

Poetry.

A PORTRAIT.

The poet Crabbe, has drawn the following picture of a village Land'ord, which well deserves the consideration of the friends of the people. Such men as Andrew Collett are Village School-masters, Professors of Immorality, and everywhere they find multitudes but too willing to receive their lessons:

ANDREW COLLETT.

With Andrew Collett we the year begin,
The blind fat landlord of the Old Crown Inn,—
Big as his butt, and for the self same use,
To take in stores of strong fermenting juice.
On his huge chair beside the fire he sat,
In revel chief, and umpire in debate;
Each night his string of vulgar tales he told;
When ale was cheap and bachelors were bold:
His heroes all were famous in their days,
Cheats were his boast and drunkards had his praise;
"One in three draughts, three mugs of ale took down,
As mugs were then the champion of the Crown;
For thrice three days another lived on ale,
And know no change but that of mild and stale;
Two thirsty soakers watched a vessel's side,
When he the tap, with doctrous hand applied;
Nor from their seats departed, till they found
That butt was out, and heard the mournful sound."

He praised a poacher, precious child of fun!
Who shot the keeper with his own spring gun;
Nor less the smuggler who the exciseman tied,
And left him hanging at the birch-wood side,
There to expire;—but one who saw him hang
Cut the good cord—a traitor of the gang.
His own exploits with boastful glee he told,
What ponds he emptied and what pikes he sold;
And how, when blest with sight, alert and gay,
The night's amusements kept him through the day.

He sang the praises of those times, when all
"For cards and dice, as for their drink, might call:
When Justice wink'd on every jovial crew,
And ten pins tumbled in the parson's view."

He told when angry wives, provoked to rail,
Or drive a third-day drunkard from his ale,
What were his triumphs, and how great his skill
That won the vex'd virago to his will;
Who raving came:—then talked in milder strain,
Then wept, then drank, and pledged her spouse again.

Such were his themes; how knaves o'er laws prevail,
Or when made captives, how they fly from jail;
The young how brave, how subtle were the old;
And oaths attested all that folly told.

On death like his, what name shall we bestow,
So very sudden! yet so very slow?
'Twas slow;—disease, augmenting year by year,
Show'd the grim king by gradual steps brought near:
'Twas not less sudden; in the night he died,
He drank, he swore, he jested, and he lied;
Thus adding folly with departing breath;
"Beware, Lorenzo, the slow sudden death!"

THE FAMINE IN SCOTLAND

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

There's weeping mid the lonely seas,
Where the rude Hebrides lie,
And where the misty Highlands point
Their foreheads to the sky.

The oats were blighted on the stalk,
The corn before its bloom,
And many a hand that held the plough
Is pulseless in the tomb.

There is no playing in the streets,
The haggard children rove—
Like mournful phantoms, mute and slow,
Uncheered by hope or love.

No dog upon his master fawns,—
No sheep the hillocks throng,—
Not even the play-mate kitten sports
The sad-eyed babes among.

No more the cock his clarion sounds,
Nor brooding wing is spread,
There is no food in barn or stall,
And all are with the dead.

From the young maiden's hollow cheek
The ruddy blush is gone—
The peasant like a statue stands
And hardens into stone.

The shuttle sleepeth in the loom,
The crook upon the walls,
And from the languid mother's hand
The long-used distaff falls.

She hears her children ask for bread,
And what can she bestow?
She sees their uncomplaining sire
A mournful shadow grow.

Oh Scotia!—Sister!—if thy woes
Awake no pitying care,
If long at banquet board we sit
Nor heed thy deep despair;

While thou art pining unto death
Amid thy heather brown,
Will not the Giver of our joys
Upon our luxury frown?

And blast the blossom of our pride,
And ban the rusted gold,
And turn the morsel into gall
That we from thee withhold?

Canada Temperance Advocate.

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor do any thing by which thy brother is made to stumble, or to fall, or is weakened."—Rom. xiv. 21—*Macnight's Translation.*

PLEDGE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO AGREE, THAT WE WILL NOT USE INTOXICATING LIQUORS AS A BEVERAGE, NOR TRAFFIC IN THEM; THAT WE WILL NOT PROVIDE THEM AS AN ARTICLE OF ENTERTAINMENT, NOR FOR PERSONS IN OUR EMPLOYMENT; AND THAT IN ALL SUITABLE WAYS WE WILL DISCOURTEGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY.

MONTREAL, JUNE 15, 1847.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

It is not often that it seems to be our duty to meddle with a speech from the Provincial Throne, but one paragraph of that delivered by the Governor-General on the 2nd inst., appears to be a matter to which we have a right to call the attention of our readers. It would appear from the speech, that "Her Majesty's Ministers are prepared to surrender to the Provincial authorities the control of the Post-office department, as soon as by consent between the several legislatures, arrangements shall be matured for securing to British North America the advantages of an efficient and uniform Post-office system."

We sincerely trust that the Provincial Government will be prepared to go heartily into this measure, and give us an efficient cheap postage. We have found that the present high postage has been the great barrier in the way of our obtaining frequent communications from the country; and if union of action is of consequence in attempts to advance the cause of temperance, the total abstinents of Canada and the Sister Provinces owe it to themselves to endeavour to remove every thing which