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THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1846.

No. 9

SPECIMENS OF OLD ENGLISH POETS.

No. IV—MILTON.

John Milton, the greatest of Old English Poets, Shakspeare, perhaps, excepted, and undoubtedly the best, flourished in the times of the Commonwealth, Protectorate, and Restoration.

The following surpassingly beautiful lines are from *Comus*, a poem on the model of the Greek drama. A virtuous lady has lost her way at night-fall in a wood, and, hearing a noise of rustic revelry, soliloquises thus:—

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet oh, where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the grey hooded even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phæbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thought; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far,
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me; else, O thievish night,
Why wouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rise and perfect in my list'ning ear;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
Those thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
O welcome pure-eyed faith, white-handed hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemish'd form of chastity;
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glis'ring guardian, if need were
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err; there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.

I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture; for my new enliven'd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

[Sings.]

Comus, a malignant and lascivious spirit, hears her, and is for the moment completely overcome. He exclaims:—

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen.

PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

The following extracts are from a very able article by Dr. Leonard Bacon, we believe, in the last number of the "New Englander." They are well worthy of consideration.

For our own part, we place the whole stress of the argument for death as the punishment of murder, upon the one comprehensive consideration, that such punishment cannot be dispensed with. Prove to us that the abolition of capital punishment in all cases, would not in time draw after it infinite evils; prove to us that law can be sustained without the sword in the hand of the powers that are to administer it; prove that the state can continue to be a state, after solemnly abrogating its own right to inflict, upon crimes that strike directly at the existence of society, that extreme penalty which is the ultimate sanction of all law, and without which, as a coercive motive to submission, no other penalty can be inflicted; prove that any inferior penalty is adequate to express with full distinctness and power the abhorrence with which the state ought to regard a crime so horrible as murder; prove that it is safe to let the murderer live, safe for the innocent, safe for all the interests which it is the duty of civil government to guard; and when the proof on these points is clearly made out, we will give our influence to secure the abolition of all punishment by death. But till such a proof is produced, we cannot but regard the proposed abolition of this ultimate and highest sanction of law, as involving in the end the abolition of all punishment, and the complete disorganization of society.

In the precept given to Noah, construe it as you will, we see the announcement of a great principle, which, so long as human nature exists in this world, will probably make the punishment of death for murder, indispensable to the safety of society—not to say, indispensable to the existence of any government. Translate it if you please, as the simple declaration of a fact, "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man will his blood be shed." Tell us then which shall we

have, the law, the trial, the sentence, the execution, all in the solemn dignity of unimpassioned justice—or the wild vengeance of maddened and maddening instincts? Which shall we have, the public prosecutor, the judge, the jury, the sheriff, and the scaffold—or the *goel*—the Arab or Indian blood-avenger—hunting down his victim, and slaying him wherever he can find him?

All the ages of the world, and all the nations of mankind have given their testimony, that the punishment of death for murder, as the highest crime against society, is necessary. Let it be proved that all ages and all nations have been mistaken. What other punishment is there which will sufficiently express the natural and legitimate horror of man against murder? What other punishment will satisfy, not the lower animal feeling of resentment and wrath—but the higher sense of justice demanding that every crime receive its fit reward, so that the innocent may dwell in safety and peace? What other punishment can give to the law that guards the sacredness of human life, a sanction so majestic? What other punishment will be equally efficient *in terrorem*, awing the child, the youth, the man, in every condition, with a fit sense of the dreadfulness of this most dreadful crime?

In thinking of this question, Is capital punishment necessary in any case? we have remembered the three latest instances of capital punishment in Connecticut; and each of these instances has seemed to speak as with the conclusiveness of a demonstration.

The earliest of these instances was ten or twelve years ago. Two criminals in the State Prison, making an attempt to escape by insurrection, killed one of the keepers. Of the two, one was already under sentence for life, and the other for a term longer than the average duration of life in the prison. What shall be done in such a case? Imprisonment for life, according to the new theory, is to be the ultimate sanction of law, the highest punishment that human justice can inflict. There remains, therefore, no further possibility of punishment for those who are already under that sentence. In other words, you put a score or more of murderers into your prison, and by that act proclaim to them that there is nothing more for them to fear, and that they may kill their keepers if they will; the law has already done its utmost upon them, and cannot hurt them. Plainly, if you abolish capital punishment entirely, you cannot maintain government within the walls of your prison. The life of the warden, and the lives of the guard, are completely—so far as the law is concerned—in the power of the prisoners. Your law, then, for the abolition of capital punishment must make an exception against such cases as these. The dreadful gallows must still project its dark shadow into the convict's cell, to make him feel that law has still another and more awful sanction; or your abolition of the death penalty will go far towards abolishing punishment altogether.

The next instance was in the county of Middlesex, several years later. In a lonely farm house, the more lonely for the stillness of a New-England Sabbath, the wife, and mother, detained by a slight indisposition while all the other members of the family went to the house of God, was keeping her Sabbath at home. Hearing some noise in another apartment, she went to see what was the matter; and there stood a man well-known to her, who had broken upon her husband's desk, and was in the act of rifling it. "Hall!" said she, "what are you doing?" That man had already been in the State Prison for some similar crime. He saw, at a flash, that he must go there again, convicted by the testimony of that woman, unless her testimony could be silenced. He determined therefore to kill her. And when her husband, her sons, and her daughters, returned at the Sabbath's close, they found her bruised and bloody corpse lying cold at her own hearth stone. By various slight indications and fragments of testimony, the murderer was at last identified, and in the end before conviction, he made a distinct and full confession of the crime. He killed the woman simply to destroy her testimony. What shall be done with such cases as this? If the robber who thus adds murder to his robbery, has nothing to fear in case of his conviction but a few more years in the prison than he would have suffered for the robbery alone; how soon, how naturally, will every plunderer be a murderer. If this is to be law, let every man who hears a burglar in his house, hide himself in a closet, and shut his eyes, and stop his ears, lest he become a witness of the crime. We

know that in the particular instance we have described, the criminal pretended to be less afraid of death than of imprisonment; but we know that he was as much opposed to capital punishment as Burleigh, or Vice-Chancellor M'Coun, or Vice-President Dallas; and we know that when his hour came, his affected indifference failed utterly, and never went a murderer to his end with a more overwhelming terror. But be this as it may, the question is, how can murder be adequately punished, when murder is thus added to another crime? If imprisonment is to be the ultimate sanction of law, all law is weakened, and society abdicates that power of protecting life, without which society must ultimately perish.

The latest of these instances is a strong illustration on another point. They are too recent not to be familiar to most of our readers. And yet we must briefly state them, that the point on which they bear may be clearly indicated. On a cold winter morning, early in 1845, a peaceful and respectable young man of the town of New-Haven, who was not known to have an enemy in the world, was found murdered, frozen to the ground in his own blood, within a stone's throw of his father's dwelling. In a few hours, before the first shock of horror at the murder had passed by, the community was yet more astounded with the discovery, that the young man had been murdered by a most intimate friend, for no other ends than to keep possession of a borrowed watch, and obtain the amount of a forged note at the settlement of his estate. Yet there was no mob—no demonstration of popular excitement—no manifestation of rage and horror. Why? why was that community deficient in sensibility? Did it estimate the life of a peaceful citizen so lightly as not to feel the dreadfulness of the crime? No; the absence of tumult and popular rage can be ascribed to nothing else than the conviction on all minds that justice would be done by law. Had there been no law adequate to all the purposes of justice, or had there been no confidence in the administration of the law, the horror and wrath of the community would have found vent, and having found vent would have kindled into fury. Of course, none can tell distinctly what would have been; but certainly, in the circumstances supposed, it would not have been strange if the murderer, torn from the feeble grasp of the pusillanimous law, had died that very day without law. We do not speak unadvisedly when we say, that fifteen months afterwards, when that murderer's petition for a commutation of punishment had just been rejected by the legislature, a gentleman who had been concerned in the management of the case was surprised to learn, that had that petition been granted, the criminal would not improbably have died by the hands of individual vengeance on his way to the penitentiary.

