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Ch. H. H. H. H.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

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No. 41

THE SOUL'S SEARCH.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

A weary wandering soul am I,
O'erburthened with an earthly weight,
A palmer through the world and sky,
Seeking the celestial gate.

Tell me, ye sweet and sinless flowers,
Who all night gaze upon the skies—
Have ye not in the silent hours
Seen aught of Paradise?

Ye birds, that soar and sing, elate
With joy which makes your voices strong,
Have ye not at the crystal gate
Caught somewhat of your song?

Ye waters, sparkling in the morn,
Ye seas, which hold the starry night,
Have ye not from the imperial bourne
Caught glimpses of its light.

Ye hermit oaks, and sentinel pines,
Ye mountain forests old and gray,
In all your long and winding lines
Have ye not seen the way?

Thou moon, 'mid all thy starry bowers,
Knowest thou the path the angels tread?
Seest thou beyond the azure towers,
The golden gates dispread?

Ye holy spheres, that sang with earth
While earth was yet a sinless star,
Have the immortal's heavenly birth
Within your realms afar?

Thou monarch sun, whose light unfurls
Thy banners through unnumber'd skies,
Seest thou amid thy subject worlds
The flaming portals rise?

All, all are mute! and still am I
O'erburthened with an earthly weight,
A palmer through the world and sky,
Seeking the celestial gate.

No answer wheresoe'er I roam—
From skies afar no guiding ray;
But, hark! the voice of Christ says "Come!
Arise! I am the way!"

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

To mark the sufferings of the babe
That cannot speak its woe,
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow;
To meet the meek, uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,
The eye that's full of agony—
This is a mother's grief.

Through dreary days and darker nights,
To trace the march of death,
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shortened breath;
To watch the last death strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief;

To make her own, each dying pang—
This is a mother's grief.

To see in so few months decayed,
The hope of future years;
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears;
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all her treasured joys on earth—
This is a mother's grief.

Yet, when the first wild throb is past,
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think my child is there—
This best can dry the gushing tear,
This yields the heart relief,
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a mother's grief.

THE MAN THAT KILLED HIS NEIGHBOURS.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

From the Columbian Magazine for May.

It is curious to observe how a man's spiritual state reflects itself in the people and animals around him—nay, in the very garments, trees, and stones.

Reuben Black was an infestation in the neighbourhood where he resided. The very sight of him produced effects similar to a Hindoo magical tune, called Rang, which is said to bring on clouds, storms, and earthquakes. His wife seemed lean, sharp, and uncomfortable. The heads of his boys had a bristling aspect, as if each hair stood on end with perpetual fear. The cows poked out their horns horizontally, as soon as he opened the barn-yard gates. The dog dropped his tail between his legs, and eyed him askance, to see what humour he was in. The cat looked wild and scraggy, and had been known to rush straight up the chimney when he moved towards her. Fanny Kemble's expressive description of the Pennsylvania stage-horses was exactly suited to Reuben's poor old nag: "His hide resembled an old hair trunk." Continual whipping and kicking had made him such a stoic, that no amount of blows could quicken his pace, no chirruping could change the dejected drooping of his head. All his natural language said, as plain as a horse could say it, that he was a most unhappy beast. Even the trees on Reuben's premises had a gnarled and knotted appearance. The bark wept little sickly tears of gum, and the branches grew awry, as if they felt the continual discord, and made sorry faces at each other behind the owner's back. His fields were red with sorrel or run over with mullen. Everything seemed as hard and arid as his own visage. Every day he cursed the town and the neighbourhood, because they poisoned his dogs, and stoned his hens, and shot his cats. Continual law suits involved him in so much expense, that he had neither time nor money to spend in the improvement of his farm.

Against Joe Smith, a poor labourer in the neighbourhood, he had brought three suits in succession. Joe said he had returned a spade he had borrowed, and Reuben swore he had not. He sued Joe, and recovered damages, for which he ordered the sheriff to seize his pig. Joe, in his wrath, called him an old swindler, and a curse to the neighbourhood. These remarks were soon repeated to Reuben. He brought an action for libel, and recovered twenty-five cents. Provoked at the laugh this occasioned, he watched for Joe to pass by, and set his dog upon him, screaming furiously, "Call me an old

swindler again, will you?" An evil spirit is more contagious than the plague. Joe went home and scolded his wife, boxed little Joe's ears, and kicked the cat, and not one of them knew what it was all for. A fortnight after, Reuben's big dog was found dead by poison. Whereupon, he brought another action against Joe Smith, and, not being able to prove him guilty of the charge of a dog murder, he took his revenge by poisoning a pot lamb belonging to Mrs. Smith. Thus the bad game went on, with mutual worry and loss. Joe's temper grew more and more vindictive, and the love of talking over his troubles at the grog shop increased upon him. Poor Mrs. Smith cried, and said it was all owing to Reuben Black; for a better hearted man never lived than her Joe, when she first married him.

Such was the state of things when Simeon Green purchased the farm adjoining Reuben's. The estate had been much neglected, and had caught thistles and mullen from the neighbouring fields. But Simeon was a diligent man, blessed by nature with a healthy organisation and a genial temperament; and a wise and kind education had aided nature in the perfection of her goodly work.

His steady perseverance and industry soon changed the aspect of things on the farm. River mud, autumn leaves, old shoes, and old bones, were all put in requisition to assist in the production of use and beauty. The trees, with branches pruned, and bark scraped free from moss and insects, soon looked clean and vigorous. Fields of grain waved where weeds had rioted. Persian lilacs bowed gracefully over the simple gateway. Michigan roses covered half the house with their abundant clusters. Even the rough rock, which formed the door step, was edged with golden moss. The sleek horse, feeding in clover, tossed his mane and neighed when his master came near; as much as to say, "The world is all the pleasanter for having you in it, Simeon Green!" The old cow, fondling her calf under the great walnut tree, walked up to him with a serious, friendly face, asking for the slices of sugar beet he was wont to give her. Chanticleer, strutting about with his troop of plump hens and downy little chickens, took no trouble to keep out of his way, but flapped his glossy wings, and crowed a welcome in his very face. When Simeon turned his steps homeward, the boys threw up their caps and ran, shouting, "Father's coming!" and little Mary went toddling up to him, with a dandelion blossom to place in his button hole. His wife was a woman of few words, but she sometimes said to her neighbours, with a quiet kind of satisfaction, "Every body loves my husband that knows him. They can't help it."

Simeon Green's acquaintances knew that he was never engaged in a lawsuit in his life; but they predicted that he would find it impossible to avoid it now. They told him his next neighbour was determined to quarrel with people, whether they would or not; that he was like John Lilburne, of whom Judge Jenkins said, "If the world was emptied of every person but himself, Lilburne would still quarrel with John, and John with Lilburne."

"Is that his character?" said Simeon. "If he exercises it upon me, I will soon kill him."

