

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Wrinkled pages may film slightly out of focus.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
									✓		

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 15, 1846.

No. 12

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

With this number concludes the term for which subscriptions were at first received, viz., six months, and subscribers who paid for that period only, are respectfully reminded that the continuation of the *People's Magazine*, as advertised in last number, will commence on the first Wednesday of October, thereafter to issue weekly, at Five Shillings per annum, payable strictly in advance; and all are requested to forward that amount by the 1st October. Subscribers who paid for an additional half year of the semi-monthly issue, will receive a quarter of the weekly issue, which, it is hoped, will prove satisfactory.

THE OWL.



The above cut represents the species of Owl, to which, in all probability, allusion is made by the Psalmist, when referring to its solitary and apparently dreary life, he says, in Psalm cii., "I am like an owl of the desert;" Job also, as the strongest picture of his miserable and deserted state, says, "I am a companion to owls, a brother to dragons." We are not hence to infer, however, that the Owl is less happy than other creatures of God, all of which, are admirably adapted for their peculiar modes of life. The pyramid in the distance, is one of the structures reared probably more than twenty centuries ago, with incalculable toil and expense, to serve no good purpose that has yet been discovered. Probably they were monuments of human vanity, to perpetuate the names of the kings who reared them, but if so, they have signally failed, as the names of their builders are lost, or at best, only matter of uncertain conjecture. In modern times, the same toil and perseverance are bestowed upon great works, but they are railroads, aqueducts, and other objects, as remarkable for their utility, as the pyramids are for the reverse.

TOUCHING EXPRESSION.—A certain lady had two children, girls, both young, and nearly of the same age. But the elder one by some whim or accident possessed all the mother's affections—there was none for the younger—nothing but harshness. Very lately the mother fell sick and was confined to her bed. While lying there she heard gentle steps approaching her. "Is it you, my child?" said the sick woman. "No, mamma," naively and softly said the resigned one, "It is me?" Most parents, and all mothers will understand this simple answer.

THE AFRICAN MOTHER AT HER DAUGHTER'S GRAVE.

Some of the Pagan Africans visit the burial places of their departed relatives, bearing food and drink; and mothers have been known for a long course of years, to bring, in an agony of grief, their annual oblations to the tombs of their children. The following piece from Mrs. Sigourney will at the same time inspire gratitude, and lead to prayerful efforts for the unsolaced heathen:

Daughter!—I bring thee food,
The rice-cake pure and white,
The cocoa, with its milky blood,
Dates and pomegranates bright;
The Orange in its gold,
Fresh from thy favorite tree,
Nuts in their ripe and husky fold,
Dearest! I spread for thee.

Year after year I tread
Thus to thy low retreat,
But now the snow-hairs mark my head,
And age enchains my feet;
Oh! many a change of wo
Hath dimmed thy spot of birth,
Since first my gushing tears did flow
O'er this thy bed of earth.

But thou art slumbering deep,
And to my wildest cry,
When pierced with agony I weep,
Dost tender no reply.
Daughter! my youthful pride,
The idol of my eye,
Why did'st thou leave thy mother's side,
Beneath these sands to lie!

Long o'er the hopeless grave,
Where her lost darling slept,
Invoking gods that could not save,
That pagan mourner wept
Oh! for some voice of power
To soothe her bursting sighs,
"There is a resurrection hour!
Thy daughter's dust shall rise!"

Christians!—ye hear the cry
From heathen Afric's strand,
Haste! lift salvation's banner high
O'er that benighted land;
With faith that claims the skies
Her misery control,
And plant the hope that never dies,
Deep in her tear-wet soul!

THE FLOWER OF OUR VILLAGE.

Ellen Gray was pretty; there is no doubt of it; and to say that I loved her would be saying no more than every one might say on whom the light of her bright eye shone. Up there in the country where we lived, there was none of that stiff formality, and no rules of conventional etiquette that govern society here in the city, and the heart had full play in childhood and youth. Our young people acted as they felt; and as they were usually happy, they seemed to enjoy themselves when they came together for an evening visit, or set off on a winter's sleigh-ride. But if there was one more buoyant and joyous than the rest, it was Ellen. Her heart was always in her face; light, ardent, pure, and blessed herself, a stream of love and blessedness flowed over from her warm soul, as from a perennial fountain.

She was ten years younger than I, and was therefore a little girl when I was grown to man's estate, and my heart was fixed before Ellen came on the stage. But everybody loved Ellen Gray, and I loved her with no rest; and why should I not? There was no more harm in loving her than in loving a fairy or a picture of an angel. The heart would go out after one who loved every one; and hence the universal admiration which this sweet girl received as she passed on from childhood among the years that are known as the teens. Her father was dead, and her mother was poor, and Ellen was an only child; and if a slight feeling of pity was mingled with the feelings which moved the heart when Ellen Gray was near you, it served only to deepen the attachment with which this child was regarded. But before the death of her father, Ellen had enjoyed as good opportunities for instruction as that region of country afforded, and she had improved them all. Quick, ready, and ardent in pursuit of anything on which her mind was set, she had made rapid and solid advancement in learning, so that there was no young lady of her age who was equal to her.

Ellen's mother had struggled hard, after she was left a widow, to provide the means of support for herself and her daughter. How tenderly that mother and that child loved! It was a sight to bless the eye to look in upon their cottage; you could not say which was the more dependent; the mother lived for the daughter, and the daughter was happy only as she was the solace and support of her on whose breast in infancy she leaned. And the sweet smile of the daughter lighted that cottage as a star that never set. The mother rejoiced in it, and felt gratitude she could not speak in the possession of a treasure that no wealth, in her poverty, could buy.

But the mother's health was feeble, and her labours wore of course hardly sufficient to maintain herself, and Ellen's industry must add to the common store. This was cheerfully rendered; and for many years past, even when Ellen was not a mere child, she had delighted to spend her mornings and evenings in helping her mother, performing those light domestic duties which a child may easily discharge, if so disposed, and which lighten the load of a mother's cares, and leave her more leisure and strength for the more profitable employments on which she depended for daily bread. Now, let not any refined and sensitive reader in the city suppose that Ellen and her mother were the less respectable, or the less respected by the best society in the town of Lillinton, because they worked for a living. The fact is, they would not have been esteemed had they been willing to be dependent so long as they could take care of themselves. There was not a lady in Lillinton more beloved than Mrs. Gray. She was at the head of many of the movements in the parish for the promotion of this and that object of Christian benevolence; she was often looked up to for advice, and her example was as powerful as that of any other lady, except the minister's wife. In the best circles, that is, among the wealthiest and most intelligent people of the town, Ellen Gray was the brightest ornament; her company was sought; and a party was dull that lacked the light of Ellen's smile and the ring of her joyous voice. It was the mother's wish that Ellen should mingle much with her young friends. Mrs. Gray did not wish her daughter to be confined to her side continually; and she would urge her often, when Ellen would prefer to stay with her, to go out and be happy, and make others happy, as she shared the pleasures of society. But home was the dearest spot to both mother and daughter. Neither of them could have been happy elsewhere, unless the separation was the call of duty. It was therefore a terrible trial to faith and love when the conviction slowly pressed itself upon the mind of both mother and daughter that it was necessary for Ellen to go abroad, and assume labours and responsibilities for which she seemed to be unfitted. But it had often been suggested to Ellen by those to whom she had looked for counsel, that her education qualified her to give instruction to others, and that as a teacher she could provide a comfortable support for herself and her mother, and relieve the feeble Mrs. Gray from those labours to which she was now more and more inadequate. The thought of thus contributing to the comfort of her mother was enough to rouse the soul of this ardent girl to any sacrifice. She would undertake anything to make life's path smoother and life's load lighter for the mother she loved; and the only inquiry now to