VOLTAIRE'S LAST APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC.

On the 1st of April, M. de Voltaire went to the Comedie Française. The court of the building, large as it is, was full of people waiting for him. As soon as his carriage, sky blue and spangled with stars, made its appearance, the assemblage of Savoyards, apple women, and all the canaille of the neighborhood burst into acclamations of "Vive Voltaire!" The Marquis de Villette, who had previously arrived, and another friend, helped him to alight, and had some trouble to get him out of the crowd. When he entered the theatre, a crowd of a more elegant kind, and full of real enthusiasm for genius, surrounded him; the ladies especially threw themselves in his way, and stopped him, that they might look at him the better; some of them eagerly touched his clothes, and others pulled hairs from the fur of his cloak. The saint, or rather the divinity of the day, was to occupy the box of the noblemen of the bed-chamber, opposite that of the Count d'Artois. Madame Denis and Madame de Villette were already seated, and the pit, in convulsions of joy, waited the poet's appearance. There was no rest till he was placed in the front row, beside the ladies. Then there was a cry, "The crown!" and Brizard, the actor, came to place it on his head. "Ah, Dieu, vous voulez donc me faire mourir!" cried Voltaire, weeping for joy, and refusing the honor. He took the crown in his hand, and presented it to *belle et bonne*, (his pet name for Madame de Villette;) she was declining it, when the Prince de Beauveaux, seizing the laurel wreath, placed it on the head of the Sophocles of the hour, who refused it no longer. His new tragedy was acted, and applauded more than usual; but not enough to correspond with so triumphal a reception. When it was over,

the curtain fell; and, rising again, discovered the bust of Voltaire, surrounded by all the performers, with palms and garlands in their hands. The bust was already crowned; and, after a flourish of drums and trumpets, Madame Vestris disclaimed, with an emphasis proportioned to the extravagance of the scene, some verses composed for the occasion by the Marquis de St. Marc. Then they all, in succession, placed their garlands round the bust: Mademoiselle Fanier, in a transport of enthusiasm, kissed it, and all the rest followed her example. Voltaire's little comedy *Nanine*, was then performed: when it was over there was a fresh hubbub, and fresh embarrassment for the philosopher's modesty: when he got into his carriage, it was not allowed to proceed; the crowd threw themselves before the horses, and held them; and some young poets began to cry, to take out the horses, and draw the modern Apollo home; unluckily these enthusiasts were too few for the purpose, and at length the carriage was allowed to move on, in the midst of "viva!" which he could hear all the way to his residence. When he got home, he wept afresh, and modestly protested that if he had foreseen that the public would commit such follies, he would not have gone to the theatre. Next day, his friends came in crowds to congratulate him on his triumph; he was unable to resist such ardor, kind feeling, and glory, and immediately resolved to buy a house, and settle himself in Paris.—*French Historical Sketches.*

[Such is the worship that the world pays to its gods. And such gods! But if Christians show half the devotedness and regard to the God of heaven and earth, they are called enthusiasts, bigots, and fanatics.—ED. MAG.]

DR. CHALMERS AND THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

(From the *New York Evangelist*.)

On Thursday evening, October 15th, the venerable Dr. Chalmers delivered an address to a very crowded assembly in Dr. Brown's church, Edinburgh, on the best methods of diffusing common and Christian instruction among the working classes. The plan was to divide the city of Edinburgh into districts, to be visited by large and well selected bands of Christian instruction agents, who should give the destitute classes no rest until they bring them under the regular ministry of the Word of reconciliation. He advocated the union of the various evangelical denominations in Edinburgh, for the accomplishment of this object, just as we wish all the evangelical denominations in New York could unite in bringing all its destitute inhabitants under religious instruction. In illustrating and enforcing such a united action, Dr. Chalmers said:—

You have all heard lately a great deal about Christian union. Now, I say that the object of the Evangelical Alliance would have been better promoted if the interval between one great London meeting and another had been diligently filled up by such a joint operation, on the part of the various ministers and congregations of various denominations, as I am now recommending. I have no idea that the Evangelical Alliance will keep together, if they are merely to do what they have done hitherto, that is, to have a great gathering in London, admirable sentiments expressed, and a reciprocation of the professions of Christian charity, coming, I believe, from the hearts of all of them. Who can overrate the importance of united prayer for the promotion of that object upon which the Lord Jesus set his heart, and made the subject of a recorded prayer to the Father, that we all may be one, and that the world may know that he had sent Christ into it. But I have no idea of a thousand ministers being brought to London, and honestly and sincerely entering into the object of the Saviour's prayer, and being indifferent to our Saviour's last and parting precept—"Go and preach the gospel to every creature under heaven"—a precept that might as well be fulfilled by filling up the vacancies in Christendom, as by going beyond its limits. Both are best. Let not the one come in conflict with the other; but I say that the filling up of the intervals between one great meeting and another, by the method now recommended, would have greatly speed forward the object of the Evangelical Alliance; and unless they get something to put their hands to, I do predict that it will be a failure, and will just sink down into what its enemies call it, one of the theatricals of London—just a great exhibition for the delight and admiration of the Cockneys, who will talk of it in this way, here are people coming up from all the provinces, and O, is it not a beautiful sight! and there the thing

terminates. I am for their putting forth the hand to work. The exercise of principle strengthens principle. And what a fine thing would it be to have been able to state, that they had come forth with a distinct recommendation to this effect, that as you are going home to your respective neighborhoods, there is a work we would especially recommend to your support, that of home missions, and you can report your success, and the progress you have made, at our next meeting. Say, then, that, coming warm from the Evangelical Alliance, sixteen or twenty Edinburgh ministers, belonging to various evangelical denominations, had met, and had determined, with their congregations, to organise a great missionary enterprise to be brought to bear upon the outfield population of Edinburgh, what a noble thing that would be to report, and how it would speed on the cause of Christian union, as well as Christianise the neglected population of our town. Dr. Chalmers here impressed upon the ministers of the evangelical denominations of Edinburgh, the duty which devolved upon them of assuming districts in the town, and going heart and hand into the common work. If that were done he observed, a more actual and substantial union would be already begun among us, than if we had laid our hands to a basis of doctrine consisting of twenty or thirty articles. I like the work to come first, and the basis to come after. I look upon the element of love as an element of life; and if we engage in a common work, and thus recognise one another's Christianity, we will not be long in finding out what Christianity is.

THE DELAYING MINISTER.

