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# Weekly

THE

# Visitor.



Devoted to the interests of the several Temperance organizations.

Vol. IX.

{ PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, }  
P. M. STEWART.

Entertainment, Improvement, Progress, &c.

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## ODE TO THE PAST.

IN IMITATION OF BYRON'S "ODE TO THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA."

BY ADOLESCENS.

Trust to futurity, never!

Its prospects are often unreal,  
Alas! if we do so, we only endeavour  
To nourish a phantom ideal.

The present is certain, but subtle and fleeting;  
Ceaselessly moving, time ripples away,  
Day after day is eternally meeting  
Measures of pleasures, of grief, of decay.  
Each moment successively stamps at its birth  
Indellible prints on the face of the earth.

The past is but rarely perished;

E'en time's iron hand shall not sever  
Those scenes from the mind, which are piously  
cherished,

They live in remembrance for ever.  
What though their authors may silently mould-  
er

Beneath the green sod, they will flourish in  
fame;

Year after year, as the world waxes older,  
Will add to the lustre surrounding each  
name.

Anterior genuises of the past  
Will shine in the splendour their labours  
amassed.

History's pages are beaming

With characters truly resplendent,  
Nature has always, and age will be teeming  
Sons to achieve the ascendant.

Old Egypt and Greece were the lands of the  
learned,

When the bulk of the world was but partially  
known,  
Till Rome in her thirst of dominion o'erturned  
The prestige those nations so nobly had  
borne;  
Then Italy much that was beautifully nourish-  
ed;  
Alone in her power and glory she flourished.

## THE STORY OF A CITY ARAB.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOUGHTON GRANGE."

### CHAPTER XXV. AN ADVENTURE.

I HAVE referred to two incidents in this part of my history which exercised an influence over my future life. Perhaps I should more correctly have said three, although the event I am about to describe was properly only a continuation of the first—another link in a chain of circumstances.

One evening I had parted from my poor drunken tutor, and was returning to my stable-loft, when my progress was obstructed by a crowd, which had gathered round a man who was reciting the 'true and full particulars' of a dreadful murder recently committed. There is nothing, unhappily, more attractive to a London street audience than what the patters call 'a good murder,' especially if accompanied and heightened by a copious sprinkling of terrific horrors, and there is no species of popular literature that commands a quicker and more profitable sale. I was not surprised, therefore, that at every half-dozen sentences or

at shorter intervals, the hawker had to pause while exchanging his broadsheets for the halfpence of his numerous customers; after which transaction he invariably cried out, 'Sold agin and got the money!' before he resumed his harangue.

It was not curiosity to learn about the murder, however, that induced me to pause and listen. In the cracked tones of the patterer I recognised those of the old man whose acquaintance I had first made at Whiskers' Rents, and which was afterwards revived in the oakum-picking room at the prison. And with these recognitions came thoughts of Peggy Magrath. Perhaps, in his wanderings since we last parted, the old man had come across her track. At any rate, I was resolved not to throw away the chance of recovering my poor lost nurse for whom my heart beat with strong affection.

It was evening, as I have said, and the street was lighted up in the dim manner in which even the best and busiest London thoroughfares were illuminated in those times; and I felt secure from discovery until I should choose to reveal myself. But in this I was mistaken; for while I stood at the outermost edge of the circle of gaping listeners, a carriage was driven through the street, preceded by links; the crowd separated, and the old man was compelled to step from the crown of the causeway to the curbstone of the pavement, close by where I stood. At the same moment the glare of the links fell full on us both, revealing me to the eyes of the erst ballad-singer.

'Why,' exclaimed he, in astonishment, 'if this be n't the most lucky hit as I has made this many a day. Why, Roley, if I hasn't bin a looking for you, 'igh and low, back'ards and forrards—'

Handwritten signature or scribble at the bottom of the page.

'What do you want with me?' said I, cutting him short.

'There's somebody as you knows,' he replied, in a mysterious whisper, 'as wants to clap their eyes on you most precious.'

'Ha! Mrs. Magrath? It must be. Where?—where?'

The old man gave me a cunning look of intelligence, and winked his bleared and watery eyes, as he nodded what I took for granted to be an affirmative to my question.

'Whore,' I repeated, 'is she? Poor Peggy, I'll go to her at once.'

'Fair and softly,' said the old man. 'I reckon you'll be out of your reckoning if you goes without me; and you see, I've got all these to sell afore I can stir my stumps,' and he held out his sheaf of broad-sheets.

'I'll pay you for them all,' I said impatiently; and I put my day's earnings into his hand, and relieved him of his flimsy wares which I tossed into the middle of the crowd. 'There,' I added, 'now that is done, and let us lose no more time.'

'Well,' said he, counting the money I had given him, 'if you bean't a plucky young feller!'

'Never mind,' I said; 'show me where I can find poor Peggy, and I'll make it a good day's work for you;' and retaining my hold of the old man's arm, which I had grasped in my feverish anxiety and impatience, I extricated him from the crowd, who were staring with amazement at my proceedings.