be made was, where to find a situation in which to engage as a teacher. She first sought in her own neighbourhood for a school, but none could be found that was not already applied; and then the city was visited by the minister of the parish, who took a lively interest in the family, and an effort was made to obtain employment in one of the many schools in the great metropolis. Nothing being met with that answered the desired purpose, the worthy minister was advised to advertise in the newspapers for a situation, and he yielded to the suggestion.

It was represented to him that there was a great demand for female teachers at the south, and if the young lady in whom he was interested was willing to go thither and take the charge of children in a private family, she could find a situation pleasant and desirable, and far less laborious than the care of a school. The advertisement soon appeared in the usual form, and the result was that in less than a month Mr. Jones had several applications for the young lady, all of them from the south; and the most eligible being selected, it was determined that she should accept it, and as soon as a suitable opportunity should offer, that Ellen Gray should go and enter upon her new relations in a distant part of the land.

It would be useless to speak of the painfulness of that parting. Ellen had the strong support of one who feels that she is doing right; it was filial piety—a daughter's love, that led her to make the sacrifices involved; and great they certainly were. But the mother, how could she sustain the trial? There were kind friends who promised to be still kinder, and Ellen whispered that she would return at the end of a year; and a few years of service in her new vocation would give them the means of living always together, in more ease and comfort than they had enjoyed before.

She went. It was a new world, and a strange world, and a world she did not love, on which Ellen entered when the low but spacious mansion of a southern planter became the scene of her labours. Her new friends were kind in their way, and did what they thought was enough to make their governess happy. But what did they know of the means to make Ellen Gray happy? It was love that Ellen wanted; and in the luxuries with which she was surrounded, and to which she had never been accustomed in her own cherished home, she sighed often and deeply for the hills and the hearts she had left in the frozen north.

Her charge was that of two girls, twelve and nine years old, and they were delighted with their new teacher. They hated the cross French governess, who had tormented them with her music and *parley vous*, and it was joy to them to have so sweet tempered and lovely a girl as Ellen Gray to be their companion and guide. Months, a few months, passed wearily by, and the sense of loneliness wore slightly away, when George Douglass, the son of Mr. Douglass, in whose family Ellen is now domesticated, was announced upon his return from college. It was nothing strange that he should be smitten with the winning loveliness of this new inmate of his father's house; and that he should wonder that one so gifted with beauty and wit should be compelled to toil in the drudgery of teaching among strangers.

It will give a sad turn to this story; and one that I would not give to it, if it were not to record the dangers of youth and innocence, to say that George Douglass at college had not been cured of the vices contracted in still earlier life. Years of unbridled indulgence away from home had only served to pamper his depraved appetites and inflame his heart; while the associations and pursuits of his education course had expanded his mind, improved his manners, and made him a more attractive and dangerous companion. He came home to be admired, caressed, and courted; the pride of parents who had spoiled him in childhood, who were blind to his faults, and praised him for those dashing and prodigal habits that made him offensive to others. But this was the character in which he appeared before the world. He had not been at home a week before he learnt that Ellen Gray was a lovelier woman than he had ever trifled with; and her modest worth while it commanded his respect, assured him that if he would win her regard, he must appear to be all that he was not, and conceal all that he was. Among the young men at the north, and in the retired country parish where Ellen had lived, who looked upon the fair girl,

with admiration, there was not one who ventured to think of her as within his reach. Her purity, dignity, and grace, shed a lustre over her character, which dazzled his eye, and rendered her the object of a lofty worship. None had ever approached her with a word of flattery, or whispered in her ear the tale of secret love. This was the lesson she first learned from George Douglass. It was his artful tongue that first told her of her beauty, that, he said, had stolen his heart, and his voice first breathed the words of love into her unsuspecting ear.

Yet well did George Douglass know that Ellen Gray would not, with the consent of his parents, ever be his wife; nor did he seek her as his own choice. A poor portionless governess was not the girl for the proud youth with a plantation and three or four hundred slaves in prospect. But he whispered love in Ellen's ear, and the sound was new to her, and fell on her heart, and she loved him and gave her heart to him. She believed him; and as she had never been deceived, she knew not the wickedness of the world, nor the dangers that lay in her path.

George told her that his parents were opposed to their plan; and his mother soon gave the trembling Ellen to understand, that if she had any designs upon her son she would soon leave the house. Ellen assured the proud mother that she had no designs upon her son; he had told her that he loved her, and she loved him in return; but rather than interfere with his happiness or the peace of his family, she would return to her own home in the far north, and George should be to her as if he had never known her.

This was the first impulse of the generous heart of Ellen Gray. Yet she did not know herself; she did not know how strong were the ties that already bound her to the first and only heart that she had ever loved; and when George proposed to her that night that they should fly to the nearest city, and be married privately, assuring her that when it was once settled his parents would yield and be satisfied, the confiding girl gave her ready consent, and in an evil hour committed her happiness for life to the tender mercies of a villain.

It was a mere trick of the wretch to get her into his power. The marriage was a sham, in which one of his college companions impiously personated the man of God; and after a few weeks of travel, in which Ellen began to discover the vices of one whom she had supposed to be stainless as herself, George made an excuse to leave her, while he should go home and seek the forgiveness of his parents, and effect a reconciliation.

She never saw him again. Deserted in a strange city, and left in absolute want, she woke to the comprehension of the awful deception which had been practised upon her, and she sunk under the discovery. Nor would she seek comfort from friends of whose love she might be sure, in the village of her childhood. She thought of the mother whom she loved as no child, but Ellen Gray could love, and the burning tears of penitence and shame fell in streams at the memory of those days of peace and bliss when she was a happy girl in her mother's cot—days to come back never to the lone, crushed heart of the deserted one in a friendless land.

