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THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1846.

No. 2

WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE ?

I asked the glad and happy child,
Whose hands were filled with flowers,
Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild
Among the vine-wreathed bowers ;
I crossed her sunny path, and cried,
"When is the time to die ?"
"Not yet! not yet!" the child replied,
And swiftly bounded by.

I asked a maiden; back she threw
The tresses of her hair;
Grief's traces o'er her cheeks I knew,
Like pearls they glistened there!
A flush passed o'er her hly brow,
I heard her spirit sigh;
"Not now," she cried, "Oh, no! not now,
Youth is no time to die!"

I asked a mother, as she pressed
Her first-born in her arms,
As gently on her tender breast
She hushed her babe's alarms;
In quivering tones her accents came,—
Her eyes were dim with tears:
"My boy his mother's life must claim
For many, many years."

I questioned one in manhood's prime,
Of proud and fearless air;
His brow was furrowed not by time,
Or dimmed by woe or care.
In angry accents he replied,
And flashed with scorn his eye;
"Talk not to me of death," he cried,
"For only age should die."

I questioned age; for him, the tomb
Had long been all prepared;
But death, who withers youth and bloom,
This man of years hath spared.
Once more his nature's dying fire
Flashed high, and thus he cried,
"Life! only life is my desire!"
He gasped, and groaned, and died.

I asked a Christian—"Answer thou
When is the hour of death?"
A holy calm was on his brow,
And peaceful was his breath;
And sweetly o'er his features stole
A smile, a light divine:
He spake the language of his soul,—
"My Master's time is mine!"

GLIMPSES OF GEOLOGY.

No. I.

It has been said of our race that they are made up of prejudices, or in other words, that the great mass of men cannot look dispassionately at any thing that seems to run counter, in any degree, to the views they have received from those among whom they have lived. There is a distrust of any scheme contrived before, even though it promises advantage, and a spirit of open hostility and unbelief to any doctrine newly advanced. Hence we do not find revolutions in public opinion effected at once or violently, but rather by degrees or by influences exerted through, it may be, successive generations.

The great reformation had been drawing nigh before Luther's birth, though popular opinion had so resolutely resisted change as to allow the stake and the torture to be used not long before his day. Jacquard had to flee from his native town when first he invented the machine that bears his name, and years passed before his countrymen would avail themselves of the advantages it offered; and our own days have seen disturbances excited by the prejudices of our fellow subjects against similar improvements. We have all heard of the Brahmin who crushed to pieces the microscope that first showed him insects on the herbs which were his food.

Amongst other subjects against which this spirit of prejudice has been manifested in times past, the various sciences of which we now boast may be ranked: of these some have been received after a comparatively short opposition, while generations have been required to allay the fear and mistrust with which others have been regarded. Thus, even now, there is a university in Italy in which the Copernican astronomy is proscribed, and the professor required either to say nothing, or to teach the ancient doctrine that the earth is the centre of the system, and that the sun circles round it once a day.

On geology, the severest measure of the ordeal has been passed, inasmuch that the bulk of those who know its name are, even at this late hour, disposed to look on it as a dangerous study, whose lessons are directed against the most sacred truths of religion; as if the pillar of testimony God has raised to Himself in His word, would not have its fair proportions enlarged, and its majestic height increased by each addition we make to the knowledge of His works! As if the God of the Bible and the God of nature were not one! Yet, even this ignorant and blind prejudice seems to be giving way before the light of truth, and facts, by having been long before the public mind, are beginning to be received, while the character and station in life of some who have already adopted them, are felt increasingly to be a security for their tendency. Names revered for piety are now lent to the support of geology, and slew that it is in no way a godless study.

The past history of this science, till within the last forty years, would be unworthy of notice, were it not for the lessons it gives us of the natural presumption and dogmatism of the human mind, and of the extent to which even truth seeking men may distort facts when desirous of supporting particular views.

Up to Werner's time, (1775), the progress of Geology had been retarded by the unphilosophical and presumptuous course pursued by those who sought to advance it, and also by the opposition of the Christian world generally, who, having adopted a particular translation of certain passages in the Bible, rejected as atheistical, or at least heterodox, every theory, however cautious and well founded, which they thought opposed to them. Vulgar errors, also, kept back the progress of the truth. The ancient and widely received theory of spontaneous generation, thought that fossils were mere freaks of nature, and the fruits of a "plastic force" she possessed; a dogma which was not exploded till after a hundred years of controversy; nor were the opinions of those who were superior to such follies correct in many other points. It was generally held that a complete "theory of the earth" was furnished us by Moses, and hence the great endeavour of all was rather to illustrate it than independently to seek after truth. A vicious system of speculation was thus produced; observation and induction were unthought of, neither being called for by a Philosophy whose leading principles were revealed from Heaven, and in which nothing was left for man to do but to fill up the outline with the necessary details. A loose rein was given to imagination, and conjectures were hazarded, and even taught as demonstrably correct on subjects far beyond human knowledge. The interior of the earth, at its broadest diameter, was un-

nown, and yet some could tell the exact arrangement of its parts, and give a section of it. The chaotic fluid was analysed and the proportion of its compound estimated; the history of Noah's flood was given from its commencement to its fall, with a full explanation of the source from which the waters came, and the hidden cavities to which they retired, and the precise district beneath us in which the winds were born was accurately marked out. The details of creation were given with a circumstantiality worthy of eye witnesses; all that happened before Adam's birth being fully known, nor was the repetition of the great scene when our "childless earth looked tearfully to heaven," after man's destruction, neglected; it also was a theme minutely expatiated upon.

Thus was science wounded by those who professed to be her votaries till Werner introduced habits of observation, and taught the necessity of studying Geology as well as the other branches of knowledge, by the rules of strict induction. His lectures at Freyburgh, and his published works, created a new school of distinguished ability and zeal, and were the means, in themselves, and in the controversies they excited, of revolutionizing the science, and of establishing it on the firm basis on which it now stands. But his doctrines were far from being wholly correct; he was guilty of generalizing too freely, and erred in applying to the whole surface of the globe, inferences drawn from the study of the phenomena of a limited district. He taught that the whole system of rocks was formed by precipitation from water, and that the various formations connected so many coats round the whole globe. The chaotic fluid, according to him, was a menstruum of wondrous powers, in which were held suspended all the particles that, in countless contributions, now form the inorganic creation. Metals and minerals of all kinds, many of them indissoluble by human skill, were resolved by it and blended in the confused mass, till, by Almighty power, the various states now met with were thrown down, each simultaneously, over the whole world.

This theory met with determined opposition from the first, on the continent, but it was in Britain that it was most determinedly combated, and finally overthrown. In 1788, Hutton of Edinburgh entered the lists, denying all the distinguishing doctrines of Werner's school. Water, he held, was not the only agent employed in the formation of the solid crust of the earth. Some rocks he referred to deposition from water, but others he regarded as of igneous origin. "He was the first who sought to explain the former changes of the earth's crust, by reference exclusively to natural agents, and to dispense entirely with all hypothetical causes." His theory we may briefly state in his own words, as quoted by Lyell, (*Prin. of Geology*, vol. I., p. 69). "The remains of an older world," said he, "are visible in the present structure of our planet; and the strata which now compose our continents have been once beneath the sea, and were formed out of the waste of pre-existing continents. The same forces are still destroying, by chemical decomposition or mechanical violence, even the hardest rocks, and transporting the materials to the sea, where they spread out, and form strata analogous to those of more ancient date. Although loosely deposited along the bottom of the ocean, they become afterwards altered and consolidated by volcanic heat, and then heaved up, fractured and contorted." Long and fierce was the struggle between the contending parties, and baser weapons than those of argument came at length to be used. The fire worshippers were denounced as enemies of religion, and even as atheists, and, unhappily, the science was identified with them, and loudly denounced as false and profane. But time, which always gives the victory to truth, gradually overcame error, and established the leading principles of their system so completely, that by degrees the Wernerians became extinct. To this result the formation of the London Geological Society, in 1807, greatly conduced, though even their caution and neutrality required many years to remove from the public mind the dread felt toward the science. Now, however, this is achieved, and we hear no more of inquiries into the origin of things, nor of opposition to the doctrine of the existence of creations prior to the present, save from single individuals who represent no party. The Christian no longer looks on Geology as the enemy of religion, but rejoices in the testimony it furnishes in its support; the proof it yields that the God of the Bible and the God of nature are one; and that the sure result of every new advancement in knowledge, is to entrench the citadel of our faith, and to give the believer even increasing confidence of the divine origin of that volume on whose declarations and promises he grounds his hopes.

