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THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

THE FOUNTAIN.—A CONVERSATION.

BY WORDSWORTH.

We talked with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat ;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

" Now, Matthew," said I, " let us match
This water's pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch,
That suits a summer's noon.

Or of the church clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade,
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes,
Which you last April made."

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree ;
And thus the dear old man replied,
The gray haired man of glee :

" Down to the vale this water steers ;
How merrily it goes !
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay :
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

The blackbird in the summer trees,
The lark upon the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

With nature never do they wage
A foolish strife ; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free :

But we are pressed by heavy laws ;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

If there is one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,
It is the man of mirth.

My days, my friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me ; but by none
Am I enough beloved."

" Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains !
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains."

And, Matthew, for thy children dead
I'll be a son to thee !"
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
" Alas ! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side ;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep track did we glide ;
And through the wood we went ;

And, ere we came to Leonard's Rock,
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON'S OVERLAND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

(Continued from Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.)

We followed the trail of Sir George Simpson to the shores of California ; and we now set forth in his wake for the Sandwich Islands, in the middle of the North Pacific.

" Whilst we were at dinner," says Captain King, the friend and companion of Cook, " in this miserable hut, on the banks of the river Avatska, the guests of a people with whose existence we had before been scarce acquainted, and at the extremity of the habitable globe, a solitary, half-worn powder spoon, whose shape was familiar to us, attracted our attention ; and on examination, we found it stamped on the back with the word *London*. I cannot pass over this circumstance in silence, out of gratitude for the pleasant thoughts, the anxious hopes, and tender remembrances it excited in us." " 'Tis sixty years since !" and now the new adventurer, in putting a girdle round the earth, meets at the same island with native pilots, who speak English like their mother-tongue, in front of a large and flourishing town of nine thousand inhabitants. Twenty years ago, Mr. Stuart describes one of the queens as banqueting on a living cuttle-fish, held to her face with both hands, while its snaky arms writhed and twisted round her head. Sir George's supper with Governor Kekuanaca was somewhat different. " We were received by the governor in his hall of justice, an apartment large enough for the church of a considerable parish, being sixty feet long, thirty broad, and about thirty-five or forty feet high, to the ridge pole of the roof. The chiefs were all handsomely attired in the Windsor uniform, their clothes fitting to a hairs-breadth : so particular, indeed, are the aristocracy in this respect, that they have imported a tailor from England for their own exclusive benefit. Supper being announced, the chiefs, each taking one or two of our party by the arm, conducted us across an open era to another apartment of considerable size, built in the European fashion, and handsomely furnished with tables, buffets, chairs, sofas, &c. ; the whole, or nearly the whole, being of native wood and native workmanship. The main table would have done no discredit to a London mansion, covered as it was with glass and plate, and lighted with elegant lamps. The fare was very tempting. It consisted of fruits of all kinds, sweetmeats, pastry, Chinese preserves, &c., with excellent tea and coffee : the latter, which had been grown in Woahoo by the governor himself, being fully equal to Mocha. Our plates, by the by, had been marked with our names, and we had been told to take our seats accordingly, his excellency sitting at one side among his guests. In fact the whole proceedings blended the most punctilious regard to etiquette with the cordiality of nature.

politeness, beating, out and out and over again, all that we had seen in California, in every respect; in room, in furniture, in equipage, in viands, in cookery, and in dress. Nor were our native companions themselves so decidedly inferior as civilized vanity might fancy. The chiefs, especially our host, were men of excellent address; and as they spoke English enough to be understood, we soon forgot that we were sipping our coffee in a country which is deemed uncivilized, and among individuals who are classed with savages.

Some of the chiefs have houses built in the European fashion, of wood, stone, &c., occasionally of two storeys, with tinned roofs, balconies, verandas, and jalousies; and these are enclosed within small gardens of ornamental plants. The native houses, on the other hand, are so light, that it is common to remove them from place to place. They are made of a frame-work of bamboo, covered with grass; and having pointed roofs, and no opening but a single door, look like hayricks. 'The houses are commonly separated into sleeping and sitting compartments, by means of curtains hung across from wall to wall; but everything, whether exposed to view or not, whether within the house itself or merely within the surrounding enclosure, is scrupulously clean and neat, presenting in this respect a wonderful contrast with the filth and confusion of most of the native lodges of the continent. At whatever time of the day we dropped into a house, we found no difference in any of these particulars; there was never any unpleasant smell about the premises, all the refuse of fish, vegetables, &c., being regularly carried to a distance.' The furniture consists of straw mats laid on the earthen floor, and piled upon each other when meant to serve as beds; together with a few gourds or calabashes for dishes.

The dress of the females is now according to the somewhat ascetic taste of the missionaries, consisting of a single garment, like a bathing wrapper; but, by way of a contrast, they retain a coiffure of flowers and leaves, which is described as elegant and becoming. On Sunday, however, they are caricatures of the English and American ladies of the place—flaunting in silks and satins, bonnets and parasols, and, above all, shoes and stockings; while a belle of this distinction is not unfrequently seen arm-in-arm with a gentleman whose entire walking costume consists of a *malo* twelve inches by three. This scantiness of apparel, however, is usually caused by scantiness of cash. When the treasury is replenished, these same gentlemen, 'so long as their cash lasts, lounge and saunter all day in the sun-shine, habited in military surtouts, with frogs, &c., all complete, in white trousers, which fit them like their skins, in fashionable boots, in round hats, and in kid gloves of some gay or delicate colour, with their snowy wristbands turned back over their cuffs, the whole dandy being finished off with cane and eye-glass. In process of time these bucks relapse, as a matter of course, through all the stages of worse-for-wearishness, shabbiness, and dilapidation, down to the *malo*, with perhaps a garland on the head and a *kupa* on the shoulders.

'In form they are commonly handsome, strong, and well limbed; while in height, they are in general something above the average standard of Europeans. On the whole, they are, as a race, considerably above mediocrity both in face and in person. The women in particular are decidedly pretty. They have a most lively expression of countenance, and are always smiling and attractive, and their figures may even be admitted to be beautiful and feminine, seldom inclining when young, either to corpulency or to the opposite extreme; limbs and busts well-formed, and hands, feet, and ankles small and delicate; while their gait and carriage, though somewhat peculiar, are yet, on the whole, noble and commanding.' This description, however, applies to the mass of the people, the aristocracy being remarkably tall and corpulent. With the latter, shampooing stands in place of exercise, promoting circulation and digestion without exhaustion or fatigue; and under such treatment they thrive so surprisingly, that they remain in perfect health, even when they have become so unwieldy as to be unable to walk. The people are gentle and harmless, obedient and submissive, faithful, courageous, and singularly industrious.

