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THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

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No. 3

STANZAS.

"The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord, but the prayer of the upright is his delight."—Prov. xv.

"Whatever passes as a cloud between
The mental eye of Faith, and things unseen,
Causing that brighter world to disappear,
Or seem less lovely, and its hopes less dear;
This is our world, our idol, though it bear
Affection's impress, or devotion's air."

Alas, how many a fading thing
Our Heavenly prospects blight,
Yet o'er a worshipp'd idol fling,
A robe of borrow'd light!

Alas, how many a passing cloud,
Of dark or gorgeous hue,
Our brightest hopes awhile beshroud,
And intercept our view!

If passion's poisonous tendrils cling
Around the yielding heart,—
Yet oh, what tears from it they wring,
What bitterness impart!

If love should there a throne obtain,
Or wealth, or pride, or power,
Or anxious cares its empire gain,
What misery their dower!

Let not an evil passion cling,
Or hold possession there,
Or else how vain its offering,
What mockery its prayer!

Oh, Saviour, Thou, and only Thou,
Can'st mould us to Thy will;
Submissive to that will we bow,
Oh purify us still!

The flesh is sinful, but the soul
Would spurn its heavy chain;
Do Thou, oh Lord, subdue, control
Thoughts that would leave a stain!

Though sin hath set its hateful seal
On all we think and do,
We bless thee, Lord, that we can feel
We bear Thy impress too.

Pure essence! that can thus refine
Such utter worthlessness:
Bright spark! that can through darkness shine
And our weak efforts bless.

Oh may that spark of heavenly flame
To kindred light aspire,
To animate the drooping frame,
And kindle pure desire!

Though sin may mar each bright design,
And dim its loveliness,—
Oh, shall it tempt us to resign
Our hope of happiness?

Away, ye earthly cares, away,
Hope smiles and points above,
But ye would still obstruct my way,
And shroud my Saviour's love.

Behold his star, how calm, serene,
How beautifully clear:
Why should ye darkly intervene
To dim its atmosphere?

CONFESSION OF A MURDERER.

(The following is the confession of Andrew Howard, recently executed in New England; it will be found instructive.)

This being the last Sunday, and almost the last day previous to the time set for my execution, and now giving up all hopes of a pardon or a reprieve, and being satisfied that it can now do me no good, any longer to deny the crime for which I have been condemned, I have concluded that it cannot now hurt me to make a full confession of my guilt, and I do so the more willingly, because I believe it may deter others from committing crimes which may lead them to an end like mine.

I had long supposed Phebe Hanson and her brother Jacob had a large sum of money hid away in their house, and I became satisfied such was the case when I worked for Jacob in 1842 and '43. Jacob swore at my trial that he did not recollect ever taking money from any other place except his pocket when I was near, but I remember very well seeing him a great many times go to his chest and to other places in the house and put away, and take sums of money and count them. Just before he paid me for my work in 1844, I saw him go to his chest and put what I supposed was a great deal of money, and the thought struck me that I might get it very easily, and I resolved that I would do it some way or other very soon.

On the morning of the 19th of September, 1843, feeling half-crazy from the effects of drinking a great deal of rum the day before, I determined I would get Jacob's money that day, and knowing it was the day of general muster at Barrington, and that all the people in Meader borough would be away from home, I supposed I could do it without being found out.

I took my gun and a bottle of liquor, and started for Jacob Hanson's, distant from my house about ten miles. I started from my house early in the morning, and leaving the main road travelled through the woods and on the cross roads, lest I should be seen by some one who knew me. I was conscious that I was about to commit an unlawful act, that I was about to take the life of a feeble and unoffending woman, who had never injured me in any way, but had frequently acted the part of a kind mother towards me, and oftentimes on the point of abandoning the idea of murdering her, and of returning home, when the cursed thought of the large sum of money which Phebe had with her, and the ease with which I could then obtain it, rushed into my already half-crazed brain, impelled me to commit a crime, the perpetration of which I should have shrunk from in my sober moments with horror.

After having wandered through fields, and woods, and cross roads, and having partaken freely of the contents of the bottle with which I had provided myself previously on leaving home, I arrived at the house of Jacob Hanson between eleven and twelve o'clock A.M., ready for the commission of any crime. In fact, so freely had I drunk that morning I hardly knew what I was doing.

I found Phebe Hanson alone in the kitchen preparing for dinner. She asked me how I did, and if I had been to Barrington to muster. I told her I had not been, but that I should go in the afternoon. I then asked her to give me some cider; she did, which I immediately drank. I then asked her to give me some money; she refused, saying she had but little. I told her I knew she had a large sum in her trunk, which she kept in the other room, and that I would have some of it.

I went through the entry into the room where the trunk was. She followed me. I told her not to come, for I would have the

money in spite of her, and would then have a good time over to Barrington muster. As I passed through the entry, Phebe attempted to push me out of the door, I then turned and shot her. As I pointed the gun at her, she raised her hand and said, "Don't shoot me, Andrew." The appeal had no effect on me, the fatal gun was discharged, and Phebe Hanson lay before me a corpse.

I now went into the room where the trunk was, and found it locked. I threw it out of the window, carried it some distance from the house, and placed it under the fence. I then went to the house, found an axe, opened the trunk, and took what money I could find. I did not make a diligent search in the trunk for fear some one should come along. I had no sooner done the deed and got the money, than an awful sense of the enormity of the act I had committed filled my mind with horror. I would have given worlds had I possessed them, could I have undone the things which I had done in one short hour,—could I but have restored Phebe Hanson to life and health. Every thing condemned me, every thing seemed to have eyes, and to have been witnesses to the dark deed of which I was guilty.

I started for home, I met Abram Welch, Levi Howard and one or two others, who had been a gunning. They wanted me to go up to Jacob's and get some cider. I told them I could not stop as I wanted to get to Barrington muster by three o'clock that afternoon. Abram said he had found a horse shoe and would sell it to Jacob for some cider. I left them and they went towards Jacob's house. I then hoped that they would be seen going to the house with guns, and would be taken for the murderer's of Phebe, and that I should escape from all suspicion.

Yet I did not feel easy. I was startled at every sound I heard. I seemed to think some one was in pursuit of me. On my way home, I went to see my brother Emery, and told him what I had done. I told him I would divide the money with him if he would say nothing about it. Emery told me to take my coat off and leave it before I got home, so if any one saw me go away in the morning, they would not know me without a coat. I did as he told me, and when I got home I put on another pair of pantaloons, and just after dark I went to the woods and got my coat.

I did not on my return call at my brother-in-law's, Mr. Smiths, in Rochester, and take dinner, as his wife testified on trial.

That night Mr. Dennett, of Rochester, came down to my brother's to find me. I fled to Dover, intending to leave in the first train of cars for Boston, but was arrested as I was going to the depot. After I was arrested, I went into the stable of the Eagle Hotel, and left in one of the stalls all the money I had not previously hidden under the fence near my brother's house.

From Dover I was taken to Rochester, before Mr. Kimball. He said Phebe Hanson was dead, they all knew I murdered her, and that it would be better for me to acknowledge it. Believing that they knew I murdered her and being very much excited, I made a confession, and became my own accuser.

What has happened to me since is well known to all. I have been twice tried, found guilty, and condemned to die upon the gallows. My lawyers have done every thing in their power to save me, for which I have ever felt grateful. My conviction is just, my punishment is merited. But had I known that I should have been hung, if I was detected, I should never have committed the deed, which has doomed me, a young man, just in the prime of life, to an ignominious death. I supposed the punishment was imprisonment in the State Prison for life.