In the series of papers, of which this is the first, we purpose, should God in his mercy continue our health, to lay before our readers a succinct statement of some of the leading points in this delightful study, whose beginning is with those early times of which nature herself is the historian, tracing step by step the changes that have passed on our world, from the first of which we have any knowledge to that after which our race was called into being, and the earth that now is, was given them as their temporary heritage. The records of this wondrous story are complete save at their commencement, which is hidden from our eyes, the whole of our knowledge being confined in the opening sentence of revelation, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Beyond this simple declaration we know nothing of the creation of our world, nor can human power ever pierce the thick darkness in which it is concealed. Of the other portions of the history enduring monuments remain, whose testimony cannot deceive us, and may be read by all, though their voice sounds to us from the morning hours of time. Inscribed on marble tablets—encased in the pedestals of the everlasting hills—ages have left them uninjured and in all points the same as they were at first. The fossil remains of the various rocks carry us back to the point of their formation, and with the revelations given by the stony structures in which they are imbedded, restore to us former conditions of our planet, in which nothing animate had more than a remote analogy to present existences, and in which even the inorganic was in aspect different from that which is now. In the present state of the science it is the object of Geology to reconstruct these long passed creations, wearing into a connected whole the different facts that are discovered respecting them, thus gathering materials for future generations, by which the philosophy of the history of our earth may be revealed. This course we shall follow, so far as our knowledge of so extended a subject permits, and we shall feel repaid for our toil, if, through our instrumentality, the power and wisdom and goodness of that Great Being by whom the whole fabric was created at first and is sustained now, displayed as they are in unfading characters on every leaf of this great book of nature, be impressed in any degree more vividly than before, on even a single mind.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S HEART.

The following dialogue occurred one day between a pious father and his little daughter. Every little girl who reads the Evangelist, and every other little girl ought to understand what God means, when he says, "My son, or my daughter, give me thine heart." No little girl can go to heaven till she has given her heart to God. Every little girl who reads this dialogue may suppose, if she pleases, that we have selected and printed it to help her to learn something more about her heart.

"Pa," said Maria suddenly, one day after she had been thinking for some time, "Pa, what does heart mean? When you talk about my heart, I can't think of anything but those gingerbread hearts that we eat."

"You know, dear, that your heart is not anything which you can see."

"O yes, pa, I know that, I know my heart is not like those, but I want to know what it is like."

"You know there is something within you, which loves and hates; this something is your heart. So when God says, 'Give me your heart,' he means, 'Love me.'"

"Pa, it seems as if I wanted to love God, but I don't know how."

"You know how to love me, don't you?"

"O yes, papa."

"But I never told you how to love me."

"O, but that is very different,"

"Different—how?"

"Why, papa, I see you, and know all about you, and you love me."

"Do you love nobody that you have never seen, Maria?"

"I don't know, papa; yes, to be sure, I love grand-papa, and uncle George, and aunt Caroline. But then I have heard you talk about them, papa, and I know that you love them, and they have sent me presents."

"So I have talked to you about God, and you know that I love Him, and he has made you more presents than every body else in the world. Besides, you love people sometimes who have never given you anything, and whom none of us have ever seen."

Don't you remember little Henry and his bearer?"

"Yes, papa, I love Henry, I am sure."

"You see then it is possible to love the characters of people whom you have never seen. Now, the character of God is infinitely lovely; He deserves to be loved more than all other beings together; and if you love those who have been kind to you, only think what God has done for you. He gave you parents to take care of you, when you could not take care of yourself; he has given you food, and clothing, and health, and friends; he has watched over you by night and by day, and when you were sick he has made you well; and now, when he comes to you, after all this, and says, 'My daughter, give me thine heart,' you say, 'No, I can't, I don't know how; I can love my father and mother, and brothers and sisters, but I cannot love God, who gave them all to me.'"

"O, papa, I will, I do love him," replied Maria, with fervor.

"Perhaps you think so now, Maria."

"O, I shall always love him, I know I shall."

Her father smiled.

"Papa, you cannot see into my heart—how do you know that I do not love God?"

"Suppose you should come to me every day, and say, 'Dear papa, how I love you,' and then go right away and disobey me—could I believe you?"

"No, papa."

"Well, dear, how can I believe that you love God, when I see you every day doing those things which he forbids?"

Maria could not reply to this, and so the conversation closed. She was obliged to confess to herself that her father had spoken the truth, but still she thought it no evidence that she did not love God. "I never thought," said she to herself, "that when I was cross to George, or anything like that, I was sinning against God; at least, it never seemed as if He minded anything about it; and I did not think about His being so good either; but now I remember it, I shall never do so again, and then papa will see that I love God."

GAMBLING.

BY REV. H. W. BEECHER.

To every young man who indulges in the least form of gambling, I raise a warning voice! Under the specious name of *amusement*, you are laying the foundation of gambling. Playing is the seed which comes up gambling. It is the light wind which brings up the storm. It is the white frost which preludes the winter. You are mistaken, however, in supposing that it is harmless in its earliest beginnings. Its terrible blight belongs, doubtless, to a later stage; but its consumption of time, its destruction of industry, its distaste for the calmer pleasures of life, belong to the very *beginning*. You will begin to play with every generous feeling. Amusement will be the plea. At the beginning the game will excite enthusiasm, pride of skill, the love of mastery, and the love of money. The love of money, at first almost imperceptible, at last will rule out all the rest,—like Aaron's rod, a serpent swallowing every other serpent. Generosity, enthusiasm, pride and skill, love of mastery, will be absorbed in one mighty feeling—the savage lust of lucre.

There is a downward climax in this sin. The opening and ending are fatally connected, and drawn toward each other with almost irresistible attraction. If gambling is a vortex, playing is the outer ring of the Maelstrom. The thousand pound stake—the whole estate put up on a game—what are these but the instruments of kindling that tremendous excitement which a diseased heart craves? What is the *amusement* for which you play but the *excitement* of the game? And for what but this does the jaded gambler play? You differ from him only in the degree of the same feeling. Do not solace yourself that you shall escape because others have; for they *stopped*, and *you go on*. Are you as safe as they, when you are in the gulf-stream of perdition, and they on the shore? But have you ever asked, *how many* have escaped? Not one in a thousand is left unblighted! You have nine hundred and ninety-nine chances *against* you, and one for you; and will you go on? If a disease should stalk through the town, devouring whole families, and sparing not one in five hundred, would you lie down under it quietly because you had one chance in five hundred? Had a scorpion stung you, would it alleviate your pangs to reflect that you had only one chance in one hundred? Had you swallowed corrosive poison, would it ease your convulsions to think there was only one chance in fifty

for you? I do not call every man who plays a gambler, but a gambler in *embryo*. Let me trace your course from the amusement of innocent playing to its almost inevitable end.