Poor Ellen Gray! what has become of thee I know not. The gray hairs of thy mother are rapidly going down with sorrow to the grave. The letter to the minister informing him of thy ruin, was gently communicated to thy mother, and the blessedness of the grace of God in sustaining the heart under the bitterest cup that was ever put to a mother's lip, was never more sweetly displayed than in enabling her to bear up under that dreadful blow.

Ellen is probably ere this in some Potter's field, in the grave of an outcast!

What is the use of telling such a tale as this? The answer is easy, if any one is foolish enough to ask it. It illustrates the deceitfulness of the human heart, the dangers to which unsuspecting innocence is exposed, especially where the affections are liable to be trifled with. This is not the only instance which has come to the writer's knowledge of cruel deception and ruin under similar circumstances, and he writes it for the good of those who may read. Let those who are wise consider.

—American Papers.

THE CEDAR OF LEBANON.

(From Sharpe's London Magazine.)

I am going to give the history of what was, perhaps, the first Cedar of Lebanon brought over to Europe.

It grew in the *Jardin des Plantes*, in Paris, and was such a loved and favourite tree, that people liked to repeat the story of its first being planted, the adventures it had gone through, and the changes it had seen; and these I am now going to tell you.

A Frenchman was travelling in the Holy Land, and found a little seedling among the Cedars of Lebanon, which he longed to bring away as a memorial of his travels. He took it up tenderly, with all the earth about its little roots, and, for want of a better flower pot, planted it carefully in his hat, and there he kept it and tended it. The voyage home was rough and tempestuous, and so much longer than usual, that the supply of fresh water in the ship fell short, and they were obliged to measure it out most carefully to each person. The captain was allowed two glasses a day, the sailors, who had the work of the ship on their hands, one glass each, and the poor passengers but half a glass. In such a scarcity you may suppose the little cedar had no allowance at all. But our friend the traveller felt for it as his child, and each day shafed with it his small half glass of precious water; and so it was, that when the vessel arrived at the port, the traveller had drank so little water that he was almost dying, and the young cedar so much, that, behold, it was a noble and fresh little tree, six inches high!

At the Custom-house, the officers, who are always suspicious of smuggling, wished to empty the hat, for they would not believe but that something more valuable in their eyes lay hid beneath the moist mould. They thought of lace, or of diamonds, and began to thrust their fingers into the soil. But our poor traveller implored them so earnestly to spare his tree, and talked to them so eloquently of all that we read in the Bible of the Cedars of Lebanon, telling them of David's house and Solomon's temple, that the men's hearts were softened, and they suffered the young cedar to remain undisturbed in its strange dwelling.

From thence it was carried to Paris, and planted most carefully in the *Jardin des Plantes*. A large tile was set up against it as a protection and a shade, and its name was written in Latin and stuck in front, to tell all the world that it was something new and precious. The soil was good, and the tree grew; grew till it no longer needed the shelter of the tile, nor the dignified protection of the Latin inscription; grew till it was taller than its kind protector, the traveller; grew till it could give shelter to a nurse and her child, tired of walking about in the pleasant gardens, and glad of the coolness of the thick dark branches. Soon these branches spread so far on every side, that other nurses and other children could assemble under the shade, and play their little games together.

The cedar grew larger and larger, and became the noblest tree there. All the birds of the garden could have assembled in its branches. All the lions, and tigers, and apes, and bears, and panthers, and elephants, of the great menagerie close at hand, could have lain at ease under its shade. It became the tree of all the trees in the wide garden that the people loved the best; there, each Thursday, when the gardens were open to all the city, the blind people from their asylum, used to ask to be brought under the cedar; there they would stand together, and measure its great trunk, and guess how large and wide must be its branches. It was a pleasure to see them listening to the sweet song of the birds overhead, and breathing in its fragrant eastern perfume. They thought of the distant East,—the East from whence comes the true light, their only light; they could never hope to see it with their mortal eyes, but here the East seemed to visit them, and they could touch it.

The blind seemed to call the dumb there; for the deaf and dumb too chose the cedar for their friend. The blind dreamed that they could see the cedar when they heard the murmur of its branches; the deaf thought that they heard the song of the birds as they saw them fly from branch to branch.

Not only on Thursday were the blind and the deaf and dumb to be seen there, but the poor foundlings, those desolate child-

ron whose fathers and mothers have deserted them, and who are abandoned to the charity of strangers, found it their greatest treat to collect under the cedar, and dance round it; or, perhaps, with sadder thoughts they would sit to rest and watch the happier children passing, with fathers and mothers and sisters by their side, all talking and laughing together. To these poor children the cedar was a kind of father; year by year they measured their growth by it; at their earliest recollection they were not higher than this little projection of rough bark; now they can almost touch the lowest sweeping branch when the wind waves it downwards.

There was once a prison at the end of these gardens, a dark, and dismal, and terrible place, where the unfortunate and the guilty were all mixed together in one wretched confusion. The building was a lofty one, divided into many storeys, and, by the time you reached the top you were exhausted and breathless. The cells were as dreary and comfortless there as in the more accessible ones below; and yet those who could procure a little money by any means, gladly paid it to be allowed to rent one of those topmost cells. What was it that made them value this weary height? It was that, beyond that forest of chimneys and desert plain of slates, they could see the Cedar of Lebanon! His creeks pressed against the rusty bars, the poor debtor would pass hours looking upon the cedar. It was the prisoner's garden, and he would console himself in the weariness of a long, rainy, sunless day, in thinking the cedar will look greener to-morrow. Every friend and visitor was shown the cedar, and each felt it a comfort in the midst of so much wretchedness to see it. They were as proud of the cedar in this prison, as if they had planted it.

Who will not grieve for the fate of the Cedar of Lebanon? It had grown and flourished for a hundred years, for cedars do not need centuries, like the oak, to attain their highest growth, when, just as its hundredth year was attained, the noble, the beautiful tree was cut down to make room for a railway. This was done just ten years ago; and now the hissing steam-engine passes over its withered roots. Such things, it seems, must be; and we must not too much grieve or complain at any of the changes that pass around us in this world of changes, and yet we cannot but feel sorry for the Cedar of Lebanon.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Constantinople makes a beautiful appearance as it is approached from the water. The city is about 15 miles in circumference, and contains about a million of inhabitants. Many of its suburbs are as large as Boston. It was originally a walled city. There are a large number of Mosques in the city. One of the most beautiful places is the seraglio, the residence of the sultan. It occupies 150 acres of ground, and contains within its enclosure all the sultan's household servants—his body guard—his harem—the mint, &c. The streets of the city are narrow and filthy, and the houses irregular. It is filled with dogs and beggars, who meet the traveller at every turn. The only wheeled vehicle used is a sort of carriage drawn by 12 oxen, which are beautifully ornamented with blankets and bells. The bazaars for the sale of goods are beautiful. The shop keeper sits in front of his shop and has a boy in back who hands out the goods as fast as they are wanted. The walls of the bazaars are frequently covered with the articles offered for sale, for 15 or 20 rods. One of the principal luxuries of the Turks is coffee, served up in small cups with long handles, so they need not burn their fingers. Another luxury is smoking and warm baths.—*Id.*

MUTTON.—We mean to repeat a thousand times, or at least till what we say has some effect upon our countrymen, that a pound of lean, tender, juicy mutton can be produced for half the cost of the same quantity of fat pork; that it is infinitely healthier food, especially in the summer season; is more agreeable to the palate, when one gets accustomed to it; and that those who eat it, become more muscular, and can do more work with greater ease to themselves, than those who eat fat pork. We know nothing more delicious than smoked mutton hams of the South Down breed of sheep: venison itself is not superior.—*American Agriculturist.*

A THIRSTY NATION.—Tea was imported into the United States during the last year to the value of 5,751,586, and coffee to the amount of 6,214,532 dollars.