The Sandwich group contains 1000 square miles, or 640,000 acres of productive land, to which there is only a population of 88,000. This population is mainly supported upon *poi*, a preparation of the root of the *kalo*, of a brown colour, but otherwise resembling in appearance beet. 'It is reared in small enclosures, which, with great care and labour, embanked all round, and constantly covered with six or eight inches of water; for, like rice,

the *kalo* will not flourish in dry land.' And so productive is the plant, that a single square mile is said to be capable of feeding 15,151 persons; or, in other words, the whole population might be subsisted on six square miles; and thus by the labour of one twenty-fifth part of their number. Supposing, however, that every person, without distinction of age or sex, required half an acre, 'there would still remain, even on that liberal and extravagant supposition, about 600,000 acres for objects not immediately connected with the maintenance of the natives.' The value of the land may be imagined from the fact, that an acre yields an average of a ton and a-half of sugar; so that the whole country is capable of producing several times the quantity consumed in the United Kingdom. But it is the position of the islands which has made, or will make, their fortune. 'For all practical purposes, the Sandwich Islands are on the direct route from Cape Horn to all the coasts of the Northern Pacific. With respect to Kamschatka and the sea of Ochotsk, this is evident at a glance; with respect to Japan, when its ports shall be opened, vessels will find their advantage, even with regard to refuge or refreshment, in deviating to the right of their straight course, in order to make the north-east trades above the equator as fair a wind as possible; and with respect to California, and the north-west coast, the apparently inconvenient deviation to the left is rendered not only expedient, but almost necessary, by the prevailing breezes which have just been mentioned.....But the group as naturally connects the east and the west, as the south and the north. Lying in the very latitude of San Blas and Macao, with an open sea in either direction, it crosses the shortest road from Mexico to China; while, considering its great distance to the westward of the new continent, but more particularly of its southern division, it may, without involving any inadequate sacrifice, be regarded as a stepping stone from the whole of the American coast to the Celestial Empire.....The position of the Archipelago as just described, is the more valuable on this account—that it neither is, nor can be shared by any rival. If one makes no account of the comparative vicinity of mere islets, which are worthless alike for refuge and refreshment, the Sandwich Islands form perhaps the most secluded spot on earth, being at least twice as far from the nearest land as the lonely rock of St. Helena.....Already have the Sandwich Islands begun to be a common centre of traffic for some of the countries which they serve to link together.....When the ports of Japan are opened, and the two oceans are connected by means of a navigable canal, so as to place the group in the direct route between Europe and the United States on the one hand, and the whole of eastern Asia on the other, then will the trade in question expand in amount and variety, till it has rendered Woahoo the emporium of at least the Pacific Ocean for the products, natural and artificial, of every corner of the globe. Then will the Honolulu be one of the marts of the world, one of those exchanges to which nature herself grants in perpetuity a more than royal charter.'

It is melancholy to think, however, that this brilliant future is predicable only of the islands, not of the islanders. These are vanishing, as elsewhere, before the advance of civilization. New luxuries have awakened new wants; and in order to satisfy these, the lower classes have been ground down by the chiefs to such a condition of starvation, that they have come to look upon their children as rivals and enemies. 'In 1824, Mr. Stuart wrote thus:—"We have the clearest proof, that in those parts of the islands where the influence of the mission has not yet extended, two-thirds of the infants born perish by the hands of their own parents, before attaining the first or second year of their age." Since then, the tyranny has been more in form of law, and regular taxes have taken the place of capricious exactions: but the effect remains the same. The diseases of Europe, and the depravity of the women, contribute likewise to thin the population; and the result is the extraordinary and pitiable spectacle of a nation rapidly vanishing from the face of the earth, 'because its ordinary wear and tear is not recruited from the ranks of a rising generation.' Our author's account of these interesting islands is the most intelligent and comprehensive we have yet received; although it certainly occupies a space singularly disproportioned to the general subject of the book, filling as it does more than a third of the second volume.

From the Sandwich Islands Sir George sailed for Sitka, the chief seat of the Russian-American Company, where he had a flying journey before him of five months through the dominions of the czar! Hitherto he has been in England. 'I have seen the

English citizens of a young republic, which has already doubled its original territory, without any visible or conceivable obstacle in the way of its indefinite extension. I have seen the English colonist of a conquered province, while the descendants of the first possessors, however inferior in wealth and influence, have every reason to rejoice in the defeat of their fathers; I have seen the English posts, that stud the wilderness from the Canadian lakes to the Pacific Ocean; I have seen the English adventurers, with that innate power which makes every individual, whether Briton or American, a real representative of his country, monopolising the trade, and influencing the destinies of Spanish California; and lastly, I have seen the English merchants and English missionaries of a barbarian Archipelago, which promises, under their care and guidance, to become the centre of the traffic of the east and the west, of the new world and the old. Thus England and Russia, with the sole exception of the Swedish peninsula, girdle the globe together. But Sir George, we apprehend, miscalculated the grandeur of the latter country, by far the greater part of which is a desert.

Our traveller at length bade a final adieu to the American continent, and sailed for Ochotsk. During the voyage he learned that whales of huge size, some of them a hundred and twenty feet in length, are extremely numerous in the sea of Kamschatka and about the Aleutian islands, and that they are frequently killed by the natives by means of spears and arrows shod with stone. As these whales are by far too large to be dragged to land by the savages, the plan is merely to wound the monster as seriously as possible, and then to trust to the winds to strand him in a few days. On or before the third day he generally dies, for however powerful to resist his persecutors at the moment of attack, the whale, when wounded, is by no means tenacious of life in proportion to his size and strength. The pursuit of the otter is likewise a great resource of the natives. It is not uncommon for the Aleutians to make long voyages in their small baidarkas, often going fifty or sixty miles from land to hunt the sea-otter. For this purpose they keep together in fleets of perhaps a hundred baidarkas each. Proceeding in calm weather to some spot known to be a favourite haunt of the animal, they form their little vessels, end to end, in a line; and as soon as any symptoms of the game are perceived, a single canoe approaches, while, if all is right, one of its two inmates holds up his paddle as a signal for the others to range themselves in a circle round the spot. Meanwhile, the creature must use to breathe; and no sooner does he show his nose, than off fly the arrows of the nearest hunters. If he escapes, as is generally the case, from the first attack, another ring is formed round the place where he may be expected again to appear; and so the process is continued, till the victim is exhausted and destroyed. All these movements are executed with an incredible degree of silence, the hunters being so skillful as to prevent even the dip of the paddles from being heard by the object of their pursuit. These distant expeditions are not unattended with danger. The baidarka, being merely a frame of bones with a covering of skins, cannot withstand the action of the water for many days together; and if it springs a leak, or is otherwise injured, its tenants have nothing but certain and immediate death before them, for no other vessel can take more than its own complement on board; and calling their comrades around their sinking craft, they send kind messages to their wives and families, and then lie down to die without a single effort at self-preservation. These hardy people meet the fate of other natives.

PUBLIC OBJECTIONS TO JOINING THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The following is taken from Mrs. Ellis' little work—"A Voice from the Vintage; or, the Force of Example." We beg to recommend a perusal of the book itself to every one who wishes to see how a lady can combine gentle words and strong arguments.

We must, however, still speak with regret of that want of co-operation in the temperance reformation, which prevails among the higher classes of society, as well as among religious professors generally; and we do this chiefly on the ground of the desirableness of rendering the temperance society itself as respectable as it can be made in the opinion of the world. Were the victims rescued from intemperance, by the same means, and at the same time converted to the religion of Jesus Christ, they would know that to endure the scorn, and the persecution of men, was a part of the discipline to which, as faithful followers of their blessed Master, they ought to be willing to submit. But in the ranks of intemperance we have to do with human beings upon whom this knowledge has never operated, and we must,

consequently, adapt our means to the condition of man in such a state. We must consider, too, what is in human nature—what are its tendencies, and how they are generally found to operate, in order that we may not require of it efforts beyond its power to maintain. We must, consequently, not expect that a number of men, whom the vice of intemperance has already consigned to the deepest degradation, will arise of themselves and unite into a distinct body, thus tacitly declaring before the world who and what they have been. Yet, even if so great a miracle as this should be effected, what then would become of that still greater number who have not yet wholly fallen—who are still struggling against temptation, and whose situation at once inspires us with more of pity, and of hope. These, of all persons, would be the last to join such a degraded and stigmatized society as one composed exclusively of reformed drunkards; and it is for such as these—the tempted, the wavering, and the still respected and beloved, that I would implore the consideration of those individuals among the enlightened portion of the community, who have hitherto stood aloof from the question altogether, or who have treated it with contempt.

But more earnestly still I would implore the exercise of Christian benevolence in this cause, on the part of those who preach the glad tidings of peace on earth, and good will towards men. "If your name had not been there," said a reformed drunkard to his minister, "I never should have been a member of a temperance society."

