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THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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THE CYPRESS TREE OF CEYLON.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

[Ibn Batuta, the celebrated Mussulman traveller of the fourteenth century, speaks of a cypress tree in Ceylon, universally held sacred by the natives, the leaves of which were said to fall only at certain intervals, and he who had the happiness to find and eat one of them, was restored, at once, to youth and vigour. The traveller saw several venerable Jogees, or saints, sitting silent and motionless under the tree, patiently awaiting the falling of a leaf.]

They sat in silent watchfulness,
The sacred cypress tree about,
And, from beneath old wrinkled brows
Their failing eyes looked out.

Grey Age and Sickness waiting there—
Through weary night and lingering day—
Grim as the idols at their side,
And motionless as they.

Unheeded in the boughs above
The song of Ceylon's birds was sweet ;
Unseen of them the island flowers
Bloomed brightly at their feet.

O'er them the tropic night-storm swept,
The thunder crashed on rock and hill ;
The cloud-fire on their eye-balls blazed,
Yet there they waited still !

What was the world without to them ?
The Moslem's sunset-call—the dance
Of Ceylon's maids—the passing gleam
Of battle-flag, and lance ?

They waited for that falling leaf
Of which the wandering Jogees sing :
Which lends once more to wintry Age
The greenness of its spring.

Oh—if these poor and blinded ones
In trustful patience wait to feel
O'er torpid pulse and failing limb
A youthful freshness steal ;

Shall we, who sit beneath that Tree,
Whose healing leaves of life are shed,
In answer to the breath of prayer,
Upon the waiting head :

Not to restore our failing forms,
And build the spirit's broken shrine,
But, on the fainting soul to shed
A light and life divine :

Shall we grow weary in our watch,
And murmur at the long delay ?
Impatient of our Father's time,
And His appointed way ?

Or, shall the stir of outward things
Allure and claim the Christian's eye,
When on the heathen watcher's ear
Their powerless murmurs die ?

Alas ! a deeper test of faith
Than prison cell or martyr's stake,
The self-abasing watchfulness
Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke
Our erring brother in the wrong :
And in the ear of Pride and Power
Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword,
Than " watch one hour" in humbling prayer :
Life's " great things," like the Syrian lord,
Our hearts can do and dare.

But, oh ! we shrink from Jordan's side,
From waters which alone can save :
And murmur for Abana's banks,
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

Oh, Thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of Thy pain ;

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with Thee !

THE CHINESE MECHANIC ARTS AND SOCIAL LIFE.

Substance of a Lecture delivered by Mr. Williams.

The implements of the Chinese, though less beautiful than those preserved from the ruins of Rome, are more useful. They have made them sufficient to subserve the common purposes of life, and at so low a price as to be universally accessible. For a long time they have made no improvements. The descriptions of Marco Polo are still applicable, so that though they were before the English in the year 1600, they are very far behind the nations of the west now.

Agriculture is fostered by government as a means of its own security ; for farmers are isolated and contented. The pursuit is honoured by the emperor in an annual ploughing ceremony at Peking. The lands are held from him in small lots, not in fee simple, but as security for the payment of taxes. They descend to the eldest son, but the brothers may also settle upon them, so that subdivision is carried to a great extent. The principal grain crop of the country is rice. It is sown so thick as to make a dense turf, which is transplanted to the field, which has been in the mean time irrigated and prepared for it. The first crop is harvested in July, the second in November. Wheat, millet, and buckwheat, are raised as in other countries. Their implements of husbandry are very simple. A man may often be seen carrying plough, harrow, and buffalo-harness, together on his back. The farms are without fences : the dykes used for irrigation being the principal landmarks.

The other labours of agriculture are the cultivation of cotton, and of the mulberry for garments, and tea for exportation. The emperor honours the culture of silk by an annual offering of mulberry leaves to the patron goddess of the silk manufacture.

The fine porcelain comes mostly from the province of Kiang Tzi ; the common china ware from several other provinces. It is made with many ornaments of beautiful forms. In their gardens the wealthy delight to display many of these vases of large size ; some are sunken in the earth, and filled up with limestone and sand, which is soon covered with moss, and bears the appearance of a natural rock.

They have very little skill in working metals. Their chancing in gold and silver is however elegant, and unsurpassed. In carving they take the lead in some respects ; the granite posts before the temples are sculptured with historic scenes, two or three inches deep, and quite perfect. The lackered ware is made by coating wood with the varnish of the lacker tree, coloured with lampblack and embellished by gilding. The manufacture of lanterns is an extensive business in a country where they are so much used ; they are made with a great variety of designs and ornaments. Their lamp-oil is obtained from the tea and peanut.

The Chinese are without inventive genius, but are good imitators. Already they have begun to appropriate English inventions. In the manufacture of glass ware they have been so successful as to drive the foreign article from the market. In the late war they used thirty brass cannon which they had made after a cannon taken from a wrecked ship. They are now making pistols, fowling pieces, muskets, clocks and watches. A thirty-six gun frigate constructed by a Chinese shipwright, was considered by foreigners as quite creditable, and sea-worthy.

They have no knowledge of anatomy or physiology; and their medical theory is therefore wholly empirical, though their practice is improved by observation. They suppose that diseases, are caused by evil spirits, and their practice is directed to their expulsion. They stop eating and working, and use vegetable medicines mostly; the patient bargains beforehand about the price and time of cure. They vaccinate in both arms since 1820, and used to inoculate in the nose. They practice no more important surgical operations than teeth-pulling and cupping.

Their music, like their medicine, is peculiar. Their singing is in a kind of falsetto, produced by closing the glottis and forcing air through the nose. They use a variety of wind and stringed instruments, and drums with which they make execrable music, keeping good time, but without the least harmony: to a foreigner it is mere din and confusion. They have no knowledge of dancing, and when they saw it practised by the Portuguese, they inquired if it was for medical purposes!

The difficulty of conveying a right idea of Chinese character arises from the strange blending of intellectual attainments, and debased morals. On the whole they are beyond other Asiatics far beyond their neighbours, and yet not to be compared with the lowest Christian countries. They are educated, but their education is founded wholly on ambition. They are civilized, but their social system rests on selfishness alone. Yet, though lights and shadows are strangely mingled, society is, externally, courteous and pleasant.

But, with all their civilization, the Chinese are heathen still. The moral pollution of the nation is indescribable. They are, moreover, dishonest, cruel and cowardly; and these traits, with their difficult language, are the great obstacles to their Christianization.—*New York Paper.*

THE NIGHT OF WEEPING.

By the Rev. HORATIUS LONAR.

It is no easy matter to write a book for the family of God. Yet it is for them that these thoughts on chastisement are written.

They may be found not unsuitable for the younger brethren of the Man of Sorrows. For the way is rough, and the desert-blast is keen. Who of them can say aught regarding their prospects here, save that tribulation awaiteth them in every place as they pass along? This they must know and prepare for, grasping more firmly at every step the gracious hand that is leading them on to the kingdom, and looking up for guidance to the loving eye that rests over them with the fondest vigilance, ever bright and ever tender, whether in shadow or in sunshine, whether amid the crowds of busy life, or in the solitude of the lonely way.