Scene first. A genteel coffeehouse, whose humane screen conceals a line of grenadier bottles, and hides respectable blushes from impertinent eyes. There is a quiet little room opening out of the bar, and here sit four jovial youths. The cards are out, the wines are in. The fourth is a reluctant hand; he does not love the drink, nor approve the game. He anticipates and fears the result of both. Why is he here! He is a whole-soled fellow, and is afraid to seem ashamed of any fashionable gaiety. He will sip his wine upon the impertinence of a friend newly come to town, and is too polite to spoil that friend's pleasure by refusing a part in the game. They sit, shuffie, deal; the night wears on, the clock telling no tale of passing hours—the prudent liquor-fiend has made it safely dumb. The night is getting old; its dank air grows fresher; the east is grey; the gaming and drinking and hilarious laughter are over, and the youths wending homeward. What says conscience? No matter what it says; they did not hear, and we will not. Whatever was said, it was very shortly answered thus: "This has not been gambling; all were gentlet men; there was no cheating; simply a convivial evening; no stakes except the bills incident to the entertainment. If anybody blames a young man for a little innocent exhilaration on a special occasion, he is a superstitious bigot; let him croak!" Such a garnished game is made the text to justify the whole round of gambling. Let us, then, look at

Scene the second. In a room so silent that there is no sound except the shrill cock crowing the morning, where the forgotten candles burn dimly over the long and lengthened wick, sit four men. Carved marble could not be more motionless, save their hands. Pale, watchful, though weary, their eyes pierce the cards, or furtively read each other's faces. Hours have passed over them thus. At length they rise without words; some, with a satisfaction which only makes their faces brightly haggard, scrape off the piles of money; others, dark, sullen, silent, fierce, move away from their lost money. The darkest and fiercest of the four is that young friend who first sat down to make out a game! He will never sit so innocently again. What says he to his conscience now? I have a right to gamble; I have a right to be damned, too, if I choose; whose business is it?

Scene the third. Years have passed on. He has seen youth ruined, at first with expostulation, then with only silent regret, then consenting to take part of the spoils; and finally, he has himself decoyed, duped, and stripped them without mercy. Go with me into that dilapidated house, not far from the landing, at New Orleans. Look into that dirty room. Around a broken table, sitting upon boxes, kegs, or rickety chairs, see a filthy crew dealing cards smouched with tobacco, grease, and liquor. One has a pirate-face burnished and burnt with brandy; a shock of grizzly, matted hair, half covering his villain eyes, which glare out like a wild beast's from a thicket. Close by him wheezes a white-face, dropsical wretch, vermin-covered, and stenchful. A scoundrel-Spaniard, and a burly negro, (the jolliest of the four,) complete the group. They have spectators—drunken sailors, an' ogling, thieving, drinking women, who should have died long ago, when all that was womanly died. Here hour draws on hour, sometimes with brutal laughter, sometimes with threat, and oath, and uproar. The last few stolen dollars lost, and temper too, each charges each with cheating, and high words ensue, and blows; and the whole gang burst out the door, beating, biting, scratching, and rolling over and over in the dirt and dust. The worst, the fiercest, the drunkest of the four, is our friend who began by making up the game!

Scene the fourth. Upon this bright day, stand with me, if you would be sick of humanity, and look over that multitude of men kindly gathered to see a murderer hung! At last, a guarded cart drags on a thrice-guarded wretch. At the gallows' ladder his courage fails. His coward-feet refuse to ascend; dragged up, he is supported by bustling officials; his brain reels, his eye swims, while the meek misisters utter a final prayer by his leaden ear. The prayer is said, the noos is fixed, the signal is given; a shudder runs through the crowd as he swings free. After a moment, his convulsed limbs stretch down, and hang heavily and still; and he who began to gamble to make up a game, and ended with stabbing an enraged victim whom he had fleeced, has here played his last game—himself the stake!

THE MOTHERLESS.

You're weary, precious ones! your eyes
Are wandering far and wide;
Think ye of her, who knew so well
Your tender thoughts to guide!
Who could to Wisdom's sacred lore
Your fixed attention claim!
Ah! never from your hearts erase
That blessed mother's name!

'Tis time to say your evening hymn,
My youngest infant dove!
Come, press thy velvet cheek to mine,
And learn thy lay of love;
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng!
Cling, as you used to cling to her
Who sings the angel's song.

Begin, sweet birds! the accustom'd strain,
Come, warble low and clear;
Alas! alas! you're weeping all—
You're sobbing in my ear,
Good night!—go say the prayer she taught
Beside your little bed—
The lips that used to bless you there,
Are silent with the dead!

A father's hand your course may guide
Amid the thorns of life;
His care protects these shrinking plants,
That dread the storms of strife;
But who upon your infant hearts
Shall like that mother write?
Who touch the strings that rule the soul?
Dear, smitten flock!—good night!

WILLIAM BROWN, Esq., M. P.

(From *Anti-Corn Law Memoirs in Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper*.)

Mr. Brown's property, both in this country and in the United States, was very large, but it could not be realised in money. He had drawn on all his available resources in England, and sent out cash to meet the liabilities in America, until he knew not where to turn for other assistance, the transatlantic losses still accumulating—the American branches of his firm receiving no payments, and being called upon on every hand to pay. In this conflict with huge adversity, the Samson of Commerce put his shoulders to the pillars, not to overthrow, but to uphold, and with the weight of the breaking credit of two nations on him, he bowed his head, yet did not yield, not even in spirit. One of the largest private fortunes ever accumulated by one man, and a trade which filled the two hemispheres with his name, were hazarded, and all seemed lost. Yet there remained to him one treasure, which bankruptcy cannot alienate—unless a man is bankrupt in heaven as well as on earth—personal and domestic peace. At that time, with the loss of all his wealth staring him in the face by day, William Brown did not lose even a night's sleep. That angel of family felicity, who had given him her hand in marriage when it was the hand of a milkmaid, and who had still ministered to him when his hand and her hold wealth measured by millions, she was still the comforter and promiser of happiness.

In 1837, the failures of houses in the American trade in Liverpool and London, had amounted to about thirty, when one day Mr. Brown left Liverpool for London, with the expectation that before he returned his firm would have lost its commercial vitality, and he would be in the *Gazette*. When making arrangements for this catastrophe, in London, he happened to call on the late Sir William Heygate. On the evening of that day, there was to be a dinner at the Mansion House, and Sir William asked Mr. Brown to accompany him. Mr. Brown pointed to his want of preparation in dress, and objected; but his friend overruled that objection, and he went in his ordinary dress.

The dinner was a Ministerial one. Lord Melbourne was there, the Chancellor of the Exchequer also, and Lord J. Russel and the leading Whigs of that period. During the evening, Mr. Brown was introduced to Lord Melbourne, and other members of the Government; and his Lordship and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, taking advantage of a suitable minute, called Mr. Brown aside, and

retiring, not from the hall, but into a corner of it, where, under cover of the music, or the festive toasts then in progress, they questioned him. Words spoken at such a time, by such personages, may not be repeated even now with propriety. But there stood, dressed in a plain brown coat, a man of middling stature, and rather slim figure; before him the more portly dignity of the then Prime Minister; at his side the smaller and more slim figure of the Prime Minister that now is, listening with a deep thoughtfulness to what was passing between the Premier, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the slim gentleman in the plain brown coat. The Minister knew well what shocks the trade of the country had already received by the American failures, and knew that at that time there was hardly a hammer or a file in Sheffield and Birmingham but would cease to move if the great agency-house of William and James Brown & Co., of Liverpool, ceased to maintain its credit. They asked Mr. Brown what his real circumstances were, and he told them candidly that he could not go on, and had come to London to take the necessary steps to stop business.