'Don't hurry an old feller so,' said he, panting, and, as I remembered afterwards, silently laughing at the same time, while with difficulty he kept up with me: 'I bean't so young as I was once, Roley, and my bellers (bellows) be got shakey.'

I felt the force of the old man's remonstrance, and slackened my pace, taking care, however, to keep close by his side.

'Where is she?' I once more asked, but could get no other reply than that 'every time the ship (sheep) blates (bleats) it loses a nibble,' which I was fain to interpret to mean that my old acquaintance could not walk and talk at the same instant; so we went on in silence.

I thought I was acquainted with most of the byways as well as the highways of London, and, indeed, in some time I was familiar with the streets and lanes through which my guide was conducting me. But after half an hour's devious wanderings, I began to lose my course, and became bewildered in a maze of obscure passages, rendered doubly dark by the increas-

ing gloom of night, and a thick watery mist which mingled with the polluted atmosphere.

'We are close upon the river,' I said stopping short.

'You have found that out, have you?' said the old man; 'but what's the odds?' he wanted to know.

'I must know more about it before I go any further,' I said; 'I don't want any pressgang work.'

It was not without reason that I came to a sudden stand, and almost turned and fled, as those who know anything of the infamous practices of crimps and kidnapers and the brutality of pressgangs, in those and later times will well understand. My aged guide understood me also, and again he laughed cunningly. 'Onner bright,' he said; 'you need not be afraid, Roley; hawks docan't pick out hawks' eyes.'

'That may be,' said I; 'but for all that, I don't go any further with you till I know—'

'You give old Peggy up then?' said he with a sneer.

'No, I will not do that either,' I replied, with a sudden accession of resolution. 'Lead on, and I will follow.'

How long I should have maintained my courage I cannot tell, for the dark, narrow, and filthy passages and courts through which the old man conducted me, and which surpassed even Whiskers' Rents in wretchedness, began once more to awake my suspicions of intended foul play. We had now arrived at a narrow street abutting upon the river, and just as I had determined once more to question my guide, he exclaimed, 'Here we are at last,' and gliding up a small entry, he tapped gently and in a peculiar manner at a low door, which was not opened to him until an interchange of signals assured those within that the visitor was privileged to enter.

'Keep close to me, Roley,' whispered the ballad singer, or whatever else he might be; and I obeyed mechanically. Retreat now, indeed, would have been, if not impossible, more dangerous than advance.

'You are late to-night,' said the man who officiated as doorkeeper, in a low tone; and then for the first time perceiving me he added in a still lower tone, the words of which escaped my ears, what appeared to be an angry and quick interrogation. The reply, which was given in an equally guarded tone, seemed to be satisfactory; and on our being admitted, the door was carefully closed and fastened, and we were in darkness.

To my guide, however, this seemed no inconvenience. Grasping me rather tightly by the arm, he proceeded steadily along what was distinctly enough a long, narrow, irregular, and crooked passage, cautioning me of impediments which lay in our unseen course.

'Five steps down, Roley, and a wall right afore us—turn sharp round to the right, lad. Keep close to the wall, this side, Roley, or down you goes, and is bait for cels afore to-morrow morning.'

I could easily understand this; for as we cautiously passed what must have been a yawning gulf in the passage, leaving a narrow causeway of about two feet, as near as I could judge, between it and the slimy wall, a strong gust of air ascended bringing with it a sickening effluvia of sewerage and mud, while the dashing and rolling of water also struck upon my ears from the depths below. We were manifestly passing over a creek of the river, on which the house into which we had been admitted must have been built.

'Up we goes agin, Roley—three steps, and a broken one at the top. Stoop now, stoop; bring yer nose to yer knees a'most, if yo Jon't want to let daylight into yer brains, Roley; count twelve steps, and up agin.'

Silently I followed the directions I received for I felt that then I was in his hands, and that questioning and remonstrance would be alike in vain. In truth, after the first surprise was over, I felt less apprehension than might be imagined. Remember that I had not cast off even the slough, much less the experiences of my vagabond life; and though I did not place unlimited reliance on my old guide's assurance that 'hawks did not pick out hawks' eyes,' I was conscious of not presenting any strong inducement for plunder, especially having so recently lost my two years' savings. The greater probability of danger was that to which I have already referred, namely, of being inveigled to this lonely spot as a preliminary to being sold to kidnapers, or betrayed to a pressgang. But, on reflection, I dismissed this fear, and reverted to the probability that the old man was acting towards me in good faith, and that his sole intention was to bring me and my old nurse together.

I trust my readers will believe that I did not forget at this time that I had a heavenly Protector, who was able to deliver me from snares and dangers, if any were laid for me, and to whom my heart was lifted up for help in this time of need.

At length, after many turnings, we came to

a full stop, and sounds of many voices in eager conversation, mingled with laughter, fell upon my ear, at first faintly and afterwards more forcibly, and, as it seemed, from the ground beneath our feet.

'This way,' said my guide, once more putting himself in motion, ten steps down, steepish, Roley: don't fall on yer precious nose.'

