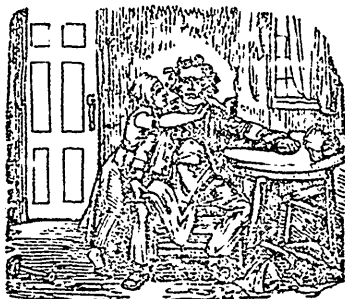


the rigging, which he kept two days, and then proposed to Captain Inglis to let him loose, with a leather circlet round his neck, stating his capture, the *Alexander's* name, and latitude and longitude. The bird was accordingly liberated in 10° south latitude, and 70° east longi-

tude, and was soon out of sight. Very shortly afterwards he alighted in the shrouds of a whaler, upwards of 2200 miles from the spot where the *Alexander* dismissed him. The intelligence was brought to London by the ship *Belize*, of London, who spoke the whaler.

TEMPERANCE.



A JUDICIOUS ANSWER.

A little boy, walking out with his father in a certain city, saw the name *Cider-alley*, posted up on the corner of a street. Said he, "Look, father! what a name! *Cider-alley!*"

"Well, my son," said the father, "suppose some one should offer you a glass of cider, what would you do with it?"

"I would take it," said he, "and say,—

'Here I pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate;'

and then throw it on the ground, and break it all to pieces."—*S. S. Advocate.*

TEMPERANCE IN PITTSBURGH.

The *Pittsburgh Commercial Journal*, of February 26, says:—An order from a wealthy company about to embark in distilling whiskey, was received by one of our steam-engine

manufacturers, to supply the necessary apparatus. They refused to fill the order for such purposes, when an application was made to others engaged in the copper and sheet iron business, but with no better success—all refused to be instrumental in the manufacture of ardent spirits. This speaks well for the temperance of those engaged in this branch of the Pittsburgh trade.

SAD EXPERIENCES.

Mr. Potter, of Yale College, in a temperance address lately, at New-Haven, said:—

"My heart bleeds as I remember the fate of three of my early companions who started in life with myself. One of them possessed one of the finest mathematical minds I ever knew. He could take the ledger and go up with three columns at a time with perfect ease. He was the first man in America that beat the Automaton chess player, and he told me that he had every move in his head before he entered the room. That man fills a drunkard's grave. Another, who was an excellent accountant, and could command almost any salary, met the same melancholy fate. Another, possessing the same brilliant capacities, has gone down—not to the grave, perhaps, but he has sunk clear out of sight amid the mire and filth of intemperance.