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Literature.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE FAIREST HOURS TO CHEER THE LATEST HOURS OF LIFE.

Gottreich Hartmann lived with his father, an aged clergyman, in the village of Heim. Happy were the declining years of the priest—for, when his strength failed, his son stepped into his place, and fulfilled his duties,—and truly edifying were the homilies of the young preacher to the heart of the old man.

Young Gottreich had a poetic soul; and the bloom of his youthful promise was not, like that of too many young poets, wasted and trampled under foot in his manhood, but crowned with sweet fruit. His father had felt the inspiration of poetry in his youth, but had not a favourable occasion for unfolding his powers, since, in his early days, fathers thought their sons might find far better pasturage in the humble vale and level of the reading desk, and professor's chair, than on the peaks of Parnassus. But the soul of poetry, thus repressed, worked the more powerfully within,—mingled itself with all his thoughts and deeds, and coloured all his life. Beauteous was the situation of the old priest; everything good was always about him; the twin sisters, Religion and Poetry, made their dwelling with him.

So lived the father and son together; and in addition to filial and parental love, a close friendship grew between them. The father was refreshed to see not only the soul of his youthful poetry new-glowing in the son, but also the soul of his faith. Alas! different has been the case with many a pious father, in receiving his son from the university. The old priest found his own christian heart freshly beating in the breast of his son, justifying the convictions of a long life and the love of a father.

If it be painful to differ in thought, from one we love in our heart,—to turn away the head from one to whom the heart is ever inclined, it is doubly sweet at once to love and believe in fellowship with one in whom our better self is sustained and perpetuated with youthful energy. So life is like a fair starry night, where no star sets but one arrives to shine in its place.

Gottreich had a paradise about him, in which he held the post of gardener for his father, enjoying all its fruits the more he laboured for the old man's gratification. Every Sabbath brought him a new delight, in a new homily prepared chiefly for the purpose of gladdening his father's heart. The moistened eye of the old priest,—the hands now and then, during the sermon, folded in silent prayer, made for the young preacher every Sunday an Ascension festivity; and in the quiet vicarage, brooded joys little known to the rude world. Those who imagine the preparation and delivery of a course of homilies throughout the year, to be a dull task, should have heard the father and son speaking of the last, or consulting about the next, discourses for the congregation at Heim.

And now to this blessed little society was added a new and worthy member. This was Justa, a young maiden of considerable wealth, an orphan, who had left a neighbouring town to find repose and happiness in the little village where Gottreich and his father lived.

Two may be happy together, but three may be still happier; for two may talk and expatiate of all the excellences of the third,—and so the harmonic triad of friendship admit of variations never ceasing, never tiring. This happy third person was found in the spiritual young maiden, Justa; for after she had seen the enthusiastic face of the young poet and preacher, and heard some four or five of his Lent homilies, she gave him her heart, and only reserved her hand till the disturbances of the country (for it was the time of our war with the French) should subside into peace, I wish it were in the power of my hand to paint the beauty of that continual May-day life that bloomed all about the lowly church-tower at Heim, under the fostering hand of the fair Justa. Piety and sacred beauty were here sweetly wedded together, as the church cast its holy shadow over the little garden where the happy three would meet in the evening, where the sky, like the dome of a temple, hung over them. It is pleasant to think that, in many a lowly village and unheard of dwelling, some such isolated Eden in the world is now unfolding itself; and it may be so, though none but poets know it: for the gentle flowers of true joy delight to

hide themselves in the thickest foliage. Gottreich lived so blissfully in his hidden paradise, that he feared to speak of his joys except in the thanksgivings that filled up the greater part of his prayers.

In the fresh delight of life's May-morning, Gottreich could not avoid thinking that his morning-star must one day shine as his evening-star. Said he to himself: "Now is all clear and brilliant before me—the beauty and happiness of life, the splendour of the universe, the glory of the Creator, the worth and the power of the human heart, the constellations of eternal truths, the lustrous heaven of ideas: I see and feel all clearly, surely, warmly; but as after the day comes the night, so, when I lie in the fading hour of life, all those things may be overshadowed in the twilight, and hardly recognized even by the eyes of faith and love: for when we draw near to heaven, death holds the inverted telescope to the weary eye, and nothing is seen through it but a drear space, stretching far away between us and all we love. But is mere optical deception to be taken for the truth? Do not my powers, now, in their joyous unfolding, seize the truth better and surer than I can when all around seems fading to the fading eye and weary heart of old age? I know very well *that* is the truth which I see and feel *now*; let me mark it well and remember it, that the light of the morning may give a fair reflection in the eventide." So he occupied the fair May-morning in recording his glowing feelings in glowing words, under the title "Recollections of the Fairest Hours to cheer the Latest Hours of Life."

So the happy triad of love continued for awhile, till the war broke out; and its first thunders roused the heart of Gottreich from its happy dreams. Gottreich went to his exercise as a common soldier; and, whenever he had an opportunity, used his powers as a preacher to sustain his comrades. He closed his campaign not without considerable service, though without a wound. And now, as peace again brooded over the rescued country, Gottreich travelled homewards through towns and villages full of joyous festivity, rejoicing in all he saw around him, but knowing that few were so happy as himself. As he pursued his way, he delighted himself with the thought that at once he would take the burden of duties from his father's mind, and the hand of Justa, to make it light upon his own. As he drew nigh his native place, and saw the hills that rose a little beyond Heim, he could not avoid musing over his lit-

tle manual of sweet "Recollections," and devise some new glowing chapters on the reunion of friends. A gentle thunderstorm gathered over his head, and large drops fell to refresh the thirsty ground; and the well-known peasantry, as he passed by, rejoiced at once in the welcome shower and their returning friend. And now the little tower of Heim seemed to grow up out of the earth as he approached; and as he stepped down into the bosom of the vale, the parsonage greeted his view, and all its windows shone in the evening glow. At each he looked for the expectant Justa; but all was still about the house. As he entered, and found the lower rooms empty, a slight noise directed his attention to his father's chamber, and he entered softly the apartment filled with the splendour of the evening sky. There kneeled Justa by the bed of his father, who sat looking into the heavens, while his pale wasted countenance gleamed strangely in the rosy light. Gottreich fell upon the old man's bosom, who stretched towards him his withered yellow hand, and said, "You have come just in time, my son."

Justa related, in a few words, how the father had overwrought himself in attention to his duties, and had been now, for some days, half sunk in lethargy, seeming to take no more interest in all that had once been dearest to him. As she spoke, the old man heard not, but continued gazing upon the sun, setting now behind clouds of crimson and gold. Suddenly the heavens were overclouded; a dead calm lasted a few minutes; then fell a heavy shower of rain; the lightning streamed through the chamber, and the thunder rolled among the hills. It seemed that the disturbance had aroused the dying man from his stupor: "I hear," said he, "the rain again;—speak, children, for I must soon go." The heavens discharged their fullness, and all life throughout the vale seemed refreshed by the shower, as the sun broke forth again and changed the cloud-wrecks of the storm into shapes and hues of wondrous beauty. "See," said the enlivened old man, pointing to the sky,—“see the glorious work of God! And now, my son, tell me, for my last comfort here, something of the goodness and loveliness of the Almighty One, as you told us in your homilies in the spring." Gottreich wept as he thought that the little manual, drawn up for his own use—the Recollections of the Fairest Hours to cheer the Latest Hours of Life—must be first read at his father's death bed. When he mentioned them, the old man

said, "Hasten and bring them." And so, with trembling voice, Gottreich began:—

"Oh, think, in the darksome hour, how the glory of heaven and earth once filled, our bosom! how you gazed by day into one infinitude of beauty, and by night into another! Put away the unmeaning notion of void space, and surround yourself again, as a middle point, with the fullness and glory of innumerable suns and worlds, all full of live and love—splendour, grandeur with grandeur mingling. Soar, spirit, ages after ages, from world to world: you will ever be in the bosom of the infinite fullness, in no peril of falling into a dread void; for empty space is only between the worlds, and not around them all. Oh, think, in the darksome hour, on the time when your heart burst forth in raptures to God! on the day when the thought of the infinite, the eternal, opened in your mind."

Here the old man folded his hands in silent prayer.

"Have you not known and felt present the Being whose infinitude is not only of power and wisdom, but of love? Remember now the sweet hours of childhood, when the deep blue sky of night opened upon you like the soft kind eyes of a preserving angel over you. And think how a thousand gentle reflections of the eternal goodness, from heart to heart, from eye to eye, of mankind, have played around you, as the one light plays from sun to sun, from world to world, through all the universe.

"Oh think, in the darksome hour, how, in the springtide, the grave only seemed the horizon of a new world, and how, even in the fullness of life, you could think of better things after death. Think that your life is ever surrounded with the universal life, in which birth and death are only the light, uppermost billows of an unfathomable ocean. And can you forget, in the darksome hour, father, how great and good men have lived and died, whose path you are now following? See the great spirits of the human race who stand on their mountain towers, with the storms of life about and below, but never above them. Recall to mind the enthroned succession of sages and poets who have illumined and inspired people after people, thro' so many ages."

"Speak of our Redeemer," said the father.

"Yes; think in the darksome hour of Him. Life is holy, and death is holy; for he has shared both with us. May He look upon you, in this last darksome hour, and show you *his* and *your* Father."

A gentle burst of thunder rolled among the clouds awhile, and then the sun looked out again in mild beauty.

"And think, father, how the heart can love, and how many millions of souls may live in love, nourished and supported by one heart-string, as the oak for many centuries, out of one root, draws life-sap for the glories of five hundred spring-tides."

"Do you mean me?" asked the father.

"I am thinking of my mother too," said the son; and Justa melted into tears as she saw that thoughts of love could overcome the bitterness of death; while the old man, musing on his long deceased wife, murmured softly—"Meet again!"

Suddenly the clouds were arranged in two dark mountain peaks, between which the sun looked out with a kind, farewell glance upon the earth.

"What a glorious countenance," said the dying man.

"It is the setting sun, father," said Gottreich.

"Yes, I see that face again; and now—" said the father, thinking all the while of his departed wife. Gottreich felt unable to continue his "Recollections," and go on to describe the joys of reunion upon earth, which he had penned in the morning; for how could he speak of earthly happiness to one who, even now, was gazing into a higher life?

"Father!" he exclaimed, as he marked the fixing gaze of the dying man, "how are you now?"

"Yes, I am thinking so and so, the old man kept murmuring, as he imagined he still heard his son speaking. "Death is sweet, and 'tis lovely to depart in Christ." Still he seemed drinking in the words of his son, and enriching his departing soul with his past life, and from time to time he whispered with failing breath, "All good!" till the brightness of all those views of his life was lost, not in darkness, but in light, as on his soul rose the Sun of Righteousness. As the sun sank down, the father raised himself from his pillow, expanded his arms, and said—"There are three beautiful rain-bows over the setting sun: I must go." Then he fell back and expired. What living man may say of death as a sleep; those who have watched by the dying, and heard their last breathing, know that the thoughts of the last hour are rather of *rising and going hence*.

"He is gone," said Gottreich, weeping to Justa, who wept over the pale form,—*"he is gone, full of holy joys, to his God. Let us*

not weep. 'The sun has set and risen at once; and he knows now that the same light makes glorious the evening and the morning.'

THE HANDBOOK OF NEEDLEWORK.

BY MISS LAMBERT.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

We venture to say that this is the most curious, complete, and erudite treatise on the art of needlework that has, probably, ever been compiled. It begins with the remotest ages, carrying back its researches to the days of Moses, and prosecutes the enquiry through all subsequent times, and through every imaginable shape of industry in which the needle is ornamentally plied, giving with unflagging enthusiasm the history of each. Thus we have an excellent account of all the modes, the beginnings, progresses, and endings of the tapestries; accounts of all the materials employed in needlework, derived from the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; wool, silk, gold and silver, chenille, braid, &c.; canvas, Berlin patterns, embroidery, canvas-work, crochet, knitting, netting, braiding and applique, beadwork, and all the stitches under the sun. The variety, fullness, and systematic arrangement of the book, not to say one word about its numerous engravings, demand unmixed applause, and cast a reflected glory on Miss Lambert. She deserves a cap of the noblest form and most exquisite workmanship.

Scattered through the work are some striking fragments of needle history worth a separate existence. Here is one of them:—

"Knitting was unknown in England until the middle of the sixteenth century." It is said that one William Rider, an apprentice on London-bridge, seeing at the house of an Italian merchant a pair of knit worsted stockings from Mantua, took the hint, and made a similar pair, which he presented to William Earl of Pembroke, in 1564, and that these were the first of the kind made in England. We learn from Howell, that Henry VIII. commonly wore cloth hose, except there came from Spain, by great chance, a pair of knit silk stockings; and when his son Edward VI. was presented with a pair of long Spanish silk stockings, by Sir Thomas Gresham, it was deemed a gift of some importance.

The invention of knitting has generally been attributed to the Spaniards. The Scots likewise lay some claim to it, founded upon the fact, that the first company of stocking knitters, established at Paris, took St. Fiacre

for their patron, who is said to have been the son of one of the kings of Scotland. Be this as it may, it is certain that the art had been practised in Spain and Italy prior to our knowledge of it in England, but at how early a period does not appear. Mezerai says, that Henry II. of France wore silk stockings at his sister's marriage to the Duke of Savoy, in 1559—the first that had been seen in that country. In England, in 1561, knit stockings were but little known, as we then find Queen Elizabeth's lark woman, Mistress Montague, presenting her Majesty with a pair. Knitting, however, was scarcely in use, ere the stocking frame, in a great measure, usurped its place; yet it does, and will doubtless ever conspicuously rank among the domestic arts practised by the industrious poor, and "ever and anon" by ladies, as the voice of fashion calls its intricate mazes into action for their amusement."

Passing over the remote history of Needlework in the East, and coming home to our own country, we find that it was a famous art amongst us at an early period:—

"In England, during the Saxon dynasty, the women were famous for their needle work, and English work (*Anglicum opus*) was long proverbial abroad for its excellence. The Anglo-Saxon ladies were accustomed, like those of Greece and Rome, to embroider the exploits of their husbands on the hangings of their chambers; ladies of the highest rank thus occupied their leisure hours, as also more particularly in working various ornaments for the church and the vestments of the clergy. We are told by William of Malmesbury, that St. Dunstan, in his younger days, did not disdain to assist a noble and pious lady in the drawing of a design for embroidering a sacerdotal robe, which she afterwards wrought in threads of gold. The four daughters of Edward the Elder, and sisters of King Athelstan, were highly praised and distinguished on account of their great assiduity and skill both in spinning, weaving and needlework. In the tenth century we find Edelfreda, widow of Britlined, Duke of Northumberland, presenting to the church of Ely a veil or curtain, on which she had depicted with her needle the deeds of her deceased lord. Ingulphus, in his history, mentions that among other gifts made by Witlaf King of Mercia, to the abbey of Croland, he presented a golden curtain embroidered with the siege of Troy, to be hung up in the church on his birth day. At a later period, 1155, a pair of richly worked sandals, and three mi-

tres, the work of Christina, abbess of Markgate, were among the valuable gifts presented by Robert, abbot of St. Albans, to Pope Adrian IV. Numerous other instances might be cited from the historians, were it necessary to enter more fully into the subject. Maids used to work with their mistresses; and men, especially the monks, practised decorative needlework. In fact, to the time of the Reformation it formed the principal occupation of the secluded life of the nuns in the various religious houses throughout England."

The working of tapestry, known in the earliest times in the East, and from them introduced into Greece and Rome, was long lost in Europe; and its revival is to be attributed to the ingenuity and industry of the Flemish:

"The first manufactories for weaving tapestry which acquired reputation in Europe were those of Flanders, and they appear to have been long established in that country principally at Arras, before they were introduced either into England or France: the precise period when they were first manufactured by the Flemings is uncertain. Guicciardini, in his history of the Netherlands, published at Antwerp in 1582, ascribes to them the invention of tapestries, but without mentioning any particular date. Whether the Flemings did or did not derive their knowledge from the East, to them is certainly due the honour of having restored this curious art which gives life to wools and silks scarcely inferior to the paintings of the masters. The weaving of tapestry was first introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII. by William Sheldon; but it was not until the reign of James I. that it acquired any particular reputation. This monarch greatly patronised the art, and gave the sum of two thousand pounds towards the advancement of a manufactory which was established by Sir Francis Crane at Mortlake in Surrey. The patterns first used for making these fabrics in England were obtained from pieces which had already been worked by foreign artists; but as the tapestries produced in this country acquired greater celebrity and perfection, the designs were furnished by Francis Cleyn, who was retained for that purpose. There is extant in Rymer's 'Fœdera' an acknowledgment from Charles I. that he owed Sir Francis Crane the sum of six thousand pounds for tapestries; and that he grants him the annual sum of two thousand pounds for ten years, to enable him to support his establishment."