What I have suffered since I have been immured in the cold dark walls of this jail no tongue can express. The mental agony I have felt, when I considered my condition, that I had forfeited all right to the protection of society, and deprived one human being of that life, which was as sweet to her as mine is to me, has been a hundred fold greater than any fear of bodily pain which I can experience in being put to death.

I have to attribute my untimely end to a want of instruction when young. I have never had the privilege of schooling, never have been taught that it was wrong to lie and steal, but was left to grow up as best I could. Of God and a future world I know nothing. I am told by some that there is a God, and that it will be well with all hereafter, by others that the

good will be rewarded and the wicked punished, but to me it is all a mystery.

I have made this confession, not that I would glory in my own shame, nor expect the Executive clemency thereby, but that other young men may take warning by my unhappy career and awful end, and be deterred from the commission of those crimes which have brought me, at the early age of twenty-three, to a disgraceful and ignominious death, and that all those who have the care and education of youth, may learn from my fate, the necessity of throwing around them all those safeguards, which will save them from a life of folly, and a disgraceful and untimely end.

GLIMPSES OF GEOLOGY.—No. II.

We often hear of the advantages of education, and, in fact, have come so tamely to acknowledge them, that we frequently neglect to form clear ideas of their nature, and hence of their greatness. The very commonness of a belief often induces ignorance of its details. In no respect is this more clearly seen than in the estimates, formed by the ignorant, of the benefits of knowledge. To them it seems valuable, as the means of increasing respectability and comfort for this world, and of securing self-satisfaction and contentment they scarcely know how, no higher or nobler view presenting itself to their minds. The field enlarges, however, to those who have made any advances in it, and selfish feelings become blended with others more worthy of us, till at length, if the mind be in a right state, knowledge is prized as raising us above the mere passing scenes of this life, and furnishing new links to bind us to the glorious Head of all things in gratitude, wonder, and praise. The various objects around us assume new aspects to the educated man. He sees subjects of inquiry in what the ignorant would have overlooked, and finds delightful employment, even, for a lifetime, where his less-instructed fellow would have been at a loss to spend a few minutes with pleasure. A grass plot is a very different thing in the eyes of the botanist to what it is in those of the rustic;—the former learns from it lessons ever new; and, if he be wise, is led to adore his and its maker for the numberless displays it affords of His power, wisdom, and goodness; while the latter knows nothing of these, and passes by unconscious of the treasures he neglects.

Thus it is with the study of the physical history of our world. The only difference generally noticed in rocks by those who have not trained their minds, is their utility, and even the revelations of former states of creation, which might be read in the fossils with which all meet more or less frequently, are unrecognised. By the geologist, however, the same materials are made communicative of instruction of unsurpassed sublimity and engrossing interest; and, from the cold stone, living voices speak to him of worlds which once were, but have now passed away, of bustle and animation that has been hushed from the time of the birth of the everlasting hills.

The various rocks that compose the solid crust of the globe, are divided by geologists into two great classes; those which have been formed by the action of fire, to which the name "igneous" is applied; and those which have been deposited from water, which are called "stratified." Of the thickness of the mass of the former we have no means of judging, as they underlie the stratified to unknown depths, appearing at the surface only when raised by violence. The latter, reckoning their various members together, make a mass of at least ten miles in depth, which fact is ascertained by the measurement of each separate formation at those points where it has been elevated from its original position and protruded above ground. To these the researches of the geologist are chiefly directed; and, inconsiderable though they may seem when compared with the bulk of the whole globe, they reveal the annals of ages too numerous to be computed by human skill, or realised by our minds. The dust we wipe from an orange bears as great a proportion to the size of the fruit as all the strata do to this mass of the earth, while with their commencement the muniments of our world's history are lost to us, since with them the book of nature is closed, and we know nothing more of the previous duration of our earth than that there was a time in the silent progress of eternity when it had a beginning at the fiat of the Almighty, and that the morning stars sang together when thus it was first launched on the limitless ocean in which it hangs.

In the present series of papers we purpose to sketch briefly this history, from the point at which our knowledge begins, tracing it down-

wards to the most recent period of which we have a record. In pursuance of this plan, it will be necessary to direct our attention, first, to the igneous, and next, to the stratified rocks, to the former of which, therefore, we would now turn.

The igneous rocks have been divided by Lyell into two great classes, the plutonic, which are those crystallized under great pressure, and the volcanic, which have been crystallized under comparatively less. And here we may remark, that their crystallization is one of the characteristics of this family of rocks, though that which distinguishes them from all others is the absence in them of stratification. None of them can be split into thin leaves, which can always be done with those deposited in water. The plutonic rocks include the various kinds of granite, and the volcanic rocks; whinstone and basalt, may be taken as examples. Both divisions, though destitute of organic remains, with which we do not meet till after we ascend much higher in the geological scale, are of great interest in the partial light they throw on the condition of the earth, before the commencement of the present cycle of creations, and also in some measure since.

The fact that the solid crust of our globe rests on such rocks, seems to point to a time when the whole mass which now forms such a delightful residence for man was in a state of fusion. The shape of the earth also strengthens this view, which is now generally received, for it is exactly that which a fluid mass would assume by rotation on its axis during the period of refrigeration. The polar diameter of the earth is shorter than the equatorial by about 26 miles, a difference which centrifugal force would necessarily cause, constantly maintained, as it must have been, by the diurnal revolution of the mass. By some, however, it is thought that even a perfect sphere of solid matter might gradually become thus flattened at the poles by the wearing down of land on the surface, and the removal of the larger proportion of the debris by currents to the equator. This it is believed the centrifugal force would have caused. But all the evidence we have is against this hypothesis, which has not to our knowledge become popular.

That granite and its cognates have been derived from the crystallization of fused matter, we have many proofs, among which we may notice the alteration they make on stratified rocks when they have been intruded among them. Granite, when it comes in contact with sandstone, changes it into quartz, and when it meets limestone, changes it into marble. Other forms of igneous rock, which imperceptibly pass into granite, but which penetrate into higher strata, have like effects; chalk being converted by them into a rock like statuary marble, clay into quartz, and coal into coke. The entire absence of stratification is another convincing proof, and of itself would seem to be sufficient to settle the origin of this class of rocks.

Assuming it, then, to be admitted, which it generally is, that they were originally fluid, what a wondrous passage in the history of our globe is brought before us. We are called to the contemplation of a time when the wide world was one molten mass, shedding a lurid day from its candescent surface through the darkness of night. The water that now forms our oceans, if then created, must have hung high overhead in clouds of vapour, and there would be no atmosphere around, but such a void as there is now in some of the other planets. Human imagination fails to grasp such a vision, and is awed into reverence of the Almighty power by which so wondrous a scene was caused. Were these fires the grand inauguration of our earth in its place among already created worlds, or the agents in the destruction of a previous creation which its maker had willed should be no longer? Whatever end they may have served in the purposes of God, they eloquently point us to that day, spoken of in the Book which cannot err, when our heavens and our earth, these very heavens on which we look, and this earth on which we tread, shall pass away, forming for themselves their own far-blazing funeral pyre.

