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# THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1847.

No. 32

## MAY YOU DIE AMONG YOUR KINDRED.

BY MRS. ADDY.

"How much is expressed by the form of oriental benediction, 'May you die among your kindred.'"—*Greenwood.*

"May you die among your kindred;" may you rest your parting gaze  
On the loved familiar faces of your young and happy days;  
May the voices whose kind greeting to your infancy was dear  
Pour lovingly, while life declines, their music in your ear.

"May you die among your kindred;" may the friends you love the best,  
List to your fainting accents, and receive your last request,  
Read your unuttered wishes, on your changeful features dwell,  
And mingle sighs of sorrow with your faltering faint farewell,

"May you die among your kindred;" may your peaceful grave be made  
In the quiet, cool recesses of the churchyard's hallowed shade;  
There may your loved ones wander at the silent close of day,  
Fair buds and fragrant blossoms on the verdant turf to lay.

'Tis a tender benediction; yet methinks it lacks the power  
To cast a true serenity o'er life's last solemn hour.  
Ye whom I love, I may not thus love's Christian part fulfil;  
List while I ask for you a boon, more dear, more precious still.

So may you die, that though afar from all your cherished ties,  
Though strangers hear your dying words and close your dying eyes,  
Ye shall not know desertion, since your Saviour shall be near  
To fill your fainting spirit with the "love that casts out fear."

So may you die, so willingly submit your soul to God,  
That evermore your kindred, as they tread the path you trod,  
May picture your existence on a far-off heavenly shore,  
And speak of you as one not "lost," but only "gone before."

So may you die, that when your death to pious friends is known,  
Each shall devoutly, meekly wish such lot may be their own;  
Not heeding if you died in want, in exile, or in pain,  
But feeling that you died in faith, and thus "to die is gain."

## TO DELAWARE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Thrice welcome to thy sisters of the East,  
To the brown tillers of a rocky home,  
With spray-wet locks to Northern winds released,  
And hardy feet o'erswept by ocean foam;  
And welcome to the young nymphs of the West,  
Whose harvest mantles, fringed with prairie bloom,  
Trail in the sunset! Oh! redeemed and blest,  
To the warm welcome of thy sisters come!

Let the weak chains which bind thee fall apart,  
At the strong swell of thy awakened heart,  
Broad Pennsylvania, down thy sail-white bay,  
Shall give thee joy, and Jersey from her plains,  
And the great lakes whose echoes, free alway,  
Moaned never shoreward with the clank of chains,  
Shall weave new sunbows in their tossing spray,  
And with their waves keep cheerful holiday.

And smiling on thee through her mountain rains,  
Vermont shall bless thee, and the Granite peaks  
And vast Katahdin, o'er his woods, shall wear  
Their snow crowns brighter in the cold, keen air.  
And Massachusetts, with her rugged cheeks  
O'errun with grateful tears, shall turn to thee,  
When at thy impulse the electric wire  
Shall tremble northward with its words of fire.

GLORY TO FREEDOM'S GOD! A SISTER STATE IS FREE!

## THINK ERE YOU SPEAK.

Think ere you speak, for a word lightly spoken  
Oft wakens a pang that has slumbered for years;  
And mem'ry's repose, when once it is broken,  
May turn a sweet smile into sadness and tears.  
No pleasure can then chase the gloom from the mind,  
Or recall the sweet smile that played on the cheek,  
With the heart's deepest woe that word may be twin'd,  
Then strike not the chord—but think ere you speak.

Think ere you speak, for a cold word may sever  
The friendship of one time can never restore,  
A blight may destroy the affection for ever,  
And the bud that now blooms may blossom no more.  
You cannot recall the word when 'tis spoken,  
Although you may own it has caused you regret,  
Still when the spell of affection is broken,  
The heart may forgive, but it cannot forget.

## CHARITY BOWERY.

BY MRS. CHILDS.

Inquiring one day for a washerwoman, I was referred to a coloured woman, in Lisperard street, by the name of Charity Bowery. I found her a person of uncommon intelligence, and great earnestness of manner.

In answer to my inquiries, she told me her history, which I will endeavour to relate precisely in her own words. Unfortunately, I cannot give the highly dramatic effect it received from her expressive intonations, and rapid variations of countenance.

With the exception of some changes of names, I repeat, with perfect accuracy, what she said, as follows.

"I am about sixty-five years old. I was born near Edenton, North Carolina. My master was very kind to his slaves. If an overseer whipped them, he turned him away. He used to whip them himself sometimes, with hickory switches as large as my little finger. My mother nursed all his children. She was reckoned a very good servant; and our mistress made it a point to give one of my mother's children to each of her own. I fell to the lot of Elizabeth, her second daughter. It was my business to wait upon her. O, my old mistress was a kind woman. She was all the same as a mother to poor Charity. If Charity wanted to learn to spin, she let her learn; if Charity wanted to learn to knit, she let her learn; if Charity wanted to learn to weave, she let her learn. I had a wedding when I was married; for mistress didn't like to have her people take up with one another, without any minister to marry them. When my dear good mistress died, she charged her children never to separate me and my husband; 'For,' said she, 'if ever there was a match made in heaven, it was Charity and her husband.' My husband was a nice good man; and mistress knew we set stores by one another. Her children promised they never would separate me from my husband and children. Indeed, they used to tell me they would never sell me at all; and I am sure they meant what they said. But my young master got into trouble. He used to come home and sit leaning his head on his hand by the hour together, without speaking to anybody. I see something was the matter; and I begged of him to tell me what made him look so worried. He told me he owed seventeen hundred dollars, that he could not pay; and he was afraid he should have to go to prison. I begged him to sell me and my children, rather than to go to jail. I see the tears come into his eyes. 'I don't know, Charity,' said he, 'I'll see what can be done. One thing you may feel easy about, I will never separate you from your husband and children, let what will come.'

"Two or three days after, he came to me, and says he, 'Charity, how should you like to be sold to Mr. Kinmore?' I told him I would rather be sold to him than to anybody else, because my husband belonged to him. My husband was a nice good man, and we set stores by one another. Mr. Kinmore agreed to buy us; and so I and my children went there to live. He was a kind master; but as for mistress Kinmore, she was a devil! Mr. Kinmore died a few years after he bought us, and in his will he give me and my husband free; but I never knowed anything about it, for years afterward. I don't know how they managed it. My poor husband died, and never knowed that he was free. But it's all the same now. He's among the ransomed. He used to say, 'Thank God, it's only a little way home; I shall soon be with Jesus.' O, he had a fine old Christian heart."

Here the old woman sighed deeply, and remained silent for a moment, while her right hand slowly rose and fell upon her lap, as if her thoughts were mournfully busy. At last she resumed.

"Sixteen children I've had, first and last; and twelve I've nursed for my mistress. From the time my first baby was born, I always set my heart upon buying freedom for some of my children. I thought it was of more consequence to them, than to me; for I was old, and used to being a slave. But mistress Kinmore wouldn't let me have my children. One after another—one after another—she sold 'em away from me. O, how many times that woman's broke my heart!"

Here her voice choked, and the tears began to flow. She wiped them quickly with the corner of her apron, and continued: "I tried every way I could, to lay up a copper to buy my children; but I found it pretty hard; for mistress kept me at work all the time. It was Charity! Charity! Charity! from morning till night. Charity, do this, and Charity, do that."

