

Geo Mitchell
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- The Reformed Parents.**—A story, which, but for the reformation effected, might be taken as a sample of many that are occurring in every day life around us.
- Juvenile Temperance Societies.**—There has not yet been enough of attention turned to training the young in temperance principles; the promise to those who train up a child in the way he should go is very gracious, and quite positive. Of course it will be understood that temperance principles should constitute only one item of that training. All that we contend for is, that they should on no account be left out.
- The Young Man's Course.**—A course which has been run by thousands, and tens of thousands, of the most amiable, best educated, and most promising young men. A course which is now running by a great multitude in Canada, of whom, every town and village that we are acquainted with can furnish specimens.
- PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE AND MISCELLANEOUS.**—Both specially deserving of perusal.
- POETRY.**—*The Drunkard's Joy.*
- EDITORIAL.**—*Temperance and the Church.*—*A Provincial Association.*—*Communication from a Wesleyan Methodist.*—*Saying and Doing, &c. &c.*
- EDUCATION.**—*Mary Lundie Duncan.*—Concluded.—May the afflicting tale of this sweet lady's saint-like life, stamp itself on the minds of many of our Canadian fair ones; and lead multitudes to follow in her footsteps as a daughter, a companion, a wife, and a mother!
- ROLLO PHILEASZUR.**—*Fire.*
- AGRICULTURE.**—*Fat Animals and Large Crops, &c. News, Prices Current, &c., &c.*

SOMERVILLE HALL.—CHAPTER II.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

(Continued from page 260.)

It made a great breach in our enjoyment of the hospitality of Somerville Hall, when Mr. Ferguson joined us, as he sometimes did, that winter. On my first interview with him, I felt surprised that a man so gentlemanly as Mr. Somerville should be able to find pleasure in his society, for he was any thing but attractive in his own person.

"Well you do me a great kindness," said Kate, one morning, when he had been invited to spend the day with us; "well you watch that man for me, and tell me what you think of him? For I cannot make up my mind whether he is rather good, or wholly bad—tolerably respectable, or altogether mean."

"How long have you known him?" I inquired.

"Nearly four months."

"I should certainly say then, that a man who inspires no confidence in an acquaintance of four months, must, at best, be more bad than good."

"Yet he has some redeeming qualities—he listens patiently to my poor father's stories."

It struck me at that moment, that Mr. Ferguson might possibly have his own interest in doing this; but I watched him through the day, and gave my report in the evening, as

I had been requested, without betraying any of the suspicions which were beginning to gain ground in my own mind. My evidence, though confined to subjects of a superficial nature, was far from satisfactory; and, as if by a kind of tacit understanding, we ceased to mention Mr. Ferguson to each other, though his presence had the same effect upon us all.

Much as I now admired Miss Somerville in her father's house, I was not aware of some points of excellence in her still undisciplined character, until one morning, when my sister wished particularly to see her friend, and I was sent, by no means an unwilling ambassador, to the Hall, to request that she would ride back with me, and spend the remainder of the day with us.

I found her in the hall on this occasion in close conversation with an old woman of the neighbouring village, whose daughter lay at the point of death; and so entirely was her attention occupied, that she only bowed as I entered, and waved her hand for me to pass into the dining-room. She soon joined me there, with her accustomed welcome, and when I told her the object of my visit, she willingly acceded to my sister's wishes, endeavouring only to stipulate that I should not wait for her, but allow her to ride alone.

"You must not object to this," she added, "on the score of propriety, for it is what I am accustomed to; and though it may appear to you a breach of decorum for a young lady of nineteen to ride alone, you would find it difficult to convince me, that it is not in reality more safe, and more prudent, for a girl, who, like me, has managed her own affairs from her childhood, to ride a sure-footed pony alone, through a neighbourhood where she is both known and respected, than to be accompanied through highways and byways by a servant with whom she is but little acquainted."

"But a gentleman friend!"

"A gentleman friend!" she exclaimed, interrupting me with impatience, "where is he to be found? A motherless girl cannot be too careful how she yields to the delusion of making friends of gentlemen; and if you were not Lucy Langton's brother, and did not dislike me besides, I certainly should not ride with you."

There was no arguing with Kate Somerville on subjects like this. She knew little, and cared less, about the conventional rules of polished life. Whatever point was discussed, she went directly to the question of its good or evil nature; and acting on the same principle—regarding only what she believed to be essentially right or wrong—she necessarily often did what the world would have condemned; and sometimes even acted in a manner, which, however justifiable to herself, might, on a wider scale of influence, have been injurious to the well-being of society.

"Leaving the argument of propriety then," said I, "entirely out of the question, you will surely permit me to ride with you as a personal gratification."

"I must dispute with you again," said she, "for it would be no gratification to any one to ride with me this morning. I am not going to amble over grassy downs, nor simply to enjoy the freshness of the exercise and the air. I am under the necessity of making several calls in the village; and if you ride with me, you will have to wait for me at the cottage doors, with more patience than I imagine you to possess."