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# THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. 1.

MONTREAL, JUNE 15, 1846.

No. 6.

## A COTTAGE SCENE.

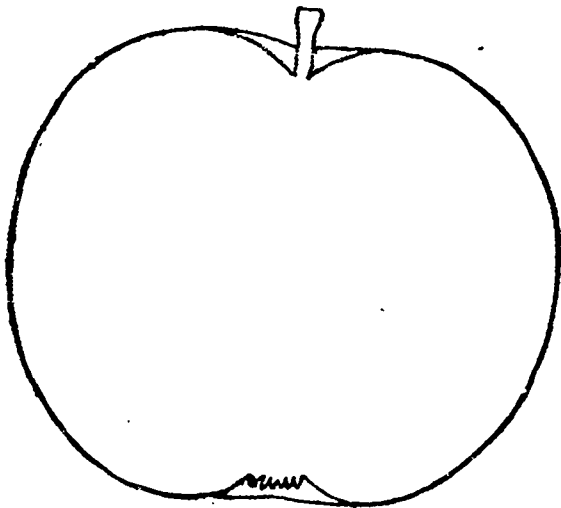
BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I saw a cradle at a cottage-door,  
Where the fair mother, with her cheerful wheel,  
Caroll'd so sweet a song, that the young bird  
Which, timid, near the threshold sought for seed,  
Paus'd on his lifted foot, and rais'd his head  
As if to listen. The rejoicing bees  
Nestled in throngs amid the woodbine cups  
That o'er the lattice cluster'd. A clear stream  
Came leaping from its sylvan height, and pour'd  
Music upon the pebbles; and the winds,  
Which gently 'mid the vernal branches play'd  
Their idle frisks, brought show'ring blossoms down,  
Surfeiting earth with sweetness. Sad I came  
From weary commerce with the heartless world;  
But, when I felt upon my wither'd cheek  
My mother Nature's breath, and heard the trump  
Of those gay insects at their honied toil,  
Shining like winged jewellery, and drank  
The healthful odour of the flow'ring trees  
And bright-eyed violets, — but, most of all,  
When I beheld mild slumbering innocence,  
And on that young maternal brow the smite  
Of those affections which do purify  
And renovate the soul — I turn'd me back  
In gladness, and with added strength, to run  
My weary race, lifting a thankful prayer  
To Him who shew'd me some bright tint of heaven  
Here upon earth, that I might safer walk,  
And firmer combat sin, and surer rise  
From earth to heaven.

## THREE EXCELLENT EARLY APPLES.

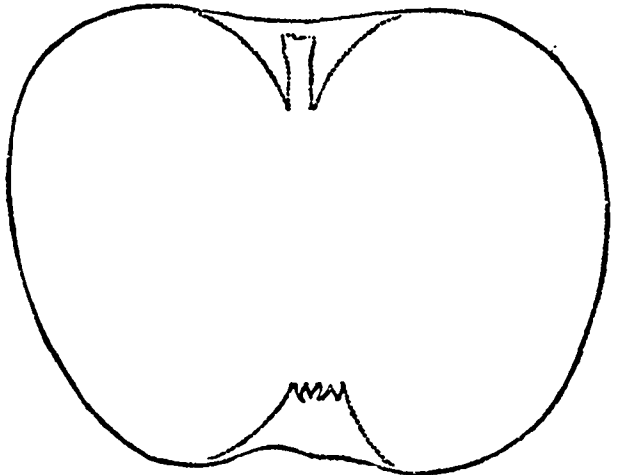
The apple undoubtedly stands at the head of all cultivated fruits, both as regards usefulness and profitableness to the orchardist. The following cuts and descriptions are from Downing's celebrated work on the Fruits and Fruit Trees of America.

### EARLY HARVEST APPLE.



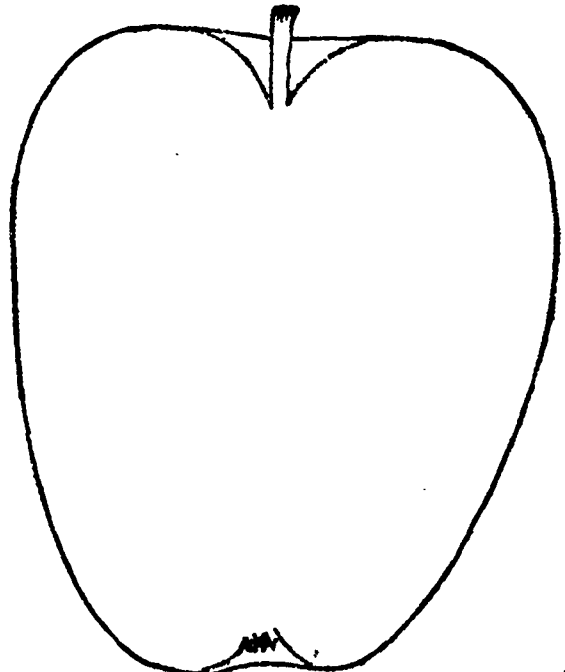
An American apple of the finest quality, at the head of all the early apples either for cooking or dessert. It begins ripening about the 1st July, and is in use during that month. Form round, above medium size, rarely a little flattened; skin very smooth and fair with a few faint white dots; bright straw colour when fully ripe, flesh very white, tender and juicy: crisp with a rich sprightly subacid flavour—not remarkably noted for bearing

### RED ASTRACHAN.



A Russian apple, decidedly one of the very finest summer fruits; its large size and unrivalled appearance render it one of the finest dessert fruits of the season; it ripens from the last of July to the middle of August, but if not pulled as soon as ripe it is liable to become mealy. Fruit roundish, above the middle size and very smooth and fair; skin almost entirely covered with deep crimson, with some times a little greenish yellow in the shade, and occasionally a little russet near the stalk, covered with an exquisite bloom on the surface similar to the plum; flesh quite white, crisp, moderately juicy, with an agreeable rich acid flavour.

### PORTER.



A first-rate New England apple, a great favorite in the Boston market. The fruit is remarkably fair, and the tree very productive. Fruit large, regular, oblong, narrowing to the eye. Skin clear, glossy, bright yellow, when exposed, with a dull blush next the sun. Flesh ... grained and abounding with juice, of a sprightly agreeable flavour; ripens in September, and deserves general cultivation.

## ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY AND PHONOTYPY.

(From the Watchman of the Valley.)

That the orthography of our language is greatly defective, is the united testimony of Lexicographers, Grammarians, and Orthoepists. Dr. Webster, in the quarto edition of his American Dictionary, remarks. "From the period of the first Saxon writings, our language has been suffering changes in orthography. The first writers having no guide but the ear, followed each his own judgment or fancy, and hence a great portion of Saxon words are written with different letters by different authors: most of them are written two or three different ways, and some of them fifteen or twenty. Nothing can be more disreputable to the literary character of a nation, than the history of English orthography, unless it be that of orthoepy. The irregularities of the English orthography have always been a subject of deep regret, and several attempts have been made to banish them from the language."

