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THE
PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,
 AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1847.

No. 33

TO WHOM IS THE ARM OF THE LORD REVEALED.

Not unto thee, proud man ! not unto thee !
 He knows thy hollow and aspiring heart ;
 And his veiled face thy soul shall never see,
 Till like an humble, grateful child thou art.

Not unto thee, thou stained of crime ! oh, no !
 Thou could'st not see him were his veil withdrawn.
 A mist is on thy eyes and hides the glow,
 More radiant than the fairest earthly dawn.

Not unto thee, who yieldest to despair,
 Nor meekly giv'st the cherished idol up.
 How should'st thou, 'mid the grief that knows no prayer,
 Perceive the hand that holds the bitter cup !

Not unto thee whom Fortune hath betrayed,
 And disappointment whelmed in cureless grief.
 Thou on the Lord thy burden hast not laid,—
 And could his searching presence give relief ?

But unto thee, thou pure in heart ! is shown
 The Mighty Arm on which thou dost repose.
 His voice is heard in ev'ry soothing tone,
 His smiles the folded flowers of life unclose.

That hand which led thy sinless feet in peace,
 On rougher roads will not forsake its trust ;
 And when thy Father wills, shall give release,
 Receive thy soul, and render dust to dust.

THE WITNESSES.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In ocean's wide domains,
 Half buried in the sands,
 Like skeletons in chains,
 With shackled feet and hand —

Beyond the fall of dews,
 Deeper than plummet lies—
 Float ships, with all their crews,
 No more to sink or rise.

There the black slave-ship swims,
 Freight with human forms,
 Those fettered, fleshly limbs
 Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of slaves ;
 They gleam from the abyss ;
 They cry from yawning waves,
 " We are the witnesses."

Within earth's wide domains
 Are markets for men's lives ;
 Their necks are galled with chains,
 Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite
 In deserts makes its prey :
 Murders, that with affright
 Scare school-boys from their play !

All evil thoughts and deeds ;
 Anger, and lust, and pride ;
 The foulest, rankest weeds,
 That choke life's groaning tide !

These are the woes of slaves :
 They glare from the abyss ;
 They cry, from unknown graves,
 " We are the witnesses !"

THE SELF-RUINED.

(From the *New York Observer*.)

"Margaret, my daughter," said Mrs. Barton, "I wish for your company this evening."

"Where are you going, mother?" replied Margaret.

"I am going to Mrs. Osborn's."

"I should like to go there, if I can do any good."

Now this was hardly spoken in sincerity by Margaret, for she had some objects of her own to accomplish that morning, and in consequence was somewhat indisposed to accompany her mother in her visit of mercy. Mrs. Barton noticed this indisposition, but said nothing about it, simply remarking, "Perhaps if you cannot do good, you may get good by going."

Margaret made an effort, and laid aside her unwillingness, and prepared cheerfully to accompany her mother.

It was a cold November morning. The surface of the ground was frozen, and the wind whirled the dry leaves along the path. Margaret wrapped her cloak closely about her, and pressed briskly onwards, with some emotions of thankfulness that she was prepared for the cold of the approaching winter.

They turned down a narrow lane in the outskirts of the village, and knocked at the door of a small and decayed dwelling. No voice was heard bidding them enter. After knocking several times, Mrs. Barton lifted the rude latch and entered, followed by her daughter.

In front of the large fire place, in which a few brands were smoking, sat an aged woman scantily dressed, with her face buried in her hands, and her elbows supported by her knees. Her hair was grey, and as it had escaped from the confinement of the comb, and hung around her neck, it led one to suppose she was a maniac. She did not raise her head, or in any way take notice of the fact that some one had entered the room. Mrs. Barton stopped for a moment, and gazed upon the bent form before her; while a tear gathered in her eye. Margaret drew closely to her side, and gave her a look clearly indicating that she was alarmed.

"How are you this morning?" said Mrs. Barton, seating herself on a rude stool by the side of the woman, while Margaret held back to be near the door, in case anything should happen to render flight expedient.

"I'm as bad as I can be," replied the woman after some time, in a harsh tone of voice. "If it does you any good to know it, you know it."

"I came here to see if I could not be of some service to you," said Mrs. Barton, in a very kind and sympathizing voice. "I have heard of your loss. What can I do for you?"

"You can't do nothing for me, and I don't want nothing done for me. I want to be left to myself."

During this time she had not raised her face from her hands. Margaret made motions to her mother for leave to withdraw, but without effect.

"I should be glad to comfort you if I knew how," said Mrs. Barton.

"It's for folks like you," said she, raising her head and giving Mrs. B. a fierce look, "to talk about comfort who have good houses, and enough of all things, and friends and children around you. What comfort is there for me, starving in this hovel, and all that I had to love in the bottom of the sea? I tell you, I've lost my all. I know he was not what he ought to be, but he was my child, my *only* child, and I loved him as I did my eyes,

and he is gone, gone to the bottom of the waters, and what else is there left for me in this world? I don't care what becomes of me."

She buried her face again in her hands, and swayed her body backwards and forwards, and seemed determined to pay no more attention to what was said to her. Mrs. Barton addressed a few more sympathizing words to her, and repeated several religious truths adapted to her case, and took her leave, telling her she would send her some food. The sufferer allowed her to depart without expressing the slightest acknowledgment of her kindness.

Margaret was in haste to leave the house, and at first looked backwards frequently to see if they were not pursued. When they had reached what she regarded as a safe distance she said,

"Mother, what a dreadful woman Mrs. Osborn is, and yet I pity her."

The tears which had been previously restrained by fear, now found their way to her eyes.

"She is greatly to be pitied," replied Mrs. Barton.—"She has great afflictions and no consolations. News came last night that her son was tost overboard at sea."

"I was afraid to see and hear her. Isn't she almost crazy?"

"She is pretty near what may be called wild with grief. It is dreadful to suffer what she suffers, and have no God to go to."

"Would not the Lord hear her if she were to pray?"

"The Lord is nigh to all that call upon him, but she feels no disposition to call upon him."

"Can't we do any thing for her?"

"We can pray for her, and treat her with sympathy and kindness."

"But she won't let you—how she talked to you."

"We must not be weary in attempting to do good. We can send her some food, and call on her again, after a little time, and perhaps her feelings will have become a little softened, so that she may listen to words of instruction and consolation."

"Was she always such a wicked creature as she now is?"

"Certainly not: you know that evil grows worse and worse. I knew her when she was young. She was then very pretty. She was always at meeting on the Sabbath, and with the exception of the fact that she was disposed to give a little too much indulgence to her high spirits, she was as well behaved a girl as any of us. Her prospects for a happy life were as fair as those of any of us. If any one had told her then, that she would be the wretched, hardened inmate of a hovel, she would not have believed it possible."

"How did it come about?"

"When she was about sixteen, there was a revival in the place, and a large number of the young people were interested in it. She was very deeply affected. But just at that time, she became acquainted with a fine looking young man who had just come into the place, and who took it upon him to sneer at the revival as the result of priestcraft and delusion. Maria, for that is her name, was warned of her danger in associating with him; but her vanity, if not her affections, were interested, and she would not give him up. Her solicitude on the subject of salvation at length became so great that she resolved that she would cease to receive his visits. She would see him once more, and then give her mind wholly to the concerns of eternity till the great matter was settled. She saw him once more, and was persuaded to go with him to a scene of amusement on the very evening on which a meeting for inquirers was appointed. After that, her seriousness was at an end. She married Osborn and conformed to his habits of life. He never allowed her to attend church, or to read the Bible. In a few years he became a common drunkard, and led her a most wretched life. Her only son left home when he was fourteen, and spent very little time there afterwards. Osborn died about seven years ago.—Yesterday, as I told you, the news of her son's death reached her."

