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THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1846.

No. 4

SPECIMENS OF OLD ENGLISH POETS.

No. 1.—CHAUCER.

Portraits from the Pilgrimage to Canterbury.

THE NUN.

Ther was also a Nunne, a Prioress,
That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy ;
Hire gretest othe n'as but by Seint Eloy ;
And she was cleped Madam Eglentine.
Ful wel she sange the service diviſe,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely ;
And Frenche she spake, ful fair and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe—
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe
At mete was she well ytaught withalle ;
She lette no morsel from hire lippes falle ;
Ne wot hire fingres in hire sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
That no droppe ne fell upon hire brest,
In courtesie was sette, ful moche, hire lest :
Hire over lippe wiped she so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
Of grese, whan she dranke hadde hire draught.
Ful semely after hire mete she raught.
And, sikerly, she was of grete disport,
And ful pieasant and amiable of port ;
And poined hire, to contrefeten chere
Of court, and ben estatelich of manere,—
And to ben holden digne of reverence.

But for to speken of hire conscience,—
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bleide.
Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel-brede ;
But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerd smert ;
And all was conscience and tendre herte.

Ful semely hire wimple ypinched was ;
Hire nose tretis ; hire eyen grey as glas ;
Hire mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red ;
But, sikerly, she had a faire forehed,—
It was almost a spanne brode I trowe ;
For hardily she was not undergrowe.

Ful fetise was hire cloke, as I was ware.
Of smale corall, about hire arm, she bare
A pair of bedes gauded all with grene ;
And thereon heng a broche of gold, ful shene,
On which was first ywritten a crowned A,
And after *Amor vincit omnia*.

THE MONK.

A Monk ther was, a fayre for the maistrie,
An out-rider, that loved venerie ;
A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
Ful many a deinte hors hadde he in stable ;
And when he rode, men mighte his bridle here
Gingeling, in a whistling wind, as clere
And eke as loude as doth the chapell belle,
Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.
I saw his sleves purified at the hond
With gris, and that the finest of the lond,
And, for to fasten his hood, under his chinne
He hadde, of gold ywrought, a curious pinne,—
A love-knotte in the greter ende ther was.
His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,

And eke his face, as it haddè ben anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in gool point.
His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,
That stemed as a furneis of a led ;
His bootes souple, his hors in gret estat ;
Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.
He was not pale as a forpined gost.
A fat swan loved he best of any rost.
His palfrey was as broone as is a berry.

THE FRIAR.

A Frore there was, a wanton and a merry,
A limitour, a ful solempne man,
In all the ordres foure, is none that can
So moche of dalance and fayre langage.
He hadde ymade ful many a marriage
Of yonge wimmen, at his owen cost ;
Until his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel beloved and familier was he,
With frankleins, over all, in his contree ;
And, eke, with worthy wimmen of the toune ;
For he had power of confession,
As saide himselfe, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was a licentiat.
Ful swetely herde he confession,
And pleasant was his absolution.
He was an esy man to give penance,
Ther as he wiste to hau a good pitance ;
For unto a poure ordre for to give,
Is signe that a man is wel yhrive ;
For if he gave,—he dorste make avant,
He wiste, that a man was repentant ;
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may not wepe although him sore smerte :
Therefore, in stede of weping and praieres,
Men mote give silver to the poure freres.

ELIHU BURRITT, THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

(From the Border Watch)

As this indefatigable philanthropist has been in Great Britain for some time back, it will, no doubt, gratify many of our readers to learn something more regarding his history than they may have been able to glean from the newspapers of the day. The following brief sketch of the life of Mr. Elihu Burritt, extracted chiefly from American documents, is from a letter from Dr. Dick of Dundee to the *Evangelical Magazine*.

"Elihu Burritt was born in New Britain, Connecticut, in the year 1811, of honest and respectable parents. He enjoyed the privilege of attending the "District school" for some months every year, till he was sixteen years old ; and by his diligence and attention to his studies he became well versed in the elementary branches of an English education, and by cultivating a taste for reading, he acquired much valuable information. When he arrived at the age of sixteen his father died, and he was apprenticed to the trade of a *blacksmith* ; and when the term of his indenture had expired, and he had attained his legal majority, he had gained the reputation of being a young man of good moral and *religious* character, a skilful workman in his vocation, and one who cherished an ardent attachment for books. The *BIBLE* was the first book which he thoroughly studied ; and at a very early age, he was familiar with almost every passage in the Old and New Testaments. He next availed himself of the opportunity of reading afforded by the "Social Library" in the town in which he lived ; and afterwards was dependent on the kindness of his friends. Before he reached the age of twenty-one he was conversant with the English classics both in prose and poetry, and passed delightfully many of

his leisure hours in poring over the pages of Milton, Young, Thomson, Cowper, Addison, &c. In the winter of the year in which he attained his majority, he commenced, under the direction of a brother-in-law, who was an accomplished scholar, the study of mathematics. About the same time he entered on the study of the Latin language, for the purpose of reading Virgil in the original. He soon after turned his attention to French, which he mastered with wonderful facility. He then acquired the Spanish, and afterwards the Greek and German languages. During two winters he devoted nearly all his time to study, but he was occupied a large portion of his time during spring and summer in working at his trade as a blacksmith, and in this exemplary way, acquiring the means of subsistence.

"When about twenty-three years old, he accepted an invitation to teach a grammar-school, but this employment did not suit his convenience, or his inclination. He was then engaged for a year or two as an agent for a manufacturing company, when he returned to his *anvil*, and has since been industriously engaged in the honourable occupation of a blacksmith, to which he was apprenticed in his youth; but devotes all his leisure hours to literary pursuits. After having mastered the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, and all the languages of modern Europe, he turned his attention to Oriental literature, and in order to avail himself of the facilities afforded by the valuable library of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, he removed to that place, where he has ever since resided, and been regarded as a useful and exemplary citizen. By dint of hard labour he has become a proficient in the most difficult languages of Asia, and in many of those languages of Europe which are now nearly disused and obsolete—among them are Gaelic, Welsh, Celtic, Saxon, Gothic, Icelandic, Russian, Slavonic, Armenian, Chaldaic, Syriac, Arabic, Ethiopic, Sanscrit, and Tamul! It was stated in a public meeting, in 1838, by Governor Everitt, that Mr Burrill, by that time, by his *unaided industry alone, had made himself acquainted with FIFTY LANGUAGES.*—Mr. Burrill shows no disposition to relax from his labours. He usually devotes eight hours to labour, eight hours to study, eight hours to *physical indulgence and repose*; and by pursuing this course, he enjoys the advantages—vainly coveted by many literary men—those connected with "a sound mind in a healthy body." Nor does he confine his labours to the mere acquisition of literary wealth—he also diffuses it with a liberal hand. He has written many valuable articles for periodicals of high standing; he has delivered many lectures which have been replete with interest and valuable information; and has been repeatedly listened to by large and highly respectable audiences, in New York, Philadelphia, and other places, with edification and delight. He has not yet reached the meridian of life, and it is to be hoped that many years of usefulness are still before him; he is, indeed, a man of whom New England may well be proud."

