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RIGHT OPPOSITE; OR, THE THREE VISITS.

Twenty years had rolled away, one after another, like billows upon the ocean, since, upon the day after commencement, in the year 1823, Mr Atherton had taken his chum, Tom Burley, by the hand, for the last time. They had separated with expressions of great kindness for each other, and an agreement to correspond; which, of late, had not been very carefully regarded by either. Burley had returned to his native village, and settled down upon an extensive patrimonial estate, as a gentleman of leisure. Atherton had become a planter in the state of Mississippi. Their Greek and Latin had long been forgotten, and their Hebrew had died down to the roots.

Mr Atherton, whose health had become impaired, was advised, by his physician, to take a journey into New England, and make a trial of his native air; and no inconsiderable part of his prospective enjoyment was associated with the idea of revisiting the scenes of his youth, and meeting his old class-mate Burley again.

Mr Atherton travelled on horseback; and, followed by a grey-headed negro, had arrived within a short distance of the village, in which his friend Burley resided. He had stopped his horse at a brook to water him, and old Sambo had ridden close to his side, for the purpose of drawing his cloak more closely about his shoulders. Sambo was a faithful servant, and a man of all work. He was a capital cook, valet, barber, and coachman, a good farrier and groom; and though he had never received a diploma, he possessed no contemptible share of skill and knowledge in the healing art. Indeed, he was universally known by the title of "the Doctor" among the blacks of the neighbouring plantations.

"Pretty sharp, massa," said the careful negro, as he

brought the collar of the cloak more closely round his master's throat.

"Rather cold, Sambo," said Mr Atherton, with a kind-hearted expression: "we have now arrived in the country of New England, and how beautiful is all the surrounding scenery!"

Sambo had as strong an affection for his native state as Mr Atherton; and, withal, his mind was not entirely free from apprehension, that his master might be persuaded to remain in New England. He therefore ventured to give his opinion.

"Massa," said he, pointing to a rocky precipice, where not even a mullein stalk could find foothold and support, "dat no very good land for cotton."—

Mr Atherton laughed, and Sambo followed up his advantage.

"Daes massa say de tree here so fine as pride o' chiny?" "Pride of nonsense," said Atherton, "this is the fall of the year, Sambo."

"Oh, massa Atherton," cried Sambo, "what you say to de red bud, and de live oak, and de great magnoly, leaf green all de year, foot long?"

"Ay, Sambo," said Mr Atherton, "and Spanish moss flapping in your eyes, eight feet long!"

"Spanish moss make good bed, massa," rejoined Sambo. Mr Atherton made no reply; and Sambo, who understood the signal, slackened his pace, and fell into the rear.

As they moved along, upon a moderate pace, the indications became more convincing, at every step, that they were upon the confines of a New England village. The shout of an hundred little voices, and the irruption of as many little boys and girls from a small square building at the road side, denoted the general gaol delivery of as many little prisoners, who were emancipated for the morning, from the bondage of science. Their gambols were interrupted, for a short time, as they gathered into groups and gazed after the travellers.

Ere long a portion of the village spire began to appear among the trees, and the gilded bell-tale on its top, in which the slippery politician, and the fair weather friend, and the doubting disciple, who is blown about by every wind of doctrine, may behold a happy emblem of life and practice. The village was now fairly before them, beautifully planted in a broad valley; and the smoke of its peaceful fires was seen curling slowly upward against the sides of its many coloured hills beyond.

A thousand recollections of early friendship and college days came crowding upon the mind of Mr Atherton, as he drew near to the habitation of his friend. "A large square brick house," said he to himself, "not far from the centre of the town; such was the description which Mr Burley gave me of his residence, in his last letter. But that was written about three years ago. He may have moved, or"

He did not finish the sentence; it was evident that he was contemplating the changes and chances which might have befallen his friend.

"Sambo," continued Mr Atherton, pointing to a house,