In every neighbourhood there are individuals who like to foment disputes, not from any definite intention of malice or mischief, but merely because it makes a little ripple of excitement in the dull stream of life, like a contest between dogs or game cocks. Such people were not slow in repeating Simeon Green's remark about his wrangling neighbour. "Kill me, will he?" exclaimed Reuben. He said no more; but his tightly compressed mouth had such a significant expression that his dog dodged him, as he would the track of a tiger. That very night Reuben turned his horse into the highway, in hopes he would commit some depredations on neighbour Green's premises. But Joe Smith, seeing the animal at large, let down the bars of Reuben's own corn field, and the poor beast walked in, and feasted as he had not done for many a year. It would have been a great satisfaction to Reuben, if he could have brought a law-suit against his horse; but as it was, he was obliged to content himself with beating him. His next exploit was to show Mary Green's handsome chanticleer, because he stood on the stone wall and crowed, in the ignorant joy of his heart, two inches beyond the frontier line that bounded the contiguous farms. Simeon said he was sorry for the poor bird, and sorry because his wife and children liked

the pretty creature; but, otherwise, it was no great matter. He had been intending to build a poultry yard, with a good high fence, that his hens might not annoy his neighbours; and now he was admonished to make haste and do it. He would build them a snug warm house to roost in; they should have plenty of gravel and oats, and room to promenade back and forth, and crow and cackle to their hearts' content; there they could enjoy themselves, and be out of harm's way.

But Reuben Black had a degree of ingenuity and perseverance which might have produced great results for mankind, had those qualities been devoted to some more noble purpose than provoking quarrels. A pear tree in his garden very improperly stretched over a friendly arm into Simeon Green's premises. Whether the sunny state of things there had a cheering effect on the tree, I know not; but it happened that the overhanging bough bore more abundant fruit, and glowed with a richer hue, than the other boughs. One day, little George Green, as he went whistling along, picked up a pear that had fallen into his father's garden. The instant he touched it, he felt something on the back of his neck, like the sting of a wasp. It was Reuben Black's whip, followed by such a storm of angry words that the poor child rushed into the house in an agony of terror. But this experiment failed also. The boy was soothed by his mother, and told not to go near the pear tree again; and there the matter ended.

This imperturbable good nature vexed Reuben more than all the tricks and taunts he met from others. Evil efforts he could understand, and repay with compound interest; but he did not know what to make of this perpetual forbearance. It seemed to him there must be something contemptuous in it. He disliked Simeon more than all the rest of the town put together, because he made him feel so uncomfortably in the wrong, and did not afford him the slightest pretext for complaint. It was annoying to see everything in his neighbour's domains looking so happy, and presenting such a bright contrast to the forlornness of his own. When their waggons passed each other on the road, it seemed as if Simeon's horse tossed his head higher, and flung out his mane, as if he knew he was going past Reuben Black's old nag. He often said he supposed Green covered his house with roses and honeysuckles, on purpose to shame his bare walls. But he didn't care—not he! He wasn't going to be fool enough to rot his boards with such stuff. But no one resented his disparaging remarks, or sought to provoke him in any way. The roses smiled, the horse neighed, and the calf capered; but none of them had the least idea that they were insulting Reuben Black. Even the dog had no malice in his heart, though he did one night chase home his geese, and bark at them through the bars. Reuben told his master, the next day; he swore he would bring an action against him if he didn't keep that dog at home; and Simeon answered, very quietly, that he would try to take better care of him. For several days a strict watch was kept, in hopes Towzer would worry the geese again; but they paced home undisturbed, and not a solitary how-wow furnished excuse for a lawsuit.

The new neighbours not only declined quarrelling, but they occasionally made positive advances toward a friendly relation. Simeon's wife sent Mrs. Black a large basket full of very fine cherries. Pleased with the unexpected attention, she cordially replied, "Tell your mother it was very kind of her, and I am very much obliged to her." Reuben, who sat smoking in the chimney corner, listened to this message once without any impatience, except whiffing the smoke through his pipe a little faster and fiercer than usual. But when the boy was going out of the door, and the friendly words were repeated, he exclaimed, "Don't make a fool of yourself, Peg. They want to give us a hint to send a basket of our pears; that's the upshot of the business. You may send 'em a basket, when they are ripe; for I scorn to be under obligation, especially to your smooth tongue folks." Poor Peggy, whose arid life had been for the moment refreshed with a little dew of kindness, admitted distrust into her bosom, and the halo that radiated round the ripe glowing cherries departed.

Not long after this advance toward good neighbourhood, some labourers employed by Simeon Green, passing over a bit of marshy ground, with a heavy team, stuck fast in a bog, occasioned by a long continued rain. The poor oxen were entirely unable to extricate themselves, and Simeon ventured to ask assistance from his waspish neighbour, who was working at a short distance.

Reuben replied, gruffly, "I've got enough to do to attend to my own business." The civil request that he might allow the use of his oxen and chains for a few moments being answered in the same surly tone, Simeon silently walked off, in search of a more obliging neighbour.

The men who were left waiting with the patient, suffering oxen, scolded about Reuben's ill nature, and said they hoped he would get stuck in the same bog himself. Their employer rejoined, "If he does, we will do our duty and help him out." "There's such a thing as being too good natured," said they. "If Reuben Black takes the notion that people are afraid of him, it makes him trample on them worse than ever."

"Oh, wait a while," replied Mr. Green, smiling. "I will kill him before long. Wait and see if I don't kill him."

It chanced, soon after, that Reuben's team did stick fast in the same bog, as the workmen had wished. Simeon noticed it from a neighbouring field, and gave directions that the oxen and chains should be immediately conveyed to his assistance. The men laughed, shook their heads, and said it was good enough for the old hornet. They, however, cheerfully proceeded to do as their employer requested them. "You are in a bad situation, neighbour," said Simeon, as he came alongside of the foundered team. "But my men are coming with two yoke of oxen, and I think we shall soon manage to help you out." "You may take your oxen back again," replied Reuben, quickly. "I don't want any of your help." In a very friendly tone, Simeon answered, "I cannot consent to do that; for evening is coming on, and you have a very little time to lose. It is a bad job at any time, but it will be still worse in the dark." "Light or dark, I don't ask your help," replied Reuben, emphatically. "I wouldn't help you out of the bog the other day when you asked me." "The trouble I had in relieving my poor oxen teaches me to sympathize with others in the same situation. Don't let us waste words about it neighbour. It is impossible for me to go home and leave you here in the bog, and night coming on."

The team was soon drawn out, and Simeon and his men went away, without waiting for thanks. When Reuben went home that night, he was unusually thoughtful. After smoking awhile in deep contemplation, he gently knocked the ashes from his pipe, and said, with a sigh, "Peg, Simeon Green has killed me!" "What do you mean," said his wife, dropping her knitting, with a look of surprise. "You know when he first came into this neighbourhood, he said he'd kill me," replied Reuben; "and he has done it. The other day he asked me to help his team out of the bog, and I told him I had enough to do to attend to my own business. To-day my team stuck fast in the same bog, and he came with two yoke of oxen to draw it out. I felt sort of ashamed to have him lend me a hand, so I told him I didn't want any of his help; but he answered, just as pleasant as if nothing contrary had ever happened, that night was coming on, and he was not willing to leave me in the mud." "He is a pleasant-spoken man, and always has a pretty word to say to the boys. His wife seems to be a nice neighbourly body, too." Reuben made no answer; but, after meditating awhile, he remarked, "Peg, you know that big ripe melon down at the bottom of the garden! you may as well carry it over there in the morning." His wife said she would, without asking him to explain where "over there" was.

But when the morning came, Reuben walked back and forth, and round and round, with that sort of aimless activity often manifested by hens and by fashionable idlers, who feel restless, and don't know what to run after. At length the cause of his uncertain movements were explained. "I guess I may as well carry the melon myself, and thank him for his oxen. In my flurry down there in the marsh, I didn't think to say that I was obliged to him."