The following extract from a letter written by Elihu Burrill, in 1839, to Dr. Nelson, a gentleman who had taken some interest in his history, displays the simple, unassuming, earnest character of the man, in a very interesting point of view:—

"An accidental allusion to my history and pursuits, which I made unthinkingly, in a letter to a friend, was, to my unspeakable surprise, brought before the public as a rather ostentatious *débüt* on my part to the world; and I find myself involved in a species of notoriety, not at all in consonance with my feelings. Those who have been acquainted with my character, from my youth up, will give me credit for sincerity when I say, that it never entered my heart to blazon forth any acquisition of my own. I had until the unfortunate *denouement* which I have mentioned, pursued the even tenor of my way unnoticed, even among my brethren and kindred. None of them ever thought that I had any particular *genius*, as it is called; I never thought so myself. All that I have accomplished, or expect or hope to accomplish, has been and will be by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion which builds the ant-heap—particle by particle, thought by thought, fact by fact. And if I ever was actuated by ambition, its highest and farthest aspiration reached no farther than the hope to set before the young men of my country an example in employing those fragments of time called "odd moments." And, sir, I should esteem it an honour of costlier *water* than the tiara encircling a monarch's brow, if my activity and attainments should encourage *American working men* to be proud and jealous of the credentials which God has given them to every eminence and immunity in the empire of mind. These are the views and sentiments with which I have sat down night by night, for years, with blistered

hands and brightening hope, to studies which I hoped might be serviceable to that class of the community to which I am proud to belong. This is my *ambition*. This is the goal of my aspirations. But, not only the *prize*, but the whole *course* lies before me, perhaps beyond my reach. 'I count myself not yet to have attained' to anything worthy of public notice or private mention; what I *may do* is for Providence to determine.

"As you expressed a desire in your letter for some account of my past and present pursuits, I shall hope to gratify you on this point, and also rectify a misapprehension which you with many others may have entertained of my acquirements. With regard to my attention to the languages, a study of which I am not so fond as of mathematics, I have tried, by a kind of practical and philosophical process, to contract such a familiar acquaintance with the head of a family of languages, as to introduce me to the other members of the same family. Thus, studying the Hebrew very critically, I became readily acquainted with its cognate languages, among the principal of which are the Syriac, Chaldaic, Arabic, Samaritan, Ethiopic, &c. The languages of Europe occupied my attention immediately after I had finished my classics; and I studied French, Spanish, Italian, and German, under native teachers. Afterwards I pursued the Portuguese, Flemish, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Icelandic, Welsh, Gaelic, Celtic. I then ventured on further east into the Russian empire; and the Slavonic opened to me about a dozen of the languages spoken in that vast domain, between which the affinity is as marked as that between the Spanish and Portuguese. Besides those, I have attended to many different European dialects still in vogue. I am now trying to push on eastward as fast as my means will permit, hoping to discover still farther analogies among the oriental languages, which will assist my progress."

Amongst his works of philanthropy, Elihu Burrill issues weekly 1,000 or 1,200 of his "Olive Leaves" for the press; and, in proof of his powers of writing, we may mention the fact,—a fact perfectly unparalleled in the annals of periodical literature,—that the articles thus forwarded are regularly printed in about *three hundred* newspapers in various parts of the Union.

BEREAVED MOTHERS.

(By "Ann Jane," in *British Mothers' Magazine*.)

Afflictions are often the instruments of increasing and maturing the fruits of righteousness; certain it is, they never leave us as they find us; either our hearts are made more holy by them, or they drive us further away from happiness and God. There was one who in early life was written childless—her three beautiful sons were taken from her *in one week!* and their places were never supplied. The little student of seven years was smitten while over his books, the second at his sports, the youngest on his mother's knee. The deepest *humility*, the most earnest searchings of heart, were the immediate results of this bereavement; it dwelt on her mind that for some deficiency in her Christian character this chastisement had been appointed, the language of her contrite prayer was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and he told her. She became a mother in Israel; a sleepless untiring benevolence was the striking lineament of her life; and after the stroke of widowhood fell upon her, and she stood entirely *alone*, it seemed as if every vestige of selfishness was extinct, and that her whole existence was devoted to the good of others; but particularly to *children* was she useful, and was seen, we are told, at the age of fourscore and eight, beautiful through the goodness that never waxeth old.

We have read of a young mother who had newly buried her first-born. Her pastor went to visit her, and on finding her sweetly resigned, he asked her how she had attained such resignation,—she replied, "I used to think of my boy *continually*,—whether sleeping or waking,—to me he seemed more beautiful than other children. I was disappointed if visitors omitted to praise his eyes, or his curls, or the robes that I wrought for him with my needle. At first I believed it the natural current of a mother's love. Then I feared it was pride, and sought to humble myself before Him who resisteth the proud. One night in dreams I thought an angel stood beside me, and said, 'Where is the little bud thou nursest in thy bosom? I am sent to take it away? Where is thy little harp? Give it to me? It is like those which sound the praise of God in heaven.' I awoke in tears; my beautiful boy drooped like a

bud which the worm pierces; his last wailing was like the sad music from shattered harpstrings; all my world seemed gone; still in my agony I listened, for there was a voice in my soul, like the voice of the angel who had warned me, saying, 'God loveth a cheerful giver.' I laid my mouth in the dust and said, 'Let my will be thine; and as I arose, though the tear lay on my cheek, there was a smile also. Since then this voice has been heard amidst the duties of every day,—methinks it says continually, 'The cheerful giver, the cheerful giver!'"

Will there not be seeds of goodness sown in the softened heart of a mother thus resigned? Her thoughts and affections are drawn upwards. The glorified spirit of the infant is as a star to guide the mother to its own blissful clime. Is it not her wish to be where her babe is? And will she not strive to prepare herself for its pure society? If the cares or sins of earth ever threaten to gain the victory, will she not see its little hand reaching from the skies, and be guided by the cherub voice which implorcs,—“Oh mother, come to me?” And how important that we should present the subject of death to our children in a form that shall not be injurious to them, so as to prevent the fear of death, if possible, from taking possession of their little minds, and then we shall not be afraid to talk to them of going up to dwell with gentle Jesus, which “is far better” when they are sick, and we may fear the sickness may be unto death.

I know a tender mother who feels deep regret at this moment because she was unable to speak to her sweet little dying child of the place to which she was hastening. “Mamma,” said the dear little girl, “where am I going?” Her mother’s stricken heart was too full to allow her to talk of the golden city, and the bright companions she was about to join; and it may be she lost some soul-cheering words which might have been a solace to her bereaved heart. The spirit fled to a more congenial clime, and she knows now all she desired or wished below; but the mother mourns the lost opportunity.

But, in order to give to our children cheering and consoling views of death, we must correct our own. We must make it the subject of daily contemplation, praying for divine grace to consider it as leading to the consummation of our highest hope,—the summons to arise and take upon us the nature of angels, as conducting to that end for which we were born. We have seen and we have read with what calmness the righteous have passed away. Sometimes scarcely a feature has been changed, or a thought ruffled in the transition. Beda, while dictating from the Bible to his disciples, put his hand into the cold hand of death, and scarcely felt its chilliness. Herder was writing a hymn to the Deity, with his pen upon the last line, when he passed into his presence.

We do not think death is always attended by the extreme agony with which imagination invests it. The principle of consciousness has often fled before some of the organs on which it has been accustomed to act have ceased to perform their functions, as the string of a harp may vibrate with a prolonged echo after the hand that swept them has departed.

I once stood by the dying bed of a dear friend, who appeared to be in great suffering; but we did not expect she would ever tell us how deep or slight those sufferings were. We thought we had heard her voice for the last time. A few moments, however, after, she opened her eyes, and seeing all weeping around her, she sweetly smiled, and said, “I do not suffer as you imagine; it is dying, but not pain—I am very happy;” and then, with a deep long last sigh, she joined her kindred spirits in the realms of bliss. Yet, admitting that the pangs of death transcend what have been endured through life, how brief are they—how unworthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed! May we not even suppose the happiness of heaven to be heightened by the contrast, as the deep darkness of the shadowy vale yields to a day which knows no night. Pascal said, “the glory of our faith shines with much greater brightness, by our passing to immortality through the shades of death.”