It is, then, to the members of this family that this little volume is offered. They may find in it something which may not merely interest them, but may also meet their case; something too in which, perhaps, they may recognise not the voice of a stranger, but of a brother,—“a companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ.” For the tones of the suffering brotherhood on earth have something in them too peculiar not to be instinctively recognized. It is said of Arabian airs that they are all plaintive. They all touch some melancholy chord, as if the wail of the desert-echo were the key-note of each melody. It is in some measure thus with the children of the kingdom,—while sojourners in this wilderness of earth.

“Their voice is ever soft,
Gentle and low.”

Sorrow has smoothed away its harshness, and breathed gentler feeling into its tones. True, it is the voice of gladness, for it is the voice of the forgiven: but still it is sorrowing gladness, calm and serious joy. Their peculiar lot as followers of a hated Lord, and their peculiar circumstances as standing in the midst of a doomed and dying world, have wrought into their spirit a deep though

serene, solemnity of expression, alike in look and voice. Hence the instinctive recognition among the brotherhood, not only of the family look, but of the family tones.

It is of family concerns that we are to speak, and in these each member has a common interest. The “household of faith” has many concerns, and no the least of these are its sorrows. These are the lot of all; and there is no member of the household but has his share in these, either in personal suffering, or in helping to bear the burden of others.

What is now written may be found suitable to all, whether actually under chastisement or not. It is, however, presented specially to those who are “in heaviness through manifold temptations,” suffering the rebuke of the Lord, passing through fire and through water, with “affliction laid upon their loins.” The bruised reed must not be broken; the smoking flax must not be quenched. The hands that hang down must be lifted up, and the feeble knees confirmed; that which is lame must not be turned out of the way but rather healed.

Our desire is to minister to the saints in the consolation and admonition of the Lord. We would seek to bear their burdens, to bind up their wounds, and to dry up at least some out of their many tears. To comfort those that mourn is not only to act in obedience to the command, “bear ye one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ;” it is to walk by the side of Jesus in his visits of mercy to his suffering saints on earth; nay, it is to be fellow-workers with the Holy Ghost as the Church’s Comforter in all her tribulations and distresses.

Of these things the world knows little. Its sympathies are not with the saints, either in their sorrow or their joy. Family concerns, and especially family griefs, are not for strangers to intermeddle with. They are things too high for them. And how shall they understand them so long as they remain without? They must first come in, and take their place among the children beneath the paternal roof. And what should stay them? The gate stands open day and night. They would be welcomed in with the kindest greetings of love.

But though standing afar off from the saints, and unable to mingle its sympathies with theirs, still the world has sorrows of its own, deep and many. To grieve, and yet have no comforter; to be wounded, and yet have no healer; to be weary, and yet know no resting-place: this is the world’s hard lot.

Yet it is a self-chosen one. God did not choose it for them. They choose it for themselves. God invites, nay, pleads hard with them to quit it, yet they will not. Wretched as it is, they yet prefer it to the friendship of him with whom their heart is at enmity, and whose presence is to them a gloom and terror. Yet he continues to entreat them. He does not let them alone. The “many sorrows” which compass them about are his many messages of grace, his unwearied knockings at their fast-closed door. He writes “vanity” upon the creature, “weariness and vexation” upon earth’s best delights, that men may not place their confidence in these. Most mercifully does he hedge them about with disappointment of every form, that they may lift their eyes above this earth, and beyond these heavens, to the enduring blessedness that is at his right hand forever. With what kindness, though with seeming severity, does he mar their best friendships, that he may attract them to the communion of his own far better and everlasting companionship! With what compassion does he break in upon their misguided attachments, that he may draw them away from earth, and bind them to himself by the more blessed ties of his own far sweeter love! With what tenderness does he tear asunder the bonds of brotherhood and kindred, that he may unite them to himself in far dearer and eternal relationship! With what mercy does he overthrow their prospects of worldly wealth, and bring down their hopes of earthly power and greatness, that he may give them the heavenly treasure, and make them a “royal priesthood” to himself in the glorious kingdom of his Son! With what love does he ruin their reputation among men, breaking in pieces their good name which was their idol, that he may shew them the vanity of human praise, leading them to desire the honour that cometh from God, to know that in his favour is life, and that the light of his countenance is the very sunshine of heaven!

Oh that a weary, broken-hearted world would learn these lessons of grace! Oh that they would taste and see that God is good! Let them but come home to him. He will not mock them with shadows, nor feed them upon husks. He will satisfy their craving souls; he will turn their midnight into noon; he will give them

beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, that they may be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord.

Let the world, however, regard God's dealing with them as they may: let not "the children" despise the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when they are rebuked of him. They at least should know the meaning of his acting towards them, for they know HIMSELF. The world may misunderstand his rebukes, or put an unkind construction upon them; they cannot, for they know that "God is love."

The thoughts that follow are designed to assist them in interpreting God's ways;—not merely in finding comfort under trial, but in drawing profit from it. I have at least attempted to contribute something towards this end. I have done what I could, rather than what I would. But it may be that the Head of the family will own it, and send it with his own blessing to the scattered members near and far. He knows that they need some such words in season; and that, if thickening signs deceive not, they will ere long need them more. In such a case even this little volume may be helpful.

It is written in much weakness, and with many sins to mar it: amid what trials, it is of little moment for a stranger to learn. It is written by one who is seeking himself to profit by trial, and trembles lest it should pass by as the wind over the rock, leaving it as hard as ever; by one who would fain in every sorrow draw near to God, that he may know him more, and who is not unwilling to confess that as yet he knows but little.

JOHN BUNYAN.

Some fifty years since a meeting was held in Charleston, to make arrangements for a library for some public association; and each member was allowed to name a book to be purchased. When the celebrated Mr. Pinckney was called on to make his proposal, he rose and named "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress." This was received with a loud laugh from all parts of the room; "laugh as you may," said the great orator, "that is one of the most remarkable works the world ever possessed." Well, and truly said! and had the empty-headed sneerers lived to behold the magnificent edition in velvet and gold, of that immortal work which now lies before me, they would have perceived that others besides the Southern orator cherished the tinker of Elstow's book.

With all the "faith of authorship," which most authors are said to feel, and with all the abiding faith in the everlasting nature of truth, which all the utterers of great truths must feel, we cannot but suppose that Bunyan felt many misgivings as to the fate of the little book over which he had wept and prayed for so many years. In less than ten years after its publication, it had gone through many editions. Before a century had gone by, it had become a household book with all the English peasantry—it had been read and admired by wits and lords, and scholars, and even the most fastidious critic of the age, Dr. Johnson, had pronounced it "one of the few books which he wished was longer." Two centuries are not yet passed away, and in a country which Bunyan knew only as a trifling colony, his book lies on the table of ten thousand drawing-rooms; and is adorned with velvet and gold, and illustrated with beautiful pictures.

I wish there had been some Boswell to note down his prison conversations, and to tell us of his going out and coming in before the congregation of Bedford; and above all, that there had been some one with the pen of a ready writer among the crowd, that used to throng his conventicle, even sometimes "as early as seven o'clock on a winter's morning." We have to imagine him to ourselves as he stood up to preach, with his brawny form, and ruddy face, with his sharp twinkling eyes, broad forehead, and large mouth, with the tuft about it which his biographer says "he wore after the old British fashion." His dress, as became John Bunyan, was plain. His manner must have been vehement and earnest; and from the short snatches of preaching which are found in "Grace Abounding" and the "Pilgrim's Progress," we can form some idea of what his sermons were. He went to the pulpit, as he tells us, "in chains; to preach to the people in chains;" and he carried that fire in his own conscience that he persuaded them to be aware of. In the midst of his great popularity he maintained a remarkable humility. One day when he had been preaching with considerable warmth and enlargement, he was met by one of his con-

gregation, who complimented him upon the excellence of his discourse. "O," replied the preacher, "you need not have told me so; the devil reminded me of that before I came out of the pulpit."