He marched off towards the garden, and his wife stood at the door, with one hand on her hip and the other shading the sun from her eyes, to see if he would carry the melon into Simeon Green's house. It was the most remarkable incident that had ever happened since her marriage. She could hardly believe her own eyes. He walked quick, as if afraid he should not be able to carry the unusual impulse into action if he stopped to reconsider the question. When he found himself in Mr. Green's house, he felt extremely awkward, and hastened to say, "Mrs. Green, here is a melon my wife sent to you, and we reckon it's a ripe one." Without manifesting any surprise at such unexpected courtesy, the friendly matron thanked him, and invited him to sit

down. But he stood playing with the latch of the door, and, without raising his eyes, said, "May be Mr. Green ain't in this morning?"

"He is at the pump, and will be in directly," she replied; and before her words were spoken the honest man walked in, with a face as fresh and bright as a June morning. He stepped right up to Reuben, shook his hand cordially, and said, "I am glad to see you, neighbour. Take a chair; take a chair."

"Thank you, I can't stop," replied Reuben. He pushed his hat on one side, rubbed his head, looked out of the window, and then said, suddenly, as if by a desperate effort, "the fact is, Mr. Green, I didn't believe right about the oxen."

"Never mind, never mind," replied Mr. Green. "Perhaps I shall get into the bog again some of these rainy days. If I do, I shall know who to call upon."

"Why, you see," said Reuben, still very much confused, and avoiding Simeon's mild, clear eye, "you see the neighbours here are very ugly. If I had always lived by such neighbours as you are, I shouldn't be just as I am."

"Ah, well, we must try to be to other what we want them to be to us," rejoined Simeon. "You know the good book says so. I have learned by experience that if we speak kind words we hear kind echoes. If we try to make others happy, it fills them with a wish to make us happy. Perhaps you and I can bring the neighbourhood round in time. Who knows? Let us try, Mr. Black, let us try. And come and look at my orchard. I want to show you a tree which I have grafted with very choice apples. If you like, I will procure you some scions from the same stock."

Reuben Black was, if possible, still more confused; but the result of his visit was, that he afterwards confessed that Mr. Green's conduct had fairly killed him; and Reuben Black, from that day forward, became an excellent neighbour.

AN OLD MAN'S REMINISCENCE.

I had quarrelled with my little brother Willie, who had not quite passed his sixth year. I was two years his senior, and he was the only being I ever loved. Willie was a frail and affectionate fellow, not meant to struggle long through this dark and weary existence. The little golden locks fell upon his slender and beautiful neck, and his large blue eyes wore a soft and confiding expression, which called forth irresistibly your love and protection. I went to the corner of the garden, and continued building a house we had begun together. The evening was fast coming on, and I still required about a dozen bricks to finish it; I therefore stalked up to one which, after great trouble, he had just completed, and pulled down part of the wall for that purpose.—The little fellow could not bear it, and snatched them back from me. I, in a rage, struck him violently on the breast, and he fell to the ground.

In a short time he recovered his breath and said:

"Jamie, ted Annie to come and carry me in; I cannot walk; my breast is very, very sore."

I slunk quietly in at the back of the house. In a few moments I heard a low and mournful whisper go through the dwelling; my little Willie had broken a blood vessel. The next evening, about sunset, I went to the door of the room where he lay, and as I looked in, he beckoned me to him. The setting sun fell upon his golden hair, and as he reclined upon the snowy pillow, methought he seemed like a little angel floating on a fleecy cloud.

I crept up slowly to the side of his bed, and hid the little hand which lay upon the coverlid, within my own hand.

"Jamie," said he, "Jamie, I am going to die."

I hid my face beneath the bed clothes and sobbed aloud.

"Don't cry," said the little fellow; "you know I love you dearly; come, Jamie, let me play with your hand again, as I used to when we sat together, on the little grass plot in the warm sunshine, and don't cry, dear little brother Jamie. You will be kind to my dear little pussy, when I am gone, and fill her saucer with new milk, won't you, brother?"

Pussy lifted up her head as she heard her name, and purring, smoothed her sleek and glossy coat against the pallid face of the young sufferer, as though to thank him for the kind remembrance.

"I am going to heaven," he continued, "and that is a happy place, you know, for God, our father, whom we say our prayers to every night, lives there, and we reckon it's a happy place to see him, Jamie; and there is Jesus, whom we love so much, and who loves little children, too, so dearly—he will be there,

and he will carry me to his father, for he will be like a big brother, and take care of me, you know, Jamie. And then there is little Harry Bentley, he is gone to heaven, too, and I shall see him there, and we will have two little wings, and a little golden music book between us, but we will leave a corner for you, Jaanuc, so that when you come, we will all bow down together before the throne of God, our Father, and sing his glory for ever and over."

He lifted up his bright blue eyes to heaven, and his countenance seemed to grow brighter and brighter; I gazed upon his face for some minutes in silent anguish; but as I gazed, his face appeared to wax brighter and yet more bright; a smile still lingered upon his parted lips, and his little soul winged its flight to a rare and glorious eternity.

And now, when the hurricane of riotous and irresistible passion sweeps over my soul, tearing down all distinctions of right and wrong, and dethroning reason, their cherub voices seem to come, wafted on the gale: and as these two little angel forms, with their little golden music book, and my empty and unmerited conduct, rise up, as it were, in a vision before me, my passion vanishes, my frame shudders, and I burst into tears.—*Halifax Times*

TRIUMPH OF BENEVOLENCE.

Thirty-six years since, it was with difficulty that American missionaries could obtain a footing in any Oriental country. They were expelled even from British India, and compelled to seek refuge in a neighbouring island. While in our own land they were by many regarded only with pity or contempt. But now the respect shown them in every land, and the interest taken in their movements by the common journals of the day, strikingly illustrate the triumphant nature of Christian truth, wherever exhibited in love, and augur still better things for time to come. The following pleasant incidents, among grave matters, are noticed in a recent letter from one of the missionaries at Amoy, (China):—

"The Viceroy of Che-kiang and Fuh-kien paid his triennial visit to Amoy, and we all attended a great military parade, held under his inspection. Being 'common people,' we took our place among such; but the Hai-fang (Lord Mayor) espied my umbrella, and came down from the forum to greet us. After standing some time with us, conversing on various topics, he returned to his seat. Soon after the Commandant of Amoy descended, and escorted us to an eminence, in the presence of all the people, where we could have a better view of the parade, and then ordered his servant to supply us with tea, in Mandarin cups. Not long after as we were walking among the crowd, not supposing that we were objects of attention, the To-tai, or great civil judge, who has jurisdiction in three departments of this province, beckoned us to come and take seats with him on a stage erected under a booth for his private convenience. This we did, and not less than a thousand people, of all classes, gathered around the platform to witness the scene of four missionaries sitting and conversing with the highest Mandarin in Amoy.

"A still higher honour was in reserve for us the following day, when admitted into the presence of the Viceroy himself, on a friendly visit. He received us kindly, and spoke favourably of our work. The Amoy mandarins presented us, and we were asked about our respective countries; and the wish was expressed that we might always be, what we now are, 'brethren.' This is thought to be a great step. Hundreds of people saw us admitted, and the intelligence soon spread through the city. No other foreigners have paid their respects to his Excellency. In the evening his card was sent to each of us, and we presented him with a copy of the New Testament, a Chinese Christian Almanac, and other books. This visit may have an important bearing on our future operations. What an influence such a man might exert in favour of Christianity! He has under his immediate jurisdiction about fourteen millions of people."