'Stop,' said I, my apprehensions once more getting uppermost; 'I have come with you blindfold long enough, and I will not go a step further till you tell me what you mean, and where you are taking me.'

'I reckon,' he replied, unmoved, 'that you have come a'most two far to cut it short now. Long enough I say, and too long if you bean't comfortable, Roley. As to where I am taking you, wait till you sees them as sent me to look out for you, and they'll tell you fast enough. I thought as how you wanted to see old Peggy,' he added, finding that I still held back.

'Very well,' I said, 'go and fetch Mrs. Magrath here: bring a light, and I shall know then that you mean honestly by me.'

'No, no,' said he; 'that's agin all rules.'

'Then I intend to return by the way I came,' said I.

'Do you though?' demanded a strangely familiar voice, close by my ears, and at the same moment I felt a stronger grasp than that of the old man laid on my disengaging arm. 'On with him, old Pinotar, and we'll see what he's made of,' and at the same moment I felt myself irresistably impelled down the steep stone steps, the din from below increasing as we descended. then a door was thrown open, and by the light of a blazing fire and some half-dozen guttering candles stuck into tin sconces on the damp walls, I found myself in the presence of a large party of royators seated at a long table spread with provisions, the steam and pleasant odours of which filled the large vaulted chamber into which I was thus unceremoniously introduced.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### I FIND MYSELF IN VERY EQUIVOCAL SOCIETY AND CANNOT GET OUT OF IT

IT was not difficult for me to understand or conjecture into what kind of company I had been deceitfully drawn. I knew that there were at that time, as there are now, secret places of rendezvous, to which professed mendicants resorted at night to squander in luxury and sensual excess the ill-gotten gains of their miserable trade. This my Whiskers' Rents

education had taught me. It had taught me more than this. I had, at least, heard of other retreats, more jealously guarded, into which only proficients in crime were admitted, and it needed scarcely more than a glance at the countenances of the crew by which I was surrounded, to ripen into certainty the suspicion that I had been betrayed by my treacherous old guide, and to raise in my mind a strong desire to escape.

Probably he read this in my countenance, for before I could utter a word of remonstrance, he closed the door by which we had entered, while his accomplice, who still held my arm, whispered in my ear: 'There's no use trying it on, Roley, you can't do it, you see, and you had better hold your tongue till you are spoken to.'

I turned to the speaker and encountered the coarse and repulsive features of Sloppy Stevens.

My readers will remember that nearly two years had elapsed since my last interview with my boyhood's tormentor, and they will believe that his unexpected appearance gave me little relief now. There was, indeed, a gleam of malignant satisfaction on his countenance, which augured ill for my personal safety, though why I had been thus entrapped was not easy to conjecture. Self-possession, however, did not entirely forsake me.

You told me, I said, addressing the old patterer, 'that I should find Mrs. Magrath—'

Is poor old Peggy ye're wishing to converse wid?' interposed Sloppy Stevens, in a mocking, mirthful tone mimicking the well remembered dialect of my poor old nurse.

'I told you nothink of the sort, Roley,' added the old man. 'Didn't I tell you, now, that there was somebody as wanted to see you most precious? and didn't you come along with me, talking as I meant old Peggy, when I hadn't made mention of her name, Roley?'

This was very true; and probably my own eagerness in jumping at a conclusion had accelerated my doom, whatever that might be.

Until now, my involuntary intrusion had not been observed; and amidst the clamour of voices and the clatter of eating and drinking utensils and vessels, I might yet have remained unnoticed, but from the desperate effort I made to escape from the hands of my two Whiskers' Rents acquaintance, which drew upon me the sharp scrutinizing glance of a man near the door, who cried out, 'A spy! a spy!' and whose sudden exclamation caused an equally sudden

cessation from the business of the table, and an ominous silence, in the midst of which I was hurried to the upper end of the vault, and presented to the president of the feast, in whom I recognized the stranger who, two years before, had commended me for my industry and honesty, and given me five shillings in Smithfield market.

'No spy, no spy!' said he, starting from his seat, and compelling me to sit by his side.

'It is all right if the Captain answers for him,' said a voice from the further end of the table; 'but, howsoever, it isn't regular—'

'Gentlemen,' said my new protector, haughtily, 'I am not accustomed—'

'Hear him! hear, hear!' shouted two or three voices, as a loud muttering arose from different parts of the table, in which the words 'regular' and 'order' were the most prominent.

'Gentlemen,' resumed the president, 'I am not accustomed—that is, I am not partial to being brought to the bar—'

'Hear! hear!' once more was shouted amidst much laughter from the company.

'—to the bar,' he repeated, 'of even your superior and acute judgements. At a fitting time, and in a more regular manner, I shall be happy to introduce to you the young gentleman who honours us this evening with his presence; at this time, I have only to say that I shall presently propose his health, and that we inaugurate his admission into our—'

Club,' suggested one of the company.

I will not prolong this description of a scene which I have sufficient reason to remember. Let me only add that confounded as I was by the events of that evening, and startled with the evident perils into which I had been drawn, I made a feeble effort to win the ear of the stranger who had vindicated me from the character of a spy, so as to induce him to favour my retreat, but I had scarcely uttered a word before he whispered to me, sternly, to be silent as I valued my safety.