To him they said little more; but next day he received a message from the Bank of England, requesting his attendance there. He attended; was introduced to the Governor and Directors, and was told that the Bank had resolved to assist him with money to any amount, up to two millions sterling, and that on his own personal security. The exact sum he was authorised to draw was £1,959,000, the deduction being for discount to the Bank: He took advantage of the loan to the extent of between eight and nine hundred thousand pounds. He remitted this money to America without loss of time, paid his liabilities there, saved the credit of his house, and has long since realised his property and repaid the Bank of England.

When this transaction was settled, he took into partnership Mr. Shipley, an American gentleman, and the firm became Brown, Shipley and Co. It was now deemed advisable to do less mercantile business, and restrict themselves more to the banking department. Yet still there is a large mercantile business done as well as banking; and we believe it is the only house in Liverpool that unites those two great branches of commerce.

A MISSIONARY OF MEAL.—Our whole hearted friend, Elihu Burritt, says, in his last letter from England, that he had been exceedingly busy for ten days, working night and day with his arms up to the elbows in Indian meal, instructing the natives in the mysteries of "corn fixings." With the assistance of the good women of the house, he brought out a capital edition of puddings and johnny cakes. A great many of the poorest class of the people there are determined they will not eat it, especially those confined in the work-houses, but when they find it is used as an article of luxury on the tables of the rich, it will remove their squeamishness. They have got the idea fixed in their minds, with all the obstinacy of ignorance, that corn meal in its best estate is mere swine's food. Mr. Burritt has resolved to make it a condition upon which only he will consent to be any man's guest, that his wife shall serve up a johnny cake for breakfast, or an Indian pudding for dinner. He had been invited to a tea party where about thirty persons were to be present, and accepted the invitation with the johnny cake clause, which was readily agreed to by all parties. So the virtues of corn meal will be tested by some of the best livers in Birmingham.—*Bangor Whig*.

APPLES OF GOLD.

Give ear to my prayer, O God; and hide not thyself from my supplication. Psalm lv. 1. *Christ's Answer*: Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatev'er ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you, John xvi. 23. For the Father himself loveth you, Verse 27. *He has promised*: Before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear, Isa. lxxv. 21. Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them, Mark xi 24.

He that converses much with God in prayer, and has some child-like confidence in his word, shall certainly be heard; and these answers of prayer are undeniable evidences of the truth, the faithfulness, and the love of God, and greatly strengthen his faith, and at last bring him to be intimately acquainted with God. The more we receive, the more we are enlightened to see how much there is still wanting. This stirs us up to more frequent prayer, and to more fervent desires; and the more we desire, and believe that we shall receive it, the more shall be granted. Unbelief receives nothing—Matt. xiii. 58—but faith opens all the treasures of God, and never goes away empty.

Because on me they set their love,
I'll save them, saith the Lord;
I'll bear their joyful souls above
Destruction and the sword.

My grace shall answer when they call;
In trouble I'll be nigh;
My power shall help them when they fall,
And raise them when they die.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.



NAZARETH.

“And he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth.”—Matthew ii. 23.

As the town of Nazareth thus became the permanent residence of Christ, it has in all ages divided with Jerusalem and Bethlehen, the principal interest which Christians have taken in the sites which are known to have been honored by his presence.

Nazareth seems to have been a small and obscure place, the name of which does not occur in the Old Testament, nor are we aware that it is mentioned in the Jewish writings, otherwise than as the birth place of Jesus. It has never since been mentioned as a place of any note. It is situated about ten miles to the north-west of Mount Tabor, and twenty-five west from the point where the Jordan issues from the Sea of Galilee. It is within the territory which once belonged to the tribe of Zebulon. St. Luke defines its local position in mentioning that our Lord's townsmen, offended at the freedom of his discourse in the synagogue, “thrust him out of the city, and led him to the brow of the hill whereon the city was built, that they might cast him down headlong.” This has been understood to imply that the city stood on the top of the hill; but it may quite as clearly mean, or perhaps more clearly, that it stood on the lower declivity of the hill, rising from its base, as is the case at present. The road to Nazareth is properly a descent into a hollow among mountains, at the base and on the slope of one of which the town now stands. Dr. Richardson well describes the situation:—“The vale resembles a circular basin, encompassed by mountains: it seems as if fifteen mountains met to form an enclosure for this delightful spot; they rise round it like the edge of a shell, to guard it from intrusion. It is a rich and beautiful field, in the midst of barren mountains; it abounds in fig trees, small gardens, and hedges of the prickly pear, and the dense rich grass affords an abundant pasture. The village stands on an elevated situation on the west side of the valley.” Such was the aspect of the spot where our Savior was brought up, and spent nearly the whole of his life; and we are also to recollect that, before he was born, Nazareth had been the abode of his mother, and probably of Joseph. This we learn from Luke i. 26. This explains why they selected this place for their residence on returning from Egypt; when prevented from what appears to have been their first intention, of settling in Judea, and probably at Bethlehen—from which they knew that the Messiah was to proceed, which they might have conceived to extend to his being brought up as well as born there.—*Pictorial Bible.*

COMPARATIVE MERITS OF THE AFRICAN AND AMERICAN SLAVE TRADE.

From a Speech of T. B. Macaulay, in the British House of Commons.

“I say, then, that there exists in the United States a slave trade in no respect less odious or demoralizing—and, in my opinion, more odious and more demoralizing—than that which is carried on between the coast of Africa and Brazil. North Carolina and Virginia are to Louisiana and Alabama, what Congo is to Rio Janeiro. The slave-states of the Union are to be divided into two classes—the breeding states and the consuming states. In some of the United States slaves are bred—the human beast of burden is reared up till he is enabled to endure deadly labour in the sugar and cotton states, with which you are extending our relations, and to which he is sent to be killed. The extent of this traffic we may learn from the census of the United States of 1830 and that of 1840. North Carolina and Virginia are two of the

chief breeding states. During the ten years from 1830 to 1840, the number of slaves in North Carolina has been, as nearly as possible, stationary. In Virginia, during the same period, the number positively decreased, although, both in Carolina and Virginia, propagation was going on to an enormous extent. In both those states, during the time I have mentioned, hundreds of thousands of negro slaves were born; the births exceeded by hundreds of thousands the number of deaths. What, then, became of these people? Look at the census of those states where we know the negro race is worn down by cruel labour, and where from its own resources it scarcely keeps up its numbers, nay, where those numbers rather diminish. Take the case of Louisiana. In 1830 there were in that state 107,000 slaves; in 1840, 170,000. The slave population of Alabama in 1830 was 117,000; in 1840, 243,000. In Mississippi, during the same period, slave population increased three-fold. In 1830 the numbers were 65,000; in 1840, 195,000. This is the scale of this slave trade. As to its nature, ask any Englishman who ever travelled through the southern states of America. Jobbers go about from state, to state, taking advantage of the difficulties of the planters in the breeding states; they rend asunder the dearest ties of nature and of marriage as unscrupulously as any Guinea captain; they buy slaves until they have made up their “gang” to 300 or 400; and then these human beings, handcuffed, fettered, guarded by armed men, are driven as you would drive (or rather as you would not drive,) a herd of oxen to Smithfield, to the southern states, to undergo the deadly labour of the sugar-mill. In Louisiana the labour of the sugar-mill sends, in a short time, the stoutest African to his grave; but still in Virginia negroes are growing up to supply the horrid trade. God forbid that I should extenuate the slave trade in any form; but I must say that I conceive it may be viewed in its most horrible and odious aspect in the United States. It is bad enough that uncivilized men should go to the coast of an uncivilized country, and that they should there seize upon wretched barbarians and carry them in slavery to a foreign land; but that civilized men—Christians, freemen—should breed the slaves, and if I must speak out the whole horrible truth, even beget the slaves they breed,—that a man, proud of his liberty, calling himself a Christian, a baptised man, frequenting a Christian church, should see his own offspring gambolling about him in their childhood, that he should watch them growing up to age, and that he should then sell them for 500 dollars, and consign them to a life which is a lingering death,—this is more painful, infinitely more painful to contemplate than the slave trade of Africa. I am now talking of a slave trade which extends to tens of thousands of human beings every year—a slave trade as regular as the trade of pigs between Dublin and Liverpool, or in coals between the Tyne and the Thames. I have no wish to extenuate the evils of slavery in the Brazils; but I do say that on the whole, it is less hopeless, and its evils are not so dreadful as those of slavery in the southern states of America.”

