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THE MONTHLY VISITOR.

A Cheap Family Paper,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, MORALITY, &c. &c.

VOL. I.

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NO. 4.

Literature.

TRAVELS.

GREECE AS A KINGDOM, BY MR. STRONG.

Mr. Strong is a banker and agent at Athens, as well as Consul to the Kings of Hanover and Bavaria. He also appears to enjoy the patronage of Otho; for as soon as the Sovereign of Greece was informed of his intention to write a book on the country, he issued an order to all the public offices to assist Mr. Strong "in the prosecution of his object, and allow him to inspect and make copies, notes, or extracts, of whatever documents were to be found in the archives." A statistical description compiled under such auspices was likely to be as full and complete as the original authorities would allow; but the peculiar position of the author was not such as to render him a clear and impartial critic on the subject of his book.

And this is the character of "Greece as a Kingdom." The statistics, both tabular and explanatory, are elaborate; whether they relate to general questions—as the population, the area of the country, the extent of cultivation, the nature of the soil and climate, and the leading particulars connected with agriculture, manufactures, commerce, navigation, the arts; or to matters more immediately connected with the state—as the finances, the army, the navy, justice, religion, and public education; whilst chapters devoted to Government and the Court give a view of the royal household, and the different official personages, as well as of the state of affairs previous to the arrival of the King, and an account of the constitution, such as it is.

On all these topics Mr. Strong's book may be advantageously consulted, especially by persons who take a great practical interest in Greece, for though we doubt whether some of the facts, especially as regards population, the quantity of land capable of cultivation, &c., are anything more than approximate accounts, yet they are the most correct that can be obtained. The descriptive commentary must be received *cum grano*; for Mr. Strong, however unconsciously, paints every thing in the most favourable light, or at least in a favourable light as he can.

Incidental passages, however, are scattered throughout the pages of Mr. Strong's book, that have a more general interest than mere statistics, conveying an account of the natural and unalterable features of the country, or the changes that time has made, or some particulars connected with the modern inhabitants and their pursuits. Such are the following extracts.

CLIMATE OF GREECE.

The climate of Greece generally is one of the finest in the world, and has always been celebrated for its mildness and salubrity. The air is dry and elastic, and the atmosphere so beautifully clear that space appears to diminish, and objects which are really at a distance seem close at hand. It is owing to this that the views are far more extensive in Greece than in most other latitudes, and not from the elevation of the spot on which the spectator stands. From the summit of Hymettus and Pentellicus, for instance, which are not more than three thousand feet above the level of the sea, the whole of Attica, Bœotia, Eubœa, most of the islands of the Ægean, and a great part of the Cyclades, are overlooked as in a map. From the top of the Acro-Corinthus the traveller discerns to the westward the whole of the Gulf of Corinth as far as the mountains beyond Missolonghi, whilst the view to the east embraces at one glance the islands of the Ægean, the background being formed by the noble chain of Hymettus. Even the Acropolis of Athens is distinctly visible from it, although at a distance of sixty geographical miles; and it is well known that, in former times, night-signals were exchanged between the two cities by means of rockets and other fireworks.

In summer the heat is very oppressive. During the months of July and August of this year, the thermometer at Athens stood for weeks together at 98 deg.—102 deg. Farenheit in the house, and in the open air at 108 deg.—112 deg. in the shade, notwithstanding the sea breeze. The islands are in general much cooler; and on the continent, elevated situations and the sides of mountains are chiefly selected for the sites of country-houses. During the summer months, not a single cloud is seen floating in the atmosphere, to keep off, if only for a moment, the intense heat of the sun's scorching rays; but the sky presents by day one continued mass of deep cerulean blue, and a blaze of brilliant stars by night.

CHANGES IN GREECE.

There is no doubt that in Greece the appearance of the country has changed most materially during the last twenty or thirty centuries; and though the position of mountains and rivers remains the same, even their aspect must have undergone a complete change. Herodotus says that the Athenians hunted bears in the forests on Mount Lycabettus, where now there is scarcely a shrub to be found a foot high. From other writers we know that Hymettus, Pentelicon, and Parnassus, were covered with forests to their

summits. They now present the appearance of skeletons of mountains, bare rocks without any vegetation, or only producing a few stunted trees, whose roots seek in vain for nourishment among the soilless crevices. The trees which formerly covered these mountains having died away by degrees, the soil kept together by their roots, and increased by the decomposition of their leaves, has, in the course of time, been washed down by the heavy periodical rains into the vallies, the level of which has no doubt considerably risen, as is abundantly proved by many antique ruins having been discovered in digging the foundations of modern houses. In the plain of Olympia, the pedestals of the column of the Temple of Jupiter, which have lately been discovered, are nearly twenty feet below the present surface of the ground.

That the rivers have shared the same fate is also easily proved. The Cephissus, for instance, has dwindled down to a little stream not sufficient for irrigating the gardens in the plain of Attica; and yet at one time it was so deep as to form a barrier to the progress of Xerxes and his whole army, who, not being able to cross it, encamped upon its banks. The classical Ilyssus is now quite dry, though the buttresses of the magnificent bridge which connected the Athenian side of the river with the Stadium, still exist, showing that the span of the arch was fifty feet; and, judging by appearances, the depth of water must have been at least twelve or fourteen feet. At Sparta are still to be seen the iron rings inserted in the stones forming the quays of the Eurotas, formerly used for the purpose of making fast the gallees. The water in that river now does not reach to the knee in any part; and the Inachus, which was formerly navigable up to Argos, is a dry torrent-bed, except during the rainy season.

GRECIAN AGRICULTURE.

I have before mentioned that the agricultural implements of the Greeks are defective. The plough is the same as that described by Hesiod nearly three thousand years ago; a simple piece of crooked timber, with only one shaft, and the ploughshare made of hard wood, sometimes tipped with iron. The harrow, the roller, the thrashing and winnowing machines, &c., are unknown in Greece. The thrashing floors, which generally belong to the commune, are circular pavements of about twenty yards in diameter, with a stake in the centre, and usually in an elevated position, to catch the wind, which is the Grecian winnowing-fan. To this stake are tied half a dozen horses, oxen, mules, and asses indiscriminately, and harnessed abreast, or rather tied together by a rope round the neck. The corn being strewn all over the floor, the cattle are placed at the outer circumference, and driven round and round, their circle becoming smaller and smaller every time, by the rope coiling itself round and round the post, till they necessarily came to a halt in the centre. They are then turned round, each cir-

cuit then extending by the cord unwinding, till they again reach the edge of the pavement. In this manner the corn is "trodden out"; and it may be remarked that the Greeks rigidly observe to the letter the Scriptural injunction, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn."