It is to France, however, we are indebted for the perfection to which this costly art was

ultimately brought. Henri Quatre established the first manufactory in Paris in 1606; but it was not till the time of Louis XIV. that the Hotel des Gobelins was formed, from whence all the wonders in this way have emanated.

The art of netting is as ancient as it is simple and universal:—

In the museum of Montbijou, at Berlin, are preserved specimens of the nets made by the Egyptians above three thousand years since; and in this, and other collections, are some of the needles they employed in netting, instruments similar to those of the present day. These nets are such as were used for fishing and fowling; but we are not to infer, even in this remote age, that they were ignorant of netting of a finer description; indeed, if we may credit the ancient writers, their productions of this kind surpassed those of modern times."

In the concluding chapter we have some very curious anecdotes concerning needlework and its personal history. Of Mary Stuart we are told that she was a capital work-woman:—

"To Mary Queen of Scots needlework was a great source of amusement. During her imprisonment at Tutbury Castle it afforded her great solace at those intervals not devoted to reading and composition. At the time she held her court in Scotland, she gave four or five hours every day to state affairs: she was accustomed to have her embroidery frame placed in the room where her privy-counsel met, and while she plied her needle, she listened to the discussions of her ministers, displaying in her suggestions a vigour of mind and quickness of perception which astonished the statesmen around her; at other times she applied herself to literature, particularly poetry and history. Several pieces of the work of this unfortunate Queen are preserved in the castles of the nobility in Scotland. At Allanton House was formerly a splendid bed embroidered by Mary Stuart and her ladies; but this was most unfortunately burnt by accident. At Holyrood Palace, in her chamber, is shown a box covered with her needlework."

The late Queen Charlotte was also devoted to the art, and was anxious that all the young Princesses should excel in it as well as herself:—

"The late Queen Charlotte was exceedingly fond of needlework, and was solicitous that the princesses should excel in the same amusing art. In the room in which her Ma-

jesty used to sit with her family, were some cane-bottomed chairs, and when playing about, the princesses were taught the different stitches on this rude canvas. As they grew older, a portion of each day was spent in this employment, and with their royal mother as companion and instructress, they became accomplished needlewomen.

The Queen herself embroidered the dresses which the princesses wore on the fete given on the occasion of the Prince of Wales coming of age. These dresses were in white crepe, embroidered with silver; they were exceedingly elegant, and so we are told were the wearers. Her Majesty likewise embroidered a dress in Dacca silk for the Princess Royal, which was tastefully and beautifully executed. Several sets of chairs, some of which may still be seen at Frogmore and Windsor, likewise show the superiority of the royal needlework."

From these passages the reader can form only an inadequate notion of this work, the real merit of which consists in its practical utility. It is really, apart from its pleasant researches, a complete treatise on stitching in all its picturesque varieties.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES OF OLD ENGLISH MANSIONS.

The fifty-two water colour pictures by Mr. Joseph Nash, now exhibiting in Pall Mall, are the original views taken for the second and third volumes of his 'Mansions of England': those of the first volume having been previously disposed of to a private individual, are not visible; and these, being in course of sale, will soon be scattered through different collections. We desire to draw attention to their pictorial excellences; for though the lithographic copies of them are faithful and spirited, the absence of colour in the prints is a material deficiency. There is also a considerable difference between the two sets of designs, as regards the figures introduced; the plates in the volume being mostly crowded with groups illustrating the sports, pastimes, and ceremonies of the olden time, to which the buildings serve as backgrounds; whereas in the original pictures the persons are subordinate, only a few figures being introduced to give life and character to the scene, and to aid by their costumes the effect of colour in the painting. The consequence is, that a greater effect of space and grandeur, of repose and simplicity, is observable in the pictures than in the prints; of course no drawing in black and white can approach to the beauty of a water-colour painting. In the pictures, the ruddy hue of the old brick buildings, the mellow tints of the time-stained stone work, the bright blue of the

sky, and the fresh verdure of the turf and foliage, increase the charm of the exterior views; as the rich colours of the tapestry, banners, and stained glass, the deep tone of the pictures, the variegated patterns of the carpets and hangings, and the contrast of the carved oaken wainscoting with the plastered walls and ceilings, heighten the effect of the interiors—all these powerfully contribute to the attractions of the scenes in addressing the eye, and their influence on the mind. Viewed merely as specimens of water-colour painting, they are admirable for a modest pure tone of colour, and for that perfect mastery of execution, where bold and free handling is combined with delicate touches suggestive of minute details, avoiding the two extremes of loose and slovenly sketching and over-elaboration: in fine, the knowledge, taste, and skill of the accomplished artist, are conspicuous throughout.

MR. KNIGHT'S PICTURE OF THE SURVIVORS OF WATERLOO ASSEMBLED AT APSLEY HOUSE.

The merit of this performance, which attracted a crowd of visitors, is, that it presents portraits of twenty-nine officers, now living, who were on the field of Waterloo, beside the Duke himself. The picture represents them in a room in Apsley House, dressed in full uniform, around their illustrious host. The Duke stands in front. At the left of the piece, Lord Strafford and Sir Edward Kerrison are seated, and on the right the Duke of Richmond, Sir Andrew Barnard, and Lord Vivian, are also sitting. All the others are standing. The artist has exhibited much skill in the arrangement of his groups, and in the management of the attitudes of his figures; but, notwithstanding this, the gallant soldiers have too much the appearance of being drawn up in rank and file, from the manner in which they are arranged along the side of the room. Mr. Knight had another formidable obstacle to overcome in the prevalence of scarlet and gold in the dresses, but he has with great judgment prevented to any great degree a glare and monotony of colour, by giving prominence to one or two officers dressed in blue and dark uniforms, and by introducing the decorations worn by the gallant company. The effect of the painting might perhaps still have been heightened by an alteration in the colour of the carpet, which affords little relief to the predominant colour. With regard to the portraits, the least felicitous, it must be admitted, is that of the principal object. The posture of the Duke of Wellington is somewhat stiff, and the expression of the hero's face is not conveyed with adequate truth. It is said in explanation of this circumstance that Mr. Knight had no opportunity of taking his grace at a sitting, as the venerable warrior has, it is understood, positively refused to sit for any more portraits. All the other portraits, however, appear unobjectionable; they are well finished, and are, by general consent, admitted to be faithful likenesses.

PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

The Panorama of the Battle of Waterloo, which was opened in Leicester Square, has been newly painted. The visitor is supposed to view the field from about the centre of the position of the Allied forces near to La Haye Sainte; and the point of time chosen is that decisive moment towards the close of the battle, when the whole British line were ordered to advance to charge the almost routed enemy. Immediately under the eye on one side, is seen the Duke of Wellington cheering the Foot Guards to repel the advance of the last column of Napoleon's Imperial Guard; and on the other, the Marquis of Anglesea is conspicuous heading the final charge of the Household Troops against the French Cuirassiers; opposite, at a distance, Napoleon and his Staff are just visible on an elevated spot in front of La Belle Alliance; towards the horizon, on the right, is seen Hogoumont in flames, with the British driving the French out of the wood; and on the left, the Prussians are just visible in the extreme distance. The confusion of the French troops, the front shown by the British line, the onward movement of the advancing squadrons, and the desperate encounter of the foremost men of the contending forces, are depicted with spirit and animation; and a good idea of the general plan of the battle, as well as of the various incidents of a sanguinary conflict, may be gained from this panoramic picture.

The execution of the painting is unequal; in many parts it is excellent—especially the charge of chivalry, the buildings of La Haye Sainte, the distant landscape, and the effects of smoke mingling with the atmosphere. The horses are admirably painted, and are full of life and vigour; the Duke, whose figure and attitude are copied from Lawrence's equestrian portrait, seems to be returning a salute rather than cheering on his men at the crisis of the battle. But perhaps this is criticizing too nicely a scenic picture; the chief recommendation of which is that it enables the spectators to form a better idea of the carnage at Waterloo than any description or small picture can convey. The ingenious model of the field and the forces engaged, which was exhibited at the Egyptian Hall two or three years since, enabled one to understand the nature of the ground and the plan of the fight; but the heat and fury of the contest—all, in short, that would address the eye at any given moment—a panoramic painting alone can depict.

ON THE CHOICE OF PAPERS FOR ROOMS.

Many elegant patterns are displayed in coloured grounds; the effect may please in one room which will be displeasing in another; yet the cause will be inexplicable—light, more or less, will account for the difference. Coloured ground, however pale, will always be too gloomy in rooms which have not much light. In London, this is

an essential matter of consideration; even in the country, the number and aspect of windows will produce a surprising difference in the general effect. Nor ought any erroneous idea to be entertained, that a paper with much white in it will quickly soil, and therefore must be more extravagant; for if white soils, colours fade. A room, then, scantily supplied with windows, ought never to be papered with a coloured ground; for the same reason, the doors and other wood work should invariably be white. Apartments well supplied with light may rejoice in a less confined range of colours. Another failure in effect, little suspected in the choice of colours, even where light can be commanded to an unlimited extent, is the want of consideration of the hue that will best "light up." Exquisite as is pale blue in itself, it is heavy in a mass; and even where sparingly introduced, aye, even in small portions, among gilding and pure white [as in large ancient rooms] it dulls the whole. A blue dress by candle light is unsatisfactory; and a room with blue grounded paper, and blue paint to correspond, will never light well at night: an apartment similarly decorated with buff would require but six wax candles to produce a cheerful and sufficient illumination, while blue would swallow up the light of eighteen candles, and then not produce an agreeable impression. Pink and buff are charming hues, but are ill for the complexion: few persons look in health with much of these colours around them; and blue is trying; white with a *tint* of blush, or tint of stone is good. The most perfect—or rather the nearest approach to perfection—is a paper with a pure white ground, and running pattern of shaded slates, and white paint "picked in" with pale slate to correspond. Rooms hung or painted with scarlet are rich, but dismal, and invariably look less than if adorned with a bright tint. They require also to be illuminated more and much earlier in an evening, than those with pale colours. Towards dusk scarlet appears black: let any person doubting this try the fact by wearing a scarlet cloak or shawl, and look at it as the shades of twilight advance. Yellow and buff and pink can scarcely be better discriminated by candle-light than can blue and green.—*Correspondent of Magazine of Domestic Economy.*

Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, is situate at nearly an equal distance from the northern and southern extremities of this country. It is built partly in a narrow ravine or valley, and partly on the side of a gentle slope, extending upwards from the shores of one of the coves of Port Jackson, and called Sydney Cove on the first founding of the colony. The streets are long wide, and quite English in their appearance. The houses are generally lofty and well constructed, interspersed with cottages, fronted by small, neat gardens, which, in some quarters of the town, are attached to every house. Along

the water side, (except that portion of it occupied by the demesne of Government-house,) there are wharfs, stores, ship-yards, mills, steam-engines, &c. Behind these the houses rise in successive terraces, giving variety to the scene, and conveying, by their neatness and elegance, the idea of a prosperous community. The shops of Sydney are frequently laid out with great taste: they are not, as in America, "stores" where every article may be bought under the same roof, but each trade or business has its own distinct warehouse. House rent is high, as may be imagined from the fact that building-land has been sold in George Street at £20,000 per acre! and some ground is worth £50 per foot! The public buildings, consisting chiefly of the Government-house, the churches, &c., are neither numerous nor elegant. The situation of Sydney is well adapted for the capital of a commercial empire. It is about three miles in length, with two-thirds of its circuit environed by the navigable coves of Port Jackson, one of the finest harbours in the world, expanding into a capacious basin, fifteen miles long, in some places three wide; so that ships come up close to the wharfs and stores, and the cargoes are hoisted from a ship's hold into the ware rooms. The views from the upper parts of this capital of Australia are bold, varied, and picturesque. The irregular appearance of Sydney itself, with its numerous gardens; the magnificent harbour of Port Jackson, studded with islets and indented by coves of singular beauty; the diversity of hill and dale, towering forests and projecting rocks, give a wildness and grandeur to the tranquil abode of men which is rarely met with. A fine lighthouse was erected on the lofty south head of Port Jackson, by General Macquaire; the height of the light (a revolving one) from the base being 76 feet, and above the sea 277 feet—total 353. The total population of Sydney may be estimated at above 16,000.

COMMUNING WITH THE PAST.—Here is an inexhaustible fountain of intellectual delight. To live the past over again, as it were, by blending our living thoughts with beings great and illustrious, whose spirits, ages ago, have ceased to act in this world by their present influences, but which have bequeathed their mental treasures—the richest boon of antiquity—to countless succeeding generations. They are stars shining on through the night of years, and studding the firmament of letters with gems and pearls of mind. They are beacons among the ruins of other spirits which, if they gave a ray of light at all, it lasted only for a brief space, and was quenched in eternal darkness.

Next to the love of Flowers is the love of Birds. Teach your children in mercy to spare the nests of the harmless little Birds,—and if you have a heart, it will rise up in unison with the little songster's carol, to think your lot is cast in such a pleasant vale of flowers and singing birds. These are

some of the many things provided to lighten the toil of labour,—and it is only a vitiated taste, acquired from a false system of education, that prevents us from deriving a great deal of happiness from such small accompaniments of the journey of life.

Were there a common bank made of all men's troubles, most men would choose rather to take those they brought than to venture on an equitable dividend.—*Socrates*.

Knowledge in regard to the soul is much the same as light to the eye.—*Aristotle*.

If you live according to nature you will not be poor; if according to opinion, you will never be rich.—*Epicurus*.

If probity did not exist, we ought to invent it, as the best means of getting rich.—*Mirabeau*.

SPRING.

Q! how it stirs the lagging heart,
And bids the pulses fly,
To greet again, like Eden-gleams,
Bright tokens in earth and sky,
Of seasons—loved of all the best—
The fairy-footed Spring,
Ever with smiles upon her brow—
Joy's colour on her wing!

The sun, with a brighter, kindlier glance,
Looks down from his throne on high;
And dyes again with his purest sheen,
The clouds and the azure sky—
While over the face of the broad fair earth
And over the trembling main,
His impulse glows, recalling to life
The many bright things again!

The pines have a fringe of deeper green—
Ay! in the dim old woods
Returning newness and beauty reigns,
And brightens the solitudes;
While birds—the beautiful singing birds,
As if in jubilee,
Pour from each spray and on glancing wing
Their wildest minstrelsy!

From stream and fount the chain is loos'd—
And lo! how they dance along!
Like living things in jewels deck'd,
And 'tranced with their own glad song;
Now, with a gentle serenade,
Some bright vale seeking out;
Then leaping over its rocky way
With a swelling and tiny shout!

Ay! Spring, thou art giving to earth again
The train of laughing hours;
Restoring forgotten harmonies,
And calling up the flowers:
But oh! a brighter spell is thine—
In gifts for the spirit fraught,
The freshness of early feeling,
And the joy of early thought!

Temperance.

STATISTICS AND SKETCHES.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED WIFE AND MOTHER.

A short time since, as I was passing a sabbath in a country town, in the interior of this commonwealth, I was requested to visit a dying woman. The first aspect of the house to which I was led, in its louse clapboards, broken windows, and decayed fences, told me too plainly that I was approaching the home of a drunkard. The apartment in which the dying woman was breathing her last, was one whose aspect of cheerlessness and discomfort made my heart ache. A few wretched articles of furniture were scattered about the room, and upon a low bed, in one corner, most scantily furnished, lay the wasted form of the dying mother. Her countenance bore traces of intelligence, of refinement, and yet of the most overwhelming mental anguish. Her husband stood at the head of the bed, with an expression of as deep anguish as could be crowded into the features of a blotted inebriate. Five little children stood around the bedside, loudly sobbing; the eldest, a daughter not twelve years of age, kneeling by her mother's side, and almost convulsively clasping her hand as she drenched it with tears. It was one of those scenes of woe which at once paints itself upon the eye and in-prints itself upon the mind, never, never, to be effaced. From the few almost inarticulate sounds of the dying woman, I gathered that all the anguish of the mother's heart was in fevered excitement, as she was to leave her poor children, her tender boys and girls, in this world of temptation, with no guide but their besotted, drunken father.

She was already breathing her last as I entered the room—and in a short time her struggling, broken, grief-rent heart was still in death. I inquired into the circumstances of the case, and found that a few years before, this woman, then a young lady of many accomplishments of person and of mind, was married to her husband, then a young merchant. The sun of present and prospective joy, beamed brightly on the morning of their nuptials. Everything was cheerful and tasteful in the happy home where their youthful affections were first cemented. A few years of untroubled prosperity glided swiftly away. Behind the counter of this young man's store were arranged several puncheons of ardent spirits for retail. In selling to others he tasted himself. Gradually he acquired the appetite for strong drink, and in the lapse of a few years he scattered all his property, ruined his reputation, beggared his family, and became himself a ragged vagabond in the streets. He was naturally amiable and affectionate, compliant and yielding,—and having in his nature but little of that sterner material which is called decision, when temptation came he fell at once.