I obeyed, for prudence told me that the advice was not to be despised. I even joined; though sparingly, in the rich and abundant supper that was provided, and drank a small glassful of wine, offered me by the mysterious stranger. Of what followed I have a painful and confused remembrance, for I found afterwards that the wine was drugged. I was conscious, however, that the supper was but a prelude to more serious business; and I heard, though almost without the power of comprehension, the details of recent exploits, and plans laid for future operations. I saw—but I will

ingly spare my readers the recital of what passed before my disordered senses on that wretched evening.

At length, as I partially remember, the vaulted chamber was gradually deserted by the guests, until only the stranger, Sloppy Stevens, and my treacherous guide remained. I remember, also, making a feeble attempt to reach the door, and feeling myself prostrated as with a touch. I know that I tried to implore those in whose power I was, to release me; to tell me why I had been thus introduced into their secret counsels, but I believe that the words were unspoken, for a heavy weight seemed to hang upon my lips and my tongue refused to obey my will. I think, too, that I furnished matter of mirth to Sloppy Stevens, by the impotency of every effort I made, and that gradually I sank into a deadly torpor from which I was only partially aroused by feeling myself conveyed unresistingly into the cooler air of the passage above.

I remember more distinctly, and at times even now with terror, the fearful sensation which overpowered, for the time, the deathlike effects of the drug I had unconsciously swallowed, when, on reaching the yawning chasm of which I have spoken in the previous chapter, I witnessed, by the dim light carried by my guide, that preparations were made for lowering me into the black and horrible gulf below. I remember that I struggled with the agony of despair and begged for mercy; and that only a mocking laugh was returned. I remember how I gradually descended lower and lower, until I reached—not the dark surface of the water which was rolling sullenly beneath, but the firm substance of a boat, and how, when I again recovered some degree of consciousness, I looked upwards and around, and saw that the stars were shining brightly above me, and that the stranger was rapidly skulling the boat up the river. And then, once more, my wavering senses sank into the oblivion of sleep.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The following lines altered from the original to suit our fellow-townman, will apply to all who want their photographs taken in good style:

Your beautiful plis,  
For others to quiz,  
To many would be quite a feat,  
Then pocket your dollars,  
And go to O'CONNOR'S,  
At 121 King St. East.

A sight-seeer on horseback, meeting a lad not far from Edinburgh, asked him, 'Am I half way to Edinburgh?' 'Please sir,' said the boy, 'I dinna ken where yo cam' fra.'



## The Weekly Visitor.

VOLUME IX.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 11, 1866

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H W B, Montreal—Received for vol. viii.  
J C, Newmarket—Received for 11 copies of vol. ix.  
W. B. Lindsay—You are correct. You are paid to end of vol. ix.  
W S, Mount Forest—Received for vol. ix.  
J F, Creek Bank—You are paid to end of vol. xi.  
W G, Leith—Received \$1.50 for vol. viii.  
E W F, Napier—Have changed your address, and sent you a complete set of vol. viii.  
M M, Clinton—Received \$1.00. Names all correct for vol. ix.  
F A L, Truro, Nova Scotia—Received for fourteen copies for one year, ending September 30, 1866. Many thanks for your exertions in our behalf.  
R R, Montreal—You are paid up to the end of vol. ix.

We hope our readers will not forget the Musical and Literary Entertainment of the Crusade Lodge on Tuesday Evening, October 24. The programme promises to be an interesting one. Tickets are placed at 10c.

Our readers seem to forget that there is such a meeting held regularly as the Sabbath Afternoon Temperance Meeting. We beg to remind them that from 3 to 4 p.m., every Sabbath can be spent very profitably by those attending who are not otherwise engaged. If but one-half of those who listened so attentively during the fine days to the lectures in the Park would but go to the Temperance Hall it would encourage those who during the summer months kept this meeting in operation.

## NOVA SCOTIA.

To the Editor of the Weekly Visitor.