EXPLOSIVE COTTON.—A Swiss chemist, Professor Schoubein, has succeeded, as we learn from a foreign print, in preparing a specimen of cotton more inflammable than gunpowder, and exploding with a capsule. Several trials have been made with it. At one time, a small quantity equal to the sixteenth of an ounce, placed in a gun, carried the ball with such force that it perforated two planks at the distance of 58 paces; and at another time drove a ball into a wall to the depth of 3½ inches. In some other experiments, a drachm of cotton sent a ball of three quarters of an ounce in weight, to a distance of 200 paces, where it penetrated a deal plank to the depth of two inches. A portion of this cotton, when placed on an anvil and struck with a hammer, caused a detonation, without, however, the cotton taking fire. The cotton is said to be of a very superior quality, and what is most extraordinary, its inflammable property is not destroyed by its being thrown into water and afterwards dried.

ANTHRACITE AND NOVA SCOTIA COAL.—An experiment recently made in Boston, proves that the Anthracites are worth more than double the same weight of Nova Scotia coal for generating steam, and therefore that the difference in price, if there is any, is no compensation for the difference in value. The great superiority of the anthracites, results not entirely, if chiefly, from the superiority of heat which they produce, but in part, at least, from the superior facility with which the heat of the anthracites is brought into action. The vast quantity of smoke and gas which are emitted from bituminous coal carry off with them a great quantity of heat, and require the fire to be placed at a great distance from the boiler, by which a large volume of air is brought between the fire and the boiler; and as air is a non-conductor, this circumstance embarrasses the heat which remains.—*New-York True Sun.*

SLAVERY IN EUROPE.

Who can estimate the evils of slavery, even in its mildest form of serfdom. Let the insurrections that have from time to time occurred in all countries where it has existed testify. The latest of these is the somewhat extraordinary massacre which occurred a few months ago in Galicia, we extract from a British paper of high character, the following statement.

THE LATE MASSACRES IN GALLICIA.—The detailed atrocities which took place in the Austrian province of Galicia, during the recent Polish insurrection, are unparalleled, or at least are without example in the modern history of Europe. It appears that the army of Austria entered the town of Cracow, and took away all its authorities and municipal officers; that the inhabitants then formed a provisional government; and the consequence was, that the town was declared in a state of insurrection. Certain refugees passed over the Austrian frontier, which is within a few miles of the city, and subsequently there arose in Galicia a series of the most fearful events which ever occurred either in ancient or modern times—events of such a nature that we cannot sufficiently express our astonishment at the manner in which they have been smothered up in Germany. And on the Continent generally. The relations between the proprietors and the people in Galicia were somewhat like the old system in this country. The nobles represented principally the proprietors and the freeholders of the country, while the people remained somewhat in a state of serfdom. Certain amendments were sometime ago proposed in the condition of the lower orders by the Austrian government, which rendered it popular with those classes. When the Austrian officers, however, went into Galicia, they seem to have thought that the whole of the nobles and proprietors were about rising in opposition to the government, and an order was accordingly issued to the peasantry to possess themselves of the custody of the proprietors by any means they could use. An order to the following effect was promulgated on this occasion: "I call upon the inhabitants of this district that they shall take possession of all the turbulent spirits therein—that, armed with their scythes and their hatchets, they shall deliver up such parties to the government; and I am authorised for this service immediately to give to those who so deliver these parties up a sufficient recompense." Can we wonder that such an order as that should be followed by the most disastrous consequences? But that was not all. The peasantry were told to bring these people alive to the government, if they could, by fair means, but to bring them at all events; and the local authority who gave this order declared that he had been fully authorised to do so. How was that order followed? No less than 1478 proprietors and individuals were brutally murdered and brought to the government. Of these there were between 70 and 80 priests, the teachers and religious instructors of the people of the district. A large portion of them also were ladies of the highest distinction. In one family alone the entire of its members, consisting of sixteen persons were destroyed. But when this was all over, what took place? Has the government come forward to denounce the perpetrators of these outrages, and declare that their authors shall be punished? Is it credible that the men who committed such crimes have been subsequently addressed as "faithful Gallicians," and told they have discharged their duty efficiently to the government?

MINUTENESS OF ANIMAL LIFE.

Take any drop of water from the stagnant pools around us, from our rivers, from our lakes, or from the vast ocean itself, and place it under your microscope; you will find therein countless living beings, moving in all directions with considerable swiftness, apparently gifted with sagacity, for they readily elude each other in the active dance they keep up; and since they never come into rude contact, obviously exercise volition and sensation in guiding their movements. Increase the power of your glass, and you will soon perceive, inhabiting the same drop, other animals, compared to which the former were elephantine in their dimensions, equally vivacious and equally gifted. Exhaust the art of the optician, strain your eye to the utmost, until the aching sense refuses to perceive the little quivering movement that indicates the presence of life, and you will find that you have not exhausted nature in the descending scale. Perfect as our optical instruments now are, we need not be long in convincing ourselves that there are animals around us so small that, in all probability, human perseverance will fail in enabling us accurately to detect their forms, much less fully to understand their organization. Vain, indeed, would it be to attempt by words to give any thing like a definite notion of the minuteness of some of these multitudinous races. Let me ask the reader to divide an inch into 22,000 parts, and appreciate mentally the value of each division; having done so, and not till then, shall we have a standard sufficiently minute to enable us to measure microscopic beings. Neither is it easy to give the student of nature, who has not accurately investigated the subject for himself, adequate conceptions relative to the numbers in which the infusoria sometimes crowd the waters they frequent; but let him take

his microscope, and the means of making a rough estimate at least are easily at his disposal. He will soon perceive that the animalcule inhabitants of a drop of putrid water, possessing, as many of them do, dimensions not larger than the 1.2600th part of a line, swim so close together, that the intervals separating them are not greater than their own bodies.—The matter, therefore, becomes a question for arithmetic to solve, and we will pause to make the calculation. The *Monas termo*, for example—a creature that might be pardonably regarded as an embodiment of the mathematical point, almost literally without either length, or breadth, or thickness, has been calculated to measure about the 22.000th part of an inch in its transverse diameter; and in water taken from the surface of many putrid infusions, they are crowded as closely as we have stated above. We may therefore safely say, that, swimming at ordinary distances apart, 10,000 of them would be contained in a linear space of one inch in length, and consequently a cubic inch of such water will thus contain more living and active organized beings than there are human inhabitants upon the whole surface of this globe!—*Rymer Jones.*

WEALTH OF MEXICAN CHURCHES.