In such persons it is not unfrequently the case, that intoxication produces perfect phrenzy. A few glasses would perfectly craze him, and he would return to his home at night a raging, tearing maniac. He would take the whole range of the house in his fury, and wife and children were compelled to fly, wounded and bleeding, from his terrible violence. Often would she gather her little flock of children in the corner behind her, and receive upon her own person the fearful blows which their brutal and crazed father was dealing around him.

"Oh, who can tell what days, what nights she spent
Of tideless, waveless, sailless, shoreless woe."

In the morning, this wretched victim of rum would awake from his debauch, and restored to his natural affection, would reflect upon his brutality with horror and remorse.

He would fall upon his knees before his wife, with tears of anguish rolling down his cheeks, and implore her forgiveness—he would call himself a brute and a fiend—he would resolve and re-resolve never to drink again. For a few days he would succeed in keeping his promise, and himself away from temptation. But the acquired habit would gather strength. Associates would lure him into the village store,—the sight of the decanters, the fumes of the spirits, would sweep away with hurricane fury all his resolutions. One glass would follow another in the desperation of remorse and despair.

Frenzied with the fiend-creating poison, he would return to his home and re-enact those scenes of outrage, the bare imagination of which makes humanity shudder. Again and again his wife, in her wretchedness, went to the village groceries, and with all the eloquence of a despairing and heart-broken mother, implore them not to sell her husband rum. She would show them her own wounds,—she would lead her poor famished and half-starved children to them, and tell them the awful stories of her woes. But a toper seems to be pleased to see his fellow-toper drunk. The sale of ardent spirits was free in this village, and there was no such thing as keeping it from one who had not mental resolution of his own to resist the temptation. Misery is slow and cruel—but it gnawed with a vulture tooth at the heart of this much injured woman, till exhausted nature sank and expired. Where that wretched father now is—whether in the grave, the almshouse, or the state prison—I know not; where those children are, I know not—but they are scattered probably amid the melancholy ruins of a tempestuous world.—*Western Temperance Journal.*

INWARD WOUNDS.—Infuse yarrow twelve hours in warm water—take a cup of this four times a day.

INTEMPERANCE.—Milk is said to be an efficient cure for the thirst created by intemperance.

MONTREAL, March 18.—The 74th Regiment Total Abstinence Society continue to hold weekly meetings in St. Paul's barracks, which are in general well attended,—and from the able assistance given them by Messrs. Wilson & Mitchell, of the Victoria Society, do a great deal of good. The former gentleman amused them greatly on the 5th instant, by extracting the alcohol from a quart of beer, and burning it in their presence. We now number about 120; there are also upwards of 100 names in the Rev. Mr. Phelan's "Roman Catholic Society," all of whom, it is expected, will join their Regimental Society soon, as advised repeatedly by him so to do. Mr. Wadsworth addressed the 74th Regiment, in the Queen's Barracks, last month, and exhibited the plates of the human stomach, as affected by intoxicating drinks: 15 joined, and the following day five more, two of whom were sergeants. It is a pleasing thing to see the non-commissioned officers coming forward and exerting themselves in this good cause, as they naturally have an influence over the minds of those under their particular command; the truth of this assertion is verified by the fact, that every man belonging to the squad commanded by one of these sergeants (except three) followed his example in becoming pledged members of the Total Abstinence Society. Another example. There are 22 of the Band of this Regiment tee-totallers.—*Canada Temperance Advocate.*

PRESBURY, March 22.—At Ogdensburgh a new Society, composed almost entirely of young men, has been formed within a few weeks, on the "Total" principle, and is likely to throw the old society into the shade. They hold meetings about once a week, and have, by the appointment of sub-committees, presented the Pledge at nearly every house in the village. They have also what they term a "Ditch Committee," to collect from the streets, groceries and taverns, any dissipated persons they can find to attend their meetings,—and, either from the effect of their general energy, or from some other powerful cause, the two principal hotels in the place, viz., the "Exchange" and the "Washington," have within a few days banished alcohol from their bars,—and the landlords of both say they intend to keep it out. The steamer "Oneida," now fitting out at Ogdensburgh, is to be conducted also on Total-abstinence principles, as I learn from those who have the management of her.—*ib.*

SAINT HELEN'S ISLAND, March 28.—The Temperance Society of the Royal Canadian Rifle Regiment numbers 336 members, and has only been formed two months—this success is unprecedented in any military society. The moral change Temperance has wrought in the habits and condition of both the men and their families, is truly conspicuous. Men and women assume a more healthy appearance—reading and intellec-

tual improvement are the pursuits of the men—the women and children have comfortable food and are better clothed, and attend their respective places of worship more regularly. An anxious desire for the future welfare of their offspring, seems now to be a predominant feeling amongst them, for they endeavour to provide for their children a liberal education which they neglected before.—*ib.*

The Amherstburgh Temperance Society is in a very prosperous state. They have four executive committees—one each of men, women, boys, and girls. There is great rivalry between the juvenile committees, which shall report the greatest number of accessions to their ranks at each meeting.—*ib.*

Niagara bids fair to be what our neighbours would call the banner District of Canada, in the Temperance cause. We have already noticed that the society of the town of Niagara sent forth a lecturer last winter, who was instrumental in organizing several societies, and adding seven hundred signatures to the pledge. On the 8th March, a convention, consisting of delegates from fourteen societies, was held at St. Catharines, Oliver Phelps, Esq. President, and W. T. Cameron, Secretary—at which resolutions were carried to the effect, that it was expedient to organize a District Temperance Society; that a uniform constitution should be adopted by all the societies in the District; that a Lecturing Agent be engaged, and that a District convention of delegates be called for the second Tuesday next. We trust this convention will be well attended; and we would respectfully suggest to the temperance men of other districts the propriety of "doing likewise."—*ib.*

We learn with great satisfaction that one of the largest Steamboat Companies on the St. Lawrence, will henceforth run their boats *without bars!* and we trust the public will show a marked preference for these boats, over others whose owners make it a part of their business to minister to the drinking propensities of their passengers, until they shall also give it up. The unpleasantness, not to speak of the danger, of being penned up in a boat with a crowd of human beings many of whom are, owing to repeated visits to the bar, in various stages of intoxication, is, we think, enough to cause sober minded men, and especially families, to prefer steamboats without bars.—*ib.*

The Victoria men, Wilson and Mitchel, meet with extraordinary success in Western Canada. They have obtained upwards of seven hundred signatures to the pledge in the first fortnight, and everywhere meet with the most flattering reception. We shall give some account of their journey in our next.—*ib.*

TEMPERANCE SOIREE AT THE CREDIT MISSION.

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

REV. SIR—A Total-Abstinence tea-party was held on the 3d instant at the Indian Village, Credit Mission. The council-chamber, in which the Soiree was held, was decorated in the most tasteful order with evergreens,—and at the head of the apartment the British Flag displayed its beautiful colours, which reminded us that we are under the benign rule of our great Mother, Queen Victoria.

A signal was given by ringing the bell to prepare the tea-tables, and in a short time a company of about 150, one third of whom were very respectable white inhabitants of this vicinity, sat down to tables well supplied with the good things of the earth—the generous gifts of our excellent white neighbours and the Indians.

Jas. Cotton, Esq. was called to preside as Chairman of the meeting, who filled that office with great credit to himself, and to the satisfaction of all present.

The following prayers or toasts were put from the chair:—1st. “May the Great Spirit bless our Great Mother the Queen!”—The whole company arose simultaneously, and stood up and drank off their cups, and continued in that posture until we sang two verses of the National Anthem. When the second cups were filled, the second toast was given,—“May the Great Spirit bless the Temperance cause!” The following verse was sung to the tune, Rule Britannia—

“Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesu's guest,
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind”

3rd. “May the borders of Zion be enlarged to earth's remotest bounds!” Sang: Jesus shall reign where'er the sun, &c.

The Indian ladies were seen, as well as white ladies, serving out the tea quite ceremoniously, and with the strictest etiquette.

The school children were brought in, and took their tea. Ten persons addressed the meeting; a white man and an Indian spoke alternately, and some verses were sung at the conclusion of each speech by the whole company. Indian oratory is generally energetic, and very descriptive, and it was most amusing to hear unlettered Indian oratory brought to bear against intemperance. Chief Sawyer made a most happy speech on the occasion; he gave a graphic description of Bacchus,—and if Bacchus had heard him, he would have run away for shame out of Canada never to

return. A collection was taken up to purchase tracts for the school children. Twenty-two signed the pledge; and I do not know how many baskets full of fragments of the feast were taken up, and given to the poor widows and orphans of the village. Yours most respectfully,
TYNTEENEGEN,
Secretary to the Total Abs. Soc. at Credit Mission.

From Montreal Temperance Advocate.

TO THE COUNTRY MERCHANTS OF CANADA.

RESPECTED FRIENDS—The season for laying in your supplies of goods is fast approaching, and therefore I beg leave to solicit your attention to the following considerations:—

1. You must be convinced that intoxicating drinks are the means of inflicting evils, incalculable in number and grievous in nature, not only upon the people of Canada generally, but of your own neighbourhood in particular; yet you are the principal channel through which these evils flow upon the community,—and if you only cease to sell liquors, intemperance will in a great measure cease for lack of that which causes it.

2. You are no doubt convinced that one of the chief drawbacks to the prosperity of the country, is the drinking habits of the community, and probably you painfully feel the operation of this drawback, in your own neighbourhood. You must also be aware that it is only in the prosperity of your neighbours, that you can permanently prosper, and only as your section of the country flourishes, that you can advance in wealth and respectability. Why then should you make yourselves the agents or instruments to desolate your own neighbourhood by intoxicating drinks.

3. You perhaps think you are making profit from the sale of these drinks, and prospering yourselves, although injuring your neighbours; but upon strict examination, you will find that any measure of prosperity based upon the injury of your own customers must be delusive and short-lived. In fact you will lose more in other ways on account of this branch of business, than the amount of your gains from it. And it is particularly to be remembered that it cannot be carried on without danger to yourselves and families. Many have fallen victims to the drinks they sold to others, and many have lost promising sons, or caused the destruction of young men in their stores, by placing this temptation continually before them.

My brother and I have been for many years engaged in general business, in Western Canada, under the firm of J. & J. Dougall; and for a long time the liquor trade formed a large branch of our business; but it had many drawbacks. The knowledge that we supplied the drunkeries around us, licensed and unlicensed, in which many of our neighbours

were ruining their characters, their families, and their souls, were by no means pleasant. And when we passed these places, especially on the Lord's day, and heard issuing forth from them oaths, obscenity, and blasphemy,—or saw the quarrelling and fighting, which were by no means rare occurrences, we felt deeply disgusted at our liquor trade. Drunkenness have been forcibly termed “the breathing holes of hell”—but who is it that supplies them with their breath?

These and other considerations induced us to give up that branch of business. To continue the trade was out of the question, and we abandoned it six or seven years ago.

Now mark the result. So far from having to suffer for doing right, our business increased rapidly, and our losses from bad debts diminished, (perhaps because our liquor customers left us, and they are not generally the best pay.) We also did our business with much greater ease and comfort,—and we would not on any account deal in intoxicating drinks again, although no considerations were involved except pecuniary interest.

In conclusion, gentlemen, let me again earnestly invite your attention to the foregoing remarks, drawn, as you will perceive, not only from reason, but from experience; and permit me to hope, that you will abandon a branch of trade which is alike injurious to the community and yourselves. There is abundance of business, of a wholesome and beneficial kind, to require all your capital and energies,—and this wholesome business will rapidly increase as intemperance diminishes.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,
JOHN DOUGALL.

BLACK EYED JOE.

Two or three years ago, I went into a town in the State of New Hampshire, to give a temperance lecture. There were not many persons in the village who did not drink intoxicating liquors. But many came to hear me,—and I noticed, just as I commenced speaking, a little bright eyed boy, who came into the hall and seated himself near the door. He listened very attentively, and when I spoke of the cruel treatment of wives and children, from intemperate men, I saw him more than once take his handkerchief and wipe away the tears. I told them the pledge would prevent all this, and make men kind and pleasant; and I told the children to sign, if they would prosper and be happy in the world. This little fellow was almost the first to put his name down; and when I asked the people who he was, they told me he was called “Black-eyed Joe,” and that his father was one of the worst drunkards in town; that when evening came, he would always be intoxicated, cruel and revengeful. Sometimes he would beat his wife; sometimes beat

his children, and shut them out of doors in the cold storms. It was this that made Joseph weep, when told of cruelty to children, and it was this that influenced him to sign the pledge.

He went home from the meeting, and determined to keep his resolution. The next morning his father took out the brown jug, wiped the pitcher of poison, and handed it to Joe first. He shook his head and declined taking it.

“Drink, Joe!” said his father.

“I do not wish for any again, sir,” replied Joseph.

His father looked at him sternly a moment, and then said roughly.

“Did you go to that temperance meeting, Joe?”

“Yes sir,” he replied.

“Did you sign the pledge?”

“Yes sir.”

“What did you do that for, Joe?”

“Because, father,” said Joseph hesitatingly, “if I am ever a man, I do not want to be as you are.”

His father blushed, turned pale, stood confused a moment, and then opened the door, and dashed the jug and pitcher to pieces, saying—

“You shall have a father, Joe, that you won't be ashamed to be like!”

From that hour he has never taken anything that can intoxicate, and is happy himself, and renders his family happy also,—and I will venture to say that Joseph will have an answer ready for any one who asks him “what good will it do” to sign the pledge.—*Cold Water Army.*

THE TOTAL ZEAL.—Some time ago a worthy Scottish knight, who takes his title from an estate in the south country, having become a convert to Teetotalism, ordered all the wines and spirits to be taken from his cellars and thrown into his ponds. This order was promptly obeyed by his servants. Neither the swans, the ducks, nor the geese—the sober creatures!—nor the fishes—to his honor's great astonishment—seemed to relish the strong drink more than he did,—and in a short time the fowls deserted the pond, and were seen tottering about feet up; and the fishes, poor animals, not being able to leave the ponds, appeared on the surface, not *drunk*, but *dead*.—*Dundee Ado.*

We understand that \$2500 have been paid to the seamen on board the receiving ship Columbus in lieu of *spirit rations*, for the last three months, which they have voluntarily relinquished. We also learn that the crew of the U. S. schooner Grampus, commanded by Lt. Van Brunt, which vessel is now ready to sail on a cruise, all, with the exception of 10 or 11, receive money instead of *grog*. It is time that the custom of allowing spirit rations on board our boats were abolished.—*Bost. Jour.*

MANIA A POTU.

The New Orleans Picayune, after some thrilling remarks on the awful misery to which men subject themselves by drinking spirituous liquors, adds the following dreadful description of a person whom the Editor had seen rendered demoniac by excessive intoxication :

"By an accident, we yesterday stood with chilled veins and startling eyes, witnessing a spectacle of this kind. We were in company with a physician at the moment he was called to administer relief to the victim. In a corner of the room we found the tortured wretch, crouching and peeping fearfully through the rungs of a chair, at a swarm of flying snakes which he said were darting through the room in all directions. Bloating terror was in his countenance. He sprang from the corner, and flew from one position to another in agonizing alarm. Devils were pursuing him; behind, before, above, below, and all around him, objects of terror and danger appeared, and instruments of death menaced him on every hand. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets. His exclamations were so full of misery that the heart ached to hear them. Then again his fit assumed another form, and he ran about the room, jumping over the chairs, and calling us to see him walk upon the ceiling. Then he raved, screamed aloud, cursed, and again sunk into grief and tears, complaining that all the world was leagued against him, and even devils were employed to persecute him. Suddenly he fell into a sort of waking trance. He was lifted on the bed, and there he lay grasping at the air, with horrible contortions of countenance which made our flesh creep upon our bones.

The unfortunate wretch has recovered, as our friend, the physician, said danger was past when we left him; but who may form a conception of the anguish endured during that horrid paroxysm? Years of severest trials and misfortunes, should he considered luxurious ease, in comparison with one hour of such frightful torment of soul and body.

TEMPERANCE IN WINDSOR.

Extracts from a Letter in the Morning Post, dated Windsor N. S., May, 1842.

It must be pleasing to every temperance man, and especially every tee-totaller, to hear of the prosperity of a work so beneficial to the human race. . . . Most happily at this time the Wesleyan Conference appointed the Rev. Mr. Strong to Windsor, who had not been here long before he observed the state of things, and announced from the pulpit that there would be a Temperance Society formed on the principle of total abstinence, and that a meeting was to take place the next evening in the Methodist chapel. This meeting was well attended. I do not know the number that joined that night, but it was considerable. Happy would it be for this Province if there were more of the Rev.

gentlemen that would make a like sacrifice for their congregations and the public, by their examples. We have continued to hold our regular monthly meetings, which have been very numerously attended. When we consider that this society has only been in existence about seven months, and now numbers about 426 members, it appears almost incredible; but it is true. The Catholics have one on the same principle, which numbers 200—which makes the number of tee-totallers in and around this small village upwards of 600.