"Then she used to be one of your companions, when she was young?"

"Yes, I have often tried to do her good, but hitherto without success."

"You don't mean to give up now?"

"By no means. When we get home, I shall ask you to take some food to her, and I shall call there again this evening."

"Mother, I had rather not go there alone."

"There is no danger whatever. I know it is not pleasant to go there, but where would there be any room for the exercise of self-denial, if we went only on pleasant errands of benevolence?"

"I'll go, mother."

"And remember, who hath made your home to differ from that abode of misery; and remember the great danger there is in trifling with serious impressions. It is quite possible that her consenting to go to that place of amusement when her conscience told her she ought to go to the meeting for inquiry, was the act that made her wretched for time, and is to be feared, will make her so for eternity."

NOTES OF A TOUR THROUGH CHAMPAGNE.

BY AN AMERICAN.

One of the greatest curiosities I saw during my tour, was the cellars of M. Jaqueson, of Chalons sur Marne. They will hold from three to six millions of bottles. One would think in approaching his establishment, that he was approaching a citadel, so proudly does it tower over the town. He once let his cask stores, and wood and straw sheds, alone, to the government, to serve as barracks for 4000 men, and they had plenty of room to manœuvre in, at that. The cellars are more than a mile in extent, and one may judge of his business, by the fact, that he spends \$30,000 a year for corks. It is a curious thought that he pays \$5000 a year more for corks, than the United States pays for the president's salary, in the same time. What all the wine merchants of the old province of Champagne, pay for corks, would defray the salaries of president and congress; and what all the wine growers of France employ for that purpose, would pay all the expenses of our government, including the Mexican war.

President de Thou said, that the wine of Ai was worthy to be called "*Vinum Dei*!" I am not a very good judge as to that matter, for though my travelling companion was most anxious to taste Champagne wine in its own country, I contented myself to learn what I could of it, by my eyes and ears, and whether it was good, bad, or indifferent, I do not know.

Now, our jolly fellows in the United States, think they get the best of this wine to drink. Why shouldn't they? Don't they pay three, and at the south, even five dollars a bottle? It ought to be good at that, for in the province of Champagne, it can be bought for about 40 cents a bottle.

Let me tell them a few facts. There are 32,000,000 of bottles of false champagne every year sent to Russia, about as much more is sent to England, and fully equal to that quantity, to the United States. There is a company in Paris who make natural champagne wine. They take poor chablis, for instance, sweeten it with candy, fine it, and then pass it through an apparatus which charges it with carbonic acid gas, and in fifteen minutes it is ready for the market.

Immense quantities are also made from cider, by the employment of all sorts of drugs, and in England, a great deal is made from gooseberries, and the stalks of rhubarb. It is not as good as the genuine, but nine out of ten of those who drink, can't tell the difference, and it will make them just as drunk, and give them the same horrid head-ache, and why then, is it not just as valuable? True, some poisonous drugs are sometimes used in the fabrication, but none that I know of, worse than alcohol.

The annual production of France in this article of Champagne wine, is about 50,000,000 bottles. The annual consumption of the world in the same time, is 300,000,000. The 250,000,000 of false wine goes down somebody's throat, I can't say whose; but, were I one of those who paid for it, I think I should inquire.

I conclude this letter, by proposing to our American Champagne drinkers, and venders, that they associate on the same principle that the vintagers let themselves to pick grapes from the trees over which the vines grow in Campania, Italy. The condition there is, that if the vintager falls, and is killed, the owner of the vineyard shall pay the expenses of his funeral. I think our wine bibbers should buy their liquor on the same condition—unless it should be thought that the amount of funeral expenses would break all the merchants, and ruin the trade.

—Charter Oak.

THE SIGHT.

The preservation of the sight is an object of so much importance to every individual, whatever may be his profession

or rank in society, that we have though a few hints in relation to this subject might be productive of beneficial effects.

It is well known to physicians, that nothing more certainly impairs the sense of vision than debauchery and excess of every kind. The individual, therefore, who would preserve his sight unimpaired, must avoid carefully every species of intemperance. This is an all-important rule, a neglect of which will render every other of but little avail.

A long continuance in absolute darkness, or frequent and protracted exposure to a blaze of light, equally injures the sense of vision.

Persons who live almost constantly in dark caverns or chambers, workers in mines, and prisoners who have been long confined in gloomy dungeons, become incapable of seeing objects distinctly excepting in a deep shade, or in the dusk of the evening. While on the other hand, in various parts of the world, in which the light is constantly reflected from a soil of dazzling whiteness, or from mountains and plains covered with almost perpetual snow, the sight of the inhabitants is perfect only in broad day light, or at noon.

Those, also, who are much exposed to *bright fires*, as blacksmiths, glassmen, forgers, and others engaged in similar employments, are considered, by the best authorities, as most subject to loss of sight by cataract.

All brilliantly illuminated apartments have a similar prejudicial effect upon the eyes, though, undoubtedly, not to the same extent. As a general rule, therefore, the eye should never be permitted to dwell on brilliant or glaring objects for any length of time. Hence in our apartments only a moderate degree of light should be admitted; and it would be of considerable advantage, particularly to those whose eyes are already weak, if in place of a pure white or deep red colour for the walls, curtains, and other furniture of our rooms, some shade of green were to be adopted.

Reading or writing in the dusk of the evening, or by candle light, is highly prejudicial. The frivolous attention to a quarter of an hour at the decline of day, has deprived numbers of the perfect and comfortable use of their eyes for many years; the mischief is effected imperceptibly; the consequence often irreparable.

There is nothing which preserves the sight longer, than always using, in reading, writing, sewing, and every other occupation in which the eyes are constantly exercised, that moderate degree of light which is best suited to them; too little strains them, too great a quantity dazzles and confounds them. The eyes are less affected, however, by a deficiency of light than by the excess of it. The former seldom does much if any harm, unless the eyes are strained by efforts to view objects to which the degree of light is inadequate;—but too great a quantity has by its own power, destroyed the sight.

The long-sighted should accustom themselves to read with rather less light, and with the book somewhat nearer to the eye than they ordinarily desire; while those that are short sighted should, on the contrary, use themselves to read with the book as far as possible. By these means both may improve and strengthen their vision, whereas a contrary course will increase its natural imperfections.