THE DEW.—The dew, celebrated through all time and in every tongue for its sweet influence, presents the most beautiful and striking illustration of the Divine agency in the economy of nature, and exhibits one of those wise and beautiful adaptations by which the whole system of things, animate and inanimate is fitted and bound together. All bodies on the surface of the earth radiate

and throw out rays of heat, in straight lines—every warmer body to every colder; and the entire surface itself continually sending rays upward through the clear into free space. Thus, on the earth's surface all bodies strive, as it were, after an equal temperature, (an equilibrium of heat) while the surface, as a whole, tends generally toward a cooler state. But if the sun shines, this cooling will not take place, for the earth then receives a general more heat than it gives off; and if the clear sky be shut out by a canopy of clouds, these will arrest and again throw back a portion of the heat, and prevent it from being so speedily dissipated. At night, then when the sun is absent, the earth will cool the most; on clear nights, also, more than when it is cloudy; and when clouds only partially obscure the sky, those parts will become coolest, which look toward the clearest portions of the heavens. Now, when the surface cools, the air in contact must be cool also; and like the warm currents of the mountain side, must forsake a portion of the water vapour it has hitherto retained. This water, like the fleeting mists of the hills descends in particles almost infinitely minute. These particles collect on every leaflet, and suspend themselves from every blade of grass, in drops of "pearly dew." And mark here a beautiful adaptation. Different substances are endowed with the property of radiating their heat, thus becoming cool with different degrees of rapidity; and those substances, which, in the air become cool first, also attract first and most abundantly the particles of falling dew. Thus, in the cool of a summer's evening, the grass plot is wet while the gravel walk is dry, and the thirsty pasture and every green leaf are drinking in the descending moisture, while the naked land and the barren highway are still unconscious of their fall.—*Prof. Johnston on Agricultural Chemistry.*

DESOLATION OF JUDEA—FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY.—As I travelled from Jaffa to Jerusalem over some as fine soil as could be found any where, I did not see as much as one single blade of grass, though I looked for it as one would search for a diamond. This to me seemed very strange, for I knew that in England grass will grow where nothing else will; but here, neither among the fine stubble fields, not even along the road side where no plough comes, was there to be found so much as what might with strict propriety be called a blade of grass. This is something very astonishing. Not having ever seen this taken notice of in any books or travels that I had read, I cannot help thinking that surely I must be the first English farmer who has paid a visit to this land. Upon my arrival in Jerusalem, and perceiving that all the milk that was brought into the city in one day, for about 24,000 inhabitants, did not exceed ten or twelve quarts; and that even that small quantity was only goat's milk well watered; and when I could find no honey, but a small piece which I had the pleasure of tasting while taking tea with the bishop's chaplain, I could not but exclaim to myself,—how completely have God's judgments been executed on this devoted land! And most clearly did I perceive that the natural cause of all this evil was the absence of seasonable rain. Rain, which waters the earth, and blesses it with fertility, God has withheld, and thus brought all these evils, and many more which I need not enumerate, upon the land which once "flowed with milk and honey."—*Louthian's Visit to Jerusalem.*

APPLES OF GOLD.

"Strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power." Col. i. 11.
O, my soul, what encouraging words are these! How full of meaning! The Lord our righteousness is the Lord our strength. He is near at hand, believer, to strengthen thee according to thy need. Not in one or two respects, but with all might, with a supply suited to every various occasion, and that to the utmost, answerable to what may be expected from the exertion of his own glorious power. Happy state of the believer in Jesus! Though feeble in himself, surrounded with enemies, and exercised with a continual warfare, he shall not be overpowered; for the promise and the arm of God are on his side. The Lord, who can do what he pleaseth, is in alliance, yea, in covenant with a believer: and therefore, he shall be made more than a conqueror, through Christ who has loved him.

Let me but hear my Saviour say
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

—*Bogatzky.*

THE LAND CRAB.



Those of our readers who live near the sea-shore, must have noticed an abundance of crabs in the water. Sometimes they are quite annoying to people when they are bathing. They are curious looking creatures. It would puzzle any body, not acquainted with their history and habits, to tell where to rank them in the scale of animal life.

There is one kind of crab which deserves more notice than those which are so common in this latitude. One species lives on the land, as well as in the sea. It is called the Land Violet Crab. Large numbers of these may be found about the Bahama Islands. This species is remarkable for the long journeys they take. A great part of the year they live in the mountains, in a very orderly manner, it is said; but once in twelve months, in a vast army, composed of several millions, sometimes, they march down to the sea-side. This is usually in April or May. The whole country is then covered with them. Just think what a figure so many of these animals must cut, parading through the country. It makes us laugh only to think of it. However, they do not travel in the day much. They like the night best. They are usually arranged in three battalions, of fifty paces broad, and three miles deep. Though they appear to be very sociable, and love one another pretty well, yet, if any one of them is wounded, so as to be unable to proceed, his companions fall on him, and devour him on the spot.

That is undoubtedly a very bad trait in their character; but it is not much worse than we see exhibited among mankind sometimes. When certain persons see another falling, they will give him a push to help him along; and when he is fallen, as a good friend of ours said the other day, "They plant their feet on the victim's neck, and keep them there."

These singular creatures march with the greatest regularity. Their instinct teaches them in what direction to find the sea, and they go as straight toward it, unless there is some insurmountable obstacle in the way, as a surveyor would go with his chain and compass. Sometimes, when a house has been in the way, they have even tried to go over it, rather than to avoid it by turning aside a little from their direct course.

It takes a month or two for them to get from the mountains to the sea; and they have been known to occupy three months in this journey. They go to the sea-shore to deposit their eggs. After they have remained a short time, they return to the mountains in the same orderly manner in which they came, in company with their young.

On their way home, the old crabs renew their shells. While they are destitute of a covering, they retreat into holes; but as their flesh is at this time very delicious, thousands are taken for food.—*Youths' Cabinet.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

"She took a veil, and covered herself."—Gen. xxiv. 65.

Whether veiled before or not, she now "covered herself?"—her whole person—with the ample enveloping veil with which brides are still conducted to the bridegroom. Rosenmuller, in illustration of this passage, quotes an ancient father, (Tertullian), who, with an express reference to the same text, observes, as a custom still existing in his time, that the heathen brides were also conducted to their husbands covered with a veil. It is still all but universal in the East, and it will be observed that it is used not only by the females whose faces are always concealed both before and after marriage, but by those who display part or the whole of their faces on all ordinary occasions. It is, in fact, the indispensable costume for the occasion. Whether the bridal veil

was distinguished from other veils does not appear, but we observe that one of red silk or muslin is affected by the Persians on such an occasion, although the ordinary veils are white or blue; and Dr. Russel, in his account of a Maronite marriage, observes that the bride's veil was of the same colour. Thus we see that Rebecca, by enveloping her person in a veil, put herself into the costume usual for a bride when conducted to the tent or house of her husband.—*Pictorial Bible.*

SITE OF THE EMIGRANT SHEDS.

(From the Montreal Witness.)

The Report of a public meeting, held in the Bonsecours Market at the unusual hour of nine o'clock on Saturday night, which will be found in another column, shews that there is much excitement respecting the site of the Emigrant Sheds. The mass of disease which has accumulated at the present sheds, and which, we may add, has, in a considerable degree at least, been generated there, renders it imperative to make some change—and the question is, what shall that change be?

The disadvantages of the present site are very great—

1st. It is above the port, so that to reach the sheds, emigrants land in, and proceed through part of the city, in which process many are scattered through low boarding houses, where there is reason to believe their death is eagerly watched for—if not in some instances accelerated—in order that the landlords may fall heir to their effects, and where, at all events, they spread disease rapidly through the city.