Every foreigner, who attempts to learn our language, knows that the English language as spoken, has no written representation. After a pretty thorough investigation, it has been found, that there are but about fifty words in our whole language, that are pronounced as they are spelled; that is in which the alphabetic-name sounds of the letters are followed. We have but twenty-three available letters in our alphabet to represent about forty sounds! This deficiency is supplied by assigning several different powers to the same letter, or by using a combination of letters. For example, there are only five monosyllabic words in the language in which the letter e represents its alphabetic sound, while there are 125 such words in which the combination ea, represents that sound. In respect to the letter a, the case is still worse; there being only one monosyllabic word (bass) in which this letter unassisted by a final e, or any other letter, represents its proper alphabetical sound.

Taking letters and combinations together, there are about 200 effective letters in our written language. But it unfortunately happens that these 200 letters are by no means confined to one meaning or sound each. One of them (ie) has eleven, six have nine each, five have eight each, &c.; giving 552 meanings to the whole 200 letters, and an average of 2 $\frac{2}{3}$  meanings to each letter. Hence the difficulty of learning to read English—hence the fact that none of us can with certainty pronounce a new word on being presented with its written form only—and hence the necessity of a true orthography.

But it is far more difficult to spell English than it is to read it, as the following facts will show.

Orthoepists generally agree in estimating the number of elementary sounds, in our language (vowel, consonant and diphthongal) to be about 40. A phonetic alphabet would of course, appropriate a distinct character to each of those forty elements of speech. If we take forty-two letters, and make one of them always represent the name and sound of e, we shall find that this character has, in the present irregular and fanciful spelling twenty-three equivalents, as may be seen in the following words: Cæsar, be, complete, each, leave, Beauchamp, feat, impregn, conceit, conceive, people, key, keyed, albino, magazine, parliament, grief, grieve, antique, foetus, quay, mosquito, carry. The long sound of a, and the sound of oo, in food have twenty forms each; and the whole phonetic alphabet, representing the forty-two distinct elements of our spoken language, has 377 equivalents, in the present method (it does not deserve to be called system) of spelling. Upon an average then, our orthography gives nine forms to one sound or element; and the difficulty of learning to read is to that of learning to spell, (so far as guessing at sounds, in the one case, and at forms in the other, is concerned) as two and three quarters to nine for each element.

Says Dr. Rapp, an eminent German scholar, "Although the French language has for centuries been the common language of Europe, in a diplomatic and social sense, yet it has never obtained a firm footing in large tracts of country beyond Europe; for France was not much more enterprising than Italy in colonization. On the other hand English may be considered as the language of the world out of Europe; and this idiom, which, by a bold mixture of Gothic and Roman elements, and by a fusion of their grammatical forms, which this rendered necessary, has attained an incomparable degree of flowingness, appears destined by nature more than any other that exists to become the world's language. Did not a whimsical antiquated orthography stand in the

way, the universality of this language would be still more evident; and we other Europeans, may esteem ourselves fortunate that the English nation has not made this discovery."

"It may be fairly assumed" says Mr. Cobb in the preface to his Spelling Book, "that one third of the whole time spent in acquiring a useful education is devoted to this particular branch," spelling. Phonotypy would save all this; as children of six or eight years old, would learn to read in a month; and as soon as they could read, they could spell any word they could accurately pronounce.

Noah Webster undertook to reform our orthography by expunging from it superfluous letters; and some little advance in this respect has been made.—Writers very generally, and printers universally, are agreed in dropping the u from the final syllable in honor, senior, Savior, and the like.

A Mr. Pitman proposes a radical reform which will change our whole system of spelling; a Herculean task. To aid him, societies of literary men, we understand, are forming in England and America, who publish periodicals and conduct correspondence on his new system of orthography.—There is one thing that promises to introduce it into pretty extensive use:—The Christian enterprise which at the present time is labouring to put the Bible into the hands of every body, will find this labor of love greatly facilitated by the use of Pitman's characters and orthography; because this new written language can be acquired in much less time by foreigners and by the poor, than the one now in use.

Mr. Pitman's alphabet is pleasing to the eye. He has, as far as was possible, chosen English forms for his new letters; and has retained the old, except q, k and x.

He has with great skill preserved so much resemblance between the old orthography and the new that almost any person who can read the old, can learn the new in ten minutes.

There are already eight or nine periodicals in Phonotypy and Phonography, and we have no doubt but that this reform will take the people in the south and west by surprise, like Morse's Telegraph, which was in operation in some parts of the United States before it was heard of in others.

PROMPTITUDE.—Every scene of occupation is haunted by that "thief of time," procrastination; and all his ingenuity is directed to steal that best of opportunities, the present time. The disease of humanity, disinclination to the work God has given, more frequently takes the form of dilatoriness than a downright and decided refusal.—But delay shortens life and abridges industry, just as promptitude enlarges both. You have a certain amount of work before you, and in all likelihood some unexpected engagements may be superadded as the time wears on. You may begin that work immediately, or you may postpone it till the evening, or till the week be closing, or till near the close of life. Your sense of duty insists on its being done; but procrastination says, "It will be pleasanter to do it by-and-by." What infatuation! to end day in a hurry, and life itself in a panic! and when the hurried evening has closed, and the fevered life is over, to leave half your work undone! Whatever the business be, do it instantly, if you would do it easily: life will be long enough for the work assigned if you be prompt enough. Clear off arrears of neglected duty; and once the disheartening accumulations of the past are overtaken, let not that mountain of difficulty rise again. Prefer duty to diversion, and cultivate the athletic frame of soul which rejoices in abundant occupation; and you will soon find the sweetness of that repose which follows finished work, and the zest of that recreation in which no delinquent feeling mingles, and on which no neglected duty frowns.—*Life in Earnest, by the Rev. James Hamilton.*

"CHRISTIAN DANCING."—A gentleman hereby offers a premium of \$50, for the best Tract, not exceeding 12 pages, on the question of "the propriety of Dancing by church members, and the expediency of teaching it to our children." Committee of Award—Rev. Stephen H. Tying, D. D., New-York; Rev. E. W. Andrews, Troy, N. Y., and Rev. Wm. A. Hallock, 150 Nassau St. New-York; to either of whom manuscripts, each accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name of the writer, may be addressed (post-paid) until Nov. 1st, 1846.