THE LIFE-CLOCK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

There is a little mystic clock,
No human eye hath seen;
That beateth on—and beateth on,
From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapt in sleep,
And heareth not a sound,
It ticks and ticks the livelong night,
And never runneth down.

O wondrous is that work of art
Which knells the passing hour,
But art ne'er formed, nor mind conceived,
The life-clock's magic power.

Not set in gold, nor decked with gems,
By wealth and pride possessed;
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each bears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream, 'mid beds of flowers,
All still and softly glides,
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat,
It warns of passing tides.

When threat'ning darkness gathers o'er,
And hope's bright visions flee,
Like the sullen stroke of the muffled oar,
It beateth heavily.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm
For deeds of hate and wrong,
Though heeded not the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love 'twere broken.

Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended;
And thus 'twill run within the breast,
'Till that strange life is ended.

SMYRNA IN ASIA MINOR.

Smyrna contains about 120,000 inhabitants, composed of Turks, Jews, Greeks, Armenians and Franks, the latter class embracing all who wear hats. The city is entirely without wharves. The vessels anchor a short distance from the shore, and the cargo and passengers are transported back and forth in small boats. The streets are so narrow that it is impossible for two beasts of burthen to pass. When they meet they are obliged to back out, and when foot passengers meet them they have to stoop under the bales of goods that lie across their backs. The houses are mostly of wood, and when a fire breaks out, it is very destructive. In the city is a large Amphitheatre, where Christians were formerly burnt. Here also was one of the Seven Churches spoken of in the New Testament. The ground on which it stood is considered sacred. The city is supplied by water by one of the ancient Roman aqueducts, which has stood several hundred years, and bids fair to stand as long as time lasts.—*Rev. Mr. Jones.*

TO WASH CALICOES.—Infuse three gills of salt in four quarts of boiling water, and put the calicoes in while hot, and leave it till cold; and in this way the colours are permanent and will not fade by subsequent washing. So says an exchange on the authority of a lady, who has often tried the recipe.

SINGULAR LAW.—There is a law in Holland which obliges the government to bring up, at its own charge, the seventh child of every family, in which there are already six living. Under this law, the tribunal of Amsterdam lately condemned the Government to pay to a citizen, named Hooglandt, two hundred and fifty florins a year, until his seventh child shall have arrived at the age of eighteen years, or, during the same period, provide for his maintenance and education. The judgment has been confirmed by the Royal Court at the Hague.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.



Palm Tree.

"And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and three score and ten palm trees; and they encamped there by the waters."—*Exodus xv. 27*

The Date-palm (*Phoenix dactylifera*) is one of the noblest trees that adorns the solitary waste, and the most useful that man has converted to the purposes of nutriment and comfort. In the forest the eye recognizes the lofty palm, while the remainder of the vegetable creation lose their individuality in the confusion of varied tints and forms. The presence of the palm is an unerring sign of water; hence the weary Israelites found water where they found palm-trees.—*Pictorial Bible*.

CONVERSATIONAL POWERS OF A WIFE.—How pleasantly the evening hours may be made to pass, when a woman who really can converse will thus beguile the time. But on the other hand, how wretched is the portion of that man who dreads the dullness of his own fire-side; who sees the clog of his existence ever seated there—the same, in the deadening influence she has upon his spirit to-day, as yesterday, to-morrow, and the next day, and the next. Welcome, thrice welcome, is the often-invited visitor, who breaks the dismal dual of this scene. Married women are often spoken of in high terms of commendation for their personal services, their handiwork, and their domestic management: but I am inclined to think that a married woman, possessing all these, and even beauty too, yet wanting conversation, might become "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable" in the estimation of her husband; and, finally, might drive him from his home by the leaden weight of her uncompanionable society. I know not whether other minds have felt the same as mine under the pressure of some personal presence without fellowship of feeling. Innocent and harmless the individual may be who thus inflicts the grievance, yet there is an irksomeness in their bodily presence almost intolerable to be borne; and in proportion to the estimate we form of real society and companionship, and sympathy of feeling, is the dread we entertain of association with mere animal life in its human form, while nothing of its fellowship of feeling is experienced.—*Mrs. Ellis's Women of England*.

LIGHT THE LAMPS.—There are in the world about eight hundred millions of human beings. Suppose, that instead of eight hundred millions of souls to be brought to God, there were eight hundred millions of lamps to be lighted; and suppose they were to be lighted at the rate of five every minute. At this rate of progress it would take between seven and eight hundred years to light them all. But, suppose again, that every single lamp, when once lighted, had the power of lighting others at the same rate of five every minute. The first minute five lamps would be lighted; the next minute each of these would light five; the third minute there would be twenty-five, each lighting five; the next minute there would be one hundred and twenty-five lighting five each; the next minute there would be six hundred and twenty-five each lighting five, and so on. By this method of lighting the eight hundred millions of lamps, how long would it take, think you? *Less than fifteen minutes!* God says, "Let there be light." How many?

GRASS UNDER TREES.—By sowing nitrate of soda in small quantities in showery weather under trees, a most beautiful verdure will be obtained. I have used it under the beech trees in my grounds, and the grass always looks green. Having succeeded so well on a small scale, I have now sown nitrate of soda amongst the long grass in the plantations, which the cattle never would eat. I now find that the herbage is preferred to the other parts of the field which have been manured, and is a very good pasture.—*Correspondent of the Gardener's Chronicle*.

THE FRUIT OF THE VINE IN CANAAN.*

* Or give us inheritance of fields and vineyards.—*Nums. xvi. 14*.