I have much pleasure in stating that, on Monday and Tuesday, the 28th and 29th of March, the Society had two most interesting tea-meetings. A Committee of Management was appointed to prepare a room for the occasion, but not finding one large enough to accommodate all, it was thought better to exclude all those under a certain age till the night following. Although the room was in an unfinished state, it was fitted up in most splendid style, and displayed a good deal of taste. It was hung round with green baize, and decorated with green boughs and thirty beautiful pictures; among which was one of our most gracious Queen, one of his late Majesty, one of Queen Adelaide, and one of the Duke of Wellington. Overhead was an arch covered with flags and mottos, with a variety of birds. There were seven chandeliers tastefully fitted up, and lighted with moulded candles, which gave the room a beautiful appearance. There was a committee of seventeen ladies appointed to furnish a tray each for twelve or fifteen persons, and a greater profusion and variety of luxuries is but seldom put on a tea table. The members were admitted by ticket the first night. They numbered about 207, and with a few friends from other places made the number 215. After the trays were removed, the National Anthem was sung by the whole company, after which some excellent speeches were made by the Rev. Messrs. Strong and Pope, Charles Harris, Esq., of Horton, and by several others. At ten o'clock the meeting was concluded by prayer, and the meeting separated truly gratified and pleased. The next night was occupied in a similar manner, by 150 persons; and I will venture to say that two more agreeable and happy evenings were never spent in Windsor. Our tickets for gentlemen were 2s; for ladies, 1s. 6d.; young persons 7½d. We have it in contemplation to have a similar meeting at our anniversary in the fall.

From the N. Y. Express:

GENERAL MEETING OF THE WASHINGTON SOCIETIES OF NEW YORK.

The Methodist chapel in Greene street was crowded on Thursday evening to its utmost compass, it being announced that Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, and Mr. Briggs, would deliver addresses in favour of the Temperance cause. A large portion of the audience were ladies—indeed it was composed of all sexes and all ages.

Engine Company No. 33 attended, and were ranged in front of the gallery, with their fireman's garb and lantern, presenting quite an interesting and rather a picturesque appearance. In the course of the evening they sung a temperance song, solo and chorus, with a very pleasing effect,—and one stanza introducing Mr. Marshall was received with much applause and unanimously ordered. The gentleman woke up suddenly at the sound of

his name, and seemed highly gratified. His speech soon afterwards was brilliant in the extreme—some portions particularly so. We regret that the late hour at which the meeting closed, prevents our giving only an abstract of his, as well as of Mr. Briggs' speech, which was received with much applause.

Dr. Kirby presided on the occasion, and the meeting was opened with prayer. A Mr. Collin then favored the company with a Temperance song.

The Hon. Mr. Briggs was first introduced. He said, "to drink or not to drink, that was the question, and it was one fraught with more of human happiness, or of human misery, than any other which could be presented to the mind. It had agitated largely the public mind of this and other countries for the last ten or fifteen years—its extent, the numbers it concerned, and the consequences which flowed from it, spoke at once its importance. The wide-spread and desolating evils of intemperance, were too often presented to the public by the press of this country, to require, that any time should be passed in their enumeration there. If they would gauge human misery, and measure human degradation and suffering, let them enquire what intemperance had done. But glorious results had been the consequence of the agitation of the question—habits and opinions had been changed, appetites had been subjected to reason and the controul of conscience, and man had been raised to respectability and happiness—these were the fruits with which our happy country was teeming, and which were exhibited in other countries also.

The gentleman then referred particularly to Ireland—they were now risen on the rock of temperance, and presented an example to every nation. In Dublin alone \$14,000 had been deposited in the Savings Bank, and 1200 additional depositors had been made by signing the temperance pledge. And in our own country, he said, similar effects were exhibited. He believed such a stand never would have been taken but for the Washington Temperance Society, nor such glorious effects realized. They had risen above habits and customs, and had filled the land with joy; they had given to this reformation, too, a character which would last forever. It was hardly possible to measure the good they had done. They should listen one evening to the experience of those men,—the suffering and misery they had brought upon their wives and families, and then the contrast, where now all was love, happiness and enjoyment.

"Beware of the first glass," he said, was a wise motto; it was a simple caution, for the man who never partook of the first glass never became a drunkard. He asserted, and it was responded to by thousands, that there was no other safety than in total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.

This was pronounced ultra by the old friends of temperance, who were sincere under the original pledge, and he had addressed meetings where he had recommended only abstinence from ardent spirits.—But this was found to be a fallacy, for too many had discovered that we can become drunkards on wine, for wine will lead to the same consequences as ardent spirits. He once knew a member of Congress, a gentleman in his habits, and whose conduct was pure and spotless at home and at Washington—he was a christian in his profession, and was, he be-

lieved, an officer of a temperance society. During a long session he was afflicted with the liver complaint, and believed that wine was necessary, and he took to it. But the disease increased, and he fell a victim, not to that, but to another which owes its existence to intoxicating drinks, the delirium tremens—he died with all its horrors and all its terrors. He had an account of his death from a personal and political friend, who wept over his fate—and no one ever suspected or knew, but the physician, what was the cause of his death. Well might it be said, then, Beware of the first glass. How many young men had it led to ruin.

We never become drunkards at once, and we labour under a great delusion as to the progress we make towards it, and are the last to see our danger—friends see it, and caution us, but we are offended that they should deem such a caution necessary. There was no line of demarcation between temperance and intemperance; it must be arrested at once—the article must be disused. The gentleman related several interesting anecdotes, and concluded by making a powerful appeal in favour of total abstinence.

A collection was then taken up, and in the meantime Hose Company 33 sung a temperance song.

The Hon. T. Marshall then came forward and was received with great applause. He said—I thank you, gentlemen of No. 33, and I think if the gentleman to whom you did the honour to allude in your last stanza, had slept all his life, he would have woken up then to a certainty. I feel more at home to-night than at any time since I came to the great city of New York. I spoke last night at the Tabernacle, and we had a prodigious crowd,—but it was too dignified, too grand, too great,—and what with all the great things I had seen, passing up from Staten Island in the morning, overpowered me, and I was confused. There was nothing like the song I have heard here struck up, (applause); when I heard it, I felt as though I were in Washington city again, among the total abstinence Vigilant fellows, with whom I have associated ever since I signed the pledge.

Who has a right to sing but us, gentlemen? They talk of the gloom of fanaticism at our temperance meetings. They are the cheerfulest meetings I ever attended, and I have seen riots and revels in my time, and the newspapers have not left me to tell this. I have seen some in my time, and heard many a song given under the inspiration of alcohol. I have been at the Bacchanalian orgies,—but in all these parties I never heard a song which came as straight from the heart, and went as plump to the heart, as the one to which I have listened to-night.

There is also another feature at this meeting that there was not at the Tabernacle, which makes me feel more at home: the pledge is here ready for signatures, (applause.) I did not see any offered last night,—and I did think it strange that, at so large a meeting, there was no chance to put one's fist to the pledge, which in the experience of mankind is better than all the philosophy on earth—since it was the deep and solid foundation upon which the glorious cause of temperance is raised. There is a charm about that pledge which has never been found elsewhere. Do you ask me why it is? I answer I don't know and I don't care why it is, but I feel I know it is so.

Physicians have demonstrated that alcohol is destruc-

tivo to the human system, and every one of observation knows that it destroys the intellect and the heart of man; and yet they have gone on and on, and it has swept more victims to the grave than war and pestilence combined, until that pledge was discovered.

There was another reason, the gentleman said, why he felt more naturally that night. The night before he was, as they say of a ship, without his consort, but he had arrived that day (pointing to Mr. Briggs)—(applause.) He had felt as a feeble merchantman, who had lost the man-of-war which had acted as its protector—but now, under the protection of his gun, he felt as though he could make a small fight himself.

When he became a member of the Temperance Association at Washington, he said, which was composed principally of reformed drunkards—they were not all so, however, for it includes in its ranks the earliest founders, men who had never been drunk, but who associated themselves from pure philanthropy for the rescue of others from danger—he was about to say to which they had never been exposed; but this could not be said of any human being—but rather, men whose reputation had never been tainted with the sore and shame of drunkenness. But they were principally men rescued from the kennel, taken from the dregs of wretchedness—they had been cast away, poor miserable wretches, but the strong arm of the association was stretched out, showing a muscle which had only been exhibited by the Washingtonians, and plucked them from their degradation. With these he joined, he did not say why—it might have been necessity, it might have been pride, for pride wears many aspects, and part of his was never to be ashamed of any thing he did,—and it appeared to him that if he had all the responsibilities that belonged to him in his public and private relations, to his country and his family, pride would not deter him from an act like that—it would be a strange perversion of pride, not to turn from a path which was leading him pell mell to destruction. He did not care a button what was said, and a distinguished paper of this city had said that the Hon. Mr. Marshall, the reformed drunkard, addressed the meeting: he cared not for this, nevertheless he joined the society, and part of their exercises was to give their experience,—and if he should go a little into that sort of thing then, they would say it was the custom of the place they came from, and he hoped the polished society of this polished city would excuse him for following a custom so dear to him.

The gentleman then proceeded to recount his experience in a most eloquent and graphic manner,

He had not been accustomed to tell this, he said. The political papers had torn him to pieces, but he cared nothing for that. But he did not wish to be held up as a text by the temperance people—he had at that time too much pride for that, but now he was ashamed that such a feeling had ever entered his breast. He did not often visit the society, and hear these poor fellows tell their experience, till his breast warmed under the influence of cold water, after a fashion it had never warmed under the influence of all the alcohol he ever drank, and he felt that they were entitled to the benefit of his experience, and he gave it to them.

If we want great and glorious deeds achieved, he said we must not go to the *élite* of mankind, the grand, the proud,

the luxurious, who are fond of their pleasure and their leisure, but we must go to the brawny muscles of society, if we want such an achievement. (Great applause.) He then compared the great cause of temperance to that of the introduction of Christianity. The instruments chosen by God were not philosophers of Greece—a Plato, an Aristotle, or a Zeno—but the poor fishermen of Galilee, who knew no tongue but their mother tongue, and these were the men who were selected to spread the new light of Heaven; and if there was any analogy between the genius of these associations, then he believed there was an analogy between the instruments by whom the deeds were to be achieved.

They might call him an enthusiast, if they pleased. He never knew a great or good deed achieved that was not inspired by some spirit called enthusiasm. If nothing worse came, they can but say, that determination of heart, enthusiasm of spirit, and energy of purpose can be found in a cold water drinker, as well as in a swallower of alcohol.

He hoped they would pardon him if he had gone too much into personal matters for good taste. It was not bragadocia. If he had any motive, it was to show certain gentlemen how little he cared for their obloquy. They might publish him till the hand that signed the pledge withered; they might publish libel on libel, for they fell as harmless as the leaves of autumn on the castle roof. He had got beyond that. He had rather reason to be proud, for he hoped he was becoming a man of some importance in the temperance movement, and was selected by those with whom they would have to grapple, as a sort of martyr.

The gentleman concluded his very eloquent speech by calling upon all to sign the pledge; they asked the females to do so, he said, not because they supposed they would drink: but let all the women in the United States join the Temperance Society, and all the men would follow. Let the men come, he said in conclusion, and follow Marshall of Kentucky, who was now wide awake, and sign the Temperance pledge.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM MR. MARSHALL'S SPEECH.

How happened it, then, that these simultaneous movements take place on this subject in different parts of the world without any communication, correspondence, or conspiracy, between the parties concerned? It is not ascribable, nor can it be ascribed, to any particular human exertion or agency whatever. It seems to have swept, and to be sweeping over the world with the force of a whirlwind. May it not be that there surrounds the human understanding a moral atmosphere, just as there surrounds the human body a natural atmosphere? May it not be that, as certain changes are produced, and certain effects impressed upon that natural atmosphere which we breathe, which those who breathe it feel and are influenced by at the same moment all over the earth, so may there not be also effects alike universal in their operation, produced by the medium of that moral atmosphere?

May it not be that he who has formed the human understanding may have connected, by some inscrutable tie of sympathy, all the minds which he has called into being? May we not thus be connected, by a secret and mysterious bond of union, which we cannot understand, and which we

cannot explain, but whose influence we own? And that this cord of universal sympathy, thus established by the hand which created us all, may be from time to time swept by that master and creating hand, and respond in tones of moral music, whose murmuring re-echo throughout the whole human race? (Loud applause.) And surely if ever there were a time, and ever there were facts which would favour such a supposition, this is the very time, and these are the very facts which favour such a supposition. And the agency too—how simple! And to the eye of cold philosophy—how inefficient! What an event, according to human reason, of adaptation of means to the end! What disproportion between the effects produced and the instrumentality which achieved it. A Temperance pledge! A simple declaration that he will drink no more! And the temperance pledge offered, and temperance preached, by men without the ordinary means of influence, without eloquence, even, except that all powerful eloquence which deals only in truth!

These are the instruments which that power, which has set about this revolution, has chosen to effect it? That it will go on, gentlemen, I do not permit myself to doubt. Its final and complete success could not and would not astonish me more than that which has already happened.

And oh! if there be here any high-toned, courageous, gallant, noble young fellow, that has commenced his career, although society may not consider him yet to be a drunkard, let me warn and give him some of the benefits of my experience. Why, I am no more a fanatic now than ever I was. I am as gay a fellow to day as ever I was in my life. (Loud cheering and laughter.) I am no more gloomy now than ever I was. (Cheers.) The temperance cause gloomy? Why it's the gayest, the most delightful and cheerful thing upon earth. (Cheers.) Why, it's the fountain of health and life! (Cheers.) And from health flow happiness and all the blessings we enjoy beneath the sun. Temperance gloomy? Why, it's the very fountain head, and cause, and well-spring of cheerfulness and joy. (Loud cheering.)

Our pledge is perpetual. And if you don't sign a pledge let any man who has only been drinking a little—just sufficient to disturb the tranquillity of his nerves, cloud his reason, and derange for a time the economy of his physical and moral system—I say just let him quit it altogether for one month, and then just see how he feels at the end of it. (Laughter and cheers.) Oh! what a change it makes in the whole of his animal and mental being! what a pleasure, what delight he feels not to have changed the whole nature of his being; but to leave his nerves to the regular and tranquil action of unalloyed health, to leave all his animal powers to the calm and rational enjoyment of his regular meals, and blessed rest and sleep, and the influence of cold water! Let him go to one who has been drinking pretty free to-night—let him go to his bed-room to-morrow morning, before he gets up or just as he wakes. Let him look at his eyes. Let him contemplate the unearthly colour of his cheeks.

Let him ask him to put out his tongue—dry, and parched, and furred, and ask him what kind of a taste there is in his mouth. Let him then hoist up the curtain from his east window, if he's lucky enough to have a window in the room that looks to the East at all,—and tell him to look at God's glorious sun as it is mounting in its bright-

ness and beauty to gladden creation, wheeling upward in its magnificent career, and commencing its diurnal round—and he can't see it! Or if he can see it, he can't feel it. There is no response in his breast to that grandest of all God's phenomena presented to the senses of man—the rising sun in its beauty, majesty, and glory! And then, let that same man abstain from all drinking of liquors for one month,—and then go and point the same eye to the same window and the same kind of scene, and he will raise his heart in gratitude to that God who has been pleased thus to grant him the full enjoyment and delights of that beautiful connection between mind and matter—between the senses and the soul—that renders him capable of tasting, of feeling, and of fully enjoying the gorgeous beauty with which all-bounteous Heaven has clothed the whole body of creation. (Most vociferous cheering.)

God made him a man, and he has unmade himself, and rendered himself capable of enjoying no pleasure. Then, let him give up alcohol together; if he has any love for his manhood—his own nature—his posterity—his connections at all—his own species—if he has any poetry in his soul—if he wishes to enjoy all the beauty and sublimity of nature. And, oh!

"O! how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her vot'ry yields!
The warbling woodland, the surrounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of ev'ns,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
O! how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!"

At the close of his speech, Mr. Marshall was most enthusiastically and rapturously applauded—the ladies waved their handkerchiefs—the men waved their hats—the organ struck up "Hallelujah,"—and we believe, from the bottom of our souls, that every human being within those walls went home delighted and wiser and better.

GREAT TEMPERANCE MEETING.

The announcement that the Hon. Mr. Marshall of Kentucky, and the Hon. Mr. Briggs of Massachusetts, were to be in the city to address the people on Wednesday night at the Tabernacle, attracted a crowd in that great building, filling it from top to bottom in every hole and corner. Mr. Briggs was not present. The curiosity, however, was so great to see and hear Mr. Marshall, and curiosity was so well satisfied by his eloquence, that the audience were not disappointed even by the absence of one of the Honorable gentlemen.

Mr. Marshall is a young man apparently not much over 30. He represents in Congress the Lexington (Ky.) district, in which is "Ashland," the home of Mr. Clay. He has something of Mr. Clay's style, though he is not by any means an imitator. His gestures are patterned after him somewhat, and his *outré* manner. He has a fine, vivid, and yet chaste imagination, and is capable of close reasoning as well as brilliant sallies of eloquence.

