here, he could not have been less cared for. The wife of Jefferson, torn from him by death, ten years after their early marriage, lies here, and on her grave-stone is a Greek epitaph.

A granite obelisk, battered much by democratic pilgrims, but without name or epitaph, is doubtless the monument of Jefferson. It was here placed by his executor, and the panel on which was to be inscribed the epitaph which he wrote for himself, has never been inserted in the stone. I was told that it is lying with the iron gates designed for the inclosure, on the banks of the river where they were landed, and that no man has troubled himself to see that they ever reach their destination.”

POST-OFFICE.—Returns issued by order of parliament give the following details with respect to the post-office establishment for the last year:—The gross revenue of the post office, arising from every source whatsoever, for the year ending 5th January 1847, is £2,004,007 15s. 1d. Deduct estimated amount of foreign and colonial postage for the same year, based on accounts kept in the months of September, October, and November last, £624,788 12s. 3d. The estimated gross revenue of the post-office within the United Kingdom for the year ended 5th January, 1847, was therefore £1,379,219 2s. 10d. Estimated amount of gross revenue derived from transit postage upon letters from beyond seas, taken at London, Liverpool, Hull, Dover, Southampton, and Portsmouth, for the year 1846, is estimated at 8,640,436. The total amount of newspapers, ditto, ditto, at 2,698,376; and the total amount of postage for the same is estimated at £624,788 12s. 3d. The costs incurred and sums paid to railway companies, mail and stage coaches, horse posts, and foot runners and messengers, within the kingdom, £379,888 6s. 0½d., including £23,961 7s. 3½d. paid for tolls. The costs incurred for the distribution of letters in the metropolis and other large towns of the United Kingdom was, £76,651 6s. 4d. The gross revenue derived from postage and all letters from parts beyond seas was £301,640 13s. 10d.

SELECTIONS.

CHINESE AMUSEMENTS. There are no cock-fights, no horse racing; and fighting and boxing are unknown. They are more fond of kicking the shuttle cock than of knocking one another down. In the south, the climate disincites the people for active exercise. They display much agility in tumbling and balancing themselves on the slack rope. Dancing is unknown among them; when they first saw Europeans engaged in this amusement, they asked if it were not done for a medical purpose. A very common amusement is setting crickets to fight. Two of these insects are put into a box about a foot in diameter, and irritated with straws till they run against each other, when they will fight till one of them dies. Sometimes as much as three hundred dollars will be wagered on one of these fights. The Chinese, beyond any other nation, deserve the epithet of a gambling people. So much are they addicted to this vice, that persons who sell goods in the street, keep a dice-box, and persons who wish to purchase small articles, will rather gamble for them, than buy them in the regular way. Theatrical displays are exhibited on several occasions of religious festivals. The performances are mere pantomime, the people seldom understanding what is said. The whole affair is got up in a very bungling manner, the patience of the auditory being much more admirable than the skill of the actors. More than a thousand persons once lost their lives at a theatrical performance through the scenery taking fire.

TUNNELS.—Since the tunnel under the Thames was completed by Bunnell, projects of the same nature have been not so much the subject of constructive operation as of talk and speculation. A few years ago, it was proposed to tunnel the Hudson, at Albany, and now the Canadians, perhaps somewhat excited by the splendid canal of northern railroads now in contemplation, have come to the resolution of tunnelling the St. Lawrence, at Montreal. This can be done, as the bottom of the river there is of good rock, and the distance to be tunneled, only three-fourths of a mile. It was extremely difficult to tunnel the Thames, because the foundation was shifting sand, and after hundreds of thousands were expended, it was only completed by running huge cast iron tunnels gradually forward every few feet as they proceeded, the men working under the iron covers, which were of sufficient strength of themselves to support the weight of the river at its greatest depth. Within the past few years, tunnelling has become not uncommon in England, especially rail road tunnels. There is a tunnel between Manchester and Leeds of two and a half miles long, and under mountains from 700 to 1000 feet high. There is another between Manchester and Liverpool, 2750 feet long and 25 wide. There are two in America, one on the Great Western railroad between Pittsfield and Albany, and another between Baltimore and Ohio. Tunnels will soon become common, for we have no doubt but that with huge iron tunnels, no river need be an impediment to rail road construction.—*Family Visitor.*