From the strong evidence we have in support of the universal fusion of the primeval solid matter of the globe, a doctrine has originated of the existence even now of an intense central heat, by which the nucleus of the earth is kept in a liquid state. From experiments on the increase of temperature as we descend in mines, it has been estimated that at the centre it would be at least 450,000 deg. Fahrenheit; but the data on which this computation is based seem to us unsound. It may be that at a certain depth, say 60 miles, beneath us the hardest minerals and metals are fused, but no clear and unchallenged evidence has been brought forward to render this probable. The heat of mines

seems to be derived rather from the condensation of currents of air passing through them, than from a gradually increasing temperature in the body of the earth. All substances, when compressed, give out heat, as we see in the case of iron, which, when beaten into smaller bulk, becomes red hot; and hence an amount steadily increasing with the depth of the workings, and the extent of their ventilation, would be evolved by the constant stream of condensed air with which they are supplied for the dissipation of noxious vapours, and the respiration of the workmen. The deeper the air descended, the greater would be its condensation.

Even though this theory, which has been propounded by many eminent men, be incorrect, there are various objections to that which derives the doctrine of great internal heat from the phenomena observed in mines. Thus we do not find that the heat increases in proportion as we come near the centre of the earth. The increase of temperature in Dalcoath mines in Cornwall is no greater than that exhibited in the mines of Guanaxato in South America, though the former are many thousand feet nearer the centre than the latter. It has also been shown on indisputable evidence, that the increase of heat in any mine ceases if the workings are closed, and that the temperature gradually becomes that which it would be if it received all its heat from the sun. It falls till it has reached the mean temperature of the district in which it is situated.

But there are other grounds for supposing that a very high temperature obtains in the central parts of the earth; as, among others, the fact we have noticed above, of the evolution of heat by all bodies when under pressure, from which it would seem certain that intense heat must be generated in the immense mass that stretches between the surface and the centre of the globe. So great is the compression of the various forms of matter as we descend, that is, if the same laws observed by us prevail uncounteracted to all depths, that all the gases must be rendered solid, and stone must be reduced to one-eighth of its bulk, and steel to one-fourth, at the centre. Hence, although the argument to which we have objected be laid aside, others are not wanting to support the doctrine of the heated state of the interior of our globe. But we must return from this digression, reserving the subject for further remarks at a future time.

From the fact of their underlying all others, igneous rocks were first supposed to be, without exception, the most ancient of any. But it has since been shown that while other formations rest upon them, they also penetrate upwards through these, and even spread in wide sheets over portions of them, at some points. In all cases, however, there are proofs of this having been caused by violent injection, or, where the mass is very great, by gradual upheaval. Of these phenomena we have examples in the trap, or, as they are popularly called, whinstone dykes, which intersect all the strata, and the extensive ranges of granite mountains, whose protrusion from below is forcibly proved by the masses of broken and uptilted rocks which rest on their flanks. Basalt, of which Fingal's Cave at Staffa, and the Giant's Causeway are formed, is one of the igneous rocks, which have been injected in a liquid state, even to the surface of the most recent strata. It is of volcanic origin, it having been found that lava, under particular circumstances, assumes the form and texture by which it is distinguished. As our readers may be aware, it has a peculiar glassy grain, in which it is resembled by all the class to which it belongs. This, the experiments of modern chemists have shown to have been caused by slow cooling, the rate of which has determined the size of the crystals of all the varieties of igneous rocks. Of this the lava streams of volcanoes of the present age exhibit illustrations, their surface and sides being always finer than their middle, which necessarily was solidified more slowly than the rest.

THE STRANGE WOMAN.

From Lectures to Young Men. By H. W. Beecher.

Enter with me, in imagination, the strange woman's house—where, God grant you may never enter in any other way. There are five wards—Pleasure, Satiety, Discovery, Disease, and Death.

Ward of Pleasure.—the eye is dazzled with the magnificence of its apparel,—elastic velvet, glossy silks, burnished satin, crimson drapery, plushy carpets. Exquisite pictures glow upon the walls, carved marble adorns every niche. The inmates are

deceived by these lying shows; they dance, they sing; with boaming eyes they utter softest strains of flattery and graceful compliment. They partake the amorous wine, and the repast which loads the table. They eat, they drink, they are blithe and merry. Surely, they should be; for after this brief hour, they shall never know purity nor joy again! For this moment's revelry, they are selling heaven! The strange woman walks among her guests in all her charms; fans the flame of joy, scatters grateful odors, and urges on the fatal revelry. As her poisoned wine is quaffed, and the gay creatures begin to reel, the torches wane and cast but a twilight. One by one, the guests grow somnolent; and, at length, they all repose. Their cup is exhausted, their pleasure is forever over, life has exhaled to an essence, and that is consumed! While they sleep, servants, practised to the work, remove them all to another Ward.

Ward of Satiety.—Here reigns a bewildering twilight through which can hardly be discerned the wearied inmates, yet sluggish upon their couches. Overflushed with dance, sated with wine and fruit, a fitful drowsiness vexes them. They wake, to crave; they taste, to loathe; they sleep, to dream; they wake again from unquiet visions. They long for the sharp taste of pleasure, so grateful yesterday. Again they sink, repining to sleep; by starts, they rouse at an ominous dream; by starts they hear strange cries! The fruit burns and torments; the wine shoots sharp pains through their pulse. Strange wonder fills them. They remember the recent joy, as a reveller in the morning thinks of his midnight-madness. The glowing garden and the banquet now seem all stripped and gloomy. They meditate return; pensively they long for their native spot! At sleepless moments, mighty resolutions form,—substantial as a dream. Memory grows dark. Hope will not shine. The past is not pleasant; the present is wearisome; and the future gloomy.

The Ward of Discovery.—In the third ward no deception remains. The floors are bare; the naked walls drip filth; the air is poisonous with sickly fumes, and echoes with mirth concealing hideous misery. None supposes that he has been happy. The past seems like the dream of the miser, who gathers gold spilled like rain upon the road, and wakes, clutching his bed, and crying "where is it?" On your right hand, as you enter, close by the door, is a group of fierce felons in deep drink with drugged liquor. With red and swollen faces, or white and thin; or scarred with ghastly corruption; with scowling brows, baleful eyes, bloated lips and demoniac grins;—in person all uncleanly, in morals all debauched, in peace, bankrupt—the desperate wretches wrangle one with the other, swearing bitter oaths, and heaping reproaches each upon each! Around the room you see miserable creatures unapparelled, or dressed in rags, sobbing and moaning. That one who gazes out at the window, calling for her mother and weeping, was right tenderly and purely bred. She has been baptized twice, once to God, and once to the Devil. She sought this place in the very vestments of God's house. "Call not on the mother! she is a saint in Heaven, and cannot hear thee!" Yet, all night long she dreams of home, and childhood, and wakes to sigh and weep; and between her sobs, she cries "mother! Mother!"

Yonder is a youth, once a servant at God's altar. His hair hangs tangled and torn; his eyes are bloodshot; his face is livid; his fist is clenched. All the day, he wanders up and down, cursing sometimes himself, and sometimes the wretch that brought him hither; and when he sleeps he dreams of Hell; and then he wakes to feel all he dreamed. This is the Ward of reality. All know why the first rooms looked so gay—they were enchanted! It was enchanted wine they drank; and enchanted wine they ate: now they know the pain of fatal food in every limb!