"I used to do the washings of the family; and large washings they were. The public road run right by my little hut; and I thought to myself, while I stood there at the wash tub, I might, just as well as not, be earning something to buy my children. So I set up a little oyster-board; and when anybody come along, that wanted a few oysters and a cracker, I left my wash tub and waited upon him. When I got a little money laid up, I went to my mistress and tried to buy one of my children. She knew how long my heart had been set upon it, and how hard I had worked for it. But she wouldn't let me have one! She wouldn't let me have one! So I went to work again; and set up late o'nights, in hopes I could earn enough to tempt her. When I had two hundred dollars, I went to her again; but she thought she could find a better market, and she wouldn't let me have one. At last, what do you think that woman did? She sold me and five of my children to the speculators! O, how I *did* feel, when I heard my children were sold to the speculators!"

I knew very well that by speculators the poor mother meant men whose trade it is to buy up coffles of slaves, as they buy cattle for the market.

After a short pause, her face brightened up, and her voice suddenly changed to a gay and sprightly tone.

"Surely, ma'am, there's always some good comes of being kind to folks. While I kept my oyster-board, there was a thin, peaked-looking man, used to come and buy of me. Some times he would say, 'Aunt Charity,' (he always called me *Aunt Charity*) you must fix me up a nice little mess, for I feel poorly to-day.' I always made something good for him; and if he didn't happen to have any change, I always trusted him. He liked my messes mighty well. Now, who do you think that should turn out to be, but the very speculator that bought me! He come to me, and says he, 'Aunt Charity' (he always called me *Aunt Charity*), you've been very good to me, and fixed me up many a nice little mess, when I've been poorly; and now you shall have your freedom for it, and I'll give you your youngest child."

"That was very kind," said I, "but I wish he had given you all of them."

With a look of great simplicity, and in tones of expostulation, the slave mother replied, "O, he couldn't afford *that*, you know."

"Well," continued she, "after that, I concluded I'd come to the free states. But mistress had one child of mine, a boy about twelve years old. I had always set my heart upon buying

Richard. He was the image of his father; and my husband was a nice good man; and we set stores by one another. Besides, I was always uneasy in my mind about Richard. He was a sprightly lad; and I knew it was very hard for him to be a slave. Many a time I have said to him, 'Richard, let what will happen, never lift your hand against your master.'

"But I knew it would always be hard work for him to be a slave. I carried all my money to my mistress, and told her I had more due to me; and if all of it wasn't enough to buy my poor boy, I'd work hard and send her all my earnings, till she said I *had* paid enough. She *knew* she could trust me. She *knew* Charity always kept her word. But she was a hard-hearted woman. She wouldn't let me have my boy. With a heavy heart, I went to work to earn more, in hopes I might one day be able to buy him. To be sure, I didn't get much more time, than I did when I was a slave; for mistress was always calling upon me; and I didn't like to disoblige her. I wanted to keep the right side of her, in hopes she'd let me have my boy. One day, she sent me of an errand. I had to wait some time. When I come back, mistress was counting a heap of bills in her lap. She was a rich woman; she rolled in gold. My little girl stood behind her chair; and as mistress counted the money—ten dollars, —twenty dollars—fifty dollars—I see that she kept crying. I thought may be mistress had struck her. But when I see the tears keep rolling down her cheeks all the time, I went up to her, and whispered, 'What's the matter?' She pointed to mistress's lap and said, 'Broder's money! Broder's money!' O, then I understood it all! I said to mistress Kinmore, 'Have you sold my boy?' Without looking up from counting her money, she drawled out, 'Yes, Charity; and I got a great price for him!'"

[Here the coloured woman imitated to perfection the languid, indolent tone of southern ladies.]

"O, my heart was too full! She had sent me away of an errand, because she didn't want to be troubled with our cries. I hadn't any chance to see my poor boy. I shall *never* see him again in this world. My heart felt as if it was under a great load of lead. I couldn't speak my feelings. I never spoke them to her, from that day to this. As I went out of the room, I lifted up my hand, and all I could say was, 'Mistress, how *could* you do it?'"

The poor creature's voice had grown more and more tremulous as she proceeded, and was at length stifled with sobs.

After some time, she resumed her story; "When my boy was gone, I thought I might sure enough as well go to the free states. But mistress had a little grandchild of mine. His mother died when he was born. I thought it would be some comfort to me, if I could buy little orphan Sammy. So I carried all the money I had to my mistress again, and asked her if she would let me buy my grand-son. But she wouldn't let me have him. Then I had nothing more to wait for; so I come on to the free states. Here I have taken in washing; and my daughter is smart at her needle; and we've got a very comfortable living."

"Do you ever hear from any of your children?" said I.

"Yes, ma'am, I hear from *one* of them. Mistress Kinmore sold one to a lady, that comes to the north every summer; and she brings my daughter with her."

"Don't she know that it is a good chance to take her freedom, when she is brought to the north?" said I.

"To be sure she knows *that*," replied Charity, with significant emphasis. "But my daughter is pious. She's a member of a church. Her mistress knows she wouldn't tell a lie for her right hand. She makes her promise on the Bible, that she won't try to run away, and that she will go back to the south with her; and so, ma'am, for her honour and her Christianity's sake, she goes back into slavery."

"Is her mistress kind to her?"

"Yes, ma'am; but then every body likes to be free. Her mistress is *very* kind. She says I may buy her for four hundred dollars; and that's a low price for her—two hundred paid down, and the rest as we can earn it. Kitty and I are trying to lay up enough to buy her."

"What has become of your mistress Kinmore? Do you ever hear from her?"

"Yes, ma'am, I often hear from her; and summer before last, as I was walking up Broadway, with a basket of clean clothes, who should I meet but my old mistress Kinmore! She gave a sort of a start, and said, in her drawling way, 'O, Charity, is it *you*?' Her voice sounded deep and hollow, as if it come

from under the ground; for she was far gone in a consumption. If I wasn't mistaken, there was a something about *here*" (laying her hand on her heart), "that made her feel strangely when she met poor Charity. Says I, 'How do you do, mistress Kinnore? How does little Sammy do?' (That was my little grandson, you know, that she wouldn't let me buy.')

"'I'm poorly, Charity,' says she; 'very poorly. Sammy's a smart boy. He's grown tall, and tends table nicely. Every night I teach him his prayers.'"

The indignant grandmother drawled out the last word in a tone which Fanny Kemble herself could not have surpassed. Then suddenly changing both voice and manner, she added, in tone of earnest dignity, "Och! I couldn't stand *that!* Good morning, ma'am!" said I.

I smiled, as I inquired whether she had heard from mistress Kinnore, since.

"Yes, ma'am. The lady that brings my daughter to the north every summer, told me last fall she didn't think mistress Kinnore could live long. When she went home, she asked me if I had any message to send to my old mistress. I told her I *had* a message to send. Tell her, says I, to prepare to meet poor Charity at the judgment seat."

I asked Charity if she had heard any further tidings of her scattered children. The tears came to her eyes. "I found out that my poor Richard was sold to a man in Alabama. A white gentleman, who has been very kind to me here in New York, went to them parts lately, and brought me back news of Richard. His master ordered him to be flogged, and he wouldn't come up to be tied. 'If you don't come up, you black rascal, I'll shoot you,' said his master. 'Shoot away,' said Richard; 'I won't come to be flogged.' His master pointed a pistol at him, and in two hours my poor boy was dead! Richard was a spry lad. I always knew it was hard for him to be a slave. Well, he's free now. God be praised, he's free now; and I shall soon be with him."