Bathing the eyes daily in cold or tepid water, tends to preserve the integrity of their functions; provided, however, the individual does not immediately after such bathing enter a warm room, or unnecessarily exert his sight.—*Cornell's Journal of Health.*

ARE THE PLANETS INHABITED.—Are the planets inhabited? is a question which naturally presents itself to the human mind, and for a solution of which we as naturally look to the science of Astronomy. But when the immense distance which separates us even from the nearest of the planets is remembered, it can scarcely be matter of surprise that the telescope affords no direct evidence on the question, whether the planets, like the earth, are inhabited globes. Yet, though it gives no direct answer to the inquiry, modern astronomy has collected together a mass of facts, connected with the positions and motions, the physical character and conditions, and the parts played in the solar system by the several globes of which that system is composed, which forms a vast body of analogy, leading the intelligent mind to the conclusion that the planets are worlds, fulfilling in the economy of the universe the same functions, and created by the same Divine hand,

for the same moral purposes, and with the same destinies, as the earth. Thus, for example, we find that these orbs, like our own, roll in regulated periods round the sun; that they have nights and days, and successions of seasons; that they are provided with atmospheres, supporting clouds, and agitated by winds; and that thus, also, their climates and seasons are modified by evaporation, and that showers refresh their surfaces. For we know that wherever the existence of clouds is made manifest, there water must exist; there evaporation must go on: there electricity, with its train of phenomena, must reign; there rain must fall; there hail and snow must descend. Notwithstanding the dense atmosphere and thick clouds with which Venus and Mercury are constantly enveloped, the telescope has exhibited to us great irregularities on their surfaces, and thus proved the existence of mountains and valleys. But it is upon the planet Mars, which approaches nearest to the earth, that the greatest advances have been made in this department of inquiry. Under favourable circumstances its disk is seen to be mapped out by a varied outline, some portions being less reflective of light than others, just as water would be less reflective than land. Baer and Maedler, two Prussian Astronomers, have devoted many years labour to the examination of Mars, and the result has put us in possession of a map of the geography of that planet, almost as exact and well defined as that which we possess of our own; in fact, the geographical outlines of land and water have been made apparent upon it. But a still more extraordinary fact, in relation to this planet, remains to be considered. Among the shade markings which have been noted by the telescope upon its disk, a remarkable region of brilliant white light, standing out in boldest relief, has been observed surrounding the visible pole. This highly illuminated spot is to be seen most plainly when it emerges from the long night of the winter season; but when it has passed slowly beneath the heat of the solar beams, it is found to have gradually contracted its dimensions; and at last, before it has plunged into light on the opposite side, to have entirely disappeared. But the opposite pole, then coming into similar relations, is found to be furnished with a like luminous spot, which, in its turn, dissolves as it becomes heated by the summer sun. Now these facts prove to us, incontestibly, that the very geographical regions of Mars are facsimiles of our own. In its long polar winters the snows accumulate in the desolation of its high northern and southern latitudes, until they become visible to us in consequence of their reflective properties; and these are slowly melted as the sun's rays gather power in the advancing season, until they cease to be appreciable to terrestrial eyes. This fact is a most striking one in reference to the present question. If the moon has proved to us, incontrovertibly, that one of the celestial luminaries is a solid sphere, carved into elevations and depressions analogous to those familiar to us as the mountains and valleys of the terrestrial surfaces, Mars teaches us as emphatically that another among them is a world fitted with its rains, and snows, and clouds, and seasons, to the purposes and wants of organic life, which is intimately dependent upon such adaptations for its being.—*Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.*

THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—Let us begin with the Mississippi and its great navigable tributaries. So miraculous has been the increase in population, wealth, and improvement of the great valleys drained by these waters that, to quote the language of Mr. Calhoun, in the report made by him in the Senate, on the memorial of the Memphis Convention—"What 60 years ago was one vast region, with little exception, of forest and prairies, over which a few hundred thousand savages wandered, has now a population but little less than nine millions, with great and flourishing cities, abounding in opulence, refined in manners, and possessed of all the comforts and even elegance of old and polished communities." But great as this increase is, it is nothing, according to Mr. Calhoun's calculations, to what may be anticipated in the next 60 years. According to the first census in 1790, the population of the whole region drained by the Mississippi did not exceed 200,000. In 1840 it exceeded 6,300,000, and at this moment, taking the same ratio of increase as that between 1830 and 1840, it falls little short of nine millions of people. In sixty years hence, unless some shock should occur, which should convulse or overthrow our institutions," Mr. Calhoun estimates that the population of the valley will reach *sixty millions*. Its commerce has increased even more rapidly than its population. According to a memorial presented to Congress by the citizens

of Cincinnati relative to the improvement of the navigation of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, so late as 1817, "the whole commerce from New Orleans to the upper country was transported in about 20 barges of 100 tons each, making only one trip a year. The number of boats employed on the upper Ohio could not have exceeded 150, of 30 tons each, making the trip from Pittsburg to Louisville, and back, in about two months, and about thrice in the season—the tonnage of all the boats ascending the Ohio and the lower Mississippi was about 6,500." Upon the same authority it is stated that the number of steamboats employed in 1843 in navigating the Mississippi and its tributaries, was 450, of the average tonnage of 200 tons, making an aggregate of 90,000 tons, and the value per ton was about \$80, making an aggregate value of seven millions two hundred thousand dollars, employing 15,750 persons in their navigation, and the expenses of navigation at twelve millions two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—the number of flat boats engaged in the same navigation is estimated at 4,000, employing 20,000 persons, at an annual expenditure of \$1,300,000. The annual value of the products of the valley borne on that river and its tributaries, is estimated at \$120,000,000—and that of foreign products at \$100,000,000 making the enormous total of 220 millions of dollars. These were the estimates, and thus the condition of the navigation and commerce of the Mississippi and its tributaries in 1843. The growth of both have since been very great. According to the last Annual Report of the Treasury Department on the Commerce and Navigation of the United States, the steamboat tonnage on the western waters, on 1st June, 1845, is 159,713 tons—the number of boats is now estimated at 900, at an average tonnage of 173 tons, making in all an aggregate of 161,787 tons.—*Am. Review.*

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE TELESCOPE.—Looking to the astonishing progress which has been made, since Galileo first directed his glass to the heavens, in the construction of telescopes, and in obviating the difficulties arising from the imperfection or unmanageable character of the materials which have to be employed in forming them; looking also to the wonderful discoveries which, since that time, have so extended our knowledge of the worlds, and suns, and systems, by which the universe is peopled; it is difficult to prevent the mind from running riot in the anticipation of yet more wonderful discoveries still to be made, or to restrain our hopes within the sober bounds of reason. Dr. Robinson, speaking of the first of Lord Rosse's large telescopes, says, "It is scarcely possible to preserve the necessary sobriety of language, in speaking of the moon's appearance with this instrument, which discovers a multitude of new objects at every point of its surface. Among these may be named a mountainous tract near Ptolemy, every ridge of which is dotted with extremely minute craters, and two black parallel stripes in the bottom of Aristarchus." And the same gentleman, on another occasion, in his address to the British Association, on the 24th of August, 1843, stated, that "in this telescope a building the size of the one in which they were assembled would, under favourable circumstances, be easily visible on the moon's surface." Another Astronomer, Dr. Scoresby, gives the following still more wonderful account of the appearance of the moon, as seen by means of the largest telescope, which we have last described:—"With respect to the moon, every object on its surface, of the height of 100 feet, was distinctly to be seen; and no doubt that, under very favourable circumstances, it would be so with objects sixty feet in height. On its surface were craters of extinct volcanoes, rocks, and masses of stone almost innumerable. But there were no signs of habitations such as ours—no vestiges of architectural remains to show that the moon is, or ever was, inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. It presented no appearance which could lead to the supposition that it contained anything like the green fields and lovely verdure of this beautiful world of ours. There was no water visible—not a sea, or a river, or even the measure of reservoir for supplying town or factory; all seemed desolate. Th's quotation, if it gives us no good reason for expecting that we shall ever ascertain anything with certainty on the points to which the writer refers, at least illustrates pretty clearly into what a wide field of speculation the minds even of men whose judgments are tamed down by the severity of mathematical investigation are driven, by the excitement of having so wide a portal opened for gazing into the boundless fields of space; and how wonderful, in fact, these discoveries must be, by which such men are so greatly excited.—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