### BRITISH TEMPLARS.

#### A GREAT VICTORY.

MR. EDITOR,—I dare say our brethren in Canada, are anxious to hear how we are prospering in Nova Scotia. The chief trouble here was the having all our Lodges supplied with bogus Charters by the seceding part of our Executive before legal ones came to hand and the mass having Charters for their Lodges were too easily contented and less disposed to take up the question, but enquiry has been in progress and most of the Lodges at all in the way thereof, are seeking information. Bro. McDonald, of Wolfville, a strong Anti-Supremist, finding his arguments fail him, went to P. E. Island just before the Supreme Lodge met, to have them strengthened and there to see the Supremists confuted, but after hearing both sides of the subject discussed in full, he could no longer deny the truth, conviction forced him to acknowledge that a Supreme Grand Lodge was formed in 1863 and did really exist, and after remaining on the Island for some weeks he returned to Wolfville and has since been making amends for his former error, by doing a good work in diffusing information to the several Lodges of the County, (Kings). His own Lodge with upwards of 100 members shortly took action in favor of the Supreme, but two members dissenting, three other Lodges in vicinity soon followed, and unanimously, while others had their majorities convinced but delayed action. Bro. Elder, P. G. W. O., and Bro. Welton, P. G. W. S. being the leading seceders, were always invited to, and generally attended at, the discussions, but their words appears to be to endeavour to keep the Lodges in the dark and quiet as long as possible. Crystal Fount at Trentville, after discussing the matter for four successive evenings, having Bro. Elder present at one of them, finally, at their last meeting took a unanimous vote in favor of the Supreme, one Bro. (supposed to be Anti) having left the Lodge just before the question was taken. The County Lodge of Kings met at Wolfville on the following day (Sept. 27,) ten Lodges out of thirteen in the County being represented. A large number of members and visitors attended to hear the matter discussed, and decide whether they should or not acknowledge and work under the Supreme Grand Lodge, if such a body existed.

Bros. Elder and Welton, Anti-Supremists, and H. B. Mitchell, Supremist, had been invited to attend to present their respective views, and the former and latter were present. After preliminary business was gone through with, on motion it was resolved to devote not more than three hours to the discussion of the subject, speeches not to exceed twenty minutes. On motion Bro. Elder was asked to open the question, and on asking obtained twelve minutes for remarks previous to the discussion, which he occupied in preparing the way for his treating of the subject. He then spoke twenty-three minutes longer and on being reminded that his time had expired growled considerably, took his seat and rose again to commence (as he said) a second twenty minutes speech. This however was not allowed, and on motion, Bro. Mitchell took the floor for twenty minutes. Bro. Reed of Windsor then jumped up uninvited and asked to speak, which privilege was granted him though not belonging to the County nor having been invited to be present. He also grumbled at being stopped at the expiration of twenty minutes. The Anties then thought Bro. Elder should again have the floor but on motion Bro. Mitchell was invited to occupy another twenty minutes which he done, and then Bro. Elder spoke the same length of time. As the time for first adjournment had arrived, on motion it passed that the question be then taken, as numbers wished to leave for home. Bro. Elder stood up and had the *manliness* to try and have his vote taken with the rest against this motion but it was not allowed, he not belonging to Kings County. On the main question being finally taken twenty-three voted to sustain the S. G. L. and but ten in opposition, some three or four anti-supremists leaving the room when the vote was about to be taken. A larger majority would have been had but a bazaar in the village kept a number of Supremists away, they not supposing the vote would be taken so early, but a GREAT VICTORY was here gained, and the fact proved that Anti-Supremists cannot contend in open discussion against the right, truth, and justice of the S. G. L., but to their disadvantage, and discomfiture of the side they espouse. The representatives of several Lodges came there opposed to or supposing there was no S. L. G., were fully convinced from proofs given of its existence, and voted accordingly. The next day Bro. Mitchell visited the County Lodge of Kings, but on Bro. Reed's polite motion that he be not allowed to remain, and

the County Chief (Bro. Elder) stating that he should leave if Bro. Mitchell was allowed to stay; it was carried and Bro. Mitchell of course left. Several representatives present have declared that such conduct done more than any argument could to open their eyes, and without doubt it has only increased the spirit of enquiry which is rife. The spirit thus leading Anties evince of their desire to stifle all enquiry and as much as possible keep the Lodges in the dark show the weakness of their faith in the arguments they employ, and their knowledge that they will not stand the test in open and fair discussion. The cause of the Supreme Lodge is with us daily gaining strength. The majority of the Lodges in Kings, Queens, and Lunenburg Counties are already with the Supreme. But many Lodges out of the reach of those which have the light on this subject yet remain with their bogus Charters, not yet having the matter explained to them, but before long we trust all may receive the facts and truth and be enabled to make a fair decision, when I believe such a minority will remain Anti-Supremo that they will be ashamed to make themselves known. They still keep in existence the report that but four or five Lodges in Canada West support Bro. Savago and the Supreme Grand Lodge.

More anon from

NOVA SCOTIA.

September 29, 1865.

## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

### BRITISH ORDER GOOD TEMPLARS

The friends of the cause of Temperance will be happy to hear of the success which the Order has been achieving throughout King's County during the last twelve months. We believe the cause has flourished more rapidly than it has hitherto done, since the existence of the first Temperance organization in the Colony. On Tuesday, the 15th inst., Bro. A. Martin, Provincial Deputy, accompanied by Bro. John McDonald, County Chief Templar, B. O. G. Templars, proceeded to Little Sands, where a large and influential number of both sexes were in attendance at a meeting, held for the purpose of organizing a Temperance association, when, at the close of the meeting, 25 persons enrolled their names as Charter Members, to open a Lodge connected with the B. O. G. Templars, when a new Lodge having then been opened, named the "Success" Lodge, B. O. G. Templars, and the following sisters

and brethren were installed into their respective offices for the ensuing Quarter:—

Bro. A. Smith, W C T; Sister Mary Beaton, W V T, Bro. John Smith, W O; Angus McPhee, W S; Sister Elizabeth Smith, W T; Bro. John Smith, W F S; Bro. Wm. McPhee, W M; Sister Isabella Smith, W I G; Bro. Donald Gillis, W O G. The following appointments were then made: Sister Flora Beaton, W A M; Sister Mary Stewart, W A S; Sister Christy McLean, W R H S; Sister Elizabeth McDonald, W L H S; James Munn, Esq., P D G W O T.