The lecture, or oration, of Mr. Marshall—and yet it was neither, but rather more of a speech and impromptu too, did not at all disappoint the highly excited public curiosity. He fully came up to expectation, and, if anything, overshoot it. With the Rev. Dr. Nott and Dr. Cox on one side

him, and the Rev. Mr. Marsh, and Mr. Frelinghuysen, LL.D. on the other,—and, as in the novel structure of the Tabernacle, in one grand *coup d'oeil*, he took in the immense mass of human beings before him, (a whole county of Kentucky perhaps,) well did he remark it was a novel spectacle, such as though he had tried to fancy, his fancy had not yet created the fact.

We cannot pretend to report in detail this speech. Indeed it is impossible to report it properly and well, but some heads or points made, our readers have in the sketch below.

Mr. Marshall said, he had prepared his imagination, in some measure, for the scene in which he found himself; he had anticipated somewhat the strangeness of the emotions in standing before the vast assemblage he was about to address. That he, in the month of May, should be standing before such an auditory, and for such a purpose, might well be considered one of the phenomena of this great moral revolution. The sketch which had been read by the gentleman who had preceded him, forcibly shows this to be one of those great epochs which have advanced man to that high state of civilization in which he now stands. Nothing in his experience in his own State, and it had been far from limited, had shown him anything like this. Why, gentlemen, in the cities of Louisville and Lexington, where unfortunately I am well acquainted with the former consumption of alcohol—particularly in Lexington, which stands in the centre of the district I have the honour to represent in Congress—in those cities, I am credibly informed, the poor misguided man who imbibed the idea that a dram was necessary, could hardly find one in those ancient strong holds of dram shops.

Some four months ago, nobody cared less about temperance or temperance societies than your humble servant, and I acknowledge it with shame and contrition. Before that time I never went into a temperance meeting in my life. If by chance I picked up a temperance tract or paper, or a political paper which argued in favour of temperance, I threw it aside, regarding the subject as unworthy a gentleman of my towering ambition and vast intellect, (laughter.) But not to go on to make myself the hero of a marvellous tale, on the 7th of January last, at 9 o'clock at night, I subscribed my name to the pledge. I didn't write home about it, for I thought the less my friends knew about the matter for the present the better. But somebody wrote home for me; somebody—and as for that, a good many bodies, I believe, wrote about it in the newspapers,—and I soon had the satisfaction of seeing myself posted from Boston to New Orleans, (laughter.)

Well, the story had hardly time to get home when the mail brought me the intelligence of the formation of a temperance society in Lexington. In reading over the list of officers, I found that the President and Vice President were the very men whom I left the last night before we started for Washington in a state of inebriety. A younger brother of mine, who resided in an adjoining county, joined the temperance society on the same night I did, the seventh of January. I saw him in Washington a short time since, and he begged of me, in any future reference I might make to his case, I would draw a proper line of distinction—that he never was half as bad as I was. I was bad enough, at any rate. He is now delivering most learned lectures on Temperance in Lexington.

This spontaneous movement among old friends, without

any previous concert, or any knowledge of each other's movements whatever, shows that there was some mystic and powerful influence pervading the whole body politic. He might go on, he said, and show, in many ways, and by a thousand similar illustrations, that this was a philosophical movement, and not one of the fancy. The agency, too, by which the mighty effect had been produced, how great the contrast in its proportions, when we consider the instrument and the effects. The simple fact of signing a pledge not to drink alcoholic liquors—its apostles raised from society—without influence among their fellow men, without eloquence even, except that eloquence which truth always carries with it—these are the instruments which have brought about a revolution which we gaze upon with wonder and admiration.

The cause of Temperance must go on, gentlemen. It must ultimately triumph over all obstacles, and scatter its blessings in rich profusion over the whole earth. But it has many difficulties yet to encounter. The death-grapple is yet to come. I was thinking, a short time since, why it is that all mankind do not embrace it at once, dictated as it is by every principle of reason and humanity. * * *

In the arcana of nature's mysteries, she has provided every thing necessary to man. If there is anything in the universe of God totally unlike, it is the milk drawn from the breast for the sustenance of the infant, and that liquid drawn from the worm of the distillery by the full grown man. It is milk, then, and not whiskey, which nature designed for man at a period when he is incapable of providing for himself. It is idle to talk of this appetite being implanted in the lower classes of animals. No animal on the face of the Lord's earth, but man, will, if ever it is got drunk, do so again. Man, with all his boasted capacities, is the only animal in nature who, having been once sickened by drink, will return again to the poisonous cup. Has she endowed him with reason to understand its evil effects, and at the same time given him an uncontrollable appetite for it? She has provided the lower animals, though without reason, an invulnerable weapon against it; but with man—accountable and immortal man—she has left the matter to the exercise of his reasoning powers, and holds him responsible for that exercise. Let us not then lay the sin at nature's door.

Since we are upon the philosophy of the matter, I may here remark that it is almost impossible to classify the *genus* drunkard. Under its influence he loses even the semblance of *mahhood*. He is no longer a man, in any sense of the word. When I call myself a man, I do not speak of myself merely as a thinking, reasoning, being, but as having that divine essence which is not given to any other of the productions of nature. Nothing but alcohol annihilates that chivalry which nerves his arm for the protection of woman: nothing but alcohol destroys his parental affection. Poverty and grinding misery but cause the love of his children to cling still closer around his heart—nothing but alcohol crushes and destroys it. I might go on forever and descant upon this subject, and show that nature is not responsible for the effects produced by the use of alcohol, but time warns me to draw to a close.

Go on in your efforts, ye who are banded together for this work, and ye priests of temperance, in your labours. But let me entreat you to avoid connection with anything else. Above all things eschew all political connection.

(Applause.) The cause is too high for law—it is too pure for political discussion.

Mr. Marshall said it was possible he might speak again on this subject during his stay in the city, and he should be happy to give all who were still under the thralldom of the baleful scourge of intemperance, the benefit of his experience. A considerable portion of his private history, he said, had been put in circulation,—and, in some instances, more than the truth had been told of him. This was the natural consequence of his former habits, but the truth was bad enough. He concluded his address with a thrilling appeal to young men, who, under the influence of fashion and false notions of bigotry and superstition, held aloof from the cause of temperance. He appealed to them to enlist under its broad banner, if for no other reason, on the score of its happy effects upon the physical man, causing the blood to bound in healthful currents through every vein, making the eyes of the old inebriate to gladden in the sunlight of a new nature. Mr. Marshall sat down amid thundering plaudits.

Previous to Mr. Marshall's speech, the Secretary of the Union read a brief sketch of the forthcoming annual report, in which it is estimated that the whole number enlisted under the banner of the Washingtonians in the United States is not less than *half a million*. Of this number 200,000 are in the Western States.

Natural History.

MISSOURI AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

St. Louis was founded by some French traders in 1764. It extends for about two miles along the river, in three parallel streets, rising above each other in terraces. The town has latterly been greatly improved. The houses are, for the most part, built of limestone, and are surrounded with gardens. St. Louis is now, in fact, a miniature New Orleans. Anxious to avoid a long *sejour* there, we determined to push up the river as far as possible. Accordingly, within two days we took our departure. Our party was distributed in two boats; one was a large barge formerly used in navigating the Mohawk river, and known by the generic name of the *Schenectadz* barge; the other was a large keel boat, at that time the grand conveyance on the Mississippi. In this way we set out in buoyant spirits, and soon arrived at the mouth of the Missouri. The waters of the Mississippi, at its confluence with the Missouri, are moderately clear, and of a greenish hue. The Missouri is turbid and opaque, of a greyish white colour; and during its floods, which happen twice a year, communicates, almost instantaneously, to the combined stream its predominating qualities. We found our sails but of casual assistance, for it required a strong wind to conquer the force of the stream. Our main dependence was on the bodily strength and manual dexterity of our crew.

The boats, in general, required to be propelled

by oars and setting poles, or drawn by the hand, and by grappling hooks, from one root or overhanging tree to another; or towed by the long *cordelle*, or towing line, where the shores were sufficiently clear of woods and thickets to permit the men to pass along the banks. During this long and tedious progress, our craft were exposed to frequent danger from floating trees, and masses of drift wood, or of being impaled upon snags and sawyers, that is to say, sunken trees, presenting a jagged or pointed end above the surface of the water. As the channel of the river frequently shifted from side to side, according to the bends and sand-banks, the boats had, in the same way, to advance in a zig-zag course. Often, a part of the crew would leap into the water at the shallows, and wade along with the towing line, while their comrades on board toilsomly assisted with oar and setting pole.

The territory of the Missouri, while it was in a state of nature, abounded with wild animals, which have, as usual, fled before the approach of civilization, and taken refuge further in the desert. These were the buffalo and the great brown bear, the latter a formidable animal, both from its size, strength, extreme ferocity, and, above all, its tenacity of life. Wild horses are found in droves, on the prairies, between the Arkansas and Red Rivers; they are very fleet, and difficult to be taken, and of various colours; they are occasionally captured by expert riders, on swift domesticated horses, by means of a noose thrown over their necks with inconceivable dexterity. Deer, elk, bears, wolves, panthers, and antelopes are numerous. Wolves and panthers follow the buffalo herds, and prey on the calves. The grizzly, or white bear, is found on the head branches of the Missouri, and is as ferocious as the great brown bear. Cariboo and moose are plentiful, but Rocky Mountain sheep are the most common animals. The natives, at the point to which we directed our steps, which was an Indian settlement, generally live by fishing. It is true, they occasionally hunt the elk and deer, and ensnare the waterfowls of the ponds and rivers, but these are casual luxuries. Their chief subsistence is derived from fish, which abound in the rivers and lakes. As the Indians of the plain, who depend upon the chase, are bold and expert riders, and pride themselves upon their horses, so these piscatory tribes excel in the management of canoes, and are never more at home than when riding upon the waves. Their canoes vary in form and size. Some are upwards of thirty feet long, cut out of a single tree. The bow and stern are decorated with grotesque figures of men and animals. In managing them they kneel, two and two, along the bottom, sitting on their heels, and wielding paddles from four to five feet long, while one sits at the stern and steers with a paddle of the same kind. The women are equally expert in managing the canoe, and generally take the helm. The first day after our arrival we accom-

panied our Indians upon a fishing expedition. Salmon are taken in vast quantities, principally with the seine. The country we were now in abounded with aquatic and land birds, such as swans, wild geese, brant, ducks of almost every description, pelicans, herons, gulls, snipes, curlews, eagles, vultures, crows, ravens, magpies, woodpeckers, pigeons, partridges, pheasants, and grouse, and a great variety of what Tiburina call—"the finches of the grove." The principal quadrupeds that had been seen by the Indians were the stag, fallow-deer, hart, black and grizzly bear, antelope, ahsalita or bighorn, beaver, otter, musk-rat, fox, wolf, panther, the latter extremely rare. The only domestic animals were horses and dogs. According to the settler's account, the grizzly bear is the only really formidable quadruped. He is the favourite theme of the hunters of the far west, who describe him as equal in size to a common cow, and of prodigious strength. He makes battle, if assailed,—and often, if pressed by hunger, is the assailant. If wounded, he becomes furious, and will pursue the hunter. His speed exceeds that of a man, but is inferior to that of a horse. In attacking, he rears himself on his hind legs, and springs the length of his body. Woe to horse or rider that come within the sweep of his terrific claws, which are sometimes eight inches in length. At the period I am treating of, the grizzly bear had (like some of the broken tribes of the prairies) gradually fallen back before his enemies, and was only to be found in the upland regions, in rugged fastnesses like those of the Black Hills and the Rocky Mountains. Here he lurks in caverns, or holes which he has dugged in the sides of hills, or under the trunks and roots of fallen trees. Like the common bear, he is fond of fruits, and masts, and roots, the latter of which he will dig up with his fore claws. He will attack and conquer the lordly buffalo.

THE AMERICAN LOCUST.

A remarkably interesting pamphlet has been recently published in Baltimore by Dr. Nathaniel Potter, on the subject of the Locust, that object of popular dread, but which, as it appears, is one of the least noxious of living creatures. It is to be regretted that the subject is treated so briefly, because the Locust has been a problem to naturalists which they have never been able to solve satisfactorily, with all the pains which they have yet been able to bestow upon it. The main difficulty, hitherto, in investigating the nature and habits of these insects, has arisen from the length of time elapsing between their successive flights, and the profound obscurity of their abodes in the interim; this seemed to put an air of mystery over them, and when this was added to the name of "locust," the idea was quickly taken up that they were pestilential prognostics as well as positive evils. Circumstances have enabled Dr. Potter to make important observations, and he finds

that the term "locust" does not strictly apply to the insect, as it possesses some properties only in common with the locust of the East, together with some that belong to the grasshopper, and others, which are the most interesting in the economy of the animal, which are peculiar to itself. The insect here noticed, is strictly a native of America; it swarms once in seventeen years, and the successive swarms always migrate to the same places. Of their food the following brief but clear description will inform readers sufficiently. The author says—"They seek nourishment that is always present and ready prepared for the instruments through which they are to receive it. *The exhalation from vegetable barks* forms their entire subsistence. * * * The Antennæ are bristle shaped, standing between the eyes and the rostrum or beak which furnishes the avenue through which the nourishment is conveyed. It is in this sense only that the locust can be said to have a mouth. There are *three exquisitely fine hairs* appended to the extreme points, by which, through highly magnifying power, we see them distinctly feeding on the dewy exhalation of vegetable barks. * * * The exquisite tenuity of the exhalation from these is such, that the imagination can scarcely paint, and never could dream of without the finest (magnifying) glasses." From all this it is evident that the insect is altogether harmless to vegetation.

Dr. Potter closes his interesting pamphlet with the following remarks:—

"We must devote a few words to popular credulity, which has circulated so many marvellous and idle tales of the venomous character of this poor, defenceless insect. The very organism of the locust refutes them all. It has no jaws, teeth, sting, or any other instrument by which it can injure or annoy the most diminutive insect—no weapon, offensive or defensive. It cannot defend itself against an ant or a fly."—*N. Y. Albion.*

CUNNING OF BIRDS.—When the swallows and other small birds are congregated for their annual emigration, the instant a hawk makes its appearance they troop after him, apparently exposing themselves to unnecessary danger,—but, in reality, with the design of perplexing and distracting *their enemy by their numbers: their perpetual changes of direction, and their uniform endeavours to rise above him, prove this to be the case.* Indeed, he is usually in such cases completely out-manœuvred and baffled, being unable to fix upon a single victim, and after exerting all his address, he is often compelled to relinquish the pursuit.

Birds have amazing power of musical expression—as the lark, the canary bird, the nightingale, and the American mocking-bird or thrush. The pewit or lapwing of England yields musical tones, through the percussion of the air by its wings in flight, and when it stoops near the

ground, in its circling course through the air, as it approaches the observer, a sound may be observed resembling the distant tone of the French horn, entirely distinct from the dyssyllabic scream from which it derives its provincial name. A perforation in the lower mandible of the birds of sweetest song, and the aid perhaps of air passages along the bones of the wing, and the tubes set in them, like a shepherd's reed of oaten straw or pipe of Pan, may account for the singular variety, melody, regular scale of sound, and untiring performance of some. Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming" has a note relating to our favourite bird of song—the mocking-bird—in which he ascribes to it greater powers as a vocalist than the nightingale—the sweet Philomel proverbial for its compass, tone, and flexibility of voice. Its power of imitation is amazing.

BIRDS.—Don't allow your boys, or your neighbours' boys, or any biped who calls himself a man, to be strolling about your fields or orchards with a gup, popping away at the beautiful little birds that are such effectual aids in exterminating or checking the evils that commit such depredations on the farmers. These little birds are the farmers' best friends. True they occasionally take as a reward for their labour some of the fruit or seed they have been so active in preserving, but this is no more than equal and exact justice. The person who could dispense with the early carol of the song sparrow, the merry song of the bobolink, or the sweet notes of the brown thrush, may possibly be an honest man, but he has no ear for the melodies of nature.—*Cultivator.*

ROOKS.—In "A Familiar History of Birds," a most amusing and instructive work by the Bishop of Norwich, the following passage occurs:—"As some persons may wish to establish a rookery in their own immediate neighbourhood, it has been said that by looking out for a magpie's nest near the wished-for spot, and exchanging her eggs for those of a rook, the desirable point may be accomplished, the young rooks having no other associations than those of the tree in which they were bred, and being sure of a harsh reception should they venture to join a neighbouring rookery in which they have no family connexions. The two or three pairs thus located would form the nucleus of a future rookery, and some idea may be formed of the ratio in which these birds increase from an instance mentioned in the same chapter from which is taken the foregoing extract."

TO DRIVE AWAY RATS.—Boil a strong decoction of tobacco, and pour it hot on the places where they are at work. The rats will not eat wood saturated with tobacco juice.

Miscellaneous.

From an Oration before the American Institute, by Rev. Mr. Choule.