We heartily concur in the propriety of the above offer, and trust it will attract general attention. We trust the Tract which will receive the premium will consider thoroughly the subject of dancing, and show why the popular abomination of dancing in hot, crowded rooms, from fair-bed time to day-light, with a hot and heavy supper after midnight alternating in flimsy garments from an atmosphere of frost to one of steam, tricked out for Vanity, Fuir, and mixed up with all sorts of company, ought to be condemned and hounded, not only by devout Christians, but by all considerate human beings.—*Tribune.*

## MENTAL DELUSIONS.

A striking instance is on record, which does not on first sight seem to admit of explanation. It is that of Nicholai, of Berlin, related by himself to the Royal Society of that city in 1799. He was a man of much imagination and great industry; during the year 1790, he had been subjected to causes of great anxiety and sorrow; and it would seem that he had that year also neglected to lose blood by venesection or leeches so frequently as for some years, in consequence of vertigo and other complaints resulting from studious and sedentary habits of life, he had been accustomed to do. Early in February, several incidents of a disagreeable nature occurred to him; and on the 24th of that month he relates:—"At ten o'clock in the forenoon my wife and another person came to console me: I was in a great perturbation of mind, owing to a series of incidents which had altogether wounded my moral feelings, and from which I saw no possibility of relief; when suddenly I observed at the distance of ten paces from me a figure, the figure of a deceased person. I pointed at it, and asked my wife whether she did not see it. She saw nothing, but being much alarmed, endeavoured to compose me and sent for a physician. The figure remained some seven or eight minutes, and at length I became a little more calm."—"In the afternoon a little after four o'clock, the figure, which I had seen in the morning, again appeared. I was alone when this happened: a circumstance, which, as may easily be conceived, could not be very agreeable. I went, therefore, to the apartment of my wife, to whom I related it. But thither also the figure pursued me. Sometimes it was present, sometimes it was absent, but it was always the same standing figure."—"After I had recovered from my first impression of terror, I never felt myself particularly agitated by these apparitions, as I considered them to be, what they really were, the extraordinary consequences of indisposition: on the contrary I endeavoured as much as possible to preserve my composure of mind, that I might remain distinctly conscious of what passed within me. I observed these phantoms with great accuracy, and very often reflected on my previous thoughts, with a view to discover some law in the association of ideas, by which exactly these or other figure might present themselves to the imagination."—"The figure of the deceased person never appeared to me after the first dreadful day, but several other figures showed themselves afterwards, very distinctly; sometimes such as I knew, mostly, however, of persons I did not know; and amongst those known to me were the semblances of both living and deceased persons, but mostly the former: and I made the observation that acquaintance with whom I daily conversed, never appeared to me as phantasms: it was always such as were at a distance. When these apparitions had continued for some weeks, and I could regard them with the greatest composure, I afterwards endeavoured, at my own pleasure, to call forth phantoms of several acquaintance, whom I felt that reason represented to my imagination in the most lively manner, but in vain."—"The phantasms appeared to me in many cases involuntarily, as if they had been presented externally like the phenomena of nature, though they certainly had their origin internally; and at the same time I was always able to distinguish, with the greatest precision, phantasms from phenomena. Indeed I never once erred in this, as I was in general perfectly calm and self-collected on the occasion. I knew extremely well when it only appeared to me that the door was opened, and a phantom entered, and when the door really was opened, and a person came in." These figures appeared to Nicholai when alone or when in company, or even in the street, and continued to haunt him for about two months:—at last they disappeared; sometimes returning for a time, and lastly, during the time in which he was writing an account of them. (Nicholson's Journal of Nat. Phil. Sophy, Chemistry, and the Arts, vol. vi. p. 161.) A correspondent in the Journal from which I have quoted the case of Nicholai, describes himself as having been the subject of such hallucinations during an attack of fever: he saw innumerable faces all very agreeable, but fancying that these appearances indicated a breaking up of the system, and that the confusion of his senses was but the precursor of his speedy destruction, the spectra assumed a character associated with this uncheering belief; and instead of the very prepossessing faces which had before visited him, he beheld a visage of an unaged expression, which seemed to belong to a figure which pointed again at him. The patient began to

perceive the influence which his thoughts had upon his waking visions, and voluntarily directed them towards architectural recollections and natural scenery; and, after some time, a corresponding change came over the appearances which were presented to him.—He then turned his thoughts towards music, and dreamed during a short sleep that a cat leaped upon his back, and awoke him with shrill and piercing screams. The sleeping and the waking dreams were thus plainly enough proved to be formed very much in the same manner.

A distinguished physiological writer of our own country has related something similar which occurred in his own person. "I was labouring," he says, "under a fever, attended with symptoms of general debility, especially of the nervous system, and with a severe pain of the head, which was confined to a small spot situated above the right temple. After having passed a sleepless night, and being reduced to a state of considerable exhaustion. I first perceived figures presenting themselves before me, which I immediately recognized as similar to those described by Nicholai, and upon which, as I was free from delirium, and as they were visible for three days and nights with little intermission, I was able to make my observations. There were two circumstances which appeared to me very remarkable; first, that the spectral appearances always followed the motion of the eyes: and secondly, that the objects which were the best defined, and remained the longest visible, were such as I had no recollection of ever having previously seen. For about twenty-four hours, I had constantly before me a human figure, the features and dress of which were as distinctly visible as that of any real existence, and of which, after an interval of many years, I still retain the most lively impression: yet neither at the time nor since, have I been able to discover any person whom I had previously seen who resembled it. During one part of this disease, after the disappearance of the stationary phantom, I had a very singular and amusing imagery presented to me. It appeared as if a number of objects, principally human faces or figures, on a small scale, were placed before me, and gradually removed, like a succession of medallions. They were all of the same size, and appeared to be all situated at the same distance from the face."—(Dr. Bostock's System of Physiology, vol. iii. p. 204.) Conolly's Inquiry concerning the Indications of Insanity, p. 105. et seq.

**NEGRO LABOUR.**—Those who have been in the habit of supposing that the Negroes were a lazy race, who would rather starve than work, and whom nothing but the cart-whip could rouse to exertion, will be surprised to learn that the earth-work on the Jamaica railway was executed by negro labour alone, at a much cheaper rate than the same kind of work is performed on the English railways. In the hope of inducing the negroes to perform the work in as short a time as possible, the contractors offered them two shillings a day, which is double the amount usually paid in the Island; and such was their vigour and industry, that they did as much of this heavy work for two shillings as is usually done in this country for three shillings and sixpence. This shows that though the negroes are no fonder than other men of working for nothing, they are quite as willing to do a good days work for a good days wages as even Lancashire navigators.—*Liverpool Times.*

**FATHER MATHEW.**—The Cork Examiner says Father Mathew still perseveres in his work, declaring that the few cases of backsliders which have come to light may be clearly traced to the very great temptations which have been presented by the dealers in strong drink, or by persons who employed strong drink as the instrument for effecting some nefarious purpose." He still numbers more than five millions of consistent teetotalers. A distinguished writer gravely questions, whether there are any backsliders, except such as habitually use tobacco.