Calling at the house of one of his friends, the minister found them in the deepest distress, having suddenly lost their only child. He attempted to console the distracted parents; but the mother replied, "Ah, sir, these consolations might assuage my grief for the loss of my child, but they cannot blunt the stings of my conscience, which are as daggers in my heart. It was last week I was thinking, 'My child is now twelve years of age; his mind is rapidly expanding; I know he thinks and feels beyond the measure of his years, and a foolish backwardness has hitherto kept me from entering so closely into conversation with him as to discover the real state of his mind, and to make a vigorous effort to lead his heart to God.' I then resolved to seize the first opportunity to discharge a duty so weighty on the conscience of a Christian parent; but day after day my foolish, deceitful heart said, 'I will do it to-morrow.' On the very day that he was taken ill, I had resolved to talk to him that evening; and when he at first complained of his head, I was half-pleased with the thought that this might incline him to listen more seriously to what I should say. But oh, sir, his pain and fever increased so rapidly that I was obliged to put him immediately to bed; and, as he seemed inclined to doze, I was glad to leave him to rest. From that time he was never sufficiently sensible for conversation; and now he is gone into eternity, and has left me distracted with anxiety concerning the salvation of his precious soul! Dilatory wretch! had it not been for my own sin, I might now have been consoling myself with the satisfactory conviction of having discharged the duty of a Christian parent, and enjoying the delightful assurance of meeting my child before the throne of God and the Lamb. Oh, the cursed sin of procrastination! Oh, the ruinous delusion that lurks in the word *to-morrow!*"

Every word of the distracted mother was like a dagger in the minister's heart; for he, too, was agitated by feelings similar to her own. "I have just returned," said he, "from a house which to me, as well as to the family, was the house of mourning. I was sent for *yesterday* to visit a sick man, and, as I fancied that I was then engaged, I promised to call and see him *to-morrow*; but when I went there *to-day*, I was shocked to find that he was dead, especially as I had reason to fear for his eternal state, and his wife said he was very anxious to see me." The minister returned home, bitterly reproaching himself for suffering any inferior engagement to stand in competition with a sinner's eternal interests, and praying, "Lord, lay not this sin to my charge, nor let the blood of my brother's soul rest upon my mind, and blast the future success of those employments for which I left him to perish in his sins! Grant me to learn hence, to abhor, through all my future life, the thought of deferring the concerns of souls till *to-morrow!* Christians, parents, ministers, learn wisdom from my folly; obey the voice that says, 'Son, go work *to-day* in my vine-yard; *to-morrow* is none of yours. Sinners, *to-day*, if ye will hear the

voice of Christ, harden not your hearts, lest he swear in his wrath that ye shall not enter into his rest."

It is an awful saying, yet true, "The way to hell is paved with good resolutions." The very intention of doing good lulls the conscience to sleep, in the neglect of doing it, and thus leads on to condemnation for leaving it undone. In the matter of individual salvation, this should be the motto, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation:" but in no part of the Bible is this written of to-morrow.—*Presbyterian*.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

The plan of organizing Juvenile Industrial Schools seems to be gaining on public attention in Scotland. On the evening of the 9th instant a public meeting of those favorable to this object was held in the Thistle Hall at Dundee. Provost Brown was in the chair; supported by Lord Kinnaird, Mr George Duncan, M. P., Sheriffs Watson and Henderson, and Sir John Ogilvy, besides many other gentlemen. Sheriff Watson gave an account of a school which had been established at Aberdeen with full success.

"From a return it was found that there were two hundred and eighty children in the city of Aberdeen who had no other way of living but by begging or stealing, thus being brought up as it were the inmates of a gaol, and ending their career by being transported. From the inquiries made it was found that they almost without exception had become the inmates of the gaol because they had no other means of supplying their wants but by crime. Five or six years ago he proposed to open a school for feeding and educating the vagrant children. The scheme was generally considered a benevolent, but an extremely absurd one. The question generally put was, "Do you mean to feed and educate all the young beggars in Aberdeen?" After talking over the matter about a year, a few of the friends of the scheme met and subscribed about £100. Of that sum, £60 was raised at the time of subscription. It was proposed that they should commence operations immediately by opening a school for sixty boys. This was agreed to; and they told the police to send them a dozen or two of the worst boys they could catch.

"In five hours they had seventy-five scholars; most of whom they were told by the superintendent were the worst they could have got. Of these, only four could write, and fourteen read. This was a miserable state of things. The children were kept at school all day, and told to go home in the evening, and to remember that, if they did not come back again, and were found begging in the streets, they would be subject to the same treatment. They all came back joyfully; and from that day, 19th May, 1845, not a child had been seen begging in the streets of Aberdeen.

"The ladies of Aberdeen opened a school for sixty girls, whose only title was the destitution of their parents; and he would venture to say that there was not a better conducted school in Britain. The children of these schools received food three times a day, and were sent home to their parents at night to whom they thus acted as the best of home missionaries; and he trusted to hear of the same principle being acted upon in Dundee."

THE ATMOSPHERE.

If the atmosphere be considered as a vast machine, it is difficult to form any just conception of the profound skill and comprehensiveness of design which it displays. It diffuses and tempers the heat of different climates: for this purpose it performs a circulation occupying the whole range from the pole to the equator; and, while it is doing this, it executes many smaller circuits between the sea and the land. At the same time, it is the means of forming clouds and rain: and, for this purpose, a perpetual circulation of the watery part of the atmosphere goes on between its lower and upper regions. Besides this complication of circuits, it exercises a more irregular agency in the occasional winds which blow from all quarters, tending perpetually to restore the equilibrium of heat and moisture. But this incessant and multiplied activity discharges only a part of the functions of the air. It is moreover, the most important and universal material of the growth and sustenance of plants and animals; and is for this purpose everywhere present, and almost uniform in its quantity. With all its local motion, it has also the office of a medium of communication between intelligent creatures, which office it performs by

another set of motions, entirely different both from the circulation and occasional movements already mentioned; these different kinds of motions not interfering materially with each other; and this last purpose, so remote from the others in its nature, it answers in a manner so perfect and so easy, that we cannot imagine that the object could have been more completely attained, if this had been the sole purpose for which the atmosphere had been created. With all these qualities, this extraordinary part of our terrestrial system is scarcely ever in the way; and when we have occasion to do so, we put forth our hand and push it aside, without being aware of its being near us.—*Whewell*.

DRS. BLACK AND HUTTON.

These were two of the most eminent last-century characters of Edinburgh. "Their studies and pursuits were in many respects intimately connected, and upon different subjects of philosophical speculation they had frequently opposite opinions, but this never interrupted the harmony of their personal friendship. They were remarkable for their simplicity of character, and almost total ignorance of what was daily passing around them in the world. These attached friends, agreed in their opposition to the usual vulgar prejudices, and frequently discoursed together upon the absurdity of many generally received opinions, especially in regard to diet. On one occasion they had a disquisition upon the inconsistency of abstaining from feeding on the shell-covered creatures of the land, while those of the sea were considered delicacies. Snails, for instance; why not use them as articles of food? They were well known to be nutritious and wholesome, even sanative in some cases. The epicures, in olden time, esteemed as a most delicious treat the snails fed in the marble quarries of Lucca. The Italians still hold them in esteem. The two philosophers, perfectly satisfied that their countrymen were acting most absurdly in not making snails an ordinary article of food, resolved themselves to set an example; and, accordingly, having procured a number, caused them to be stewed for dinner. No guests were invited to the banquet. The snails were in due season served up; but, alas! great is the difference between theory and practice—so far from exciting the appetite, the smoking dish acted in a diametrically opposite manner, and neither party felt much inclination to partake of its contents; nevertheless, if they looked on the snails with disgust, they retained their awe for each other; so that each, conceiving the symptoms of internal revolt peculiar to himself, began by infinite exertion to swallow, in very small quantities, the mess which he internally loathed. Dr. Black at length broke the ice, but in a delicate manner, as if to sound the opinion of his messmate:—"Doctor, he said, in his precise and quiet manner, "Doctor, do you not think that they taste a little—a very little queer! Yes, very queer! queer, indeed!—tak' them awa', tak' them awa'!" vociferated Dr. Hutton, starting up from table, and giving full vent to his feelings of abhorrence."