The following particulars relating to an article of daily use in England, have an interest as far as dumpings are eaten.

CURRENTS,

Which form by far the most important and indeed the staple article of the Grecian commerce, are the produce of a species of vine so nearly resembling the grape vine in form, leaf, size, and mode of growth; so as to show no apparent difference to the general observer. The name is a corruption of Corinth, in the neighbourhood of which they grow; and which has given them the same appellation in all European languages, in some of which it is less corrupted than in our own,—as, for instance, in French they are called raisins de Corinthe, and in German Corinthen.

It is an exceedingly tender plant, requiring the greatest care and attention. Currants will only grow in some of the Ionian islands and on the shores of the Peloponnesus, which consequently monopolize the trade and supply the whole world with this article. Attempts have frequently been made to transplant the currant vine to other countries of similar temperature, but uniformly without success. In Sicily and Malta they have degenerated into the common grape, and in Spain would not even take root at all. Recent experiments to remove them even to a short distance, as to Attica and the plains of Argos, have signally failed.

Before the revolution, the cultivation of currants was much larger than at present, and the whole trade was nearly annihilated during the war.

After the final expulsion of the Turks from the country, and the guarantee of its future independence by the three Protecting Powers, the Greeks began again to turn their attention to the cultivation of the currant. The few remaining old plantations, which had nearly grown wild from long neglect, were carefully manured and pruned, and fresh currant-vines planted, which, by the year 1832, produced nearly 4,000,000 pounds. Since that period the production has more than doubled itself.

As I mentioned before, the plant requires much care and labour, and the fruit is of an equally delicate nature. It appears that the Southern shores of the Gulfs of Patras and Corinth are best adapted for the cultivation of currants, the other localities being more subject to storms and heavy night dews. The growth of this fruit extends from Gastouni opposite the island of Zante, along the Northern coast of the Peloponnesus up to Corinth, but seldom above two or three miles inland.

The crops are collected in the month of Au-

gust, at which period the coasts on the Gulf are subject to heavy thunder storms, accompanied with rain, which detach the fruit from the vines, and sometimes destroy in a few hours a third or fourth of the whole crop. The prices of this article are subject to great fluctuations, produced by the quantity of the crop, which, when small, enhances the value of the fruit; while, on the other hand, in abundant seasons, the price necessarily falls—so that to the farmer it is pretty much the same whether the crop be large or small, as they regulate their prices accordingly.

THE DAUGHTERS OF ENGLAND,

THEIR POSITION IN SOCIETY, CHARACTER, AND RESPONSIBILITIES.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND," &c.

There are few writers of the present day better qualified to deal with the subject discussed in this volume than Mrs. Ellis. Her former works prepared us to expect what we have found in this publication—high religious feeling, a thorough knowledge of the female heart, and a just appreciation of the scope and character of the social duties of her sex.

The present volume is the first of three. The writer proposes to divide the general inquiry into three parts, and to consider the character and situation of women under the distinct heads of daughters, wives, and mothers. This distribution of the matter is judicious. It will enable Mrs. Ellis to group and classify her illustrations with full effect, and to exhaust the matter progressively.

Agreeably to the systematic arrangement indicated in the final plan of the undertaking, the volume before us presents a complete examination of the duties, responsibilities, and prospects of girlhood. The general principle of responsibility in proportion to the talent of the individual is first clearly laid down,—and then the various questions of education, moral and intellectual, are followed up with searching acumen. The subject divides itself into a variety of separate considerations,—such as the economy of time, music, painting, poetry, taste, temper, beauty, friendship, &c. We cannot, of course, enter into any of these details,—but a glance or two at some of them will serve to show how the enquiry is conducted.

Mrs. Ellis recommends to women the acquisition of a general knowledge of the political and social state of the country in which they live. She does not advise them to become politicians, and she even recommends them not "to grow warm" in the advocacy of any particular candidate for a seat in Parliament—but she thinks that a general acquaintance with such questions as the abolition of slavery, of war, of cruelty to animals, &c. is in the highest degree desirable. Yet even upon these topics she reprehends discussion: "It is by no means necessary that we should

talk much on these subjects, even if we do understand them—but to listen attentively, and with real interest, when they are discussed by able and liberal minded men, is an easy and agreeable method of enlarging our stock of valuable knowledge; and by doing this when we are young, we shall go on with the tide of public events, so as to render ourselves intelligent companions in old age; and when the bloom of youth is gone, and even animal spirits decline, we shall have our conversation left for the entertainment and the benefit of our friends.

For my own part, I know of no interest more absorbing than that with which we listen to a venerable narrator of by-gone facts—facts which have transpired under the actual observation of the speaker, in which he took a part, or which stirred the lives and influenced the conduct of those by whom he was surrounded. When such a person has been a lover of sterling truth, and a close observer of things as they really were in early youth, his conversation is such as sages listen to, and historians make the theme of their imperishable pages."

There are many fine and eloquent passages in this volume. Thus, speaking of the advantages of drawing, the writer touches with great felicity upon that one which is least thought of, but which is, probably, the most important of all:—

"It is not the least amongst the advantages of drawing, that it induces a habit of perpetually aiming at ideal excellence; in other words, that it draws the mind away from considering the grosser qualities of matter, to the contemplation of matter as an abstract idea; that it gives a definiteness to our notions of objects in general, and enables us to describe with greater accuracy, the character and appearance of every thing we see."

Again—how grave, how noble, and how ennobling is the following:—

"Above every other feature which adorns the female character, delicacy stands the foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes a merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste, as from good feeling and good sense: but that high minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike amongst women, as in the society of men; which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak when required, with seriousness and kindness of things at which it would be ashamed indeed to smile or to blush—that delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feelings of another, and which understands also how, and when, to receive one—that delicacy which can give alms without display, and advice without assumption; and which pains not the most humble or susceptible being in creation. This is that delicacy which forms so important a part of good taste,

that where it does not exist as a natural instinct, it is taught as the first principle of good manners, and considered as the universal passport to good society.