The Rev. Thomas Spencer states that "The people of England, Ireland, and Scotland, with a population of 27,000,000, pay annually \$35,000,000 in poor rates; \$25,000,000 for the support of Government; and \$300,000,000 for intoxicating drinks! He states that there were among the 27,000,000 people, 600,000 drunkards, and that 50,000 of them die annually, whose places were supplied by 50,000 more from the ranks of the moderate drinkers!

**THE TIDE OF EMIGRATION.**—The emigration from Germany this year, it is represented, will be immense. Preparations are being made on an extensive scale in parts of the country where hitherto there has not been much emigration. The emigration spirit prevails, not among the poor, but among persons in good circumstances, and even among the rich and wealthy. People who own large and beautiful estates are selling off their property, and getting ready to emigrate, with family and friends, to America.

## SONGS OF LABOUR—THE SHIP BUILDERS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The sky is ruddy in the East,  
The sky is grey below,  
And, spectral in the river-mist  
Our bare, white timbers show.  
Up!—let the sound of measured stroke  
And grating saw begin:  
The broad-axe to the gnarled oak,  
The mallet to the pin!

Hark!—Roars the bellows, blast on blast,  
The sooty smithy jars,  
And fire-sparks rising far and fast  
Are fading with the stars.  
All day for us the smith shall stand  
Beside that flashing forge;  
All day for us his heavy hand  
The groaning anvil scourge.

Cee up!—Gee ho!—The panting team  
For us is toiling near;  
For us the raftsmen down the stream  
Their island barges steer.  
Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke  
In forests old and still—  
For us the century-circled oak  
Falls crashing down his hill.

Up!—up!—in nobler toil than ours  
No craftsmen bear a part:  
We make of Nature's giant powers  
The slaves of human art.  
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,  
And drive the tunnels free;  
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam  
Shall tempt the searching see!

Where'er the keel of our good ship  
The sea's rough field shall plough—  
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip  
With salt-spray caught below—  
That ship must heed her master's beck,  
Her helm obey his hand,  
The seamen tread her reeling deck  
As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs and rulture-beak  
Of Northern ice may peel—  
The sunken rock and coral peak  
May grate along her keel:  
And know we well, the painted shell  
We give to wind and wave,  
Must float the sailor's citadel,  
Or sink the sailor's grave!

Ho!—strike away the bars and blocks,  
And set the good ship free!  
Why lingers on these dusty rocks  
The young bride of the sea?  
Look!—how she moves adown the grooves  
In graceful beauty now!  
How lowly o'er the breast she loves  
Sinks down her virgin prow!

God bless her, whensoever the breeze  
Her snowy wing shall fan,  
Beside the frozen Hebrides  
Or suitry Hindostan!—  
Where'er in mart or on the main,  
With peaceful flag unfurled,  
She helps to wind the silken chain  
Of commerce round the world!

Speed on the ship!—But let her bear  
No merchandise of sin,  
No groaning cargo of despair  
Her roomy hold within,

No Lethæan drug for Eastern lands,  
No poison draught for ours,  
But honest fruits of toiling hands  
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be her's the Prairie's golden grain,  
The Desert's golden sand,  
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,  
The spice of Morning-land!  
Her pathway on the open main  
May blessings follow free,  
And glad hearts welcome back again  
Her white sails from the sea!

## SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

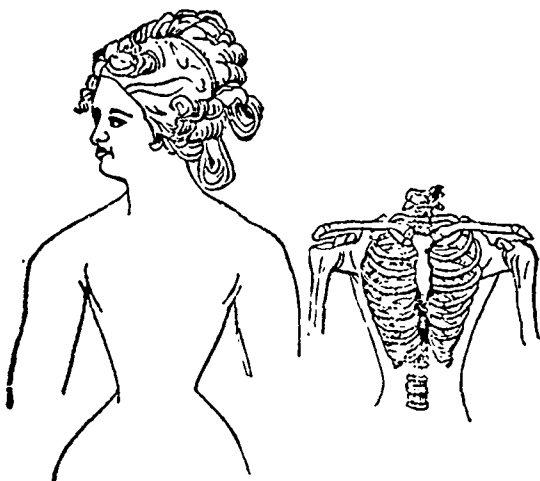
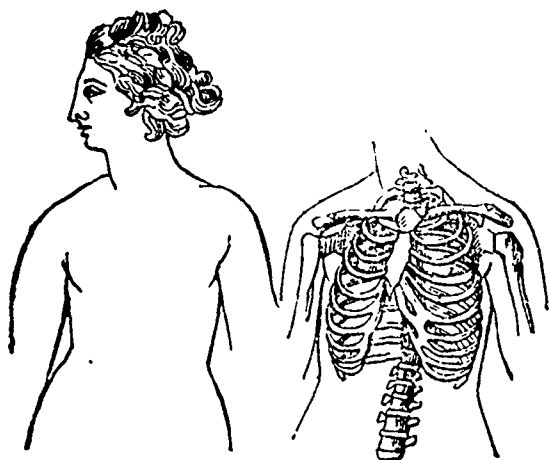
"Then saith the woman of Samaria unto Him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans."—John iv. 9.

By this we should understand that they had no friendly intercourse; for that they had the intercourse of traffic and common communication, seems clear enough. Indeed, we observe in the present instance, that, while our Lord conversed with the woman of Samaria, the disciples had proceeded to the Samaritan town of Sychar to buy meat. The prevalent doctrines of the Pharisees, and the claims to superior purity and holiness which they encouraged individuals to cherish, had much tendency to aggravate the difference between the Samaritans and Jews. The Pharisees indeed taught that no Jew ought to borrow any thing of the Samaritans, or receive any kindness from them, nor drink of their water or eat of their bread. Hence the surprise of the woman that Jesus asked drink of her; but we see presently that he did more still in opposition to the narrow restrictions of the Pharisees, in going to the city and eating with its inhabitants.