APPLES OF GOLD.

Come, buy—without money and without price. Isa. lv. 1. Come: for all things are now ready. Luke xiv. 17. Him (be it who it will) that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out. John vi. 37.

How could a tender mother's heart cast out her sick child calling for help? Come my poor soul, come only as well as thou canst. Better to come in a cold, fearful, and miserable condition, than not at all; for if we cannot come boldly to Christ with a strong faith, we must even come trembling, just as we are; nor will such coming be offensive to Christ: for he says, "Him that cometh," come how he will, "I will in no wise cast out." A feeling of joy is not needful to bring us to Christ, but a feeling of our wants; for it is not required to bring any money of our own worthiness, but only the whole heap of our misery along with us, and desire grace. God does not look upon the sensible joy of faith, (for this is his particular gift, which he could soon give if need was,) but upon the sincerity, application, and earnestness of a poor sinner. John Bunyan very fitly compares such a one to a man who would fain ride a full gallop, whose horse is hardly able to go a good trot. In this instance, the intention of the rider is not to be judged by the slow pace of his horse, (which resembles our corrupt and unwilling nature,) but by his whippings, spurings, and beatings of the beast.

See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

—Bogatzky's Treasury.

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. IV.



CHILDREN'S OFFERINGS TO HEATHEN IDOLS.

It is thought that the worship of the sun, moon, and stars, was the earliest form of idolatry. We learn from the Bible, that Divine honours were paid to the moon in the days of the prophet Jeremiah; and we know that many tribes on the earth, at the present time, do the same. The ancient heathen called the moon "The Queen of Heaven," offering to it small cakes, made of honey, salt, oil, and wine, stamped with its image. Even the little children were taught to assist in the service of this idol-worship, in gathering the wood used in baking the cakes. "The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough, to make cakes to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink-offerings unto other gods, that they may provoke me to anger,"—Jer. vii. 18. Idolatry still blights the service of the young, as will be seen in the accounts that follow.

In India, little children that can scarcely walk alone, are taught by their parents to bow down before images, which, from their unsightly and ugly shapes, are adapted to fill the youthful mind with terror. Infants have flowers put into their tiny hands, to present to the idols; and when boys are sent to school, their time is chiefly taken up in learning foolish and vile songs in praise of their gods.

There is an Hindoo idol called Monosa, or, "The mother of snakes." The boys are taught to put pots of leaves and flowers on their heads, and dance round a large live snake, kept in a basket in the temple. Music is played, the children shout and sing aloud, when the snake lifts itself from the basket, and moves its head backwards, with its mouth open, its long tongue hanging out, and its eyes glaring in a most frightful manner. The boys now suppose the god is pleased with their offerings, and begin to dance faster round and round, and sing still louder, until they become giddy, and fall down helpless to the earth.

In Burmah, there is a feast held in honour of the gods of the country, which lasts from twelve to fourteen days, and is attended by great crowds of people. Some come to trade, others to steal and rob, and many to worship. A procession of many hundreds of little girls is formed, walking one by one, with pitchers on their heads, which they carry to the side of a river; and having filled them, the water is poured out on the ground, as an offering, at the foot of a great idol. Mothers and fathers are seen bringing their infants, with a few flowers in their hands, and teach them to kneel down; and then they put words into their mouths in praise of their idol. When the children grow older, they are taught all the filthy stories of the gods they worship. Almost every boy is placed with a priest, at ten years of age. When the time has come that he should go to the temple to the priest, he is adorned with the finest robes his parents can procure; then he is placed on a horse, an umbrella is held over him, girls wait around him with fruit and flowers, music attends him, and in this manner he enters the temple. And for what purpose does he go to this place? Oh! sad to tell, he learns to lie, to rob, and commit almost all kinds of sin. "He learns lessons at the foot of the idol," says a missionary, "which corrupt and degrade him as low as mortal man can be!" He comes out to the world, at the age of about twenty-two, filled with all manner of vile arts, and ready for all kinds of sinful practices.

We will only give one more sad story, though we might give hundreds, and that shall be about a custom found among the Friendly Islanders in the South Seas. When a member of a family is very ill, and there is a fear that he will die, another member of the family, generally one of the juniors, suffers one of his little fingers to be cut off. It is taken off at the second joint,

with a chisel, and is then carried to the temple, as an offering to the idol, that health may be restored to the afflicted. It is stated by the missionaries, that the king and queen of the Friendly Islands, and all who have grown up as heathens, have lost either one or both of their little fingers through this cruel rite.

We will not go on with these painful stories. It will be seen from what has been said, how full of sorrow is the condition of heathen children. Contrast it with the favoured state of those who are taught in a Christian land, to love and serve the Saviour. His holy and benevolent religion does not require us to inflict pain on our bodies; he loves to see us happy. Yet there are offerings which he accepts. What are they? The offerings of a *grateful* heart, for his goodness and love in giving us a "goodly heritage;" and these will be seen in our efforts to do good to those who are less favored than ourselves.—From a *Publication of the Religious Tract Society.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

"Behold, I have given you every herb"—Gen. i. 29.

Plants and fruits only being specified as the articles of sustenance allowed to man, it is considered by many commentators that animal food was not permitted until after the Flood, when we find it granted to Noah under certain restrictions. There is no difficulty in supposing animal food not in use in the primitive times; for it can hardly be said to be so, generally speaking, in Asia, at the present day. The mass of the people have it only occasionally and in small quantities, and many do not eat flesh meat more than two or three times in a year. Whether eaten or not, animals were certainly killed for sacrifices before the Deluge.

SKETCHES OF EMINENT CHRISTIAN LADIES.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE WILHELM VISCOUNTESS GLENORCHY.

(Concluded.)

In the year 1768, Lord Glenorchy having sold Sugal, and wanting to purchase another estate, the event created in the mind of Lady Glenorchy much anxiety to procure a spot where she might enjoy more of the outward privileges of grace than she had hitherto possessed. The grand issue of Christian Union seems to have occupied her ladyship's mind, for we find her, together with lady Maxwell, hiring St Mary's Chapel in Edinburgh, where preachers of the Gospel of every denomination should preach. This scheme, however theoretically correct, was soon found to be impracticable. Concerning this matter, we find the following minute in her diary:—

"Monday, February 5.—For two days past I have had no time for writing; my trials have been great. The Lord knows what I have suffered. This morning I met with Dr. Webster at Lady Maxwell's to consult about the chapel. It is determined that I am to seek an English Episcopal minister to supply it, and to give one day in the week to the Methodists. Lord provide thou one after thine own heart! I paid a visit to-night to Lady G——, and although I wished to say something to edification, could get no opportunity, and so passed an hour unprofitably. O Lord! thou knowest the desire of my heart is to glorify thee at all times; open thou the door to me, and give me a tongue to magnify thy name."