Nor can this, the greatest charm of female character, if totally neglected in youth, be ever acquired in after life. *When the mind has been accustomed to what is vulgar, or gross, the fine edge of feeling is gone, and nothing can restore it.*"

In another place the outward signs of ill temper are thus cleverly sketched :—

"It is easy to perceive when most young women are out of temper, even without the interchange of words. The pouting lip, the door shut with violence, the thread suddenly snapped, the work twitched aside or thrown down, are indications of the real state of the mind, at least as unwise, as they are unlovely. Others who are not guilty of these absurdities will render themselves still more annoying, by a captiousness of conduct most difficult to bear with any moderate degree of patience; by conversing only upon humiliating or unpleasant subjects, complaining incessantly about grievances which all have equally to bear, prolonging disputes about the merest trifles beyond all bounds of reason and propriety; and by finally concluding with a direct reproach for some offence which had far better been spoken of candidly at first."

With the following glance at the tenderest incident in the history of woman's existence, we must conclude :—

"In woman's love is mingled the trusting dependence of a child, for she looks up to man as her protector and her guide; the frankness, the social feeling, and the tenderness of a sister—the solicitude, the anxiety, the careful watching of the mother. Such is love in a noble mind, and especially in its first commencement, when it is almost invariably elevated, and pure, trusting, and disinterested. Indeed, the woman who could mingle low views and selfish calculations with her first attachment would scarcely be worthy of the name.

And is this a love to be lightly spoken of, or harshly dealt with? Oh no; but it has many a rough blast to encounter yet, and many an insidious enemy to cope with, before it can be stamped with the seal of faithfulness; and until then, who can distinguish the ideal from the true?"

This is beautiful and true. It is full of a graceful morality that ought to find its way to every homestead; and that cannot fail to do good wherever it obtains entrance.

FINE ARTS.

LONDON SPECTATOR.—The world of art is in a state of unwonted activity just now; not only are the artists busy in preparing for the several exhibitions that are about to open, but several great public works are in progress, and important questions are under consideration, the result of which

will materially influence the popular taste. Whichever way we turn, the arts of design, in some shape or other, challenge a share of public notice; whether it be a plan for teaching every body to draw, or a plan for the improvement of the Metropolis, the selection of a sculptor for a Wellington statue, or the selection of sculptors for decorating the New Houses of Parliament. Let us take a glance at the various points that are already or shortly will be engaging attention.

The first meeting of the Royal Commission for Promoting the Fine Arts of the Country in connexion with the Rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament took place on Tuesday, at Gwydir House, Prince Albert being present; when we have reason to believe that Mr. Barry submitted his ideas of the character and effect of the decorations of the interior. The artists are eagerly waiting for some intimation of the course to be adopted, in order to prepare for entering the field in this new and noble field for exertion; meanwhile the nature of the subjects to be chosen, the style of treatment, and the method of execution most suitable, have been discussed; and the claims of native artists strenuously advocated by Mr. David Scott, in an able pamphlet on "British, French, and German Painting;" by Mr. Haydon, in a lecture on Fresco, recently delivered at the Royal Institution; and by a writer in the last number of Blackwood's Magazine.

The Society now forming for the "Promotion of Metropolitan Improvements is receiving almost daily additions of influential names; and the preliminary meetings already held will shortly be followed by a general public meeting, at which the intended operations of the Society will be distinctly made known. Its immediate aim is to influence Government in the preference of a more enlarged plan than the intended roadways through Leicester Square and St. Giles's; and its ultimate object is the formation of a grand scheme for the gradual improvement of the Metropolis; ancillary to the accomplishment of which, a complete survey of the Metropolis and its suburbs is required. In relation to the expense of this laborious undertaking, Mr. Austin of Hatton Garden, who has lately completed an exact survey of a crowded neighbourhood, suggests that other accurate local plans also exist which might be made available, thus saving both time and cost.

Some portion of the three hundred works of art rejected for want of room at the British Institution, will probably find places in the Suffolk Street Gallery.

Mr. George Hayter's Court picture of the Queen's Marriage is completed, and shortly to be exhibited at Messrs. Graves's in Pall Mall; where a more interesting exhibition is now open, of fifty original sketches made by Mr. Joseph Nash for his "Old English Mansions."

The three equestrian statues of Wellington are now all in progress: Mr. Wyatt having got the start of his brother sculptors, the one intended for

the triumphal arch at Hyde Park Corner will be first erected; that for the City, which Chantrey had begun, is to be finished by his assistant Mr. Weekes, under Allan Cunningham's superintendence; and Marochetti's supporters having triumphed over all opposition, Glasgow is to have a statue of the Duke, which we heard characterized as unlike both in face and figure. Professor Wilson's comment on Marochetti's model of the statue is too good to be lost: when asked what he thought of it, the Professor replied, "It wants keeping; for the horse is an attitude that requires the rider to be whistling."

A very fine picture, "The Apotheosis of the Magdalen," has been this week added to the Italian and Flemish Gallery in Pall Mall; where two replicas by Reubens, of the "St George" and the "Horrors of War," and Martin's "Deluge" and "Creation" are also exhibiting. An exhibition of Old Pictures has lately opened in Piccadilly; and a French painting by Baron Gerard, of the David school, from Canova's statue of the Princess Pauline Borghese, is exhibiting at the Cosmorama Rooms, Regent Street.

The Diorama has reopened, with two of its finest pictorial illusions—the "Chapel of the Nativity," and the "Village of Alagna Overwhelmed by an Avalanche." Mr. Burford has repainted his popular panorama of the "Battle of Waterloo," which opens on Tuesday, with the "Bombardment of Acre" and a small panorama of "Jerusalem." A new set of "Dissolving Views," on a large scale, are announced at the Polytechnic Institution.

LORA LINN.

FROM A NEW WORK BY T. CAMPBELL.

The time I saw thee, Cora, last,
'Twas with congenial friends;—
And calmer hours of pleasure past
My memory seldom sends.

It was as sweet an Autumn day
As ever shone on Clyde,
And Lanark's orchards all the way
Put forth their golden pride;

Even hedges, busked in bravery,
Looked rich that sunny morn;
The scarlet hip and blackberry
So pranked September's thorn.

In Cora's glen the calm how deep!
That trees on loftiest hill
Like statues stood, or 'things asleep,
All motionless and still.

From Travels through Franco and Switzerland, by a Lady.

THE LIME TREE OF MORAT, BERNE.

Opposite the town hall, which is built on the site of the palace of Duke Berthold, is the venerable lime tree, planted, according to tradition, the 22nd June, 1476, the day of the battle of Morat.