Most persons in Ireland are accustomed to think of the vine as the tree from whose fruit wine is extracted, and which affords them raisins and grapes. Grapes are seldom to be seen (I mean in Ireland) except as a dessert on the tables of the rich. Raisins, though more generally used, can hardly be considered other than a luxury. With wine the idea of the vine is most frequently connected; but it, too, must be reckoned a luxury, the habitual use of which is confined to a comparatively small number, and is, except in particular cases, of very doubtful utility, at least in the state in which it is to be procured in Ireland. It is well known that the wood of the vine is of no use but for the fire.—See *Ezek. xv. 3, 4*. Thus, to my apprehension, before I left home, and I believe to that of most persons who have not travelled, the whole useful products of the vine are—grapes, affording an elegant and costly dessert; raisins, useful for making nice puddings; and wine, which, though sometimes useful to all classes, is the beverage of the wealthy, either for moderate enjoyment or rioting and drunkenness. And though, after the most rigid investigation in this way of its claims, it cannot be denied a place among the most valuable of the vegetable productions of the earth, it seems hardly worthy of the very high value put on it in the Bible. I think that the high opinion generally entertained of its importance is owing to an early familiarity with the style in which it is spoken of in Scripture, more than to a knowledge of its intrinsic value, or of the uses to which its fruit is applied. In many texts, grapes are made second only to grain in value, and vineyards to fruitful fields.—See *Levit. xxvi. 4, 5*;—"The land shall yield her increase, and the trees of the field shall yield their fruit. And your threshing shall reach unto the vintage, and the vintage shall reach unto the sowing-time." *Is. xvi. 9*;—"The shouting for thy summer fruits and for thy harvest is fallen. And gladness is taken away, and joy out of the plentiful field: and in the vineyards there shall be no singing, neither shall there be shouting." See also *Numb. xiii. 20—24*; *Deut. xxiii. 24, 25*; *2 Kings xviii. 32*; *Is. xxxii. 10, 12*; *Amos ix. 13*; *Matt. xi. 1*; *xxi. 28, 33*; and many other passages.

In the following passages, also, illustrations of most precious truths are drawn from the vine:—*Gen. xlix. 11, 12*; *1 Kings iv. 25*; *Psaln lxxx. 8*; and *cxxviii. 3*; *Ezek. xvii. 6*; *Matt. xxvi. 29*; *John xv. 1*. Some of these are among the most beautiful and instructive, as well as the most frequently read, portions of the Word of God; and as our sense of their beauty and propriety will be the more just the better we are acquainted with the uses made of the fruit of the vine in this country, I have been eager to get information on this subject, and I shall detail it very fully, even at the risk of being tedious. I think that, if the vine were of no other use here than in Ireland, it would hardly have been spoken of in the Bible as it is; but I am sure that its utility to the inhabitants of this country fully sustains the highest ideas we form of its importance from the language of the Holy Scriptures.

It is well known that many parts of the mountains of Lebanon are among the most thickly-peopled and best-cultivated districts of the land. This is the part of the country in which I have travelled most, and I have it specially in my mind in the following remarks; but I believe them applicable, with very little modification, to every district which abounds in grapes.

The food of the inhabitants consists, principally, of fruit, milk, vegetables, bread made of the flour of wheat, and Indian corn. The latter requires a deep soil, and a plentiful supply of water, and is, therefore uncommon in the mountains. Wheat is everywhere cultivated, and the bread made of it constitutes a large portion of the food of all classes. But the crops of it which I saw in the mountains last summer would be considered very poor in Ireland. It is undoubtedly a fine wheat country; but owing to bad cultivation, wheat is not very abundant. The towns on the coast sometimes import it from Egypt, and, in the mountains, they are often under the necessity of mixing the

* Extracted from a letter from the Rev. Sam'l Robinson, Jewish Missionary, dated Damascus, 5th Feb., 1845, and published in "*The Missionary Herald of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland*," for April, 1845.

flour used for their bread with barley meal—(See John vi. 9.) Barley is largely cultivated for food for animals. There is a great variety and great abundance of vegetables in the well-watered and cultivated plains; but the shallower and drier soil of the mountains affords much less. I need hardly tell you that your most valuable vegetable—the potato—is scarcely known here. Milk is in some places abundant, and in others not. It would hardly now be called 'a land flowing with milk.' The only other article of food of the inhabitants of these villages is fruit, for they very rarely taste animal food. The most important kinds of fruit are olives and grapes. Olives are eaten either raw, or dressed in various ways, but they are chiefly valuable for the oil extracted from them. At some seasons of the year, a great part of the food of the people consists of vegetables cooked in this oil, eaten sometimes with and sometimes without bread. This oil is almost the only substance burned for light. It is by the light of a lamp burning olive oil that I am now writing.—(See Matt. xxv. 1.) Olive trees are abundantly cultivated throughout the whole country. Often does the traveller through Lebanon see the steep sloping side of a glen terraced with level plots of ground rising one above another, like the steps of stairs, each terrace, according to its breadth, supporting one or more rows of olive trees—the whole being the result of great labor. They remind one of that 'Mount of Olives' with which many of the most sacred and delightful recollections of our Lord's history are associated.

The fruit of the vine is the only other kind which can be said to form a substantial part of the food of the people, and it is to enable me to point out accurately the importance of the place occupied by this fruit among the other species of food, that I have given this account of these latter.

Grapes come into season in August, and continue in season for about four months. During this period, they are used constantly, not as an agreeable dessert to stimulate and gratify the appetite after it has been satisfied by a substantial meal, but as a substantive part of the meal itself—so much so, that I believe I am correct in stating that, from August to December, bread and grapes are substantially the food of the people. Very thin cakes of bread made of flour, or of barley-meal and flour mixed and eaten with plenty of grapes, form the meals of the inhabitants of Lebanon, morning, noon, and night.* I may add that it is perfectly safe to eat grapes constantly to satiety; or, if there is any thing unwholesome in them, it produces its effects very slowly and imperceptibly. Now, this is a mode of using the fruit of the vine of which I was ignorant till I came here.

Here, too, as in Europe, grapes are dried in large quantities, to preserve them as raisins; and in this form also they supply an article of food to be used after the grape season. The process of drying, however, is so ignorantly and carelessly managed or mismanaged, that the raisins are very inferior to yours—scarcely like the same thing. I may observe that almost every other process requiring regular and attentive industry, and even a moderate amount of knowledge and skill, is, in like manner, spoiled now in this country, though formerly it was evidently not so.

Besides raisins, there is another form in which the fruit of the vine is preserved for use, after the season of grapes has passed. By a simple process, a substance called dibs is made out of the grapes. It is purified by means of lime, in some way like that in which sugar is prepared for use. It is about the consistence of honey, and resembles it in appearance. I suppose, indeed, that it mainly consists of one of the principal components of honey—namely, the substance called by chemists grape-sugar, or glucose-sugar. Dibs is eaten with bread. It is made in considerable quantities; and bread and dibs is a very common meal in winter and spring. There are two kinds of dibs—one made from grapes and the other made from raisins.

But the fruit of the vine, besides largely supplying food in the three forms of grapes, raisins, and dibs, supplies the universally known and prized drink—wine. I need scarcely add that this wine is very abundant, and that, as used here, it is simply the fermented juice of grapes, without any mixture of distilled

liquor. In fact the price at which it is sold secures it from adulteration with such liquors.