We might go on to say much more, for the subject grows upon us as we proceed; but we fear you will go home to weep again and say, “Ah, it is all very true; but my sorrow is too deep, to allow me to take any comfort.” Well, take one more instance of a mother’s grief, and say, if you can, that your sorrow equalled hers. One little sentence you may easily remember and repeat to yourselves, when the floodgates of sorrow

are opening. I hear you anxiously ask, “what can that sentence be?” Simply this,—“There stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother.” You have never stood on such a spot, to see a child die! Where did she stand? By the cross. Could she reach her son’s dying lips, to moisten them? No. Could she whisper a word of comfort in his ear? No,—she stood by the cross. Who can describe that mother’s sorrow! We have seen a mother watch the dying agonies of a kind, a dutiful, an affectionate son—an only son; but he lay on a downy bed, and she was not a widow, like Mary. Dear friends, let us, in our brief probation, live near the cross; then shall we think lightly of the sorrows of earth, and joy in the thought, that, clad in robes of glory, we shall meet those to whom we have given birth, and nurtured and borne upon our prayers in the midnight watch, and at the early dawn; remember, too, that earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal. “Bear up—despair not,” says a sweet poet, for

“There is a land where beauty cannot fade,

Nor sorrow dim the eye,

Where true love shall not droop, nor be dismay’d,

And none shall ever die!

Where is that land—O where?

For I would hasten there.

Tell me—I fain would go,

For I am wearied with a heavy woe!

The beautiful have left me all alone,

The true, the tender, from my path have gone!

If thou dost know that land,

O guide me with thy hand;

For I am burdened with oppressive care,

And I am weak and fearful with despair.

Where is it! tell me where.

Friend,—thou must trust in Him who trod before

The desolate paths of life;

Must bear in meekness, as He meekly bore,

Sorrow, and pain, and strife!

Think how the Sor. of God

These thorny paths have trod;

Think how He longed to go,

Yet tarried out for thee, the appointed woe,

Think of His weariness in places dim,

Where no man comforted, or cared for Him.

Think of the blood-like sweat

With which His brow was wet,—

Yet how he prayed, unaided and alone,

In that great agony,—“Thy will be done!”

Friend! do not thou despair,

Christ from His heaven of heavens will hear thy prayer!”

Bereaved mothers! look up to the sinless land, where the buds that were blighted by the chilly blasts of earth, are blooming in fadeless beauty, watered by the river of life which rises near the eternal throne, and gladdened by the cheering beams of the Son of righteousness, which shines forth in cloudless glory to make glad the city of God. You shall meet them where there is neither shade of infirmity, nor sigh of penitence, nor fear of change. Look up to that better land where all tears shall be wiped away; and, when in your heart’s bitter wailings, you ask for sympathy and courage to go forward,—think of that short sentence,—“There stood by the cross of Jesus his mother.”

YOUNG POTTER, THE MURDERER.

(From the New York Evangelist.)

The Rev. Joseph P. Thompson delivered a solemn and impressive discourse in the Broadway Tabernacle, of which he is pastor, soon after the execution of Potter, at New-Haven. It was listened to with deep interest, and has been published by request. We wish every young man in this city and out of it, who is exposed to the dangers and allurements of vice, which are so forcibly and vividly depicted in this discourse, could read and ponder its solemn warnings. The following is only a brief synopsis of the discourse:—

From the words of the prophet Isaiah, “Woe unto them who draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope,” the preacher showed the progress of vice in the young, both it and its sure punishment drawn upon the soul, at first by silken and attenuated cords, but constantly increasing in number and strength, until they bound their victim as with a cable, and consigned him to inevitable ruin. He described the promising youth first soiled in his imagination by evil communications more and more excited by wanton companions, licentious books, or immodest pictures; induced to partake of intoxicating liquors, to visit the theatre, and other places of amusement, to take a Sabbath excursion in violation of parental command and his own moral

sense, and finally by a gradual process prepared to take a last and generally fatal step in vice, by entering the doors of her whose house is "the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." If from this step of vice, there were ever returns and reformations, all experience as well as Scripture proved them *very rare*. Human passions were not like those of inferior animals, self-regulated, but to be restrained and governed by law and reason, which once renounced, the youth was thrown out upon a tumultuous sea, becoming more furious every hour, without compass or rudder, and his shipwreck became inevitable. His love of excitement grew by every new gratification, and while he might find an occasional check in the horrors of remorse, his passions would gain the mastery, and what was done at first timidly, by stealth, and in darkness, would finally be perpetrated without fear and without shame. Such had been the fact in the case of the young man Potter, recently executed. Ten years ago he was a pupil in the preacher's Sabbath school at New-Haven, and received from his parents religious instruction. About four years ago, he united with the church in New-Haven, of which the preacher was then pastor. For a time he attended the communion, and gave reason to hope that his profession was sincere; but gradually he fell into delinquencies, for which he was admonished; but to admonition he gave no heed, and in due time was excommunicated. Vicious men became his companions, and by them he was finally led to a house of infamy, from which he at first retreated with disgust, but to which he again returned, and there became transformed as by the cup of the sorceress.

This led to the murder of which he paid the penalty with his life. The young man whom he murdered was his early companion and friend. From him he borrowed a gold watch, which he gave to the base woman he visited, and being requested by the owner to return it, he promised to meet him at a certain place in the evening and do so, but instead of this he met him but to take his life. This was on Sunday evening; and having sunk the body in the stream they were crossing at the time of the murder, he went to church, and thence to the abode of his disgrace and ruin. When the body was discovered with marks of violence, and inquiries excited in the community, a young man presented himself to the police, with the information that at such a time he had seen the murdered youth, and that he had his watch and a note of hand which he had given in payment of a debt. This young man was Potter. The note was proved to be a forgery. Thus the murderer was self-betrayed, and delivered himself into the hands of justice. Finally he made confession of all the circumstances of his crime. Be sure, said the preacher, "your sin will find you out."

One fortnight ago, said the preacher, I kneeled in prayer by the side of this unhappy youth, in company with his parents, brother and sister, who came to see him for the last time. It was an awful scene. One fortnight ago to-morrow, I saw him on the scaffold—heard his warning to young men. It was an awful scene; but not so awful as the sins which led to it, as the murder of his friend for which he died. I asked myself whether I had neglected any duty to this young man while he had been of my congregation; and I then resolved that no other youth who might sit under my ministry should destroy himself without the warnings of my voice.

With such a scene before me, can you wonder that I solemnly warn all young men whom I address, against the wanderings of a licentious imagination—against the beginnings of evil habits and vicious associations—against intemperance—against dangerous books—the theatre, and all other places of evil resort, and against her who hath "cast down many wounded—from whose house those who go, return not again—for the dead are there, and her guests are in the depth of hell."

ONE MINUTE TOO LATE.

The bell tolled, the cables were loosed, and the boat set sail. We had scarcely cleared the dock, when I saw a man addressing one of the boatmen very earnestly, and I drew near that I might know the cause. The first words that fell upon my ears were these—"Can't you put me ashore? I must go ashore—I will pay you to put me ashore."

"I cannot tell," replied the boatman, "you must go to the Captain."

So the man went to the Captain, and besought him to put him ashore. But the reply was, "No, you had plenty of time to get on shore while the bell was tolling; I cannot delay my

passengers for one person—you must now be content to go with us."