After a few brief addresses from the brethren in attendance, in regard to the present working of the Order, also the duty connected with the various Temperance organizations in exerting their cause in doing all in their power in dethroning the mighty and powerful "King Alcohol," the meeting adjourned in Faith, Hope and Charity.—*Patriot*, September 23.

To the Editor of the Patriot.

### TEMPERANCE.

MR. EDITOR:—*Sir*: By your kind permission I will endeavour to favour your numerous readers with a short account of the Sons of Temperance *Pic-Nic*, which came off at Warren Farm, on Wednesday, the 13th inst.

This occasion is likely to be all the more memorable from the fact that old Sol shone forth in all his beauty from the rising to the setting, an event, the like of which we *old teater men* have seldom, if ever, been favoured with on previous occasions.

At half past nine o'clock, as the Steamer "Heather Belle," which had been engaged for the occasion, lay at the head of the Hon. J. C. Pope's wharf, with bunting floating on the breeze and steam blowing, crowds of people of both sexes, and we might say of nearly all ages, were to be seen wending their way thither, and shortly afterwards they were on their way to Rocky Point Wharf, this being the landing place adjoining the grounds where the day was to be spent. Having discharged her first freight in safety, she returned to the place of starting about a quarter to eleven, when she was speedily filled with another freight of persons all eager to enjoy the day's pleasure. With this second party it was our happy privilege to proceed to the grounds. Having enjoyed the scenery around the harbor, as also the music so sweetly discoursed by the "Volunteer Band" on the way to the landing place, we found ourself, after a

very short and pleasant walk, amid a throng of people, all of whom had found their way thither for the purpose of spending the day in pleasure and amusement. After a sufficient time had been spent in examining the contents of baskets, &c., &c., the cry "Band of Hope" was heard coming from all quarters, and higher all was heard the stern voice of our good Bro. P. G. W. P., Matheson, of Nova Scotia, who was now eager to get the little ones together, so that they might have some amusement apart from the great body of the people. A field was speedily sought out, and there for over an hour, between scrambling, foot-balling, blind-man's-buff, and other kindred amusements, the 'Band of Hope' were glad to say, had a 'jolly good time.' Retiring from this scene of youthful sports we returned to the main body, where were to be witnessed some more of the sports of the little ones, such as racing, &c., although we are not quite sure about the winner getting the prize. Suffice it, however, to say, that a prize, in the shape of a good sound apple, was given to those who seemed most deserving.

While all this was being witnessed by us, as well as enjoyed by our young friends, the older ones were not at all unmindful of the fact that the day was one devoted to pleasure, combined with amusement, and if they did not enjoy and make themselves happy, the fault must certainly have been their own. To our mind they were all old enough and able enough to make sport for themselves.

The hour of 4 o'clock having at length arrived, and it having been previously determined that the party should leave the grounds about half-past four, it was considered necessary to proceed to the wharf, where the Steamer was waiting to convey her freight back to the place of starting, then to proceed on a short excursion around the harbour. Most of the party enjoying themselves for about an hour in this manner, the 'Heather Belle' then returned to her moorings, where the party broke up, and, as we suppose, highly satisfied with the day's social gathering.

Unlike any former display on the part of S. of T., this last may be written as being a very great success. The expenses, as near as can be ascertained at present, being £20 1s. 6d., the Receipts £19 15s. 9d. There is, however, a probability of the Receipts being something over this amount when all shall have rendered an account of their stewardship. This event, in our opinion, speaks volumes in favor of our "time-honored," our "noble Order" at

the present time. And it is the fervent desire of the writer that this success may prove mainly instrumental in getting up the Pic-Nic of which this is but a meagre account

BY ONE OF THE PARTY.

## NEW BRUNSWICK.

### TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Mount Pleasant Lodge, No. 26, British Order of Good Templars, held a Public Temperance Meeting in the Freewill Baptist Meeting House, Waterloo St., St. John, on Thursday evening. The Meeting was opened at 8 o'clock by J. C. McCready. He requested the Rev. Mr. Wells to offer prayer, after which the chairman briefly stated the object of the meeting.

Mr. Simpson, of Albion Lodge, was the first speaker. He gave a clear description of the course of intemperance and Temperance from the Creation to the present time. He possesses a good knowledge of the Scriptures and the great cause he takes such an interest in, his uncontrovertible statements had a powerful influence on the minds of the large audience.

The Rev. N. McKay, the well-known advocate of Temperance, was the second speaker. His remarks were brief but to the point. He drew the attention of his hearers to the improved state of the working classes in the old country, in consequence of the introduction of different kinds of machinery, thereby enabling them to imitate the example of the more wealthy. The labouring classes of the Mother Country were the parties who came to this continent, and he was sorry to state that the majority of these people were addicted to habits of intemperance and had exhibited to their children examples of the worst kind. He declared himself in favor of any and all Temperance Societies.