There is also a liquor called *arak*, made from grapes by distillation. The scum taken off the wine when it ferments, and the dregs left in the vessels, as well as the juice of grapes, are subjected to the process of distillation to obtain this spirit. It is, of course, in appearance and properties very much the same as the distilled spirit familiarly known in Ireland.

The above account is drawn, as I have already said, from my own knowledge of Mount Lebanon; but it is equally applicable I believe, to all country villages. The food of the inhabitants of Damascus and other large cities differs, of course, from that of the country people. But, after all, even in the cities, the great body of the people live principally on bread, vegetables, olives, olive-oil, and grapes, in the season; and grapes are hardly less important to the common people in the cities than to the inhabitants of the villages.

That this account of the value of the fruit of the vine as an article of food, and of the place it occupies among the other articles of food in this country, may be complete, I have one other point to notice—namely, the cost at which grapes can be produced. Nothing which I have learned about them since I came here surprised me so much as the extremely low price at which they are sold.

During the greater part of the grape season, the regular price of the most plentiful kind—purple grapes—was about one farthing per pound, or fourpence per stone. Another very plentiful kind, though less common than the preceding—the green grapes—cost about sixpence per stone. There was a kind of very large red grapes, which sold still higher, but they were not common. Black grapes were sold at the same price as the purple grapes. It is to be observed, also, that this is the rate at which grapes are sold in a large and populous city, after being brought from some distance, for there are no vineyards immediately around Damascus. Thus, in a place where many of the articles of use and convenience in civilised life are dearer, and few of them cheaper, than in Belfast, grapes are sold at about the price of potatoes in that town. I think this fact will give you a just impression of the importance of grapes as a common article of daily food, better than anything else I could say. Consider, too, how delicious a fruit fresh grapes must be in hot weather, in such a climate as this,

Dibs is sold for eighteen or twenty pence per stone, which is very cheap for such a substance as it is. I am unable to state, exactly, the price of raisins here; but wine is sold for less than threepence per bottle. When bought at this price, it has not, of course, been bottled, or kept, or qualified by the addition of distilled liquors. Formerly, 'old wine' must have been not uncommon.—(Matt. ix. 17.)

It is thus evident that to a dense population, in a dry and warm climate, the fruit of the vine must have been invaluable. And even if you will not go the whole length with me in my estimate of its importance, you must agree with me that it fully sustains the high character which the Bible gives of it, and that in the passages quoted above, and other Scriptures which speak of the vine in a similar style, there is not the slightest tinge of hyperbole or exaggeration.

PERILS IN THE POLAR SEAS.

(From Wilkes' Expedition.)

On the 26th of December, the Vincennes, accompanied by the Peacock, Porpoise, and Flying-fish, sailed from Port Jackson on her Antarctic cruise—a service for which, as Captain Wilkes more than hints, they had been very indifferently provided. This want of the special equipments necessary to the safety of the undertaking was in a great measure common to the whole Squadron; but the Peacock in particular was in other respects so defective as to be wholly unfit for any but a short and easy voyage; and it was not without the most serious misgivings that Captain Wilkes yielded to the zealous anxiety of Captain Hudson to accompany the Squadron, instead of remaining at Sydney to refit. The proceedings of the expedition during the two succeeding months form perhaps the most interesting portion of the narrative. Among all the perilous and exciting adventures of a seaman's life, there are none to be compared, either in formidable aspect, or in

* Note by the Author.—When bread and wine are mentioned as taken of together in the English version of the Scriptures, it is frequently better to understand bread and grapes as the articles alluded to. (See Genesis xiv. 8.)

actual danger, with those experienced among the floating ice of the polar regions. Neither the iron-bound coasts and devouring whirlpools of the temperate, nor the thunder-storms and tornados of the torrid zone, can equal the terrific situation of the mariner, who finds himself driving helplessly before a gale among a shoal of drifting Icebergs. In no situation, if we may believe the hardy voyagers who have returned from these fearful enterprises, is danger so acutely felt by the bravest; because in none is the utter inability of human skill to exert the slightest influence over the event, so overpoweringly manifest. And yet, even the desperate chances of such a struggle, must be a comparatively harmless prospect to the seaman who has beheld the vessel imbedded in a field of ice; while the short summer is rapidly passing away, and every day is diminishing his hope of escape from the horrors of a Polar winter.

Few voyagers have experienced more of these formidable encounters within a short period than Captain Wilkes. On New Year's day, 1840, the Flying-fish parted company from the Squadron. The insufficient size and accommodation of the Tender had excited the surprise of her visitors at Sydney; many of whom, with more concern for the safety of their American friends, than consideration for their feelings, had not hesitated to predict the fate of Sir Hugh Willoughby, for her crew. These disadvantages were now severely felt; and her commander was at length compelled, by the failing health of his men, to abandon the intention of rejoining his consorts. The Flying-fish altered her course to the northward, on the 2d of February, and reached New Zealand on the 9th of March. On the 10th of January, the Vincennes, Peacock, and Porpoise fell in with the first iceberg, being then in the 62d degree of south latitude; and in a few days they were constantly surrounded with floating pieces of ice. On the 16th, land was clearly discovered from all the vessels, in the shape of a large round-headed mountain, altogether different in shape and color from the intervening Icebergs. They were now off the coast of the great southern continent, at a point nearly to the south-south-east of Van Diemen's Land. On the 20th, the Peacock and Porpoise were directed to part company from the Vincennes, and to explore to the eastward; and on the 24th the former vessel met with an accident, which rendered her immediate return to Sydney a measure of absolute necessity. After penetrating the tract of floating ice, which forms a bulwark to every coast in these latitudes, and enduring several dangerous collisions, by which her rudder was entirely disabled; the ship was at length driven stern foremost against a large iceberg, with a violence which threatened instant destruction. Fortunately she rebounded from the shock without sucking fast; but scarcely had she moved her own length, when a vast mass of ice and snow, which the blow had loosened, fell close to her stern with a crash, which, had it taken place one second sooner, would have crushed her to atoms. A more tremendous instance of the risks attending this perilous species of navigation, was probably never witnessed by any voyager who survived to relate it; and such were the injuries inflicted upon the vessel, that it became a doubtful question, not whether she could continue her cruise, but whether she could hope to reach a port in safety. She immediately stood to the northward, upon getting clear of the floating ice; and on the 21st of February, being favored by the weather, arrived in a very shattered state at Sydney. The Porpoise reached New Zealand on the 20th of March, having continued exploring the coast until the 14th of February.