GARDENS, &c.

How many places do we know that are almost without gardens, and quite without flowers. It is the part of wisdom to make our habitations the home of as many joys and pleasures as possible, and there ought to be a thousand sweet attractions in and around the sacred spots we call our homes.

This feeling is perfectly philosophical. The fragrance of the rose that is plucked at the door of the cottage, is sweeter in odour to the poor man, who has assiduously reared it there amid difficulties and discouragements, than if it were culled from the "parterre" of the palace; and the root which he has dug from his own little garden is more grateful to his palate than if it were the purchased product of unknown hands; and this argument, if it be true when applied to individuals, is equally true on the broad principle of nations.

O, we greatly need something more of the sweet and beautiful about our homes and cottages, that shall make childhood, youth and age all cry out, "There is no place like home." In your summer rambles away from the hot city, you go to the farm-houses of this and other States; now just think how differently memory calls up the various houses at which you have sojourned. You can think of spots like paradise, and there are others that you recollect, and *there* are only the capabilities for improvement and fine opportunities for the hand of industry and good taste. How well we recall to mind the pretty white cottage, the deep green blinds, the painted trellis, the climbing shrub, the neat garden fence, the sweetly scented flowers, the entire air of comfort, and how we long to enjoy the bliss of quietness and repose.

I believe a garden spot exerts a salutary influence, not only in early life, but in the advanced periods of human existence. "O, how much sweeter it is to me," said Madame De Genlis, "to recall to my mind the walks and sports of my childhood, than the pomp and splendour of the places I have since inhabited. All these courts, once so splendid and brilliant, are now faded; the projects which were then built with so much confidence are become chimeras. The impenetrable future has cheated alike the security of princes and the ambition of courtiers. Versailles is dropping into ruins. I should look in vain for the vestiges of the feeble-grandeur

I once admired; but I should find the banks of the Loire as smiling as ever, the meadows of St. Aubyn as full of violets and lilies of the valley, and its trees loftier and fairer. There are no vicissitudes for the eternal beauties of nature; and while, amid blood-stained revolutions, palaces, columns, statues, disappear, the simple flowers of nature, regardless of the storm, grow into beauty, and multiply for ever!"

Hannah More felicitated herself through life on her attachment to the garden, and declared to an American friend, that in her eighty-third year the love of flowers was the only natural passion left to her which had lost none of its force.

The manufacturing classes in England and Scotland, especially in Staffordshire and Lancashire, and the vicinity of Paisley, are enthusiastic florists, and derive much enjoyment from their gardening societies; they regard gardening as a relaxation. It is not underserving of a notice on this occasion, that a mechanic who labours daily in our city, has a garden in Williamsburgh, where he can show a finer collection of flowers than is possessed by most rich men, and his dahlias are now adorning our agricultural room at the Garden.

"Flowers are most innocently simple, and most superbly complex—playthings for childhood, ornaments of the grave, and companions of the cold corpse! Flowers, beloved by the wandering idiot, and studied by the deep thinking man of science! Flowers, that unceasingly expand to heaven their grateful, and to man their cheerful looks—partners of human joy, soothers of human sorrow; fit emblem of the victor's triumph, of the young bride's blushes; welcome to the crowded halls, and graceful upon solitary graves? Flowers are, in the volume of nature, what the expression 'God is love' is in revelation. One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. They are the emblems and manifestations of God's love to the creation; and they are the means and the ministration of man's love to his fellow creatures, for they awaken in his mind a sense of the beautiful and the good. The very inutility of flowers is their excellence and great beauty, for they lead us to thoughts of generosity and moral beauty, detached from and superior to selfishness: so that they are pretty lessons in nature's book of instruction, teaching man that he liveth not by bread alone, but that he hath another than animal life."

FARMERS.

From Howitt's Rural Life.

There is no class of men, if times are but tolerably good, that enjoy themselves so highly as farmers—they are little kings. Their concerns are not huddled up into a corner as those of the town tradesmen are. In town, many a man who turns thousands per week is hemmed in close by buildings, and cuts no figure at all. A narrow shop, a contracted warehouse, without an inch of room to turn him on any hand, without a yard, stable, or outhouse of any description, perhaps hoisted aloft, up three or four pairs of dirty stairs, is all the room that the wealthy tradesman can often bless himself with,—and there, day after day, month after month, year after year, he is to be found, like a bat in the hole of a wall, or a toad in the heart of a stone or of an old oak tree. Spring, and summer, and autumn go round; sunshine and flowers spread over the world; the sweetest breezes blow, the sweetest waters murmur along the vales, but they are all lost upon him—he is the doleful prisoner of Mammon, and so he lives and dies. The farmer would not take the wealth of the world on such terms. His concerns, however small, spread themselves out in a pleasant amplitude both to his eye and heart. His house stands in its own spacious solitude; his offices and outhouses stand round extensively without any stubborn or limiting contraction; his acres stretch over hill and dale; there his flocks and herds are feeding; there his labourers are toiling—he is king and sole commander there. He lives among the purest air and the most delicious quiet. Often, when I see those healthy, hardy, full grown sons of the soil going out of town, I envy them the freshness and the repose of the spots to which they are going. Ample, old fashioned kitchens, with their chimney corners of the true, projecting, beamed and seated construction, still remaining; blazing fires in winter, shining on suspended hams and fitches; cool, shady parlours in summer, with open windows, and odours from garden and shrubbery blowing in; gardens wet with purest dews, and humming at noontide with bees; and green fields and verdurous trees, or deep woodlands lying all around, where a hundred rejoicing voices of birds or other creatures are heard, and winds blow to and fro, full of health and life-enjoyment. How enviable do such places seem to the fretted spirits of town, who are compelled not only to bear their burdens of cares, but to enter daily into the public strife against selfish evil and ever spreading corruption. When one calls to mind the simple abundance of farm houses, their rich cream and milk, and bread grown upon their own lands,—their fruits, ripe, and fresh, plucked from the sunny wall, or the garden bed, or the pleasant old orchard; when one casts an eye upon, or calls to one's mind the aspect of those houses, many of them so antiquely picturesque, or so bright looking and comfortable, in deep retired valleys, by beautiful streams

or among fragrant woodlands, one cannot help saying with King James of Scotland, when he met Johnny Armstrong,

"What want these folk that a king should have?"

AN INCIDENT.

While travelling between Erie and Dunkirk, early in the spring, a little circumstance occurred worth mentioning. It may tend to make some unquiet spirit feel content with the lot which Providence has ordered him. It was a cloudy, cold afternoon, while we were making but slow headway, that we overtook a weary-looking man, (followed by a little boy of some ten years old,) drawing a small waggon which contained some few articles of clothing and provision; and a little girl of some four or five years of age. It was a novel sight, and one calculated to make a discontented stage coach passenger believe that there were many worse situations in the world than his own.

The lady passengers were moved to pity for the little creatures, thus rudely commencing life, and by their solicitations, the driver stopped to question the travellers. On enquiry, we were told that they had travelled, as we saw them, from Monroe, in Michigan—a distance of some *three hundred miles*—and were proceeding to Montreal! No word of complaint was heard from either of the family, but there was a quiet look of melancholy seated upon the countenances of the poor children, which would have moved the sympathy of a Shylock. At the suggestion of one of the ladies, the two children were taken into the stage, for the purpose of carrying them on to the next town, where they would be overtaken by their father. The change afforded infinite pleasure to the children,—and while thus journeying, it would have been difficult to have found two happier little beings.

It was nearly dark when the children were separated from their parent; and after travelling at the rate of about three miles an hour for two or three hours, we reached the village where it was proposed to leave the children—not dreaming that their father would be along before midnight. But lo! he was at the tavern door as soon as the stage, having dragged his hand cart as fast as the stage travelled! Such an exhibition of hardihood and perseverance excited the compassion of the passengers, and he also, was taken up, and his travelling carriage lashed on to the back of the stage. It would be impossible to describe the gratitude which the honest fellow expressed, in his broken English, at this mark of kindness, nor the pleasure which the passengers felt at having, so cheaply, contributed to the temporary comfort of an interesting family, which had passed through so many hardships.

After reaching Buffalo, the family passed on their way to Montreal—the father drawing his little daughter as before—quite as happy, apparently, as those provided with greater comforts. Long ere this, he has no doubt reached his new home, where he must have succeeded in accumulating

all the necessary comforts of life, because it would be impossible to keep always at the bottom of the hill a man of so much paternal affection and perseverance.—*Rochester Democrat.*

LORD ROSSE'S GIGANTIC TELESCOPE.—A number of scientific gentlemen, from many parts of the kingdom, assembled at the Castle, Parsonstown, last week, to witness the casting of the speculum for the magnificent telescope now constructing by the Earl of Rosse, (a nobleman better known in the annals of science as Lord Oxmantown,) the dimensions of which are superior to anything of the kind on record. Among the gentlemen connected with science, and who came to inspect the casting, were Major General Sir J. Burgoyne, R. E., Dr. Robinson, of Armagh, Professors M'Cullagh and Lloyd. The weight of this wonderful speculum is three tons, its diameter six feet, and its thickness five feet. The proportion in which the metals were mixed is 126 of copper to 58 parts of tin. There were three furnaces in requisition, each of which contained a crucible, holding a ton of metal. The entire mass being cast in a few seconds, being allowed a little time to cool, was then conveyed by machinery into a heated oven, rendered completely air-tight, where his Lordship intends it shall remain for two months. Everything went on most successfully in the casting,—and when this majestic telescope is finished, many lovers of science from the continent will visit the town of Birr, for the purpose of inspecting such a vast scientific work.—*Ir. pa.*

CENTRIFUGAL RAILWAY.—This curious exhibition, now open at the Liver Theatre, has attracted the attention of a number of our townsmen, and is well deserving of a visit. It consists of two inclined planes, of about 100 feet in length each, and a vertical circle of forty feet diameter; round which a carriage revolves at the rate of 100 miles an hour. The starting point is at the back of the gallery, and the car, in moving down the first incline, acquires sufficient momentum to cause it to revolve round the vertical circle, incoming down which sufficient momentum is again acquired to propel the car up the second incline, which runs up to the back of the stage, the circle being near the bottom of the pit. First a 56lb. weight is placed in the car, then a 56lb. weight and a bucket of water. A man also travels along the line, and, finally, a female takes a seat in the car, and passes along the railway in perfect safety. It may be as well to remark that, from its being necessary that the car should always start from a point higher than that at which it rests on a level road, of course this kind of railway can be of little or no practical utility; and in fact, unless there is a continued decline in the road, even were all other matters applicable, there is little probability of this being more than a mere mechanical curiosity, illustrative of the principle of centrifugal force—but as such, it is worthy of a visit from the curious.—*Liv. paper.*

From the Novascotian.
 "LONGINGS AFTER" SPRING.

I.

I long for Spring—enchanting Spring—
 Her sunshine and soft airs—
 That bless the fevered brow and bring
 Sweet thoughts to soothe our cares.
 I long for all her dear delights—
 Her bright-green forest bowers;
 Her world of cheerful sounds and sights—
 Her song-birds and her flowers.

II.

I feel for every human thing
 I hoard all human ties;
 Yet these too oft grow strange and wring
 Wild tears from loving eyes.
 But Nature, who hath charms supreme
 Throughout her varied range,
 Inspires me with a placid dream
 Unfalsified by change.

III.

These grant me oft a joy denied
 By every human tie,
 And make amends for heartless pride
 And cold aversion's eye.
 These yield the soul whose native mood
 Is governed by their own,
 A spell ecstatic yet subdued—
 A high and truthful tone.

IV.

E'en while the brumal King maintains
 His reign of dearth and gloom,
 How much of solid good remains
 To mitigate his doom.
 Sweet then to taste our well-earned cheer
 When Day's dull toil is o'er,
 And sit among our own and hear
 The elemental roar.

V.

Then, when the snow drifts o'er the moor
 And drowns the traveller's cry,
 The charities of poor to poor
 Go sweetly up on high.
 Then, while the mighty winds accord
 With Mind's eternal Lyre,
 Our trembling hearts confess the Lord,
 Who touched our lips with fire.

VI.

Yet give me Spring—inspiring Spring,
 The season of our trust,
 That comes like heavenly Hope to bring
 New life to slumbering dust.
 Restore, from Winter's stormy shocks—
 The singing of the birds—
 The bleating of the yeaned flocks—
 The lowing of the herds.

VII.

I long to see the ice give way,
 The streams begin to flow,
 And some benignant vernal day
 Disperse the latest snow.
 I long to see you lake resume
 Its breeze-kissed azure crest,
 And hear the lonely wild-fowl boom
 Along its moon-lit breast.

X.

The robin has returned again,
 And rests his wearied wing,
 But makes no music in the glen
 Where he was wont to sing.
 The blackbird chaunts no jocund strain—
 The tiny wild-wood throng
 Still of the searching blast complain,
 But wake no joyful song.

XI.

The ploughman cheering on his team
 At morning's golden prime—
 The milk-maid singing of her dream
 At tranquil evening-time,—
 The shrill frog piping from the pool—
 The swallow's twittering cry—
 The teacher's pleasant walk from school
 Require a kinder sky.

XII.

I long to see the grass spring up—
 The first green corn appear—
 The violet ope its azure cup
 And shed its glistening tear.
 My cheek is wan with stern disease,
 My soul oppressed with care;
 And, anxious for a moment's ease,
 I sigh for sun and air.

XIII.

O Month of many smiles and tears,
 Return with those bright flowers
 That come, like light from astral spheres,
 To glad Acadia's bowers!
 Young children go not forth to play—
 Life hath no voice of glee,
 Till thy sweet smiles, O genial May!
 Bring back the murmuring bee.

April, 1842.

J. McP.

 THE LAST OF SEVEN.

BY R. A. WILMOTT.

Oh, be not angry, chide her not,
 Although the child has err'd;
 Nor bring the tears into her eyes
 By one ungentle word.

When that sweet linnet sung, before
 Our summer roses died,
 A sister's arm was round her neck,
 A brother at her side.

But now in grief she walks alone,
 By ev'ry flowery bed;
 That sister's clasping arm is cold—
 That brother's voice is fled.

And when she sits beside my knee,
 With face so pale and meek,
 And eyes bent o'er her book, I see
 The tears upon her cheek.

Then chide her not; but whisper now,
 "Thy trespass is forgiven;"
 How canst thou frown in that pale face?—
 She is the last of seven.

From the Novascotian.
ODE ON HOME.

Dear native soil, where once my feet
Were wont thy flowery paths to roam,
And where my heart would joyful beat,
From foreign climes restored to home.
Ah, shall I e'er behold thee more,
And cheer again a parent's eye,
A wanderer from thy blissful shore,
Thro' many troubles doom'd to sigh.

Or shall I, pensive and forlorn,
Of penury be yet the prey,
Long from thy grateful bosom torn,
Without a friend to guide my way,
Hard is the hapl wanderer's fate,
Tho' blest with magic power of song,
Successive toils his steps await,
Unheeded by the worldly throng.

Halifax, May, 1842.

SARNIA—CANADA.

The village was commenced in 1834; it contains a saw-mill, in good operation, three stores, with extensive stocks, kept by tee-totallers, who have never sold any liquor in the place, one store, that sold the article, but has abandoned the business, one grocery and liquor establishment, two innkeepers, one baker, one large tannery, with which is connected a shoe shop, two or three shoe shops, and three extensive tailors' shops; the latter and the shoe shops are all kept by tee-totallers; the clothing trade is sustained by the Americans, upon whom, in fact, much of our commercial business depends; we have two blacksmiths, a wheelwright and two carpenters' shops, six carpenters, four of whom are tee-totallers—but, to give you an idea of that society at once, we have in the village and township four-fifths of the whole population temperance men, and to this I attribute the prosperity which has attended both. The settlers of the township of Sarnia and Plymouth have a library of over five hundred volumes of books, in a log-house in the woods. In the village we have a Methodist chapel, a frame-building, and a Presbyterian church, built this last summer, thirty-eight by fifty-two feet, finished in a neat style, the ceiling arched, the top of the pews black walnut, and the whole pulpit and stairs [one of the neatest in the country] of black walnut: this church has been once preached in. There are two steam-boats regularly to Detroit, and at some times this season we had three.

There is nothing makes a man to suspect much more than to know little.—*Lord Bacon.*

From Grey's Discoveries in Australia.
ENTRANCE TO THE RIVERS OF NORTH-
WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

Sunrise offered a very beautiful spectacle: the water was quite unruffled, but the motion communicated by the tides was so great, that although there was not a breath of air stirring, the sea heaved slowly with a grand and majestic motion. On two sides the view was bounded by lofty cliffs, from three to four hundred feet high, lightly wooded at their summits, and broken by wide openings, into which ran arms of the sea, forming gloomy channels of communication with the interior country; whilst on each side of their entrances the huge cliffs rose like the pillars of some gigantic portals.