In the course of my conversation with this interesting woman, she told me much about the patrols, who, armed with arbitrary power, and frequently intoxicated, break into the houses of the coloured people at the south, and subject them to all manner of outrages. But nothing seemed to have excited her indignation so much as the insurrection of Nat Turner. The panic that prevailed throughout the slave states on that occasion, of course reached her ear in repeated echoes; and the reasons are obvious why it should have awakened intense interest. It was in fact a sort of Hegra to her mind, from which she was prone to date all important events in the history of her limited world.

"On Sundays," said she, "I have seen the negroes up in the country going away under large oaks, and in secret places, sitting in the woods, with spelling books. The brightest and best men were killed in Nat's time. Such ones are always suspected. All the coloured folks were afraid to pray, in the time of the old Prophet Nat. There was no law about it; but the whites reposed it round among themselves, that if a note was heard, we should have some dreadful punishment. After that, the low whites would fall upon any slaves they heard praying, or singing a hymn; and they often killed them, before their masters or mistresses could get to them."

I asked Charity to give me a specimen of their slave hymns. In a voice cracked with age, but still retaining considerable sweetness, she sang:

"A few more beatings of the wind and rain,  
Ere the winter will be over:  
Glory, Hallelujah.

Some friends has gone before me,  
I must try to go and meet them:  
Glory, Hallelujah.

A few more risings and settings of the sun,  
Ere the winter will be over:  
Glory, Hallelujah.

There's a better day a coming,  
There's a better day a coming:  
O, Glory, Hallelujah."

With a very arch expression, she looked up, as she concluded, and said, "They wouldn't let us sing that. They wouldn't let us sing that. They thought we was going to *rise*, because we sung 'better days are coming.'"

I shall never forget poor Charity's natural eloquence, or the spirit of Christian meekness and forbearance, which so beautifully

characterised her expressions. She has now gone where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

## SO MANY CALLS—A SKETCH.

BY MRS. H. E. B. STOWE.

It was a brisk clear evening in the latter part of December, when Mr. A—— returned from his counting-house to the comforts of a bright coal fire, and warm arm-chair, in his parlor at home. He changed his heavy boots for slippers, drew around him the folds of his evening gown, and then lounging back in the chair, looked up to the ceiling and about with an air of satisfaction. Still there was a cloud on his brow—what could be the matter with Mr. A——? To tell the truth he had that afternoon received in his counting-room the agent of one of the principal religious charities of the day—and had been warmly urged to double his last year's subscription, and the urging had been pressed by statements and arguments to which he did not know well how to reply. "People think," soliloquised he to himself, "that I am made of money, I believe; this is the fourth object this year for which I have been requested to double my subscription, and this year has been one of heavy family expenses—building and fitting up this house—carpets—curtains—no end to the new things which are to be bought—I do not really see how I am to give cent more in charity—then there are the bills for the girls and boys—they all say that they must have twice as much now, as before we came into this house—wonder if I did right in building it!" And Mr. A—— glanced unceasingly up and down the ceiling and around on the costly furniture, and looked in the fire in silence—he was tired, harassed and drowsy, his head began to swim, and his eyes closed—he was asleep. In his sleep he thought he heard a tap at the door; he opened it, and there stood a plain, poor looking man, who in a voice singularly low and sweet asked for a few moment's conversation with him. Mr. A—— asked him into the parlor, and drew him a chair near the fire. The stranger looked attentively around, and then turning to Mr. A—— presented him with a paper. "It is your last year's subscription to Missions," said he "you know all of the wants of that cause that can be told you; I called to see if you had any thing more to add to it."

This was said in the same low and quiet voice as before, but for some reason unaccountable to himself, Mr. A—— was more embarrassed by the plain, poor, unpretending man, than he had been in the presence of any one before. He was for some moments silent before he could reply at all, and then in a hurried and embarrassed manner he began the same excuses which had appeared so satisfactory to him the afternoon before. The hardness of the times, the difficulty of collecting money, family expenses, &c.

The stranger quietly surveyed the spacious apartment with its many elegancies and luxuries, and without any comment took from the merchant the paper he had given, but immediately presented him with another.

"This is your subscription to the Tract Society, have you anything to add to it—you know how much it has been doing, and how much more it now desires to do, if Christians would only furnish means—do you not feel called upon to add something to it?"

Mr. A—— was very uneasy under this appeal, but there was something in the still, mild manner of the stranger that restrained him; but he answered that although he regretted it exceedingly, his circumstances were such, that he could not this year conveniently add to any of his charities.

The stranger received back the paper without any reply but immediately presented in its place the subscription to the Bible Society, and in a few clear and forcible words reminded him of its well known claims, and again requested him to add something to his donations. Mr. A—— became impatient.

"Have I not said," he replied, "that I can do *nothing* more for any charity than I did last year? There seems to be no end to the call upon us in these days. At first there were only three or four objects presented, and the sums required were moderate—now the objects increase every day, all call upon us for money, and all, after we give once, want us to double and treble and quadruple our subscriptions—there is no end to the thing—we may as well stop in one place as another."

The stranger took back the paper, rose, and fixing his eye on his companion, said in a voice that thrilled to his soul:

"One year ago to-night, you thought that your daughter lay dying—you could not sleep for agony—upon whom did you call all that night?"

The merchant started and looked up—there seemed a change to have passed over the whole form of his visitor, whose eye was fixed on him with a calm, intense, penetrating expression, that awed and subdued him—he drew back, covered his face, and made no reply.

"Five years ago," said the stranger, "when you lay at the brink of the grave, and thought that if you died then you should leave a family of helpless children entirely unprovided for, do you remember how you prayed—who saved you then?"

The stranger paused for an answer, but there was a dead silence. The merchant only bent forward as one entirely overcome, and rested his head on the seat before him.

The stranger drew yet nearer, and said in a still lower and more impressive tone, "Do you remember fifteen years since, that time when you felt yourself so lost, so helpless, so hopeless, when you spent days and nights in prayer, when you thought you would give the world for one hour's assurance that your sins were forgiven you—who listened to you then?"

"It was my God and Saviour!" said the merchant with a sudden burst of remorseless feeling—"Oh yes, it was he."

"And has he ever complained of being called on too often," inquired the stranger, in a voice of reproachful sweetness; "say," he added, "are you willing to begin this night and ask no more of Him, if he from this night will ask no more of you?"

"Oh, never, never, never!" said the merchant, throwing himself at his feet, but as he spoke these words the figure seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within him.

### THE CHILDLESS MOTHER.

BY J. E. SNODGRASS.

After practising my profession for a year or two in Virginia, amid the scenes of my boyhood's mountain circled home, I removed to Williamsport, a quiet little village on the Maryland side of the romantic Potomac.—During my residence in the latter place, an incident occurred, the result of which will, perhaps, serve a useful purpose, while furnishing, as I have been requested to do, "a page for the *Liberty Bell*."

At the dawn of day in early spring, I was startled from slumbers, rendered, perhaps, unusually profound by the labours of the previous day. The cause was a scream which violently cleft the cold air with its piercing agony. I instantly sprang to my feet, only to have my ears saluted by shrieks still more startling. So loud had the voice now become, that it seemed to start from the bosom of the quiet river echoes such as perhaps had never been heard since the days when its glassy tide used to reflect the warhoop of the Indian and the scream of the panther.

The voice could readily be distinguished as a female, though coarse and harsh in its tones. It soon ceased, however, as if stifled by the very intensity of the agony it had expressed. On subsequent inquiry of a servant, I obtained the following solution of the soul-troubling mystery.