2d. It is near the city, and with the free institutions and small police forces of this country, cannot well be isolated from it; so that the intercourse between the immigrants and the inhabitants is continual, and the danger of spreading the fever brought by the former, proportionately great.

3d. It is low lying, and overhung by the high bank of the canal, so that the free circulation of air, a matter of primary importance in contagious fevers, is greatly impeded.

4th. The ground is swampy, and the damp and unwholesome vapours which exhale from it must have a strong tendency to generate disease even among healthy emigrants, and much more among those who are already feeble from famine and exposure, as well as to aggravate existing diseases.

5th. The water which is most within reach of the emigrants, is the comparatively stagnant and muddy water of the canal; and though more wholesome water is to some extent carted to the sheds, yet to supply this necessary alone in sufficient quantities for three thousand persons, most of them suffering from a burning thirst, would be extremely expensive.

6th. There is no suitable vacant space for washing and drying clothes, and for the exercise and recreation of convalescents and children, without which good health can scarcely be expected.

These reasons, which the most cursory investigation of the premises will verify, are sufficient to account for the fact, that the present emigrant sheds are a vast charnel house for the emigrants themselves, as well as for the physicians and nurses who attend them, and a plague spot from whence disease and death are fast spreading throughout the community.

In order to find a better site a number of gentlemen visited Boucherville Island, four or five miles below Montreal, which was found in many respects suitable; and they represented its advantages to the Government, urging them to acquire this or some better spot. The gentlemen of the Medical Commission, however, made decided objections to it, stating that doctors could not be found to attend the sick there; and as it would be very awkward to tow the forwarding barges down and up the current whenever required, it was seen that a transshipment from the steamer, which must necessarily ply between the Island and Montreal, would have to take place here again, at any rate, thus requiring a double establishment without removing the risk of the emigrants mixing with the citizens after all. The cost of the island was estimated at £5,000, and the services of a suitable steamer for the season at from £2,000 to £3,000 more. Certainly formidable items if they could be saved with propriety.

It was, therefore, after much consideration, resolved to build the new Hospitals upon the most approved principles on the high bank of the

St. Lawrence, at Point St. Charles, affording, in every respect, a most striking contrast to the present locality, and to convey thither all the sick that remain or that may hereafter arrive. They will thus be far removed from the business of the city, and from the healthy emigrants, whom it is proposed to land at the mouth of the canal and send forward immediately.

Thus the sick will have every advantage that can be devised—the healthy will have the greatest possible despatch; and only two other classes remain to be considered—viz., the orphans and those who are necessarily detained waiting on sick relations.

With respect to the first of these classes—the orphans—arrangements have been made between the Government and the various establishments, Roman Catholic and Protestant, which take charge of orphans, by which all will forthwith be removed and provided for; and with respect to the second class, which has hitherto been a most prolific nursery for the hospitals, some of the present sheds which lie on the highest ground and nearest the river will, after being thoroughly fumigated and limed, be devoted to their reception. The others will doubtless be removed or burned.

The most formidable objection to this plan is the contamination of the water of the city; but it is so great a body of sick emigrants a short distance above it; but it is to be remembered that any impurities are to mix with the St. Lawrence for more than a mile before the water reaches the pipes which conduct it into the city, and that even then there is little probability that any portion of the impurity will get into the pipes.

Besides, we have already the drainings of the whole city emptied out by a creek above the water pipes, and if we have the refuse of 40,000 individuals mixing with the water within a quarter of a mile, the refuse of two or three thousand a mile further up will not make so much difference. We must confess, however, that the very idea of the thing is bad enough, though there should be no other inconvenience.

At the meeting referred to, the resolutions in favour of Boucherville Island were, it will be seen, adopted unanimously, and they have been presented this morning by the deputation named in them to a joint meeting of the two Boards of Commissioners. As this is a matter upon which the public mind should be set at rest as soon as possible, we have obtained the answer of the Commissioners, which is as follows:—

To the Hon. James Ferrier, Dr. Beaubien, and others appointed a Committee to communicate the resolutions passed at a Public Meeting of the Citizens of Montreal, held in the Bonsecours Market on the 10th instant:—

Gentlemen:—The Emigrant Commissions of both Boards appointed by Government, have received through you the Resolutions passed at a Public Meeting of the Citizens of Montreal, recommending the selection of Boucherville island as a site for Emigrant Sheds and Hospitals, and have the honour to reply—

That they have most attentively considered the various plans proposed for the preservation of the public health, and more especially the suggestion concerning Boucherville island, and they have arrived, unanimously, at the conviction that the arrangements now in progress, are the best, all things considered, for the citizens as well as for the emigrants. They therefore ask the aid and countenance, or at all events the forbearance of their fellow-citizens whilst they are carrying them out.

JOHN E. MILLS.

Chairman, Emigrant Commissioners.

Montreal, July 12, 1847.

THE EMIGRANT ORPHANS.

(Correspondent of Montreal Witness.)

SIR,—Perhaps it would be the duty of some more qualified person to write to you on a subject which has for some days occupied my mind. Perhaps other voices, more eloquent and worthy of consideration than mine, may have already been heard in behalf of these poor Irish orphans; and perhaps energetic measures may have been taken for their relief. For my part, I am totally ignorant of what may have been done for this purpose. All that I know, was learnt by a few visits to the emigrant sheds, and to that of the orphans in particular.

With many persons who have visited the orphan department of the sheds, I can tell you, Sir, that their condition is truly pitiable to a feeling heart, and more especially to that of a father or a mother.

I have seen these poor children, lying or sitting, six or seven in a bed, most of them very thin, some sick, and even a few at the point of death. On every side I saw suffering frames, and heard piteous moans. I had brought a little provision of cakes to distribute among them, and I wish you had seen all those little hands stretched towards me, with supplicating voices and tearful eyes, begging a few crumbs of these cakes. How I did regret to find myself under the necessity of departing without being able to gratify them. Still, amid all this wretchedness, one thing cheered my heart, that was, to see with what touching love, what devotedness, truly worthy of the name of Christian, these Sisters of Charity, and some Canadian females with them, took care of these poor little creatures, and endeavoured to alleviate their sufferings. I retired from this place of suffering with a heart deeply impressed, asking the Lord who is more particularly the friend of the widow and orphan, to help still more these poor unfortunates, by raising up in Montreal, and elsewhere, generous hearts to carry on a work already prepared, a work agreeable to God, and one which would bring on those who perform it, a great measure of the most precious blessings. One of the first steps to be taken in regard to these poor orphans—is one which compassion, as well as common sense would dictate, would be to have all those whose state of health or convalescence would permit, removed from the sheds to a more healthy part of the town, and kept there under efficient superintendence. In this way they would be better protected from the infection, which, on account of the excessive heat of the summer, will not fail to manifest itself in these sheds, where they are miserably crowded together, and mixed with the sick and dying.

Then these poor little ones being more easily reached by the public, who are afraid to visit the sheds for fear of infection, would be more easily given into the hands of people charitable and worthy of confidence.

I have good hope that this will be done, and that if the Administration, already so encumbered with business, does not charge itself with this urgent measure, some persons truly pious and devoted to the good of their fellows, and I believe Montreal contains a goodly number of such, will not delay to provide for them in the most liberal manner.