Ward of Disease.—Ye that look wistfully at the pleasant front of this terrific house, come with me now, and look long into the terror of this Ward; for here are the seeds of sin in their full harvest form! We are in a lazar-room; its air oppresses every sense; its sighs confound our thoughts; its sounds pierce our ear; its stench repels us; it is full of diseases. Here a shuddering wretch is clawing at his breast, to tear away that worm which gnaws his heart. By him is another, whose limbs are dropping from his ghastly trunk. Next, swelters another in reeking filth; his eyes rolling in bony sockets, every breath

a pang, and every pang a groan. But yonder, on a pile of rags, lies one whose yells of frantic agony appal every ear. Clutching his rags with spasmodic grasp, his swollen tongue lolling from a blackened mouth, his bloodshot eyes glaring and rolling, he shrieks oaths; now blaspheming God, and now imploring him. He hoots and shouts, and shakes his grisly head from side to side, cursing or praying; now calling death, and then, as if driving away fiends, yelling, *avaunt! avaunt!*

Another has been ridden by pain, until he can no longer shriek; but lies foaming and grinding his teeth, and clenching his bony hands, until the nails pierce the palm—though there is no blood there to issue out—trembling all the time with the shudders and chills of utter agony. The happiest wretch in all this Ward, is an Idiot;—dropsical, distorted, and moping; all day he wags his head, and chatters, and laughs, and bites his nails; then he will sit for hours motionless, with open jaw, and glassy eye fixed on vacancy. In this ward are huddled all the diseases of pleasure. This is the torture-room of the strange woman's House, and it excels the Inquisition. The wheel, the rack; the bed of knives, the roasting fire, the brazen room slowly heated, the slivers driven under the nails, the hot pincers—what are these to the agonies of the last days of licentious vice? Hundreds of rotting wretches would change their couch of torment in the strange woman's House, for the gloomiest terror of the Inquisition, and profit by the change. Nature herself becomes the tormentor. Nature, long trespassed on and abused, at length casts down the wretch; searches every vein, makes a road of every nerve for the scorching foot of pain to travel on, pulls at every muscle, breaks in the breast, builds fire in the brain, eats out the skin, and casts living coals of torment on the heart. What are hot pincers to the envenomed claws of disease? What is it to be put into a pit of snakes and slimy toads, and feel their cold coil or piercing fang, to the creeping of a whole body of vipers?—where every nerve is a viper, and every vein a viper, and every muscle a serpent; and the whole body, in all its parts, coils and twists upon itself in unimaginable anguish? I tell you, there is no Inquisition so bad as that which the Doctor looks upon! Young man! I can show you in this Ward worse pangs than ever a savage produced at the stake!—than ever a tyrant wrung out by engines of torment!—than ever an inquisitor devised! Listen!

Ward of Death.—No longer does the incarnate wretch pretend to conceal her cruelty. She thrusts—ay! as if they were dirt—she shovels out the wretches. Some fall headlong through the rotten floor,—a long fall to a fiery bottom. The floor trembles to deep thunders which roll below. Here and there, jets of flame sprout up, and give a lurid light to the murky hall. Some would fain escape; and flying across the treacherous traps, with hideous outcries and astounding yells, to perdition! Fiends laugh! The infernal laugh, the cry of agony, the thunder of damnation, shake the very roof and echo from wall to wall.

Oh! that the young might see the end of vice before they see the beginning! Believe then the word of God: *Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death, . . . avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away!*

APPLES OF GOLD.

"We are justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past. Rom. iii. 24, 25.

How sweet are the words, "By grace (without merit) ye are saved!" Here is an overflowing fountain of comfort and divine strength! But how little are the generality of vain and worldly people, who still feed upon husks, acquainted with these words! How little are they relished by our self-righteous moral Christians! but, oh! how deliciously does a poor hungry sinner feed upon them! There is hardly anything less known and understood, as to the power and experience, than the mystery of Christ's suffering and dying for us, and justification by faith in him; though it is the only paradise and element of believers, and the greatest jewel restored by the Reformation. Such talking and representations of sin as only strike the imagination, are not sufficient; but we must also feel the mortal wounds of sin, by which the flesh is mortified, and be actually healed by the stripes of Christ!

With shame and sorrow, here I own
How great my guilt has been;
This is my way to approach the throne,
And God forgives my sin.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.



Egyptians Embalming the Dead.

"The physicians embalmed Israel."—Genesis 1. 2.

The Egyptian custom of so embalming the dead as to preserve the corpse for perhaps a thousand generations arose from the doctrine of their religion, which taught that the continuance of the soul in the region of blessedness was contingent upon the preservation of the body. When *that* perished, the banished soul had to begin anew its career in connexion with physical existence, and after migrating, during a period of 3000 years, through various forms of being, ultimately became again associated with the human form, and when its life terminated, was to be again admitted to its precarious felicity—separated from, but connected with, the "earthly tabernacle" which had been left in the world exposed to the injuries of men and the accidents of time. It is obvious how this principle would operate in originating elaborate and careful processes for the embalming of the dead.

"He was put in a coffin."—Gen. 1. 26.

This is certainly mentioned here as a distinction. Coffins have never been much used in the East, although great personages have occasionally been deposited in marble sarcophagi. The custom was and is to wrap the body up closely in wrappers, or to swathe it with bandages, and so bury it, or deposit it in the excavated sepulchre: "In Egypt coffins were more in use than any where else, but still the common people were obliged to dispense with them. On the other hand, persons of wealth or distinction had two, three, or even four coffins, one within the other.—*Pic. Bible.*"

TURKEY REVOLUTIONIZED.

An intelligent correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce*, writing from London, sketches the "movement" of the time in various parts of Europe, and that of Turkey, in particular, he presents in the following interesting light. This is indeed a revolution, though bloodless and tranquil:—

The Pope having entered the lists as a reformer, will not surprise you more than to find that the Grand Turk has done the same. For the first time in the annals of his dynasty, the Sultan of Turkey has paid a visit to his Asiatic dominions, and on his return received the congratulations of the ambassadors to the Porte. This is the first instance on record of the *corps diplomatique* having had an audience, *en masse*, with the Imperial Sovereign of Turkey; and, by way of showing still further innovation, his majesty received their excellencies in the state room, to which they were ushered, and remained standing during the whole of their visit.

Education is to proceed in Turkey with giant strides. 20,000 schools are to be forthwith established throughout the country, and a normal school for teachers is to be instituted at Constantinople, under Emir Pacha, who was educated at the English University of Cambridge, where he took high degrees for mathematics and classics.

Another circumstance, without precedent in modern history, is the fact, that the sultan, on his return from his tour, went to the Sublime Porte and made a report to the vizier, as to the condition of the provinces he had visited, issuing orders for their future better government. Among other things, he declared that he had abolished all custom duties at Adrianople, Broussa, Konian, and Tokat, and then went on in the following free trade style:

"As it has been acknowledged at all times that duties on

food, provisions, and cattle, are extremely prejudicial to agriculture and commerce, we order, in consequence, after having collected all necessary information on the subject, that henceforth all duties of the kind, affecting the city of Constantinople, shall be entirely abrogated, and that this act shall come into effect from the date of the first day of next March."

The Imperial Solyman, you will perceive, is becoming a good Coblenite, and now he has only to give a cheap postage, to aid him in carrying out his reforms, and rendering them effective.

There is one point more in the character of this reforming moslem which will entitle him to, and secure for him the gratitude of the whole Christian world: a vizerial letter to the Pacha of Erzeroum says, that the Protestant faith has spread in some degree among the Armenians—particularly at Constantinople: they had been anathematized by the patriarch, and thereby injured in their trade and business, and obliged to close their shops: the sultan had forbidden the primates so to act at Constantinople, and the same law must be enforced at Erzeroum: the Armenian primates are "not to be suffered in any way to persecute or interfere with the converts when engaged in their trades and commerce." His Excellency is finally ordered "to protect and defend them."

The *Morning Chronicle* correspondent at Constantinople, in his last despatch, emphatically states, that "Protestantism is now planted in the Ottoman empire, and it is my belief that it will strike its roots deep, and spread them wide."