In a hut a square or two distant, had lived, for some time, a coloured woman, the mother of two children, whose wants she had supplied with the labour of her own hands. She had regarded herself as a "free woman"—free as the air of the surrounding hill—and she was so regarded by all who knew her. But she had no "free papers," having omitted to secure them, it was said, through over-confidence in the source from which she had received a verbal pledge of freedom. Fatal omission, too frequently made by the virtually freed!

Little did that sable woman dream, amid the quiet darkness which enveloped her tattered frame in unconsciousness, that a still harder lot—O, how hard a one—was so near its awaiting! She was aroused at early dawn by a rap at her humble door. She responded to the signal and bade the visitants enter.—They did so; but for what purpose, suppose you, reader? To talk of work to be done by those who are glad to "ask leave to toil," or utter other words of cheer? No—alas! No, far different the errand on which they came. One of them claimed her as his "chattel," and ordered her to be seized as his slave. It was done, and she was conveyed with her oldest child, to the county jail, some six miles distant, there to await the highest bidder for the blood and bones of his fellow men!

"Was it the fact of being sold into Georgia that caused those unearthly shrieks?" you ask. "Is that not a common thing in Maryland?"

It is far too common, I answer with shame; but it was not that which caused such intense agony. The cause was far worse even than that. I will tell.

Nestling warm in that mother's bosom through that sadly terminated night, had lain a babe but a few weeks old—a babe which, though coloured it was, and doomed to become as despised as its sable mother, was her baby still, with all the tender and helpless ways of a baby—and that mother loved it as fondly as the fairest skinned mother of this land could love her own. But it was deemed an *incumbrance* to its mother in the slave market. So they tore it rudely from her bosom! It was that which caused the shriek of agonized affection—the speechless utterance of a bereaved and tortured soul! Yes, they tore that tender child from its mother, and she became the inmate of a gloomy prison!

"For what cause?" you ask. "Had the woman committed any crime?"

Not the least possible crime was she guilty of, except it really be a crime to wear a black skin. But she was a slave; at least she was claimed as such. Besides you see they only transferred her from one prison to another; for what is slavery but imprisonment! in fact, it is generally imprisonment of the worst kind—*imprisonment for life*.

"What became of the babe?" some anxious mother impatiently asks.

I cannot answer further than it was left with a coloured woman, who promised its mother to take care of it. This, it is probable, she was allowed to do until it was old enough for the Southern market.

Mothers of the land—you who have born children, and felt the feeble pulsations of their little hearts respond to your own—know you not how to commiserate that cruelly bereft mother? I trust you do. Then plead earnestly for the cause of the slave! Strengthen the hands of your husbands, and fathers, and brothers, amid their stern conflict with the giant Wrong—amid their self-denials and their sufferings—in the face of private malice and public scorn! Woman can do much if faithful to her mission—so much that with the co-operation of the wives, and mothers and daughters of our guilty land, the "*Liberty Bell*" would soon cease to send forth such heart-rending tones as the shrieks of the Childless Mother.—*Liberty Bell*.

NEW ENGLAND RICH MEN.—Peter C. Brooks, of New England, is said to be worth \$6,000,000; J. P. Cushing \$2,000,000; Abbott Lawrence \$2,000,000; Amos, \$1,500,000; and William, \$1,000,000; T. H. Perkins \$1,500,000; Daniel Sears \$1,500,000; the three Appletons \$1,000,000 each; Jonathan Philips, R. G. Shaw, and William Sturgis the same sum. Twenty-two millions of dollars owned by thirteen men.

### APPLES OF GOLD.

"Turn again our captivity, O Lord," *Psa cxxvi. 4. Divine Answer:* "The Lord hath appointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek, to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." *Isa. lxi. 1.* "For thus saith the Lord, &c. I will give thee for a covenant of the people, &c. that thou mayest say to the prisoners, Go forth; to them that are in darkness, Show yourselves; they shall feed in the ways, and their pastures shall be in all high places; they shall not hunger nor thirst." *Isa. xlix. 8, 9, 10. See also Chap. xxxv. 10.*

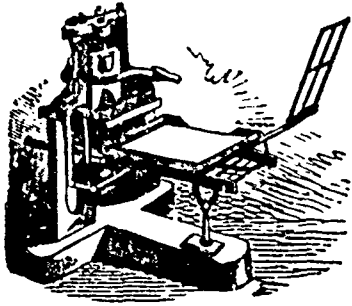
O Lord, I am hungering after the righteousness and freedom, not only of faith, but of holiness also; not that I may make holiness the foundation of hope, but the evidence of faith; and that I may be able to rejoice and take comfort of thy righteousness alone, without deceiving my soul. Grant, therefore, that I may be truly filled, and may be strong, easy, and free, so as to be kept no longer in any of the most subtle bonds, either of the law, unbelief and a bad conscience, or of a carnal worldly mind!

Buried in shadows of the night  
We lie till Christ restores the light;  
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,  
And chase the darkness from the mind

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,  
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;  
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks  
The iron bondage from our necks.

Poor helpless worms in thee possess  
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;  
Thou art our mighty All, and we  
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

## CHAPTERS FOR CHILDREN.—No. VII.



THE AFRICAN PRINTER; OR, HOPE IN DEATH.

Wana Hobat was the son of a king of the Barbo tribe in Africa; and was taken by a missionary to America, to learn the art of printing, that he might return to his native land, and work at the missionary press. In America he took the name of Griswold.

Griswold was very quick at learning: he obtained a good knowledge of the Scriptures, grammar, geography, arithmetic, writing, and astronomy. He was placed in a printing office, where he made much progress as a printer; and when there were great hopes that he would return, and be a blessing to his countrymen, it pleased God to lay him on a bed of sickness.

The Bible was Griswold's constant companion. After his daily work, he was in the habit of seating himself at a table, with the holy book and a dictionary before him. He read with great care, and when he met with a hard word, he turned to his dictionary, or made inquiry of any one who would tell him its meaning. But it was when he drew near to death that he found most support from the promises of God's word.

On the third day of his sickness he said, "I shall die." On being asked, if he were willing to die, he replied, "Yes, if it is the will of God." It was then inquired, whether he had not been a great sinner. His answer was, "I hope God has wiped away all my sins out of His book, for the sake of Jesus." He was asked what he had done to cause God thus to favour him; when he replied, "I have prayed to Him to forgive me, and Jesus has died for me." At another time, he observed, "I do not ask to live; I do not ask to die. If God is willing I should go back to Africa, and print the Bible for my country-people, I should like to go. If not, I am willing to die." He said, "Ask the missionary to forgive me all the bad things I have done, and to pray for me. Tell him to ask the boys to pray for me, that I may go back to Africa as a printer, and print the Bible. He was told if he was sick in his own country, his old father would say he was witched; and if he should now die, he will say the witch has killed him. He said, "Tell my father witch is all foolishness. God gave me to you, and God has taken me away from you. You must bless the Lord for this."

A few hours before his death, he said he wished a message to be sent to his father, for him to cast away all his idols, and worship the Lord only. He then prayed again for his parents, and for the mission school; and thanked God for His love to the world in sending his Son to save the lost. His last sentence he spoke very solemnly, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen." About ten o'clock at night, he again tried to sing, but was not able; and just before the clock struck twelve, he quietly slept the sleep of death.