The young soldier who brought the tidings was a native of Fribourg; he had been wounded in the conflict, and feeling he grew weaker as he approached the town from fatigue and loss of blood, and that his shout of victory waxed too feeble to be heard, he gathered a bough as he passed, and waved it over his head in token of rejoicing. Arrived at this place, where the townsmen were assembled, he faltered forth his news and sunk down to die. They planted on the very spot his lime tree branch, and it lived and grew his monument, and is now so old that the decaying branches are rested on the four stone pillars and wooden trellis work which surround it; there is an express order to tie no animal near it, but it is dying of extreme age, and will hardly outlive another winter.

A PICTURE OF A GLEN.

We crossed the Saarine, and turned to the left, and under an old archway of Duke Berthold's time, which forms the entrance to the gorge of the Gotteron. It is a lonely and beautiful glen, sunk deep between wooded crags which barely allow room for a pathway beside the stream, which bounds brightly on, flashing in the sun, while it turns the heavy wheels of rustic mills, as if glad of its own usefulness; and farther, where the valley is less narrow, winding through the small green meadows, and among the picturesque wooden cottages, as if seeking repose near those it has toiled for. In the spring, the quiet river becomes at times a destructive torrent, uprooting tree and dwelling.

A MOTHER.

In the churchyard was something sadder than solitude—the tomb of an only son, who perished, aged twenty two, in the precipices of the Harder; rose trees were cultivated on the turf, and a bench placed opposite, where sits his mother, who, for the last ten years, has every summer made a six weeks' pilgrimage from her far home to his grave.

The brave only know how to forgive—it is a most refined and generous pitch of virtue for human nature to arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions, cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes even conquered; but a coward never forgave—it is not in his nature—the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force and security, and above the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

"I will not have such a noise here,"—angrily exclaimed the keeper of a porter house to a man who had been patronising his bar too freely, and annoying every body around him.—"Now look a here," stammered out the drunken man,—"if you want to keep a quiet house, you mustn't sell liquor."—The landlord was cornered:

Every friend is at the same time a sun and a sun-flower—he attracts and he follows.

THE PLAYFELLOW.

THE CROFTON BOYS.

A TALK BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Young readers will grieve to hear that this little tale is the last they can hope to have just now, from the wise and cheerful teacher who so kindly became their "Playfellow." In a brief preface, Miss Martineau speaks of the undertaking as begun "for a private, more than a public end. It has afforded me," she adds, "the satisfaction of feeling that I was doing something useful, while the work was light enough to suit the powers of an invalid. This light work has now, however, become too laborious; and I am obliged to bring it to a close. I speak of a close, because the four volumes of this year make a complete series; and I have no present purpose of writing again. But I do not say that I may never return to this work, nor resume the functions of a Playfellow." And that this may be, we earnestly hope. It is a hope that will be repeated, as for a personal friend, by all who have been at any time instructed or amused by the writings of this admirable woman. Nor is that cheerful and hopeful tone in the midst of no ordinary trials, the least valuable lesson of her useful life.

And the drift of this little tale is also to impress it upon the young. The Crofton Boys are a set of scholars at the Grafton School; in whose good and evil qualities and conduct there lies a miniature type of the great school of the world. The child hero, suddenly plunged into it, is made to pass through its most fiery ordeal, to be brought out at the last heart-whole. The story is told with the exquisite truth of feeling, and all the nice realities which we noticed in former volumes of the "Playfellow." The avoidance of exaggeration in every point, is quite extraordinary. Whether the generous or the selfish is dwelt upon, we never lose sight of what both retain in common. The natural is not forgotten. Watchfulness and hopefulness, are in the writer's mind always: she does not despair of the worst, and is not too confident of the best: and it is this which will make these books ever acceptable to the young.

We take one scene, from the sick-bed of the little hero. He has suffered an accident which lames him for life. His mother sits by his side, and checks the complaining which the poor little fellow cannot but fall into, when he thinks of all his hopes of travelling round the world ended for ever by this painful accident.

'Hugh, do you remember Richard Grant?'
'What,—the cabinet maker? The man who carved so beautifully?'

'Yes. Do you remember—No, you could hardly have known: but I will tell you. He had planned a most beautiful set of carvings in wood for a chapel belonging to a nobleman's mansion. He was to be well paid, his work was so superior; and he would be able to make his parents comfortable, as well as his wife and children. But the thing he most cared for was the honour of producing a noble work which should outlive him. Well, at the very beginning of his task, his chisel flew up against his wrist; and the narrow cut that it made,—not more than half an inch wide—made his right hand entirely useless for life. He could never again hold a tool; his work was gone,—his business in life seemed over,—the support of the whole family was taken away,—and the only strong wish Richard Grant had in the world was disappointed.'

Hugh hid his face with his handkerchief, and his mother went on:

'You have heard of Huber?'

'The man who found out so much about bees. Miss Harold read that account to us.'

'Bees and ants. When Hubert had discovered more than had ever been known before about bees and ants, and when he was sure he could learn more still, and was more and more anxious to peep and pry into their tiny homes, and their curious ways, Hubert became blind.'

Hugh sighed, and his mother went on:

'Did you ever hear of Beethoven? He was one of the greatest musical composers that ever lived. His great, his sole delight, was in music. It was the passion of his life. When all his time and all his mind were given to music, he became deaf—perfectly deaf; so that he never more heard one single note from the loudest orchestra. While crowds were moved and delighted with his compositions, it was all silence to him.'

Hugh said nothing.

'Now, do you think,' asked his mother,—and Hugh saw by the grey light that began to shine in that she smiled,—'do you think that these people were without a heavenly Parent?'

'O no! but were they all patient?'

'Yes, in their different ways and degrees. Would you say that they were hardly treated? Or would you rather suppose that their Father gave them something more and better to do than they had planned for themselves?'

'He must know best, of course; but it does

seem hard that that very thing should happen to them. Huber would not have so much minded being deaf, perhaps; or that musical man being blind; or Richard Grant losing his foot instead of his hand—for he did not want to go round the world.

'No doubt their hearts often swelled within them at their disappointments; but I fully believe that they found very soon that God's will was wiser than their wishes. They found, if they bore their trial well, that there was work for their hearts to do, far nobler than any work that the hand can do through the eye, and the ear, and the hand. And they soon felt a new and delicious pleasure which none but the bitterly disappointed can feel.'

'What is that?'

'The pleasure of rousing their souls to bear pain, and of agreeing with God silently, when nobody knows what is in their hearts. There is a great pleasure in the exercise of the body,—in making the heart beat, and the limbs glow, in a run by the sea-side, or a game in the play-ground; but this is nothing to the pleasure there is in exercising one's soul in bearing pain,—in finding one's heart glow with the hope that one is pleasing to God.'