The sources of enmity between the Jews and Samaritans were many. The original occasion of the settlement of the Samaritans in Palestine, would in itself have been sufficient to set the Jews against them. But besides this when from ear they deemed it prudent to worship God, they did so without relinquishing the worship of their own idols—and this circumstance was not forgotten by the Jews, even when they ceased to be idolaters. Their rejection of all the books of Scripture, except the Law, of which alone they acknowledged the Divine authority; their bitter opposition to the rebuilding of the temple of Jerusalem, by the captives returned from Babylon, after their own assistance and participation had been declined; and, still more, their afterwards building an opposition temple on Mount Gerizim, where alone and not at Jerusalem, they contended that the Law (Deut. xxvii. 11—13) directed the Lord's temple to be built, and, consequently, that their own was the true and lawful temple, where alone sacrifices should be offered:—All these, and other causes, rendered the Samaritans abhorred by the Jews, even more perhaps than idolaters themselves. Hence, the son of Sirach says, "There be two manner of nations which my heart abhorreth, and the third is no nation: They that sit upon the mountains of Samaria, and they that dwell among the Philistines, and that foolish people which dwell in Sichem." (Eccles. i. 25, 26.) All intercourse of kindness was refused; and the Jews thought they could not more strongly express their contempt and detestation of any man than by calling him a Samaritan; hence, on one occasion, they said to Christ, "Thou art a Samaritan, and hast a devil."—*Pictorial Bible.*

CEYLON.—At the last accounts the cholera was raging frightfully on this island. Many were dying; and great consternation prevailed among the inhabitants. The natives were about to hold a great festival in honour of the Goddess of Pestilence, at which a grand offering of fowls and rams was to be presented to the goddess, to procure her favour. The ceremonies were to be closed by the sending forth of a scape-goat, bearing on his person the dreadful pestilence. By this means they expected to rid themselves of the terrible scourge. Some £300 had already been collected to defray the expenses of this grand sacrifice.

REINDEER.—The inhabitants of Lapland have little dependence on the fruits of the earth. They neither sow nor reap. Their comparative riches consist in the number of reindeer. Their chief nourishment is derived from the flesh and milk of these animals, with the milk also they make cheese, the skin serves for clothing, the hair for fur, the horns and hoofs for glue, the sinews are split into thread, which is very strong, bow-strings are made of the tendons, and the bones are manufactured into spoons.—*Hancock on Instinct.*



TIGHT LACING.

In China's fashion requires women's feet to be compressed into half their natural size, and we ridicule the custom, and pity its victims. Among the civilized nations of the West, fashion requires, or, at all events, recently required, the female waist to be compressed into half its natural dimensions, and in that reason, science, or religion itself, could say against the practice was in vain. Which custom is farthest removed from common sense?—that of the idolaters of China, or that of the Christians of Britain and America? The one materially diminishes the power and injures the action of the muscles of the feet it is true, but the other performs the same destructive offices for the lungs, heart, liver, stomach, and other vital organs. Which, we repeat the question, is most injurious?

To compress the lungs so much that they can only half supply the blood with vital air, must not only materially weaken the mothers of the human race, but the race itself. To this cause, together with intemperance and other vices (for we look upon every thing that injures and shortens human life for the sake of fashion, vanity, or appetite, as a vice), we doubt not, to be attributed the fact, that with all the improvements of modern times in cleanliness, ventilation, wholesome food, &c. &c., so little approximation has been made to the longevity which might be expected from the corporeal constitution given to man at first, and which is believed by many to be foretold in the prophecies as yet to come to pass.

The above wood-cuts, exhibit more clearly than any description the extent of the evil done. The first is the exact outline of the statue called the Venus de Medici, which, from the time that it was executed by the most celebrated of ancient Grecian sculptors to the present, has been considered the very perfection of female beauty, and is the natural shape of a well-formed woman. The second is the pattern after which fashion imperatively required the modern first lady to model herself, which was effected by artificial compression, beginning, as in the case of the Chinese feet, at an early age. The duplicate cuts shew the internal effects of the compression.

This process destroyed the vigour of the muscles that support the spine, at the age when they required much exercise to develop and strengthen them; and then, with all this superinduced weakness, the poor young girl who was intended for a lady had to sit bolt upright for long dreary hours at school on a high bench, and without any support for the back; enduring torture from

which an Indian fakcer would perchance have shrunk. What wonder that there are distorted spines! What wonder that the family circle is often an hospital!

The cuts in question, though never before published in Canada, so far as we know, have been published over and over again in various popular works in Britain; and partly to their influence, and partly, we trust, to the influence of religion and good sense, the compression of the waist has been greatly mitigated—the same relative proportions being obtained in a quite different and much less objectionable way. That it still exists, however, to an absurd and pernicious extent cannot be doubted, and therefore we are only performing a duty to the public in re-publishing them here.

### SCRAPS FROM ELIHU PURRITT, THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

Let every man, who loves humanity, read this! In 1835, a year of great commercial prosperity, the value of all the British and Irish Produce and manufactures exported from the United Kingdom, was \$208,237,930. The appropriations for the payment of the interest of the British war-debt, and for the support of the Army, Ordnance, and Navy, during the current year, amount to \$225,403,500!!! Think of that! The war expenses, in the time of peace, exceeding by nearly \$20,000,000 per annum, all that the human and iron machinery of that great kingdom can produce beyond its home consumption!!! And now there is to be a famine there, and the guilty policy that taxes the very air breathed by the poor to pay these war expenses, has locked up British ports against the Egyptian granaries of the world, leaving those hungry millions to covet swine's food in sight of interdicted abundance.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.—A Lieutenant of the Royal Navy recently stated in a speech in London, that since the time of Henry IV. the subject of war had never been mooted in the House of Lords without every bishop voting in its favor, with the exception of one on each occasion.

LET NO HEATHEN READ THIS.—During the year 1844, the nations distinguished by the name of *Christian*, expended more in preparing to cut each other's throats than has been appropriated to the preaching of the gospel to the pagan world since Jesus Christ expired on the cross! How well have they obeyed the last injunction of the Saviour, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature!"

The mercantile shipping of the civilized world amounts to about 8,000,000 tons, which is worth, new and old, \$30 per ton, and nets, clear of interest, insurance, &c., ten per cent, or \$24,000,000 per annum. The appropriation to the British Navy for the current year, is \$33,620,200!! Is not this a sober fact? that the annual expense of the nation's navy exceeds the net profit of all the mercantile shipping owned by the civilized world!

From March 4th, 1789, to June 30th, 1844 our government expended on the war department \$663,458,851. The interest of this sum, at 6 per cent, would build Whitney's great railroad from the Lakes to the Pacific, of 2500 miles in length, at \$15,000 per mile; and thus erect a highway for the commerce and communication of the family of nations, which should be reckoned in all coming time one of the greatest enterprises that ever blessed the race.

### NIGHT.

BY THE REV. J. B. WHITE.

Mysterious night! when our first Parent knew  
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of Light and Blue?  
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,  
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.  
Who would have thought such darkness lay conceal'd  
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,  
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood reveal'd,  
That to such countless Orbs thou mad'st us blind?  
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?  
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?



## THE SLAVE PAULINE.

Many of our readers have probably seen a paragraph stating that a young slave girl was recently hanged at New Orleans, for the crime of striking and abusing her mistress. The religious Press of the North has not, so far as we are aware, made any comments upon this execution. It is too busy in pulling the mote out of the eye of the heathen, to notice the beam in our nominal Christianity at home. Yet this case, viewed in all its aspects, is an atrocity, which has, God be thanked, no parallel in heathen lands. It is a hideous offshoot of American Republicanism and American Christianity.