On the removal of the family to Barnton, many workmen were employed in sitting up and altering various parts of the mansion. For the spiritual interests of these workmen, Lady Glenorchy exercised great anxiety, and engaged persons from time to time to preach to them. A chapel was also built on the premises, where service was performed every Lord's day, after the parish hours, while she was at home, and occasionally when she was absent. Much good resulted from this; and many persons dated their first impressions upon the importance of religion to what they heard there. Lady Glenorchy also used every opportunity to distribute religious works, and to speak to persons about their eternal interests. Much trouble was occasioned her about St. Mary's Chapel. Ten months after it was opened, the ministers of the Establishment refused to preach there if Mr. Wesley's ministers should also be continued. Proposals were therefore made to Rev. Richard de Courcy, a clergyman of the Irish Church, to fill the situation of chaplain to herself, and to preach in St. Mary's Chapel, to which he acceded.

"Wednesday, January 16.—How shall I tell of the mercy of God, my deliverer! Oh, that my soul may never forget his goodness! When I was in trouble I cried unto him, and he answered me—

delivered me speedily. This evening, after a severe trial on account of the person I expect from England in two days, as chaplain, and being told by Lord Glenorchy that he should not be permitted to enter the house, I went to prayer and cried to the Lord for help. Before I got from my knees, Lord Glenorchy came to my door and asked admittance; with fear and trembling I opened it. He came in and threw a letter upon the table and bade me read it. It was an anonymous letter, informing him of some circumstances relating to Mr. De Courcy, which tended to exasperate him more, and seemed written with a view to make disquiet in the family. My heart sunk within me when I read it. I stood in silent suspense, expecting the storm to burst with redoubled violence, when, to my unspeakable surprise, he said, "I now see I have been the tool of Satan when I opposed the coming of Mr. De Courcy; this letter shows it me. Here the cloven foot appears, but the writer shall be disappointed; for I shall not only receive him into my house, but do everything in my power to encourage him in his work, and will countenance him myself." O how wonderful is the way of the Lord to bring about the desire of his people by those things that seem most opposite and unlikely to effect it! How clearly does His hand appear in thus interposing in the time of my extremity! Oh that my heart may ever retain the sentiments of love and gratitude which so singular a providence in my favour ought to inspire."

Mr. De Courcy officiated in the chapel in conjunction with the Methodists, but the Calvinistic tenor of his discourses was no doubt very strikingly opposed to the sentiments they enforced.

This incongruity led to the renunciation of all connexion with Mr. Wesley's preachers, but did not diminish her affection or desire for their increase. Lord Glenorchy's decease, which occurred soon after their removal to Bainton, of course changed her prospects and circumstances. By his will, Lady Glenorchy was left sole heiress of all his possessions, and thus, at the early age of thirty, she found herself in possession of an income of between two and three thousand pounds a year, of which she considered herself merely as the steward to promote the cause of the Most High.

One of her first actions after the acquisition of wealth, was the endowment of a chapel at Strathfillan, which she placed under the direction of the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge. Two ministers were also provided for by her under the sanction of the same society, to go through the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, as missionaries of the Everlasting God to those destitute people.

In the year 1777, Mr. Shireff was appointed preacher in her Chapel but he only filled that office one year, when his death, June, 1778, called him to enjoy his reward. Great difficulty was experienced in selecting a successor; but at last the Rev. J. S. Jones was introduced by Mr. Walker, of the High Church, Edinburgh, to the congregation as their minister and pastor. His ministry seems to have contributed much to the edification of his pastoral charge, and more especially to have been highly prized by Lady Glenorchy.

On the 17th May, 1780, Lady Glenorchy, together with Lady Henrietta Hopetoun, left Edinburgh for London, where she was taken ill, and her attendant physician, one of the most eminent of the day, pronounced her indisposition to be a gout in the head and stomach, from which she never thoroughly recovered. Her health, however, was so far re-established as to enable her to proceed to Exmouth, where the chapel she had fitted up in former days still prospered. From thence she went to Hawkstone to pay a visit to her old and valued friend Miss Hill. The 20th July she arrived at Buxton, in which neighbourhood there was an unoccupied chapel. This she repaired, and engaged a minister to supply the pulpit every Lord's day.

Lady Glenorchy was shortly afterwards called upon to sustain another bereavement in the death of Lord Breadalbane. The assiduity of his affectionate daughter-in-law smoothed his dying pillow. As she watched his last moments, she had the heartfelt satisfaction of hearing his assurance that his hope of salvation was founded upon the merits of Christ Jesus his Saviour alone.

The last time she visited the Metropolis was in May, 1786. As she returned, she seems to have stopped at Workington, in Cumberland, where she purchased a site for a chapel, and witnessed the commencement of its erection. On her return to Edinburgh, a manifest alteration was visible in her looks. Her strength had declined, and she was sinking into the grave. On the 14th July, she was unwell, but conversed with a few friends. On the morning of the 15th, as she lay remarkably tranquil and composed, her aunt, Mrs. Hairstanes, approached her bed unnoticed, and heard her ejaculate, as if to herself, "Well, if this be dying, it is the pleasantest thing imaginable"—an expression the more to be remembered, as she had never previously

entertained very painful ideas of the approach of the King of Terrors, although habitually so desponding. On the morning of the Sabbath, she did not wake as usual. Her medical attendants were, therefore, called in, but they could give no opinion of the matter. Reclining on her right side, she lay breathing so softly as to require great attention to discern it, until Monday morning, the 17th July, 1786, when she ceased to breathe. At her death, she was in her forty-fifth year. She was buried in her own chapel at Edinburgh.

Her will accorded with the tenor of her life. She appointed Lady Maxwell her executrix, and bequeathed, among other generous donations, £5000 to the Society in Scotland for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and £5000 to the Rev. Jonathan Scott, for educating young men for the ministry, and for other religious purposes.

HOW TO GET ALONG WITH NEIGHBOURS.

I once had a neighbour, who, though a clever man, came to me one day, and said, "Esquire White, I want you to come and get your geese away."—"Why," said I, "what are my geese doing?" "They pick my pigs' ears when they are eating, and drive them away, and I will not have it." "What can I do?" said I. "You must yoke them." "That I have not time to do now," said I; "I do not see but they must run." "If you do not take care of them, I shall," said the clever shoemaker in anger. "What do you say, Squire White?" "I cannot take care of them now, but I will pay you for all damages." "Well," said he, "you will find that a hard thing, I guess."

So off he went, and I heard a terrible squalling among the geese. The next news from the geese was, that three of them were missing. My children went, and found them terribly mangled and dead, and thrown into the bushes.

"Now," said I, "all keep still, and let me punish him." In a few days, the shoemaker's hogs broke into my corn. I saw them there but let them remain a long time. At last I drove them all out, and picked up the corn which they had torn down, and fed them with it in the road. By this time the shoemaker came in great haste after them.

"Have you seen anything of my hogs?" said he. "Yes, sir, you will find them yonder, eating some corn which they tore down in my field." "In your field?" "Yes, sir," said I, "hogsglove corn, you know—they were made to eat it." "How much mischief have they done?" "O, not much," said I.

Well, off he went to look, and estimated the damage to be equal to a bushel and a half of corn.