One minute too late, thought I, as I walked away from the scene. There was plenty of time for this man to leave the boat, and the bell tolled to warn him that he must leave, or be carried off; it is surely his own fault. Now he is compelled to go away from home and friends, and they know not where he is, or what has become of him.

While reflecting on the conduct of this man, I could not avoid comparing the case with that of my fellow creatures. All the impenitent are on board a vessel whose frail cords will soon be cut, and they are then launched upon the boundless ocean of eternity. The gospel bell is tolling its solemn notes of warning, but O, how many are one minute too late.

"There is enough time yet," exclaims that giddy young woman, upon whose mind the Spirit of God has long been at work, and who has often been almost persuaded to abandon her folly and devote herself to the service of Jesus. There is time enough yet. It is true, I have passed through many serious thoughts, and have been the subject of many prayers and entreaties; but I am yet quite young, and it is so hard to give up my pleasures. I will put it off a little longer." So saying, she gives herself up to the world. The tender Spirit troubles her no more, and she soon becomes the gayest of the gay. Time speeds its way, and she walks forth the very picture of health. Her society is courted by all who know her, and the palm of beauty is laid at her feet. Wealth has bestowed on her all that heart could wish in this world's goods, and the esteem of a numerous acquaintance has placed her on the pinnacle of earthly bliss.

But she is taken dangerously ill. The physician is called, and he declares she cannot live the day out.

"What, can't you cure me, Doctor?" exclaims the wretched girl, frantic with consternation—"Can't you cure me? You must not let me die. I cannot die. Oh! Doctor, Doctor!" and she clenches her hands round his arm and continues to shriek, "I cannot die—I have grieved the Spirit," and like exclamations, till her exhausted body sinks into the arms of death, and her soul lies down in eternal sorrow.

One minute too late! There was a time when this young woman might have made her peace with God. The kind Spirit strove with her day after day, and month after month, just as he may now be striving with the reader. But she obstinately persisted in grieving the blessed Spirit till it was one minute too late. There was a moment when the Heavenly One spread his bright wings, and took his everlasting flight. This young woman lived years after that, but she was never under convictions again, till the stern messenger of death hurried her away.

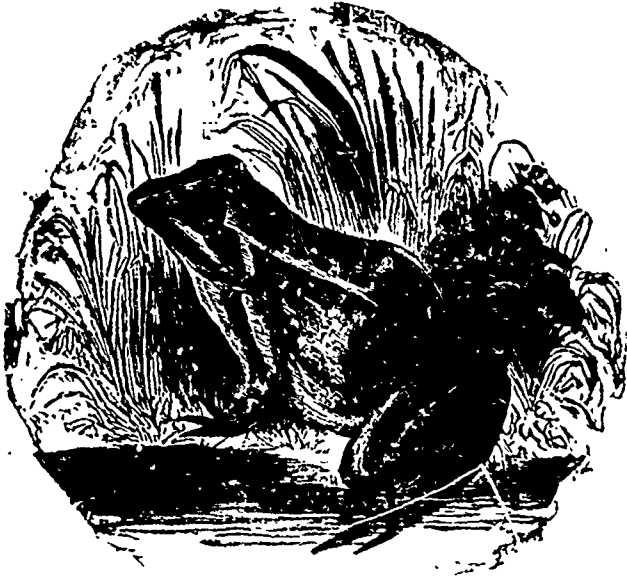
Impenitent reader! beware how you trifle with the gracious admonitions and entreaties of the Holy One. Let it not be said that the case above narrated is extreme or uncommon. Such cases are occurring every day. The world of despair is peopled with rejecters of Jesus. If the Son of God exclaimed while on earth, "Woe unto thee Chorazin, and woe unto thee Bethsaida," oh! what would he exclaim concerning you? Your probation is awfully solemn. Your eternal destiny may be settled before yonder sun has set. The good Spirit now tenderly woos you—he tenderly convinces you—he tenderly entreats you to act wisely—he clearly sets before you the folly of seeking your happiness in this world's pleasures, and has unveiled to you a glimpse of his own glory. He entreats you to accept of pardon and Salvation.—*Children's Friend*.

APPLES OF GOLD.

"Draw me, we will run after thee." Solomon's Song i. 4. Divine Answer: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee. Jer. xxxi. 3.

Many and various are the ways the Almighty takes to bring his children to himself, and to a knowledge of the things of their peace. Sometimes he draws by the silken bands of love; sometimes by the still small voice of his Spirit; sometimes by the knotted cords of pain and sickness; sometimes he drives them by the storm and tempest of his broken law; but most effectually in giving his Son to die for them. Reader, pray always to him to make you sensible of the secret tender drawings of his love, and willing to follow them directly. This praying always is very needful, because we are always in want, and without being instant and earnest we cannot receive much. Therefore it is not a hard command, but a great benefit and privilege; as if God should say, "You are a poor child, always wanting something; but you may always pray to me, and I will always hear, and assist, and draw thee after me."

WONDERS OF NATURAL HISTORY.—No. II.



THE FROG.

Our readers may ask, what is wonderful about frogs, surely they are common enough in Canada? We reply, that in our particular, at least, the frog is the most wonderful of all creatures. We allude, of course, to its extreme longevity, or rather the length of time that it can remain torpid, without perishing, when shut up from light and air. The instances in which frogs, and even more frequently, toads, have been found shut up in rocks, trees, &c., are too numerous and well-authenticated to leave a reasonable doubt of the fact to which we have alluded, although any single story of the kind, if it stood by itself, would be altogether incredible. According to these statements, frogs have been found in small cells, entirely enclosed, near the centre of old trees, where they must necessarily have lain for many years: nay, perhaps centuries, while the trees were multiplying their annual rings around them. But what is even more surprising, they have been discovered in cavities of rocks, a considerable distance below the surface of the earth, where they must, to all appearance, have lain many centuries, while the slow process of subsequent alluvial deposits was going on. Indeed, it is not at all certain but some of these frogs or toads are the only living connecting links between the present and some former condition of this globe. At all events, there is no way that we have seen of accounting for the extraordinary positions in which they are sometimes found, more feasible than that we have suggested. How they came into these situations, and how they were preserved, remains, we believe a mystery to all but the Omniscient Mind; but if they could live a hundred years, shut up in stone, there can be no very good reason given why they should not live a thousand or six thousand. It is to be observed, that these remarkable tenants of solitude and darkness usually appear quite lively when first exposed to the air, but generally perish very soon after, though we think we have heard of instances in which they continued to live on in nearly the same manner as their descendants of the thousandth generation.

THE CONDOR.

The condor, which chiefly inhabits the valley of Ylo, in Peru, is unquestionably the largest of those birds which have the power of flight. It is sometimes, though but rarely, upwards of fifteen feet across the wings when extended. The beak, four inches long, is so strong as to be able to pierce the body of a bullock; and the talons so strong as to enable it to carry off a deer or young calf. They seldom frequent the forests, as their flight would be thereby impeded. They descend from an almost incredible height, sometimes twenty thousand feet from the top of the mountains. "The peculiarities of structure in the respiratory system of birds, have, probably, a relation," says Dr. Roget, "to the capability we see them possess, of bearing with impunity very quick and violent changes of atmospheric pressure. Thus the condor of the Andes is often seen to descend rapidly, from a height of about twenty thousand feet, to the edge of the sea, where air is more than twice the density of that which the bird had been breath-

ing." "We are as yet," he adds, "unable to trace the connexion which probably exists, between the structure of the lungs, and this extraordinary power of accommodation to such great and sudden variations of atmospheric pressure."