II. In general the openings to these rivers from the sea are very narrow, forming gorges which terminate in extensive basins, some fifteen or twenty miles inland: the levels of these reservoirs are subject to be raised thirty-seven feet by every tide through their funnel-like entrance; along which the waters consequently pour with a velocity of which it is difficult to form any adequate idea. By such a tide we were swept along as we entered this river by its southern mouth.

On each side of us rose lofty red sandstone cliffs; sometimes quite precipitous, sometimes from ancient land-slips, shelving gradually down to the water, and at these points covered with a dense Tropical vegetation.

VEGETATION OF A RAVINE.

We here quitted the boat to enter a deep and picturesque ravine, of which the mean breadth was only one hundred and forty-seven feet, bounded on each side by perpendicular cliffs from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high: in the centre ran a clear stream, sometimes forming deep and extensive pools, sometimes divided into innumerable little rills, which gurgled along through a dense and matted vegetation; and bordered on each side of the main bed by a lofty species of Eucalyptus, with a bark resembling layers of coarse white paper and a foliage pendant and graceful; whilst the great height of these trees, for they raised their heads above the cliffs, contrasted strangely with the narrowness of the ravine in which they grew. The space between these trees and the cliffs was filled by a dense forest, principally composed of the Pandanus and wild nutmeg-trees. Rich grasses and climbing plants occupied the interval and twined around the trees, whilst parrakeets of the most vivid colours filled the wood with their cries. Nothing

could be more striking than this singular and novel scene; and we were all delighted as we wound our way up the beautiful ravine.

GEOLOGICAL WONDERS.

We here remarked a very curious circumstance. Several acres of land on this elevated position were nearly covered with lofty isolated sandstone pillars of the most grotesque and fantastic shapes, from which the imagination might easily have pictured to itself forms equally singular and amusing. In one place was a regular unroofed aisle, with a row of massive pillars on each side; and in another there stood upon a pedestal what appeared to be the legs of an ancient statue, from which the body had been knocked away.

Some of these time-worn columns were covered with sweet smelling creepers; while their bases concealed by a dense vegetation, which added much to their very singular appearance. The height of two or three which I measured was upwards of forty feet; and as the tops of all of them were nearly upon the same level, that of the surrounding country must at one period have been as high as their present summits, probably much higher.

From the top of one of these pillars I surveyed the surrounding country, and saw on every side proofs of the same extensive degradation; so extensive, that I found it very difficult to account for: but the gurgling of water, which I heard beneath me, soon put an end to the state of perplexity in which I was involved, for I ascertained that streams were running in the earth beneath my feet; and on descending and creeping into a fissure in the rocks, I found beneath the surface a cavern precisely resembling the remains that existed above ground, only that this was roofed, whilst through it ran a small stream which in the rainy season must become a perfect torrent. It was now evident to me that ere many years had elapsed the roof would give way, and what were now the buttresses of dark and gloomy caverns would emerge into day, and become columnar clad in green, and resplendent in the bright sunshine. In this state they would gradually waste away beneath the influence of atmospheric causes; and the material being then carried down by the streams through a series of caverns resembling those of which they once formed a portion, would be swept out into the ocean and deposited on sand-banks, to be raised again, at some remote epoch, a new continent, built up with the ruins of an ancient world.

I subsequently, during the season of the heavy rains, remarked the usual character of the mountain-streams to be, that they rose at the foot of some little elevation, which stood upon a lofty table-land composed of sandstone, then flowed in a sandy bed for a short distance, and afterwards mysteriously sank in the cracks and crevices made in the rock from atmospheric influences, and did not again reappear until they had reached the foot of the precipice which terminated the table-land whence they sprang: here they came foaming out in a rapid stream, which had undoubtedly worked strange havoc in the porous sandstone rocks among which it held its subterranean course.

What the amount of sand annually carried down from the North-western portion of Australia into the ocean may be, we have no means whatever of ascertaining; that it is sufficient to form beds of sand of very great magnitude, is attested by the existence of numerous and extensive sand-banks all along the coast. One single heavy Tropical shower of only a few hours duration washed down, over a plot of ground which was planted with barley, a bed of sand nearly five inches deep, which the succeeding showers again swept off, carrying it further upon its way towards the sea.

A WOUNDED EXPLORER'S REFLECTIONS.

I still pushed on until we were within two miles of the tent; when, as I tried to cross a stream, I strained my wounded hip severely, just reached the opposite shore, and fell, utterly unable to rise again. Coles, with his usual courage and devotion to me, volunteered to go on alone to the party, and send assistance. I desired Coles to say that a tent, stores, the surgeon, and two men, were to be sent to me, for that I was not well enough to be moved.

The water of the stream revived me considerably. My wound, however, was very painful; and the interim between Corporal Coles leaving me, and assistance arriving from the tent, was spent in meditations naturally arising from my present circumstances. I sat upon the rocky edge of a clear, cool brook, supported by a small tree. The sun shone out brightly; the dark forest was alive with birds and insects; on such scenery I had loved to meditate when a boy; and now how changed I was—wounded, fatigued, wandering in an unknown land, and in momentary expectation of being attacked. The loveliness of nature was around me, the sun rejoicing in his cloudless career, the birds were

filling the woods with their songs, and my friends far away and unapprehensive of my condition, whilst I felt that I was dying there.

And in this way very many explorers yearly die. One poor youth, my own friend and companion, has thus fallen since the circumstances above described took place; others have, to my knowledge, lately perished in a similar way. A strange sun shines upon their lonely graves; the foot of the wild man yet roams over them; but let us hope, when civilization has spread so far, that their graves will be sacred spots, that the future settlers will sometimes shed a tear over the remains of the first explorer, and tell their children how much they are indebted to the enthusiasm, perseverance, and courage of him who lies buried there.

Correspondence.

For the Visitor.

COUNSELS.

1

My fellow-man! whate'er thy name—
Blest with a low or lofty lot,—
Content—or struggling on to fame—
Or young, or old—it matters not:
Thou art my brother—and I feel,
Oh! deeply, for thy spirit's woe!

2

Shun sinful Pleasure! Though she seem
That which the erring heart desires,
She will not realize thy dream—
She is not what thy soul requires:
She dims the mid-day sun, and brings
Deep night and death beneath her wings.

3

The Syren has a thousand smiles
To win her thoughtless victim's trust,—
A thousand bland yet specious wiles
To hide her heart of rank disgust;
Beware—whoe'er thou art—beware;—
Each soft allurements hides a snare.

4

If thou hast touched—abjure—the bowl,—
If thou hast not—rejoice with me;
Preserve the beauty of thy soul,
And as thou art—continue—free.
When tempted supplicate the sky;
God sees thee—God is ever nigh.

5

Our human strength is weakness,—we
May fall when seemingly secure;
But tried and trembling dust may flee
To one whose aid is always sure.
Vainglory hath its own reward;
Look thou for succour to the Lord.

6

Be steadfast. Duty's path is plain,—
The simplest need not err therein;
Put on no self-enslaving chain,
Make no companionship with sin:
Hope—miles not—peace is never found—
Joy springs not—but on sacred ground.

April, 1842.

J. McP.

For the Visitor.

BLESSINGS FLOWING FROM TEMPERANCE.

Ye lovers of mankind,
Your hearts and voices raise,
And in one spirit join'd,
Present a song of praise—
To Him who, spite of all its foes,
Has own'd and blest the Temperance Cause.

The drunkard is reclaim'd,
And in his proper mind,—
The turbulent are tamed,
And peaceably inclined,—
And fell disease, with open jaws,
Has yielded to the Temp'rance Cause.

The children of the cot,
Who lately wanted bread,
And partner of the sot,
Are now well clothed and fed,—
While from their dwelling want withdraws,
And plenty crowns the Temperance cause.

Nor is it thus alone,
We its effects should trace,
No—higher joys are known—
The joys of Gospel grace,
By many a soul, whose heart o'erflows
With blessings on the Temperance Cause.

Halifax, May, 1842.

H—

GAY'S RIVER TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Gay's River Temperance Society, held in the Meeting House, on Wednesday, 25th May, the following resolutions were moved, seconded, and unanimously passed:

That the Medal adopted by the late Temperance Convention in Halifax, for the country societies, be adopted by this Society.

That every male member, above the age of 21 years, shall pay into the hands of the Treasurer, yearly, the sum of fifteen pence; and every male member, between the ages of 16 and 21, the sum of sevenpence-halfpenny yearly—the first payment to be made on the first of September next; a fund being required to assist the Temperance Mission and to defray necessary expenses; the non-compliance of any member to said resolution not to exclude him from the society.

That a Temperance Festival be held one day in each year; the committee to receive

voluntary subscriptions for said purpose, either in cash or produce, and to act as a committee of management, to choose a day for the present year, &c. Persons, not belonging to the society, by subscription to the rules on or before the day appointed, to be admitted,—and a general invitation to be given to females, gratuitously.

That the next meeting of the society take place on the third Monday of July.

Moved by Joseph Browner, seconded by Rev. Mr. Christie, and unanimously passed—That the thanks of this society are due, and be now given, to the Rev. Mr. McDonald, one of the Temperance Missionaries for the forming of this society,—and likewise to Mr. E. W. Young, the Corresponding Secretary of the Halifax Temperance Society, for his kind answer to our letter, and for the trouble he has taken to forward the views of this society as expressed in said letter, and for his promise of future endeavours to carry out our views, if required.

JOSEPH BROWNER, Sec'y.

At the last meeting, May 25th, Mr. Joseph Browner, in compliance with a vote of the Society, delivered the following

ADDRESS.

MR. PRESIDENT—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

With heartfelt gratification, I beg leave again to address you on the all important cause in which we have embarked, and particularly so, as the discussions on the subject of Temperance are not prohibited by either religious or political bias. Temperance Societies are based upon endeavouring, by precept and example, to free the whole of the human race from the Alcoholic Plague and its innumerable train of miseries, which have been infesting them for a number of years,—and they are composed of enlightened men, of every religious profession, and of every grade of politics, uniting together in various parts of the world for its accomplishment.

Our humble thanks to the King of Kings be due, for the wonderful change He has so recently made, by dissipating the fatal cloud of intemperance which had so long overshadowed our prospects, and causing the glorious Sun of Temperance to shed its rays into almost every dwelling. The consumption of potent spirits has decreased four-fifths in our neighbourhood since the society's formation. Persons who were supposed as past reclaimable, are fast becoming good members of society; they can now be observed in the church's sabbath worship; it can be perceived in their countenances that a salutary change

has taken place; and I, for one, am not afraid of their retrograding. Parents, husbands, wives, and children are surprised and thankful for the great and mighty reformation. We have ascended high up the mountain, but the summit is yet in the clouds; our labours must not cease until every man, woman and child in our neighbourhood, above the age of seven years, are enrolled as members of a temperance society. Ignorance as to the evil effects of alcohol can be pleaded by none; its destructive qualities are too well known to the world to cause any sane individual to advocate its use. Let us trace the good already done by temperance societies throughout the world. We are aware that Ireland, that beautiful and fertile country, called by some the garden of the world, has sent forth men of morality, learning, knowledge, ingenuity and courage, second to none in the universe—that country which has been embittered by religious animosities for years, has thrown off the yoke of intemperance which so long galled it, and which was one of the principal causes of its sufferings, and for its moral courage has brought down upon it the respect of the civilized world. Scotland, Wales, and England are taking an active part in the moral struggle. The United States of America have shown the world an exemplary example in the persons of their President and a majority of their senators, who have thrown off their allegiance to the obnoxious stimulant. The Canadas, New Brunswick, Miramichi, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward's Island, have taken a decided stand against the monster Intemperance; and in our own Province, we find a portion of our Legislature already in favour of us, and I hope that our legislative halls may never be tainted by the breath of the poison which causes intemperance. We find St. Mary's Temperance Society, and its branches, proceeding far beyond human expectation. The Halifax Temperance Society, with such members as Judge Marshall, the Attorney General, Rev. Mr. Twining, Beamish Murdoch, Esq., W. M. Brown, and others, with their thrilling eloquence appealing beseechingly to the people, at its meetings, to banish the fatal destroyer. We have agents out in the far country, and along the sea shores, inviting the poor, the halt, and the blind to come in under the Temperance Banner. We have the "Visitor," a cheap and well conducted paper, devoted to Temperance, Education, and Morality, and which all members of the Temperance Societies should take to assist them on in the good work; and here, in our

own little neighbourhood, we have a Minister of the Gospel taking the lead, and prompting us onwards in the heavenly work; we have a Vice President indefatigable in the cause, and a Treasurer and Committee second to none for a determination of spirit to grapple with the monster: and the success of all this exertion, so far, is miraculous. The most learned medical men, throughout the world, have given it as their opinion that alcohol should not be used as a beverage, and that in very few cases indeed is it required as a medicine. Total abstinence, therefore, appears to be the only safeguard to preserve us from its deleterious effects.

We do not read of alcohol being known to the world until about the beginning of the twelfth century, or of its being suggested as a remedy until about the thirteenth century, when it was first sold in Spain in drams from the shelf of the apothecary; nor do we read of distilleries being encouraged in England, Scotland, Ireland, or America till about one hundred and sixty nine years ago; since that time the quantities distilled and consumed have been so great as to destroy millions of our fellow creatures. Many individuals have said that Temperance Societies were good for reclaiming drunkards, but that they could see no necessity for temperate drinkers joining them, not considering that the drunkard was once as temperate as themselves, and that such is the vicious and deceitful nature of alcohol that, although six constitutions out of a hundred who partake of it may be proof against drunkenness, yet the temperate use of poison must shorten the life of man; and it is supposed by some medical practitioners that the appetite for alcohol is handed down in the blood of the temperate drinker to his posterity, and that they may consequently become drunkards. When it has been proved—and even by my own experience—that the human race are healthier and happier without the use of alcohol, and that millions of stronger and perhaps better people than are now in existence, who peopled the world for centuries before the discovery of the cursed distilment, lived without it, no argument, by the assistance of God, shall ever convince me that it ought to be used in any shape. Ignorant zeal cannot be attached to individuals who are determined by every suitable method to rid the world of poison. The mind of the temperate drinker must be blind, if he cannot discover the difference between happiness and misery; it is as perceivable as black is from white. Can any man, in his senses, fan-

cy the bloated, filthy drunkard, with all the concomitant miseries of his vice, happy? Impossible; yet it was temperate drinking that (by introduction) made him a drunkard—that reduced him from riches to poverty—and progressively caused him to neglect his wife and family—to despise his home, forsake his God, and to become a pest to society.

Some years ago a temperance movement took place in this Province, and a number of societies were formed. I joined one of them and was chosen as its Secretary. The society to which I belonged was formed by the Rev. Mr. Richey, of the Methodist persuasion, who presided over it during his stay in the Province; he understood the nature of alcohol; his practical knowledge was gained from an observance of its effects on the human race; he found it to be the greatest obstacle he had to contend with in preaching the Gospel; and he firmly advocated the total abstinence pledge as the only safety. I was afterwards presided over by the Rev. M. Knight, of the same persuasion, and he was of the same opinion. The partial pledge, however, was the only one subscribed to, and the result was that in less than three years the society was broken up.

I must conclude this address by calling on all, who have not yet joined us, to come forward and oppose the progress of so direful an enemy to the human race as Intemperance—that monster which steals the senses of mankind and makes them sinks of iniquity which breaks the heart of the tender parent, destroys the peace of the lovely wife, and causes destitution yearly to thousands of sweet babes—that which is an enemy to religion in every shape—a disregarder of every good, and fits the soul only for misery.

Come, parents, come,

And join our glorious cause,

Encourage not the monster Alcohol,

That mocker of our Maker's holy laws,

And destroyer of the immortal soul;

Oh! keep your children from the monster's claws,

Pure religion will their minds controul,

Come sign the pledge, so that your children may

Have cause to bless you till their dying day—

Come, Parents, come.

Come, Brothers, come,

Desert the drunkard's path,

Banish the fearful poison from your hands,

Fear not the power of the devil's wrath,

Jehovah's power is great—He firmly stands

By those who travel in his pleasant path;

The world must cease its course, if He commands.

Then care for Him, who life can take and give,

Come sign the pledge, if you would happy live—

Come, Brothers, come,

Come, Sisters, come,

Come to our help, we pray;

Oh! can you for a moment hesitate?

Think of the drunkard's wife—without a ray

Of hope; a tale of woe she could relate—

Of sufferings that would the heart dismay:

Oh! guard against her miserable fate.

You may bring to the fold some far-strayed sheep,

That's been allured into intemperance deep—

Come, Sisters, come.

Mahone Bay, May 3, 1842.

DEAR SIR—

Although I have not much to communicate, having occupied as yet only two points of my intended tour, Lunenburg and this place, I feel it my duty, nevertheless, to drop you a line, knowing that yourself and my friends will be pleased to hear of my proceedings. * * * Knowing the cause to be good, I was resolved, in compliance with your benevolent wishes, to give, to the utmost of my power, a full and fair trial to the county of Lunenburg,—and to call to my assistance the temperate of all ranks, to unite in putting down a vice most offensive to God and ruinous to man. The very difficulties which present themselves should stimulate the friends of the people to bold but prudent exertions. * * * I shall, by God's help, do what I can, although it is but little, to arouse the energies of the pious and temperate, and cheer them on in the hope, even against hope, of success.