VENTILATION.—The great principle laid down by Dr. Wyman should always be borne in mind, namely, that the greatest economy in warming cannot be combined with the most perfect ventilation. They are things incompatible with each other. To produce a sufficient ventilation with the least possible waste of heat must therefore be the measure of excellence aimed at. The heating apparatus now in common use with us may be arranged under three kinds. The open fireplace or grate; the close stove, or a vessel or system of pipes containing hot water or steam placed in the room occupied by the family; and the apparatus for hot air, in whatever way it may be constructed. When the open fireplace or grate is used, it must always be accompanied by a good ventilation; as the flow of air to the chimney, above and by the side of the fire, must be attended by an equal flow of fresh air from without. With the wide fireplaces and open flues, such as were used by the early settlers in New England, the ventilation was in such excess, that the temperature of the room could never be raised much above that of the external air. The model of this old fireplace was probably brought from England by the Puritans, where it had lately been substituted for the more simple hole in the roof, in the dwellings of the common people,—as Holinshed says that old men, in his time, mentioned the great increase of three luxuries since their remembrance, namely, glass windows and chimnies to their houses, and pillows to their heads. The introduction of the close stove was an immense advance from the fireplace, even after it had been improved by narrowing it to its smallest dimensions, in giving a comfortable temperature to rooms; while it has been attended with the great evil of rendering the ventilation imperfect. Used, as it sometimes now is, under the name of air-tight stove, in a close room, it cannot fail to be most pernicious to the health of all exposed to it. The mode of warming by hot water or steam held in vessels or pipes within the occupied room may be subject to the same abuse. Should this method of warming houses be improved and extended, as we think it not unlikely it will be, some flue or aperture should always be provided for ventilation; otherwise it will become quite as injurious as the air-tight stove. The system of warming by hot air, whether the air be heated immediately by the furnace, by water, or by steam pipes, is one of the greatest improvements in domestic comfort of the last twenty years. The furnace is a ventilating as well as a heating apparatus, and it is only necessary to provide sufficient evaporation of water, to be introduced with the air, to render the atmosphere of a room always comfortable and healthy. Those to whom the sight of an open fire is pleasant, and who are not willing to abandon the domestic hearth, may use hot air for their halls, entries and many other rooms, and retain the fireplace and its accessories in their sitting rooms; and this combination furnishes the most perfect method of warming and ventilating now known. The peculiarities of the foregoing system of warming and ventilating are fully described and examined by Dr. Wyman.—*North American Review.*

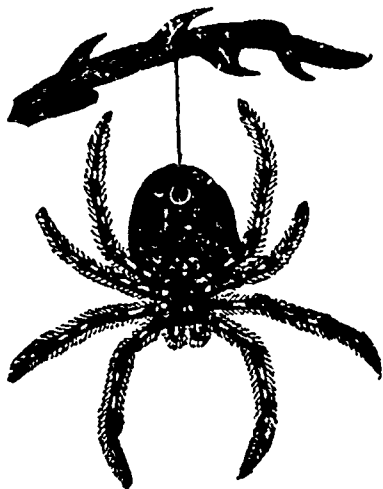
APPLES OF GOLD.

"I, through the law, am dead to the law, that I might live unto God. I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—Gal. ii. 19, 20.

Christ being our head, in whom all fullness dwells, he will certainly fill all his members with life and strength, according to his promise. John xiv. 19. "Because I live, ye shall live also;" and chap. xvii. 3. "That is life eternal," &c. To know Christ, and God in Christ, as love, is true light and life; he that has this, has enough. Oh! the excellency of the knowledge of Christ. O Lord, teach me to know thee as the Bridegroom of my soul, that the law may not rush into my conscience, nor thy bride-chamber, and condemn me any more. I desire to be devoted to thee alone. Rom. vii. 4. Grant, therefore, that my whole heart and life, all my words and actions, may be governed only by a living faith on thee, who hast loved me and given thyself for me.

Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd.
Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine immeasurable grace.
Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the Church, thro' Christ his Son.

CHAPTERS FOR CHILDREN.—No. VIII.



CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE SPIDER.

We have many examples in the anatomy of animals, of a compensation in the structure of one organ for the defects of another. The ponderous weight of the elephant's head rendered it necessary that his neck should be so short, that it is impossible for him, with it, to reach the ground, and even though he might have fed upon shrubs and trees, yet he would not have been able to drink, had not this inconvenience been remedied by the length and flexible nature of the proboscis. The weakness of the legs and feet in the bat, is compensated by the strength of its hook; and the want of web feet in the crane, which has to seek its food in the water, by a long leg, which enables it to wade, and a long bill, by which it can grope.

A scarcely less wonderful instance of this compensation is to be found in the spider—an insect, which however much we are wont to despise, yet claims our serious attention, as exhibiting in its structure and habits, evident marks of benevolent wisdom. It will, perhaps, be well known to our readers, that flies constitute the principal food of this insect; they may not, however, be acquainted with the remarkable fact, that it is furnished with no wings to pursue its prey. To supply this deficiency, it is provided with an apparatus, by which it is able to weave webs for the entangling of its prey, and to fabricate little cells for its own habitations.

A careful examiner of a spider, will perceive little tents or spinners in its body, in which are numerous small tubes, from each of these is drawn a slender thread, and all of these uniting together, a strong compound thread issues from each spinner. The claws with which the creature arranges these threads, are not less delicate in construction than the threads themselves, and answer several important purposes in the economy of the animal.

One species of spider has an apparatus not unlike a carding machine, by which it forms the adhesive parts of the snare. The texture of the threads varies, according to the purpose they are meant to serve—those designed for the web being much more fragile than those intended to shelter the eggs of the female insect from cold, or from the attacks of its enemies.

The manner in which the garden spider, represented in the engraving, fabricates the web from these threads, is exceedingly curious, and well worthy of notice. Its first act is to form a circular outline, which it effects by fastening its threads on every leaf, for a considerable distance around. This accomplished, it next draws a cross thread from some convenient point in it, to the opposite side, and taking the middle of this, as a centre, it draws out various lines to the circumference, resembling the spokes of a wheel. With the same centre, it spins several circles, fastening its threads to the spokes, and having thus finished its work and tested its security, it returns to its own retreat, generally a cell in the centre of the web, to wait till a vibration of the strings announces the approach of prey. How wonderful the contrivance by which God has thus enabled this little creature to provide for the supply of its wants! Man would have thought it impossible that an insect thus requiring smaller creatures for its support, and yet possessing no means of following them in their flight, could have continued in exist-

tence; but the goodness and the wisdom of God have abundantly provided for this emergency.

It surely then cannot become us to despise or wantonly to destroy an animal on which he has bestowed so much of his gracious care. Is it not rather our duty to learn lessons of those lessons it is so well calculated to teach of the power, wisdom, and benevolence of the great Creator? We may be assured that the more we contemplate him in his works, the more will our admiration be excited, our humility deepened, our gratitude strengthened, and our love inflamed.—*London Sunday School Magazine.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

"And he lifted up his eyes and looked, and lo, three men stood by him: and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself toward the ground." *Genesis, xviii. 2.*

"*Ran to meet them.*"—This and other passages in the Bible may be illustrated by the gradations of Persian etiquette. When a Persian is visited by a very superior person he crosses the open court of his house, and receives him at the street-door; if decidedly superior, but not greatly so, he rises hastily and advances to receive his visitor at the entrance of the room; if the visitor be an equal, he simply rises from his seat on his entrance; and if an inferior, he only makes the motion of rising.