It seems that Pauline,—a young and beautiful girl—attracted the admiration of her master, and being, to use the words of the law, his “chattel personal to all intents and purposes whatsoever,” became the victim of his lust. So wretched is the condition of the slave woman, that even the brutal and licentious regard of her master is looked upon as the highest exaltation of which her lot is susceptible. The slave girl in this instance, evidently so regarded it; and, as a natural consequence, in her new condition triumphed over and insulted her mistress—in other words, repaid in some degree the scorn and abuse with which her mistress had made her painfully familiar.

The laws of the Christian State of Mississippi inflict the punishment of Death, upon the slave who lifts his or her hand against a white person. Pauline was accused of beating her mistress, tried and found guilty, and condemned to die. But it was discovered on the trial that she was in a condition to become a mother; and her execution was delayed until the birth of her child. She was returned to her prison cell. There for many weary months, uncheered by the voice of kindness, alone, hopeless, desolate, she waited for the advent of the now and quickening life within her, which was to be the signal of her own miserable death. And the bells there called mass and prayer-meeting, and Methodists sang, and Baptists immersed, and Presbyterians sprinkled,—and young mothers smiled through tears upon their newborn children; and maidens and matrons of that great city sat in their cool verandahs and talked of love and household joys, and domestic happiness,—while all that dreary time, the poor slave-girl lay on the scanty straw of her dungeon, waiting with what agony the dear and pitying God of the white and black only knows, for the birth of the child of her adulterous violator. Horrible!—Was ever what George Sand justly terms “the great martyrdom of maternity”—that fearful trial which love alone converts into joy unspeakable—endured under such conditions! What was her substitute for the kind voices and gentle soothing of affection! The harsh grating of her prison-lock—the mocking and taunts of unfeeling and brutal keepers! What with the poor Pauline took the place of the hopes and joyful anticipations which support and solace the white mother, and make her couch of torture happy with sweet dreams?—the prospect of seeing the child of her sorrow, of feeling its lips upon her bosom, of hearing its feeble cry—alone, unvisited of its father; and then in a few days, just when the mother’s affections are strongest, and the first smile of her infant compensates for the pangs of the past,—the scaffold and the hangman! Think of that last terrible scene—the tearing of the infant from her arms, the death-march to the gallows, the rope around her delicate neck, and her long and dreadful struggles (for attenuated and worn by physical suffering and mental sorrow, her slight frame had not sufficient weight left to produce the dislocation of her neck, on the falling of the drop.) swinging there alive for nearly half-an-hour,—a spectacle for fiends, in the shape of humanity. Mothers of New England! such are the fruits of slavery. Oh, in the name of the blessed God, teach your children to hate it and to pity its victims.

Petty politicians and empty-headed Congress debaters are vastly concerned lest “the honour of the country” should be compromised in the matter of the Oregon boundary. Fools!—one such horrible atrocity as this murder of Pauline, “compromises” us too deeply to warrant any further display of their patriotism. It would “compromise” Paradise itself.—*Essex Transcript.*

## PEEP INTO AN ANCIENT CITY.—POMPEII.

Having finished our picturesque meal, we went down into the

ancient streets once more, and arrived at the small Temple of Isis, a building in excellent preservation. On the altar stood, when it was excavated, a small statue of Isis, of exquisite workmanship, (now in the museum to which all the curiosities of the place are carried), and behind this we were shown the secret penetralia, where the priests were concealed who uttered the oracles supposed to be pronounced by the goddess. The access was by a small secret flight of stairs communicating with the apartments of the priest in rear. The largest of these apartments was probably the refractory, and here was found a human skeleton, near a table, upon which lay dinner utensils, chicken bones, bones of fishes, bread and wine, and a faded garland of flowers. In the kitchen, which we next visited, were found cooking utensils, remains of food, and the skeleton of a man leaning against the wall, with an axe in his hand, and near him a considerable hole, which he had evidently cut to make his escape, when the door was stopped by cinders. The skeleton of one of the priests was found prostrate near the temple, and in his hand three hundred and sixty coins of silver, forty two of bronze, and eight of gold, wrapped strongly in a cloth. He had probably stopped before his flight to load himself with the treasures of the temple, and was overtaken by the showers of cinders, and suffocated.

We entered a broad street, lined with shops, against the walls of which were paintings in fresco and inscriptions in deep-red paint, representing the business, and recording the names of the occupants. In one of them was found a piece of salt fish, smelling strongly after seventeen centuries! A little further on was a baker’s shop, with a well-used oven, in which was found a batch of bread burnt to a cinder.

The principle inn of Pompeii was just inside the gate. We went over the ruins of it. The skeleton of an ass was found chained to a ring in the stable, and the tire of a wheel lay in the court-yard. Chequers are painted on the side of the door, as a sign.

On our return through the streets, among the objects of interest was the house of Sallust, the historian. I did not think, when reading his beautiful Latin at school, that I should ever sit down in his parlour. Sallust was rich, and his house is uncommonly handsome. Here is his chamber, his inner court, his kitchen, his garden, his dining-room, his guest-chamber, all perfectly distinguishable by the symbolical frescoes on the walls. In the court was a fountain, of pretty construction; and opposite, in the rear, was a flower-garden, containing arrangements for dinner in open air in summer. The skeleton of a female, (supposed to be the wife of the historian), and three servants, known by their different ornaments, were found near the door of the street.

Below the tombs stands the suburban villa of Diomed, one of the most sumptuous edifices of Pompeii. Here was found every thing that the age could furnish for the dwelling of a man of wealth,—statues, frescoes, jewels, wine, household utensils of every description, skeletons of servants and dogs, and every kind of elegant furniture. The family was large, and in the first moment of terror they all retreated to a wine vault under the villa, where their skeletons (eighteen grown persons and two children) were found seventeen centuries after! There was really something startling in walking through the deserted rooms of this beautiful villa, more than one feels elsewhere in Pompeii; for it is more like the elegance and taste of our day; and, with the brightness of the preserved walls, and the certainty with which the use of each room is ascertained, it seems as if the living inhabitant would step from some corner and welcome you. The figures on the walls are as fresh as if done yesterday; the baths look as if they might scarce be dry from use. It seems incredible that the whole Christian age has elapsed since this was a human dwelling, occupied by its last family *while our Saviour was walking the earth.*—*Willis’ Pencilings by the Way.*

## “ONLY LET ME HAVE THE CORN.”

Report says that a certain distiller was in the habit of paying \$100 a year for the support of his minister. This man of God was at the same time pouring forth his philippics from the pulpit against the distiller’s business, as “scattering arrows, brands, and death,” among men. How he could consent to pay for the services of such a minister was a mystery to his neighbours, and they asked him for a solution. “He may preach against my business as much as he pleases,” was his

reply, "if he will only let me have the corn." So long as his appeals were confined to the distiller's conscience, and not addressed to the farmer's also, who furnished him the corn, he felt that his pecuniary interest, that for which alone he carried it on, was in no danger from his preaching. It was not the character of his business, it seems, but its profits alone that he was concerned to secure. Besides, so long as his fires of devastation were fed by hosts of Christian farmers, who shared with him both the profits and the moral responsibility of his business, without rebuke or ecclesiastical molestation, he could very comfortably cast in his lot with them, as far as character was concerned.

