

See Mitchell

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CONTENTS.

SOMERVILLE HALL—Continued.

JOHN B. GOUGH'S STATEMENT, with remarks copied from *Crystal Fountain*. This narrative will well repay perusal. We are informed by Chemists that a very minute quantity of some drugs, or rather poisons, which it would be very easy to mix with a glass of soda water, would produce the effects described by Mr. Gough.

TEMPERANCE THEATRICALS.

MR. DELAVAN ON THE CAUSE.

PROGRESS.—*Darlington.*

Juvenile Movement.

Letter from Sandwich Islands.

Noble effort in Africa, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POETRY.—*The Reformed Inebriate.*

The Temperance Pledge.

EDITORIAL.—*On the importance of promoting the welfare of men in connexion with Temperance Societies.*

EDUCATION.—*Rollo Philosophy.*

Parental Government.

AGRICULTURE.—*The Potato Cholera.* Let all who have had potatoes read the latter part of this article.

Professor Johnston's Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry.

Vegetation by Electricity.

NEWS, Price Current, &c. &c.

SOMERVILLE HALL.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

Continued from Page 276.

Passing over the seven years I spent in India, as having no connexion with the family whose history I would trace out, I take up my story again at the time when I returned to repair a shattered constitution in my native land.

The letters of my sister during my absence had been too much those of a domestic wife, and affectionate mother, to be occupied, at any great length, by affairs that were foreign to her own fireside; and they were, moreover, strongly tinged with a fault, by no means uncommon in letters that travel far and seldom, for they contained vague allusions to circumstances, which it seemed to be taken for granted, by the writer, I knew perfectly well, but of which I was in reality as ignorant as if they had transpired in the moon. Thus, whatever had been the state of my feelings on leaving my native country, the darkness in which I was kept for the space of seven years, with regard to the real situation of Kate Somerville, would have been sufficient to quench the knight-errantry of a more ardent admirer than myself; while the different scenes into which I had been plunged, with the failure of my health, and other circumstances of an equally absorbing nature, tended greatly to weaken the impression which her society had made upon my youthful fancy.

Revisiting the same scenes has, however, a powerful effect in calling back the associations with which those scenes have been connected; and no sooner had I set foot in England, than my thoughts went back to Kate Somer-

ville; and I recollected, with some complacency, that none of my sister's letters had conveyed the intelligence of her being married.

Having no near relative in England, except my sister; and the state of my health rendering it desirable that I should enjoy the advantage of easy and cheerful society; I willingly accepted the invitation of Mr. Langton, to make his house my resting-place for at least some weeks. Late one evening, and weary with my journey, I consequently arrived at his hospitable home, where there was little to remind me of the lapse of time since I had last trod that threshold, except the increased number of little faces, which peeped with much suspicion at the invalid uncle, whom they had so often been charged neither to disturb nor annoy.

Yet, notwithstanding these precautions, so kindly meant, there is something which does both disturb and annoy a nervous invalid, in being the object of marked consideration. He likes well enough to have his tastes and feelings consulted; yet, by a strange perverseness in human nature, is irritated by having the peculiarities of his taste and distaste specified and pointed at. I never felt this more forcibly, than when my sister, in her good nature, described to her young brood, how uncle liked this, and disliked the other; until my different fancies became like watchwords amongst them, to warn them off from my displeasure, or entitle them to my good will.

Not many days, however, had passed over, before the little rebels had so won upon me, that I could forgive them this, as well as many other heinous faults; and I had, one morning, actually gone so far, as to be betrayed into a revivie upon the desirableness of being married and settled in life myself, when the whole pack burst in upon me, with the intelligence that Aunt Kate had arrived, and was going to stay the day.

Now, much as I had wished to see my early friend, and many as had been the indirect inquiries I had put to my sister, about things connected with her, rather than about herself; the idea of actually seeing her then, and there, shook my nerves beyond the possibility of giving me pleasure; and I wished, from my heart, she had delayed her visit, if only for another day.

There is, in fact, an awful chasm made in every kind of friendship, by an absence of seven years. For two or three, one goes along with the chain of events that happen at a distance. Even four do not absolutely break the silken cord. But seven!—It is beyond all calculation how any one will look and feel after a lapse of seven years; and a meeting under such circumstances, however eagerly it may have been desired, must at first be fraught with a considerable portion of absolute pain.

Besides all this, I had certain tumultuous recollections of Kate Somerville. The picture my imagination retained of her was altogether without repose. It is true, it had charmed my youthful fancy; but sick, and sated with the vivid colouring of an Eastern clime, I had returned with too true a longing for the coolness and the quiet of my native land, to wish for anything that would rouse me from the apathy into which, from a long continued course of failing health, I was gradually sinking.

With such feelings, it is no wonder that I spent so