"*Bowed himself toward the ground.*"—This posture is frequently mentioned as being used in the presence of superiors, and is no doubt the same as that of David, who "stooped with his face to the earth, and bowed himself" before Saul (1 Sam. xxiv. 8.) Mr. Morier is probably right in supposing that this form of obeisance is the same which the Persians of the present day use in approaching their king. It consists in bowing so as to bring the upper part of the body at right angles with the lower, the hands resting on the knees, and the legs somewhat asunder.—*Pictorial Bible.*

SHALL CHRISTIANS DANCE?

Why not Christians, if anybody? We would not advise a sinner to dance. A sinner is an enemy to God—and shall he dance? A sinner must repent or perish—and shall he dance? A sinner is on the way to hell, and may be there in an hour—shall he dance? There is something supremely shocking in the idea of a dancing sinner. What fearful declarations are those of Job! "They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance. They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave." *Job xxi. 11, 13.*

But a Christian is a redeemed sinner. "He is bought with a price." "He is washed, he is sanctified, he is justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." "He is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." The Christian is the image of Christ, and is to show to the world that he has been with Jesus, and has learned of him, "who was meek and lowly in heart, and went about doing good." The Christian is "crucified to the world, and the world unto him;" so that "he rolls round his dying eyes upon a dying world." The Christian is, in a little while, to be in heaven, beholding and enjoying, and forever to enjoy the glory of God. Let him sing for joy, and dance too before the Lord, as David did, if such an exercise be suited to his present condition, and adapted to promote the glory of God and the salvation of men. For this is the apostolic exhortation: "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Shall Christians dance? Then they must have a time to dance. At what point of time between one communion season and another, shall it be? just before, or just after, they sit down at the table of the Lord? Is it the kind of preparation which fits them for that scene which Calvary beheld? Will the dance help them to "examine themselves?" Will it enable them to deny themselves as they should after they have been anew to see Christ crucified? Or, will they fix the time at a point equally distant from the celebration past, and the celebration to come; so that they may forget, or almost forget, the command, "This do in remembrance of me?" Can they, at the dance, think intensely upon the scenes in the garden; in the palace of the High Priest; in the hall of Pilate, on the way to Calvary; at the nailing of the victim; and at the innocent Sufferer's cry of agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" This cry, under Almighty wrath, crushing him to death for our sins, makes the

ears of Christians tingle. How can they forget it, so as to find a *time* to dance between one communion season and another?

Shall Christians dance? Then they must have *leisure* to dance. "Wot ye not," said Jesus, "that I must be about my Father's business?" He began early, and continued to the end to be about his Father's business; so that in the end he could say to his Father, "I have glorified thee upon the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." Then he was ready to depart, and with his last breath cried, "It is finished." Duty and suffering were completed. Are Christians, the followers of such a Saviour, at leisure, so that their work is done long before their sun is set? Do they understand God's word so well, that they need study it no more? Are all their duties to God in the closet, in the family, and in his house, diligently and faithfully performed? Do they perform all that is needful for the young, for the aged, for the church, for the world, and then find leisure to write with gay companions in moving to the sound of the viol, amid the mazes of pleasurable dissipation? Is the soul duly cared for? And from the dance can they return home to commune with God! to pray for all saints and the ministers of Christ, with all prayer, and without ceasing? Can they "visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keep themselves unspotted from the world?"

Shall Christians dance. Then they must be *imitated* by others. Allowing that Christians have *time, leisure, and money* for the dance, and that it may be proper for them to dance, still a question remains—Is it expedient? If it be lawful in the sight of God, does it tend to edification? Is it attended with no danger to others? Will the gay and the thoughtless be likely to derive benefit from such examples of Christians? Did the apostle Paul say, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend?" Should not we also look to the welfare of others? If it be not perilous to ourselves, yet if it be to others, charity requires us to abstain. If we should not advise sinners to dance, we certainly would not set the example. If but one member of a church be found in the ball room, who will not know it? Will not every eye be fixed on that individual? Will not some be ready to say in heart, "Did not I see thee at the Lord's table?" Will it not be reported the next day? And will not the echo fly among the circles of the lovers of pleasure? Will not the thoughtless urge this example, as a plea for the indulgence which conscience forbids? And will not many be emboldened, not only near by, but far off, to do what no sinner should venture to do, as it must be at the peril of his soul? And will not those gay companions of yours despise you for your vain indulgence?

Dear Christian friend, how can you have any delight in this amusement, or in any other pastime in which they delight who are strangers to holy and refined enjoyments? When all the sweets of paradise are before us, need we covet the forbidden tree? Can you recommend Christ and him crucified to your jovial companions? Can you converse seriously on the salvation of the soul, while on the way with them either to or from the merry meeting? Allowing that it is no worse than other vain amusements, is this the criterion of your duty? Dear friend, how came you to be in this vacillating state of mind? You did not feel as you do now, when you first hoped in Christ, when you joined yourself to the Lord and his people. Did you not then find your happiness in God, choose his people for your people, his law for your rule, his heaven for your home? Are you become or are you about to become, one of those who draw back to perdition?—*American Messenger.*

USEFULNESS OF SCIENTIFIC LABOURS.—It might be interesting to refer to the history of inventions, to show the close connection between scientific labours and the arts of life. What aid has been given to the agriculturist in the investigations made by Sir Humphrey Davy and others, of the properties of different soils? How much has been effected by the same science within a few years for the improvement of the process of tanning hides! The same is also true of the art of dyeing cloth.—How, without the aid of chemistry, would the products of the loom be tinged with hues, fixed and made permanent, and various as the fancies of the fair! Every farmer knows that some soils are better adapted to the raising of certain crops than others; but how to remedy defects, what course of cultivation should be followed, and what applications should be made to different soils, that they may be rendered fertile, it is the office of the chemist to determine.

But here it may occur to some, that many important inventions and discoveries are the result of accident, or have been made by practical men, who are directly employed in conducting processes of manual labour. It is also here to be noticed, that in those instances where accidental discoveries and inventions have been made, it is science which has perfected these inventions and tested their value, by referring them to the great principles of nature, and by applying them to the various purposes they may be made to subserve. We might here refer to that wonder of our age, the steam-engine. Any man sitting by his kitchen fire might be the discoverer of the expansive power of steam; but it is science which has investigated the laws by which this mighty agent is governed, and has subjected it to human control. And then, when the power is created and ready to do our bidding, what mechanical knowledge and skill are required in its various applications! Think, for a moment, of the different directions which are given to this power, and of the different offices it is made to perform. Now it reaches down to the depths beneath, and brings up to the regions of light the hidden treasures of the mine; and now, burying itself in some subterranean cell, it sends up its Herculean arm and Briarean hands and fingers of iron to do its wonders of skill and of power in the work-shop above. At one time it conceals itself beneath the deck of the vessel, and the huge mass, which lies "floating many a rood," becomes instinct with life and motion; like leviathan of old, "it maketh the sea to boil like a pot, and out of its nostrils goeth smoke, and sparks of fire leap out." At another time, "swifter than a post," it speeds its way over hill and valley, hurrying onward, in its rocket-like course, its train of rattling cars. But it is not only in the perfecting of inventions, and in multiplying the useful application of discovered powers, that the aid of science is felt. We might speak of its importance as it teaches men the limits of discovery and invention, telling them not only what may be done, but what may not be done. How much time and useless labour are thus saved! How many highly-raised expectations are shown to be delusive!—*Methodist Quar. Review.*

SELECTIONS.