'Shall I feel that pleasure?'

'Often and often, I have no doubt,—every time that you can willingly give up your wish to be a traveller, or anything else that you have set your mind upon, if you can smile to yourself, and say that you will be content at home.—Well, I don't expect it of you yet. I dare say it was long a bitter thing to Beethoven to see hundreds of people in raptures with his music, when he could not hear a note of it. And Huber—'

'But did Beethoven get to smile?'

'If he did, he was happier than all the fine music in the world could have made him.'

'I wonder—O! I wonder if I shall ever feel so.'

'We will pray to God that you may. Shall we ask him now?'

Hugh clasped his hands. His mother knelt beside the bed, and, in a very few words prayed that Hugh might be able to bear his misfortune well, and that his friends might give him such help and comfort as God should approve.

'Now, my dear, you will sleep again,' she said as she arose.

'If you will lie down too, instead of sitting by the fire. Do, mother.'

She did so; and they were soon both asleep."

And so, for the present, good bye to the "Playfellow;" which yet, we suffer ourselves confidently to hope we shall meet again.

BIOGRAPHY.

DR. BIRKBECK.

Dr. Birkbeck was the son of a merchant and banker at Settle, in Yorkshire, where he was born in the year 1776. After receiving the usual rudiments of education at a village in the neighbourhood, during which he displayed a strong inclination for those mechanical pursuits to which he afterwards became so devoted, it was determined by his friends that he should embrace the medical profession. This choice was perhaps to be regretted; for though surpassed by few of the faculty in medical skill, such a pursuit was undoubtedly unsuited to his natural bent. Had he been encouraged to follow his own inclination, he might, perhaps, have rivalled Arkwright or Watt. But at the period when Dr. Birkbeck entered life, and long after, it was customary for every man who had three sons, if he could afford to give them a liberal education, to bring up one as a lawyer, a second as a medical man, and a third for the church.

After studying for his profession in the first instance at Leeds, he removed to London, where he had the good fortune to become a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Baillie, whose friendship he retained until death put an end to that illustrious man's career. He then, to complete his education, repaired to Edinburgh, then in the zenith of fame as a school of medicine. Here also he had the happiness to form a friendship with Brougham, Horner, Jeffrey, Scott, Sydney Smith, and other distinguished men who were then shedding an unusual lustre on the northern capital. But while cultivating this brilliant society, he did not neglect his scientific pursuits; and in these he had made such attainment, that before the 22d year of his age, he was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Andersonian Institution of Glasgow.

It was while in this situation that Dr. Birkbeck laid the basis of those Mechanics' Institutions, in association with which his name has chiefly attracted the notice of our times, and will engage future remembrance. With liberality rarely evinced in such quarters, he invited the mechanics of the city to a gratuitous attendance on his lectures; and it was in consequence of their grateful acknowledgment, and the benefit that flowed from the practice, that he was induced, on his removal

to London, to project the foundation of mechanics' institutions in the metropolis and throughout the country. Nor was it his time alone that was directed to this laudable object, his purse was not less freely bestowed. We believe he lent £3,000 to establish the London institution in Chancery-lane, and by a singular coincidence, the members of that body were to meet for the purpose of celebrating its 18th anniversary, within a few hours of the period when its founder had ceased to exist.

As a medical man, Dr. Birkbeck enjoyed considerable practice, much more than is generally bestowed on those given to scientific or literary pursuits. Dr. Birkbeck had a reflective beneficent countenance, a venerable and very unpretending aspect. In his disposition he was mild, and in his deportment unassuming. As a public speaker he acquitted himself with credit; his ideas were always sound and practical, conveyed in appropriate language.

CALUMNY.—The aspersions of calumny will not adhere permanently to your character, unless they find in it some ground of adhesion. When, therefore, you are assailed by slander and obloquy, suffer that which will not stick to fall to the ground of its own accord; and as to the past, mend your character.

New Orleans has 833 grog shops, paying for licences 198,000 dollars. Their real cost to the city is estimated by the "Bee" at Five Million Two Hundred Thousand Dollars.

THE POOR BUT GODLY MAN,

OR THE POWER OF PRAYER.

A German Legend.

"See, see, a simple countryman,
With walking-staff in hand comes now;
Coarse is the garment he has on,
Yet noble is his form and brow;
Thank God I sing; so I can raise
A proud song to the good man's praise."

BURGER.

'Twas where an ancient forest waved,
And ink-black rivers rolled;
There lived within a lonely hut,
A pious man and old;
And Demons came to him by night,
And tempted him with gold!

The poor old man was coarsely clad,
And in that dreary spot,
'Midst wasting poverty he lived,
By all the world forgot,
Yet well he knew a godly life
Would sanctify his!

And there, at quiet eventide,
When all was dark and still,
And evening shades, and twilight mists,
Slumbered on lake and hill,
Thick clouds, of grim unearthly smoke,
His lonely hut would fill!

And through the smoke a shapeless form
Moved darkly to and fro;
And offered caves of buried wealth,
If he with him would go;—
But alike to all his proffered gifts
The poor old man said—"no!"

Then did the Demon's blasted brow
Grow black with fearful blight;
His eye-balls glowed like coals of fire.
And shot out sulphury light;
The very fiends would stand aghast
Before so dread a sight!

Then the old man took God's blessed book,
With meek and reverend air,
And read of Jesus on the tree,
Before his children there:
And, with a calm and pious trust,
They knelt in solemn prayer.

And as they prayed, the Demon quailed,
And his gaze became less wild,
His arm hung palsied at his side,
And his fiery eye grew mild.
Till he stood amid that holy scene
As powerless as a child!

And when they rose from off their knees,
They stood in the room alone,
For that meek prayer in heaven was heard,
And the tempting fiend had flown;
And a faint sweet light, like the smile of God,
Throughout the dwelling shone!

Thus day by day, and year by year;
The old man watched with care,
And at the stated twilight hour
The shapeless form was there,
But the poor man girded himself—with truth!
And conquered the fiend—by prayer!

And day by day, and year by year,
The prayer worked with new might;
For every time the Demon came,
His form changed to the sight,
'Till at length, instead of a wicked fiend,
He became a Child of Light!

And when at length the old man died,
And the sod o'er his form was pressed,
His soul had treasures in heaven laid up,
And his spirit in Christ found rest,
And the angels of God all welcom'd him,
And number'd him with the blest!