Many, who live in a Christian land, are like Balaam they wish to "die the death of the righteous," Numb. xxiii. 10: but they do not live the life of the righteous. Most people die as they live. May all young readers have grace to improve this short account of Griswold to the Good of their souls. Like him, may they love the Saviour in health, then will they have hope in their death.

## SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

"His hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him." Gen. xvi. 12.

This, like the other passages in reference to Ishmael, are understood to apply equally to *chirah tense* his descendants. There is indeed no people to whom this attaches with greater truth than to the Arabs; for there is none to whom aggression on all the world has so remarkably become a condition of existence. Enjoy-

ing as they do the freedom and desolate grandeur of their desert patrimony, they are not insensible to some of the advantages which have been withheld from them; and they think it but fair and reasonable that they should obtain by violence a share in the wealth and fertility of the world. Hence plunder forms their principal occupation, and takes the chief place in their thoughts; and their aggressions upon settled districts, upon travellers, and even upon other tribes of their own people, are undertaken and prosecuted with a feeling that they have a right to what they seek, and therefore without the least sense of guilt or degradation. Indeed the character of a successful and enterprising robber invests a Boshuan with a high distinction in his own eyes and in the eyes of his people, as the most daring and chivalrous acts could win among the nations of Europe. The operation of this principle would alone suffice to verify the prediction of the text. But besides this, causes of variance are continually arising between the different tribes. Burekhardt assures us that there are few tribes which are ever in a state of perfect peace with all their neighbours, and adds, that he could not recollect this to be the case with any one among the numerous tribes with which he was acquainted. Such wars, however, are seldom of long duration; peace is easily made, but broken again upon the slightest pretence. — *Pictorial Bible.*

## FORESTALLING.

(From the Montreal Witness.)

"Francis Leclerc, for forestalling a couple of ducks, which he bought at 2s 9d and sold at 3s 6d, before 12 o'clock in the day, was fined £5 and costs." — *Herald.*

In these days of "free trade," and sound political economy, it is almost incredible that such a circumstance as the foregoing should have occurred; and, to say the least of it, no law of the dark ages, or even of the anti-commercial sultans of the east, could be more objectionable in principle, than that under which Leclerc was convicted.

The laws against "forestalling and regatting" are, together with the usury laws, almost the only remains of the formerly multitarious attempts on the part of governments to regulate transactions between man and man. These attempts were kindly meant, proceeding, as they did, upon the supposition that the government, whether monarchical or civic, was the father, endowed with all wisdom; and the people were the children, endowed with very little. And it was only after the "father" discovered that the "children," somehow or other, came to find out what was most for their own interests, without troubling him, and that, when he tried to help them, he generally made a sad business of it,—that he gave up, little by little, the irksome and unwholesome control.

The usury laws have already occupied our attention at some length; and the paragraph placed at the head of this article seems to be a call to consider the law of "forestalling;" especially as we fear Montreal does not enjoy a monopoly of the ignorance and mischief which it involves.

The interests of three distinct parties are affected by this law; first, the farmers, who bring the produce to market; second, the hucksters, who live by trading in that produce; and third, the public, who consume it: and the law is made to prevent the second class from imposing upon the third, by buying up all the supplies on any given day, and charging any price they choose for them.

Now, it will be obvious at a glance, that, if the principle be a good one, it should not stop with butter, eggs, poultry, etc.; it should be carried out. The farmer should be obliged to kill his own cattle, and weigh out the meat by the pound, lest the butcher should monopolise the market, and make the public pay what he chose for beef and mutton. Nay, the manufacturer of broad cloth or bayonet, or calico, should be obliged to bring it forth in person, and sell it by the yard to all comers, lest merchants and shop-keepers should monopolise the dry goods, to the public detriment!

The fact is, that the business of producing and the business of retailing are perfectly distinct, requiring different qualifications and habits; and it is not only for the interest of both producer and retailer that it should be so, but very much to the advantage of the public, who will be better supplied, and at a cheaper rate, by this division of labour than if both branches of business were performed by the same individual. This is easily demonstrated. Suppose it took a day to weave a piece of cloth, and a day to stand in a market selling it, the public would have to pay two days' wages for that piece of cloth, over and above the cost of material; but suppose that the piece is sold to a merchant who has, in like manner, bought a hundred different pieces of cloth, the time lost in selling it will not be much more than a hundredth part of what it was in the first instance; and even allowing a very handsome profit, the public will not probably be charged more than the wages of a day and a half; and perhaps much less, for competition in business brings profits down to the lowest ebb at which the parties can live, and often much lower, as is demonstrated by endless bankruptcies.

In like manner, let us suppose that it takes a day's labour of a man

and horse to raise a cartful of farm stuff for market, and that the same man and horse lose a day standing in the market to sell it; it is quite clear that the public must pay two days wages of the man and horse: whereas, if it were brought in the morning to a huckster, the farmer or his man might be back at breakfast, only losing a quarter of a day; and the huckster, having no horse to feed, and having a great variety of wares upon which to attend, would do the remaining part of the business much more cheaply. And there is certainly no more reason to doubt that the ordinary law of competition will operate in the reduction of profits to a barely living rate, in the case of hucksters, than in any other business.

With regard to economy, then, we firmly believe the law against forestalling to be injurious to all the parties concerned. It prevents the farmer and his horse from making the most of their time; it prevents the increase in numbers and prosperity of a worthy and important class of citizens, namely, hucksters, pouterers, green grocers, etc.; and it makes the public actually pay dearer for supplies than they would do, were the natural division of labour permitted.

But the case does not rest here. By far the most important objection remains behind. The law is eminently immoral in its tendency and results. The farmer who stands idling away a day in the market, surrounded by dram shops, and continually meeting some old acquaintance, is under peculiar temptations to drink; and how often does he go home, not only bereft of a considerable portion of his dearly earned market money, but of a considerable portion of his senses and character also! And when he arrives in such a state, it indeed he does arrive safely, what an influence must his condition have upon his family! Neither is the case mended if the farmer send his hired man or his son in his stead; either or both are liable, nay, almost certain, to be debauched. And we are fully persuaded that it is to this most unjust and iniquitous law, that a great deal of the drunkenness which, to a sad extent, characterises our agricultural population, is attributable.

We might say much more about the inutility of the law, and show that the chief towns of Scotland get on perfectly well without it, or indeed without market places at all, there being a butcher's shop in almost every street, with, generally speaking, the green grocer for a near neighbour: so that instead of the butcher of the St. Antoine Suburbs, for instance, and his customers, also perhaps of the same suburbs, having to travel half a mile each before the one can obtain a leg of mutton from the other, they may do it on the spot. We might, we say, show these things; but, as they would not be listened to, we may as well save the time and space.

It is not, of course, our object to recommend that farmers should be compelled to sell their stuff to hucksters. As many as chose should have every opportunity and convenience for selling it themselves. All that we contend for is, that they should not be prevented from selling to hucksters if they find it to their advantage; and that hucksters should not be prevented from buying where, when, and how they may see fit.

## WONDERS OF THE ANCIENT DEEP.

From Ansted's "Ancient World, or Picturesque Sketches of Creation."

### THE MEGALICHTHYS.

The *megalichthys* [from two Greek words, signifying great fish,] was an animal of large size, and seems also to have been of great strength. Its head was large, and the gape of the jaws enormous; the jaws themselves powerful, and provided with a range of most formidable teeth, of which some of enormous size projected far beyond the rest, as is the case with the crocodile. The dimensions to which the animal must have attained may be imagined when it is known that these teeth have been found measuring four inches in length, and nearly two inches broad at the base, a size rarely if ever met with even in the largest reptiles. The body, covered with scales of corresponding magnitude (sometimes five inches in diameter,) was well shaped for swimming, being formed upon a robust bony skeleton, and provided with an extremely large and powerful tail, enabling it to advance with extreme rapidity. It must have been eminently carnivorous, and capable of pursuing and taking almost any living creature among its contemporaries.