THE NEWSPAPER.—The folio of 4 pages has now swelled to a folio of 8 pages, 16 pages, and even 20 pages. Locomotion has scarcely improved more than newspapers since Cowper wrote, and is not more subservient than they are to the general welfare. Every man looks daily for his newspaper. Were the judges to abdicate, and the courts to suspend their functions, no man would at once miss and regret them, except for the loss of a column of amusement in the newspaper; but the day and the hour when the postman "with his twanging horn," "the herald of a noisy world," or the mail train leaving its great bags of almost a ton weight of letters, should go to its destination without newspapers, would be full of consternation. We cannot picture the general alarm, the fidgetty uneasiness of the merchant, looking for accounts of the arrival of his ships, or of the state of the markets, on which his whole business is dependent; and the fright of the timid owner of public securities, or of the well-paid functionaries of the Government—which would spread itself into innumerable conjectures as to what commotion could have laid an embargo on the newspaper. For the mail to arrive without the journals would be like the approach of day followed by no rising sun. Whenever the fact is alluded to, every man becomes instantly sensible that society could not exist in its present wonderful ramifications without newspapers.—*Jervold's Magazine.*

GUM ARABIC.—In Morocco, about the middle of November, that is, after the rainy season, which begins early in July, a gummy juice exudes spontaneously from the trunk and principal branches of the acacia tree. In about fifteen days it thickens in the furrow, down which it runs, either in a vermicular (or worm) shape, or more commonly assuming the form of round and oval tears, about the size of a pigeon's egg, of different colours, as they belong to the white or red gum tree. About the middle of December, the Moors encamp on the borders of the forest, and the harvest lasts six weeks. The gum is packed in very large sacks of tanned leather, and brought on the backs of bullocks and camels to certain ports, where it is sold to the French and English merchants. Gum is highly nutritious. During the whole time of the harvests, of the journey, and of the fair, the Moors of the desert live almost entirely upon it; and experience has proved that six ounces of gum are sufficient for the support of a man twenty-four hours.

HOW TO SPEAK TO CHILDREN.—It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporal punishment, or by rewards addressed to the senses, and by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which are seldom regarded—I refer to the human voice. A blow may be inflicted on a child, accompanied with words so uttered as to counteract entirely its intend-

ed effect; or the parent may use language, in the correction of the child, not objectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence.—Let any one endeavour to recall the image of a fond mother long since at rest in Heaven. Her sweet smile and ever clear countenance are brought vividly to recollection! so is also her voice: and blessed is that parent who is endowed with a pleasing utterance.—What is it which lulls the infant to repose? It is not an array of mere words. There is no charm to the untaught one in letters, syllables, and sentences. It is the sound which strikes its little ear that soothes and composes it to sleep. A few notes, however unskillfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence. Think we that this influence is confined to the cradle? No; it is diffused over every age, and ceases not while the child remains under the parental roof. Is the boy growing rude in manner and boisterous in speech? I know of no instrument so sure to control these tendencies as the gentle tones of a mother. She who speaks to her son harshly does but give to his conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the presence of duty, we are liable to utter ourselves hastily to children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone; instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every fretful expression awakens in him the same spirit which produced it. No does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings. Whichever disposition, therefore, we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone in which we address it.—*Am. Paper.*

PRISONS OF EUROPE.—WOMAN'S SPIRITS.—Hon. Horace Mann remarks in his Common School Journal, page 74, alluding to the prisons of Europe, "In regard to prisons, I have found them almost uniformly, and especially on the Continent, in a most deplorable condition—often worse than any of ours were twenty-five years ago, before the commencement amongst us of that great reform in prison discipline, which has already produced such beneficent results. Great Britain, however, now furnishes some admirable models for the imitation of the world. In the city of Dublin I visited a prison containing about 300 female convicts. It was superintended by a female. The whole was a perfect pattern of neatness, order, and decorum, and the moral government was as admirable as the maternal administration. As the lady principal conducted me to the different parts of the establishment, speaking to me with such sorrow and such hope of the delinquent subjects of her charge, and addressing them as one who came to console and to save and not to punish or avenge—always in tones of the sweetest affection, yet modified to suit the circumstances of each offender, I felt more vividly than I had ever done before, to what a sublime height of excellence the female character can reach, when it consecrates its energies to the work of benevolence. Amid these outcasts from society she spends her days and nights, but with her sentiments of duty and charity toward the lost, they must be days and nights which afford her more substantial and enduring happiness, than can ever enjoy."

AND WHAT NEXT.—A gentleman riding near the city, overtook a well dressed young man, and invited him to a seat in his carriage. "And what next?" said the gentleman to the young stranger, "are your plans for the future?" "I am a clerk," replied the young man, "and my hope is to succeed and get into business for myself." "And what next?" said the gentleman. "Why, I intend to marry, and set up an establishment of my own," said the youth. "And what next?" continued the interrogator. "Why, to continue in business, and accumulate wealth." "And what next?" "To retire from business and enjoy the fruit of my labours." "And what next?" "It is the lot of all to die, and I, of course, cannot escape," replied the young man. "And what next?" once more asked the gentleman. But the young man had no answer to make; he had no purposes that reached beyond the present life. How many young men are in precisely the same condition! They please embrace only this world—what pertains to getting wealth and enjoying life; what pertains to the world to come has no place at all in their plans.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

ANECDOTE OF ROBERT HALL.—"What do you think of Mr. —, Mr. Hall?" asked a friend of him one day, when seated in confidential chat with the great preacher in his study. "Why, Sir," replied Mr. Hall, "Mr. — is a remarkable man—a very remarkable man in his line; mark me, I say in his line, Sir." "And pray, Sir, what may you consider to be his line?" "Why," said Hall, "Mr. — is a remarkably good she-preacher, Sir; soft preaching is his line, Sir."—*Pen and Ink Sketches.*

CRIMES.—Our chronicles during last week have brought us accounts of some peculiarly horrible murders. On a Friday afternoon or evening, Mrs. Stewart, wife of A. Stewart, living about 13 miles from Wilmington, Ohio, was murdered by her husband, in a most shocking manner. They had been in the habit of hard drinking, and quarrelling when drunk. They were both drunk on Friday. She was literally beaten into a jelly, from head to foot, and her skull broken in three different places. The murderer was arrested.

A deliberate murder, under peculiar circumstances, was lately committed in Barron county, Kentucky. A young man, named Musgrove, eloped with a daughter of Burwell Lawless, of Barron county, and married her. On their return, they were met by the father, who had started in pursuit of them, by whom the legality of their marriage was questioned. The daughter returned with her father: the young man went back, and, in company with a friend, proceeded to the residence of Mr. Lawless, whom he found standing in the yard, with his son—one with a rifle, the other with a double-

barrelled shot-gun. Lawless immediately fired both barrels at Musgrove, but, missing him, seized the rifle, and put a bullet in him, so that he died in a few minutes. He then gave himself up, as judging from the usual course of justice in Kentucky, that will be no end of it.