The general colour of the condor is brownish; the feathers on the back, however, are sometimes perfectly black. The neck is encircled with a white ruff, and on the head is a species of comb.

The condor is very destructive, and, consequently, various methods are employed with success to capture it. Sometimes a person, clothed in the skin of a newly killed animal, goes out, and entices the condor to attack him; while companions, who have secreted themselves, from their hiding place, rush out and seize him. The female makes her nest among the highest and most inaccessible rocks; where she lays two white eggs, somewhat bigger than those of a turkey.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Many Illustrations might be given on the subject of salutation. One mode frequently alluded to in the sacred writings is still to be seen every day in Hindostan. "He fell upon his neck and kissed him." This salute is more expressive of affection than respect, and is used among relations and intimate friends after they have been some time separated from each other. They embrace leaning on each other's neck, and mutually kiss first one cheek and then the other, using at the same time some endearing or affectionate expression, as *Homera Balie*, (my brother.)

"Two women shall be grinding at a mill," &c. All the wheat used in India is made into flour by "two women." The mill-stones are, I should think, from twenty inches to two feet in diameter. They squat on the ground on each side of them, holding a pin fastened near the circumference of the stone, which they use as a crank, while one of them feeds the mill with her left hand with handfulls of wheat through the eye of the upper stone. Hence arises the command in the Mosaic law, which forbids taking in pawn the "upper or the nether mill-stone" for money that might have been borrowed. Such a proceeding would, for a very small consideration, deprive the family of the means of subsistence. Taking the hint, some captains of Indiamen took these mills and wheat to sea with them, and ground the flour required for the ship's use daily. This prevented the possibility of sour or musty flour often found in all countries, but more especially in the tropics. The flour so ground is afterwards bolted in a sieve, by hand. This we find must have been the case in England formerly. Sir John Falstaff, in depreciating the Holland shirts Dame Quickly made for him as "filthy dowls," adds: "I gave them to bakers' wives, and they made boulders of them."

I have learned lately that a steam grist mill has been established in Calcutta—the only wheels, except cart wheels, I ever heard of being employed in our eastern empire.

I may add that in all rude nations where labour is of little value, and money of great, the same kind of mill has obtained—it is called in the celtic language a quern—and I believe is not unknown in the highlands of Scotland, and in Ireland, at this day.

"My sheep know my voice and follow me." This is a beautiful allusion, and is utterly lost on us occidentals. Our Saviour often compares himself to a shepherd; but our ideas of *driving*, not *leading* sheep, entirely differ from those of the orientals. With us the shepherd walks in rear of the sheep, forcing them forward by means of his dogs—in fact, by intimidation. In the East, the sheep and their keepers are friends, he knows every sheep in his flock, and calls each by his name, which they know as well as our dogs do theirs; he walks in front of his flock, talking to them all the while, and makes companions of them.

I may here remark, that the sheep is a kindly and affectionate animal, and that as a practical Canadian farmer, I can call them to me as far as my voice can be heard, which no man on my farm could, however well he imitated my voice; they "know my voice, and will not follow a stranger."

"Eating with unwashed hands." This is not so finical an objection as we might suppose. Asiatics (Chinese excepted) eat with their fingers, and it has often surprised me to see a native compress a handful of boiled rice into a *dolus*, and *plunk* (you will understand the word) it down his throat with the thumb of his right hand—his left,

while eating, being kept behind his back. Forks are of very modern date—they were introduced into England by Tom Coryat, the pedestrian traveller (“the single-souled single-soled Olcombean leg-stretcher”) in the reign of James the first, and like all new inventions, met with the ridicule of the wits of the day—Ben Johnson included. Some of his friends (?) called him *furcifer*, literally the carrier of a fork, but figuratively a scoundrel or gallows bird; he, however, took it in good part, and called it “a pleasant quip.”

I am old enough to recollect (some half century ago) when old people in Scotland always ate their fish with their fingers, and insisted that they had a superior flavour devoured in this primitive way, than eaten in the modern mode with a fork. The origin of so, to us, horrible a usage, arose from this, that in their early days when you asked your friends to dinner you thought that if you provided them with meat and drink, you did all that was incumbent upon you; the guests brought their own knives and forks, which the gentlemen carried in a pocket such as that in which a carpenter carries his rule, and the ladies, who wore in those days no bustles, but in lieu thereof a pair of pockets of the size and shape of saddle-bags, in some corner of these magazines; and having no change of implements, had they first ate their salmon with these, it would have given an unpleasant flavour to their mutton thereafter.

“Strong drink.” We find throughout the Bible a discrimination made between “wine” and “strong drink.” Some commentators suppose from this that as distillation was known to the Arabs at an early period, the Jews borrowed it from them. This explanation I consider by no means necessary; in fact, it is begging the question. In the East the sap of the date palm, (which the natives call *tarry*, and which we Europeans, with our usual tendency to transmute eastern words into our own language, call *toddy*) when drunk in the morning is a cold and pleasant beverage, but at night, having undergone the process of vinous fermentation, becomes an highly intoxicating drink, on which I have seen the native heathen make themselves as beastly drunk as any Christian (?) gentleman could desire to be on rum or brandy. With this fact before us, it is unnecessary to suppose that they borrowed the means of intoxication from the Arabs or any one else, seeing they had it at their own doors. Besides all this, it is possible they might have understood making and using opium, which produces worse effects in the east than spirituous liquors do in the west, and which not coming under the prophet's prohibition to the Mussulman, nor the caste prohibition to the Hindoo, is used to a great extent by both those parties.

Qu' III.

REVIEW OF NEWS.

Since our last, the mail by the *Caledonia* has arrived, bringing advices to the 4th October, and explaining the cause of the non-arrival of the *Great Britain*.

This latter vessel, through an error in the chart, went ashore in Dundrum Bay, near Downpatrick, Ireland, and though all the passengers, crew, and cargo were saved, it is feared she will prove a total wreck.

The item of greatest pecuniary interest in the news, is the continued rise in all kinds of produce, but especially bread stuffs. This rise is founded on various reasons, such as failure of crops on the continent of Europe—failure of the potato crop throughout Britain—increased consumption on the part of the people, etc.; all of which may be, to a greater or less extent, true, but none of which appear to be well ascertained. Indeed, the rise is evidently based more upon speculation than upon any well ascertained facts—from the very circumstance that it is subject to great and sudden fluctuation. All that we shall say is, that we have more than once seen as general and marked indications of high prices at this season of the year, which have been altogether falsified by the event on the following spring.

UNITED STATES.—By the American papers we learn that instructions have been sent to General Taylor to advance forthwith upon Saultillo, and that energetic preparations are making to reinforce the various invading armies, as well as the squadrons in the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific. Vessels are being fitted out with despatch, and some of the States are called upon for additional reinforcements of volunteers. On the other hand, however, we learn that Mexico is at last aroused, and preparing to defend itself with energy and unani-

mity. How the struggle will terminate it is of course impossible to say, but meanwhile there is a fearful loss of life going on, not to speak of an extravagant waste of property. The poor town of Monterey seems to have suffered much more severely than was supposed, but much of the loss of life will probably be among the peaceful citizens, or perhaps the women and children, as, if we understood the accounts aright, the invading army threw bombshells of the most destructive kind into the town itself during a considerable part of the three days' siege. Particulars of the war news will be found in another column.

CANADA.—There are literally no domestic news, farther than the additional impetus given, or likely to be given to business of all kinds by the continued advance of our staples in Britain. Owing, however, to the scarcity of vessels this fall, much of the increased price that could otherwise have gone into the hands of the Canadian farmer or merchant, will fall to the share of the British shipowner.