Bunyan was buried in Bunhill Fields, where his tomb is often visited to this day. Not long ago a funeral took place there, which was attended among others by the Rev. Dr. Maginn, for a long time one of the most brilliant writers for Blackwood's Magazine. As soon as the ceremony was over, the doctor said to the sexton, "grave-digger, show me the tomb of John Bunyan." The grave-digger led the way, and was followed by Maginn, who seemed deeply thoughtful. As they approached the place, the doctor stopped, and touching him on the shoulder, said, "tread lightly." Maginn bent over the grave for some time in melancholy mood, deeply affected, and at length exclaimed, in solemn tones, as he turned away, "sleep on! thou prince of dreamers." "The dreamer" had lain there one hundred and fifty years, but no lapse of time has destroyed the spell which he still holds over the strongest minds.—*Christian Alliance.*

A DUELLIST'S DEATH-BED.

I was once in early youth, called to stand beside the bed of a dying sinner, and I think I never shall forget the impression made on my mind at that time. A no sufferer was a young medical student, the son of a rich planter in the south. Previous to his leaving home, he had encountered his cousin in a duel and killed him; for which his father banished him from his house, and pronounced upon him his paternal malediction. And even though he had been informed that his son could never arise from his bed of suffering to which he was confined, even though his son had besought him with his wasting breath for forgiveness, yet this inhuman brute of a father still withheld it; though after death, he could gild his coffin and bodeck his grave.

I entered the room of the dying man with a religious friend who had called to pray with him, and who in walking up to the bed, asked him if he wished him to do so, the patient answered him "yes," and then turning his dark piercing eyes upon me, added, in a sepulchral voice, "have you come to pray for me too, little boy?" We knelt down beside his bed and prayed. During the prayer he was calm and still, except when some deep groan or heart-rending sigh would break from his bosom. After prayer the agony of his feelings, operating in unison with the weakness of his body, produced insanity; and it was truly agonizing to hear and see his wild gesticulations and laughter, as horrible and unearthly as would be produced from a revel in some dark and dreary charnel house. He sprung up in his bed, his eye fiercely gleaming, his hair thrown back from his pale and haggard brow, and seizing his pistols, he cocked and snapped them at some imaginary object. Then giving vent to one long and loud peal of laughter, he dashed them down, and pointing to the spot at which he had aimed, exclaimed, "There! there! there! don't you see him upon the grass? See! see! the blood how it pours from his breast. O God! O God! I've killed him! Father, forgive me! forgive, dear, dear, father, forgive me!" And then, as his mind still wandered, he would grasp his violin, and play some lively tune. Then again, dashing it on the bed, he would exclaim, "I must die! I must die! O forgive me, father! I'm dying!"

Ere long his eyes grew dim, his lips quivered, and giving one long, hollow groan, he sank into the gloomy twilight of life's last eve.—*Family Visitor.*

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The following is a most remarkable and praise-worthy instance of what perseverance and industry, rightly directed, are able to effect:—Among the graduating class at the commencement last week, at Williams' College, was one by the name of Condit, from Jersey. This gentleman is a shoe-maker, is married, and has a family of four children. Six years ago, becoming sensible of the blessings of an education, he commenced learning the simple branches, such as are taught in our primary schools. One by one, as he sat on his shoe-maker's bench, he mastered grammar, arithmetic, geography, &c., with some occasional assistance from his fellow workmen. At this time he determined to obtain a collegiate education. With-

out means, and with a large family depending on him for support, he commenced, and learned Latin and Greek in the evenings, after his day's labour was over, under the direction of a friend; and after the lapse of a year and a-half, prepared himself, and entered the sophomore class of Williams' College.

He brought his bench and tools as well as his books with him. The students supplied him with work; the faculty assisted him; and together with the fund for indigent students and some occasional assistance from other sources, he was enabled to go through the college course, and at the same time support his family. He graduated last week, on his birth-day, aged thirty-two. He stood high in his class, and received a part at commencement, but declined. At the farewell meeting of the class, in consideration of his perseverance, talents, and Christian character, they presented his wife with an elegant set of silver spoons, tea and table, each handsomely engraved with an appropriate inscription.

Mr. Condit will now enter the theological seminary at New York, and will, no doubt, make a faithful and popular minister.

What young man in this country will ever, after such an example as this, despair of obtaining an education?—*Springfield Republican*.

HINDOO SUPERSTITION.

It may seem incredible, but it is undoubtedly true, that there now exists at the Marmadilla Fank, in the middle of the city and island of Bombay, British India, a human being who has inhabited a summer house, and held on the palm of his left hand a heavy flower-pot for twenty-one years without intermission. The narrator of this circumstance actually saw the hermit, (for such he is called). The arm is completely sinew-bound and shrivelled, the nails of his fingers nine inches long, and curved like the talons of a bird. His beard nearly reaches to the ground when standing erect.

Whilst sitting, the man rests his elbow on his knee, and when walking he supports it with the other hand. His countenance indicates intelligence, and he once had very extensive possessions. All he now possesses, is a few rags round the middle of his body, and a servant who is allowed to attend to his immediate wants, the pecuniary part of which is supplied by visitors.

Twenty-one years ago he lost caste by eating mutton! an indulgence in totally forbidden food, and was consequently condemned to hold, for thirty years, a large flower-pot filled with earth, in which grows a sacred plant. To lose caste, and not be able to take it up again, according to the superstitions of those deluded idolaters, is to incur the penalty of everlasting misery in a future state. What an example does this poor deluded creature afford, of perseverance, zeal, courage and devotion worthy even of the highest cause. If he live to redeem his caste, most likely he will hereafter be set apart to be worshipped as a God!—*Christian Reflector*.

EXTRACTS FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

THE ETERNAL BURDEN.—The Caliph Hakkam, who loved pomp, wished to enlarge and adorn the garden of his palace.—For this purpose he bought the surrounding land, and paid the proprietors as much as they demanded for it. There remained only a poor widow, who, from pious motives, refused to sell the inheritance of her ancestors, and rejected every application that was made to her. The overseer of the Royal buildings was provoked by this woman's obstinacy; he seized upon her little patrimony, and the poor woman came weeping to the judge. Ibn Beschir was then Cadi of the town. He duly considered the case brought before him, and found it a delicate one; for although by an ancient statute the widow was proved indubitably in the right, yet it was by no means easy to dispose a prince who was accustomed to consider his will perfect justice, to the voluntary fulfilment of an antiquated law. What then did the just Cadi do?—He saddled his ass, hung a large sack over its back, and rode immediately to the palace garden, where he found the Caliph seated in the beautiful building he had erected on the widow's land. The appearance of the Cadi, with his ass and sack, greatly astonished him; and he was still more surprised when Ibn Beschir threw himself at his feet, and said, "Permit me, Sire, to fill this sack with earth from these grounds." Hakkam assented; and when the sack was filled, the Beschir entreated the Caliph

would assist him to lift it upon the back of the ass. Hakkam thought this demand stranger than the foregoing one; but in order to see what the man had in his mind, he endeavored to help him. The sack, however, could not be raised: and the Caliph said—"The burden is too heavy, Cadi—it is impossible."—"Sire," answered Ibn Beschir, "you find this burden too heavy, and it only contains a small portion of the earth which you have unjustly taken from the poor widow; how, then, shall you bear the whole of this stolen land, which the Judge of all the world will lay upon your shoulders in the day of judgment?" The Caliph was struck with the force of these words; he praised the conduct of the Cadi, and gave back to the widow all her inheritance, with the buildings he had raised upon it.—*Sharpe's London Magazine*.