FOUR ACRES AND ONE HUNDRED ACRES.

In journeying through the State of Rhode Island the traveller in that State, as in most others, discovers a great variety of interests and almost every species of husbandry, from the very best to none at all, as you may say. A few days since I fell in with a gentleman who had just purchased a farm, for which he paid \$7000, every dollar of which he had saved from the income of his garden or farm, consisting of only four acres of land, (and that not of the first quality in the natural state,) besides supporting his family. I asked him for the secret, as I was sure he must possess one, which he gave me as follows:—"First," said he, "I prepare my ground, and never use any but the best of seed, and that mostly of my own raising, and always put it in in good season, and often take two crops from the same ground by putting in vegetables that ripen early, and then those that ripen late. And, again, I never carry anything to the market except it is of the first quality, or quality recommended, sell it for what it is, and not for what it is not. I always sort my potatoes and all other vegetables, and vary the price according to quality; yet I can get more for each quality in proportion to mean cost or price of whole, by so doing, frequently selling potatoes from 10 to 15 cents per bushel above the market price, and other kinds in same proportion, and only because the buyer knows he can depend upon having just the sort, kind or quality that he orders or purchases." Near by was a farmer, with a hundred acres of equally good land, who was hardly able to make both ends meet, (as the saying is,) and was industrious, and had a healthy family. Again for the secret: Well, he did not work his land—had too much and could not—went over it and left it to work itself; was obliged to fence more, and do a thousand things that the man of four acres was free from; and when he went to market, went in a hurry, in such a shape as was most convenient, and in such order as the time he allotted to himself would allow; always a little late in the season, and usually found a falling price. Had he sold one-half of his farm of one hundred acres, and bought manure, and hired help to properly till the other, he might long ere this have bought it back, and another with it of equal value.

BOSTON SLAVE CASE.

(From the *Emancipator*.)

The following letter comes from the N. O. Picayune of the 25th ult. We could not have believed a man in Massachusetts, holding the position of a shipmaster, could have been driven, lash in hand, to write such a letter. We have had some sympathy hitherto, for poor Hannum, as the subordinate of a rich firm in this city; but he gives the account of his own baseness and villany with such unblushing impudence, that we sincerely hope he may be dealt with according to the rigors of a righteous law.

Boston, Sept. 11, 1846.

Editors of the Picayune:—In my own native city, a refugee from the fury of the Abolitionists, I address you on a grave subject, though it has placed me in the midst of many a comical and ludicrous scene.

I cleared at your port on the 9th, and sailed on the 10th of August, in command of the brig *Ottoman*, for Boston. Seven days out a mulatto slave was found secreted in the fore peak; I kept a look-out at the mast-head, in the hope of finding some vessel by which to send him back, but unfortunately did not succeed; kept on my way, and arrived off Boston light at 1 on the morning of the 7th.—Here I placed the runaway on board of a pilot-boat for safe keeping till 1, A. M., the next day, when I arrived from town according to agreement, and took the ducky in my boat, which contained, besides myself, a trusty friend, a boy of sixteen, and a boatman. Agreeable to arrangements in town, I was to await the bark *Niagara*, to sail next day for New Orleans. That night an easterly gale commenced, and next day no *Niagara* came. Unable to weather it any longer in the lower harbor, I kept her away for Spectacle Island. There, as ill-luck would have it, while taking "a drop of consolation" at the hotel, the negro gave me the slip, and with the boat made sail for South Boston Point; post haste we followed in another boat, but he landed about ten minutes ahead. We took after him, through corn-fields and over fences, till finally, after a chase of two miles, I secured him just as he reached the bridge. Accusing him of theft, I marched him, arm in arm, towards the Point, followed by a crowd of men and boys—a friend came up with a team, when I drove to the Point, and we took to our boats and were off.

The news of the escape and capture spread through the city—officers were despatched in all directions—\$100 reward was offered for the "kidnapper-captain and pirate-boat Warren." That night we lay at anchor under Lovell's Island—the easterly blow continued—we dared not venture farther out. Next morning our case was desperate. Out of water and provisions, I beat down to the outer island in the harbor, (an uninhabited pile of barren rocks,) landed with the darkey and boy, and sent my companions to town for supplies and another boat, while we remained hid in the gullies of the rocks. They returned at night with the "Vision," the fastest sailer in the bay, and took us off. So hotly were they pursued in town, that the only refreshments they were enabled to obtain were gin and crackers, and on these we subsisted during the remainder of the expedition. We now stood for sea, and waited for the *Niagara* till 2, P. M., the next day, (the 12th,) when she came out in tow of a steamer. I put him on board as the steamer left, giving Capt. Rea letters explanatory of the whole affair. No sooner had I left the bark than I discovered a steamer making directly for us.—Knowing she could chase but one, I steered a course opposite to the *Niagara*, till the steamer came up and ordered me to heave to; this for some time I refused to do, wishing to delay them as long as possible, in order to give the *Niagara* a chance to get clear. Bayonets glistened in all parts of the boat; darkies were there of every hue, crying out, "Run him down," "Fire into him," &c.—After this was hushed, and I had brought them to terms of civility, I hove to, and received on board two officers, who examined the craft; not finding the objects of their search, they went on board the steamer and put off for the bark; but they had wasted too much time with me—the *Niagara* was well out to sea, with a fine breeze. The abolitionists, after chasing her a few miles, became sea-sick, and commenced casting up their accounts; the balance was in favor of returning home, and back they went, to wreak their vengeance on your humble servant—humble enough, God knows, though elevated to garret life.

Stigmatized as a slave-stealer at the South—branded as a kidnapper at the North—my situation is anything but enviable. The journals here are bitter against me, and accuse me of interested motives. On the contrary, with a hundred dollars reward against me, I have been obliged to spend a like sum in order to re-ship the negro to his master. John H. Pearson, Esq., a merchant of this city, well known for his integrity, is the owner of the *Niagara* and *Ottoman*, and sanctions my proceedings. This is my lengthy story; lay it before your readers, that they may know we are not all abolitionists, and that the reputation of our beautiful city may not suffer through their disgraceful proceedings.

Very respectfully yours, gentlemen,
JAMES W. HANNUM,
Master brig *Ottoman*.

SELECTIONS.

STEAM AND ROMANCE.—Wherever the steamboat touches the shore, adventure retreats into the interior, and what is called romance, vanishes. It won't hear the vulgar gaze; or, rather, the light of the common day puts it out, and it is only in the dark that it shines at all. There are no cursing and insulting of Giaours now. If a Cockney looks or behaves in a particularly ridiculous way, the little Turks come out and laugh at him. A Londoner is no longer a spittoon for true believers; and now that dark Hassan sits in divan and drinks champagne, and Selim has a French watch, and Zuelika perhaps takes Morrison's pills, Byronism becomes absurd instead of sublime, and is only a foolish expression of Cockney wonder. They still occasionally beat a man for going into a mosque, but this is almost the

only sign of ferocious vitality left in the Turk of the Mediterranean coast, and strangers may enter scores of mosques without molestation. The paddle-wheel is the great conqueror. Wherever the captain cries "Stop her!" civilisation stops and lands in the ship's boat, and makes a permanent acquaintance with the savages on shore. Whole hosts of crusaders have passed and died, and butchered here in vain. But to manufacture European iron into pikes and helmets was a waste of metal; in the shape of piston-rods and furnace-pokers it is irresistible; and I think an allegory might be made showing how much stronger commerce is than chivalry, and finishing with a grand image of Mahomet's crescent being extinguished in Fulton's boiler.—*Tilmarsh's Cornhill to Cairo*.