We understand from gentlemen well acquainted with Western Canada, that the greater part of the grain is still in the hands of the farmers, so that they will get nearly the whole benefit of the rise; a state of things which will tend to make the country trade very healthy especially when it is remembered that the disastrous effects of the fall last summer did not fall upon the farmers, but upon the merchants who had paid them high prices during the previous winter.

IRELAND.

The papers from Ireland are filled with reports of meetings held to provide means for the employment of the people. It is a source of gratification that, although Ireland has been torn asunder, her people rendered dissatisfied with their rulers, and her best interests retarded by party and religious animosities, the spirit of charity prevails among the landlords at present. Everything which humanity can suggest for a speedy and effectual alleviation of the hardships and misery so universal throughout the country has been cheerfully adopted. Despite of these exertions, however, there are certain localities in which the spirit of insubordination and reckless despair, on the part of the peasantry, have manifested themselves, which, if allowed to proceed, may end in very serious results, not only to the peaceable and well disposed, but also to the lawless themselves. At Youghall serious outbreaks of this description have taken place. Lord Stuart De Decies, Lieutenant of the county of Waterford, had a narrow escape on the 24th ultimo. His lordship presided at the adjourned extraordinary presentment sessions for the barony of Decies, in the county of Waterford. After the sessions had adjourned, the mob, which had collected in large numbers, began to hoot, using menaces, threats, and opprobrious epithets, which evidently betokened their extreme willingness to do violence to his lordship. A party of hussars were obliged to escort him to Dromore. On the cavalry returning, the mob attacked them. A ringleader, named Power, was very severely sabred, but was carried off by the populace, when their assaults were redoubled. Several of the horsemen were seriously hurt, and the force being small were obliged to retreat for their lives. The Irish papers now before us also contain accounts of outbreaks at Fermoy and Cloyne. At Castle-Martyr a number of men, women, and children, entered that village, and, marching through it, to the terror of the inhabitants, commenced an attack on the few bakers' and huxters' shops, and seized on all they could lay their hands on. From the village they proceeded to the Earl of Shannon, contiguous to Castle-Martyr. The mob threatened to pull down the castle over the head of his lordship, and that they would return the following day in increased numbers to carry their threat into execution.

The Government have decided upon directing the Board of Works not to limit the operation of the Labor Rate Act to the making of roads, but to extend it to all works which may prove of general utility, and to the general improvement of the district. Payments are to be made weekly to the poor.

On the 20th ultimo, a serious food riot took place at Dungarvon. The mob mustered 11 or 12 thousand strong, and were about to attack the merchants' stores, but a troop of dragoons, which arrived in time, had to charge them repeatedly. The people, however, continued to throw stones, and the state of affairs began to look very serious. The dragoons were then ordered to fire, and it is said that about twenty shots were discharged. Two men were seriously wounded, but we are glad to find they are still living.

DEATH OF THOMAS CLARSON.

The death of this eminent philanthropist, whose name is so honourably identified with the abolition of the slave-trade and slavery, took place at Playford Hall, Suffolk, on Saturday last. He was born on the 28th March, 1760, and was, therefore, in his 87th year when he died. His attention was directed to the slave-trade so early as 1785, when he wrote a prize essay on the subject, and the composition of which determined him to devote his energies unreservedly to accomplish the abolition of that infernal traffic. His friend and coadjutor, Wilberforce, did not take the field for a year or two after. From the moment they met they acted in unison, and soon secured the co-operation of influential men in and out of Parliament. Notwithstanding

close of the last century, still continued to exist; but in the year 1801 the union with Ireland was finally accomplished; and, as the members who represented that part of the kingdom were not much interested in either ships, colonies, or commerce, they cared but very little about the slave-trade, and were not averse from any sort of change which did not directly interfere with their favourite pursuit of jobbing in Government patronage. By their aid a motion for leave to bring in a bill to suppress the slave-trade was successful, and eventually the measure passed both houses. Some years, however, elapsed before the triumph of the anti-slavery party was complete, for this memorable measure did not become law until the 25th March, 1807. A history of the remarkable and protracted struggle which thus terminated was, soon afterwards, undertaken by Mr. Clarkson, and published in two volumes. Mr. Clarkson was, it is understood, originally intended for the Church, and even took deacon's orders; but he certainly abandoned all thoughts of entering upon any profession when he devoted himself to the task of creating the anti-slavery movement. In forming the association which gave him the great business of his life, he came much into communication with persons belonging to the Society of Friends, and this intercourse probably led him to produce a work entitled "A Portraiture of Quakerism." His next publication was a life of William Penn. But, notwithstanding his literary engagements, he still had time to spare for the farther advancement of African interests. In 1823, the Anti-Slavery Society was consolidated, when men began seriously and earnestly to devote themselves to the task of following up the suppression of the slave-trade, by procuring an abolition of West India slavery. In conducting the affairs of that association, Mr. Clarkson embarked with characteristic energy, and in his 74th year enjoyed the unalloyed happiness of witnessing its greatest triumph, in the enactment of that bill which awarded £20,000,000 as compensation to the slave-owners. For some few years previous to that event, however, his health had become uncertain, and he was in a great degree precluded from taking an active share in working out the emancipation of the negro. Cataract formed in both his eyes, and for a short time he was totally blind. He endured this affliction with Christian resignation; but eventually he underwent an operation, and was restored to the complete use of his sight. In 1836 he published a work called *Researches Anteduvian, Patriarchal, and Historical*. During the course of his long life Mr. Clarkson has received many gratifying proofs of the estimation in which he was held by large masses of his countrymen. The inhabitants of Wisbeach, his native place, subscribed for his portrait, to be preserved in their town as a memorial of their esteem. Wordsworth devoted to the praise of Clarkson a few of his best lines, and more than once Lord Brougham, and other leaders of the anti-slavery movement, have borne testimony, not only to the value of his services, but the purity of his motives; and he now descends into the grave after the enjoyment of extreme longevity and unexampled success.—*Abridged from a Memoir in the Times.*

IMPORTANT MEXICAN NEWS.

(From the New York Evangelist.)

News from Vera Cruz as late as the 25th of Sept. has been received, which shows that Santa Ana has regained power, and is taking measures for such a vigorous prosecution of the war as will be likely to give our army no little trouble.

The Government has issued requisitions upon the States for their contingents of troops, requiring them to appear at the City of Mexico, or San Louis Potosi, within seventy days after the publication of the order. The States contribute as follows:

The State of Mexico, 8,200 men; Jalisco, 4000; Puebla, 3 800; Guanajuato, 3000; San Louis Potosi, 1800; Zacatecas, 1600; Queretaro, 600; Oaxaca, 2,000; Michoacan, 1980; Vera Cruz, 1000; Durango, 600; Chihuahua, 560; Aguascalientes, 280. Forming an aggregate of 30,000 men.

All persons between the ages of sixteen and fifty are obliged, by a recent decree, to take arms when required to do so, as members of the National Guard, &c.

A free pardon is tendered to all deserters from the regular line, who may return to their respective corps within three months. All duties are remitted upon the introduction and sale of cannon, muskets, swords and all kinds of arms and munitions of war, except, perhaps, powder, for one year.

The Government promises to purchase such arms, &c., as may be needed, of persons taking advantage of this permission. Measures are simultaneously taken to establish a national foundry, and the manufacturing of gunpowder is thrown open to competition. States, associations and individuals, engage to raise and maintain bodies of troops in proportion to their means, and entirely independent of government requisitions. Puebla sends to the frontier, armed and supported at her sole coast, one thousand men. One citizen of Mexico raises an equal number, calling upon the government for means of arming them only. The members of the Supreme Court of Justice, in session recently, came to a similar determination.