PRAYER.—Who can reckon the guilt at this moment lying on the Churches of Christ: as well as on private Christians for negligence in prayer? Hours and weeks are thrown away on trifles, and prayer forgotten! Sleep, company, idle visiting, foolish talking and jesting, idle reading, unprofitable occupations, engross time that might have been redeemed for prayer! Why is there so little anxiety to get time to pray? Why is there so little forethought in the laying out of time and employments, so as to secure a large portion of each day for prayer? Why is there so much speaking, yet so little prayer? Why is there so much running to and fro, yet so little prayer? Why so much bustle and business, yet so little prayer? Why so many meetings with our fellow-men, yet so few meetings with God? Why so little being alone, so little thirsting of the soul for the calm sweet hours of unbroken solitude, when God and his child hold fellowship together, as if they could never part? It is the want of these solitary hours that not only injures our own growth in grace, but makes us such unprofitable members of the Church of Christ, that renders our lives useless. In order to grow in grace we must be much *alone*. It is not in society—even Christian society, that the soul grows most rapidly and vigorously. In *one single* quiet hour of prayer, it will often make more progress than in days of company with others. It is in the desert that the dew falls freshest, and the air is purest. So with the soul. It is when none but God is nigh—when his presence alone, like the desert air, in which there is mingled no noxious breath of man, surrounds and pervades the soul; it is then that the eye gets the clearest, simplest, view of eternal certainties; it is then that the soul gathers in wondrous refreshment, and power, and energy. And so it is also in this way that we become truly useful to others. It is when coming out fresh from communion with God, that we go forth to do His work successfully. It is in the closet that we get our vessels so filled with blessing, that when we come forth, we cannot contain it to ourselves, but must, as by a blessed necessity, pour it out whithersoever we go.—*Call to Prayer*.

APPLES OF GOLD.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.—John iii. 3."

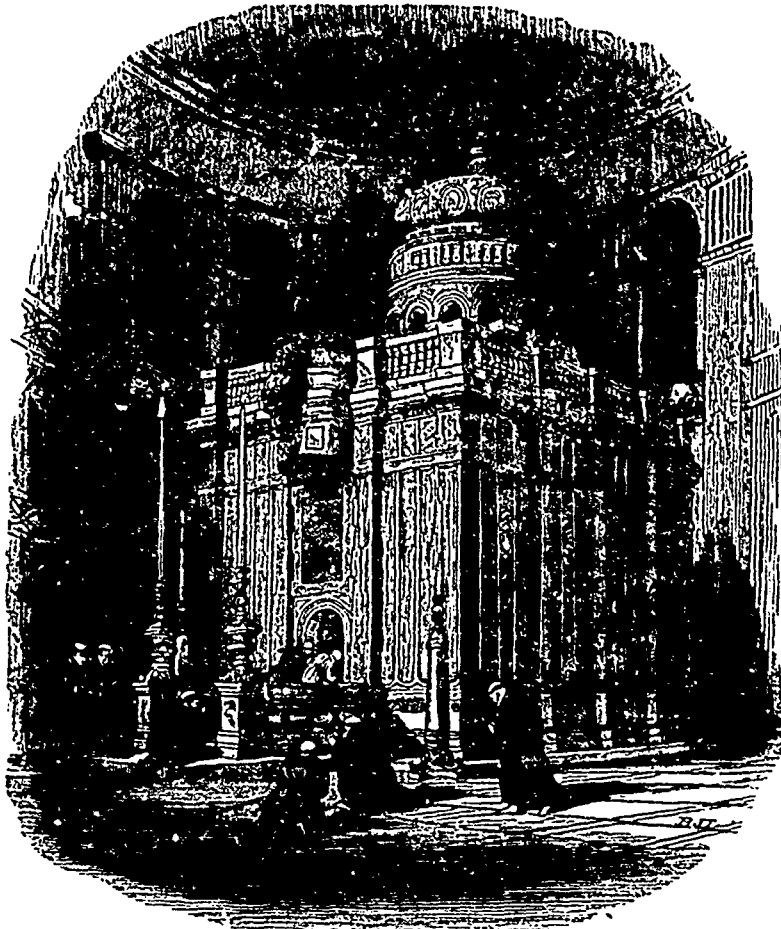
Consequently no outward form of religion will do; but we must be renewed by the Spirit of God, and have our hearts changed, else we cannot enter into the kingdom of God. Christ, by saying, verily, verily, has confirmed this twice by an oath. How is it possible, then, that mere honest and moral men can be saved? Will Christ break his double oath? No, surely. Now, when outward gross vices only are blamed in conversation or preaching, a moral man slips through the law without censure; and the careless think they can leave off their open sins one time or another; and so none are duly concerned to be thoroughly converted; but the new birth and a real change of the heart being insisted upon, and Christ held forth in this only true way, every one who will be saved must be turned.

The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first:
Hosannah to that sov'reign power
That new creates our dust.

When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would our Saviour come to be
The minister of sin.

His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God:
Jesus and his salvation came
By water and by blood.

—*Bogatzy's Treasury*.



THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

"And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre.—Mark xvi. 2."

Clarke, who does not question the antiquity of the church existing thirty years ago, previous to the fire, describes it as "a goodly structure, whose external appearance resembles that of any common Roman Catholic Church." Deshayes, and Chateaubriand, are more precise, informing us that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was very irregular, owing to the nature and situation of the objects it was designed to comprehend. It was nearly in the form of a cross, and measured 100 paces in length, by 70 in breadth. Properly speaking, it consisted of three churches; the situation of which must be understood with reference to the supposed Mount Calvary. Thus, the proper Church of the Holy Sepulchre stands on the level ground, so that its eastern part adjoins the Mount; and here occur two flights of steps, one of which conducts upward to the Church of Calvary, upon the eminence, and the other down to the Church of the Discovery of the Cross below. The principal edifice was thus the Church of the Sepulchre, with which two other churches were connected by walls and vaulted staircases. The architecture of the church was evidently of the age of Constantine; the Corinthian order prevailed throughout. The columns were badly proportioned; although some double ones, which supported the frieze of the choir, were in very good style. The interior was lofty and spacious; but as the arches which separated the nave from the choir were stopped up about ninety years ago; a view of the whole of the vaulted roof could not be obtained. The church had no vestibule, or any other entrance than two side-doors, only one of which was in use. Thus the structure appears never to have had external decorations, unless we may so call an ancient bas-relief over the door, representing the entry of Christ into Jerusalem. It was also concealed by shabby buildings, and by the Greek convents, erected close to its walls. As already intimated, the fire destroyed a great portion of the church, and although restored, the architecture and decorations are said to be much inferior to those of the original edifice. The general plan of the whole building, and the arrangements of the so called holy stations, which it con-

tains, are, however, so exactly preserved, that the descriptions of the earliest visitors apply as correctly to its present as to its former state. Mr. Buckingham, however, informs us that "the Corinthian columns of fine marble, which formerly adorned the interior, being destroyed by the late fire, the dome is now supported by tall and slender square pillars of masonry, plastered on the outside, and placed so thickly together as to produce the worst effect."