There must be some powerfully operating reason why individuals who esteem it not only a duty but a privilege to come forward in every other good cause, should be so backward in this. It cannot surely be unwillingness to submit to a mere personal privation; for were this the case, it would show at once that their own personal indulgence was esteemed of more importance than the saving of their fellow-creatures from one of the greatest of calamities. Oh! but their health—they have tried it, and it did not agree with them. They had a cough, or a fit of rheumatism, or a weakness of the throat, during the short time they abstained!

Kind, Christian friends, warm-hearted, devoted, and zealous laborers for the good of the community! how often have the most delicate and feeble among you gone forth on errands of mercy, in the summer's heat, and in the winter's cold—gone forth, too, at times when, had a physician been consulted, he would have pronounced the act a dangerous, or at least an injurious one. How often has the faithful minister stood up to preach, or visited the poor and comfortless abodes of his people, at the risk of a headache, a sore throat, or damp feet? How often has the father of a family called together his household for evening worship, when, as a mere matter of personal benefit, he would have been better laid upon a couch of rest? How often has the tender mother, shrouding herself from the angry storm, penetrated into the chambers of the sick, to dispense to them more than the bread of this life? Do not mock us, then, with the assertion that you are willing, but afraid. We are incapable of believing it, when we witness daily on your part such noble acts of magnanimity, of faith, and love. No, you are not willing, and the only justifiable reason that can be assigned for your unwillingness is, that you are not yet fully persuaded in your own minds, that the thing itself is good. Here, then, occurs a very important question—are you in a state of *willingness to be persuaded*? Are you making it a subject of prayer, that, if really your duty, you may see that it is so? Are you doing this, or are you putting the thought far from you, as not worthy to be entertained by one whose office is to instruct, admonish, and exhort; but not to exemplify a personal instance of self-denial, practised entirely upon the strength of that love which sent a Saviour into the world, and which remains to be the surest test by which his disciples are known on earth.

But in addition to the ministers, and other direct advocates of religious truth, there is a vast proportion of the respectable part of the community who care for none of these things; yet whose influence, if thrown into the scale of temperance, instead of accumulating, as it does at present, on the opposite side, would at once afford the most decided and efficient help to those who are now sorely tempted, wavering, and about to fall. If, for instance, in any of our large towns, men of importance and wealth—men who take a leading part both in business and society—men who originate and forward great public measures, and who, at the same time, enjoy the sociability of rational and agreeable amusements—if such men would, in any considerable number, give their names and their advocacy to the temperance cause, they would raise at once a glorious banner of encouragement and of hope, under whose protection the tempted and weak of all classes, but more especially young men, who are most frequently assailed by this insidious and malignant enemy, would bind themselves, by hundreds and by thousands, to abstain. It would then be no stigma either to youth or age. It would cease to be either singular or disgraceful; and he, over whom his mother's heart was yearning—with whom his father had pleaded in vain, would then be able to pass over to the side of safety, without any other individual knowing that he had ever been otherwise than safe.

And how many parents at this very time would give the whole of their worldly possessions to purchase the protection and attractiveness of such a society for their sons! But let me ask them a serious question. Fathers! have you come forward and signed your names by way of laying the first stone in this great bulwark to preserve your family, and your country? Mothers! I dare not ask of you, {et

shame and confusion cover us, that we should have seen all that is transpiring more or less remotely in connection with every British home, that we should have marked the growing curse upon our own household hearth, and yet should so long have refused to deny ourselves the tempting draught, which we knew was one of death to those we loved. Yes, I must ask of you, kind-hearted mothers of England, why in this instance you are guilty of a cruelty so great? Would you not strip from your delicate limbs the garment of pride to clothe that beloved one? Would you not share with him your last morsel of bread, even if it left you famishing? Would you not give him the draught of water brought to cool your burning fever? And will you—can you—dare you persist in a system of self-indulgence, which, though innocent to you, may endanger both his temporal and eternal happiness?

I repeat, there must be some powerful cause which such individuals do not tell, operating in such cases against their acting a more decided and a more generous part. There must be some cause. Can it be their own love of the indulgence? If so, it is high time it was given up, for their safety, as well as for that of others. Indeed it is chiefly in cases like these, that we are made to see the entire reasonableness of the system of total abstinence; for if the indulgence be easily resigned, a very slight consideration of the subject in connection with our duty to others, will be sufficient to induce us to give it up. While, if it be difficult to resign, it becomes clear that we are ourselves in danger, and our motives for self-denial are thus increased a hundred-fold.

So far as I have been able to discover in mixing with society, one of the most openly avowed and most frequent objections to joining the ranks of total abstinence, is that already alluded to, a regard for personal health, originating in the mistaken but popular belief, that such stimulants are necessary for its preservation. It is, however, a curious fact, that persons who argue in this manner as regards themselves, are invariably such as suffer from some malady, either real or imaginary, and sometimes from an accumulation of maladies, which they still persist in asserting that they use stimulating beverages for the sole purpose of preventing. Now, if such persons drank wine, or beer, or spirits, or all three, and at the same time were in perfect health, I confess they would be formidable enemies to the temperance cause; but with them it is always "my" gout, "my" rheumatism, "my" want of digestion, or "my" general debility, on account of which this potent medicine is taken, but which, by their own showing, it has hitherto proved wholly insufficient to remove.

Without entering generally upon the question of health, a question which has been circumstantially examined by judges more able than myself, and in relation to which many important and interesting facts are now laid before the public, tending clearly to prove, that, instead of suffering from total abstinence, most persons by whom it has been fairly tried, have experienced not only no injury to their health, but considerable benefit; I may, perhaps, be allowed to add a few words on the subject of my own experience, which may possibly derive additional weight from the circumstance of my having been, for many years of my life, an obstinate disbeliever in the efficacy of temperance principles to effect any lasting or extensive good; while of all respectable societies, that for the promotion of total abstinence—that which I now esteem it an honour and a privilege to advocate, would have been most repulsive to my feelings to join. Indeed, such was my contempt for the system altogether, that I often pronounced it to be a mockery of common sense, and at the same time frequently asserted my belief, that nothing could be more likely than the restraint of a public pledge to create an immediate inclination to break it.

For two years—years I may say of total ignorance on this point, during which I took no pains to make myself better informed—I treated the subject with the utmost contempt whenever it was brought under my notice. By degrees, however, it began to wear a different aspect before the world in general, and facts were too powerful in its favour to be disputed. By degrees it began also to assume with me somewhat more of a personal character. I could not see how I was right while indulging in what was so fearfully destructive to others, and to some whom I had known and loved. Yet such was the force of habit; such my willingness to believe what doctors told me, that wine was necessary to my health, at that time far from good; and such, also, was my dependence upon stimulants, for increasing the strength of which I often felt miserably in want, that three years more elapsed before I had the resolution to free myself practically, entirely, and I now trust, forever, from the slavery of this dangerous habit.

Four years of total abstinence from everything of an intoxicating nature, it has now been my happy lot to experience; and if the improvement in my health and spirits, and the increase of my strength during that time, be any proof in favour of the practice, I am one of those who ought especially to thank God for the present, and take courage for the future.

Like many other women, and especially those who are exempt from the necessity of active exertion, I was, while in the habit of taking wine for my health, subject to almost constant suffering from a mysterious kind of sinking, which rendered me at times wholly unfit either for mental or bodily effort, but which I always found to be removed by a glass of wine. My spirits, too, partook of the malady,

for I was equally subject to fits of depression, which also were relieved, in some degree, by the same remedies. During the four years in which I have now entirely abstained from the use of such remedies, I have been a total stranger to these distressing sensations of sinking and exhaustion; and I say this with thankfulness, because I consider such ailments infinitely more trying than absolute pain. That time of the day at which it is frequently recommended to take a glass of wine and a biscuit, I now spend as pleasantly as any other portion of the four and twenty hours, without either; and when fatigued by wholesome exercise, which is a totally different thing from the exhaustion above alluded to, I want nothing more than rest or food, and have not a symptom remaining of what I used to experience when I felt occasionally as if my life was ebbing away. Thus I am fully persuaded, in my own mind, and by my own experience, confirming, as it does, the testimony of many able and important judges, that the very medicine we take in this manner to give us strength, does in reality produce an increase of faintness, lassitude, and general debility.