THE WAGES OF AGITATION.—Wm. Wilberforce began life as a country gentleman, with an income of £12,000 a year. He toiled through more than thirty years of Parliamentary strife, paying largely, year by year, the expenses of his warfare with slavery; and died at last, having just witnessed the triumph of the cause to which he had sacrificed his life and fortune, and having just sold his last acre! An offer was made to him, at the close of his career, to purchase for him, by a private subscription, a new estate, as the gift of the grateful British people. The other was thankfully but firmly declined; though he who refused it had to take shelter under the roof of his son's parsonage.

"PUT DOWN THAT NOVEL."—It is giving you wrong views of human life, of mankind, of domestic relations, and of social duties. It is awakening emotions far from serious or proper. It is consuming that time which you might occupy in the perusal of some standard, historic, or scientific, or religious work, which would furnish you with solid information. It is enfeebling your mind, instead of giving you that wholesome nutriment which it needs. It is forming an indisposition for secret prayer, and for all self-denying duties. It is drawing the heart away from holiness and God.—*Churchman's Magazine*.

BIBLE AND NO BIBLE.—Tell me where the Bible is and where it is not, and I will write a moral geography of the world. I will show what, in all particulars, is the physical condition of that people. One glance of your eye will inform you where the Bible is and where it is not. Go to Italy—decay, degradation, suffering, meet you on every side. Commerce droops, agriculture sickens, the useful arts languish. There is a heaviness in the air; you feel cramped by some invisible but mighty power. The people dare not speak aloud—they walk slowly—an armed soldiery is around their dwellings—the armed police take from the stranger his Bible, before he enters the territory. Ask for the Bible in the book-stores; it is not there, or in a form so large and extensive as to be beyond the reach of the common people. The preacher takes no text from the Bible. Enter the Vatican, and inquire for a Bible, and you will be pointed to some case where it reposes among prohibited books, side by side with the works of Diderot, Rousseau, and Voltaire. But pass over the Alps into Switzerland, and down the Rhine into Holland, and over the Channel to England and Scotland, and what an amazing contrast meets the eye! Men look with an air of independence; there are industry, neatness, instruction for children.—Why this difference? There is no brighter sky—there are no fairer scenes of nature—but they have the Bible; and happy are the people who are in such a case, for it is righteousness that exalteth a nation.—*Dr. Adams*.

DAMP WALLS.—The question of "damp walls" is one intimately connected with domestic economy, and in which the invalid is especially interested. When damp walls proceed from *deliquescence* in the case of muriate of soda, &c., an intimate combination with the sand used for the mortar, it is merely necessary to wash the wall with a strong solution of alum. This converts the *deliquescent* salt into a *efflorescent* one, and the cure is complete; or alum may be added to the plaster in the first instance. When dampness arises in the walls by capillary attraction from the foundation, it resolves into a question altogether different; but, in the majority of cases, the dampness springs from the employment of sea sand, or, at any rate, sand impregnated with a *deliquescent* salt.—*Mining Journal*.

VALUE OF COB MEAL.—It has been the opinion of most farmers that corn cobs were of little or no value, and they have generally thrown them aside as of no use except for manure. The experience of some who have formerly fed corn and meal, and the anticipated scarcity of hay, have led nearly all our corn-growers to turn their cobs into food for their stock. To show something of the extent to which it has been used here, the following will give you some data to judge from. One mill in this town has, within the last three months, ground more than 5,000 bushels of cobs, besides a large quantity of corn in the ear. This fact, I think, proves quite conclusively that cob meal is valuable as an article of food for stock. Indeed the opinion which is expressed by those who have used it, is altogether in its favour. When they get out their corn, it is not threshed entirely clean; some three to fifteen bushels of corn are left on the cobs. They are kept clean as possible till ground into meal. Cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs, eat it readily without adding other grain. When fed to cattle, in addition to hay, a marked difference in their condition and appearance is seen from those fed on hay without the meal. Some feeders mix it with other grain, roots, &c., with marked profit and success. When fed with oil-cake it is found to answer an excellent purpose, as it takes up all oil without waste.—*Albany Cultivator*.

NEWS.

CASTE—THE CURSE OF HINDUISM.—The town of Goodbee consists of two main streets intersected by several minor ones. At one side stands the fort, mud of course, within which live most of the rich merchants; several holding a private residence here, even though they carry on business in the pettah. On another side is that unfeeling appendage to a Hindu town, the village of the outcasts. This is a polluted spot. No caste man, though he be a drudge or a menial, would be found here. He will come within call, without touching the accursed ground, and, howling out his summons for the person he may happen to want, continues on his own sacred ground till the message is conveyed. No one who has not lived among the people can conceive the weight of that curse which Hinduism has prepared for those unhappy beings who cannot claim a standing among the accredited castes. The meanest of the people loathe them as vile than swine. Caste men have followed me to the very verge of the defiled ground, begging me, by all manner of arguments, by my respectability, my regard for decency, my disapproval of everything disgusting, and by the utter impossibility of making them understand anything, not to degrade myself, or affront the people who had just been listening to me, by going to preach to wretches wholly incapable of being taught. Servitude is honour, slavery brotherhood, and public conviction approval, compared with the fathomless degradation into which the poor outcast is plunged. Father, mother, children, down they are sunk; all trample on them, all abuse, all revile, all execrate, all shun, and this has been going on for generations. By this horrid proscription, millions of human beings are held in a state of anomalous slavery. No one claims their person—it is too vile; but with limbs unchained, the man is denied every right of citizenship, education, or society; he and his unborn children, and his children's children, are doomed to ignorance, exclusion, and contempt. He is an exile from the human family, cut off, and cut off for ever, from affection, esteem, and improvement. No sum can buy his ransom; no monarch make him free. He was born to his curse, and his offspring is predestinated to the same. Let him look where he will, he reads the sentence of his exile, pronounced for a crime he knows not. The earth rejects him; he may not own a single perch; the water rejects him; his defiled vessel, or more defiled person, would pollute a whole well; let him dig in a corner, or drink with the swine: law rejects him; who is he that he should complain? religion rejects him; his impure steps would contaminate the holiest fane; let him crouch to a goblin on his own vile ground: ay, charity herself rejects him; to give him a morsel would be "to take the children's bread, and cast it unto dogs." And this is the bitterness of his lot, that he is dwelling in his own land, not captured in war, not sentenced for crime, not banished as dangerous; but living full in the sight of all blessings, and denied every one, because he was born accursed.—*Mission to Mysore.*

DISCOVERY OF A CAVE AT GIBRALTAR.—A few weeks ago, the Chief-Justice of Gibraltar had some workmen employed at his house, and whilst one of them was digging near the dining-room window, he perceived an opening which he found was very deep. He, with some others, and the Chief-Justice himself, ventured down this aperture; and after descending about 40 feet almost perpendicularly, they came to a very narrow passage, which led to a most beautiful cave; stalactites hanging about as white as snow, and of various forms, some like cauliflowers. In the midst of all this was a human skeleton, sticking fast to the rock, and the bones of a dog beside it, both having become petrified. The Chief-Justice's house (which is an old one) is built immediately over the cave. I walked out on the 4th inst. to examine the bones. It is quite melancholy to see the skull; the water has dropped on the lower jaw till it has run down and hardened, giving it the appearance of a beard. Some parts are quite petrified. The scalp still remains, and the veins on the left side are very distinct. It is just like stone, and is chipped here and there, so that the bone of the skull appears through very white, in some places like ivory. The nose, likewise, has not quite decayed, and the remaining parts are also stone. The bones of the right hand were fastened to the right side of the head, so that the poor creature has the appearance of having lain down and died, very probably of starvation, with his hand under his head, which is half turned round, as if he or she had been looking up. The entire set of teeth were beautifully perfect, but the front ones of the lower jaw dropped out when it was moved. There is some of the back-bone, arm-bones, legs, ribs, and thigh; in fact, I believe they have all been complete. The bones of the dog lay beside the human bones.—*Literary Gazette.*