The *Pittsburg Post* contains the particulars of the suicide of Frederick Reidel, and a sentence of death in the jail of that place: "In the back part of the cell, Reidel was found hanging by the neck, beheaded with blood. On his left arm were discovered two wounds—some about four inches above the elbow, and the other on the elbow, in front. The wounds appeared as if they had been produced by some rough instrument, probably a piece of glass, as the window above was broken, and no weapon of any kind could be found in the cell. As death did not ensue from the bleeding as speedily as he wished, he then tore a strip of the blanket, about six inches in width. This he twisted and doubled well, making a strong rope about five feet long. He then put the rope around his neck, and fastened it to the water-pipe, which comes through the wall some three or four feet above the floor. In this position he was found by the jury, quite cold and stiff." What a demon is man when abandoned of God!—*National Era.*

GENERAL SECT AT CHURCH.—A letter written at Vera Cruz chronicles a very interesting incident: "Easter Sunday.—On Sunday morning attenders of churches and meetings in rather an obscure place, on the left hand side of the altar, sat Gen. Scott and a number of his friends. The General appeared devout and pious, and seemed to have many of you go to such places to pass an idle hour." So the old Reidel, and indeed any number of strange gods for their own Pantheon. The letter writer continues: "The scene in the church on Easter Sunday was indeed one of interest and solemnity. Many who the week before were sending death shots at each other, now standing and kneeling together, communed with the same God. We noticed that much deference was paid to our General, and that he was the one to whom a long lighted candle was handed. He received it solemnly, and held it for a time lighted in his hands." Lighting matches our week, and, by the aid of Christian bomb-shells, despatching some thousand souls to another world; the next week, lighting candles, and saying mass, we suppose, for the spirits he had disembodied! What sort of a do "heroes" worship!—*Id.*

A NEW PARTY.—A call, occupying six of the large columns of the *Albany Patriot*, and signed by William Goddell, James C. Jackson, and forty-six other persons, is published in that paper, for "a national convention, to be held at Macedon Lock, Wayne county, New York, on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of June next, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Presidency principles, consisting of nineteen articles, which contain, among other things, an affirmation of the unconstitutionality of slavery, and the right and duty of the Federal Government to abolish it in the States; a denunciation of the whole tariff system, and an assertion of the duty of abolishing the custom-house, as the great support of chattel slavery; a denunciation of every kind of monopoly and class legislation; a pledge to the doctrine of land limitations, freedom of the public lands, and the inalienability of the homestead; a denial of right to the Government to monopolize the business of mail carrying; a denunciation of all secret societies, and of the act of voting for men dishonest and unjust, or who are enslaved by spiritual or corporeal despotism, or who lend their support to the religious bodies that are the apologists or supporters of despotism, especially in the extreme degree of chattel slavery."—*Id.*

THE YANKEES.—Millbury, a little town in Massachusetts manufactured last year to the amount of \$10,000,000. It has 6 cotton mills, 4 woollen mills, 2 paper mills, 3 machine shops for making cotton and other machinery, 2 iron foundries, 1 saw and blind factory, 1 scythe establishment, 1 factory for making ice, hoes, trowels, hay cutters, &c.; 1 for making railroad cars, 1 for black lead, 1 for tanning leather, besides very many small shops. A branch railroad connects it with Hutton and Worcester.

THE CIRCASSIANS.—*The Massacre of a Tribe.*—A letter received at Constantinople from Circassians gives an account of a terrible act of vengeance taken by Chamyl on the tribe of the Achenes, for an act of treachery on the part of the latter. The Russians had proscribed the tribe of the Achenes, who had made submission to them, to send messengers to Chamyl, demanding of him to send them twelve hundred men to aid them in their war against the Russians. Chamyl, not suspecting any thing, sent the twelve hundred men required, who were received in the most hospitable manner by the Achenes. The insurrection was to take place on the 15th of January, but on the night of the 13th, the Achenes, aided by a regiment of Cossacks, fell upon the followers of Chamyl and massacred the greater number; some, however, escaped, and carried the sad tidings to the Circassian chief. After the massacre, the Achenes and the Russians took possession of the village of Casaban which they fortified. Meanwhile great activity prevailed in the Circassian camp, numbering fifty thousand; they swore by Allah not to spare a living soul. On the 27th January they poured before Casaban; on the following day they stormed the village, and man, woman, and child, Russian and Achenes were put to the sword. On the evening of the 29th, five thousand lives had been destroyed. The few Achenes who contrived to escape crossed the frontier, and have been distributed amongst the different Russian forts in the Crimea. The last two steamers from Odessa had six hundred of these miserable men on board, who are now compelled to beg their bread in the streets.

The Government-General has directed that labour at public works shall be suspended on Sundays throughout India. A similar measure three years since introduced by Sir George Arthur into Bombay, has been eminently successful.

INTERESTING DISCOVERIES IN ASI.—Letters from Mosul state that M. Lazard, in continuing his researches at Nimroud, near Mosul, where he had already discovered some very fine bas-reliefs and a colossal lion, has now found a great many small bronse lions, some female ornaments for the neck, a copper helmet, a great variety of smaller articles in gold and silver, two hollow columns of great beauty, and a quadrangular pillar of a black material resembling porphyry, highly polished, and covered with inscriptions and designs. All these new discoveries are said to be in good preservation.

NEWS.

It appears that the Montreal Corporation has seriously set to work to diminish taxation. The debt is however large. Complaints of the filthy and dusty state of the streets, &c., are loud in the newspapers; such complaints are, however, very general in corporate towns on this continent.—*Quebec Gazette.*

The *Vengeance*, 84, with one of the battalions of the 20th Regiment, arrived at Halifax on the 4th inst., and after disembarking that corps, would convey the 2nd battalion of the 60th Rifles to England.—*G. zette.*

DEPLORABLE ACCIDENT AT St. Louis.—On the 15th inst., about 10 o'clock in the morning, the house of Mr. P. C. Quivillon, a brewer, took fire. Madame Quivillon and her child were burnt to death. The unfortunate mother had thrown herself into the house in the midst of the flames to save her children, and lost her life by theugh her maternal devotion. The lodges have been found horribly burnt and mutilated, and have been buried together. Mr. Quivillon was absent at the time of the accident, and it is unknown how the fire originated.—*Minerva.*

The last number of the *Mountain* informs us that an Inkeeper in St. John's, Niagara District, was recently complained of for selling liquor on the Lord's Day in opposition to the statute. The correspondent furnishing the particulars, says: "A complaint was made by some of our worthy citizens to John Davis, Esq., one of the 30-jurors of the Peace for the District of Niagara, who summoned the parties before him, and on the charge being proved, the landlord and denier were both committed to the gaol; but it was fully established by the evidence of eight witnesses who were reluctantly given their testimony. The worthy Magistrate deserves credit for his openness in eliciting the truth, and for imposing a fine on the landlord of three pounds five shillings currency, with three pounds twelve shillings and three pence on the denier, for selling liquor, and allowing drunkenness in his house, on the Lord's Day."—*Guardian.*

DISGRACEFUL PASSENGER.—Under this head the Liverpool Mercury states that Mr. Frederick Douglas, the fugitive slave, was denied the privileges of a gentleman in his passage home in the Cambria. Mr. Douglas engaged his passage of the agent in London. He first inquired for a second class passage, but was told that no such distinction was recognised by the company. He then asked if his colour would prove any barrier to his enjoying all the rights and privileges of the other passengers; and being assured that it would not, he paid the usual price for both No. 72. On reaching Liverpool, however, he found that his berth had been given to another, and was told that the agent in London had acted without authority in selling the ticket. The Liverpool agent would not allow Mr. D. to go on board the Cambria unless he would agree to take his meals alone, and not to mix with the saloon passengers. Having made all his arrangements to return home, and his luggage being on board, Mr. D. had to submit to these disgraceful conditions, though he had paid the full price. The Mercury speaks of the conduct of the agents in terms of great severity.