DOING NOTHING.

"He made me out a sinner for doing nothing!" This remark fell from the lips of one who was under conviction of sin, and of whom we asked the question, How were you awakened? It was in a revival of religion, in 1832. He had heard a sermon from the words, "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!" It was a new thought to the poor man, who had been comforting himself with the plea that he had done nothing very bad. But now he saw that greatest sin was the very thing in which he had been comforting himself—*doing nothing!*

We were reminded of this incident by meeting in an old religious magazine with the following ingenious interrogatories on the words, "Curse ye Meroz." The writer says—

By whose authority? The angel of the Lord's.

What has Meroz done? Nothing.

Why then is Meroz to be cursed? Because they did nothing.

What ought Meroz to have done? Come to the help of the Lord.

Could not the Lord do without Meroz? The Lord did do without Meroz.

Did the Lord sustain, then, any loss? No, but Meroz did.

Is Meroz then to be cursed? Yes, and that bitterly.

Is it right that a man should be cursed for doing nothing? Yes, when he ought to do something.

Who says so? The angel of the Lord. Luke 12: 47.

"That servant which knew his Lord's will, and did it not, shall be beaten with many stripes."

APPLES OF GOLD.

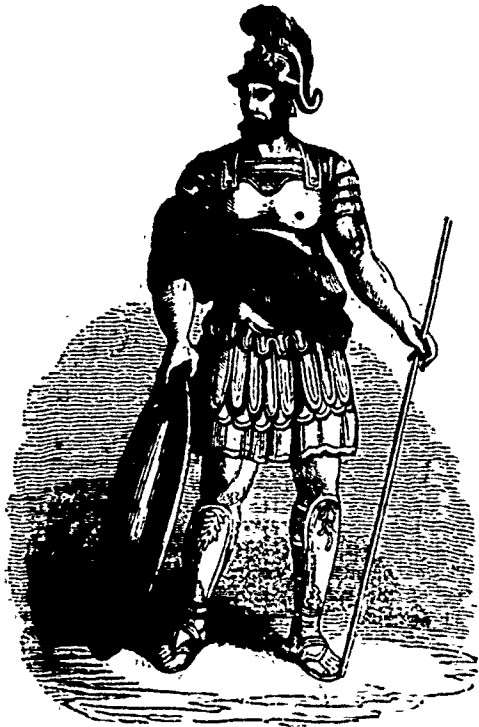
"He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."—Matt. v. 45.

Many serious people are very ready to give alms to the pious part of their poor brethren, but are afraid of relieving a common beggar; and it must be owned that, as riches are a talent from God, they who have them must be discreet in the distribution of them: the religious poor have the best claim, but others ought not to be entirely overlooked, as is plain from the conduct of God himself, for "he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good." Only common healthy beggars are forbidden alms; concerning whom God says, "If they will not work, neither shall they eat"—2 Thess. iii. 10. It may be said, They will make an ill use of your bounty, but what then? Is not this the very effect of Divine goodness? Is not this the very goodness that is recommended to us in Scripture, by the imitating of which we may show ourselves to be "the children of our father which is in heaven, who sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust? Shall I withhold a little money or food from my fellow-creature for fear he should not be good enough to receive it of me? Do I beg of God to deal with me, not according to my merit, but according to his own great goodness; and shall I be so absurd as to withhold my charity from a poor fellow-creature, because he may perhaps not deserve it? Shall I use a measure towards him which I pray God never to use towards me? Lazarus was a common beggar, and yet he was the care of angels, and carried into Abraham's bosom. "I was a stranger, and ye took me in," saith our blessed Saviour; but who can perform this duty, that will not relieve persons that are unknown to them? "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

Lord, give me faith which works by love,
And will good works command;
Which makes a neighbour's grief my own,
And lends a helping hand.

—Hogarty.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.



"And when Jesus was entered into Capernaum, there came unto him a centurion, beseeching him." Matthew, viii. 5.

"A centurion."—A centurion was a Roman military officer, in command of a hundred foot soldiers—whence his name. The cut introduced shows the costume of a centurion. His principal distinctive marks consisted in a helmet, more ornamented than those of the common soldiers, and in a rod or baton, which he usually carried, and with which he summarily chastised those of his soldiers who neglected their duty or were guilty of slight breaches of discipline. The power with which this officer was invested over his men explains what the centurion now before us says. He fixed the sentinels at their posts, and went the rounds to see that they were attentive to their duty; he distributed to the men their recompenses, and also inflicted punishments; and when the army was in order of battle, the centurions took their places at the head of their several troops. The pay of a centurion was, however, in the time of Polybius, only double that of a common soldier; but he probably had other sources of income, which compensated for the lowness of his pay. The centurions were usually men promoted from the ranks for merit and distinguished actions; but, in a later day, we find Vegetius complaining that the emperors and generals often appointed to this office persons who had never served in the armies. These details may be of the more interest when we recollect that the first heathen convert was a Roman centurion.

TENANT RIGHT IN IRELAND.

(From the Border Watch.)

We have failed at the present juncture in giving permanent relief to the distressed Irish; not because we wanted the will, or even the means, but because we did not possess the necessary coolness and courage.

The potato failure came upon us like a thunder-clap in the midst of our congratulations on the repeal of the corn laws. We fancied that we should now have cheap bread henceforth for ever, and that an unlimited demand for our manufactures would spring up immediately in foreign countries, owing to our being able to undersell all rivals. We not only found ourselves miserably deceived, through an unforeseen natural calamity, but we saw the third of the empire reduced in the course of a few weeks to the verge of starvation; and speedily felt in the other two-thirds, all the alarming symptoms and sequels of a great dearth of provisions. Such horrible accounts reached us every week of the state of matters in Ireland, that our instinctive feelings of compassion were very strongly excited, and we determined, at all hazards, to send relief to those at a distance, on whom the calamity had first fallen, but from whom it was to be feared the contagion of the consequent plague might spread, ere long, to our own neighbourhood.

The calamity that had come upon us, however, though sudden,

mysterious, and judgment-like, was one that had really been long a-brewing, and that very little penetration might have enabled us to prognosticate. It was like the bursting, by a river, of a mud dam, that had been for years accumulating through obvious neglect.

Since the time when the lords of the Philistines, afraid lest their Hebrew slaves should regain their liberty, took away all the armourers and handicraftsmen out of the land of Israel, never has there been a people more recklessly wronged, more grievously misgoverned; more cruelly oppressed, than the Irish, by their Saxon masters. And when the moral and social habits peculiar to slaves, have been superinduced by a long continuance of tyranny, we turn round upon our victims and reproach them with these habits, as if they proved them to belong to an inferior race; and while we relieve their wants, we insult their misfortunes.

The Irish famine—there cannot be a doubt about it—is the consequence of long continued misgovernment. It is a libel upon creation to say that a fertile island, such as Ireland is, abounding in all the elements of wealth, and so situated as naturally to command the markets of the southern and western world, is incapable of sustaining its inhabitants.