The President has called on Gov. Shunk, of Pennsylvania, for six regiments of volunteers, to be mustered forthwith for Mexico. A brigade of 2000 men is also to be called out from this state.

REINFORCEMENT OF THE ARMY.—It is stated that the U. S. Government has ordered a reinforcement of the army at Monterey, of 5000 troops of the regular army.

ATTACK ON VERA CRUZ.—Lieut. Berryman, who has arrived at Washington with despatches, states that it has been determined to attack Vera Cruz on the land side, by an expedition from Tampico, and at the same time to attack the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa from the sea.

ATTACK ON TAMPICO.—It is confidently asserted in Washington, that orders have been given for an attack on Tampico, by the portion of the squadron in the Gulf under the command of Com. Perry; and that it is probable that we shall hear of the capture of the place by the end of the month.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.—Major Coffee, who was in the battle of Monterey, has arrived at New-Orleans, and states the loss on the part of the Mexicans to have been much larger than at first reported. It has been ascertained that 1500 would not cover their loss in killed and wounded; on the part of the Americans the loss will not exceed 600.

NEWS.

CANADA.

A Table in the Appendix to the Report of Post Office Commissioners shows that in the populous counties inhabited by French Canadians, (the cities of Quebec and Montreal excepted,) the average contribution of each adult inhabitant to the post office revenue for the year 1839-40 was about 3½d currency, and in the six Township counties of what was lately Lower Canada, inhabited by a population of British and American extraction, about 10d. In the counties west of Montreal, (exclusive still of the towns of Kingston and Toronto,) it was nearly 1s. 9d., or about six times that of the first mentioned class of counties, and more than double that of the second. For the whole eastern section of the country, bounded west by the St. Lawrence, and a line drawn northwest from, and including Montreal, the average is not quite 10½d, while for the western division it is almost 2s. This table exhibits the curious fact that as we proceed westward the average increases progressively. For Kingston and the country beyond it exceeds 2s. 3d. for each adult; and for Toronto and the western districts, 2s. 1d. The eastern districts, however, having a much larger population than the western, the average for the whole country is about 1s. 1d. Calculated upon the same principle, the average contribution of each adult resident of the United States to the letter revenue of the post office of that country, was for the same year, about 2s. 11d.; so that if the Eastern portions of Canada contributed in the ratio of the Western, the difference in favour of the United States would be reduced to 7d., instead of 1s. 7d per head.

A rumour, prejudicial to the Commercial Bank of Kingston, having originated in a paragraph that appeared in a Buffalo paper, it is sufficient to say, that it is wholly without foundation. A confusion of names appears to have been the cause of the report; the Commercial Bank of Kingston, Ulster County, New York, which has stopped payment, being mixed up with the Commercial Bank of Kingston, Upper Canada.—*Toronto Canadian.*

UNITED STATES.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR IN HARTFORD.—By persons who left Hartford yesterday afternoon, we have accounts of a most awful occurrence in that city, yesterday, between twelve and one o'clock. It resulted in the death of two persons, one first shooting the other, and then killing himself. It appears that Mr. Daniel F. Olcutt, of the firm of J. B. Olcutt & Co., livery stable keepers in Hartford, and a Mr. Holcomb, of Granby, Conn., who had formerly been some way connected in business together, had a lawsuit, in which some \$1,500 was at stake. The case was tried in Hartford, and has lately been decided, but in whose favor we did not learn. The parties met yesterday, noon, by agreement, at Olcutt's room, in the U. S. Hotel. While there, reports of a pistol were heard by persons in other parts of the house; and on going to the room, Holcomb was found lying dead near the door, and Olcutt on the bed, just breathing his last. The supposition is, as we have stated, that one shot the other, and afterwards himself. Which of the two is the murderer is not known. Olcutt was shot through the head and Holcomb through the body. Whoever it was, his punishment is alone that of another world—both were thus awfully hurried to eternity together.—*Springfield Republican.* [We learn that Holcomb was accompanied, to Hartford by a young lady, on her way to her parents in Westfield, where they were to have been married on the night of the murder. She was the first to enter the room after the tragical and horrible event.]—*Argus.*

The Hon. H. S. Fox, late British Minister, died at his residence at Washington, on Wednesday last, at 3 o'clock. He had been ill only a few days. He was aged about 65 years.

A man in Overton Country, Tennessee, while in a state of intoxication, an Irishman by birth, murdered his wife and five children, and then set fire to the house, and burnt up himself and his victims. One daughter, a girl of sixteen, escaped.

Great sickness prevails in the American army at Matamoras and Camargo. At the latter place the deaths are said to be eight or nine daily. In Matamoras all the hospitals are full, and they have been obliged to open new ones.

The New Orleans Delta states that the 3rd regiment of the United States regular army was nearly annihilated in the attack on Monterey. Three commanding officers were killed in succession, and a fourth desperately wounded and on mustering the regiment after the action, it had but 71 men, including officers, unhurt.

GREAT CONFLAGRATION AT COLUMBUS, GEORGIA, U. S.—150 Houses DESTROYED.—From the *Columbus Enquirer*, of the 17th inst.—A large portion of our city is in ruins. Yesterday about 11 A.M., the appalling cry of fire hurried our citizens to the most fearful scene ever witnessed here. A rolling sea of fire swept over the city from the market-place, obliquely to the boat landing, destroying all before it in the space of six hours; all human efforts were powerless to arrest it, until it had swept down the most of six squares.

SELECTIONS.

THE NEW ELECTRO-TELEGRAPH.—At the closing *soiree* of the British and Foreign Institute, a model was shown in action of the new electro-teleg. aph, by which a person writing by the pressure of ivory keys, exactly like those of a pianoforte, each representing a letter or a figure, can transmit, by a single extended wire, to any distance, 500 miles or 5000—an almost instantaneous message, in words that shall be printed by a corresponding machine at the other end of the line, as fast as the sentence is spoken or performed at this. It is intended to establish lines of communication from England to Ireland, across the channel, by this means, and the same thing may be as easily done from England to France, from Marseilles to Malta, Alexandria, Suez, Bombay, Bengal, and Australia, thus realizing the description of the use of letters anticipated by Pope—

“To speed the intercourse from soul to soul,
And wait a thought from Indus to the Pole.”

DECLINE OF BRAHMANISM.—A consideration, which applies with peculiar force to Western India, is the gradual decline of the political ascendancy of the Brahmans, and the inevitable approach of its total annihilation. Our missionaries in Western India deal either with the Mahrattas, or those who were their subjects. Now, from the moment when the founder of the dynasty unfurled his orange banner, the upholding of Brahmanical authority was one of the grand intentions of the Mahratta power. It made an appeal to Hindoo religious feeling, and strove to arouse it against its Mussulman oppressors. Gifts were showered on these “gods on earth” the Brahmans, until over the whole land there arose a proud and pampered race of priests, who soon lorded it over king and people as they pleased, monopolizing most of the wealth and all the learning of the country. But for the last six-and-twenty years, there has been a falling off of this secular and political influence, and Brahmanism is now, even in the Mahratta country, becoming needy and clamorous for relief,—an object of pity rather than of dread.