LETTING OUT OF WATER.—Solomon's illustration of the beginning of strife is receiving some new enforcement now-a-days—both the illustration and thing illustrated. Mr. Shepherd, at Philips, Maine, built himself a fine stone grist mill, house, blacksmith shop, &c., on a small stream, which proved insufficient in its volume of water to carry his wheels. He thereupon repaired to a pond of some eighty acres lying on a hill above him, and cut a trench by which the water was turned from the pond into his brook. No sooner had the water commenced running through the new cut, than it began to wash the cut deeper, and the deeper it went, the faster it gulbed, till in a very short time an awful chasm let out the whole pond upon the little brook, and swelling into a torrent, swept away Mr. Shepherd's mill, house, shop, and all, and did vast mischief beside; after which, all became quiet, and the little brook ran along as peaceably as before, but it had no wheels to turn. As to the beginning of strife, look at our Mexican war. It has well nigh emptied the big pond. When shall we see the little brook running peacefully along the valley again?—*Jour. Com.*

MARRIAGE TIES.—No deliberation or circumspection can be too great in a transaction of such importance as the choice of a partner for life. An error here leads to the most awful consequences. It is fatal and irremediable. The Christian is concerned, in a particular manner, to proceed with peculiar caution in forming this delicate and important connection. No personal attractions, no brilliancy of talents, no elegance of manners, no polish of education should induce him to form such a connection till he has unquestionable evidence that these pleasing qualities are connected with *real and genuine piety*. This is the gem which sparkles with undiminished lustre in the darkest seasons of adversity, and in the broad sunshine of prosperity, which illumines the cottage and adorns the palace, which outlines the brightest diamonds upon earth, and which will emit eternal splendour from the crown of glory in heaven. The possession of the "pearl of great price" is essentially requisite to the enjoyment of conjugal felicity; but an abundance "of this world's goods" is far from being requisite. Such abundance generally increases the cares and anxieties of life, but seldom, if ever, adds to its real comfort. All who enter into the marriage state from mercenary motives, though they may enlarge their possessions, and increase their fortune, live in splendid misery, and find that they have bartered happiness for wealth. The connection which is truly desirable, is pure and disinterested; it unites hearts and hands in the bonds of mutual love. Human life has few enjoy-

ments so exquisite as that of loving and being beloved. No pleasures are comparable to pleasures which affect the *heart*. Such, in a peculiar manner, are the pleasures which are found in the sweet retirement of domestic life. They are simple, they are innocent, they are virtuous.—*Stowe.*

AN ADVENTURE WITH A BOA CONSTRICTOR.—I had taken a hasty leap over a small rut, and, alighting on something soft and slippery, fell prostrate; and I could recover myself, I felt something twist round my body, and roll me over and over. In a moment, it occurred to me that I was within the folds of a serpent. I was squeezed so tightly, that I had only time to give one loud scream for assistance, and instinctively raise my arms upwards in the endeavour to defend my head and face; being aware, from what I had heard from others, that the serpent would endeavour to make a twist round my neck. I could hear the monster hissing and playing its head round my face, but could not see, either through pain or horror at my situation. I gradually felt my ribs bending beneath its cruel gripe, and imagined that all was over with me, when to my inexpressible relief, I heard the voices of my friends: one of whom, with his cutlass, at one blow severed the monster's head from its body. It still, however, held me firm in its gripe, but speedily two or three of my faithful attendants threw themselves on the tail part of the animal, whilst another cut about two feet off from its extremity. Instantly I felt relieved, but was quite unable to stand or speak. Fortunately, water was at hand, and I soon came to myself, though now quite unconcerned about pursuing antelopes or any other game—for that day at least. The stench which proceeded either from the breath of the serpent, or from its fluids when cut asunder, was suffocating, and when relieved from its folds, I was covered with blood and slime. As near as we could make out its dimensions, the serpent was about sixteen feet in length, and at its thickest part it was about the size of the leg of a stout man. It was a boa constrictor, and its bite was not poisonous; although it left a mark or two on one of my arms which did not wear off for some years. For many days afterwards, I shuddered at the sight, or even at the mention, of a snake of any description; and for a long while after, I occasionally screamed out in my dreams; nor have I altogether got quit of my horror even at this day.—*Life of a Slave.*

THE HESSIAN FLY.—Last year the grain worm or weevil injured the wheat in this district to a considerable extent, but nothing like what we fear may be expected from the Hessian Fly, that terror to the wheat grower, which this season, for the first time we believe in this part of the county, makes its most unwelcome appearance. One-third of the wheat crop in many places has been winter-killed, and we have every reason to fear that another third will be destroyed by the fly; upon the remaining third we must subsist ourselves, and the thousands of emigrants who are coming among us, (for we are sending off every bushel we can spare of last year's crop) and after we have done this, where will the surplus be which we are to export to Great Britain? And if this same destroyer has passed over the wheatfields of the great West, what is to become of the starving millions of Europe? We fear the calamity is yet to come, and that we shall not long be suffered to occupy the position of mere spectators. A lady in this vicinity has just received a letter from two sons who are farming in the State of Illinois, and they write that the farmers in their neighbourhood are ploughing up their wheat and planting corn in its place, in consequence of the ravages of this insect. We have not yet observed statements of this kind in the papers from that quarter, and we hope it may not be general.—*Canada Farmer.*