In a letter on tenant right, in the *Mark Lane Express*, Mr. Latimore says: "Most competent agriculturists admit that not more than one third of the soil is fully cultivated, and that upon two thirds the produce might fairly be doubled." The splendid rivers with which the country is intersected, and which, with a little deepening here and there, and a few junction canals, would make inland navigation practicable throughout its whole extent, are nearly as devoid of traffic as the tributaries of the Amazon. The capacious harbours on its western side, facing the broad Atlantic, and nearer America, India, or the Levant, by fully a week's sailing, than most of the British ports, are unvisited save by a few vessels of small tonnage, engaged in the provision trade. The commerce of Galway is actually less now than it was five hundred years ago. The grand Irish canal, carried through the heart of the island, has scarcely anything upon it but some dozen paltry turf-boats; and the railways which British enterprise is now carrying forward, will, if the same system of misgovernment continue, be as unproductive of any real permanent advantage, as all previous expedients for bettering the country without first civilising its inhabitants.

We accuse Providence, when we ourselves are at fault. It is bad government and an absurd social system which have taken away "the staff of bread," and made the potato the sole reliance of the Irish peasantry. Now that the potato has failed, and the people are dying by hundreds of famine and fever, we have no need to look further for the origin of the evil than to our own act. And the only effectual remedy is to retrace our steps; and, while we do not give way to the affectation of considering or styling the Irish "the finest peasantry on the face of the earth"—to give them credit for at least equal capabilities with ourselves; to relieve them from the burden which we have laid upon them of laws and restrictions unsuitable to their condition; to foster and cherish in them that laudable ambition and self-dependence, which are at the root of all earthly prosperity; and to enable them to judge, by our actual demeanor, that we are anxious to see them rise to an equality with us.

We have given money to absolute profusion. We have set a-foot public works on a scale totally disproportionate to the wants of the country, in order to stop the mouths of the starving millions. But we have done it on the principle on which the fastidious rich man casts a shilling at the feet of an importunate beggar, in order to get rid of his nauseous presence.

Absenteeism has been reckoned among the primary evils of Ireland; but we are disposed to think it quite a secondary one. The proprietors of the soil in Scotland are as much absentees as those in Ireland. In the beautiful valley of the Tweed, for instance, not one gentleman's seat in three is permanently occupied by its owner. But while in Ireland absenteeism almost necessarily implies poverty and wretchedness, no such concomitants are associated with it in Scotland. The reason is obvious. In the one country, we have fixity of tenure; in the other, a system of mere squatting, analogous to that in the back woods of America. A tenant right, properly adjusted, would soon completely neutralise the effects of absenteeism, by creating a respectable middle class of yeomanry. But this cannot be obtained without an interference on the part of parliament with the "vested rights" of the absentees. That it must come to that, sooner or later, if Ireland's wrongs are ever to be righted, is plain to every intelligent mind. The land question is the *questio vexata* of Ireland's history.

Ever since the revolution of 1688, contention for land, in some shape or other, has been the foundation of those secret societies; by which the country has been infested. Though in some of them politics intermingled, and all of them assumed the garb of religion, the Whiteboys, Rightboys, Peep-o'-day-boys, Carders, Defenders, Ribandmen, &c.—have been called into existence by disputes about the occupancy of land. If the United Irishmen of 1793 had succeeded, Wolfe Tone tells us pretty plainly that the lands of Ireland would have changed owners; and, at this instant, the term "fixity of tenure," to the apprehension of nine-tenths of the peasantry, is synonymous with a universal confiscation of lands.

It is a question which it is no less dangerous than difficult to discuss. Still, it is evident that it is much more dangerous to stave off the discussion of it, which seems to be inevitable. No sane man can question

that had it been possible to employ the starving multitudes upon the cultivation of the waste lands of Ireland, instead of wasting such heaps of money upon useless road-making—or rather, as most say it should be called, road-marring—the country would have been permanently benefited in a very high degree. In the words of Mr. Hamilton, chairman of the Finance and Relief Committees, and president of the Farming Society of Donegal—

“Had the labour of seven hundred thousand men, who were kept at work on roads for months, and those the months of preparation for sowing the seed, been directed to the cultivation of the soil, even under the most unfavourable circumstances, and the difficulties arising from the suddenness of the call to provide a remedy for so great a calamity, what would have been the result? If the energy of the highly paid host of government officers, who have superintended the breaking of stones, and the boiling of soup, had been applied to enforce and direct the exertions of landowners to the cultivation of land—if the legislation, which has cost the senate and government so much thought and labour, had been directed to secure to the landowner who does his duty, a *due power* to improve his land, and employ its population, and to compel the reluctant labourer to do his duty, and to secure to the tenant and labourer, who is inclined to exert his honest industry, a sure return for this—if the advances from the imperial treasury had been applied to give means for carrying out a system of cultivation and cropping of the land—difficulties would still have been met with, suffering endured, and much remained to be done and endured still. But the ship would be floated off the rock—the farm would be cultivated—the crew would be under discipline—the people supplied with food.”

But the question is, how are the difficulties which arise concerning proprietorship and tenancy to be got over? The *Morning Post* recommends that the land should be taken by commissioners under an act of parliament, as land is now taken for railways, and the commissioners should have the power to let the land, when reclaimed, to those who now find it so difficult to turn their industry to account. We really think that something of this kind must be done. We cannot afford to go on much longer actually hand-feeding the destitute millions of Munster and Connaught. It was determined in March last, gradually to abolish the system of employment on “public works,” and to support the destitute until harvest by “rations,” leaving them to employ themselves in what manner they chose. The number of rations at present issued is 2,235,000 a-day, at 2d each, which is something upwards of £600,000 a-month, or at the rate of eight millions a-year! In Dublin alone, from 20,000 to 25,000 poor are daily relieved from M. Soyer's central soup-kitchen. This state of things cannot continue without beggaring the rich and demoralising the poor. Pauperism is a bottomless gulf, which no amount of alms giving can ever fill. Nothing will answer in the present emergency but bold and energetic measures. The total abolition of all hinderances to the sale of encumbered estates—the establishment of a fixity of tenure, instead of tenancy at will—the transmission of leases to single heirs, instead of an equal division among the children—the appropriation (just compensation being given) of the waste lands; and their reclamation by the unemployed, and sale in eligible portions, so as to absorb the redundant population; accompanied with a comprehensive emigration scheme, to act in the meantime as a safety valve—are some of the measures that, in our opinion, are absolutely required for the well-being of Ireland.

PRINCIPLE.

BY W. C. S.

Principle is a word which, when unqualified, imparts the idea of strict probity and uprightness—an acting upon the golden rule, of “Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you;” but by adjectiving a term good in itself, its meaning may be much changed—nay, totally reversed: hence we speak of *bad principles*—such as deceit, dishonesty, fraud, falsehood, hypocrisy, &c.

Without entering upon the discussion of the subject of innate ideas, we may truthfully affirm that all men have an inborn sense of justice, or, as phrenologists would say, they have in their brain the organ of conscientiousness—a monitor that never sleeps—whose still small voice is heard on every departure from justice, and which may be covered and veiled, but cannot be suppressed.

The existence of this divine principle in man, it requires no metaphysical disquisition to prove; a simple reference to the experience of the most savage and untutored human being will establish beyond question the presence of this lingering remnant of our better nature. Has a man aught of his own? Does he possess anything? Is it not, then, clear to him, without the aid of logic, that for any one to deprive him of that possession, without giving a just or recognized equivalent, would be an act of injustice; and will he not be able to conclude, also, that another human being in like circumstances would feel in like manner; and yet, while in all men may be found this unerring test of conduct, we cannot, as truthful readers of the world, but deplore the too common setting aside, and superseding of this clear criterion. Alas! it is not too true that he who, in the world and among the worldly, ventures to express the sublime sentiment of “Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you;” or who utters to the ears of mammon worshippers, the solemn and profitable text—“No

man can serve two masters, else he will cleave to the one and despise the other;” is met by the sneer and the laugh, is pronounced a fanatic and a monomaniac by the open revilers, and is secretly stabbed by those who endeavour to play fast and loose with religion and the world.