Temperance.

For the Visitor.

THE DIVINE BLESSING IMploRED.

Bright as beams the orient morning,
On the wood-crown'd mountain's height,
Shines the orb of Temperance dawning
O'er the gloom of folly's night;
Source of glory!

Still diffuse thy heavenly light.

Shine upon our blessed union,
Tinge it with thy mellow'd rays;
Then the glory of communion
Will irradiate our days!
Star of Temperance!
Shed thy lustre o'er our ways!

Father of immortal glory!
Herald of eternal joy!
Author of the deathless story!
Tune our hearts to harmony!
God of all men!
Bless us in our sweet employ!

Now no madd'ning draught inspires us,
The inebriate song to raise;
Now no treach'rous liquor fires us,
Whilst we chant Immanuel's praise.
Sacred feeling!

Dwell within us all our days!

Halifax, April, 1842.

H—.

ANTIGONISH, MARCH 26, 1842.

Dear Sir—

In my last letter, under date of March 17th, I observed "about a week would terminate my labours for the present in the county of Guysboro'." I have since attended several meetings in various parts of the county, and succeeded in making a breach in the fortress of Intemperance, in the Gut of Canso. * * * It must be remembered that the demon of intemperance has been routed from almost every other part of the county, and has been pursued "down east." And his Infernal Majesty, not willing to leave the shores of Nova Scotia entirely, it would appear, had taken his last stand, and was prepared to make a desperate resistance in that place. But from a regiment of more than one thousand strong, "of good men and true," Catholics and Protestants of all denominations, under skilful and tried officers, he has nothing to expect. Those who are engaged, in that quarter, either in drinking or selling, can expect nothing but a total discomfiture. On Thursday, 23d, I took my departure from the neat little town of Guysboro', in company with the Rev. Peter McGregor and Hiram Blanchard, Esq., who accompanied me ten miles on my jour-

ney, where we met a large assembly at the "Intervale." I gave them a short lecture. They were ably and eloquently addressed, likewise, by Messrs. McGregor and Blanchard, after which fifty persons came forward and took the total abstinence pledge. Thus closed upwards of a month's active, and, I trust, useful labours in this county.

24th.—Arrived at Antigonish. Took up my lodgings at Mrs. John Whidden's, who has opened a hotel for travellers on "temperance principles," and shall take this opportunity of recommending this place to our temperance friends travelling in this direction. Here they may be accommodated with quiet lodgings, clean beds, comfortable meals, regular hours, good stabling for horses; and if conveyances be wanted, they can be furnished at short notice. Travellers will find Mrs. Whidden's at the entrance of the village from Pictou, at the junction of the Cross Roads, near the Catholic chapel, and opposite Mr. Edward Cunningham's store.

I have called on several of the principal persons of this place, particularly the Bishop and the other clergymen resident here. They all express themselves friendly to the object of the mission. The venerable Bishop, in particular, wishes me every success. He has been labouring indefatigably in the cause for a length of time, and has succeeded in bringing about a great reform amongst his people. It is quite impossible to compute the immense amount of good which has been effected in this county through the instrumentality of temperance, unless a knowledge of the former habits of the people be known. * * From eighty to a hundred puncheons of rum, beside other liquors, have been brought here, and consumed in a short time. This accounts for the large amount of litigation, and the number of assault and battery cases brought before the courts of this county. But how changed! Last fall only nine puncheons of rum were imported, and this season it is very questionable if any come. The last two sessions of the Supreme Court, consisting of twenty-two courts in the eastern parts of this province, not one criminal case came under the notice of the presiding judges!

28th.—Attended a meeting at the Moose Meadows. Seventeen took the pledge.

29th.—Met a large and respectable assembly at the Court-house. Dr. Currie in the chair. Stated the object of the meeting, and read the letter of instructions. Thirty came forward and took the total abstinence pledge.

30th.—Assembled again in the Court-house.

Edward Harrington, Esq. in the chair. I think about fifteen united. A society was formed, and the following gentlemen were chosen office bearers:

President—Edward Harrington, Esq.

Vice P.—William Hierleyhy, Esq.

Treasurer and Secretary—Mr. R. Grant.

Committee—Messrs. David Graham, Geo. Cunningham, Charles Bigelow, Alex. Williams, junr.

Edward Harrington, Esq. has kindly consented to become the agent for the "Visitor," and will do all in his power to obtain subscribers. Mr. H. was one of our first advocates in Halifax,—and from his manner of presiding, and the ability with which he addressed the meeting after the lecture, I have little doubt that he will make an efficient and zealous advocate in Antigonish, and will do good in this noble cause.

The reason I did not remain longer in the county of Sydney, was, that finding the work going on so well under the praiseworthy exertions of the Venerable Bishop Fraser, I thought there was little need of my services.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

G. J. McDONALD.

To Beamish Murdoch, Esq.

GRAND TEMPERANCE PROCESSION IN CORK.

Cork, Monday, March 23, 1842.

The great procession of the teetotallers of the city and county of Cork, which takes place annually on Easter Monday, came off in this city to-day, and for grandeur and magnitude far exceeded anything of the kind which had been before witnessed in this country.

There were, at least, 60,000 pledged teetotallers walking in the procession. They all wore rich sashes and flower knots, and the male portion of the members carried long wands, ornamented with ribbons, in their hands. The bands were all dressed in rich uniforms, of various colours, and the different societies evidently vied with each other to present as respectable and brilliant an appearance as possible.

The Corn-market, a large square adjoining the new Corn Exchange, was the place fixed on for the procession to form; and here, at half past nine o'clock, a wandsman from each of the town societies took up his station according to arrangement, and in half an hour was joined by all the members of the society. The country societies, who had arrived before

half past ten o'clock, were allowed precedence in the procession, and formed at the eastern side of the market, those who had come the greatest distance going first.

Nothing could exceed the exciting interest of the scene throughout the early part of the morning, as the different societies, each headed by numerous and well trained bands of music, playing their most favourite airs, continued to pour in from every road leading to the city. The precision with which nearly all the bands played difficult music was truly extraordinary, and must appear almost incredible to those who are aware of the total ignorance in which the peasantry had been but a few years since of the scientific beauties of modern harmony, high as their taste has ever undoubtedly been for simple melody. Almost every village throughout the kingdom has now its large amateur temperance band, and the intellectual and scientific taste that is thus nurtured must be regarded as one of the most valuable blessings conferred by the temperance movement, and must ultimately raise Ireland to her ancient musical celebrity, and cause her children to become the rivals of even the Germans, as a highly educated musical people. In the city of Cork alone there are no less than 19 temperance bands, each as large and nearly as efficient as the best regimental bands. They have been all taught at great expence by the most skillful professors, and the proficiency at which they have arrived is creditable alike to themselves and to their instructors.