NEW KIND OF TRADE.—A letter from Siberia speaks of a new traffic which has arisen in that country. Of late years, it seems, there have been discovered in various parts of that vast region, at depths more or less great, beneath the surface of the ground, large deposits of the bone of the mastodon, and as the teeth and jaws of this animal, which are mingled in great numbers with the bones, not only possess all the quality of elephantine ivory, but even surpass it, being still less brittle and less liable to turn yellow, a company of merchants has been formed to collect these treasures throughout Siberia. The commencement of this enterprise has been eminently successful. During the past year, the society has collected upwards of 16,000 pounds of mastodon tusks and jaws—all of which have arrived at St. Petersburg, and been sold, under the denomination of Siberian ivory, at prices 30, 40, 60, and 100 per cent. above those of elephant.

We are without further news from Europe, although the Great Britain is now more than a week over due. Serious apprehensions are entertained respecting the safety of this vessel, but, of course, nothing can be stated, except mere conjectures, concerning her.

UNITED STATES.—The expected intelligence of the capture of Monterey has at length arrived, but the struggle has been more severe than was expected, from the previous inactivity of the Mexicans. The assault upon the city lasted three days, during which the besiegers lost, it is said, about three hundred killed, besides an equal number wounded, being about a tenth part of their army put *hors du combat*. The loss on the part of the Mexicans is supposed to be comparatively trifling, on account of their being protected by the walls of the town. Indeed, the contest appears to have been gained only by the superiority of the American artillery, and the courage of the Mexican soldiers as risen materially in public estimation.

Monterey is the capital of the Province of New Leon, situated on the Fernando river, about 220 miles from its mouth. It contains about 12,000 inhabitants, and is strongly built. The conditions granted by General Taylor to the Mexicans, either manifest great leniency or great weakness, being very favorable to a conquered enemy. They are to the following effect:—

That the officers should be allowed to march out with their side arms.

That the cavalry and infantry should be allowed to march out with their arms and accoutrements.

That the artillery should be allowed to march out with one battery of six pieces, and twenty-one rounds of ammunition.

That all other munitions of war and supplies should be turned over to a board of American officers, appointed to receive them.

That the Mexican army should be allowed seven days to evacuate the city, and that the American army should not occupy it until evacuated.

That the cathedral, fort, or citadel, should be evacuated at ten, a.m. next day, (25th) the Mexicans then marching out, and the American garrison marching in. The Mexicans allowed to salute their flag when hauled down.

That there should be an armistice of eight weeks, during which time neither army should pass a line running from the Riconda through Linares and San Fernando.

Terms so favorable have excited much speculation in the American papers, and convinced most people of the futility of any attempt to march upon the city of Mexico. It is said that instructions have been sent to renew offers of peace, but, in the event of their not being accepted, to prosecute the war with vigor. Meantime, it is understood that General Taylor's army is suffering from scarcity of provisions, while the Mexican authorities, on the other hand, are suffering from a total lack of funds.

CANADA.—The papers continue to give much attention to the navigation laws, and the question is vitally important to Canada, of how the produce of the Country is to reach the European Market at least expense. Some papers contend that the whole difference between the rates of freight from New York and Montreal respectively to Britain, goes into the pocket of the British Ship Owner, being in fact a tax imposed on us by the monopoly which he enjoys. Others with more discrimination and judgment maintain, that however injurious the monopoly may be to us, the greatest part of the difference in question is not to be attributed to it at all, but to the difficult, dangerous, and expensive navigation of the River and Gulph, so that while we should exert ourselves for the removal of the navigation laws, we should still more strenuously exert ourselves to do all that lies in our power to render this navigation safe and easy. In this connection a very sensible article has appeared in the Quebec Gazette, which we are happy to see making the round of the papers, contrasting the paucity of light houses in the Gulph of the St. Lawrence, with the great number which stud the American Coasts of Maine, Massachusetts, &c. This article states that Quebec is no farther from Britain than New York is, and that it only requires the navigation to be made equally safe and expeditious in order to equalize the rates of freight at once. This of course will never probably be effected, 'till we may continually approximate towards it.

The melancholy accident on board the Lord Sydenham will be found noticed in another column,

The Montreal Board of Trade is exerting itself for the establishment of the Electric Telegraph in Canada.

The accounts of the potato blight in Canada West are becoming daily more general.

CANADA.

SEVERE ACCIDENT ON BOARD THE LORD SYDENHAM.—By the explosion of a steam pipe on board the steamer Lord Sydenham, on her upward voyage from Quebec to this port, on Thursday evening last, not less than sixteen individuals have been more or less severely injured. Soon after midnight, when the Sydenham was about three miles on this side Port Saint Francis, the starboard engine was stopped, in order to adjust some trifling part of the gearing which had slipped out of order. Whilst this was being done, the induction pipe of the larboard engine exploded with a tremendous report, projecting the boiling water and steam in all directions, fearfully scalding several of the crew, and a number of the steerage passengers who were sitting near. Fortunately Doctors Richardson and Rousseau and a Military Surgeon, were on board, and rendered every possible assistance to the sufferers, amongst whom were several females. The Sydenham was immediately run ashore, where she remained until the Rowland Hill came up with her, about half an hour afterwards, when the passengers and mail were transferred to the Rowland Hill, where the sufferers experienced unremitting attention from the Captain and all on board. One of the firemen, who was so dreadfully scalded that, when his shirt was taken off, large portions of the flesh came away with it, is since dead, and we hear few hopes are entertained of the recovery of two others.—*Gazette, 17th inst.*

A terrific thunder storm passed over Cobourg on Wednesday evening last, more violent than any that has occurred for years. Two houses in the town were struck with the electric fluid, and it was little less than a miracle the inmates escaped with their lives.

The Earl Cathcart, a new Propeller built at Amherstburgh, during the Summer, by Messrs. Parks & Co., and others, arrived here this morning from Toronto, with a large miscellaneous freight, (equal to 8,000 bushels wheat,) and several cabin passengers. She drew 7 feet 9 inches. This Propeller is of the largest class, and when the St. Lawrence canals are completed next year, will ply between Montreal and the Upper Lakes.—*Kingston Argus.*

When the whole line of the Canals is open to vessels of this class, and the River below Quebec properly lighted and buoyed, there can be no fear of our competing with the Buffalo and New York line of communication.—*Montreal Gazette.*

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.—A Farmer named James McGowan, aged 63, residing in the 7th concession of the Township of Kingston, was killed during the thunder-storm on Friday last. The electric fluid came down the chimney, and struck him as he sat by the fire, and killed him instantly.—*Whig.*

By the population returns of 1846, it appears the population of Toronto is 20,565, being an increase over 1845 of 859.

LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW TEMPERANCE HALL, TEMPERANCE STREET, TORONTO, C. W.—This ceremony was performed on Monday, the 5th of October, 1846, by Jesse Ketchum, Esq., in the presence of a large concourse of members of the Toronto Temperance Reformation Society, and other friends of the cause.