To be upright in principle, then, is evidently to sail against the current of the world, and to meet with many buffetings; but there is an encouragement under all these vicissitudes capable of supporting the virtuous and the good, so that their hearts may be cheered, and their hands strengthened for the struggle, conscious that they will do well, if they faint not, neither grow weary in well-doing.

Having premised, then, that the sense of justice is possessed by all men, not in different degrees, as some assert, but by all the same, (that is, all men know what is right and what is wrong, what is theirs, and what is the property of another, so that keeping this plain fundamental fact in view, there can be no difference in the degree of the primary knowledge of good and evil.) We cannot but express our sorrow over the fact that mankind—nay, Christian professors, who desire to be accounted of the world just and honest, should so constantly set at naught this easy and unerring test of conduct. If, in all our dealings with our fellow-men, we do as we would be done by, our errors, as far as our moral rectitude is concerned, would be few; but they who profess to be disciples of Him in whom no guile was found, and yet lack this proof of their devotion to the truth and justice which he taught to men, may justly contemplate the portion of the mocker and the hypocrite.

Virtue, and goodness, and truth, will not be trifled with; half-service will not do; instalments count nothing. This is one point in the consideration of the subject, to which we would direct attention. There can be no balance in the matter—no hanging between right and wrong; we must either serve God or mammon.

In the physical world the motion and equipoise of elements are essential to vitality; cordial dispersion and collection are necessary to existence, but in the moral world it is not so. Preponderance is the prime law of morals; we must be decided in favour of right, not partly, but altogether. A state of balance cannot long exist.

A vacillating from good to bad may, and does obtain, lamentably too much. It is a sort of moral famine disease, and when once this poverty of decision in favour of justice has caught the hearts of men, recovery is difficult, in some cases never sought. It is also contagious; it bears upon its quivering wing the breath of infection, and if the human heart be deadened by this withdrawal of virtue and grace, its barrenness of good will soon be too apparent.

A living intelligent being like man cannot be supposed to exist in a state of negation. His mind is at work constantly, either for good or for evil, and it is therefore of the highest importance to be guided by those impressions, and influenced by those views which lead us to deal justly with all, and speak evil of none.

If when the soil of the heart ceased to yield good fruit, it forgot to yield at all, the evil would be less; but, alas! instead of the beautiful and fragrant flowers of goodness, we behold the rank and noisome weeds of lack-principle, from which the mind receives no health or strength, but a temporary and deceptive stimulus, followed by deep deadening of all the elevating and ennobling aspirations of the heart.

It is cheering and consoling to the philanthropist, that there have been in all ages great examples of principle—men who, in the teeth of persecution, and stripes, and death, have been bold and fearless in the assertion of right and of truth, and who, rather than sacrifice principle, sacrificed self, leaving to future generations names worthy of veneration; and although in our own day we may sometimes, in our despair, be inclined to apostrophise the spirit of justice as having departed from our earth—

Yet still there live, who by its power are led,
With earnest hearts the heavenly flame to fan;
And by their labours, just and good, to shed
A brightening halo round the fate of man.

NEVER FRIGHTEN ANY ONE.

The following article from the London Magazine administers a solemn warning against the practice, in which the young are sometimes tempted to indulge, of frightening their companions by way of pastime. The sister of a medical man in London, had, in the presence of two young gentlemen, who were studying medicine with her brother, ridiculed the weakness and folly by which some people are governed. She said, for her part, she had no superstitious fears, and had courage for any emergency that might happen. The young men doubted the truth of her boastings, and one of them proposed to the other, that merely by way of joke they would put her courage to the test. In a glass case in the doctor's study, was a human skeleton. This they removed, and placed in the young lady's bed. She retired at the usual hour, and they stealthily followed her to listen. Some time elapsed, and no sound was heard. They were about descending the stairs, thinking their jest had failed, and that in reality she was no courageous as she boasted herself to

be. Scarcely had they come to this conclusion, ere their ears were assailed by a most appalling shriek, after which all became silent. They retired, pleased with their success, and thinking of the laugh and joke they should have with her in the morning at breakfast.

Morning came, but she did not come down as usual. They suffered an hour or so to elapse, and her brother, thinking she might have overslept herself, knocked for admittance, calling her by name at the same time. No answer being returned, he and the young man forced the door, and sad to relate, there sat the poor girl, playing with the bony fingers of the grim and appalling skeleton, quite unconscious of the intruders—there the poor thing sat a confirmed idiot for life! When she gave that fearful shriek, her reason fled never to return. It is needless to remark on the remorse that attended the after life of the two young men.

SELECTIONS.

A NEW VIEW OF VESUVIUS.—The cone surmounted, we stood on the edge of a dark crater some two miles in circuit, and of no great depth. We experienced new sensations in traversing the fissured crust which covers it. Half-cold cinders were crackling around us; at every other step we saw through partial rents the red-hot lava flowing in the direction of the sea, and momentary explosions broke on our ears as the subterranean gas escaped. The general aspect was that of the bed of some vast furnace, where sulphur has streaked the cooling masses with orange and verdite, and impregnated the jets of smoke which burst through apertures in its sides and bottom. I climbed the chimney, a black hillock heaped with ashes about forty feet in height, and walking round its edge, looked into the mouth of the funnel. It was a lake of fire: volleys of smoke whirled up from it; occasionally came a gush of flame with fumes of brimstone, and every now and then a shower of something like lighted rags, only heavier. At ten feet distance the heat, even to windward, was suffocating, and my feet were half-grilled. The flame, which is intermittent, probably resembles that which plays on the surface of ignited alcohol. I thrust a stout stick into a crevice in the chimney's side: it took fire instantly; this argues a great degree of heat. No written description conveys an adequate idea of such a scene. I think, however, that a glacier is a more supernatural kind of thing: the sensations produced by fire and smoke are familiar to those who have witnessed a conflagration, or visited a coal or iron district; but the death-like stillness, the numbing chill which possess you on a glacier, are something unwonted and mysterious. The streaked veins, too, in the ice, and the deep precipitous clefts, are perhaps as horribly beautiful as the sulphureous lavas. *Francis' Notes upon Italy and Sicily.*

THE ABUSE OF ETHER.—A late number of the London Times publishes a letter from a philanthropic correspondent, denouncing a fatal habit which it seems has speedily sprung up in the Great Metropolis, of using the new agent of ether in the same way that the drug opium has been taken—for the purpose of pleasant exhilaration—to all intents, intoxication. This letter-writer remarks as follows:—"Entering a chemist's shop the other day, I observed a nurse come in for four ounces of ether. As the chemist poured it out, he said to me—"This is all the go now—it is used for inhalation." A small apparatus has been invented for ladies. So delightful are the sensations it produces, that persons who have used it for the relief of pain, continue to use it for the pleasure it affords."

THE "STYES WHICH LAW HAS LICENSED." LICENSED TO DO WHAT?"—With a voice of the most indignant and searching inquiry, may the human heart utter this exclamation. And were we to answer that question fully, we should be compelled to go back through many dark pages of human history, to the fatal time when men were first allowed to purchase from Governments the liberty of preying upon the lives and happiness of their fellow-men; and from many a touching and mournful history of sorrow—from many a dark and fearful tale of crime—from many living evidences of woe and desolation—from many a lonely grave, unmourned save by the crushed and broken heart of some poor solitary wife or mother—we should collect an amount of sin, and crime, and destruction, and fearful misery, which men's drunkenness has produced, at the sight of which the most hardened heart would stand aghast. The stern finger of the past points to this accumulated mass of agony and sin, and her voice proclaims, for answer to the inquiry:—"Licensed to do all this!"