Mr. George Thompson, President of the Anti-Slavery League, the association in England recently organized under the auspices of Mr. Garrison, has been bound over for trial, on a charge of assaulting one William Wardell in an omnibus.

LORD DUNDONALD'S WAR PLAN.—We understand that the secret official tried to ascertain the effect of a continuous evolution of intense gas, in projecting shells or shot from a tube, resulted on an average in throwing 25 lb. powder shot to the distance of 7000 yards. From this fact it is clear that balls of greater diameter would far exceed the range of common artillery. Another important advantage is said to accrue—namely, that the continuous rush during their emission would prove much less injurious to vessels projecting such missiles than the shock or recoil of single discharges. We learn that Lord Dundonald's ingredients produce an elastic emission, like that which would be evolved by kindling the end of a hawser or cable formed of hard twisted gun cotton.—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

A GOOD REGULATION.—The Great Western Railway has made a very good regulation in respect to passenger's luggage. In addition to the label showing the destination of the luggage, a ticket with the initial letter of the passenger's name is also pasted to it, and the luggage is sorted alphabetically, so that when the passenger goes to Paddington, supposing his name is Brown, he has only to go to a bin marked B. and find his luggage.

EXTRAORDINARY SPEED AND POWER ON THE BROAD GAUGE.—An engine on the Great Western Railway was, on Tuesday, urged at the speed of seventy miles an hour, with a load of sixty-five tons. It is calculated that with some improvements, speed of ninety or a hundred miles may be accomplished.

UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.—The American papers bring us detailed accounts of the battle of Sierra Gorda, which took place on the 7th of April. According to the American estimate their own loss is 500 killed and wounded, and 6000 Mexicans have been taken prisoners, among them Gen. La Vega again. The Mexicans lost in killed and wounded is not ascertained, but is presumed to be very great. Santa Anna made his escape with difficulty after the army was routed. Five Generals, besides La Vega, are among the prisoners. The writer to the *Picayunes* says:—The route of the Mexicans last evening was total—complete. They were pursued within four miles of Jalapa by Gen. Twiggs, at which point there were none to follow. No one at present can estimate the loss of the Mexicans—they are scattered on the hills, in the roads, every where. Nothing but the impossibility of finding a road for the dragoons to the rear of the enemy's works saved any part of Santa Anna's grand army, including his own illustrious person. His service of massive silver, nearly all his papers, his money—everything in his carriage, even his dinner, was captured. The Mexican loss upon the heights was awful—the ground in places is covered with the dead: Among the bodies found was that of Gen. Sanchez, and near him was Col. Falcone, mortally wounded. Their loss in the retreat was terribly severe—every path was strewn with the dead. The way is now apparently clear to Gen. Scott to the city of Mexico.

ANOTHER "GLORIOUS ACHIEVEMENT IN MEXICO"—The papers contain a long and magnificent account of the capture of the "far famed brig Malek Adhel" in the harbor of Mazatlan, by the U. S. ship of war Warren. This bold enterprise was effected by seventy men from the W. Iron in the launch and cutters, who actually succeeded in broad daylight, in "cutting out"

the brig, and taking as prisoners the whole unresisting crew—a midshipman and six starving sailors! With charming *isoterie* the historian of this small and of naval adventure says that "the fact of these cowardly deeds making no pretence does not in the least detract from the glory of this bold enterprise; for no one knew to what extent the brig was armed and manned!" And this is another of the grand "achievements" for which the people of the United States are to illuminate their towns and cities!—*Jb.*

FRENCH STRAGGLERS.—The first French ship or steamer to run to this country in the regular line, was expected to leave Havre on the 1st inst. and another is to leave the same port for New York on the 16th inst. So that with the Cunard line, the French line, and the Bremen and Coves line, our news from Europe will be received in rapid succession. The French steamers are said to be elegant vessels, with accomplished commanders, engineers of the highest reputation, and crew as really built and of the best material. GENERAL TAYLOR'S PLANTATION.—Gen. Taylor, in the year 1841, purchased, it is said, a plantation, stock, &c., near Rodney, in Mississippi, for which he paid \$50,000. An exchange paper learns from Hon. W. M. G. w. of New Orleans, a personal friend of Gen. Taylor, that some miscreant opened a breach in the levee, about two miles above the plantation named above, and it is now wholly under water. The loss of the crop follows as a matter of course, and a moderate estimate would set this loss at about \$30,000.

FATHER MATHEW COMING.—Father Mathew writing to the Albany Evening Journal that he has every expectation of visiting America this summer. He speaks in glowing language of the charitable contributions from America. "This magnificent humanity," he says, "has inspired every heart in this island with gratitude."

A GREAT PROBLEM.—The great problem of ages, "Can a woman keep a secret?" is now about to be solved. A lady has become an operator in the Springfield office of the Boston Telegraph Line. All the business of the line passes under her eye.

The new town of Lawrence is going up with a rush. Houses can't be had; and good sized households rent at handsome prices, as private residences for small families.

More than thirty thousand negroes in Africa and the West Indies have subscribed towards the statue of their benefactor, Sir F. Buxton.

Sidney papers, of the 14th December last, contain the results of the census of New South Wales for 1846, as follows: Population, Malta, 114,769; females, 74,840; total, 189,609. This disparity between the sexes cannot be very congenial to morals.

Distress in France.—The distress that exists in all parts of the country is very great. The Government, however, has taken every measure that ingenuity could suggest to keep prices moderate at Paris, and the extraordinary dearth of food would have occasioned some outbreaks in the capital, if the municipality had not devoted many millions of francs to enable the poorer of the working classes to get bread at the extraordinary rate. The sum spent in this way during the present month amounts to about 1,500,000 francs; for the month of April it is calculated at 1,460,000 francs; a similar amount will have to be given in May, and perhaps in June; and even since the end of October, a sum equally considerable has been spent every month. West importations of corn have been made from Russia, Turkey, the Levant, Sicily, and the United States, but especially from Russia. From the States the arrivals have been much fewer, and much less important than were expected.

The Pope has ordered general gas works to be constructed beyond the walls of Rome, in order to light the streets and supply private consumers.

PRODUCE PRICES CURRENT.—MONTRÉAL, May 17, 1847.

	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.
ASIES, Pots, per cwt	27	6	28	6	FRASE, prime Mess,			nominal.	
" " " " "	27	6	28	0	" " " " "	60	0	62	6
FLOUR, Panama Su-					" " " " "	50	0	52	6
" " " " "	35	9	36	3	" " " " "			0	0
Do. Fine,	34	6	35	0	" " " " "	92	6	95	0
Do. Extra,	35	0	35	3	" " " " "	77	6	80	0
Do. Middlings, ..	none				" " " " "	67	6	80	0
Indian Meal, 168lb,	none				" " " " "	0	0	0	0
Oatmeal, brl. 224lb.	34	6	35	0	Cargo,	0	0	0	0
GRAIN, Wheat U. S.					BUTTER, per lb. ...	0	7	0	8
" " " " "	7	6	7	9					
Do. L. C. per min.	7	0	7	3					
BARLEY, Minot., ..	3	7	3	9					
OATS,	2	6	2	7					

THOS. M. TAYLOR, Broker.

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