"O no," said I, "it can't be." "Yes," said the shoemaker, "and I will pay you every cent of damage." "No," replied I, "you shall pay me nothing. My geese have been a great trouble to you."

The shoemaker blushed, and went home. The next winter, when we came to settle, the shoemaker determined to pay me for my corn. "No," said I, "I shall take nothing."

After some talk, we parted; but in a day or two, I met him on the road, and fell into conversation in a most friendly manner. But when I started on, he seemed loath to move, and I paused. For a moment both of us were silent. At last he said, "I have something labouring on my mind." "Well what is it?" "Those geese. I killed three of your geese and shall never rest till you know how I feel. I am sorry." And the tears came in his eyes.

"O well," said I, "never mind, I suppose my geese were provoking."

I never took anything of him for it; but whenever my cattle broke into his field, after this—he seemed glad—because he could show how patient he could be.

"Now," said the narrator, "conquer yourself, and you can conquer with kindness where you can conquer in no other way."—*American paper.*

THUNDER AND JUSTICE.—The danger of hasty judgment is strikingly illustrated by the following incident:—"A noble lady of Florence lost a valuable pearl necklace, and a young girl who waited upon her was accused of the theft. As she solemnly denied the charge, she was put to the torture. Unable to support the terrible infliction, she acknowledged that she was guilty, and without further trial was hung. Shortly afterwards Florence was visited by a tremendous storm, and a thunderbolt fell upon a figure of Justice on a lofty column and split the head to the scales, one of which fell to the ground, and with it the ruins of a magpie's nest containing the pearl necklace."

NEWS.

CANADA.

The *Echo des Campagnes*, worn tradersmen from receiving bank bills purporting to be on the Quebec bank, but in reality being of the Union bank, no longer existing. The Union bank is altered to the Quebec bank—the characters on the bills are the same, and the forgery is difficult to discover. The back of the Union bank bills is red!

The gale on Lake Erie has been little inferior, either in point of force or in the mischief done, to the late hurricane at Havana and Key West. We give the following particulars:—

The wind blew from the south-west with a fury never before experienced by some of our oldest seamen. It was awful!

The schooner *Swan*, lies ashore above the same place, and a schooner, name unknown, which are greatly damaged. There is also a sloop, capsize, lying there.

The brig *John Hancock*, Capt. De Groot, is ashore on the rocks above Erie and is probably a total loss. The brig *Europe*, Capt. Rossman, is ashore at Fair Port, and may probably get off without much damage. The *Amsworth*, United States, Charles and A. Haywood are ashore at Erie, and will get off with but trifling damage.

The brig *H. H. Siser* and schooner *Huron* at Erie, are total wrecks. The steamer *Indian Queen* is on the rocks at Dunkirk, and is a perfect wreck. There are fourteen vessels and three steamers ashore this side of Cleveland. On Saturday morning, sixteen dead bodies floated ashore at Barcelona. The shore for miles along the lake, is strewn with fragments of vessels. Dead bodies were being picked up along shore. The storm has been a most disastrous one, and we fear to hear farther accounts. The steamer *Illiouis* weathered the gale, and arrived safe at Detroit. The schooner *Conroy* was driven back, and escaped without any great damage.

On Lake Ontario it has been equally violent. On Thursday night, the 19th instant, the schooners *Mincerva* and *Cleveland*, with 6200 bushels of wheat, and 250 barrels of salt, were totally lost, and the schooner *W. Merritt*, got ashore, but was not much damaged.—*Transcript*.

AN INFLUX OF TAILORS.—A London paper states that there are seven thousand tailors out of employment in London. They held a meeting and appointed a committee to collect subscriptions for the purpose of providing funds to enable them to emigrate. Nine hundred and sixty entered their names for Canada and Nova Scotia, and two thousand nine hundred and forty for the United States.

DREADFUL MURDER AND ROBBERY NEAR TORONTO.—The Village of Markham, twenty two miles from Toronto, which has obtained an unenviable celebrity in connexion with the depredations of the notorious "Markham Gang," was, on Friday night, the 20th inst., the scene of a horrible atrocity. A young man, named William M. Phillips, in the employ of Francis Logan, Esq., of Toronto, and who had under his charge a store in the Village of Markham, belonging to that gentleman, was, in the course of the night, brutally murdered, and the store rifled of what cash it contained. Immediately on the receipt of this intelligence in Toronto, on Saturday morning, Geo. Duggan, Esq., the Coroner, proceeded to Markham, to investigate this horrible affair. It appeared, from the evidence on the inquest, that five or six men had been seen by the neighbours in the store, about eight o'clock in the evening, where they were laughing and talking in a loud and boisterous manner. About a quarter an hour later, the store was noticed to be in darkness. The next morning, the store remaining closed long after the usual hour, some of the neighbours knocked at the door, and called repeatedly on Mr. M. Phillips. Not receiving any answer, they took the alarm, and forced their way into the store, which they found flooded with liquor. The alarm was then given to the rest of the neighbourhood, and a magistrate immediately sent for. On proceeding to search further, poor M. Phillips was discovered lying behind the counter quite dead, with several deep cuts on his head, as if inflicted by some blunt instrument, and other wounds which had the appearance of having been produced by a hammer. On one end of the counter was found a jug with a funnel in it, containing two pints of brandy; the vessel used to measure the liquor was lying on the floor near a barrel; deceased's cap was also lying on the floor; and the body of deceased, when found, lay inside the counter, about two yards from the end. The skull exhibited three cuts, each an inch and a half in depth. One below, over the right ear, had penetrated deeply into the skull. The brass tap of the barrel from which the brandy had been drawn, was broken off, and the liquor had all run out over the floor of the store. All the drawers, &c., in the store were ransacked, the cash box, containing \$80 or \$100, and deceased's watch, were taken away by the murderers. After a lengthened examination, a verdict was returned of "Willful murder against some person or persons unknown." No clue has yet been discovered to warrant the probability that these diabolical wretches will be brought to that punishment their atrocious crimes so justly deserve.—*Times*.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

Joseph Hume is now 70 years old, Sir W. Molesworth 36, Lord Morpeth 44, Daniel O'Connell 72, Sir Robert Peel 58, Lord Stanley 46, Colonel T. P. Thomson 63, Dr. Bowring 54, Sir James Graham 54, Earl Grey 44, Lord Brougham 67, the Duke of Devonshire 56, Earl Fitzwilliam 60, Lord Lyndhurst 74, Lord George Bentinck 44, the Duke of Richmond 53, the Duke of Rutland 68, the Duke of Wellington 77.

Mr. Wyon, of the Royal Mint, has received an order from the East India Company for the execution of 30,000 medals, to commemorate the victories of Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Aliwal, and Subraon, to be presented to the officers and men who took part in the same.

The venerable Mr. Jay, the Dissenting minister of Bath, at the age of 77, has just led to the hygienical altar a lady with a fortune of £30,000.—*Newcastle Advertiser*.