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE JEWS.—The total number of the Jews in the world is computed to be about 6,000,000, half of whom, it is estimated, reside in Europe. Historical vicissitudes, and more especially the progress of civilization and international intercourse, have called forth amongst Jews manifold sects and religious differences. The European Jews are divided into German and Portuguese, according to the part from whence they have emigrated, either from Germany (whither they are said to have come with the Roman legions), or from the Spanish Peninsula, where they had been expelled by the holy inquisition. From Germany, a great number of Jews again emigrated to the Slavonic countries, where, under the name of Polish Jews, they have adopted a line of civilization and education peculiar

to themselves, and from whence they have sent forth teachers and colonists to almost every quarter of the globe. This accounts for the otherwise rather strange circumstance, that not only most of the European, but also the Asiatic Jews, those born and bred even in Siberia and Palestine, at least understand, if they do not speak German; in like manner the Pyrenean idioms have been preserved amongst the Portuguese Jews, whose principal seat is now England, very few of them having settled in Germany beyond Hamburg and Altona. The great hatred that previously existed between the two sects has now in some measure abated, in consequence of intermarriages; which the Portuguese would by no means allow formerly, being extremely proud of their aristocratic descent, numbering as they do amongst the descendants of their race the families of Pereira, Da Costa, De Castro, Da Silva, Saporitas, Ximenes, and even the house of Braganza. The Jews of the present day are, upon the whole, borne along with the stream of progressive civilization, and strict orthodoxy amongst them is now of rare occurrence, since strict adherence to the Mosaic and Rabbinical laws is irreconcilable with the present state of the social condition of Europe.—*The Topic.*

LEECH GATHERING.—Near Nantus the leeches are gathered all the year round; but in the highlands only in summer. To collect them people go into the water, wading about with their legs and thighs bare, so that the leeches may stick to their skin. They then scrape them off, and put them into a bag. The leech-merchants carry them away in linen bags, which they soak in every stream or pool they come to. Each carries many of these bags suspended in a basket, and kept apart by twigs. Every day such of the leeches as may have died are separated from the living and thrown away. Smyrna is their usual destination, whence they are forwarded to the ports of France and Italy. The leeches are farmed by the Agas, but there is a profitable contraband trade driven. They are sold by the gatherers for about one hundred and twenty piastres the oke; which, even though a great many die, gives a large profit to the merchant. Sometimes, however, all die. There is a leech bazaar held at Caisabar.—*Spratt's Travels in Lycia, Milyas, &c.*

REBELLIOUS HENS.—A neighbour of ours states that hog's lard is the best thing he can find to mix with the dough he gives to his hens. He says one cut of this fat, as large as a walnut, will set a hen to laying immediately after she has been broken up from her setting; and thus his hens lay through the whole winter. Will some more experimenters try the virtues of hog's lard.—*Poughman.*

HISTORY OF THE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM.—The transportation of criminals, is one of those subjects which has long perplexed the wisdom both of statesmen and judges. To send out of the country those who have proved themselves unworthy of its protection, was probably the first idea of banishment; but when our plantations, or colonies, stood in need of labourers, it was no doubt deemed expedient to render it incumbent on the convicts to employ their labour for the benefit of the colonists or planters. In the civil wars, during the period of the commonwealth, multitudes of prisoners were thus unceremoniously sent into servitude in the plantations. In the reign of Charles II. we find the first enactment imposing transportation as a penalty, and then it was in regard to the Border Moss Troopers, whose deeds have been so much celebrated in border minstrelsy. The 18th of Charles II. enacts that "Notorious thieves and spoil-takers in Northumberland, or Cumberland, on conviction before Justice of Assize, &c., may be transported to any of His Majesty's dominions in America." The recitals in this Act, and one passed a very few years before, give a very different account of "the Moss Troopers," from what we are accustomed to receive from Sir Walter Scott. Stripped of the embellishments of romance, they are described as "lawful, disorderly, and lawless persons, being thieves and robbers, who are commonly called Moss Troopers," who, after committing the most notorious crimes, took advantage of heaths and mosses "to escape from one kingdom to another." The transport of such persons to an unsettled country, was no doubt attended with a degree of benefit, which was equally reciprocated by the land of their birth and the land of their banishment. But the evils that have in later times arisen out of the transport of convicts have become so great that colony after colony has petitioned to be exempted from the grievance of being subjected to the demoralizing consequences of the importation of the refuse of the population of the mother country. New South Wales and Australia are both exempted, and Van Diemen's Land claimed the same privilege, so that the difficulties as well as the evils of transportation have been yearly increasing.—*London Record.*

A STRONG ARGUMENT.—The late Dr. Mason once said to an infidel who was scoffing at Christianity because of the misconduct of its professors, "Did you ever know an uproar to be made because an infidel went astray from the path of morality?" The infidel admitted that he did not. "Then don't you see," said Dr. Mason, "that, by expecting the professors of Christianity to be holy, you admit it to be a holy religion, and thus pay it the highest compliment in your power?" The young man was silent.

The number of emigrants pouring into California is very great. The editor of the *California Star* says 1500 arrived in the valley from the United States within three months, by the route over the mountains. They were all Mormons. Monterey has been fixed upon by General Kearney and Commodore Schuibrick as the temporary seat of government for the territory. The *Star* states that Gen. Kearney, in conjunction with Commodore Schuibrick, would immediately organize a civil government for California.

NEWS.

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" 21, "	31
" 22, "	30
" 23, "	33
" 24, "	32
July 25.	
Sick.	Dead.
Men..... 740	10
Women..... 685	13
Children..... 223	7
Total..... 1648	30

Total number of immigrants arrived at the port of Montreal from 19th to 26th July, both days inclusive, 2,790.

Total number forwarded at Government expense, during the same time, 1,773.

The agitation for the removal of the emigrant depot to an island below Montreal has been transferred, to a considerable extent, from the citizens to Parliament. An Address recommending this step was carried in the House last week by a considerable majority, and the ministerial reply may be expected this evening. Meanwhile the new hospitals on Point St. Charles are ready for the reception of 1500 patients, and but for the wet weather yesterday and to-day, would doubtless be filled by the removal of the patients in the old sheds. In these hospitals the poor sufferers will, we presume, enjoy very great advantages in point of ventilation, cleanliness, and attendance, and we trust the rate of mortality will rapidly decrease.

Very few cases of the emigrant fever have occurred among the citizens for the past fortnight, and none, we believe, when proper precautions could be observed—that is to say, except among persons obliged to come into actual contact with diseased emigrants, or their clothing, beds, &c. little or no danger is to be apprehended. Indeed, it is believed that no case has occurred wherein an imbecile citizen has infected others, at all events, when cleanliness and ventilation were attended to. With the exception of those who caught the fever by visiting the Sheds, the disease is almost wholly confined to the close and filthy lodging-houses of the lowest orders. Some of the Physicians in most extensive practice in Montreal, assure us that they have only had one or two cases each of fever to attend, and that they do not believe the present season to be more unhealthy among the citizens than many past seasons which attracted no notice.

The Lachine Canal will be closed on the 17th of August next, from which date the Navigation through the Canal will be suspended until further notice is given by the Board of Works.

A MAN ATTACKED BY A BEAR.—The *Bytown Packet* states that a man was attacked by a bear near the Manawaska River, a few days ago. As the man attempted to escape up a tree, the bear nearly tore his legs off. The animal was at length frightened away by the cries of the man, who was so severely hurt that his life was despaired of.

EXTRAORDINARY HAIL STORM.—The *Bytown Packet* states that a thunder storm in the Township of Horton, was succeeded by a hail storm, in which the hail stones were five or six inches in circumference. The storm cut up or laid down all the crops along its course.

The *Brantford Courier* complains of the large numbers of starved and diseased emigrants thrown upon the generosity of the inhabitants of that town.