EXTINCTION OF SLAVERY.—The Anti-Slavery work is still going on in the world. From various quarters the tidings come to us, that the system is tottering or falling. Recent accounts from Smyrna, state that the slave trade of Egypt has received a death blow. The Government has issued an edict for the abolition of slavery at the end of fifty days. Of course the slave market felt the stroke at once, and there was an immediate decline of sixty per cent. in the prices. Purchasers, even at this reduced price, all stood aloof. In New Granada the demand for the entire abolition of slavery is rising. A writer in one of their late journals urges a speedy extinction of the system. He says, "That slavery is as injurious to the proprietors of slaves as it is to society; and that an immense amount of wealth will disappear from New Granada if the present slow and destructive plan for its abolition is continued. The emancipation of the children, leaving the parents in slavery, is said to work the most injurious effects; and it is necessary to make them all free or all slaves. The parents can only entertain hatred against society where it denies to them what it bestows upon their children. The liberty of all, the writer goes on to say, is a thing which the legislature may hasten but cannot delay. He proposes that all should be made free simultaneously, on the 1st January, 1850, and that the government shall pay their proprietors five per cent. annual interest on their value, and that after that time it shall not be possible for any person to be held as a slave in the territory of New Granada."

We are often tempted to censure where we ought to be forbearing; though the more we ourselves become what we ought to be, the less acute and less gratified we are in marking or mentioning the failings of others.

The great comet of 1264 and 1556, is expected by astronomers to re-appear at the latter end of this or the commencement of the following year. March 10, 1848, is considered the most probable period. The nodes of the comet's orbit lie very close to the earth's path.

NEWS.

SUICIDE.—At the English Hospital, on Wednesday, about 10 o'clock P. M., an English sailor named Samuel Cook, in a fit of temporary insanity, terminated his existence by hanging himself with his neckcloth from an apple tree in the garden behind the Hospital. An inquest was held on the body next day, and a verdict returned accordingly.—*Courier.*

CONVICTION OF OFFENDERS.—James Crow and Thomas Dwyer and Thomas Nowlan, the two highwaymen whose attack on Mr. Griffin, the schoolmaster, and after attempt to shoot Mr. Coffin, created so much sensation at the time, took their trials in the court of Quarter Sessions this week. On being arraigned, Crow pleaded guilty to the robbery, and was immediately sentenced to be imprisoned in the Penitentiary for life. Nowlan was tried yesterday, and, after a patient hearing, was found guilty, and also sentenced to the Penitentiary. Two more desperate scoundrels, perhaps, never went out of a dock, and Nowlan in particular presented a mixture of cunning and ferocity seldom equalled. Now that they are fairly secured, we may mention some circumstances which will illustrate their characters. The facts are these:—A few hours before they were put on their trial, it came to the knowledge of the authorities that an horrible scheme had been devised to get rid of the witnesses. The intention was to shoot Mr. Coffin and Mr. Day, the principal parties against them. As the steps had been taken to effect this, and a party had been despatched to the States to purchase an air-gun; the use of such a weapon being considered less likely to lead to detection than an ordinary fowling piece. This gun had been exhibited to the prisoners by some parties who visited them in jail; and it was from this circumstance that the horrible conspiracy first became suspected, and was finally fully traced out. Immediately on the plot being known, it was determined to bring the ruffians to their trial without delay, and for this purpose, at a few hours notice, Bills were sent up to the Grand Jury, and before the parties had time to recover from their surprise, they had been found guilty and sentenced. This narrow escape shows the danger of having dangerous offenders for a long time in jail without trial. In this instance, but for mere chance, two valuable lives might have been sacrificed. As it is, the public have reason to be thankful for the vigilance exhibited by Messrs. Coffin and Day, through whose instrumentality it has principally happened that the scoundrels have at length been brought to justice, and placed where they are not likely to do much more mischief.—*Id.*

The Montreal Pilot mentions the death of two other Roman Catholic Clergymen, the Rev. Messrs. McEnery and Caroff, who have fallen victims to their labours in behalf of the immigrants.