Major Noah, of the *New-York Times*, speaking of the immense treasures the Mexican churches contain, says—"In the cathedral of Puebla de los Angeles, hangs a grand chandelier of massive gold and silver, not of ounces avoirdupois, but whole tons of weight, collected under the viceroys from the various tributary mines. On the right of the altar stands a carved figure of the Virgin, dressed in beautiful embossed satin—executed by the nuns of the place. Around her neck is suspended a row of pearls of precious value, a coronet of pure gold encircles her brow, and the waist is bound with a zone of diamonds and enormous brilliants. The candelabras are of silver and gold, too massive to be raised even by the strongest hand, and the host is one mass of splendid jewels of the richest kind. In the Mexican cathedral there is a railing of exquisite workmanship, five feet in height, and two hundred feet in length, of gold and silver, on which stands a figure of Remedios, with three petticoats—one of pearls, one of emeralds, and one of diamonds; the figure is valued at three millions of dollars. In the church of Guadalupe there are still richer and more splendid articles; and in that of Loretto they have figures representing the Last Supper, before whom are piles of gold and silver plate, to represent the simplicity of that event. It is the same in all the churches and cathedrals in Mexico. The starving Lepero kneels before the figure of the Virgin worth three millions, and yet would die of want before he would presume to touch one of the brilliants of her robes, worth to him a fortune. About a hundred millions of dollars are thus locked up in church ornaments, while nothing is laid out for public education, roads, canals, public improvements, and true national glory."

SELECTIONS.

SERVICE OF ROCKS.—It ought to be generally known, that, in former times, the North American colonists having banished the grakles (their rocks), the insects ate up the whole of their grass, and the people were obliged to get their stock of hay from Pennsylvania and from England; and, in the island of Bourbon, the poor eastern grakles disappeared under similar persecution. The islanders suffered in their turn, for clouds of grasshoppers consumed every green blade; and the colonists were compelled to apply to Government for a fresh breed of grakles, and also for a law to protect them—*Waterton's Essays.*

BREAKING UP OF HINDOISM.—The Calcutta correspondent of the *Morning Herald* says:—"A few days ago Baboo Mutty Lall Leul proposed to the Dharma Subha, a society of orthodox Hindoos, to petition Government for some enactment in favour of the re-marriage of Hindoo widows. It appears that his proposal caused a great stir in the meeting, and was loudly exclaimed against, which is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that the society was originally established to oppose the abolition of *Suttee*. You may not have heard that this same Mutty Lall, some time ago, offered a premium of ten thousand rupees to any Hindoo who would marry a widow. The prize has never been claimed."

MISTAKING THE BRANDS.—A merchant engaged in the West India trade sent to a French customer of his, in one of the Islands, a lot of pork, of various brands, such as "Duffield," "Miller and Brown," "Davis," &c., of Cincinnati. Among the rest was a small lot marked "Measly," which term means pork made from animals diseased. No mention was made of the difference in the pork, but it was left to take its fate. The next year our merchant had occasion to go to the same Island, and inquired of the Frenchman about the pork. "Oh," said he, "some of de pork var good. Monsieur 'Duffield,' goot—"Miller & Brown," and 'Davis,' all var goot—but dat Monsieur 'Measly,' he von great scoundrel!"

THE CALUMET OR PIPE OF PEACE.—The calumet is held in great reverence by the North American Indians, and is used in transactions relative both to peace and war. The bowl of this pipe is made of a kind of soft red stone, which is easily wrought and hollowed out; the stem is of cane, alder, or some kind of light wood, painted with different colours, and decorated with the heads, tails and feathers of the most beautiful birds. The use of the calumet is to smoke either tobacco or some bark, leaf, or herb, which they often use instead of it, when they enter into an alliance, or on any serious occasion, or solemn engagements; this being among them the most sacred oath that can be taken, the violation of which is esteemed most infamous, and deserving of severe punishment from Heaven. When they treat of war, the whole pipe and all its ornaments are red; sometimes it is red only on one side; and by the disposition of the feathers, &c., one acquainted with their customs will know at first sight what the nation who presents it intends or desires. Smoking the calumet is also a religious ceremony on some occasions, and in all treaties is considered as a witness between the parties, or rather as an instrument by which they invoke the sun and moon to witness their sincerity, and to be as it were a guarantee of the treaty between them. This custom of the Indians, though to appearance somewhat ridiculous, is not without its reasons; for as they think that smoking tends to disperse the vapours of the brain, to raise the spirits, and to qualify them for thinking and judging properly, they introduced it into their councils, where, after their resolves, the pipe was considered as a seal of their decrees; and as a pledge of their performance thereof, it was sent to those they were consulting, in alliance or treaty with; so that smoking among them at the same pipe, is equivalent to our drinking together and out of the same cup. When a lover visits his mistress, which is always at night, he gently presents the lighted calumet to her. If she extinguishes it, she admits his addresses; but if she permits it to burn unnoticed, he retires disappointed and sad.—*Travels in North America.*

ENGLISH GOVERNESSES.—In Russia the governess is held in such respect that she is led forth as an honoured guest, taking precedence of the pupil whose education she has completed. In England, it would be difficult to ascertain her position—charged with the sole care of the “precious jewels” of an illustrious house; considered competent to cultivate their minds—to form their manners—to enlarge their views, that they may keep their position, and become all that is desired in English gentlemen—the person who does all this, if admitted into society at all, is thrust, unintroduced, into a corner, and expected to retire when the younger children are sent to bed—slighted by the servants—who consider her a servant—and looked upon as a person to be dismissed as soon as done with by the mistress! For one governess who receives a pension for past services—services which can never be repaid—there are, protected and prosperous, a hundred ladies’ maids; it is not at all uncommon to meet with pensioned servants, but a pensioned governess is a *rara avis*; we find them in hospitals and workhouses when they are overtaken by ill health, or faded into old age!—*The Art Union for June.*

FLOGGING IN THE ARMY.—A month has not expired since the death of the unfortunate victim whose case in so remarkable a degree has awakened public interest and discussion. Indeed it was not until a late hour this morning that the inquest on his body was concluded. And yet in this short space of time her Majesty’s Government have made a greater concession to the demands of humanity and reason than has ever before been granted to years of argument and petition. The efforts of Sir Samuel Romilly were vain, though his utmost expectations and requests did not reach to half the extent of the reform at present contemplated. The motions in the House of Commons, from time to time, though, in many cases, praying only for returns and inquiries, were invariably negatived. The first step towards the rescue of the soldier was made by a confidential circular of the Duke of York, in 1812, who ordered that “on no pretence should the award of a regimental court-martial exceed 300 lashes.” Still, however, these 300 lashes might be inflicted for the most ordinary offence, and the terrible power of the district and general courts were left uncontrolled. As late as 1825 a man was sentenced to receive 1,900 lashes, though the amount was reduced by the revision of the Commander-in-Chief to 1,200. In 1832, in the debate on one of Mr. Hunt’s motions on this subject, Sir John Hobhouse stated that the number of lashes which could be inflicted by the orders of regimental and district courts martial had been reduced from 300 and 500 to 200 and 300 respectively. In 1835, the Commission for investigating this subject was appointed, and in the following year the award of a general court martial was limited to 200 lashes, of a district court martial to 150, and of a regimental court martial to 100. It is only by considering the difficulties experienced in procuring, at these long intervals, the successive mitigation of the military code, that we can appreciate the concession so cheerfully and promptly made at present. *Bis dat qui cito dat.* If we have not got all we could have wished, we have got more than we could have hoped, and that before we could have expected it. And so promising are the contemplated arrangements, that we may confidently anticipate the residue of this barbarous privilege to be merely nominal, and that it will expire of itself for want of fuel, under the influence which the new regulations must exert upon the general well-being of the army.—*Times.*

NEWS.

Last week we had only time to notice the intelligence brought by the *Hibernia* in the briefest manner. We now give more copious extracts.