And as Christians, no matter of what denomination, have we not here, on the part of God, the finest occasion to place under the blessed influence of the Gospel, and to train for the Lord, these poor little ones who, without that, will certainly fall into the hands of the wicked. Think well of it. May not God have sent, by strange ways across the sea, these little children, deprived of their parents, to us who enjoy so many spiritual privileges, in order that we should fly to their help, receive them into our dwellings; divide our bread with them; be to them fathers and mothers, and lead them to the feet of the Saviour, who already loves them.

Passing among these poor orphans, I saw a charming girl little of eight or ten months old sitting in her bed and having her eyes fixed upon me. She moaned, and seemed to say to me—Have pity upon me. I caressed her a little, which seemed to please her, and then I left her. As by inspiration, my mind was made up. Thou shalt be mine, I said, and replace dear little Mary, who was taken away from us two years ago. We have, it is true, already five children to bring up, but no matter, there will be bread and clothing for thee also, poor little orphan; and, what is more, hearts to love thee and lead thee to Christ. And after three hours spent in obtaining an order and providing clothing, I bore her off in triumph, far from the sheds, in my vehicle; and, on reaching my home, had the pleasure to find her welcomed with much tenderness.

REASONS FOR NOT FIGHTING A DUEL.—M. de Langerie and M. de Montande, both remarkably ugly men, quarrelled, and challenged one another. Arrived at the place of meeting, M. de Langerie stares his adversary in the face, and says: "I have just reflected; I can't fight you." With this he returned the sword into the scabbard. "How, sir; what does this mean?" "It means that I shall not fight." "What! you insult me, and refuse to give me satisfaction?" "If I have insulted you, I ask a thousand pardons; but I have an insurmountable reason for not fighting with you." "But, sir, may one know it?" "It will offend you." "No, sir." "You assure me?" "Yes, I assure you." "Well, sir, this is it: if we fight, according to all appearances, I shall kill you, and then I shall remain the ugliest fellow in the kingdom." His adversary could not help laughing, and they returned to their city good friends.

SELECTIONS.

THE SHOE OF THE HORSE.—There is one other circumstance connected with the toe of the hind shoe deserving of notice, I mean that part with which a horse inflicts upon himself the injury called an "over-reach," and which is erroneously supposed to be the front of the shoe at the toe, whereas it is invariably caused by the back edge of the web at the toe, which in an old shoe becomes as sharp as a knife, and often cuts out a piece from the soft parts immediately above the heel of the fore foot as clean as any knife could have done it. To avoid this accident, the back edge of the web all round the toe should be filed away, until it presents a blunt rounded surface, which, if it should fail in preventing the over-reach altogether, will at least preserve the parts from being wounded. The plan I have always adopted to avoid "cutting," has been to apply a boot covered with pipe-clay to the injured leg, and then to trot the horse some little distance; the result has been the transfer of a portion of pipe-clay to the offending part of the opposite shoe, thereby indicating the necessity of its removal. The small extent, and little suspected situation of such a part, is sometimes truly surprising. I once, in a case of inveterate cutting, found the pipe-clay adhering to the outside toe. In this case the poor horse had been subjected to shoes of every conceivable shape and deformity, without, of course, any other result than the torture arising from the twisting and straining consequent upon uneven bearing; but the moment the offending part was discovered and removed, the cutting ceased; even bearing was then restored to the foot, and the horse thereby placed in comfort. Cutting with the fore foot is almost always to be prevented by one-sided nailing, and keeping the shoes a little within the edge of the crust on the inner side; but this is generally overdone, by placing the shoe so much within as to deprive the crust of its requisite support.

JAMES SMITHSON.—James Smithson, a Londoner born, and claiming to be the son of a distinguished nobleman, gave his life exclusively to intellectual pursuits, and especially to researches in physical and experimental sciences. Supplied with larger means than his wants required, and steadily practising a strict scheme of personal economy, he amassed a considerable fortune. He died at Genoa in 1829, and by his will bequeathed his accumulated property to this Union—a country, notwithstanding his change of abode, he had never visited, whose citizens he never associated with, but in whose inevitable future he saw the most solid ground on which to cast the anchor of his fame. This legacy for some time the subject of litigation in the British court of chancery, was finally secured, brought over, and received into the treasury of the United States on the 1st of September, 1838. Its exact amount, when deposited, was five hundred and fifteen thousand one hundred and sixty-nine dollars. The legacy was accompanied by a declaration of its design, and the execution of that design has been assumed, as well by an acceptance of the money as by several open and formal avowals by our Government. It was "to found an institution at Washington, for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men;" to found, not an academy, not a college, not a university, but something less technical and precise, something whose import and circuit should be bolder and more comprehensive—an institution, not merely for disseminating, spreading, teaching knowledge, but also the foremost for creating, originating, increasing it. Where? In the city whose name recalls the wisest, purest, and noblest spirit of the freest, newest, and broadest land. And among whom? Not a chosen or designated class—not the followers of a particular sage or sect—not the favourites of fortune nor the lifted of rank—but among MEN—men of every condition, of every school, of every faith, of every nativity! *Men!* It was with a purpose thus elevated and expansive, thus as well distinct as undiscriminating, that James Smithson committed his wealth to the guardianship of the American Republic.—*Amr. Paper.*

DAQUERRETYPE.—Daguerreotype is the result of the action of light. It consists in having a plating of burnished silver prepared with iodine on a copper sheet, so placed that the rays of light reflected from the object to be drawn, will fall upon it. For this purpose, the plate is put in a camera lucida, and afterwards submitted to the action of the vapors of mercury, when a complete representation of the object is given. According to the intensity of the light, so will be the action on the plate, for a good representation, requiring a longer or a shorter time in carrying on the process. A smooth skin being highly reflective, looks well always on a daguerreotype. Freckles on the face, being irreflexive, exhibit always dark marks. The shading of the room where the likeness is taken has also a wonderful effect in making a striking representation. If it was black, the impression of black clothes could not be taken.

PAPER GLASS.—Prof. Schœnbein of Basle, who invented the gun cotton, has lately, to a certain point, discovered Malleable Glass! He renders paper paste (paper maché) transparent by causing it to undergo a certain metamorphosis which he calls *Catalytic*, for want of an intelligible term. He makes of this new paper panes of glass, vases, bottles, etc., perfectly impermeable to water—and which may be dropped on the ground without breaking—and are perfectly transparent. He also renders paper impervious, and perfectly suitable for bank notes.

TO MAKE KITCHEN VEGETABLES TENDER.—To a gallon of pease or beans, either green or dry, add a teaspoonful of saleratus, while cooking, and they will boil tender much quicker, and be of a brighter colour.

MID-DAY IN JERUSALEM.—Not a human being is visible except the Turkish sentries. It is mid-summer, but no words, and no experience of other places, can convey an idea of the canicular heat of Jerusalem. Bengal, Egypt, even Nubia, are nothing to it. In these countries there are rivers, trees, shades, and breezes; but Jerusalem at mid-day in mid-summer, is a city of stone, in a land of iron, with a sky of brass. The wild glare and savage lustre of the landscape are themselves awful. We have all read of the man who had lost his shadow—this is a shadowless world.—*Taunted.*

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.—Though less than half a century, since the era of modern missionary effort began, it is estimated that there have in this period been furnished to heathen nations, some two thousand missionaries from various Protestant countries, besides several thousand trained native preachers and teachers. As results, upwards of two hundred thousand have become members of Christian churches, and much greater numbers brought under the influence of religious schools; while in the same period, the Bible and religious tracts and volumes have been very extensively distributed in upwards of a hundred different languages; thus waking up the spirit of inquiry among many millions. In connection with these missionary labours, the moral condition and wants of the world have been fully developed; the interests of science, commerce, and social intercourse throughout the human family, eminently promoted, civil liberty extended, and the way opened for the general diffusion of knowledge and piety.

"THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL."—A jeweller of this city, who shall be nameless, was lately applied to by a "nice looking" man, to make a gold ring for him, having in it a blade, very delicate and keen, concealed except on a narrow scrutiny, and opening with a spring. A bargain was made to furnish it for thirty dollars. On the appointed day the purchaser appeared, paid the stipulated price, (which was fobbed very complacently,) and, with an air of high satisfaction, put it on his finger. The jeweller, of course, very innocently, asked "what he wanted to do with such an article," to which the reply was, "to cut pockets open with." "Ah," replied the jeweller, doubtless in amazement, "how can you do such things with such an instrument, and not to be detected?" The performer replied, that his art consisted in diverting the attention of people from everything that looked like a design upon them—that he rubbed his forehead, adjusted his hat, &c., and that discovery came too late. He then bade him good morning, and went his way. Shortly after, the jeweller, as he walked round his counter, was accosted by his clerk—"Why, what is the matter with your pantaloons? How came you to tear them so?" "Nothing," was the answer, "that I know of. Where?" "Why, just look!" When, lo! his pocket was found to have been cut by the "artist," with his new instrument, and his pocket-book gone, with not only the thirty dollars, just paid, but four hundred besides. Verdict of the public—"Served him right.—*Am. paper.*

STEAM IN FARMING OPERATIONS.—The leading article of the London Agricultural Gazette of May 8th, is on the employment of steam in farming, considering it a more docile and less costly power than either man or horse. Every 100 acres of ploughing involves the passing over 1000 lineal miles, by consumers of food. They calculate the saving by steam on every ploughing at \$1 per acre, or \$100,000,000 on as many acres.

A PICTURE.—The Parisian exquisite had everything that is deemed necessary to please; such as a little hat without a brim—a ribbon for a cravat—an embroidered shirt—a coat of immoderately small size, with skirts three inches and a-half long—a vest that reached to the middle of his thighs—and pantaloons large enough to cover the column in the Place Vendome, and that to commemorate the Revolution.

WOOD VINEGAR.—This acid, made by the roasting of wood, and distillation of the condensed smoke, is used very extensively in manufactures and medicine. In medicine, it is used unpurified under the name of creasote, and possesses wonderful qualities for preserving water and meat in a fresh state for a long time. It is this which gives the peculiar flavour to smoked hams, salmon, etc., and which will communicate its taste to a whole barrel of meat, if the barrel be simply smoked before the meat is salted down. Three Russian ships circumnavigated the globe, and not one of the crew died, all were healthy, and their meat as good at the end of three years as on the day when they sailed. The secret was, that all their meat and water casks were charred. It is employed in a purified state to dissolve iron for the purpose of making what is called black liquor, which is used very extensively in the printing of calicoes as a mordant, also in the dyeing of cotton yarn. It is used plentifully in making the acetate of lead, and under the name of pyrolignous acid it is applied to many uses, and especially is an excellent wash in surgery.

CLEANING KID GLOVES.—Some one may desire to know how to clean kid gloves. The *modus operandi* is to fold a clean towel three or four times, and spread the gloves on it quite smooth; then dip a piece of clean flannel into some new milk, and rub on it plenty of brown soap; with this rub the gloves downwards, holding the top of the glove firmly with the left hand. When the gloves, if they be white, look of a dingy yellow, they are clean; or if coloured, when they look dark and soiled, lay them to dry, and they will soon look almost equal to new. They will be soft, glossy, and elastic. By adopting this economical method of restoring soiled gloves, ladies will be induced to purchase the best articles, as the better the quality of the gloves the nearer will they approach to their primitive delicacy.

NEWS.

REPORT FROM THE EMIGRANT SHEDS.

Doctors sick at present.
Liddle, Munro, McGale, Fisher, Wilscam.
Assistants Sick.
Olvar, Hutton, Burns, Nelson, Braudet, Hasen, Chillonor.
Doctors in attendance at Present at the Sheds
Do Lado, Cushing, Reiguer, Schmidt
Assistants in Attendance.
Ryan, Christie, McDonald, Sequin.
Assistant Apothecary.
Do Francis

Return of Sick and Deaths.

	Patients.	Deaths.			
		Male	Fem.	Ch.	Total.
July 5,	1326	4	9	12	25
6,	1567	15	13	7	35
7,	1630	5	7	8	20
8,	1856	18	12	9	39
10,	1712	11	10	15	36
11,	1693	20	13	1	34
		73	64	52	189

Nearly the whole number at Sheds are Sick.

July, 12th, 20 died by six o'clock in the morning. The number of deaths at Sheds, including those that arrive, is about 50 daily.

Number of Emigrants from Gross Isle and Quebec, to the Port of Montreal, from 5th to 11th of July inclusive—5156.

We regret to announce that Dr. Ben. R. Jameson, a *above appointment* to the Medical Staff at Gross Isle we lately mentioned—has returned to Montreal, having contracted Typhus fever, while in the performance of his duties there.—*Herald.*

SIR F. K. E. A.—We are sorry to announce that Capt. C. L. Armstrong, of the steamer *Queen*, and Captain Rudolph, of the *Quebec*, have both contracted this dangerous disease in the discharge of their duties. These two have been but slightly attacked, and it is hoped they will recover. The last accounts respecting Captain Fremere, of the steamer *Canada*, was that he was dangerously ill,—not dead—as has been stated. We are pained to learn that the Rev. Mr. Chaderton, Protestant Episcopal minister, attending the Marine Hospital, has likewise caught the infection.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

On Monday, as the steamer "St. Louis" was coming into port with two barges in tow, a canoe containing four young lads was upset—two were drowned, the other two were saved by clinging to the sides, until assistance reached them.—*Id.*

We are sorry to state, that a remarkable fine boy, eight years of age, named Richard Mortimer, whose parents reside in Little St. James Street, in this city, was unfortunately drowned on Tuesday afternoon, the 6th inst. The poor little fellow had just left school for the day, and was on his way home, when he was overtaken by an older boy to the Basin beyond the first Sheds, near the canal, for the purpose of bathing. They went considerably beyond their depth on a plank, when the child slipped off, and immediately sunk to rise no more. He was universally beloved by all who were acquainted with him, and the sad event has been a source of poignant grief to his disconsolate parents.—*Transcript.*

Mr. Stayner, Deputy Postmaster-General of Canada, lady, daughter, and three sons, are among the passengers of the *Caledonia* to Halifax.

An accident which might have proved fatal, happened on Wednesday, on the St. John's and Lachine Railroad. A car ran over an ox, which two men were driving across the road, and threw off the whole train. Fortunately it was stopped in time to prevent any further mischief from occurring.—*Id.*

QUEBEC, July 9, 1847.—There is a slight breeze stirring to-day, but the atmosphere is close and oppressive. Business, as regards flour, is unsettled, although I am aware that sales have been made at 31s for shipment. Sick-ness is declaring itself among the inhabitants in isolated cases, but, although it is evidently becoming of a more contagious character, it does not seem to be of a more malignant type. There were a large number of admissions into the Marine Hospital this morning, and it was feared that about noon, all fresh comers would have to be refused, until the completion of the sheds now going up. A young lad, named Layfield, an employe in the dry good store of Messrs. Glover & Fry, was drowned last night while bathing. The current running past one of the wharves, took him off his feet, and before assistance could be rendered, he was no more. The depth of water was not sufficient to reach beyond a man's waist, but as he could not swim, it is believed he lost his presence of mind, and thus perished.—*Correspondent of Montreal Gazette.*

DROWNED.—On the 27th ult., at Granby, a young man of the name of Cox, connected with the Grammar School, Lennoxville. We understand that he returned home to Granby on Saturday, and was drowned the following day in a small creek, while bathing.