Gen. Taylor had abandoned all idea of attempting to reach San Luis as the difficulties of the route over what may justly be called the desert between Saltillo and that place were almost insurmountable, and it was probable that he would not even attempt to advance on Saltillo. The government had requested him to detach 4000 men under General Patterson to Tampico, but he had declined doing so and would not part with any portion of his force, believing the whole of it to be necessary to maintain his position, and keep

open his communications. We have a letter from Matamoros which states that the Rio Grande is so low as to render it doubtful if the navigation can be maintained with Camargo, if so, it will add greatly to the difficulty of forwarding supplies to Monterey. At present Gen. Taylor has 400 waggon which make a weekly trip between Monterey and Camargo. It had been ascertained that Ampudia retired from Monterey with 9000 men of all arms, and including his sick and such wounded as he took with him.—*N. O. Bulletin*.

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION AND LOSS OF LIFE.—Telegraph despatches from Baltimore says that Baly's powder mill, about 8 miles from that city, exploded yesterday morning. Five men were blown to atoms. It is stated that no less than two tons of gunpowder were in the building, all of which exploded almost simultaneously. The concussion was tremendous. The whole surrounding country and city of Baltimore was violently shaken, as if by an earthquake. Three large buildings, 70 yards apart, belonging to the mill, were shattered over the ground to the extent of ten acres. The houses for a mile and a half in the country around were more or less damaged. No idea can be formed of the cause of the explosion,—as all the witnesses were killed.—*Albany Herald*.

A COMMON CASE.—The Baltimore Clipper tells a story of a foreigner of distinction, who arrived in that city some time since, boarded at one of the first hotels, flourished quite fiercely among the "Upper Ten Thousand" there, and finally, was engaged to be married to a handsome heiress of \$80,000. Just before the nuptial ceremony, there came a rumor upon the winds that the young foreigner, was not what he professed to be, but had been a convict in the galleys of France for crime. The match was broken off, and the stranger "took to himself wings," and was among the missing—leaving behind him an unpaid bill of several hundred dollars at the Hotel besides other small accounts.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, states that the American Government have refused to grant permits for making any more mining locations on Lake Superior. This business is transacted by the War Department.

A flag of truce from the United States squadron to Vera Cruz, conveyed the thanks of the United States Government for the attention bestowed upon the officers and crew of the *Truxton*, while prisoners in Mexico; and announced the acceptance of the proposition to liberate Gen. La Vega and other Mexican prisoners in the United States. The people of Vera Cruz were constantly alarmed by reports of our squadron moving to attack the castle. The "National guard" were pouring into Vera Cruz. Accounts from Yucatan are filled with enthusiasm in the cause of Mexico. Rumours of an attempt to recapture Monterey were circulating, but not credited.

An extraordinary express arrived at Mexico on the 7th October, announcing that Mexican Cavalry under Gen. Romeo, one who had not signed the capitulation of Monterey, encountered a body of Americans on the frontier, killing eighty and taking one hundred prisoners and four pieces of artillery. If such a battle has been fought, it is strange we have never heard of it in the United States. It is a pure fiction, but all the Mexican papers give the account in detail, with expressions of unbounded joy.

Ampudia is still severely denounced, notwithstanding a manifesto from Santa Anna approving of his conduct. At Tampico, 17th Oct., reports were received from Matamoros giving accounts of the small number of American troops there and of the sickness among them.

The Austrian Government has just issued a decree by which every engineer who has driven his engine for an entire year without accident shall receive a reward of 100 florins (£10), and that those who have done so for ten consecutive years shall receive 1,000 florins (£100) and a gold medal.

Officers in the Prussian army are placed in a singular dilemma. The penal code punishes them with imprisonment in a fortress if they accept a challenge, and the court of honour deprives them of their commission if they refuse.

FROM MONTEVIDEO.—A letter in the *Journal of Commerce* says, despatches regarding the River Plate difficulties have been forwarded to England, the contents of which are said, on good authority, to be as follows:—"A proposition from the province of Paraguay to the English and French Governments, to acknowledge their independence, in which case they will agree to furnish 30,000 troops to fight against Rosas. War between Brazil and Gov. Rosas is considered by some as being nearly if not quite ended."

THE JEWS IN SWITZERLAND.—The Grand Council of the Canton of Berne has issued a decree relieving the Jews resident within it from the following obligations, to which they have been subjected since the year 1820:—1. That of taking out a 7 annual license to trade, under the penalty of finding without it, all their bargains and contracts with Christians voidable and of no effect. 2. Of submitting all advances or loans they make on pledges to the control of the police. 3. That of not keeping their accounts in the Hebrew language, or in any other language written with Hebrew characters.

ABD-EL-KADER.—Abd-el Kader, it appears, is about to enact a new and higher part on the stage, being on the point of assuming the sceptre of Morocco. The reigning emperor, Abd-el-Rahman, having forfeited the confidence of his subjects on account of his French tendencies, the redoubtable Emir has undertaken his dethronement with every prospect of success. Ten thousand Moors have ranged themselves under his banners, and according to the latest accounts, he was marching towards the capital. His power is increasing every day, and he exercises an irresistible ascendancy over the frontier population. Northern Africa is evidently on the eve of great events, and the French Government cannot be too active to all that passes at the present juncture in Algeria.

THE PRUSSIAN RAILWAYS.—Before the end of autumn, the railways from Berlin to Hamburg, from Weisenfels to Weimar, and the main branch of the latter line to Lower Silesia, will be open to circulation, completing the network of ways of which Berlin is the centre. Two important lines were opened last month: one from Frankfurt on the Oder to Bunzlau, a distance of about 100 English miles, completing the section of railways which join Berlin to Breslau, the capital of Silesia, the total length of which railway is about 160 English miles; the other line is from Cuetzen to Bernburg, only a short distance of about fifteen miles, but to be continued to Göttingen and Gutzitz in Hanover, with branch lines to Berlin and Anhalt.

PARKURST REFORMATORY PRISON.—Our readers must have been interested

in the notices which have from time to time appeared in our columns of the successful introduction of the system of Moral Training into the Parkhurst Reformatory Prison in the Isle of Wight. It has been repeatedly stated that, under the Divine blessing on the means employed, many of the young convicts in that institution have not only undergone a remarkable change in regard to their outward conduct, but have given the most satisfactory evidence that their moral reformation is the result of strong religious impressions. It is truly delightful to learn, as we now do, that her Majesty has been graciously pleased to give these interesting young people a free pardon. It will be seen from an advertisement in another column, that efforts are being made to obtain employment for them. A considerable number of them have already found situations, and have commenced, it is hoped, lives of usefulness and respectability. Others are still unprovided for, however; and we are glad to find that Mr. Stow is exerting himself in their behalf. We trust he will find many to second his benevolent endeavours and to assist in conducting this most important moral experiment to a successful termination.—*Scottish Guardian.*

SELECTIONS.