THE MONKEY AS A RIDER.—A late friend and neighbour of mine in the country kept a monkey who took to riding his hogs, especially one of them, which he commonly singled out as fittest for his use: and leaping upon its back, with his face towards the tail, he whipped it unmercifully, and drove it about, till it could run no longer. The hogs lived under such continual terrors of mind, that when the monkey first came abroad in the morning, they used to set up a great cry at the sight of him. A well-known nobleman once had a wild horse whom nobody could ride. “I know not what your Lordship can do with him,” said one, “but to set the monkey upon his back.” So they put a pad to the horse, and set the monkey upon it with a switch in his hand, which he used upon the horse, and set him into a furious kicking and galloping; but Pug kept his seat and exercised his switch. The horse lay down upon the ground; but when he threw himself on one side, the monkey was up on the other; he ran into a wood with him, to brush him off; but if a tree or a brush occurred on one side, the monkey slipped to the other side; till at last the horse was so sickened and fatigued and broken-spirited, that he ran home to the stable for protection. When the monkey was removed, a boy mounted him, who managed the horse with ease, and he never gave any trouble afterwards.—*Sharp's London Magazine.*

MENTAL DARKNESS.—Incredible as the following statement may appear, we are nevertheless prepared, on the authority of a highly respectable correspondent, to vouch for its correctness. A few days since the sexton of a parish church on the confines of Nottinghamshire, hoary with age, and on a bed of death, being waited upon by a lady of the village, with a view to minister to his spiritual comfort, was asked among other questions, if he was prepared for a future state; to which he replied, “Yes, I am; Mr. W——, has promised me a coffin; the clergyman says, he'll bury me for nothing, and you ma'am, said you'd give me the buns; and I think that's being well prepared.” The lady's surprise may be better conceived than expressed.—*Nottingham Mercury.*

LAKE ERIE.—The height of Lake Erie above the Atlantic Ocean has been ascertained to be 565 feet. The barrier which contains it is so low, that, were it only to rise six feet, it would inundate, on its northern and western borders, seven millions of acres, now partly occupied by towns, villages, and farms; and it is estimated that a further rise of six or eight feet would precipitate a vast flood of waters over the state of Illinois, from the south end of Michigan; the great Canadian Lakes then discharging, also into the Mexican Gulf.—*Brande's Journal.*

PHILOLOGICAL CURIOSITY.—In the Hebrew tongue all proper names are significant, each individual having received his name from some circumstance connected either with his birth or with his life and character; thus Abraham signifies “the father of a great multitude,” Jacob “the supplanter,” David “the beloved,” &c. This often gives a force to particular passages in the original scriptures that is quite lost in the translation. We shall give a single instance:—When Abigail meets David coming to avenge himself on her husband, she says, “Let not my lord, I pray thee, regard this man of Belial, even Nabal; for as his name is, so is he: Nabal is his name, and folly is with him.” This has no point at all in English; it is impossible for the mere English scholar to perceive its meaning; but to the Hebrew scholar who understands that “nabal” signifies “foolish, stupid, wicked, abandoned, impious,” and that the word translated “folly” is simply the noun sub-

stantive formed from the same root, the sentence has a pungency and a zest that can at once be appreciated. A very wonderful example of something of the same kind is the following, which indeed appears to suggest matter for serious reflection. The names of the antediluvian patriarchs, from Adam to Noah inclusive, run thus in the Hebrew:—Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahaleel, Jared, Enoch, Methuselah, Lamech, Noah; which names, read in their order, and literally translated, give the following English sentence:—Man appointed wretched miserable, the blessed God shall descend teaching, his death sends to the afflicted rest.

THE UPAS TREE.—The following is a probable explanation of the origin of the Upas-tree story, given by Dr. Thomson, in his notes to Salvete's “Philosophy of Magic.”—A real valley of death exists in Java: it is termed the Valley of Poison, and is filled to a considerable height with carbonic acid gas, which is exhaled from crevices in the ground. If a man or any animal enter it, he cannot return; and he is not sensible of his danger until he feels himself sinking under the poisonous influence of the atmosphere which surrounds him; the carbonic acid of which it chiefly consists rising to the height of eighteen feet from the bottom of the valley. Birds which fly into this atmosphere drop down dead; and a living fowl thrown into it dies before it reaches the bottom, which is strewn with the carcasses of various animals that have perished in the deleterious gas.

REQUISITES TO ENJOYMENT.—There are three requisites to our proper enjoyment of every earthly blessing which God bestows upon us; namely, a thankful reflection on the goodness of the Giver—a deep sense of the unworthiness of the receiver—and a sober recollection of the precarious tenure by which we hold it. The first will make us grateful—the second humble—and the last moderate.

A GOOD REPLY.—A Sabbath school teacher, instructing his class on that portion of the Lord's prayer, ‘Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,’ said to them: ‘You have told me, my dear children, what is to be done—the will of God; and where it is to be done—on earth; and how it is to be done—as it is done in heaven. How do you think the angels and happy spirits do the will of God in heaven, as they are to be our pattern?’ The first child replied, ‘They do it immediately,’ the second, ‘They do it diligently,’ the third, ‘They do it always,’ the fourth, ‘They do it with all their hearts,’ the fifth, ‘They do it altogether.’ Here a pause ensued, and no child appeared to have an answer; but, after some time, a little girl arose and said, ‘Why, sir, they do it without asking any questions.’

Free thinking does not always mean thinking freely; it is more commonly being free from thinking.

Adversity does not take away from us our true friends; it only disperses those who pretend to be such.

He is a wise man who learns from every one; he is powerful who governs his passions; and he is rich who is content.

The conscience is the most elastic material in the world. To-day you cannot stretch it over a mole-hill, to-morrow it hides a mountain.

Procrastination has been called a thief—the thief of time. I wish it were no worse than a thief. It is a murderer; and that which it kills is not time merely, but the immortal soul.

A transatlantic philosopher gives good advice in the following quaint style:—“Ye who are eating the apple dumpling and molasses of wealth, should not forget those who are sucking the herring bone of poverty.”

Sorrows are like tempest-clouds; in the distance they look black, but, when above us, scarcely grey, as sad dreams indicate coming joy, so will it be with the so often torturing dream of life when it hath passed.

A LIE.—“A great lie,” says the poet Crabbe, “is like a great fish on dry land, it may fret and sting, and make a frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you. You have only to keep still, and it will die of itself.”

PRODUCE PRICES CURRENT—MONTREAL, Oct. 26, 1846.

	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.		
ASHES, Pots, per cwt	23	9	a	24	0	PEASE,	5	0	a	0	0
Pearls,	23	9	a	24	0	BEEF, Prime Mess,					
FLOUR, Canada Su.						per brl. 200lbs.	47	6	a	0	0
perfine, per brl.						Prime,	42	6	a	00	0
196 lbs.	35	0	a	00	0	Primo Mess, per					
Do. Fine,	33	0	a	33	6	tierce, 304lbs.	00	0	a	00	0
Do. Sour,	00	0	a	00	0	PORK, Mess, per brl.					
Do. Middlings, .	none					200lbs	72	6	a	75	0
Indian Meal, 168lb.	15	0	a	00	0	Prime Mess,	55	0	a	60	0
Oatmeal, brl. 224lb.	29	0	a	00	0	Prime,	50	0	a	52	6
GRAIN, Wheat U.C.						Cargo,	40	0	a	00	0
Best, 60lbs.	6	0	a	6	6	BUTTER, per lb. ...	0	7	a	0	8½
Do. L.C. per min.	0	0				CHEESE, Am. 100lb	30	0	a	40	0
BARLEY, Minot, ...	3	0	a	3	3	LARD, per lb,	0	5	a	0	6
OATS,	do.					TALLOW, per lb. ...	0	5½	a	0	5½

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