It is our painful duty to record the sad and fatal accident which has deprived the Catholic population of this city of one of their most esteemed clergymen, and the community in general of an amiable and worthy citizen. We allude to the death of the Rev. Mr. Gotothey, which occurred on Sunday night about nine o'clock, under the following circumstances.—The Rev. gentleman, we have been informed by a gentleman at the Seminary who was present shortly after the accident, had been all day at the sheds, engaged in the administration of the duties of his office, to the sick and dying emigrants; about 9 o'clock in the evening, he went to the third story at the back of the Bonsecour Church, to obtain the sacrament for the purpose of administering it to a sick person in the Quebec Suburbs, when having occasion to go to a closet in the same story of the church, which had been pulled down to the foundation without his knowledge—he suddenly opened the door, and stepping forward was precipitated head-long to the ground, a depth of about 35 feet; he had a light in his hand, and a cart which had his attention drawn to the falling light, and the dark substance apparently accompanying it, went to the spot, and descending the hole discovered the unfortunate gentleman; he immediately called for assistance, and upon his being raised out, he groaned once or twice and expired. The hat of the Rev. gentleman had remained on his head during the descent, but was split at the top, and a compound fracture of the skull had resulted from the violence with which, from so great a height, he had struck the earth.—*Transcript.*

It is with great regret that we record the death of Dr. McGale of St. Joseph Street. The deceased was one of the medical attendants at the sheds, where he was distinguished for his zeal and assiduity, and, under the joint influences of fatigue and exposure to infection, he caught the prevailing epidemic, of which he died yesterday morning. The deceased leaves a widow and a numerous young family, we fear, totally unprovided for.—*Transcript, Saturday.*

We learn from the Quebec *Canadien*, of the 11th, that the Rev. Pierre Roy, parish priest of Charlebourg, and the Rev. Ed. Montminy, have fallen victims to the prevailing fever, caught whilst on duty at Grosse Isle. We learn from the same paper, that the Rev. Mr. Campeau, parish priest of St. George; the Rev. Mr. Dorion, parish priest of Drummondville, and the Rev. Mr. Rousseau, of St. Henri, have left their respective parishes for the Quarantine Station at Grosse Isle, in order to extend the consolations of religion to the sick emigrants of that place.—*Transcript.*

The *Revue Canadienne* states that Mr. Fabre had received a letter from London, dated 18th June, in which it is mentioned that three of the Canadian exiles had arrived at that place. Their names are P. H. Morin, his son Achille, and Pierre Pisonnault, all in good health. They had taken passage in the *Zealous*, from London, to Montreal, on the 16th June. The remaining eight are expected to arrive in the month of October.

We regret to state, that Sister Collins, of the Grey Nunnery, died yesterday morning, in consequence of the prevailing fever, caught in the discharge of her duty at the immigrant sheds.—*Transcript of Saturday.*

Pierre Laberge and his wife were both killed by lightning at Chateauguay, on Tuesday morning last, at six o'clock. They were sitting near the chimney.—*Id.*

As will be seen by an obituary notice inserted elsewhere, the fondly entertained hopes of the recovery of the Rev. Mr. Chaderion have been disappointed. We regret to learn that two other protestant clergymen, the Rev. Messrs. Lonsdell and Parkin, are down with fever contracted at Grosse-Isle. The Rev. John Forrance, of the same persuasion, is said to be still very unwell. The Rev. Mr. Beaubien, the Roman Catholic Chaplain who had resumed his duties at the Marine Hospital, was again taken ill yesterday, and had to be carried away.—*Quebec Gazette.*

Inquests were held on the 30th ult., on the body of Henry Orlon, late Captain of the barque Cornithan, of Hull, who committed suicide while in a state of insanity. On the 1st instant, at St. Pierre, Island of Orleans, on the body of a man named George Roberge, of Etchemin, found drowned. On the 3d instant, on the body of a woman unknown, found in St. Peter Street slip;—same day on George Duncan, mate of the brig Tyne, of Newcastle, killed by falling from a beam in Matland's Cove;—and yesterday morning on James Ganson, late a farmer in the township of Inverness, who died of excessive drinking.—*Quebec Gazette, July 9th.*

INFLEX OF SURPRISE IN THE TRADES.—The number of vessels which reported at the Custom-house, on Monday last, as having arrived in the Thames, and docks from foreign states was 81, laden with grain, cattle, provisions, and merchandise of every description. This is exclusive of 17 vessels which arrived the same day from Ireland, similarly laden, making altogether the large number of 101 arrivals at the port of London in one day. So large an influx of vessels, independently of the importance attached to their arrival at the present time, being laden principally with grain and other articles of food, will have the effect of giving a spur to business at the great dock establishments, and other places of commercial traffic on the river-side of the port.