We now return to the Vincennes. She entered the icy barrier a few days after her separation from her consorts, and commenced exploring the coast to the westward. On the 29th of January she encountered one of the most formidable dangers to which the Polar voyager is liable—a gale of wind among floating icebergs. For several hours she continued to drive rapidly through a heavy sea, surrounded on all sides by these fearful companions—now dimly seen through the mist and sleet,—now heard crashing and plunging in the darkness; but always close to the vessel, and threatening to overwhelm her at every moment. When the night closed in, without any diminution of the tempest, or dispersion of the ice, the situation of the Vincennes became so perilous as to be nearly desperate. All hands were on deck, and Captain Wilkes acknowledges, that he repeatedly gave up every hope of escaping destruction. They were often warned of their narrow escape from striking on an iceberg, by the sudden calm which the invisible monster produced, as the ship passed under his lee;

and they more than once, when apparently driving directly upon a field of ice, escaped through openings so narrow as to have been unperceived in the darkness. At length early in the morning of the 30th, the vessel entered a small open tract of sea, where she lay to in comparative safety, until the bad weather was over;—having certainly, to judge from the calm and unadorned narrative of Captain Wilkes, passed a night of as frightful danger, as we can remember in the annals of naval adventure. For nearly two months longer, the Vincennes continued her toilsome progress along the coast of the Antarctic Continent,—constantly surrounded by ice, and liable at every moment to a renewal of the awful scene from which she had been so wonderfully extricated. The weather was, however, upon the whole favorable; but her crew suffered severely from cold and fatigue, and it was not without remonstrance from his medical officers that Captain Wilkes completed his cruise. The ship was constantly in sight of the land, but in no instance do any of her people appear to have succeeded in reaching it. Several views of its appearance are, however, inserted in Captain Wilkes' work, and more wild and desolate scenes can scarcely be imagined. It presents a long undulating range of snowy mountains, stretched inland to the horizon—mountains which, in all probability, no living creature has ever trodden since the climate of our globe assumed its present temperature. At length on the 21st of February, after having explored the coast from east to west, through nearly sixty degrees of longitude, the Vincennes put her head to the northward. Her passage was favorable, and, on the 11th of March, she arrived safe at Sydney, with all her crew restored to health.

DRUNKARDS VOTING "NO LICENSE."—It is a fact, and one that cannot be mentioned without emotion, that hundreds, and probably thousands of drunkards, at the late election in this State, voted "No License." The reason is obvious. There are hours of reflection when the drunkard feels his chains and longs for deliverance, but the temptation that meets him at every turn, is too strong, and he falls a prey to it. Often he cries in bitterness of soul, "O that I could not get it!" and the prospect of driving intoxicating liquors beyond his reach was hailed with joy by many an intemperate man, who held out firm in his purpose, and in spite of the persuasions of the seducer, deposited his vote in favour of "no license." It was a mystery to the rumseller. He could not understand the cause of it; there were his best customers voting away his business, and some went from his counter to the polls, declaring as they went that they were going to vote against rum. This will account for the fact that in some places where it was supposed as a matter of course that the "license" party would succeed, they were signally defeated. The drunkards and drinking men were counted in favour of license, but many of them voted against it. They voted in self defence. They knew, for they had felt the evils, and they roused themselves to one effort to save themselves and others from ruin. The triumph of temperance principles in this State, calls for the most devout gratitude to God, while it should animate the friends of the cause here and abroad to redoubled energy in the prosecution of the good work, until the empire of intemperance is completely overthrown. Now that we are to have no war with England, let us have a war of extermination against intemperance. The good men of the country, the patriots, the philanthropists, the ladies, the poor and perishing will be with us; and faith and perseverance will give us the victory.—*N. Y. Observer.*

CHEAP LITERATURE.—Those only who travel are in any measure aware to what an extent the "cheap," and too often licentious literature of the day is flooding the community. A correspondent of the *American Messenger*, writing from Saratoga, says:—"On our way to this place I was surprised at the assiduity of the *Colporteurs* at the several railroad depots and steamboat landings. They were not, however, colporteurs of the American Tract Society, but were evidently employed by some association for making money by corrupting the morals of the community. I was struck with the impartiality of their zeal; for every passenger in the cars was urged, and urged repeatedly to take a copy of the 'Wandering Jew,' the 'Mysteries of Paris,' 'Life of Maria L. Bickford,' or some kindred work. One of our party opened a package of the 'Elegant Narratives' of the Tract Society, and, to improve his assortment, furnished one of these colporteurs with the 'Duryman's Daughter,' and the 'Shepherds of Salisbury Plain.'"

STEAM-BOATS.—In 1814 there was but one steam-boat belonging to the British empire. During thirty years the number has increased to about 1000 British steam-boats, which are now navigating to and from all parts of the kingdom.

CONGRESS OF ARCHITECTS.—Architects from all parts of the world talk of holding a general convention of architects once every three years, the first to take place at Athens.

AN EVENING REVERY.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The summer day has closed, the sun is set.
Well have they done their office, those bright hours.
The latest of whose train goes sottily out
In the red west. The green blade of the ground
Has risen, and herds have cropped it; the young twig
Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun,
Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown
And withered; seeds have fallen upon the soil
From bursting cells, and in their graves await
Their resurrection. Insects from the pools
Have filled the air awhile with humming wings.
That now are still for ever; painted moths
Have wandered the blue sky, and died again;
The mother-bird hath broken for her brood
Their prison-shells, or shot them from the nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,
In woodland cottages with barky walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have fondly clasped the new-born babe.
Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out
And filled, and closed. This day hath parted friends,
That ne'er before were parted; it hath knit
New friendships: it hath seen the maiden plight
Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long
Had wooed, and it hath heard, from lips which late
Were eloquent with love, the first harsh word
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.

Farewell to the sweet sunshine. One glad day
Is added now to childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet age.
And still the hours run on; and as I lean
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit,
By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

NEWS.

TURKISH JEALOUSY.—An Austrian Steamer, one of the line running between Constantinople and the mouth of the Danube, was recently the scene of a difficulty that threatened the most disagreeable consequences. Vedjini Pacha, the new governor of Belgrade, with his family and suite, had embarked on board the Steamer. Among the crowd of passengers, was M. Alphonse Hubsch de Grossthal, the eldest son of the resident Minister of Denmark at Constantinople, on his way to Copenhagen. In walking the deck, the young man chanced, in passing before the cabin occupied by the Turkish Ladies, to cast his eyes through a small window that opened into it. The Pacha perceived it and became furious, and ordered his servants to cut the insolent young man in pieces, and throw him limb by limb into the sea. They had drawn their sabres, and were on the point of rushing upon M. Hubsch, when the Captain fortunately came up to his aid, and said in a firm tone to the Pacha: "It is I who command this vessel, and not you. On board my vessel you are in Austria and not in Turkey. If in consequence of your orders, a single hair of this young man is injured, you seal your own death and you shall be the first person to be cast into the sea." The words of the Captain had the more effect upon the Pacha, that a number of the crew, who had armed in haste, had surrounded him and his people. Like a firm and prudent man, the Captain then ordered the Turks to give up their arms, and directed M. Hubsch during the rest of the voyage to keep as far as possible from the cabin occupied by the Pacha and his women. Thanks to these prudent measures, the tranquillity of the vessel was not again interrupted during the voyage.