Master Barker gave an excellent recitation.

Miss Maria M. Kelley, Temperance Lecturer, from Toronto, C. W., was the third and last speaker. The audience appeared highly pleased with her remarks, and would have applauded her, had it not been prohibited in the Meeting House, when she referred to the late N. C. Gowan, Esq., who first introduced the Order into these Provinces. This was the first public meeting under the auspices of this Lodge and we hope the Templars will keep at the wheel in motion.

For the Weekly Visitor.

LINES.

BY MRS. T. H. NEFF.

There seems a lone sad sighing  
In the Autumn breeze,  
Whisperings of the dead and dying  
To the Autumn leaves.

And there is something in the rustle  
Of those Autumn leaves,  
Which tells us that this worldly bustle  
Cannot soothe a heart that grieves.

And there is something in the song  
Of the happy birds,  
Which tells us we shall be ere long  
Where sounds of grief are never heard.

For the Weekly Visitor.

## PERCY HERBERT.

BY ADOLESCENCE.

PERCY HERBERT, was a wealthy, handsome, and fashionable young man, but he was utterly devoid of principle, which is far more essential in constituting the character of man than either wealth, beauty, or fashion. He was a vain, self-conceited person, and imagined as he dressed magnificently, lived in an elegantly furnished house in the most fashionable part of the city, and moved in the first circle of society, that he must, necessarily, be of far greater importance than those who occupied humbler stations in life.

In pecuniary qualifications he was the superior of many, but the better, nobler impulses of the heart were never inmates of his breast. He might have envied the position of many, poorer than he in his world's goods, but within whose hearts there dwelt deep, undying principles.

There was a beautiful little village on the bank of the river, where he and several of his companions were in the habit of stopping frequently. It was a place much resorted to, on account of the beautiful and varied scenery with which it was surrounded, and the numerous sources of enjoyment which it afforded. One day as Percy and his associates were enjoying themselves by the river's bank, their attention was suddenly arrested by a beautiful young girl, who sat busily sewing in a vine-covered porch of a modest-looking little cottage at a short distance from them. Percy noted

carefully the girlish sweetness of her face, and the perfect moulding of her sylph-like form.

His admiration of her was unbounded, and he then determined to seek her out and wed her. With little difficulty, he succeeded in gaining an acquaintance with her, and but four months had elapsed ere she was his affianced wife. During his first interview he learned that her name was Carrie Lee. His idea of being superior to those whose stations in life were humbler than his, was forgotten in the one absorbing thought that she was beautiful. When Carrie, who was a seamstress, in response to his declaration of love, asked, in her gentle, trusting way, if he could love and cherish one so humble as herself, he, in the falseness of his heart, told her, unhesitatingly, that he loved her better than all the world beside. He saw that she was wondrously lovely, and he knew that many would envy him a bride as beautiful as she; but he did not love her. It had been better for her future happiness had they never met, but it was not thus to be.

He most skilfully concealed from her his numerous faults, and that gentle trusting girl who was but little acquainted with the world's deceit, believed he would prove true. But when it was too late she found that she had been cruelly deceived by him whom she loved with all the fervency with which a wife is capable of loving.

Shortly after their marriage they removed to the village of R——. Percy would gladly have taken his bride to his father's luxurious home, if only for the sake of exhibiting her radiant beauty; but he knew that his haughty parents would not receive a seamstress for their child, so he wisely concluded to purchase a home where Carrie would be mistress. For a little while after their marriage he devoted himself exclusively to his gentle and affectionate wife; but as time passed on he became less thoughtful of her happiness, and ere a year of their wedded life had passed away, he was a gambler and an inebriate. Step by step he was led onward in the paths of wickedness by those who called themselves his friends, but who were in reality, his bitterest enemies. His home possessed no charms to him although his patient, trusting wife, strove to make his domestic life a happy one, by performing all the tender little offices which her loving heart suggested.

When three years of their wedded life had passed away, there came a smiling infant to their home. Carrie was then as happy as it

was possible for her to be without her husband's love. For the sake of her darling child, that devoted wife prayed that God would save her Percy from a drunkard's grave, and in the fulness of her faith, she waited, watched, and trusted. While those suppliant prayers were ascending to the throne above, where was he for whom they all were offered? In the company of vile companions he passed his time away, and thus endeavoured to forget his loving wife and fair-hair'd child.

Little Flora Herbert, at the age of five years was a beautiful and affectionate child. She was the only one that sorrowing mother had to cheer her saddened heart, and well did she perform her duty. Oft times when hope seemed dead within that mother's breast, that little child would climb into her lap, and throwing her arms lovingly around her neck, would gently soothe her aching heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas a cold night in early winter. The rain fell in torrents from dark laden clouds, and all without was desolate. For three weeks Percy Herbert, had not crossed the threshold of his home. Bitter were the tears that feeble wife shed as she looked out upon the blinding storm, and thought that her much-loved husband might be exposed to it. Little Flora was quick-witted and wise beyond her years, and when she saw her mother weep her heart was filled with sorrow. Kneeling as she was wont to do, and clasping her tiny hands, she said softly and reverently, "Please, God, make Papa good." Then stealing to her mother's side she said, in her sweet, childish way, "Don't cry, dear mamma, I have asked God to make papa good, and I know He will."