The *Revue Canadienne* says an old man died at Wexford, Upper Canada, a short time since, named Daniel Atkin, but rejoicing in the soubriquet of Black Dan. At the time of his decease, he was 120 years of age, and during his life had contracted seven marriages, and had an incredible number of children, grand children and great grand children, in all about 570, of whom 370 are boys, and 200 girls.

TEMPEST.—We learn from the Boston papers that the furious tempest which was experienced by the Great Western, on the 19th ult., was felt by other vessels in different parts of the Atlantic between Nova Scotia and the English Channel, and has caused a great many disasters.—At Newfoundland the gale blew a hurricane on the 19th, 20th and 21st, and caused great destruction to life and property. Many buildings were blown down in St. John's, and several persons were killed or badly injured by the falling timbers. Several bridges were carried away. Fatal accidents have happened to the shipping on the coast. One boat, with a crew of seven persons, upset in running for the harbour, and all were lost.—At other parts of the coast the destruction of life and property is also appalling. At Quidi Vidi, a loss of not less than £1000 falls on poor fishermen, the proceeds of whose Summer's labour were destroyed. At Grates Cove, in Trinity Bay, about 70 fishing skiffs lay at anchor, and 60 of them were totally wrecked and lost. In addition to the great loss of skiffs and loads of fish and oil, the poor people's fishing stages and flakes were destroyed. They are likely to suffer much for the want of food and clothing in the course of the coming season.—*Montreal Gazette.*

BRITISH NEWS.

SINGULAR BEQUESTS.—The will of Mary Anne Johnson, late of Well Walk, Hampstead, spinster, who died on the 6th ult., passed the seal of the Probate Court of Canterbury on the 1st instant. The personal estate of the testatrix is sworn under £25,000. The will contains the following bequests:—"I give to my black dog Carlo an annuity of £30 a year during the dog's life, to be paid half-yearly. Unto each of the cats, Blacky, Jenny, and Tom, I give an annuity of £10 a year for the three cats, to be paid half-yearly. Margaret Potson and Harriet Holly, my mother's old servants, to take charge of the dog and cats." Query.—What will the authorities at the Legacy Duty-office do? As it respects "legacy duty," the legatees are certainly "strangers in blood" to the deceased, and in that capacity are liable to a duty of 10 per cent. on the value of their life interest; but the Legacy Duty Act, on the other hand, says nothing about duty payable on legacies bequeathed to dogs and cats.

WITCHCRAFT IN SCOTLAND.—The following extraordinary statement is from a report (just printed by Parliament) on the state of the prisons in Scotland:—"The connection of ignorance with crime is shown in the present report by the general low state of education among the prisoners, already described, and by some special cases. In particular I would refer to the following, in the report on the Dingwall prison:—"W. C., aged 24. I live near Tain, and am a fisherman. I am in prison for assaulting a woman named M. M. She is about 60. I had assaulted her because she was bewitching every-

thing I had. She prevented me from catching fish, and caused my boat to be upset. The other men said, they should have no chance of catching any herrings while I was with them, and they would not let me go out with them. M. M. is known by all in the neighbourhood to be a witch. She has been seen a hundred times milking the cows in the shape of a hare, though I never saw her do so myself. People believe, in my neighbourhood, that if any one gets blood from a witch she can do them no more harm, and that is the reason I cut M. with my penknife. But I held the knife so that it might go into her as short a way as possible. All I wanted was to get blood. I was not the first person wanted to draw blood from her. Those who advised me to cut her told me, that if I did not she would drown me, and the boat who were in the boat with me, as sure as any man was ever drowned. It is hard that I should be put in prison, for the Bible orders us to punish witches, and there is not a man on the jury who did not know M. to be a witch.

The other week, a woman in Kilmarnock administered half a glass of whiskey to her child, a boy about three years old, for the purpose of making him quiet. The dose produced the desired effect, as the child fell into a profound sleep, which terminated in death, after the lapse of about eleven hours.

At the sale of Mr. Leonard Matons, of Collingbourne, Wilts, on the 10th inst., 1,000 sheep realised £3,000, some ewes realised 50s. each, and 1,000 ewes and lambs averaged nearly 40s each; some rams fetched £20, others £15, down to £10 each.

AMERICAN BEER AND GRAIN.—No less than 5,000 barrels of American Beer have been bought in Liverpool for the Irish markets within the last fortnight. They are to be shipped to Dublin, Newry and Belfast. The orders for Indian corn from all parts of Ireland are very great.—*Liverpool Times.*

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

MORE OF THE BEAUTIES OF WAR.—The last company of the St. Louis Legion was paid off yesterday. The wages of officers and privates, for about three months' service, amounted to between \$28,000 and \$30,000. Their transportation to Mexico and back, together with provisions, clothing, &c., must have cost the Government over \$100,000.—*St. Louis Era, 4th instant.*

CALIFORNIA AND NEW MEXICO.—Com. Sloat has issued a proclamation to the citizens of California, informing them of the annexation of that territory to the United States. Brigadier General Kearney has also addressed the people of New Mexico, announcing that he has taken possession of Santa Fe, the capital of the Department of New Mexico, and declaring his intention to hold the department with its original boundaries (on both sides of the Del Norte) as a part of the United States, and under the name of the territory of New Mexico.

TWO SPIES HUNG AT CAMARGO.—A letter to a New Orleans paper mentions that two spies were arrested in the camp at Camargo, and their guilt was so evident that they were immediately hung! A party of Americans, on their way from Camargo to Matamoros, were attacked by some Mexicans, and one American and six Mexicans were killed.

The late census of Boston has developed some curious facts. Only three hundred and forty families in Boston keep more than two domestics; and but four thousand four hundred and one families keep them at all; while fifteen thousand seven hundred and seventy-four families live in household independence, doing their own house-work entirely.

HORRIBLE.—On the 19th ult., in Overton county, Tenn., a brute, in human form, named Edward O'Neil, murdered his wife and five of his children, set his house on fire, and then committed suicide, throwing himself upon the horrid pile of murdered victims. It is scarcely necessary to say the man was an habitual drunkard, and was drunk at the time. A daughter of 16 escaped the general massacre.

The greatest achievements in modern times in boring for water, is the Artesian Well near Paris, which cost \$50,000, having been sunk 1794 feet. This well now yields 880,000 gallons of water a day.

On the 27th ult., the King of Sweden signed an ordinance abolishing all games of chance at the watering-place of Ramloese, (Scania,) the only place in Sweden where gambling was allowed.

PRODUCE PRICES CURRENT—MONTREAL, Oct. 19, 1846.

	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.		
ASHES, Pots, per cwt	23	6	a	23	9	PEASE,	5	0	a	0	0
Pearls,	23	6	a	23	9	BEEF, Prime Mess,					
FLOUR, Canada Su-						per brl. 200lbs.	47	6	a	0	0
perflno, per brl.						Prime,	42	6	a	0	0
196 lbs.	32	6	a	00	0	Prime Mess, per					
Do. Fine,	30	0	a	31	0	terce, 304lbs.	00	0	a	00	0
Do. Sour,	27	0	a	00	0	PORK, Mess, per brl.					
Do. Middlings, .						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	0	0	BUTTER, per lb. ...	6	7	a	0	8
Do. L.C. per min.	0	0				CHEESE, Am. 100lb	30	0	a	40	0
BARLEY, M'nt., ...						LARD, per lb.	0	5	a	0	6
OATS, " " " "						TALLOW, per lb. ...	0	54	a	0	54

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