### THE PLESIOSAURUS.

Imagine one of these monstrous animals, a *plesiosaurus*, some sixteen or twenty feet long, with a small wedge-shaped crocodilian head, a long arched serpent-like neck, a short compact body, provided with four large and powerful paddles, almost developed into hands; an animal not covered with brilliant scales, but with a black slimy skin. Imagine, for a moment, this creature slowly emerging from the muddy banks, and half walking, half creeping along, making its way towards the nearest water. Arrived at the water, we can understand from its structure that it was likely to exhibit greater energy. Unlike the crocodile tribe, however, in all its proportions, it must have been equally dissimilar in habit. Perhaps, instead of

concealing itself in mud or among rushes, it would swim at once boldly and directly to the attack. Its enormous neck stretched out to its full length, and its tail acting as a rudder, the powerful and frequent strokes of its four large paddles would at once give it an impulse, sending it through the water at a very rapid rate. When within reach of its prey, we may almost fancy that we see it drawing back its long neck as it depressed its body in the water, until the strength of the muscular apparatus with which this neck was provided, and the great additional impetus given by the rapid advance of the animal, would combine to produce a stroke from the pointed head which few living animals could resist. The fishes, including perhaps even the sharks, the larger eel-fish, and innumerable inhabitants of the sea, would fall an easy prey to this monster.

The most striking and manifest peculiarity in the *plesiosaurus* consists in the enormous length of the neck, which, in some species, not only exceeds in absolute dimensions, but also in its proportion to the size of the animal, that of the longest-necked quadruped or bird. But the perfect mobility of this neck, of which we may form an idea by the number of joints it possesses, was no less remarkable. The giraffe, the longest-necked quadruped we are acquainted with, has only seven vertebrae of the neck, not differing in this respect from the other mammals; the swan, the longest-necked bird, has twenty-three; but the *plesiosaurus* is known, from some admirably preserved specimens, to have had upwards of thirty, and perhaps as many as forty. In its proportions, the neck in one species measures four times the length of the head, and actually exceeds the entire length of the body and tail. It was apparently thick and muscular near the body, but gradually became slender towards the head, which was small, and sometimes singularly disproportioned in size to the other parts of the animal.

The *plesiosaurus* was highly carnivorous in its habits, and no doubt fed indiscriminately on whatever came within reach, whether living or dead. Its powers of locomotion in the water were great, and its strength must have been formidable; but it had an enemy in the *ichthyosaurus*, from which there was probably little chance of escape. We have good reason to suppose that it could move about on shore, and it probably did so with greater facility than the seal or walrus; but it is not likely that it resorted frequently to the land, since the sea appears to have been its more congenial habitat.

### THE ICHTHYOSAURUS.

The animal just mentioned as the fierce and powerful enemy of the *plesiosaurus*, which was itself a voracious reptile attaining a length of from ten to thirty feet, belongs unquestionably to a most remarkable and anomalous genus, but departed, perhaps, much less considerably than the other from the present external form of marine animals. With the exception of a larger head, and paddles somewhat more developed, it was not very unlike the porpoise in its appearance, but it was a true reptile, adapted for constant residence in the sea, and in that respect claims comparison as being the ancient analogue and representative of the great existing tribe of marine mammalia, of which the whale is perhaps the best known type. \* \* \*

But now let us see what goes on in the deeper abysses of the ocean, where a free space is given for the operations of that fiercely carnivorous marine reptile, the *ichthyosaurus*. Prowling about at a great depth, where the reptilian structure of its lungs and the bony apparatus of the ribs would allow it to remain for a long time without coming to the air to breathe, we may fancy we see this strange animal, with its enormous eyes directed upwards, and glaring like globes of fire; its length is some thirty or forty feet, its head being six or eight feet long; and it has paddles and a tail like a shark; its whole energies are fixed on what is going on above, where the *plesiosaurus* or some giant shark is seen devouring its prey. Suddenly, striking with its short but compact paddles, and obtaining a powerful impetus by flapping its large tail, the monster darts through the water at a rate which the eye can scarcely follow towards the surface. The vast jaws, lined with formidable rows of teeth, soon open wide to their full extent: the object of attack is approached—is overtaken. With a motion quicker than thought the jaws are snapped together, and the work is done. The monster becoming gorged, floats languidly near the surface, with a portion of the top of its head and its nostrils visible, like an island covered with black mud, above the water.

## SELECTIONS.

**UNPROFESSIONAL BENEVOLENCE.**—I was informed by a barrister, now well known, that, a short time after his call, he received a brief assign hearing that the mother, in order to defray the expenses of the sacrifices, which left her only bed and wedding ring, and made other a distance in the country, he sent for her privately, and finding, on received from her agent, and thus enabled an aged woman to riding to the cars of one of the leaders, he spoke to my friend on the subject, assuring him that he had done wrong, inasmuch as such conduct was unprofessional.—*Hood's Magazine.*

**THE DISCOVERER OF STEAM-POWER.**—It is now, we believe, admitted by men of science, though the world in general either overlooks or is ignorant of the fact, that the Marquis of Worcester, an English nobleman of Charles II.'s time, an ancestor of the existing duke of Beaufort, was the person who first discovered the existing and remarkable mechanical capabilities of steam—thus revealing to our own age, is working out effects so vast and magnificent, in the name of his Maker he was humble. The following passage from a prayer of the Marquis, while it shows him elevated with the consciousness of being the depository of a stupendous discovery, also exhibits a mind imbued with humility and modesty: "Oh, infinitely omnipotent God! whose mercies areathomless, and whose knowledge is in essence and in quantity next to my creation and redemption, I render thee most humble thanks from the very bottom of my heart for thy vouchsafing me (the meanest in understanding) an insight in so great a secret of nature, beneficent to a mankind, as this water-commanding engine. Suffer me not to be puffed up with the knowing of it, but humble my haughty heart by thy true knowledge of my own ignorance!" Such language as this used by one whose genius discovered the steam-engine, reminds us of Newton's comparison of himself to a child picking up shells on the shores of the ocean of truth.—*Dublin Christian Journal.*

**INCIDENTAL ASSOCIATIONS.**—In all the variety of associations, there is nothing more remarkable than the deep hold which objects, in themselves utterly insignificant, take hold of the affections. The only child of a widow lately fell sick of a fever; her case was pronounced by the physicians to be hopeless, and her death was every moment expected. The disconsolate mother watched incessantly by her bedside in an agony of grief, and she felt her heart die within her as she saw the child picking at the bedclothes, which is considered a most fatal symptom; but what was her surprise when she saw the little creature, who had seemed in a state of stupor for hours, raise her hand and display between her finger and thumb a small feather, which had worked through the pillow, and heard her say—"Mamma, look at the pretty feather!" The poor mother's heart bounded with hope and thankfulness; from that moment the complaint took a favourable turn, and the little invalid recovered. Among the relics of former days, nothing was more fondly treasured than that little feather. Years and years have rolled away since it was first assigned to her pocket-book; but who could number the times when it has been taken out and gazed on with delight! To this day, the tears of gratitude and affection are often shed over it.—Dr. H— was devoted to scientific and literary pursuits, but in his hours of relaxation he used to amuse himself with his little grandchild, on whom he doted. He would often carry her in his arms to look out of his study window; his favourite would run her tiny fingers along the panes of glass, which bore the traces long after the little creature fell sick and died. The grandfather was often observed to saunter to the window, and stand there in a deep reverie. One morning, on entering the room, he found the servant had gained admittance before him, and discovered him busily engaged in cleaning the window. The marks of the little fingers were gone. A violent burst of agonized feeling showed plainly how fondly they had been associated with the memory of the dear child in the heart of a poor old man.