On Saturday last the new iron steamer *Magnet*, was launched at Niagara. The materials of which the *Magnet* was built, were chiefly imported from England, and the workmanship does great credit to the Niagara Dock Company, as well as to Captain Sutherland, under whose superintendence it was performed. The *Magnet* is intended to run between this city and Montreal, and is considered by those who are judges of such things, to be one of the finest vessels on Lake Ontario. She will be commanded by Capt. Sutherland, who, we believe, is the principal owner, and who has our best wishes for the success of the enterprise in which he, and several more of our citizens, are engaged.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

EXECUTION AT QUEBEC.—Charles Coghlin was executed at Quebec, on Thursday last, for the murder of Richard Olver. The unhappy man made a confession, which has since been published, in which, although he acknowledged the act, he denies all intention of inflicting a deadly wound upon the unfortunate Olver. Serious apprehensions were entertained of a riot, perhaps a rescue, at the place of execution; and, therefore, precau-

tionary measures were adopted to prevent such an occurrence. A large concourse of people assembled; and at 10 o'clock, A.M., the unhappy man suffered the extreme penalty of the law. No rioting, however, took place.—*Guardian.*

IMMENSE ARRIVAL OF FOOD.—The *Cork Examiner* contains the following gratifying announcement:—"A large fleet of merchant-ships has arrived in our harbour from the Mediterranean, American, and other ports, laden with bread stuffs. It is said that outside the mouth of the harbour, or on their way to it, are no less than hundreds of other vessels bearing a similar welcome freightage for the great wants of our people."

FEVER IN THE PROVINCES.—For the first time during several months, there are decided indications of a decline of pestilence in some of those districts which have been most severely afflicted. The *Cork Reporter*, of Saturday, says:—"Fever, we are happy to learn, is diminishing in this city; in three of the parishes—St. Peter's, the North, and South—the number of patients has materially decreased." In Donegal and King's county disease is also diminishing; but there are still unfavourable reports from Sligo, Belfast, Ballinasloe, Drogheda, and other places.

FATOUHET MURDERS.—In addition to a long list of agrarian outrages, the *Limerick Chronicle* of yesterday contains the following:—"On Tuesday night a most barbarous and fatal outrage was perpetrated near Heathfield, in this county. Between seven and eight o'clock, a party of armed men surrounded the house of a farmer named John Bennis, steward to property in that quarter belonging to Mr. Scanlan. The unfortunate victim of their vengeance was, at the time, surrounded by his wife and children, but, reckless of this affectionate family circle, they assailed him without hesitation, felled him to the ground, and, while prostrate, one of the miscreants, levelled a gun close to his head, and shot him dead. P. Bennis's son and daughter endeavoured to save their persecuted father from his assailants, but received a mercy at the hands of the bloodthirsty ruffians, who dragged the unoffending woman outside the door, dashed her to the ground, and, with a refinement of barbarity, violently stretching out her arms, rolled a heavily laden car across them, breaking both wrists! Not content with this savage outrage, the demons again entered the house, where Bennis's wife was lamenting over the dead body of her murdered husband. They struck her with guns on the head, inflicting serious wounds, and left the son almost a lifeless corpse by his father's side. From the fatal injuries sustained, the youth has since died, and the only cause assigned for such diabolical atrocity is, that Bennis had served latitats for non payment of rent a few days before."

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE.—A young woman committed suicide by throwing herself under the express train of the South-Western Railway, near Wandsworth. She left home to go to service at Southsea, about three weeks before. On Saturday last she was suspected of having robbed her mistress, and her boxes were searched, but nothing was found. The suspicion preyed upon her mind, and on Sunday she left the house upon the pretence of going to church, but did not return. Her mistress received a letter from her the next day, in which she said he had been disgraced by having her boxes searched, that she should never return either to her place or family, but that she should take arsenic. An inquest was held, when the above facts came out in evidence. The jury returned a verdict, "That the deceased died from injuries by a locomotive engine striking her, she being on the line of the London and South Western Railway, being at the time in a state of temporary mental derangement."—*Globe.*

Fever in Glasgow is raging at a fearful rate, and no sufficient accommodation is yet provided. Up to Wednesday week, there were 417 cases on the lines of the district surges us of the poor alone; on that day there were thirty-eight cases of fresh lines! Fear of the Catholic clergymen in Great Clyde street are now laid up with fever.—*Reformers Gazette.*

FEVER IN LIVERPOOL.—The *Liverpool Athlon* records the death of another medical officer, Mr. John Whitley, who, in the discharge of his duties as surgeon to the parish, has fallen a victim to the prevailing malady of typhus fever, making the third medical man who has met a premature death within a very few weeks, besides a number of others filling subordinate situations, of whom the public hear little or nothing.

THE JEWS OR ROM.—The *Steele* publishes the following letter, dated Rome, 22nd ult. "The Pope has appointed a committee to inquire into the position of the Jews. His plan is to withdraw them from their detestable ghetto. There is a controversy in the ghetto on the subject of the Pope. "Young Palestine," is of opinion that Pius IX. is the Messiah. The Conservatives maintain that he is merely a great prophet."

PRODUCE PRICES CURRENT—MONTREAL, July 12, 1847.

ASHES—Provincial duty 1 per cent.	PROVISIONS—Provincial duty 2s per cwt. Imp. 3s per cwt.
Pots, per cwt 25 3 a 25 6	Beef, Mess, bbl 200 lbs 00 0 a 00 0
Pearls, do 25 3 a 25 6	Prime Mess, do 70 0 a 00 0
FLOUR—Provincial duty 0 1/2 Imp. 2s.	Prime do 67 6 a 60 0
Canada Superfine 29 0 a 30 0	Cargo, do 60 0 a 00 0
Do Fine 27 6 a 23 6	Prime Mess, per
Do Middlings none	tierce of 301 lbs 105 0 a 00 0
Do Pillsburys none	Pork, Mess, bbl 200 lbs 95 0 a 100 0
MEAL—Provincial duty 2s per 196 lbs.,	Prime Mess, do 80 0 a 00 0
Imperial 2s per bbl.	Prime, do 70 0 a 00 0
Indian Meal 00 0 a 00 0	Cargo, do 50 0 a 00 0
Oatmeal 00 0 a 00 0	EACON, &c.—Provincial duty 2s. Im-
GRAIN—Provincial duty 3s per quart on	perial, 3s per cwt.
all except Oats 2s.	Bacon, .. none
Wheat, U. Chest 60 lbs 6 0 a 6 6	Hams, .. 09 7 a 60 7 1/2
Do do mid. do 6 0 a 0 0 0	BUTTER—Provincial duty, 2s. Impe-
Do Red nominal	rial, 3s per cwt.
Barley per 4 bushels do	Prime .. 0 0 a 0 0
Oats do do	Grease .. none
Pease do 4 0 a 0 0 0	
Indian Corn, 53 lbs none	

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