When I arrived in Lunenburg, I communicated the object of my visit to the Ministers of the town, and had personal communications with each of them. I conversed on the subject, also, with others to whom I had access, I need not inform you that there is a Temperance Society in Lunenburg. This society has been useful, and will, I trust, become more so. The Rev. Mr. Cochran, who is the President, politely called on and invited me to lecture at their regular monthly meeting. The meeting was well attended,—and many, as I afterwards heard, were both pleased and profited by the lecture. Some said they could have sat with pleasure all night. Fourteen joined the society: a small number in itself, but a large one under the circumstances. I intend, please God, to pay them another visit.

I reached this beautiful Bay last Thursday—what a pity it is that its moral beauties are not equal to its natural ones—and immediately announced my purpose of lecturing on temperance, to as many as were disposed to attend on the following evening. I attended at the time appointed, expecting but few hearers; but as I had three or four with me, I knew I should be better off than the Dean who had only his beloved clerk. But I was pleasingly disappointed. I think if those present were placed in the little Baptist Chapel, it would be called nearly a full house,—and they behaved with a good deal of propriety on the occasion, and the address evidently made

a strong impression on some of their minds—others went to the tavern from the meeting. I resolved at once to try to form a society for Mahone Bay, on the next Monday evening, and to have it announced in both places of worship on Sunday. It was published accordingly, in the forenoon, by the Rev. Mr. Avery, and in the afternoon by the Rev. Mr. Fraser. I requested Mr. Fraser, who had warmly entered into my views, to give me his assistance on Monday evening, but his engagements prevented. He, however, delivered from the pulpit a very useful address on the subject of Temperance, and advised the people to attend and join. As I was resolved to leave no means of success untried, I wrote to the Rev. Mr. Cochran, who is truly zealous in the cause, soliciting his assistance,—and he kindly replied by note that he would do so. So far I had done all I could, and I anxiously awaited the event. It rained so heavily on Monday morning, that I had but little hope of holding any meeting,—the weather, however, cleared up in the afternoon, and Mr. Cochran was enabled to join me. Again the audience was large, and, with the exception of one or two trifling interruptions, exceedingly attentive. We both entered largely into the subject, and dealt plainly and honestly with the people. After the addresses, on motion, it was resolved to form a society, to be called the Mahone Bay Temperance Society—the Rev. Mr. Cochran, President. The people were then invited to give in their names; thirty did so: a small number again, but large under all the circumstances. The point of the wedge is entered, and we trust that here also the knotty block will be rived asunder. The impulse is given, and I have heard to-day of more who intend to join when I come again. I trust and hope that this humble beginning will be productive of much good to the inhabitants of this fine Bay. I intend to proceed next to Bridgewater, then to the settlements down the River Lahave and to New Dublin, Petit River, and Broad Cove, and then back to Lunenburg and Mahone Bay. But circumstances may affect this route. One thing I may observe, that I must not think of passing rapidly from place to place. Several days must be given to each place. But I shall use my best judgment.

I hope this little news will be agreeable to the Society. They know well, that if I had better, I would send it. Remember me when you meet.

I remain yours truly,

JAMES KNOWLAN.

Beamish Murdoch, Esq }
Pres. Hal. Tem. Soc. }

Horton, 6th May, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR—

Last week I closed my temperance tour, in which I was engaged upwards of six weeks. During that time I attended the meetings of 37 societies, assisted at the formation of three new

ones, and delivered 38 addresses. In three instances two societies met together. The whole number of members added, during my tour, is 583. I commenced at the lower part of the township of Cornwallis, in this county, and passed up into the county of Annapolis, and through the several towns and principal settlements in that county,—and thence, in like manner, through the several counties of Digby, Yarmouth, Shelburne, and Queens, as far as Liverpool; from which place I returned across the country into the Annapolis main road, by the way of the Brookfield and Caledonia settlements. In the former of these places I delivered a lecture. I visited every society that I could hear of throughout all the townships and places through which I passed, except one society, which other arrangements would not allow me to visit. Several of these societies, especially the most of those in and about the town of Yarmouth, and also some in and near Liverpool, are in a fair and advancing state. Many need an increase of zeal and activity, in order to their more beneficial influence and full triumph. In a few places where I attended meetings, very nearly the whole of the population belonged to the societies, which will explain why a larger number was not added during my tour. The societies in and about the town of Yarmouth, when I went among them, numbered in all nearly 2000; and in Liverpool, and within a few miles of it, the whole number in the four societies, as stated by the respective Secretaries, was upwards of 1500. You may say to Mr. Nugent, who publishes the "Visitor," that judging it to be a valuable auxiliary in the temperance cause, I have earnestly recommended to every society I met, to take several copies of the paper,—and I think that the most, if not all, of them will do so. I hope, therefore, that gentleman will be encouraged to continue the paper. I am to be in Windsor next week, to attend a temperance meeting there, and intend being in Halifax shortly after, when I may inform you of some further and interesting temperance matters which came to my knowledge on my late tour.

Yours truly,

J. G. MARSHALL.

Beamish Murdoch, Esquire. }
Pres't. Hal. Tem. Soc. }

New Germany, May 16th, 1842.

DEAR SIR—

Immediately after I addressed you from Mahone Bay, I set out for Bridgewater, where I spent a few days and lectured two or three times. The meetings exhibited no marked features of interest; six or seven took the pledge. The Secretary, Mr. Harley, an attentive officer, informed me that the Bridgewater Temperance Society was instituted in April, 1834, and has now on its books 329 names. It commenced with the temperance pledge; some time after it admitted members on both pledges, but now admits members

only on the total abstinence pledge, which has been taken by 59 males and 51 females. Formerly the place was as distinguished for intemperance as many other parts of the county, but a happy change for the better has been produced, and drunkenness has almost, if not entirely, disappeared. But if the people are not very vigilant in watching over the morals of their youth, they will soon be corrupted by the sale of liquor in, perhaps, its worst form: a shop licence, lately granted, and that, too, I am assured, although the Grand Jury refused the granting a licence for the place. The people, however, have the remedy in their own hands, if they keep away from the shop. Nevertheless, as the inhabitants did not desire or apply for the grog shop, it would have been quite as well if they had been permitted to go on quietly in their sober and industrious habits.

Until my present visit to this country, I was not aware of the existence of this settlement, (New Germany,) which is comparatively new,—as twelve years ago there were in it only six families, and now there are about seventy. The soil is good, the people generally sober and industrious, and the place thriving, but the road to it is a bad one. Here I addressed the people with great pleasure three evenings running. A society was formed on the principle of Total Abstinence, and fifty took the pledge. The Rev. Mr. Delaney assisted me on the occasion. The people were delighted with my visit, and wished me to remain longer with them, but it was out of my power to comply with their request. In fact, I am moving very slowly, although I do not permit myself to lose a day. We have had snow and rain storms to-day, but the weather is now beginning to clear up. Thank God, I am very well.

I remain yours truly,

JAMES KNOWLAN.

B. Murdoch, Esq.

Cornwallis, May 4th, 1842.

DEAR SIR—

Since my last communication to Mr. Brown, I have visited several places, and have attended some interesting meetings. At Brookfield a society has recently been formed, which promises to do much good. Each person entering the society agrees to pay the annual sum of two shillings and sixpence, towards the agency and the purchase of tracts, &c. At Lower Stewiacke the cause is in a very flourishing state. I received from this society the sum of thirty-one shillings, as part of the sum they intend paying towards the agency.

Had two meetings at Shubenacadie, in the vicinity where I formed the first society, at the commencement of the present mission. This society agree to pay into the funds the sum of three pounds ten shillings for the present season.

The temperance cause in this and the adjoining places has done an incalculable deal of bene-

fit. I have seen several persons who have been reclaimed from a state of degradation; they have become good members of society, and their families are restored to a state of comfort. Indeed the change which has been wrought in these persons, is such as to fully compensate the friends of the institution for their benevolent exertions. At this place (Shubenacadie) my labours close for the present in the interior of the Province,—and, in compliance with the wishes of the Committee, I turn my attention towards the maritime harbours between Halifax and Canse. Although the route will be rough and tedious, I am encouraged to hope for success in this mission of mercy. I understand they have great need of a visit in some of those places. I shall be in Halifax about the first of June,—and about the time the shore traders commence their voyage along the shore, I shall be prepared to proceed on the mission. I did not see the proceedings of the Convention till my return, or I would have brought the subject of raising a fund to carry forward the views of the Halifax Committee, before all the societies. However, I have not the slightest doubt that every one of them will do something in defraying the expenses incurred by the missions. In those places where temperance has proved a saving of hundreds, nay, thousands annually, surely they will see the propriety of contributing a small portion of their savings, in order that others may experience the same blessings.

I know of no way in which the same amount of means could be expended, to produce the same amount of real good to the province. It is a great satisfaction to see, that wherever the subject of temperance has been agitated, in every part of the country, beneficial effects have followed.

Wishing you all prosperity, I remain, dear Sir,
Yours truly,
G. J. McDONALD.

To Beamish Murdoch. Esq.

PICTOU TEMPERANCE UNION, ON SCRIPTURAL PRINCIPLES.

At a meeting held on the 10th day of January, 1842, in Mr. Hogg's School Room, for the purpose of forming a Temperance Union, the Rev. Robert Williamson in the chair,—the meeting being opened with prayer, it was moved, seconded, and unanimously agreed to—

I. That this Union shall be designated "The Pictou Temperance Union, on Scriptural Principles."

II. That this Union recognise, in their Constitution and future operations, the great fundamental principles on which the morality of the Gospel is built, namely, love to God and assimilation to Christ, as our example and pattern.

III. That each meeting of this Union shall be opened and closed with prayer.

IV. That the Pledge, or Engagement, to be signed by persons becoming members of the Union, shall be as follows, namely:—"We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, acknowledging our entire dependence upon the Grace of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, for strength and guidance, and fully recognising the importance and obligation of all the Christian graces, feeling ourselves especially called upon by the great prevalence of the vice of Intemperance, to repress and discourage said vice by every means in our power, do agree and engage to abstain

from the use of all kinds of Ardent and Spirituous Liquors, and not to give such liquors to our friends or to persons in our employment. We will not traffick in such liquors, and will endeavour to persuade others from trafficking in them. And such of us as annex the letters "T. A." to our signatures, do further agree and engage to abstain from Wines, and all Fermented Liquors of an intoxicating nature, as a common beverage."

V. That this Union shall be governed by a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and a Committee of Five,—the office-bearers to be, ex-officio, members of Committee; and all to be chosen by ballot at the annual meeting—five to constitute a quorum.

VI. That any person, male or female, may become a member of this Union by subscribing the Rules on the Secretary's books.

VII. That all persons becoming members of this Union shall be considered as such so long as they adhere to the letter and spirit of the Pledge; but that any member may withdraw upon previously signifying his wish to that effect to the Secretary.

VIII. That the Union shall meet quarterly, namely, on the first Tuesday of March of June, and of September;—holding its Annual Meeting in December on Christmas Day, when that day does not fall on a Sabbath, in which case the meeting to be held on the Monday following.

IX. That at each annual meeting on Christmas Day, a Clergyman shall be requested to preach a Sermon for the furtherance of the object contemplated by the Union—Divine Service to be attended by all the members.

Office Bearers for the present year:—President, Rev. R. Williamson; Vice President, Mr. A. D. Gordon; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Murdoch M'Kenzie. Committee—Messrs. Wm. Ross, Francis Beattie, James Hogg, Alex. M'Kimmie, Daniel Gordon.

The Visitor.

HALIFAX, N. S.
SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1842.

We have omitted (except a very brief summary) the Monthly Record of occurrences, and other editorial notices, to make room for communications of interest, which arrived towards the close of the month.

The steam packet Columbia arrived on Tuesday last. The national measures respecting Finance and Commerce, were making progress, apparently not greatly altered from the original propositions.

A most destructive conflagration had occurred at Hamburg. About 2000 houses of that city, including several churches, and other public buildings, were destroyed. The loss was estimated at about four millions sterling, 150 lives were said to have been lost during the fire. The miseries of the occasion were enhanced by rumours of incendiarianism, and some outrages in consequence. These have proved unfounded. Some persons charged with the crime had been examined, fully exonerated, and thanked as among the most active and efficient in combatting the destructive element. The people left the city in thousands, and dwelt for some days in the open fields. Contributions were making in various parts of Europe towards the relief of the sufferers.

A dreadful scene occurred near Paris. A fete at the Palace of Versailles, attracted many to

that spot. Returning, the modes of conveyance were unusually crowded. A railroad extends from Versailles to Paris. Two engines, drawing several carriages, full of passengers, set off, and proceeded with great speed. The leading engine broke down, the next passed over it, dragging the carriages along, and a dreadful crash ensued. The fire from the furnace was scattered about the road; it communicated to the carriages, which were newly painted, and the wreck became a blazing mass. The passengers were locked in, as is the custom, to prevent accident. The persons in charge of the keys were killed at their posts. This caused a fearful increase to the horrors of the event. Several lives were lost, from 50 to 60 is the estimate; and several were badly wounded. Great exertions were immediately made to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded, and measures were promptly taken to prevent future accident. One of the engineers, an Englishman, lost his life in endeavouring to extricate the passengers. Much excitement prevailed on the subject, and the destruction of the railroad, by the populace, was apprehended at one time.

How true are the admonitions which warn us of the uncertainty of life, which urge preparation, and dictate such a course as will deprive death of its sting. Blessed are they who live in a state of continual watchfulness.

The Halifax Temperance Society's meetings are regularly held on the 1st and 16th days of every month. Sometimes they are very numerous attended; but generally, in the summer months, a large company is not expected. Nevertheless, the officers are punctual in their attendance,—and these smaller meetings assume a social, unreserved aspect, and often prove occasions of as much interest and profit as the larger ones. Officers of Temperance Societies should not be discouraged by a small attendance at meetings, for never did any number of persons meet for the advancement of the temperance cause, but the unfolding of ideas upon the subject, even in an irregular conversation, warmed their hearts and strengthened their zeal. They should act as though they were receiving large emoluments for doing their duty, and go regularly on (as did Dean Swift) even though there be none present but themselves.

A meeting was held in the Old Baptist Chapel on the 16th May—the President, as usual, in the chair. A motion was made by Mr. Chamberlain, "That an address be prepared, in moderate and respectful language, and a copy sent to each of the clergymen in the city who had not yet aided the temperance enterprise, setting forth the great advantages that would result to society generally, by their advocacy of its principles." This being seconded, an amendment was proposed by the Secretary, namely—"That the Committee of the Halifax Temperance Society be requested to consider the subject at their next meeting." Mr.

Chamberlain's amendment being put to the vote, was lost, and the amendment carried—Mr. C. having permission to attend the Committee meeting, and explain his views to that body. The President then received fourteen persons as members of the society, one only of whom took the old temperance pledge.

The Committee met in the Wesleyan School Room on the 27th,—14 members present,—Mr. McNeil in the chair. Resolved unanimously—"That the members of Committee shall each in turn prepare matter of interest to offer at the public meetings, in order that the President may be relieved on those occasions, and a more effectual impulse given to the cause."

Mr. Chamberlain being present, made known to the Committee his wishes respecting the matter he proposed at a late meeting of the society, when after some discussion, it was unanimously resolved—"That a copy of the sixth resolution, passed at the simultaneous meeting, be sent to the several clergymen of the city, and that it be published in the "Visitor." The resolution is as follows—

Resolved.—That in the present advancing and promising aspect of the Temperance cause, the countenance and active co-operation of the Clergy of every denomination in the Province is more than ever to be desired, and is evidently an indispensable requisite to the full development of this beneficial reform; and therefore that while we openly avow our gratitude to the Rev. gentlemen who have already acted in concert with us and promoted our views, we trust that all others will now see that the time has arrived when they can no longer, with propriety, withhold their personal aid from a cause in which the affections of the most pious and virtuous of their flocks are generally engaged, but that they will take the earliest occasions that may offer to enlist themselves as champions and supporters of the Temperance Reform, in order that, by the united efforts of Clergy and Laity, the desired change may be brought about.

On Wednesday evening, 1st June, a meeting was held—the President in the chair. The meeting was addressed by Mr. McNeil, senior member of Committee, who, in compliance with a request from that body, gave some very affecting and interesting details of the events of "by-gone days," showing the worthlessness of all intoxicating beverages,—and the moral, physical, social and domestic advantages, comforts and enjoyments that spring from a life of abstinence. He was followed by the President and others,—and at the close of the meeting four persons took the total abstinence pledge, and one who was before on the old temperance pledge, changed to that of total abstinence.

W. M. BROWN, Sec'y.

THE MONTHLY VISITOR

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