**THE VAMPIRE.**—The singular creatures which are productive of so much annoyance constitute the genus *Phyllostoma*, so named from the leaf-like appendage attached to their upper lip; they are peculiar to the continent of America, being distributed over the immense extent of territory between Patuxent and the Isthmus of Darien. Their tongue, which is capable of considerable extension, is furnished at its extremity with a number of papillae, which appear as if so arranged as to form an organ of suction; and their lips have also tubular symmetrical arrangement—these are the organs by which they draw the life-blood both from man and beast. These animals are the famous vampires, of which various travellers have given such redoubtable accounts, and which are known to have nearly destroyed the first establishment of Europeans in the New World. The molar teeth of the true vampire or spectre-bat, are of the most carnivorous character, being short and almost plain, the others sharp and cutting, and terminating in three or four points. Their rough tongue has been supposed to be the instrument employed for abrading the skin, so as to enable them more readily to abstract the blood, but zoologists are now agreed that such supposition is wholly groundless. Having carefully examined, in many cases, the wounds thus made on horses, mules,

pigs, and other animals, observations that have been confirmed by information received from the inhabitants of the northern parts of Brazil, I am led to believe that the puncture which the vampire makes in the skin of animals is effected by the sharp hooked nail of its thumb, and that from the wound thus made it abstracts the blood by the suction power of its lips and tongue. That these bats attack man, as well as animals, is certain; for I have frequently been shown the scars of their punctures in the toes of many who had suffered from their attacks,—but I never met with a recent case. They grow to a large size, and I have killed some that measure two feet between the tips of the wings.—*Gardner's Travels in Brazil.*

**THE REVELATIONS OF CHAOS.**—After making herself very agreeable Lucy Constance took up a book which was at hand, and said, "Do you know this?" And Tancel, opening a volume which he had never seen, and then turning to its title page, found it was "The Revelations of Chaos," a startling work just published, and of which a rumour had reached him. "No," he replied, "I have not seen it." "I will lend it to you if you like," it is one of those books one must read. It explains everything, and is written in a very agreeable style." "It explains everything," said Tancel; "it must, indeed, be a very agreeable book!" "I think it will just suit you," said Lucy Constance. "Do you know, I thought so several times while I was reading it." "To judge from the title, the subject is rather obscure," said Tancel. "No longer so," said Lucy Constance; "it is treated so sentimentally; everything is explained by geology and astronomy, and in that way. It shows you exactly how a star is formed; nothing can be so pretty! A cluster of vapour—the cream of the milky way—a sort of celestial cheese—churned into light—you must read it, it is charming." "No body ever saw a star formed," said Tancel. "Perhaps not. You must read the 'Revelations'; it is all explained. But what is most interesting, is the way in which man is developed. You know, all is development. The principle is perpetually going on. First, there was nothing, then there was something; then—I forget the next—I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came—let me see—did we come next? Never mind that; we came at last. And the next change there will be something very superior to us—something with wings. Ah! that's it; we were indeed not believe I ever was a fish." "But you must read it," "I do not believe I ever was a fish," said Tancel. "Oh! but it is all proved; you must not argue on my rapid sketch; read the book. It is impossible to contradict anything in it. You understand, it is all science; it is not like those books in which one says one thing and another the contrary, and both may be wrong. Everything is proved—by geology, you know. You see exactly how everything is made; how many worlds there have been; how long they lasted; what went before, what comes next. We are a link in the chain, as inferior animals were that preceded us; we in turn shall be inferior; all that will remain of us will be some relics in a new red sandstone.—*D'Israeli.*

The Manchester Athenæum was instituted ten years ago. It has now a library of 13,000 volumes, and its news-room is supplied with 140 newspapers. It has a theatre for lectures, in which, last year, 80 lectures were delivered by men eminent in the ranks of literature and science. There are classes for French, German, Spanish, Italian, Mathematics, Vocal Music; they have also essays, a gymnasium, &c. To all these, access is obtained for 25s per annum, with the exception of the evening classes, for which a small additional fee is charged. The number now attending are 2,300. It is a remarkable and encouraging fact, that since the establishment of the Athenæum, before. It has now a library of 9,000 volumes, and various important classes, for which the fee is 20s per annum.

**JULIAN THE APOSTATE.**—"Maximus of Ephesus, a celebrated philosopher, travelled into Numidia to teach Julian, the Apostate the art of magic, promising to enable him, by its means, to become emperor. Eusebius, Chrysantes, and Præscus, disciples of Maximus, aided him in initiating Julian in the avocations, enchantments, and magical sacrifices, in the performance of which numbers of innocent human victims were sacrificed with the most cruel and abhorrent rites, in the subterranean chambers of the palace at Antioch, where their bones were found after the death of Julian."

**THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.**—He that will often put this world and the next before him, and look steadfastly at both, will find the latter growing greater, and the former less.

**EXPENSE OF CRIME.**—A poor man robs the community, or some member of it (for that comes to the same thing) to the amount of one shilling a day, and conveyed to a police-office that cost perhaps five hundred pounds to build it. Here are found three or more officials, all brought up before a magistrate, also well paid, by whom the affair is investigated, and by him he is afterwards transmitted to the Sessions, where a new army of stipendiaries all await him. But his journey is not ended. Convicted of his offence, he is sentenced to seven years' transportation to one of the most remote quarters of the globe. To convey him thither the Government have provided a ship and a crew, a supercargo and a surgeon; and to sum up in one word, before he has commenced the expiation of his crime, that penny has cost the country something about three hundred pounds.



NEWS.

RAILROAD FROM MONTREAL TO OXTON.—We learn with regret that the directors of this road have decided to proceed to law... The shareholders who have not paid and are entitled to proceed to law... The directors have decided to proceed to law... The shareholders who have not paid and are entitled to proceed to law...

ACCIDENT.—About eleven o'clock last evening, private John Watt, 93d Highlanders, who was on sentinal duty on the St. Charles Battery (where the mortars are placed) inadvertently walked over the wall, and was precipitated into the street below, a height of between 90 and 100 feet. The relief going round found his firelock in the sentry box, and, guessing the cause of his disappearance from his post, went in search of him. He was met coming through Palace-Gate, and immediately conducted to hospital, whether he proceeded on foot. His skull is said to be badly fractured, and we hear that a fatal result is apprehended. Watt is an old soldier, having been about nineteen years in the service.—Quebec Courier, 5th instant.