"I NEVER TAKE ANY THING TO HURT MYSELF."

A Prize Essay. By the Rev. R. Peden, Amersburgh.

Acts xvi. 28—"Do thyself no harm."
 Heb. 13, 16—"To do good forget not."

Such is the language of many in excusing themselves from entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks—they never take any thing to hurt themselves. It may be that this little tract may fall into the hands of some who use this apology, and to such we would affectionately submit a few considerations.

First,—Are you sure that in using intoxicating drinks, as you now do, that you never take any thing to hurt yourself? It is not necessary to suppose that you use them either very frequently, or what may be called immoderately; but even using them, as you may do, only occasionally and in small quantities, it would still be hazardous for you to affirm that you have never taken any thing to hurt yourself. The fact that the temperance reformation has disclosed the pernicious and delusory nature of these drinks is so well known and so generally admitted, grounded, as its testimony is, on the most careful induction of facts, and confirmed by the experience of millions of teetotalers, that you may at least see occasion to review the judgment which you have expressed. In the Report of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, to inquire into the evils of intemperance, it was stated that the highest medical authorities, examined in great numbers before the Committee, are uniform in their testimony, "that ardent spirits are absolute poisons to the human constitution—that in no case whatever are they necessary, or even useful, to

persons in health—that they are always, in every case, and to the smallest extent, deleterious, pernicious, or destructive, according to the proportion in which they may be taken into the system. (Par. Rep. p. 1.) If this testimony be true, will you aver that even in the moderate way in which you now use them, you never take any thing to hurt yourself?

But we are well aware that some who make use of such language may, after all, in the opinion of others acquainted with them, partake pretty freely of the intoxicating cup. There are not wanting cases of individuals who, in the very intemperate use of intoxicating drinks, may fancy the excuse at the head of this paper as applicable to their condition—a sad proof of the tendency of these drinks to delude the mind, to unfit it for calm and impartial enquiry, or for the reception of truth, however plainly and forcibly stated.

Second,—But though it were true that you took nothing to hurt yourself, have you a perfect safeguard that in still using them you will continue in your supposed *inocuous* course? Where is your guarantee, your ground of confidence that you will never follow the legitimate and natural current of intoxicating drinks, namely, from tasting to tipping, and from tipping to habitual and confirmed immoderation. It is not stated that you will do so, but where is your safeguard that you will not? Have not hundreds, as temperate and self-confident, and perhaps as seemingly moral and virtuous, fallen before the enemy? Can you not point to instances within your own circle of observation, however narrowed that circle may be? Scripture says, “the heart is deceitful above all things.” It says, moreover, “wine is a mocker.” How awfully dangerous, then, to be tampering with “a mocker,” a deceiver, when the heart is so apt to be deceived. You remember the case of Hazael when on an errand from Benhadad, the king, to the prophet Elisha, when the man of God, looking steadfastly on him till he was ashamed, told him of all the evil which he would bring on the children of Israel. Hazael, shocked at the mere mention of such atrocities, indignantly exclaimed, “What! is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?” How many thousands of poor drunkards are there now, who, had they been told what they would become, would have treated the warning as Hazael did the prophecy. Be entreated to see the ground on which you are now standing. Is your footing secure? Have you a complete guarantee that you will never, in your present course, become intemperate?

Third,—Although you were proof against habitual intemperance, who or what will secure you against the possibility of your falling into some peculiar circumstances of temptation, whereby you may be overcome, and you may take something to hurt yourself. Remember that you may hurt yourself in various ways as well as by injuring your body. You may injure your reputation, your means of subsistence, your prospects in life, your morals, or your Christian character, if you are a professor of religion. There is an elevating tendency in the church, at the present day, that regards with growing suspicion the use of alcoholic drinks. Even although there was no chance of your ever becoming a drunkard, may you not under some peculiar temptation inflict a wound on your character that may take years of watchfulness to cicatrize? May you not, at some unguarded moment, be so overcome as to leave a blot on your life, which tears of bitterness may vainly attempt to obliterate?

Fourth,—Suppose it were true that you may use liquors as you now do without injury, and you had a perfect confidence that you never will hurt yourself, let it still be inquired, may you not hurt another, if not yourself? You are so linked with your fellow-creatures as to make it inconsistent with your condition as a man, and much more as a Christian, to say as Cain, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” It is impossible to say what may be the result of your present course upon others, however moderate you may deem it. If you very seldom taste, it is probable that, as you have no particular inclination for intoxicating drinks, you would not go and drink by yourself: this would betray a strong desire for the intoxicating cup. When you do take a little, it is usually because you are in circumstances that lead you to partake; you are treated by a friend, or you treat him; or you are making some bargain, or transacting some business, or otherwise led into company. Now, although you may think that you take nothing to hurt yourself, may you not hurt your friend? May you not countenance him in the use of the cup?—may you not beget or awaken a depraved appetite in him? and though you were possessed of moral

courage and strength of principle always merely to taste and to leave off before you have sustained any injury, as you may suppose, yet your countenance and example may tell most injuriously on your acquaintance or companion.

Are you a parent? Though you do not hurt yourself, may you not hurt one of your dear children? Oh! how many have been ruined in time and eternity by the intoxicating cup, which, when children, they began to sip beneath the parental roof.

Are you a husband? May you not injure your wife? Or a wife? May you not injure your husband? Are you a master? May you not hurt your servants? Are you a man of wealth, and hospitable? May not your hospitality prove a curse? Are you a minister of Jesus Christ, a magistrate, or a physician? May not your example in this respect be awfully ruinous to some? From the highest official stations, down to the obscurest private conditions, there is an influence concomitant with the use of intoxicating drinks, moderate though the use may be, that may tell with fearful injury on others, although those whose example was an abettor of the evil, may partially escape themselves. The fact of the sociality connected with drinking should lead you to consider the influence not merely on yourself, but also on others.

Fifth,—If it were true that you do not hurt yourself, you are hurting the temperance reformation. The temperance movement is now one of generally acknowledged excellence. It stands conspicuous in the march of moral advancement and philanthropic exertion. It is very probable that you consider yourself a friend of temperance, and rejoice in the good it has accomplished; but by drinking, though little and seldom, you are not only standing aloof from the movement, but you are directly sanctioning the use of these pernicious drinks, and discountenancing temperance societies. So far as your influence goes, you are undoing what has been done, and preventing an increase of benefit from being accomplished.

Sixth,—But still further. Suppose it were true that intoxicating drinks do not hurt you, do they do you any good? This is a very relevant inquiry. You cannot affirm that they do, and no man that uses them as a beverage can affirm so, unless he is under delusion. Why, then, expose yourself to temptation? why tamper with that which is so dangerous and delusive? why run the risk of the possibility of enduring all the evils of intemperance, by the use of the? which does you no real good? Why expose others to the fearful evil, by continuing in a course that may seriously affect others, when all you can say in favour of the beverage, is the mere negative plea, that you do not hurt yourself; and that, too, a statement which, there is reason to believe, is utterly fallacious.