DISEASE IN TORONTO.—There is an immense deal of disease among the emigrants who have reached this city. There are, at this moment, we understand, nearly 350 sick in the hospital. Half a dozen new sheds that were erected lately are occupied with the more convalescent. We fear there is real ground for apprehending danger to the health of the city. Complaints are made that the decks of the steamboats bringing emigrants to this city are suffered to be crowded almost to suffocation without the slightest reference to the health of the emigrants. If, as is alleged, 1000 human beings have been crowded on the deck of one steamer, it is high time this barbarous cruelty, arising from the cupidity of the steamboat proprietors, should be put a stop to. We have heard that there is an intention to call a public meeting, to devise measures to meet the present fearful emergency.—*Ex-aminer*.

A riot took place on the steamer *Victoria*, at Oswego, a few days ago, principally occasioned by a party of sailors going on board, throwing over the anchors, &c. The U. S. Sheriff took the ringleaders into custody.

The prevalence of fever in Glasgow and Edinburgh at present is truly appalling, and hitherto all attempts to stay its progress have proved insufficient. On Friday, the total number of inmates in the Royal Infirmary in the latter city amounted to 803, of whom not fewer than 568 were fever patients, being an increase of between twenty and thirty since the previous day. The streets of Glasgow are at present literally swarming with vagrants from the sister country, and the misery which many of these poor creatures endure can scarcely be less than what they have fled or been driven from at home. Many of them are absolutely without the means of procuring lodging of even the meanest description, and are obliged consequently to make their bed frequently with a stone for a pillow.

AWFUL AND COLD-BLOODED MURDER.—The quiet town of Rotherham has been thrown into a state of great excitement by the perpetration of an atrocious murder, which was committed this forenoon, between ten and eleven o'clock, on the turnpike-road leading from Rotherham to Rawmarsh, a village about two miles off, on a woman who was passing on the road. From inquiries made on the spot, it appears that Samuel Linley, a joiner, left his lodgings at the Four-Lane Ends, near Rawmarsh, between ten and eleven, and was proceeding to the Park Gate Iron Works to his work, about three hundred yards off. He had not gone far before he met the deceased, Susannah Jagger, the wife of Benjamin Jagger, of Masborough-Common, shop-keeper, who was quite a stranger to him, going to Rawmarsh with some groceries. Linley held out his hand to the deceased, and asked her to shake hands; she refused, and passed him. He turned round, followed her,

and struck her with his fist over the back of her head, knocked her down, and got upon her, and when she attempted to rise he struck her several severe blows on the head. He then got her shoulders between his knees, and kept beating her. She screamed out, and some persons who reside near and were passing ran to her assistance; but before they could get to the place, Linley was seen to take a clasp knife out of his waistcoat pocket, open it, and cut the woman's throat on its right side. Joshua Steward, of Rotherham, a cow keeper, who was passing, and saw Linley commence his attack on the woman ran to them, and when he got up the ruffian was cutting at the woman's throat with the knife; he did not even desert when Steward got there, but the latter pulled him off the woman, and some other persons coming to the place the man was secured, and the knife taken from him. The poor woman was bleeding profusely, the assassin having separated the jugular vein. Medical aid was immediately sent for, but long before any could arrive the poor woman had breathed her last, she having died a few minutes after receiving the injuries. Linley, on being asked why he did it, replied, 'I have made a bad job of it,' and that drink had done it. He was not, however, drunk at the time, but had been drinking for some days previous.—*Sun*.

VIRGINIA WHEAT CROP.—From various parts of Virginia we learn that the wheat crops have been harvested without damage, and that the yield is good both as to quantity and quality.

MILWAUKEE.—We learn from the *Milwaukee Gazette* that the entries of public lands at the office in that city since January 1, 1847, exceed one hundred thousand acres, and that the receipts are upwards of \$130,000. The quantity of land remaining unsold on the Milwaukee District is between 350 and 400,000 acres.

DREADFUL STEAMBOAT DISASTER.—On the 29th ult. the Steamboat Star-spangled Banner struck a snag below Baton Rouge and sunk in a few minutes. A large number of German emigrants were on board, of whom it is said over twenty were drowned. Those who survived are left in the most destitute circumstances.

A CONGREGATION ATTACKED BY DISEASE.—At a recent sacrament at the Seceder Church, at Cadiz, Ohio, while the members were at the table, some 6 or 8 persons were attacked with a violent fever, so suddenly, that they were compelled to leave the church for home and a sick bed. The disease spread rapidly through the congregation, and upwards of one hundred members have since been taken dangerously ill—whole families have been prostrated, and a considerable number have since died.

SANTA FE.—The *St. Louis Republican* of the 7th inst. contains Santa Fe news to the 27th of May. Major Edmundson, when about 150 miles south east of Santa Fe with a force of 70 men, met some 400 Mexicans and Indians. A battle ensued, and the Americans were compelled to retreat with the loss of two killed and three wounded, besides losing all the horses belonging to the party. The cause of this disaster was, that the attack was made in an unfavourable position for our troops. Major Edmundson was compelled to leave one wounded American on the battle-field to the mercy of the Mexican opponents, and his fate is not known. Another government train has been attacked by the Indians, and one hundred and fifty head of cattle taken. This train was commanded by Captain Bell. Col. W. H. Russell, bearer of despatches from Col. Fremont, at California, had reached St. Louis.

THE FLOUR TRADE.—The Albany evening journal says, that notwithstanding the rapid decline in the price of flour, it continues to pour down the lakes and the canal with unabated profusion. Already more has been received at tide water than was expected previous to the incoming harvest; and yet there are no signs of exhaustion. The decline in price may check receipts; but not materially before the 1st of August. Those who hold at the West will be anxious to reach the market under the impression that better prices will be paid previous than subsequent to the English harvest; and that it is better to have their stock in New York and Boston than at Cleveland or Chicago.

Monies received on account of MAGAZINE:—

Chelsea, J. M'L., 8s. 4d.—Chambly, J. S., 1s. 3d.—Dundas, A. G., 2s. 6d.; D. S., 2s. 6d.—Georgeville, Rev. L. P. A., 5s.—Guananoque, E. W., 10s.—Niagara, F. C., 2s. 6d.—Onslow, A. W., 2s. 6d.; A. L., 2s. 6d.—Wellington Square, J. L., 5s.

PRODUCE PRICES CURRENT—MONTREAL, July 26, 1847.

ASHES—Provincial duty 1 per cent.	PROVISIONS—Provincial duty 2½ per cent.
Pots, per cwt 25 6 a 25 9	cwt. Imp. 24 per cwt.
Perish, do 25 6 a 25 9	Beef, Mess, hbl 200 lbs 00 0 a 00 0
FLOUR—Provincial duty 0d, Imp. 2s.	Prime Mess, do 70 0 a 00 0
Canada Superfine 26 0 a 28 9	Prime, do 67 6 a 68 0
Do Fino 22 6 a 25 0	Cargo, do 00 0 a 00 0
Do Middling 17 6 a 20 0	Prime Mess, per
Do Pillsbury 00 0 a 00 0	tierce of 301 lbs 105 0 a 00 0
MEAL—Provincial duty 2s per 150 lbs.,	Pork, Mess, hbl 200 lbs 95 0 a 100 0
Imp. 2s per 100 lbs.	Prime Mess, do 80 0 a 00 0
Indian Meal 09 0 a 00 0	Prime, do 70 0 a 00 0
Oatmeal 28 3 a 27 0	Cargo, do 60 0 a 00 0
GRAIN—Provincial duty 3s per quarter	BACON, &c.—Provincial duty 2s. Imp.
on all except Oats 2s.	perial, 3s per cwt.
Wheat, U C best 60 lbs 6 3 a 6 9	Bacon, none
Do do mid. do 5 0 a 5 3	Hams, 00 7 a 00 7½
Do Red nominal	BUTTER—Provincial duty, 2s. Imp.
Barley per minat Do	rial, 8s per cwt.
Oats do Do	Prime 0 6 a 0 0
Pense do nominal	Grease none
Indian Corn, 68 lbs nominal	

THOMAS M. TAYLOR, Broker.

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