The plan lately laid before parliament, by Sir G. Grey, for putting a stop to the evils flowing from the present system of transportation, seems to be exceedingly well conceived. The great feature of the change which Sir George proposes, is that instead of transportation, the convict, after a certain term of penal labour and confinement in this country, accompanied by moral instruction and discipline, shall, at periods proportioned to the nature of his sentence and his conduct under its operation, be sent out of the country with a ticket of leave. In this way employment will be provided for the criminal, and his ticket of leave being revocable, there will be a constant check on his conduct, with an incentive to act in such a manner, as to restore him to the position which he has lost in society. Still, the danger of abolishing transportation is deeply felt. Lord Denman, speaking in the name of the rest of the English Judges, deprecates the abolition of transportation, until some new punishment shall be discovered having equal terrors. The chief justice Blackburn in Ireland is of the same opinion; and the chief criminal Judge in Scotland has elaborately expressed his opinion to the same effect. The question is one of serious importance, but we hope that in the hands of Sir George Grey, and his relative at the head of the Colonial Department, the difficulties with which it is surrounded will be fully considered.

EXTRAORDINARY SPEED.—A special train of five carriages was taken from London to Birmingham, recently, in 2 hours and 31 minutes, the running time not exceeding two hours, being an average speed of 56 miles an hour. The maximum speed for upwards of a mile was 75 miles an hour, and the last 21 miles were run in 21 minutes. The engine used is called Stephenson's patent.

SHOCKING CASUALTY.—The poor-house in Attleboro' was burnt down between twelve and one o'clock, 30 min, and five of the inmates perished in the flames. The loss is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

The Steamer *Union*, the first of the French Line, arrived at New York on the 9th inst., after a passage of seven teen days from Cherbourg, where she sailed on the 23d June. The accounts of the crops in France, Belgium and Holland, continue to be favourable, still, it is said, prices are rising. Another fire at Constantinople had destroyed two hundred houses, nothing extraordinary for that place.

The Chinese junk purchased at Canton last year by an enterprising American ship-master, for the purpose of exhibition in the United States and Europe, also arrived at New York on the 10th instant, with a cargo of curiosities, including twenty live Chinese, men and women.

FRAUD IN TEAS.—Last evening, one of our largest dealers in groceries showed us one of the greatest frauds we ever heard of. He had within a few days purchased in the city of New York a large lot of Teas, in half boxes, chop marked *Oncina*, No. 10. Upon examining the boxes, he found that ten of them had ingeniously concealed within them a large piece of clay wrapped in Chinese paper, each piece, with the paper, weighing 16 pounds. His loss upon the whole is more than \$50.—*Newark Eagle.*

PRODUCE PRICES CURRENT—MONTREAL, July 17, 1847.

ASHES —Provincial duty 1 per cent. Pots, per cwt 25 3 a 25 7 1/2 Pebbles, do 25 6 a 25 9	PROVISIONS —Provincial duty 2s per cwt, Imp. 3s per cwt. Beef, Mess, bbl 200 lbs 60 0 a 60 0 Prime Mess, do 70 0 a 60 0 Prime, do 67 6 a 60 0 Cargo, do 60 0 a 60 0 Prime Mess, per tierce of 301 lbs 105 0 a 60 0 Pork, Mess, bbl 200 lbs 95 0 a 100 0 Prime Mess, do 80 0 a 60 0 Prime, do 70 0 a 60 0 Cargo, do 60 0 a 60 0
FLOUR —Provincial duty 6d, Imp. 2s. Canada Superfine 29 0 a 30 0 Do Fine 26 6 a 28 6 Do Middlings 20 0 a 25 0 Do Pollards 15 0 a 17 6	EACON , &c.—Provincial duty 2s, Imperial, 3s per cwt. Bacon, .. none Hams, .. 00 7 a 00 7 1/2
MEAL —Provincial duty 2s per 196 lbs., Imperial 2s per bbl. Indian Meal 00 0 a 00 0 Outmeal .. 27 6 a 00 0	BUTTER —Provincial duty, 2s, Imperial, 8s per cwt. Prime .. 0 6 a 0 0 Grease .. none
GRAIN —Provincial duty 3s per quarter on all except Oats 2s. Wheat, U Chest 60 lbs 6 0 a 6 6 Do do mid, do 6 0 a 0 0 Do Red .. nominal Barley per mnd, do Do Oats do Do Pease do 4 0 a 0 0 Indian Corn, 58 lbs none	

Monday Morning, July 19, 1847.

The arrival to-day of news by steamer of 4th instant, renders it impossible to give any quotations subsequent to Saturday.

THOMAS M. TAYLOR, Broker.
per E. T. TAYLOR.

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