Here is a lesson for reformers and preachers of righteousness. The silversmiths of Ephesus would have tolerated Paul's preaching against idolatry, had it opposed no pecuniary interference with their "craft." The distiller will hear very patiently your denunciations, if you will continue his supplies by letting off with impunity the church members who share in the profits and responsibility of his business. The retailer beads you not, so long as your legislation contradicts your denunciation and continues to give license and character to his business.

Temperance reformers must lay the axe at the root of the tree, and apply their principles to the accomplices, as well as the more prominent agents, in the work of intemperance and death, to render them effectual. It is the same in every other reform. All your remonstrances against Sabbath-breaking establishments will be powerless, so long as you continue to patronize and support them. Employ, for example, a boat that is to convey yourself or freight on the Sabbath, and you actually hire the men to break the Sabbath for your accommodation. If the thing is often unavoidable, it only shows the necessity of concert and enterprise among the friends of the Sabbath to get up establishments that will obviate the necessity.

The lesson is applicable to anti-slavery reforms. You may denounce slavery with the eloquence of a Demosthenes, and your sentiments will be echoed throughout the length and breadth of Slavedom, and never break a single fetter provided you will not touch the individual sin of slaveholding. Assail the system with all the violence you please; only leave the slaveholder unmolested in the practice of it. "Only let him have the corn" or the principle which in his particular case will shield his person and his profits from the effect of your attacks on the system, and he asks no more. We have no hope of making any headway in this reform, on any other principle than that of total abstinence—just as it has been in the Temperance reform.—*Watchman of the Valley.*

#### MASSACRES OF BRITISH SEAMEN IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

The Australian papers bring details of the loss of English vessels, and massacre of their crews, by the savages inhabiting the New Hebridean group. The particulars were brought by the John Williams, missionary brig, which had been visiting the out-stations of the London Missionary Society at New Hebrides and New California, and had made special inquiries into several massacres said to have taken place at Mare and the Isle of Pines, and gaining the following mournful confirmation of the reports. The first slaughter was that of a boat's crew, supposed to belong to the Martha, of Sydney, and suspected to have happened about the end of 1841. The boat was about to return to the ship, when a chief was accidentally struck on the head by one of the oars. Thinking this to have been done intentionally, the natives rushed forward, killed the whole party, and broke the boat to pieces. Being cannibals, the savages cooked the bodies of the sufferers.

Next came, the missionaries learnt, the massacre of the captain and crew of the brig Star at the Isle of Pines. In this affair the captain seems to have passed some insult on Matuka, the king of the island. Matuka sent off thirty men in a large canoe with a quantity of sandal wood for sale. The wood was bought, and the men allowed on deck to grind their adzes, used in dressing the sandal wood. One of the crew was turning the handle of the grindstone, a native grinding his adze, and the captain (Ebrill) standing close by. Watching his opportunity, the savage swung his adze, and hit the captain on the face between his eyes. In a few minutes seventeen of the crew were

killed—ten white men, including the captain, and seven natives of various islands in the Pacific. Four of the crew got below, but came up next day, on promise of their lives if they would take the vessel further in shore. They did so, and were immediately killed. Some of the bodies were cooked, but not all. The vessel was plundered, stripped of her sails and rigging, and then set fire to. This was on the 1st November 1842.

Then came an attack on the Brigand, another sandal-wood vessel, at Mare. There were two native teachers, belonging to the London Missionary Society, on the island, who saved some of the crew by their interference and warning, particularly a young gentleman named R. Manners Sutton, and another who had gone ashore to spend the Sabbath with the teachers. Nine of the crew, however, were murdered on the shore, an attack being made on the vessel at the same time, when one white man was killed and two natives.

The next slaughter was that of the entire crew of the Sisters, a cutter from Sydney in search of sandalwood. This arose out of a disputed barter transaction, the captain giving the chief a rope's-ending. The savages formed a plot, each to lay hold and dispose of one of the crew. On the signal being given, all on board, numbering eleven, were overpowered and murdered. Four were cooked, the others thrown into the sea. The vessel was set fire to. While turning over their plunder on shore, some gunpowder exploded, and many of the natives were wounded and four killed. They thought this was the effect of the white men's magic, and vowed farther revenge.

The last attack of the Mare people upon white men was soon after the taking of the Sisters. A large open boat, with seven men in her, landed at a place on the south-west side of the island, thought to be a party of convicts escaped from Norfolk Island. Two of the seven had gone in search of food, when the natives discovered the other five. Actuated by revenge for the disaster they had suffered from the gunpowder, they immediately rushed on the whites and killed them. The other two were saved by the missionary teachers, whose kindness they repaid by making off one night with hatchets, other tools, and muskets—invaluable wealth in such a place. They were pursued and recaptured, and permitted to remain on the island unpunished, until they were taken off by the Brigand.

It is said that there are white deserters on the island, who urge the natives to these cruelties. Others say that the fault is principally Matuka's, who is described as a blood-thirsty tyrant. Mare is sometimes called Britannia Island, and is in 168 degrees east longitude, and 31 degrees 30 min. south latitude.

WHAT RAILWAYS WILL BECOME.—Crowded cities have been a result of slow and expensive transit, and, therefore, highways on the old system have not become lines of farms, factories, and dwellings. But for this water-pipes would have been laid throughout. With the advent of railways the difficulty ceases, and towns may expand, for ten miles of railway are but as three miles of omnibus. Our railways will become streets of detached buildings, factories, dwellings, and farms, so soon as their uses shall be rightly appreciated; that the petty profits of distant transit shall merge and be overwhelmed in the huge gain to be wrought out from the land which bounds them; that the suicidal process of high fares shall be abandoned, which, like heavy turnpike tolls, deter the public from their territories.—*Westminster Review.*

AN AFRICAN TOWN.—As soon as darkness sets in, all hurry anxiously home; even the negroes desert the street, or lie round a blazing fire in front of the dwellings; or if obliged to be abroad, carry lighted torches in their hands to scare away the wild beasts. "Darkness seems to be alive," for the silence of night is broken by the cries of ravenous beasts of prey, chiefly the hyæna, whose presence in the town is immediately announced by the howling of the dogs, who slink away in evident terror. While the European stranger is filled with apprehension at the proximity of such neighbours, the inhabitants, who are accustomed to it from childhood, are almost indifferent to it, although it is by no means unusual for men to fall a prey to these ravenous creatures. Indeed, only a few days before our arrival, a female slave was devoured by a lion close to the town, at noon-day.—*Lloyd's Visit to South-Western Africa.*

PRAYER is chiefly a heart-work; God heareth the heart without the mouth, but never heareth the mouth acceptably without the heart. Your prayer is odious hypocrisy, mocking God, and taking his name in vain, when you utter petitions for the coming of His kingdom and the doing His will, and yet hate holiness in your heart. This is lying unto God, and flattering Him with your lips; but no true prayer; and so God takes it.—*Marshall.*



## HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

BY MARY HOWITT.