The presence of the Very Rev. Mr. Mathew, after his late triumphant progress thro' the north, the excellence of the arrangements made under his immediate inspection, and even the fineness of the weather, all tended to the complete success of the procession, and, in fact, there appeared to be but one essential necessary to render it completely triumphant, and that was furnished by the fortunate arrival of the most distinguished of Father Mathew's disciples, the Liberator himself, in time to take his place at the head of the procession.

The Lord Mayor, immediately after his arrival in Cork, communicated his intention of being present at the procession, and the announcement was received with delight.

Precisely at half past ten the procession left the Corn-market, and proceeded across Anglesea bridge, and the South Mall to the Imperial Hotel, where the Lord Mayor and the Very Rev. Mr. Mathew were waiting to join them. In front of the procession rode:

marshal bearing an exquisitely wrought banner of white satin, surmounted by a gilt cross, and containing the very appropriate mottos. "*In hoc signo vinces*," and "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will," richly embroidered in letters of gold, with the national emblems of the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle, beautifully interwoven at the base. The banner was presented to Mr. Mathew, by Miss Bury, of Cork, and was the only one allowed at the procession, with the exception of those bearing the names of the different societies, and a few small flags borne on either side of it with short inscriptions, such as the following:—

"Come rally round our peaceful flag,
The banner is unfurled,
Our regiment is all human kind,
Our battle field the world."

"Though Bacchus long has buried more
Than Neptune in the main,
We plant our flag upon the shore,
And bid the world ABSTAIN."

The Lord Mayor and the Very Rev. Theobald Mathew, walking arm-in-arm, accompanied by the Worshipful Mayor of Cork, and a considerable number of gentlemen belonging to the society, met at the head of the procession outside the Imperial Hotel, at the South Mall, and were received with the most enthusiastic and deafening cheers, while the nearer bands all commenced playing "See the conquering hero comes." Having taken their place at the head of the procession, the immense body again moved forward.

I may here mention two circumstances of a touching religious character, which occurred in the course of the procession. In passing the house of Dr. Bullen, at the windows of which sat the Right Rev. Dr. Murphey, the procession stopped for a moment, every hat was raised, and a hearty cheer was given. The venerable prelate, who appeared much moved, then rose and acknowledged the greeting, and gave his benediction to the vast multitude. Again, when the Liberator was about to leave the procession, he knelt down, and with uncovered head received the blessing of the Apostle of Temperance amidst the cheers and deep emotion of the people.

I regret that I have not time to describe any of the numerous and beautiful decorations which have been exhibited; but the following, at least, I cannot omit:—The house of the Very Rev. Mr. Mathew, in Cove-street, was profusely ornamented with laurel boughs, and a large triumphal arch extended across the street opposite to it. At the drawing room window were two well executed paintings, one representing the Queen, with the motto,

"Thy people love one another;" and the other, which contained three angels bearing wreaths and festoons of flowers, with the words, "Peace, justice, plenty--Thy crown, oh! Victoria."

TO THE OWNERS OF STEAMBOATS,

BY THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN---As you are now preparing for the business of the ensuing season, we think it a suitable time to address you upon a subject of great importance to the community, namely, the use of intoxicating drinks on board your boats.

The practice of placing bars on board steamboats, reduces them in some degree to the character of dram-shops, and places great temptations in the way of travellers generally, especially immigrants, at a time when from want of occupation temptation is peculiarly dangerous to them. It consequently fosters habits of intemperance, the scourge of our country, and in many cases produces drunkenness accompanied by quarrelling and disturbance, and we might add, in some cases with loss of life. On the other hand, we can find no advantage to counterbalance these evils, unless it be the profit which accrues to you from dealing out liquor to your passengers: a consideration which surely would not weigh with you, in a question of public morality and safety.

The practice of supplying the hands on board your boats with liquor, is one not only fraught with the most disastrous consequences to the men themselves, who are frequently, if not generally, trained by it to habits of intemperance, but actually dangerous to the public who have occasion to travel in your boats; it being a well known and publicly stated fact, that before the last great steamboat disaster on our waters, the men were observed to have free access to liquor, and to be in an intoxicated state. The public will soon, therefore, feel no pleasure nor confidence in trusting themselves or their families to your charge, unless you discontinue the practice of supplying your engineers, firemen, and other persons connected with your boats with intoxicating drinks.

The practice of placing liquors gratuitously upon the dinner table, is expensive to you and injurious to your passengers, and therefore ought, we think, to be abandoned here, as it has been in almost every other part of the civilized world; and we are confident that such a change would be hailed with general satisfaction by the community. Indeed

the time cannot be far distant when intoxicating drinks will be entirely banished from vessels carrying passengers, as in no other way can the comfort and safety of many persons crowded together be to any extent insured; and if you would adopt this plan now, your property would be much safer from danger of fire or shipwreck, your servants much more easily managed, and passengers much more orderly. In a word, your profits would be greater upon the whole, and your risk and trouble less; and above all, you would have the proud consciousness of doing right.

THE 75,000.--This is the number computed to have reformed within a year past by the new movement in the temperance reforms. Who can calculate the amount of evil that has been checked? Who can tell the joys that have sprung up where there was nothing but bitter sorrow? Who can tell the pecuniary gain? Let us see a moment: suppose each has saved upon the average ten cents a day, a low estimate:

For one day it would be	\$7,500 00
For one week "	52,000 00
For one month "	225,000 00
For one year "	2,837,000 00

Beside the saving of time to the amount of four millions more. Surely this is something gained. But this is only the smallest part of the gain; it is well ascertained that the increase of numbers to the temperance cause in the Union is over 500 a day, from the ranks of the drinking men. What will be the number in the cold water army in one year from the present time? The number that have enrolled their names on the books of the societies, is small compared with the number of the pledged. Success to the cold water army. May God speed the work of reform!--*Western Temperance Journal.*