The news of the week from the United States has shown more activity in the prosecution of the war with Mexico; and it is likely that the chief places in the northern part of that extensive but distracted Republic will soon be in the hands of the American forces. Should the fine tract of land in question finally belong to the United States, there can be little doubt that it will be much sooner peopled and improved than it would be under Mexican management; and from the disposition recently manifested by the great majority of the House of Representatives, there is reason to hope, that, however much they may annex, no farther extension of the area of slavery will be permitted.

Santa Fe has fallen into the hands of General Kearney without a contest, the Mexican Governor, Armijo, having retreated to Chihuahua. The American General fixed his quarters in the palace, and proclaimed himself Governor of New Mexico, amid, it is said, shouts of applause on the part of the inhabitants.

General Taylor was fast approaching Monterey, where an active contest was expected; but very little can be averied with accuracy until the official despatches are published.

The remnant of the Mormons have been obliged to yield to violence, there being, it appears, no power in the laws to protect them. The numerous body of that remarkable sect, which emigrated in spring, is said to be in a wretched and starving condition among the wild regions of the Upper Missouri. Upon the whole, the followers of the Mormon prophet appear to meet the same fate with those of Judas of Galilee (Acts v. 37).

Certain American divines and religious papers are indulging in much self-complacency on account of the victory obtained, or supposed to be obtained, over the British abolitionists at the Evangelical Alliance. The fact is, the controversy on the subject, which has raged in the United States for the last ten years, is comparatively new in Britain, and therefore the Americans were thoroughly versed in all the highly plausible arguments and assertions on their own side of the question, while the British had to seek for the replies to them. Had the American abolitionists been prepared with a single able man in the Alliance, provided with the documents and facts which are so well known here, we are satisfied the result would have been far otherwise.

The awful storm which endangered the *Great Western* on her last passage out, is largely described and much dwelt upon by several of the passengers in the American papers.

The Canadian news of the week are not important, if we except the steady advance in the value of all the productions of the country, an advance which cannot fail to increase the purchasing power of Canada for the year, to the extent of nearly fifty per cent., and which must therefore exhaust the stocks of goods on hand, in a remarkable manner, unless they were greatly overdone indeed, for the trade formerly expected. Our readers will remember the gloomy forebodings entertained in many quarters, of the utter prostration of Canadian interests, more especially those connected with bread stuffs consequent upon free trade—wheat was, if we remember right, to be three yolk shillings a bushel in Upper Canada, and other things in proportion. Surely the facts of the case as now developed, will shake the confidence of protectionists in their own wisdom, and set the people’s minds at rest as to the safety of Free Trade. We do not mean by these remarks, to say, that the rise in prices altogether results from free trade, it is doubtless a consequence of the increase of consumption, and the failure of the potato crop, combined of which the former element alone, is attributable to free trade; but we do mean to say that free trade will not upon the average lower the prices of our productions, in any greater degree than it will lower the prices of the articles which we consume in return, and therefore that all its benefits, whatever they may be, are obtainable without counterbalancing disadvantages.

The great innovation of the the present day, viz: the transmission of intelligence by lightning, is making rapid progress, and bids fair soon to invade, and we trust *electrify* the somewhat lethargic Canadas. Preparations are, we see, making, to connect Toronto, as well as Montreal with New York, Boston, Washington, &c. &c., so as to bring them all within about a minute’s distance. Truly all this is surpassing strange. Many of our citizens earnestly desire a lightening line to Halifax, by which we would have the news from Europe two days ahead of Boston; and from Montreal as a central point transmit them to all parts of the American Continent. Whether this will be speedily accomplished or not depends, we presume, on the Legislature.

Halifax papers contain an account of a dreadful storm at St. Johns, Newfoundland. The shipping have suffered considerable damage, and the temporary houses erected since the great fire are wholly blown down.

CANADA.

DARING HIGHWAY ROBBERY AND AN ATTEMPT TO TAKE LIFE.—On Wednesday, the 7th inst., a little after 5 o’clock in the evening, as Mr. Evans, of the firm of Messrs. B. Brewster & Co., was riding in a gig, accompanied by a lady, near where the stream of water comes down from the Mountain, at St. Catharines, about one mile and a-half from town, they were met by two fellows, both of whom, on coming close up, drew out pistols; one seized the

horse by the head; the other came close up to the side of the gig on which the lady sat, presented his pistol (across her) at Mr. Evans, and demanded his money. Mr. E. replied he had none, and would give him none; the fellow at the horse's head cried out, "shoot him, shoot him." The lady being much alarmed, Mr. E. pulled out a few dollars from his vest pocket, and handed it over. In doing so, the guard-chain of his watch became exposed, and the man immediately exclaimed, "your watch," Mr. E. replied, "I'll be hanged if you get my watch," and with that jumped out on the fellow, and as he did so, the robber fired, but missed him. Mr. E. succeeded in giving him three or four blows. The other immediately let go the horse's head, and making towards them, fired, also without effect, though some of the powder struck Mr. E. on the side of the face, who, turning, gave the fellow a blow with his fist on the mouth. One of them struck him with a tone on the side of the head, which was cut, and bled profusely. While this was going on, the horse ran off, and was stopped at some distance by a gentleman who happened to come up, whose appearance it is probable, alarmed the villains, who immediately jumped the fence and ran up the Mountain. A daring act of this sort, on so frequented a road, and so near the city, calls loudly for prompt and energetic measures on the part of the city authorities, and the inhabitants in general, to bring such villains to justice.—*Gazette.*

PICKPOCKETS.—Yesterday, a habitant, named Louis A. Bellefleur Beaujeu was robbed in the Upper Town Market Place of his purse, containing £13 13s 3d., by three boys, named François Mercier, Louis Boucher, and Adolphe Mathon. The manner in which they accomplished the theft, satisfactorily proves that their professional attainments are of no mean order. For the purpose of ascertaining in which pocket the habitant kept his money, they dropt an empty purse rolled in paper close behind him, and then touched him on the leg and asked him if he had lost his purse? The Farmer immediately put his hand on his pocket in which the purse was and said no, and in less than five minutes afterwards, he found it was abstracted. The three have been arrested by the police, and the money found concealed by Mathon in the rooms of a house in St. Charles Street, Mathon is only 14 years of age.—*Quebec Gazette.*

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN DUNDAS.—At about a quarter to three o'clock yesterday morning, fire was discovered issuing from the main building of J. Gartsbore & Co's Foundry. The town engine and five or six of the portable ones were soon in full play, and every means which human ingenuity could devise was employed to arrest the progress of the devouring element. It was soon apparent that no efforts could save that portion of the premises in which the fire raged. With the exception of Mr. Gartsbore's house and stables, the moulding, casting, and blacksmith shops are all burned down. The fire continued to rage for about two hours. The loss is roughly estimated at from six to seven thousand pounds, only one thousand of which is covered (in the Mutual office) by insurance. The loss to many of the workmen is also heavy,—several chests of tools, varying in value from £10 to £25, being destroyed; one person lost property to the amount of £12s. The destruction of this establishment will be severely felt; it has thrown a gloom over all, each man feeling that he sustains a portion of the damage, and indeed this is strictly the fact, so completely identified was the Foundry with the general prosperity of the town. It will be remembered that J. B. Ewart, Esq., one of the Firm, not long since met with a severe loss in the destruction of the Galt Mills, also by fire. Mr. Gartsbore had left on a few days ago for New York. The books, plans, and drawings, are all destroyed; the notes of hand and some of the most valuable patterns were saved. Upwards of one hundred men at home and abroad are temporarily thrown out of employment; steam-engines in course of completion are destroyed; and mills in progress in various parts of the Province must remain for a considerable time unfinished. The buildings destroyed were all of wood. Fortunately no lives have been lost, though several of the men engaged in saving property were severely burned. As to the origin of the fire nothing is known.—*Dundas Warrier Extra, Oct. 5.*