What are they?—gold and silver,  
Or what such ores can buy?  
The pride of silken luxury—  
Rich robes of Tyrian dye?  
Guests that come thronging in  
With lordly pomp and state?  
Or thankless liveried serving men  
To stand about the gate?

Or are they daintiest meats,  
Sent up on silver fine?  
Or golden chased cups over brimmed  
With rich Falernian wine?  
Or parchments setting forth  
Broad lands our fathers held?  
Parks for our deer, ponds for our fish,  
And woods that may be felled?

No, no, they are not these! or else  
God help the poor man's need!  
Then, sitting 'mid his little ones,  
He would be poor indeed!  
They are not these! our household wealth  
Belongs not to degree;  
It is the love within our souls—  
The children at our knee.

My heart is filled with gladness,  
When I behold how fair,  
How bright are rich men's children,  
With their thick golden hair!  
For I know 'mid countless treasures,  
Gleaned from the East and West,  
These living, loving human things  
Are still the rich man's best!

But my heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes,  
And a prayer is on my tongue,  
When I see the poor man's children—  
The toiling, though the young—  
Gathering, with sun-burnt hands,  
The dusty way-side flowers,  
Alas! that pastime symbolesh  
Life's after, darker hours.

My heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes,  
When I see the poor man stand,  
After his daily work is done,  
With children by his hand,  
And this he kisseth tenderly,  
And that sweet name doth call—  
For I know he has no treasure  
Like those dear children small.

Oh, children young, I bless ye;  
Ye keep such love alive!  
And the home can ne'er be desolate  
Where love has room to thrive;  
Oh, precious household treasures!  
Life's sweetest, holiest claim—  
The Saviour blessed ye while on earth—  
I bless you in his name!

## NEWS.

**ASSOCIATION FOR CLEANLINESS.**—The committee of the free baths and washhouse establishment in Glasshouseyard, East Smithfield, which has now been in successful operation for nearly eighteen months, have just made an addition to their operations by the gratuitous supply of whitewash to the neighbouring poor, and even whitewashing the rooms where the infirmity of the inmates prevents their doing the operation themselves.

So great has been the decline of Chartistism in England, that only 200 persons paraded the streets of Manchester, in a procession, a few days back, the object of which was to lay the foundation stone of a new Chartist hall.

**EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.**—From returns recently published, it seems that out of 118,825 persons married in 1842, 56,599 could not write their own names.

**FOREIGN SPINDLES.**—In all the world, England excepted, there are 10,083,000 spindles now employed in cotton spinning.—In England there are 17,500,000 spindles.

**WATER IN NEW YORK.**—The Croton river is brought to the city of New York by an aqueduct 40 miles in length. It is received into two reservoirs, one capable of containing 150,000,000 imperial gallons, and the other 21 millions, at the height of 115 feet above the tide. There are 150 miles of mains, four miles of which are three feet in diameter. The water is kept at high pressure in all the streets, at all times, so that it is always on, and the inhabitants have a constant supply night and day. When the New York report was printed, only a short time had elapsed since the opening of the works; but even then 6000 houses and manufactories, out of 30,000, had taken the water, at an average rent of 11 dollars, which, of course, would decrease as the number of consumers augmented. All who cannot pay for water are supplied by public fountains and hydrants, of which there were 600; and the number has greatly increased. "It is impossible to say how much water is supplied per annum, as the hydrants and fountains are in constant use," and "the water issued for all purposes." Fires are chiefly extinguished by a hose attached to fire plugs in the mains, the water being thrown up by the head pressure; and since the Croton water was introduced, the losses by fire have diminished one-half, and insurance premiums have fallen 25 per cent. Philadelphia is supplied on similar principles.—*Health of Town's Advocate.*

**AMERICAN VESSELS ON LAKE ERIE.**—The number of these is very large, viz: 207 schooners, 55 steamers, 50 brigs, 20 propellers, and 2 men-of-war, of 500 tons each. Number building: 10 steamers, 12 propellers, and 12 square-rigged vessels.

**MAKING THE MOST OF HIS TRADE.**—In the upper part of the city, says the New York True Sun, we noticed, a day or two since, a wholesale and retail liquor store, and a well furnished coffin warehouse adjoining each other, both kept by the same man. A fine subject for a lay sermon by any one who has time and talent to preach.

**HUMAN GRIEV.**—There arrived at Hull, England, not long since, a Dutch vessel, navigated by a man, his wife, and four daughters, laden with bones raked from the battle fields of Napoleon, to be sold by the bushel, for manure to grow turnips!

**TAHITI.**—Despatches have been received in Paris from Tahiti to Dec. 16. Their contents have not transpired; but the *Journal des Hautes* says, that from the information it has been able to collect, the state of distrust and secret hostility which has been so long existing between the French authorities, the natives in their intrenched camps, and Queen Pomare, who was still taking refuge in the Windward Islands, continued to subsist without any improvement. The French occupants, confined to a small portion of the shore, where works of communication and defence protected their position, were almost entirely without intercourse with the interior of the island, and each day their position was becoming more difficult.

**MAHOMEDAN LIBERALITY.**—Some time since, the Pacha of Egypt liberally granted to Col. Campbell a valuable plot of ground, to form the site of a Protestant chapel for the use of the British community at Alexandria.

**ELECTROPHONIC TELEGRAPH.**—A letter from St. Petersburg states that Professor Jacob, of the Imperial Academy, has just communicated to that body the invention of an electrophonic telegraph, composed of ten keys, ten different words, and ten conducting wires, by which the letters of the alphabet and words can be expressed by means of sounds. The Academy has pronounced a favourable opinion of the invention.

**DROWNED IN TEN INCHES WATER.**—A man by the name of S—, who lived in Bath county, Kentucky, near the Maria Forge, on State Creek, was going recently from the village where he had been to make sales of bells, which he manufactured. He had taken too much liquor, and was scarcely able to ride. When he arrived at the creek in sight of his house, he undertook to "water his horse," and fell over the head of the animal into the creek, at that point only ten inches deep; there he died after making ineffectual attempts to crawl up the bank; each time staggering back! He died a miserable death in sight of his own house and family.

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R. D. WADSWORTH.

Montreal, May, 1846.

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