Seventh,—Even although it were true, that by using intoxicating drinks as you now do, you can do so without injury to yourself or others; and suppose you could continue so, it is not enough merely to do no harm, it is your duty to do good. Our duty to ourselves and others is not the mere negative one of doing no injury, but the positive one of doing good. The word of God declares, “to do good and to communicate, forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.” Let the judgment decide impartially, let conscience speak faithfully, and we doubt not but that you will be led to the conclusion, that entire abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, will be not only not to your detriment, but to your advantage.

Abandon, then, a course which, however moderate, is injurious, though you may not think so; a course which may possibly prove the outer edge of a vortex of dissipation and misery—a course that may draw others, perhaps near and dear to you, into the fatal snare, though you should escape. And, then, be assured you will have greater confidence than you can have now, that in this respect at least, you do yourself no harm; and you will have the still happier consciousness, that, by co-operating in the temperance movement, you may do yourself and others very material and permanent good.

[Some months ago, the Montreal Temperance Society offered a prize for the best essay, upon each of four different subjects, and the essays sent in have for some time been under the consideration of the judges, who have not yet sent in their final report. They have, however, agreed unanimously upon awarding one of the prizes to the preceding essay, which is, accordingly, to be published in the Tract form, as the fifth of the Montreal series of Temperance Tracts, for gratuitous distribution, and by permission of the Committee, it appears in our pages.]

SELECTIONS.

THE AIR IN THE LUNGS is exposed to 170,000,000 of cells, having a surface thirty times that of the body, and during respiration the air is deprived of oxygen and becomes loaded with deadly carbonic acid gas and rendered totally unfit for a second respiration, being in reality no longer atmospheric air but a poisonous gas.

ON THE NORTH COAST OF IRELAND, a gentleman saw above a hundred crows preying upon muscels. The mode of doing this was remarkable—each crow took a muscel up in the air twenty or forty yards high, and let it fall on the stones; and thus by breaking the shell got possession of the animal.

MANUFACTURE OF SHELL COMEOS.—We were not aware of what substance cameos were made until we were surprised by a friend of ours, Samuel Carter, an amateur artist belonging to Albany, whose univereal genius displayed to our astonished view some of the most beautiful carvings that we have ever seen, made upon the Queen Conch shell. Since then we have made some inquiries into the business, and have collected the following facts relative to the art. The shells generally used are those of the flesh-eating *Uvula*, which are formed of three layers of calcareous matter, each layer being a perpendicular lamina, placed side by side. The kinds which experience has proved to be the best for the purpose are the bull's mouth, the black-helmet, and the queen conch. The first is allowed to be the best. The art was confined to Rome for near half a century, and to Italy until the last twenty years. The first cameo made out of Italy, was by an Italian in Paris, and now about 200 persons are employed in making cameos in that city. The number of shells used annually thirty years ago, was about 300; the whole of which were sent to England, the value of each shell in Rome being about \$7. The number used in France last year was 100,500, in value (shell) \$44,800. The average value of large cameos made in Paris is about one dollar twelve and a half cents each. The whole value of cameos made in Paris last year was about \$200,000. In England not more than six persons are engaged in the trade. In America about the same number, but Yankee genius, as in the instance which we have adverted, has entered the field of cameo art, and soon we shall be provided with republican gems, carved by republican hands, to deck the bosoms of our republican girls.—*American Journal*.

A MAN IN A FIX.—At Columbus, Ohio, on the 20th inst., an old man, who was digging in a well on the side of a hill, was suddenly buried to his neck by the sand and gravel coming down on him. He remained in that situation for fifty hours. Nothing during that time was left undone, day and night, to rescue him. He was wedged in by the gravel in such a crooked position, that he could not be drawn out by force without breaking his limbs; and although there was no cessation in drawing up the gravel and stones, yet it caved in as taken out, and he was rescued only by digging a large opening by the side of the well, and protecting the sides as they dug, until finally they literally undermined him; and by thus loosening his legs, he was drawn out.

A GREAT COAT.—The editor of the *Vicksburg Whig* has seen a coat lately, that measured five feet around the waist. It was made for a gentleman from Kentucky, whose weight is about four hundred pounds, is 26 years old, and has not yet got his full growth. He is about six feet six inches in height, measures fifty-four inches over the breast, sixty around the waist, and twenty-two inches across the back.

CURIOUS RESULTS OF VENTILATION.—In a weaving mill near Manchester, where the ventilation was bad, the proprietor caused a fan to be mounted. The consequences soon became apparent in a curious manner. The operatives, little remarkable for olfactory refinement, instead of thanking their employer for his attention to their comfort and health, made a formal complaint to him that the ventilator had increased their appetites, and therefore entitled them to a corresponding increase of wages! By stopping the fan a part of the day the ventilation and voracity of the establishment were brought to a medium standard, and complaints ceased. The operatives' wages would but just support them, but any additional demands by their stomachs could only be answered by drafts upon their banks, which were by no means in a condition to answer them.

GLUE MADE WATERPROOF.—A mechanic in Albany has just made an experiment which promises to be of much advantage by making glue perfectly waterproof, and having the property of drying immediately after its application. His method, we learn, is first to immerse common glue in cold water until it becomes perfectly soft, but yet retaining its original form; after which, it is to be dissolved in common raw linseed oil, assisted by a gentle heat, until it becomes entirely taken up by the latter, after which it may be applied to substances for the adhesion to each other, in the way common glue is applied. It dries almost immediately, and water will exert no action upon it. It is unnecessary to say for how many valuable purposes in the arts this application may be used. For cabinet makers it is important, as mahogany veneers, when glued by this substance, will never fall off by exposure to the atmosphere. In ship building it will probably answer a valuable purpose, as it has infinitely more tenacity than common glue and becomes impervious to water.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE EDUCATION.—It is an observation sanctioned by the almost unanimous testimony of those whose opinion is founded upon experience, that the vices of a public school are of a nature to be easily detected and to be corrected by discipline; while those of private

education creep on in contentment, frequently arrive at a remediless degree of maturity before they are discovered. The remark of the judicious Dr. Barrow on this head is at once striking and just. "The perpetual restraints under which the private pupil lives, and the constant presence of those much older than himself, do not suffer his propensities and passions to appear in their true colours, and frequently their course cannot be sufficiently regulated nor their excesses restrained. He does not grow open and ingenuously by unreserved communication with his equals, but artful and designing, by watching the sentiments of those more advanced in age, and the self-command which he seems to possess is often policy, not principle—hypocrisy, not virtue."

THE FIRST ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP.—The first Atlantic steamer was the *Savannah*, Capt. Rogers, built at New York. She was 300 tons burthen, ship-rigged. Her engine was 70 or 80 horse power, low pressure. She proceeded from New York to Savannah, whence she sailed in 1819 for Liverpool, making the passage in 22 days. In passing the Irish coast the smoke and steam from her chimneys gave her the appearance of a ship on fire, and vessels were despatched from the Cove of Cork to her relief. From Liverpool she went to Copenhagen, Stockholm, St. Petersburg and Arundel, making the voyage from the latter port (in Norway) back to Savannah in 25 days. Crowned heads, ministers, officers of state, &c., visited her, and valuable services of plate, jewels, &c., were presented to her officers. She subsequently made the voyage to Constantinople and back, being the first steamer that traversed the Mediterranean sea, as well as the Atlantic Ocean. She was afterwards purchased to run as a packet between New York and Savannah.