A TURKISH BATH.—In the antechamber there was a marble fountain of cold water, and around the walls were high divans with mats. On these some dozen Turks, who had just come out of the bath were reclining very comfortably, smoking their pipes and sipping coffee, with towels thrown around them. Obeying the manager, I mounted on a divan, was undressed, and had a large towel wound around me, and a pair of heavy wooden clogs put on my feet. In this array I was led through several rooms, vaulted, and lighted by small crocks, closed with glass, built into the ceiling, to a small, inner chamber, the temperature of which was so high as to make the perspiration start from every pore. In each of the rooms were men lying on the marble pavement by hot fountains, throwing the water over them at will. I lay down upon the polished marble floor beside one of these fountains, and in a few minutes an attendant came in with no other dress than a piece of linen girt about him, and commenced rubbing me with a stiff hair-cloth. I stood the operation as philosophically as possible, and let the fellow turn me over and over at pleasure, and rub away to his heart's content. Both of us were pretty well tired of the operation before he left me to make way for another, who came burdened with a vessel of perfumed soap and water. He also turned me about as seemed good to him, washed me down well, and then drenched me from head to foot with pure hot water from the fountain; after which he left me to take my ease by the fountain side, and throw as much water over myself as I pleased. After a while came another attendant, who wrapped me up in towels, gave me a pair of clogs, and led me back again to the antechamber, where I lay down, covered with towels, on a pallet, rejected the proffered pipe, but drank a cup of delicious coffee, and fell asleep. I awoke wonderfully refreshed, dressed, and returned home.—*Dr. Durbin.*

THE IGNORANT FARMER.—Imagine such an one taking a walk over his farm, in July, immediately after a smart thunder-storm; a delicious and peculiar fragrance rises up from the ground to the nostrils, a stripling schoolboy at his side looks up knowingly in his face, and says: "Papa, do you know where that sweet scent comes from?" "To be sure, child—from the ground." "Yes, but what makes it come from the ground?" "Why the rain." "But what makes the rain bring it from the ground?" Papa looks foolish and confounded—whilst the junior boy in the junior class of agricultural chemistry, comes out strong with his first lesson:—"It comes from the ammonia, brought down in the rain more rapidly than the earth can absorb it, and which, being a highly volatile gas, is rising again into the air." "Nonsense! child." "But it is so, papa: Professor Liebig and Dr. Playfair, and all the great chemists say that it is so." "But how can they prove it, boy?" Why, in this way; they say that although the carbonate of ammonia, which smells now so deliciously, is a volatile gas, the sulphate of ammonia is a fixed and visible body: and if you spread finely powdered gypsum over a grass-field, you may walk over it after a thunder shower without perceiving this scent; for the gypsum (which is sulphate of lime), lays hold of the ammonia, and obliges it to make a very curious interchange—a sort of cross marriage; for the sulphate leaves the lime and unites with the ammonia, and becomes sulphate of ammonia, and the carbonate, abandoned by the ammonia, consoles the deserted lime, and becomes carbonate of lime, commonly called chalk. And thus gypsum, though not a manure in itself, becomes the basis of two manures—sulphate of ammonia and carbonate of lime. And the teacher says that if powdered gypsum be spread occasionally over the stables and the barnyard, it will catch all the ammonia that now goes off in smell, and, by the process before mentioned, increase the quantity and value of the manure."

MORAVIAN MISSIONS.—Count Ploss, a Dutch nobleman, asked the Moravian missionaries, who were going to Greenland, how they intended to maintain themselves, unacquainted as they were with the situation and climate of the country? The Missionaries answered, "By the labour of our hands, and God's ble sing;" adding, that they would "build a house, and cultivate a piece of land, that they might not be burdensome to any." He objected that there was no timber fit for building in that country. "If that be the case," said the brethren, "then we will dig a hole in the earth, and lodge there." Astonished at their ardor in the cause in which they had embarked,

the Count replied, "No, you shall not be driven to that extremity; take the timber with you, and build a house, and accept these fifty dollars for that purpose." The labors of these devoted servants of the Lord Jesus Christ were rendered very useful in that field, and numbers of the natives of that cold and inhospitable clime were happily converted to God.—*Teacher's Offering.*

THE PREPARATION.—It is Saturday evening. The labors of the week are past. They have engaged our thoughts and our hands. But now we approach the day of rest. Let it be to us a day of rest. Let us prepare our hearts. The world recedes. Its din is hushed. Its schemes have vanished away. Faith of our spirits, may we not rest in thee. May our thoughts be of thee. And wilt thou so fill our souls with thy presence, that we may worship thee in that perfect peace which thou alone canst give. May the coming day be a Sabbath day to us and to all thy children. And having now some foretaste of thy goodness, may we be prepared for a nearer communion with thyself, an eternal Sabbath in thy kingdom above, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

THE THINGS THAT MAKE DEATH TERRIBLE.—When Garrick, with great self-gratulation, showed Johnson his fine house, gardens, and paintings, expecting some flattering compliment, the only reply was, "Ah David, David, these are the things that make death terrible."

CAVES IN GIBRALTAR ROCK.—The largest, called St. Michael's Cave, is situated about the middle of the rock, and nearly eleven hundred feet above the level of the sea; perhaps there are few caves in similar formation equal to this in picturesque effect, though there are many of larger dimensions. The interior is shown to the public when the rock is visited by some distinguished personage, or a particular friend of the Colonels of Artillery or Engineers; it is then seen to the best advantage: a host of people is assembled near the entrance of the cave at the hour appointed. Martial music sounds. The gates are opened and the cavern is entered with the utmost degree of caution, the ladies of course assisted by the gentlemen, the descent being very slippery from the accumulated moisture. Wax tapers burning at distant intervals, cast a dim light all around; as you proceed, a little stream is passed, and you enter a beautiful grotto sixty feet high, adorned with many sparry petrifications, and supported by colossal stalactite pillars resembling the most elaborate architecture; the splendid roof looks as if it were chiselled by the hand of the finest sculptor, the whole illumined by coloured lights. Within the last few years this cavern has been explored by several enterprising gentlemen; and I gathered from one of them that the party penetrated the cavern to more than three hundred feet below the level of the grotto just described, and that in their progress they went from one cavern into another, passing thus a series of caverns of various dimensions till they arrived at one, in the centre of which was a small pool of water. Aided by candle-light, they saw stalactite formations very far surpassing in beauty those of the grotto above; the specimens they brought up were almost of a pure white, the action of the atmosphere darkening the shades of those found in the upper cave. The tortuous narrow passages through which the explorers had to pass, rendered the adventure rather dangerous; ropes and ladders were in requisition, with the help of which, and stout hearts, they accomplished what few would like to try.—*Dr. Kelaart's Contributions to the Botany and Topography of Gibraltar and its Neighbourhood.*

PRODUCE PRICES CURRENT—MONTREAL, Nov. 30, 1846.

	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.		
ASHES, Pots, per cwt	22	3	a	22	6	PEASE,	Nominal				
Pearls,	22	3	a	22	6	BEEF, Prime Mess,					
FLOUR, Canada Superfine, per brl.						per brl. 200lbs.	47	6	a	0	0
196 lbs.			Nominal			Prime,	42	6	a	00	0
Do. Fine,			Do.			Prime Mess, per					
Do. Sour,	00	0	a	00	0	tucco, 30lbs..	00	0	a	00	0
Do. Middlings, .			none			PORK, Mess, per brl.					
Indian Meal, 168lb.	15	0	a	00	0	200lbs	72	6	a	75	0
Oatmeal, brl. 224lb.	25	0	a	00	0	Prime Mess ..	55	0	a	60	0
GRAIN, Wheat U.C.						Prime,	50	0	a	52	6
Best, 60lbs. ...	5	0	a	5	3	Cargo,	40	0	a	00	0
Do. L. C. per min.	0	0				BUTTER, per lb. .	0	7	a	0	7½
BARLEY, Minot, ...	3	0	a	3	3	CHEESE, Am. 100lb	30	0	a	40	0
OATS, "			do.			LARD, per lb.....	0	5	a	0	6
						TALLOW, per lb. .	0	6	a	0	6½

THOS. M. TAYLOR,
Broker.

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