Even that little child had faith in God, and who shall dare to say that that simple prayer was an unheard, an unanswered one? That mother's faith was strengthened by the soothing words of her little child. But that little one did not long remain on earth to minister and cheer, for ere the birds of summer sang their songs, and its fair flowers bloomed in all their splendour, little Flora was sleeping her "last long sleep." She was too pure a flower for earth, and ere the cold deceitful world changed her pure heart, she was arrayed in the sinless garb of immortality. She early learned the seraph's love—

She early trod the golden streets

And wore an Angel's Crown.

Shortly after the death of little Flora, Carrie was taken dangerously ill. The loss of her

darling child and her husband's wretched life both served to hasten on the ravages of that dread disease—consumption. For three long weeks she lay, as it were, on the borders of the tomb. Then the spark of life revived a little ere it went out for ever, and one calm beautiful night in early summer she summoned Percy to her side to say a last farewell before her spirit should wing its way to heaven.

When Percy saw that she was dying, his conscience smote him for all the wrong he had done that gentle being. He knew that she was prepared to meet that final separation, for calmly and trustingly she said, "Percy, I am going to God," and after a brief pause, she added in a mournful pleading tone, "Will you meet me there?"

Anxiously, earnestly, she awaited his reply. At that moment all was forgotten save his dying wife's request, and before he was aware, the words, "I will" dropped slowly from his lips. Two simple words they are, but they fell like balm upon the crushed and bleeding heart of gentle Carrie Herbert. She was then happy, and ere another morning dawned her soul had entered heaven's gates.

When the "narrow house" had enclosed the form of that fair wife, "beautiful even in death" then that wretched husband saw, in its true light, the danger of the wicked life he was leading. The trusting words of his dying wife arose then vividly before his mind's eye, and he mildly, sadly surmised, "had I been called to die, could I have said I am going to God?" Then the promise that he gave his sainted wife, when death's dark shadows rested on her brow, seemed a sacred thing to him, and kneeling there beside her grave he prayed that God would help him to keep that sacred promise.

From that time he led a different life, and often when tempted to pursue the vile pleasures that once afforded him delight the memory of his sainted wife and her last dying request led him to retrace his steps ere it was too late. The only shadow that darkened his declining years was the thought that he had hastened on the death of his pure and devoted wife, and caused her life to be so dark and dreary. In after years when he had grown old, often would he sit beside his young wife's grave, and mildly, mournfully murmur, "had I loved her as she deserved to be loved she might have been here now. Oh! God forgive me that I made her life so wretched!" But he mourned not without a hope of reconciliation, for he knew



that there is a home prepared on high where the "pure in heart shall meet again."



A YOUNG LADY'S LAMENT

My heart is sick, my heart is sad, But oh! the cause I dare not tell! I am not greiv'd, I am not glad, I am not ill, I am not well. I'm not myself, I'm not the same; I am indeed, I know not what; I'm changed in all except in name— Oh! when shall I be changed in that?

It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practise, that makes them good.

TIME wears slippers of list, and his tread is noiseless. The days come softly dawning; one after another they creep in at the windows; their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips as they pant for it; their music is sweet to the ears that listen to it; until, before we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citadel, and Time has taken us for his own.

LEARNING A TRADE.—It was a wise law of the ancient Jews, that the sons of even their wealthiest men should be obliged to serve an apprenticeship to some useful occupation; so that, in case of reverse of fortune, they might have something to "fall back upon." The same law still exists in Turkey, where every man, rich or poor, even the Sultan himself, must learn a trade. How fortunate would it be now had it been a law in this country! "Would to God I had a trade!" is the cry of thousands of returned soldiers, North and

South, who find themselves ruined in pocket, with no immediate prospect of gaining a livelihood. It should teach parents that whatever else they may give their sons, they should give them a good trade.—Am. Paper.

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BRITISH ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS

CITY OF TORONTO.

The Toronto City Lodge will, until further notice, meet in the basement of the Evangelical Union Church, Albert Street, every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock p.m.

J. ROBERTSON, Provincial Deputy.

The QUEEN CITY Lodge will, for the present, meet on Tuesday Evenings, at 8 p. m. in the basement of the Evangelical Union Church, Albert Street.

W. A. POOLE, Provincial Deputy.

The JESSE KETCHUM Lodge meets as usual on Friday evening, at 7:30 p.m., in the Coldstream Hall, Brock Street.

J. J. WILLIAMS, Provincial Deputy.

The CRUSADE Lodge meets in the Missionary Church, Elizabeth Street, every Tuesday evening, at 8 p. m.

P. STEWART, Provincial Deputy.