GIVE ME THE BIBLE.—One of the most distinguished men of modern times said, "I have thought I am a creature of a day, passing through life as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit come from God, and returning to God; just hovering over the great gulch, till, a moment hence, I am no more seen! I drop into an unchangeable eternity! I want to know one thing—the way to heaven; how to land safe on that happy shore. God himself has condescended to teach me the way; for this very end he came from heaven. He hath written it down in a book! O, give me that book! At any price give the book of God! I have it; here is knowledge enough for me. Let me be a man of one book!"

ARTIFICIAL AGATE.—There are now made in Albany beautiful door knobs of common clay and some other mixtures. Mr. Pepper, of Albany, we believe, is the inventor, and it is not an imitation of agate merely, but is as real agate as that formed in nature's own laboratory. From this, by a process of remelting and careful but expeditious moulding and baking, in ovens similar in appearance to those used in cracker bakeries, Mr. Pepper manufactures door knobs and other articles of household ornament of rare durability and beauty. These door knobs are of the highest polish, and are blended with a variety of colours, and are strong and beautiful. Set in silver or bronze, the knobs are sold at a rate which already commands the market. It is, perhaps, not generally known that the common clay (used in a crucible runs like water, and makes a beautiful stone. The door knobs in the Albany Argillo Works are fused and then put into the annealing oven. After the knobs come out of this, they have no appearance of agate until they are ground and polished, which is done by cast iron grindstones, on which a stream of wet sand continually flows. The method of grinding is not ingenious, all being done by hand. It is not possible to conceive to what perfection the manufacture of glass and earthenware may be brought, and to what purposes the article may yet be applied. The balance spring of a chronometer is now made of glass, as a substitute for steel, and possesses a greater degree of elasticity and a greater power of resisting the alternations of heat and cold. One of these chronometers with a glass balance spring has been exposed to competition with nine other chronometers on a long voyage, and the result was in favour of the glass spring one.

THE CICADA, OR AMERICAN LOCUST.—This is one of the most remarkable insects in natural history. It is hatched in a tree where the egg is deposited, falls to the ground in the shape of a small worm, and immediately buries itself in the earth. Its downward progress is continued to a considerable distance, some writers say fifteen feet below the surface. At all events, whatever may be the average depth to which they descend, it is certain that they remain in the earth seventeen years. At the expiration of that time they re-appear upon the surface, pass out of the chrysalis state, assume wings, and in immense numbers occupy the trees, and fill the air with their noise. They do no damage to the ground crops, but young twigs suffer severely from the deposition of their eggs in the tender limbs. The short period of their existence above ground is spent in preparing for a new brood, by depositing their eggs in the limbs and twigs of trees. The ovipositor of the female locust is admirably adapted to the purpose of boring small holes in the tender bark and wood into which the eggs are introduced. The existence of the locust from the time of leaving the earth until its death, is from 20 to 25 days; and during that time it does not appear to eat any thing, some naturalists asserting that they are not provided with the organs of eating. Doubtless the present appearance of the cicada in the west will attract the attention of men of science in that quarter to a minute study and observation of the nature and characteristics of this curious insect.—*Phil. Ledger*.

Geology proves that the palm-tree formerly grew, and the crocodile and turtle lived in England.

NEWS.

Mr. William Taggart, of Messrs Howden and Taggart, teachers, who had been a missing for sometime, was found in the woods near Henryville, with his head nearly covered from his body, evidently murdered. He had ten pounds in his possession when he left Montreal.

A NEW CANAL.—We learn that the project for a canal from Caughnawaga to St. John's has been received with so much favour by the Provincial Government, that Mr. Barrett, an engineer connected with the Board of Works, has been directed to make a preliminary survey. The result of his examination of the ground, is most favourable. It appears that the distance between the St. Lawrence navigation, and that of Lake Champlain, does not exceed twenty miles, and that it would be impossible to find any piece of land which offers so many facilities, for such an undertaking. Its utility admits of no doubt; for it is manifest that this would secure to the St. Lawrence the whole trade of the West with New York. We are informed that plans and estimates for this work, are now in preparation, and that should the Government decline to take the subject up, an immediate attempt will be made to secure the necessary funds through the capitalists of the State of New York.—*Herald.*

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Buchanan, our active and intelligent Emigrant Agent, has been confined with illness for a couple of days, and it is feared that it is an attack of typhus.—*Quebec Gazette.*

The Bishop of Montreal, accompanied by his private Secretary, the Rev. A. W. Mountain, embarked this day in the Trimmy House steamer *St. George*; his Lordship's destination being the district of Gaspé, where he is about to visit the missions and to hold confirmations. His return is expected in about a month.—*Quebec Gazette.*

A melancholy accident occurred on Tuesday last, in Mr. Breakey's Saw Mill on the *Chaudière*. It appears that a shutter had fallen from one of the upper windows down among the works, upon which one of the men employed in the establishment, a Canadian, went above to ascertain its position, which he was describing to a fellow workman below. While so doing, he leaned forward, and his body came in contact with one of the circular saws which, in a moment, cut across his abdomen, allowing the bowels to gush out, and severed a portion of his liver! The unfortunate man lingered only until the next day.—*Quebec Mercury.*

It is with a feeling of deep regret, that we this day record the death of the Rev. William Dune, Pastor of St. Andrew's Church in this town. The Rev. gentleman's decease took place at the Manse on Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, his disease was Typhus Fever, contracted in the zealous discharge of his duties amongst the sick Emigrants, at the sheds, thus adding another to the long list of valuable lives, which have this summer been sacrificed in Canada, in the cause of Christian charity. His exemplary piety, and zeal in the cause of religion, had greatly endeared Mr. Dune to his congregation, but not by them alone will his loss be felt, for his scientific and literary attainments and amiability of character had justly made him an object of respect and love to all who knew him, and in his death, the whole community suffer a loss. The funeral took place yesterday at two o'clock, p.m., and the general esteem for the character of the deceased was evidenced by the large concourse of people, of all creeds, who followed his remains to their last resting place; and by the closing of the shops in the streets through which the procession passed.—*Bytown Gazette.*

SUSPICIOUS.—We are informed there now lies on the beach of Lake Ontario, not far from Beamsville, and opposite the farm of Daniel Culp, an excellent sail boat, having on board a cooking-stove and a night line. Our informant learned that it was run on shore, on Saturday last, by three men who appeared to be soldiers. They asked whether they "were in a free country?" and were answered that "they were about twenty miles from Niagara." Taking their muskets or rifles out of the boat, they attempted to set it adrift, and then made for the woods. It may be that they are deserters from Toronto, who thought they had gained the United States territory.—*St. Catharines Journal.*

DRINKING AND MURDER.—The *Bytown Packet* contains a letter giving details of a brutal affair, that took place on the 17th ult., at the shanty of Mr. Wm. Morrison, on the Pitawawa river, Midland district. The men, who were lumberers, were drinking, in which one of them, named Aubechon, refused to join. This led to a quarrel; and Aubechon went out of the shanty, and offered to fight the best man amongst them. As he was in the act of re-entering the shanty, he was met by two men, one of whom, named Blanchette, stabbed him with a knife, and he fell into the arms of one of the bystanders, and expired in about fifteen minutes. The murderer remained in the shanty till about four o'clock and then left, taking his gun with him. He has since been captured. The horrid deed was committed under the influence of liquor.