THE THREATENED DUEL.—A difference of some trivial kind lately occurred here, between two amateur performers at the Lyceum Theatre, which ended in a blow—the blow brought on something like a challenge, and as it was not immediately taken up, the second of the challenger so provoked the other party that he challenged the second, and the second and one of the original parties went to the field, leaving out the other principal in the quarrel. All was arranged, when the challenger very wisely walked up to the challenged, and apologized. Here the matter would have ended, but a contemporary (the Canadian) having published the particulars, the Editor of that paper has been challenged by the person who had apologized on the field. We would not have noticed this affair at all, excepting to express our unqualified disapprobation and perfect contempt for the practice of duelling. Of all the follies that man has ever been addicted to, there is none so utterly foolish and absurd as that of duelling. It is unchristianly wicked, and it is unbecomingly silly, for it determines nothing, but leaves the matter in dispute exactly where it commenced. For the credit of our rising city, we hope this practice will be discouraged by every man of influence and respectability in the community.—Toronto Banner.

At New Brunswick, it is said that \$23,000 has been placed at the disposition of the Executive for the purpose of assisting the emigrants who may arrive in a state of destitution in the approaching season.

The statement of the revenue up to the 5th of April last is most encouraging, when the fearful calamity of the failure of the potato crop is considered. There has been a net increase of £1,533,668 on the year as compared to 1846, and of £403,632 as compared to the first quarter of 1846. An increase has occurred in every branch of the revenue except the taxes and Crown Lands; of the, the Post Office has yielded on the year, £380,090, showing an increase of £62,000; and the quarter, £219,001, showing an increase of £1,000.

A number of serious cases of poisoning have lately occurred in England, and there seems to be a fatal mania for this horrible crime. The Countess of Elgin, daughter of the Earl of Durham, took leave of the domestics of the household and other dependants assembled at Limbton Castle, on Thursday evening, previous to her Ladyship's departure for Canada to join her husband, the Governor-General.

The total number of poor Irish who have arrived in Liverpool during the present year, is upwards of 90,000. Of these about 50,000 are supposed to have emigrated to foreign countries, and 60,000 either to have settled in Liverpool, or to have gone into the interior.

Of the many women tried at the recent assizes circuits in England and Wales for the murder of their infant children, not one was convicted, although the evidence against several of them was indisputably clear.

The packet ship Rochester, from Liverpool to New York, on the 18th instant struck on the Blackwater Bank, between Dublin and Wexford. She immediately filled, and it is feared she will become a total wreck. The greater part of the passengers were brought into Wexford by the Arklow, and the remainder were being saved by other boats. The passengers, about 300 in number, were principally mechanics and lower classes, and their appearance at landing was most wretched.

The West Indian Royal Mail Steam Packet Company have purchased the Great Western for £25,000.

The latest accounts of Mr. O'Connell's health are very unsatisfactory. Messrs Isaac Carrisles.—Mr. Napier, of the Vulcan Foundry, Glasgow, is at present fulfilling an order for eight engine bottoms of very large dimensions. These bottoms or soles are immense plates of metal, including condensers, on which the engine cylinders rest; six of them are already cast. It requires several workmen fifteen days to prepare the mold for each bottom. The time required for fulfilling the order will be five months; each of these castings requires nearly fifty tons of metal, and the total weight of the eight bottoms will be between 360 and 403 tons, and all for four steamers, without taking into account the weight of cylinders and other engine appendages. It is said these are the largest castings that have yet been done in Glasgow.

On Saturday week, in compliance with a Government order, one-fifth of the men employed in the Irish public works were discharged, in order that there might be labourers sufficient for agricultural purposes.

The curiosity of the inhabitants of Southampton was excited last week by the arrival of about twenty Turkish students, from Constantinople, by the Tugus steamer.

The Carlisle Journal says there are at present not less than thirty widows keepers of inns in that city.

Several packages of eggs have lately been received in Liverpool from New York.

PUBLIC SYMPATHY.—The extent of the public sympathy for the poor Irish sufferers may be conjectured from the following interesting fact which is one of the London papers. All the great families are now setting a very gracefully example of sparing flour and potatoes. The Queen neither has potatoes nor any sort of pastry requiring flour. Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Fortescue, and I believe, very many others, have no hot rolls, allowance their servants use to bread, and give visitors only one small piece at dinner. Sir James has also stopped all pastry and rolls, and though we are allowed a second helping of bread, it is not cut in a bread trough, but the loaf brought in, that there may be no waste. All the cavalry stop 3 lb. a day per horse of oats, which makes an enormous quantity.

FOREIGN IMMIGRATION.—A new and eventful chapter seems to be now opening in American history. Never before has there been such a flood tide of immigration from the western Europe as there is and will be the present year. There are few questions of more immediate and pressing interest to the country than the immigration of the coming season from many parts of Europe. Ships are daily landing upon our shores thousands of dejected and famishing Irish. It is estimated by one of the most intelligent of the London journals, that from Ireland alone there will be an immigration to this continent of from 200,000 to 300,000 of her people during the present calendar year. Probably the immigration from the continent will not be so extensive, but yet from Germany, especially, large numbers are to be expected. These will be healthier and better furnished persons than those from Ireland. The French and Belgian governments have adopted the following regulations in regard to German emigrants passing through their territories. Every German emigrant wishing to pass through France in order to embark at Havre will be obliged: 1. To be the bearer of a passport signed by an Ambassador of France; 2. To pay the price of his passage and of his support from the time of his entry into France, into the hands of the captain or his representatives; 3. To exhibit either to the mayor or the Commissary of police the sum of 360 francs (\$37, for each adult, and 430 francs (\$30) for each child under eighteen. The Belgian government has imitated that of France, though its rates are not so high. It requires, before embarkation, evidence of the possession of 200 francs (\$37, for each adult, and 160 francs (\$20) for each child.—N. Y. Evangelist.

ILLUMINATIONS, AND THEIR CAUSE.—A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, who was an eyewitness to the surrender of Vera Cruz, says: "The general appearance of the Mexican troops was miserable, sickening; their uniform shabby and irregular. The contrast between their and our well-appointed troops was prodigious." And for a series of victories, by our well-fed, well-armed army, over these poor, ragged, wasted, starving creatures, we must kindly bonfires and get up grand illuminations in all our cities. Shameful!—National Era.

LICENSES IN IOWA.—The Burlington Hawkeye says that as far as heard from, "all the counties have given a decided vote against granting licenses to retail intoxicating drink." In the county of Des Moines, the majority against king Alcohol was about 300. After this vote, the Governor Council of Burlington repealed the license ordinance, so that no further license will be granted in that flourishing town.

The Ramblers, of New York, a paper edited by a coloured man, facetiously hopes that the other political parties will be neighbourly, and let the Liberty party have the next Presidency, if they run a good man. The Ramblers says it belongs to no political party, but shall go for Gerrit Smith for President, and Frederick Douglass, the famous fugitive slave and orator from the South, for Vice President.—National Era.

ASTONISHING GROWTH OF A CITY.—The new city of Lawrence, Mass., although not a year old, contains upwards of five thousand inhabitants, and it is estimated that fifteen hundred buildings will be erected there during the present year.

A FLOT DISCOVERED.—Some day last week a number of Mexicans were discovered in the act of inciting the citizens of Tampico to revolt and drive the Americans from the place. We are not advised of the particulars, but learn that Colonel Gates banished them from the city, forbidding their return under penalty of death.

Monies received on account of People's Magazine and Weekly Journal.—Clarenceville, B. S. 5s.—Merriekville, J. L. 6s 3d. Per Mr. A. Gemmill, senr. Agent.—Etobicoke, R. B. 5s.

PRODUCE PRICES CURRENT—MONTREAL, May 10, 1847. Table with columns for s, d, c and nominal prices for various goods like Ashes, Flour, Beans, Peas, Pork, Butter, etc.

THOS. M. TAYLOR, Broker.

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