THE PRESENT BRITISH RACE.—The crosses that have formed the existing British breed—Ceit, Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman—are ever present to the memory: but we do not so well call to mind the various importations that have contributed to form the nation,—meaning by that term the various arts that enrich, refine, or please Society. Yet how little is really indigenous even if we reckon the Saxons and Normans as "sons of the soil." The worsted manufacture is supposed to have been originally established in the reign of Henry the First (1100—1135), when an inundation drove many Dutchmen from their homes, who settled in Norfolk; this branch of the woollen business was not,

however, of any consequence till Edward the First induced many Flemings to join their countrymen. But the Spanish persecutions in the Netherlands, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the revocation of the edict of Nantes, gave the greater impulse to English art, and laid the foundation of some of its principal manufactures, as they indirectly contributed to some of the more graceful adornments of life by the foreign connexion they established. Excepting worsted, the silk, cotton, woollen, glass, and glove trades, were all founded through the before-named persecutions; the art of dyeing, from Holland and Portugal, and that of clock-making, from Holland, were chiefly introduced by private enterprise; but calico-printing seems to have come in with the Refugees on the revocation of the edict of Nantes; as did ox-tail soup and stewed rumps. "Previous to 1685 the butchers of London, in disposing of bullocks' hides to the fellmongers, were accustomed to leave on the tails. The French Refugees, however, bought them up, and introduced into use that nutritious dish called ox-tail soup." The art of draining fens was imported from Holland, by what we should now call speculators, in the time of the first James and Charles; and to the Flemings we are indebted for flower-gardens and horticulture.

SLAVERY IN CHINA.—The question has been frequently asked, whether slavery exists in China, as it does in other parts of Asia. A recent letter from that country says, that the city of Canton, contains 100,000 slaves, all females. The male slaves are employed in the fields, but these are Chinese, not Africans, persons sold to servants, mostly serving women, or secondary wives for the rich, who are purchased at a high price, according to their beauty, varying from two to five thousand dollars. The manner of replenishing the slave market in China is somewhat curious: a man will sell his wife or children, or sell himself into slavery, to pay his debts, such is the idea of good faith which prevails there. Orphan and destitute children are sold for maintenance.

HORRIBLE.—The *Enfanta Alta, Shield* gives an account of the wilful starvation of four children in Macon county, by a brutal step-mother. The youngest was found lying on the floor in a corner of the room in a dying condition—so completely emaciated that it was but a skeleton, its eye-balls having left their sockets, one lying on its cheek, and the other on the floor. Another has died since being removed, and the restoration of the other two is extremely doubtful. It is stated that the children of this fiendish mother were fat and hearty—proving that the family was not destitute of provisions.

BRABANT PACHA AT A DEAR WELL.—During his stay in Manchester, an incident, differing from the mere routine of visits to work-shops and public buildings occurred:—In the centre of one of the squares of a glass manufactory stands a pump: round this had congregated some twenty or thirty boys, some with bowls, others with tin cans or jugs: amid this group suddenly came the Pacha. Wonder and astonishment seized the whole of the juniors, and was heightened when the prince took from one of them a not very clean looking jug, filling it with water from the pump, and drained its contents to the very bottom. His example was followed by his suite. The vessel from which they drank speedily rose in value; could not be had at any money; and has been canonized as a relic, under the title of Abraham Pacha's Jug.

Monies Received on account of People's Magazine—[Continued]

Queenston, L M P, 2s 6d.—Richmond, A P, 5s.—Reach, G C, 1s 3d; S H, 1s 3d; P A H, 1s 3d; J M D, 1s 3d; H M, 1s 3d; F T, 1s 3d; R M, 1s 3d; W T, 1s 3d.—Rigaud, W T, 2s 6d.—Richmond-Hill, M L, 1s 3d.—Ristigouche, G D, 2s 6d.—St Johns, C L, W C, 1s 3d.—Seymour East, D A, 15s.—Sorel, Mr S, 1s 3d; D F, 1s 3d; G F, 1s 3d.—Smith's Falls, A C, 22s 6d.—Simcoe, R G, jr, 1s 3d; Miss C C, 2s 6d; Miss M M, 2s 6d; H S, 2s 6d; D M H, 2s 6d; J W, 2s 6d.—Stouffville, H W, 7s 6d.—St Thomas, J A R, 2s 6d; J C, 2s 6d.—St. Pie, A G, 17s 6d.—St Vincent, F G, 1s 3d.—South Gower, W A, 1s 3d.—St. Catharines, C C W, 1s 3d; W H, 2s 6d; C R B, 2s 6d; R C, 1s 3d; F C, 1s 3d.—Tyrconnel, T G C, 2s 6d; A C, 2s 6d.—Toronto, Capt C S, 2s 6d; Rev R C, 2s 6d; J S, 1s 3d.—Trois Pistoles, Mr S, 2s 6d.—Yankleekhill, G B, 7s 6d.—Williamstown, J M P, 1s 3d; R R, 1s 3d; P F, 1s 3d.—Weston, J P, 1s 3d; Wilton, D S W, 1s 3d.—Waterloo, C F, E L, 1s 3d.—West Farnham, G W, 5s.—Yonge Street, T C M, 1s 3d.—Zone Mills, C S, 1s 3d; J M, 1s 3d; W B, 1s 3d; E K, 1s 3d.

FAMILY CHRISTIAN ALMANAC

For 1847.

THE Subscriber purposes publishing an Almanac of a character suitable for use in Christian Families, containing, in addition to the ordinary statistical information found in other Almanacs—

A complete list of clergymen of all denominations in Canada, with their post-office address; an alphabetical list of post-offices, their distances from the General post-office, rates of postage, rules, &c. &c.

The Christian Public are respectfully requested to defer making a choice until the FAMILY CHRISTIAN ALMANAC makes its appearance, which it is hoped will be early in the month of October.

Montreal, September 7, 1846.

R. D. WADSWORTH.

THE MONTREAL WITNESS,

Weekly Review and Family Newspaper,

IS Published, for the Proprietor, John Dougan, every Monday Evening. Terms: 10s. per annum, if paid in advance—Credit price 17s. 6d. per annum; shorter periods in proportion. Orders to be addressed to R. D. Wadsworth, Publisher.

FOR SALE

A Few Sets of Dr. Sewall's celebrated DRAWINGS of the HUMAN STOMACH, by R. D. WADSWORTH.

J. C. BECKET, PRINTER, 211 $\frac{1}{2}$ ST. PAUL STREET.