STEAM-BOAT CASE—EBERTS ET AL V. SMITH ET AL.—This case, which excited a great deal of interest, was tried on Friday last, at the Hamilton Assizes, and lasted till Monday forenoon. It was the second trial. Messrs. Cameron, Harrison, and McLean conducted the case for the Plaintiffs, and Messrs. Sullivan and Black for the Defendants. Mr. Harrison opened the case, and after explaining to the Jury the nature of the law in England, and of our own Provincial Statutes relating to navigation, detailed the facts.—"The steamers *London* and *Kent* were both plying between Buffalo and Detroit; in the year 1846, the *Kent* had made only one trip before the collision, and at that time was making her return trip to Detroit; between Amherstburgh and Point-au-Pilex there is a strip of land, or a shallow, running a considerable distance into the Lake, called the Split, the avoiding of which is rather difficult; the *Kent*, however, got round it and proceeded about ten miles on her proper course for Port Stanley, when she saw the *London's* lights. From that time to the collision, the evidence is so conflicting, that it is difficult to say which boat was in fault. The *London* struck the *Kent* before the starboard paddle-box, and shortly after, the *Kent* sunk." Witnesses were then called, and much cross-examination took place.—Mr. Blake opened the defence, and after an able and eloquent address of nearly four hours' duration, called the witnesses for the defence. The Court summed up the evidence at considerable length, and the Jury after retiring for five hours, returned a verdict for Plaintiffs: damages £2,500,—same as on the previous trial.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

The California Expedition sailed on Saturday: 26th ult. It went off a little sooner than was anticipated, on account of Col. Stevenson's "unfortunate circumstances," which had somehow or other induced the employment of an officer armed with a warrant for his arrest. A captain, thirty men, and a woman, whose children were on board one of the ships, were left behind. About 780 men and officers sailed.

PERSECUTION OF DR. KING AT ATHENS.—Dr. King, the devoted Missionary at Athens, published, some time ago, a book against the worship of the Virgin Mary; and for this he not only has to stand his trial, with the probable issue of imprisonment, but his life is in danger from a murderous mob. In a letter to Dr. Anderson of Boston, he relates the particulars of a mur-

derous plan laid by the Greek priesthood of Athens and Syria to rid themselves of his presence at once, but which providentially failed.

DESTRUCTIVE HURRICANE IN KARATONGA.—The Directors of the London Missionary Society have just received the melancholy intelligence, from their missionaries in Karatonga, the principal island of the Hervey Group, in the South Pacific Ocean, of an awful thunder storm which visited the islands on the 15th March, laying all the spacious Christian sanctuaries in ruins. The whole island is a complete wreck.

THE JOHN WESLEY MISSIONARY SHIP.—A new missionary ship, to be called the John Wesley, for the use of the mission in New Zealand, and in the Friendly and Feejee Islands, is preparing under the direction of the Polynesian Ship Committee, by those eminent builders, Messrs. White, of Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. The launch is expected to take place this month; she will be brought round to London, and will receive her multifarious cargo of supplies and presents for those missions, now preparing by innumerable busy hands, and with missionaries for her passengers, who will proceed on her long and arduous voyage without delay. The more general announcement of this approaching event in the history of the mission will, no doubt, excite much thankfulness that the missionaries who occupy the most remote and arduous missions are to be favoured with so superior a medium of communication with each other, and with the colonies and home; many prayers will be offered up for the safety and success of the John Wesley and her passengers, and many contributions of articles of usefulness and comfort for the missions will be prepared, and sent for conveyance by the John Wesley to the most distant parts of the earth.—*Wesleyan Missionary Notices.*

LIFE ASSURANCE—CASES OF SUICIDE.—A question of much importance to life assurance companies has lately been decided by the Judges in the Exchequer Chamber on a bill of exceptions in an action brought by the representatives of Schwabe against the Argus Life Assurance Company. The Judges have determined that a party assured, holding his policy in his own hand who may commit suicide, forfeits his policy, and that the office is not bound to pay the amount. This decision settles the law on a point upon which doubts had hitherto existed.

CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATIONS.—In an action for slander, which came up for trial at the assizes at Norwich, England, it appeared that the words complained of were uttered by the defendant in private familiar conversation with a friend. The learned judge stopped the case, saying that such a conversation ought to be treated as a privileged communication, for, if persons were to be subject to actions for words so spoken, all intercourse between friends would be at an end.

The *London Economist* states that one of the most gratifying results of Free Trade has been to increase the consumption of good and wholesome food by the people, without injury to the home producer.

THE MENAI TUNNEL.—Workmen are now preparing the ground on the Britannia Rock, and the shores of the Menai, for the foundations of the piers to support the projected tunnel, and the first stone will very shortly be laid. Contracts have been taken for 8000 tons of plates of the best description, for the construction of the iron tunnel, by which it is proposed to pass the Menai Straits for the passage of ships.

A farmer, near Northallerton, Yorkshire, lately pulled a single stem of oats, of the Pecky kind, on which there were 240 good seeds.

The last accounts from India are painfully distressing. The cholera—that scourge of the human race—is sweeping all before it in Scinde. Hardy veterans, long injured to toil and fatigue, and to all the "pride and circumstance of glorious war," are being mowed down by thousands. Those who conquered the Amiens, and put their troops to the sword, are smitten with unsparring impartiality by the Angel of Death, who rides abroad in the blast. The invisible hand is more cruel than the sword—more mighty than invincible legions.—*Willmer and Smith's European Times.*

YOUNG IRELAND.—Although the Young Ireland secession is not likely to produce any party that will substantially be very formidable, it seems to grow more formidable as a schism. Two monster meetings have been held in the county of Limerick, at which the Young Ireland policy was approved and that of Old Ireland condemned. These meetings were headed by Catholic priests. The breach is now so wide, and the Young Ireland party has acquired so much strength, that Mr. O'Connell will be driven to the necessity of dissolving and reconstructing the Repeal Association, or consent to the re-admission of the members whom he caused to be so hastily expelled.

PRODUCE PRICES CURRENT—MONTREAL, Oct. 12, 1846.

	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.		
ASHES, Pots, per cwt	23	9	a	24	0	PEASE,	4	9	a	0	0
Pearls,	23	9	a	24	0	BKRF, Prime Mess,					
per brl.						per brl. 200lbs.	47	6	a	0	0
FLOUR, Canada Superfine, per brl.						Prime,	42	6	a	00	6
196 lbs.	32	6	a	33	0	Prime Mess, per					
Do. Fine,	30	6	a	31	3	turco, 304lbs.	00	0	a	00	0
Do. Sour,	27	0	a	00	0	PORK, Mess, per brl.					
Do. Middings, ..	none					200lbs	72	6	a	00	0
Indian Meal, 168lb.	15	0	a	00	0	Prime Mess,	55	0	a	00	0
Oatmeal, brl. 22 lb.	29	0	a	00	0	Prime,	50	0	a	00	0
GRAIN, Wheat U.C.						Cargo,	40	0	a	00	0
Best, 60lbs.	6	3	a	6	6	BUTTER, per lb.	0	7	a	0	18
Do. L.C. per min.	0	0				CHEESE, Am. 100lb	30	0	a	40	0
Do. L.C. per min.	0	0				LARD, per lb.	0	5	a	0	6
BARLEY, Minot, ..	none					TALLOW, per lb.	0	5	a	0	54
OATS, "	do.										

THE MONTREAL WITNESS,
Weekly Review and Family Newspaper,

Published for the Proprietor, John Douglass, every Monday Evening. Terms: 15s. per annum, if paid in advance—Credit price 17s. 6d. per annum; shorter periods in proportion. Orders to be addressed to R. D. Wadsworth, Publisher.