PROVINCIAL AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—The Second Annual Meeting of this Association is shortly to be held in Hamilton. His Excellency, Lord Elgin, has expressed his intention of attending the Fair, and arrangements are now being made in that City to greet his Lordship with a suitable welcome on his arrival. We are happy to perceive that there is a strong disposition manifested by Lord Elgin to interest himself in whatever is of interest to the country. A few days ago he was personally inspecting the Emigrant Sheds at Montreal, and a short time previous attended a Juvenile Temperance Celebration, and gave a most suitable, paternal-like reply to the assembled hundreds; and now, at considerable inconvenience, he is making arrangements to attend the Agricultural Fair.—*Guardian.*

ALBANY, Sept. 9.—**IMMIGRATION TO NEW YORK.**—The number of passengers who have arrived at this port in the last eight months, is 116,981; a greater number by 1751 than in the whole of 1846. In the remaining four months of the present year, the number will be increased to an aggregate of about 150,000. Pestilence, as one of the consequences of famine, has rendered the condition of these strangers peculiarly distressing. And but for the Immigrant Law, passed at the close of the late legislative session, the sufferings of these people would have been intolerably aggravated. Nor is this all. The pestilence and the famine, instead of being restricted and alleviated, would have stalked, with all their horrors, through our commercial metropolis. The law therefore, was not only a blessing to the immi-

grants, but a highly protective and merciful enactment for the city. The Immigrant Commissioners have discharged their onerous and perilous duties with generous and devoted fidelity. They have been active, day and night, in relieving the poor, and in providing for the sick. They have given their time, at the hazard of their lives, in offices of mercy which belong ordinarily to Physicians, Priests, Nurses, and Sisters of Charity. And they have done this with no other reward, or hope of reward, than that highest and sweetest of all rewards for good men—the consciousness of having administered to the wants and mitigated the distress of the stranger who is poor and sick.—*Evening Journal.*

The following is from the correspondence of the *New Orleans Bulletin*, dated Vera Cruz, August 27, 1847.—The house of Hargous & Co, received a courier yesterday, from their partner, who is at present at the capital, who, in a few hurried lines, says that General Scott was before the city. There had been an attack made on a portion of the American army, but the Mexicans were repulsed with great loss. Proposals had been sent to General Scott, offering to treat, and the fighting had been suspended, though the batteries and artillery of the Americans were all ready to fire on them, and General Scott had actually commenced when the flag of truce reached him. The result was not known, though the courier verbally reports that the American army was actually entering the city when he left. The Americans had cut off the supply of water, and the army was on both sides of the city. The fight that took place was with that portion under Worth. The net on lasted two hours, and was sanguinary and decisive, as regards the Mexicans. We know nothing as to the American loss. General Scott, besides his flying artillery, has a very heavy battering train with him, and no doubt is felt here that he has obtained possession of the city. We anxiously wait full details, and sincerely hope it will lead to peace. Accounts from Santa Fe are very unfavourable to the Americans, all attempts at military discipline—all regard to propriety is lost, and the commandant, Col. Price, is spoken of very unfavourably.

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC INTELLIGENCE FROM MEXICO.—New Orleans dates to the 9th instant have been received. The list of killed at the battle of San Angel, amounted to 6000 men—out of which number the Americans lost 1100. The New York regiment suffered very seriously, having lost 103 killed. Much dissatisfaction is expressed at the Armistice, which is said to be a ruse of Santa Anna's to gain time; others say it had been granted through the influence of the British Minister. Paredes and Bustamanta are said to be advancing with a large force. 72 deserters had been taken among the prisoners; it is supposed that they will be shot. A train of waggons were attacked on the 28th of August by the rabble, and the Mexican guard did not attempt to rescue them. Santa Anna had apologized to Gen. Scott for the outrage. Gen. Scott has been wounded in the knee. The accounts respecting the negotiations for peace were contradictory. Mr. Trist was satisfied so far as they had proceeded.

The two battles between the Americans and Mexicans, victorious to the former, were fought at Contreras and Cohoyean, and Churubusco, so called from the field works of the enemy. The proposition for an armistice was made by Gen. Scott, and it is supposed to have been made at the instance of the British Embassy. The report hitherto given that the city of Mexico was at the mercy of the American army, seems to be unfounded, and should peace not follow from the negotiations then pending, another battle would have to be fought.—*New Orleans Pic.*

ALBANY, Sept. 14.—The Western Railroad, the great artery of Massachusetts trade, is still plugging up its increase of business, and more than fulfilling the predictions of its friends. The comparative earnings for nine months, ending August 31, have been as follows;—

	Passengers.	Freight.	Mail, &c.	Total.
1847 . . .	\$317,672	\$529,630	\$24,941	\$902,243
1846 . . .	291,816	351,920	22,400	669,166
Increase for 9 months				\$233,077

WHEAT CROPS OF MICHIGAN AND WISCONSIN.—The wheat crop of Michigan for the present year, as estimated by a gentleman now preparing statistics for the Patent Office in Washington, will not fall short of 8,000,000 bushels or exceed 10,000,000 bushels. The quality of the grain this year is superior in every respect to the crop of last year. In regard to the condition of the crop in Wisconsin, the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser of Monday says.—"The big Goldings arrived here on Saturday with a cargo of 10,000 bushels of Wisconsin Wheat of this year's crop, which for plumpness of berry and general appearance, exceeds anything ever before received from that quarter."

PRODUCE PRICES CURRENT—MONTREAL, September 20, 1847.

ASHES —Provincial duty 1 per cent.	PROVISIONS —Provincial duty 2s per cwt. Imp. 3s per cwt.
Pots, per cwt . . . 27 6 a 27 9	Beef, Mess, lbl 20 lbs 00 0 a 00 0
Paris, do . . . 31 0 a 31 3	Prime Mess, do 00 0 a 07 6
FLOUR —Provincial duty 1 per cent.	Prime, do 02 6 a 00 0
Canada Superfine 27 6 a 00 0	Cargo, do 00 0 a 00 0
Do Fine . . . 26 0 a 27 0	Prime Mess, per tierce of 304 lbs 97 6 a 100 0
Do Middlings . . . none	Pork, Mess, lbl 20 lbs 85 0 a 100 0
Do Pollards . . . none	Prime Mess, do 77 6 a 80 0
MEAL —Provincial duty 2s per 196 lbs., Imperial 2s per lbl.	Prime, do 00 0 a 07 6
Indian Meal . . . none	Cargo, do 00 0 a 07 6
Oatmeal . . . 26 0 a 27 0	EACON, &c. —Provincial duty 5s per cwt. Imperial, 3s per cwt.
GRAIN —Provincial duty 3s per quarter on all except Oats 2s.	Bacon, . . . none
Wheat, U Chest 60 lbs 00 0 a 00 0	Hams, . . . 00 6 a 00 7
Do do mid, do 00 0 a 00 0	BUTTER —Provincial duty, 2s. Imperial, 8s. per cwt.
Do Red . . . 03 0 a 00 0	Butter . . . 0 7 a 0 7 1/2
Barley per quart . . . 00 0 a 00 0	Grease . . . none
Oats do . . . 09 0 a 00 0	
Pease do . . . 00 0 a 00 0	
Indian Corn, 38 lbs . . . none	

THOS. M. TAYLOR
Broker.