

latest we have heard of. In one tavern the landlord has caused a box to be put up in his bar-room, on which is painted in large letters;—"For the widow and orphan fund of the village of —."

Anybody wanting a glass of liquor gives six-pence to the cause of charity, and the landlord treats.

In another place, a landlord refuses to sell any liquor, but he demands from each traveller a sixpence for baiting his horse under the shed, the liquor of course being gratuitous.

**MAN DROWNED THROUGH INTemperance.**—On Monday last, a carpenter in Dumbarton, who had been maddened by drinking since he got his pay on Saturday, went down to the Clyde, near the Castle, and stripped to swim. In spite of a comrade, who held him by the shirt till it was torn off his back, he went out, alas! never to return. He soon sunk beneath the wave.

**FATAL ACCIDENT.—INTemperance.**—On Tuesday night, Arthur Duggan, carter, residing in Saltmarket Street, was found dead on the public road, near Shettleston, with a deep cut on his head. From what we have learned, it appears that Duggan was employed in taking out from Glasgow the furniture of James McKim, furnace-man, to somewhere near Shettleston, when Duggan, it is supposed had fallen off the cart, the wheel of which passing over him caused instantaneous death. McKim and his wife, we are informed, were both so intoxicated as to be unable to give any account of how the accident took place. They were both taken into custody, but after undergoing an examination by the authorities, were liberated, there being no reason to suppose that deceased had come by his death otherwise than by accident.—*Glasgow Argus.*

**INQUEST.**—On Saturday an Inquest was held in the Court-house to enquire regarding the death of James Pendergrast, a Prisoner, who was incarcerated on Wednesday afternoon and who soon after became affected with Delirium Tremens, of which he died at three A. M. on Saturday. Verdict accordingly.—*Hamilton Gazette.*

We perceive that the Temperance Advocate and some other papers state that the Temperance House lately opened in this town cost £4000. This is a mistake. It only cost, originally, 4000 dollars; with such additions as it has been necessary to make, it now stands the stockholders in about £1250. We are happy to hear that it is doing a fair share of business.—*Pictou Sun.*

**THE RIGHT PLAN.**—A man was found dead lately on Commerce Wharf in Portland. Verdict of jury—exposure under influence of liquor drank at the store of I. M. Whitehouse. This is just the way all such cases should be managed. The coroner's jury never fails to give the name of the person who, as they are informed, has killed another by violence. And why should they not speak out the name of him who kills by rum?

**A NEWSPAPER IN OREGON.**—The first number of the *Oregon Spectator*, dated February 5th, 1846, has come to hand, "in due course of mail." The motto of the sheet is—"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way." The number before us contains a copy of the constitution passed by the Legislature of the Territory; also, an act to prevent the introduction and sale of ardent spirits in Oregon.

At Cleveland Ohio, lately, a beautiful boy, two years of age, was killed by his father through the effects of rum. The father, James Ryan, had had a drunken row at a grocery kept by one Dillon, and had been thrown out by three men. He went home, accompanied by one Cadle, who was also drunk, swearing vengeance against the three men. When home he loaded his gun, and placed the muzzle on the bed, cocked the gun, and put on a cap. At this moment Cadle seized hold of him, and, in the struggle, the gun was discharged, the contents passing through the head of the child.

**DR. JOHNSON ON WHISKEY.**—The word *whiskey* signifies water, and is applied by way of eminence to strong water, or distilled liquor. The spirit drunk in the North is drawn from barley. I never tasted it except once for experiment, at the Inn in Inverary, when I thought it preferable to any English malt brandy. It was strong but not pungent; and was free from the empyreumatic taste or smell. What was the process of making it, I had no opportunity; nor do I wish to improve the making of poison pleasant.—(*Tour to the Hebrides*, p. 207, Edn., 1805.)

John McCounell and George Anderson, were drowned while fishing in Brooklyn Pond, N. J., on the 1st inst. They had a jug of rum with them in the boat, and, becoming intoxicated, the boat was upset and both men were drowned.

**NAVAL TEMPERANCE.**—The officers and crew of the U. S. Ship Cyane have organized a Temperance Society on ship-board, which

they call the "Washington National Temperance Society." The Society already numbers *fifty-one* members. Would that this example were imitated by every officer and sailor in the American navy.

A malignant influence proceeds from the use of intoxicating drinks. Corrupted, ruined, and maddened by this inspiring fluid, men naturally humane, and evenly instructed in the school of the meek and lowly Saviour, have become murderers, sensualists, thieves, Sabbath-breakers, and blasphemers. The common and natural effects of education and religious restraint have been neutralised, and civilized man has been transformed into a barbarian. The history of the crimes of modern drunkards unfolds to us a page not less black and horrible than that of the most savage tribes.—*Anti-Bacchus.*

**A WHOLE SERMON.**—Beloved Brethren,—The Scriptures tell us that the wages of sin is death. Now, my advice is, that you leave off sinning, and strike for higher pay.

**WORTHY OF IMITATION.**—"As a significant sign of the times," says the *Temperance Gazette*, "and a proof that the value of our services is beginning to be appreciated, we have pleasure in stating that the Directors of the Grand Junction Railway have decided that lecturers coming to Crewe (Cheshire) to lecture on temperance, shall be conveyed to and from Crewe without any charge. This enlightened policy is honourable to them, and reflects credit on the character and conduct of our agents."

## POETRY.

### THE TREE OF DEATH.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Let the king of the grave be asked to tell  
The plant he loveth best,  
And will it not be the cypress tree,  
Though 'tis ever the church-yard guest;  
He will not mark the hemlock dark,  
Nor stay where the night-shade spreads;  
He will not say 'tis the sombre yew,  
Though it springs o'er the skeleton's head;  
He will not point to the willow branch,  
Where breaking spirit's pine beneath,  
For a brighter leaf shades a deeper grief,  
And a fairer tree is the Tree of Death.

But where the rich green stalks are seen,  
Where ripe fruits gush and shine  
"This—this," cries he, "is the tree for me—  
The vine—the beautiful vine!"  
I crouch among the emerald leaves,  
Gemm'd with the ruby grapes;  
I dip my spear in the poison here,  
And he is strong that escapes."  
Crowds dance around, with satyr bound,  
Till my dart is hurled from its traitor sheath;  
When I shriek with glee, no friend to me,  
Is so true as the vine—the Tree of Death.

O, the glossy vine has a serpent charm,  
It bears an unblest fruit;  
There's a taint about each tendrill'd arm,  
And a curse upon its root;  
Its juice may flow to warm the brow,  
And wildly lighten the eye;  
But the frenzied mirth of a revelling crew  
Will make the wise man sigh;  
For the maniac laugh, the trembling frame,  
The idiot speech and pestilent breath,  
The shattered mind and blasted fame,  
Are wrought by the vine—the Tree of Death.

Fill, fill the glass, and let it pass;  
But ye who quaff, O think  
That even the heart which loves, must loathe  
The lips that deeply drink;  
The breast may mourn o'er a close link torn,  
And the scalding drops may roll;  
But 'tis better to mourn o'er a pulseless form  
Than the wreck of a living soul.  
Then a health to the hemlock, the cypress and yew,