

EXPENDITURE OF THE LORD STEWARD OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.—The following bill of fare for one year (1846), may not be uninteresting to economists:—Bread, £2050; butter, bacon, cheese, and eggs, £4976; milk and cream, £1478; butchers' meat, £9472; poultry, £3633; fish, £1979; grocery, £4644; oilery, £1793; fruit and confectionery, £1741; vegetables, £487; wine, £4850; liquors, &c., £1843; ale and beer, £2811; wax candles, £1977; tallow candles, £679; lamps, £4166; fuel, £6849; stationery, £824; turnery, £376; braziers, £890; china, glass, &c., £1328; linen, £1085; washing, table linen, &c., £2130; plate, £500. We have here an expenditure of no less a sum than £9405 for the article of liquors alone. How many poor families this sum would keep comfortable, [and which is, in our opinion, worse than wasted. What a weighty influence would be exerted on the customs of the great of the earth, if *Majesty* would expunge such items from their household expenses.

A CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.—Whereas the subscriber, through the pernicious habit of drinking, has greatly hurt himself in purse and person, and rendered himself odious to all his acquaintance, and finding there is no possibility of breaking off from the said practice, but through the impossibility to find the liquor; he therefore begs and prays that no person will sell him for money or on trust, any sort of spirituous liquors, as he will not in future pay it, but will prosecute any one for an action of damage against the temporal and eternal interests of the public's humble, serious, and sober servant, —**JAMES CHALMERS**—Witness, William Andrews.—Nassau, June 18th, 1795.—*Bahama Gazette*, June 30th, 1795.

"You had better shift over the lower studding sail," said Captain M——, who was sitting on the poop netting, and "Watch, trim sails," was piped by the boatswain's mate. A few minutes sufficed for the change to be made; for nearly all hands were on deck, and "belay of all," was shouted by the Captain of the fore-castle, and almost in the same breath, he exclaimed—"A man overboard." In an instant the life-boat was glancing in the waves with a brilliant fuse burning to direct the unfortunate to its friend. layd—the halyards flew through the blocks, and in less time than I have been writing this, a boat was lowered, and the Lieutenant of the watch and four seamen were pulling with all their might towards the buoy. On board all was still as death, except once, when from some cause the buoy appeared to dip, and "ho's safe," exclaimed a young mid. on the poop. Still, every eye was directed to the boat which was pulling in a circle round the buoy.—Every ear was listening to catch a sound; and when at last the officer hailed and said he had not found him, there was that in the countenance and step of the men as they took their stations to make sail, that showed that sailors' hearts can be affected. The ship was soon under a press of canvass, and the enquiry made—"who is it?" For a while it was supposed to be a fore-castle man, who might have fallen during the shifting of the sail; but he soon answered his muster, and it was found that a man who had been put on the poop for being drunk, was missing. Another victim to the absurd and wicked custom of supplying grog rations, was gone to meet his Judge.—*Life of a Royal Marine—unpublished MSS.*—Communicated by J. Roberts, Toronto.

A REBUKE TO DISTILLERS.—If the friends of temperance all round the globe, do not lift a note of remonstrance loud and clear, and piercing even to the dividing asunder of the joints and the marrow of every distiller in the world, they will be guilty of an outrage upon humanity comparable only to that of those who are guilty themselves of the sacrilegious action. For we hold that no man can stand by and keep his peace at an outrage upon society without being *particeps criminis*, especially when by bold and decided remonstrance he may put a stop to its continuance. SIXTY MILLION bushels of bread stuffs annually consumed, av, worse than consumed—converted into intoxicating poison by the distillers and brewers of Great Britain, while SEVEN MILLIONS of her poor are starving for bread! What a fact in the civilized world! What a tale of the 19th century to be handed down to future generations! We say, let every scene of suffering, starvation, and death, be brought under the distiller's eye; let all the bodies of the slain be laid at his door; and if he will cart in grain and cart out whiskey, let it be over the bodies of the dead. We would have gaunt famine haunting him by night and by day; and the bones of the dead and dying hung up in every part of his distillery or brewhouse, and a voice whispering through every crevice, "*Mother, give me three grains of corn.*" Such scenes should be before him as he sits down to his plentiful meal, or rides

abroad with his richly-attired family, or sits in church on his velvet cushions. He should never be left undisturbed, till, in perfect and unendurable agony, he abandons his business.

Poetry.

SLUGGARDS, ROUSE YE.

BY Y.-L.E.

Sluggards, rouse ye from your slumbers;
Up and onward for the fight;
Front in courage, rear in vigour,
Strong in purpose—men of might.

Gird ye on your warfare weapons,
Ply your foes with words of truth;
Point them to the fallen father,
Tell them of the falling youth.

See where streams of desolation
Swell around the drunkards' path,
Where the tyrant's meshes bind them
For their Maker's coming wrath.

Drink has slain its tens of thousands,
Crime of every hue has dyed;
In its fairest form 'tis hideous—
Weak or strong—however tried.

Hearts and homes are wo and weary;
Cupboards empty, children bare;
Wives and husbands curse each other,
Peace is turmoil—hope, despair.

Rush ye in and loose their fetters,
Faith will aid you in the deed;
Free them, and their shout of triumph
Thrilling through their ranks will speed.

Soften down their evil passions,
And their rising curses chide;
Offer ye a hand to raise them,
Pledge them as a friend and guide.

Lightsome hearts and happy circles
Are the trophies which ye'll win;
Recompense belongs to heaven,
Should ye turn a soul from sin.

Sluggards, rouse then from your slumbers;
Up and onward for the fight;
Front in courage, rear in vigour,
Strong in purpose—men of might.

THE SEVEN ACTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

ALL the world's a bar-room,
And all the men and women merely tipplers.
They have their bottles and their glasses;
And one man in his time takes many quarts,
His drinks being seven kinds: At first the infant,
Taking the cordial in the nurse's arms,
And then the whining schoolboy, with his drop.
Or two of porter, just to make him creep
More willingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like a furnace o'er his lemonade,
Brewed into whisky-punch. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths; and reeling mad with brandy;
Brutal and beastly; sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the fiend intemperance
Even in the gallon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly, with Madeira lined;
Most elegantly drunk, superbly corned;
Full of wise saws against the use of gin;