TEMPERANCE.--There is nothing so fashionable as Temperance. The various houses and halls where its welcome doctrines are explained and enforced, are crowded every evening. The reformed drunkards are the most popular orators of the day. Recently, in this city and Brooklyn, several companies connected with the fire departments have come in and signed the tee-total pledge every man of them. The doctrine with which the temperance reformation commenced, that all efforts should be made to save the temperate, while the intemperate, being in a hopeless condition, must be left to die off, is now overthrown, and drunkards are recover-

ed faster than temperate drinkers. The ditch is no longer the bourne from which no traveller returns, but the end of the journey that way, from which the miserable are led back to decency and happiness. Those who have been reformed themselves understand the way in which others are to be reformed. When they find a subject, and there is no great difficulty about that, they take him, in his fit, and having placed him in some comfortable situation, allow him to sleep off the fumes of the present debauch. Then, with great confidence, they provide for his comfort, give him good advice, take him to his home if he has one, and make necessary provisions for him there. The plans of the temperance reformers are next explained to him, and he is taken to their meeting in the evening, when perhaps he comes to himself so far on the first evening as to sign the pledge, with full purpose of being a man again; so they hold on upon him, and encourage and strengthen him, until he is fit to walk in his own strength, and join the company of the Reformers.--*New York paper.*

P. E. ISLAND TEMPERANCE ENTERTAINMENT. The Soiree under the management of a subcommittee of the Auxiliary Temperance Society took place on Thursday evening. The National School was cheerfully granted for the occasion, but as it was by no means adequate to the desired object, means were to be employed to extend its accommodation, or the project must have been abandoned. The zeal and enterprise which had originated and so far carried on the undertaking, were not to be extinguished by a trifling difficulty, and it was resolved to erect a Hall for the special use of the expected party. Accordingly materials were collected, and in a few hours a building of commodious size was appended to the rear of the National School Room, and rendered most comfortably available for the desired purpose. In the afternoon, the school room with its new appendage exhibited a scene of peculiar animation and interest. Tables were provided, tea equipages were collected, viands were accumulated, and members and friends of the Society of both sexes were busied in making the necessary preliminary arrangements; and soon after 6 o'clock, the several ladies who had kindly assumed the duties of mistresses of ceremonies were found at the heads of their respective tables, surrounded by happy guests. The committee furnished "the cup that cheers but not inebriates" in copious abundance, of the best quality, and in prime condition; and after a

blessing craved by the Rev. Mr. Kier, all present partook of the cheering repast. The scene was truly animating. Pleasure beamed from every countenance, and regret was more than once expressed that the public could not have been admitted to see how happy all seemed to be.

After tea a hymn of thanksgiving was sung, the tables were removed, a platform was erected and occupied by the office bearers and committee of the society, and some of their guests, while the assembly generally were seated in all parts of the spacious room, when an animated discussion took place upon the merits of the temperance cause in general, and the circumstances connected with the present meeting. After singing a second hymn, which was done in admirable style, Mr. John Bowyer was appointed to preside upon the occasion. He took the chair with pride and pleasure, and in a very feeling manner contrasted the scene before him with those he had witnessed in the same place when temperance operations began in this country—when hardly a dozen persons could be found to take any interest in the subject. He exulted in the triumph of temperance principles here and elsewhere, and stimulated all to exertion in so good a cause. Resolutions embodying the grateful sentiments of the company in reference to the laborious and laudable exertions of the several parties concerned in the preparation and management of the entertainment, were proposed, discussed and passed. Many valuable hints were elicited in the course of the discussion, and after a most agreeable evening devoted to the interests of temperance, the company departed to their own homes. A number of names were added to the society's list, and we believe a handsome addition to the funds has been realized.

OUR PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.—The noiseless but mighty revolution now proceeding in the character and description of our popular entertainments deserves universal remark and congratulation. The Tremont Theatre at Boston has just given up the ghost, after a desperate struggle of twenty-five weeks, in which the Management has sunk Ten Thousand Dollars. The lease has been surrendered to the proprietors, and the house is closed. This, be it remembered, is in a highly intellectual city, which has some ninety thousand inhabitants, as many more within an hour's ride, a Legislature in session, five railroads centering upon it, and in an unusually busy winter; while three or four courses of

public lectures have been constantly in progress, to crowded audiences, and in some cases not one-fifth of those applying for tickets could procure them. As in Boston, so in a less degree elsewhere. In this city our large theatres have been closed a part of the winter, or opened only for balls, &c., while popular lectures have been multiplied and attended beyond all precedent, and the demand for our current literature has also largely increased. Side by side with this change has marched the great Temperance Reformation; and now hundreds of firesides are nightly surrounded by happy family groups, intent on the delightful acquisition of knowledge from the speaking page, who lately awaited in terror the return of the husband and father intoxicated from the drunkey; and thousands of young persons now improve their evenings in hearing lectures or in study, who but lately dissipated them amid the unhealthy excitement, the noxious influence of the Theatre.

This change is still going on, and extending its influence into the most secluded recesses. The Washingtonians number their converts by thousands in every State; and in this State not less than One Hundred Thousand persons are distinctly enrolled under their banners. We hear of their tearless victories in Maine and in Iowa; of villages cleared of rum selling and drinking in Kentucky, and of thousands reformed in New Orleans, and every day adds force and volume to the resistless current. We believe that the consumption of intoxicating liquors was reduced one fourth in 1841, and that it will be reduced in still greater proportion in 1842.

This drying up of the sources of guilt and wretchedness throughout the land, imposes upon those who are never weary in well doing new duties and obligations. Contrary to the received opinion of ages, it has been proved that the most degraded drunkard is curable by proper means; we have yet to show that he may be surrounded by such circumstances as to render his return to vice impossible. Let the innocent and the reformed have every inducement to hold fast their integrity, and every dissuasive from plunging into guilt,—and every year shall witness swifter and bolder advances in Knowledge and Virtue, until Intemperance, Ignorance, Wretchedness and Crime are banished from the country for ever.—*New York Temperance Advocate.*

“Mother, why do you cry, and why do sister and Tommy cry? Father has not come

home drunk, and we have not been obliged to run behind the stairs, or into the back-yard, as we sometimes did. Father looks as if he loved you, and when he came towards the house I saw him take up little George and kiss him, and then he wiped the tear from his eye. Mother, don't cry! It is true the farm is sold, and we have been obliged to come into this log-house, and we have not the horses, and waggons, and rice-puddings we for that which, while it does not enrich, makes him poor indeed. But if this is the drunkard, what shall be said of the person who *held to his lips the poisoned chalice*, and was the instrument of his ruin? What plea, what argument, what reason, shall he urge for his vindication? There is none to be found, and the dram-seller stands uncloaked to the just storms of honest indignation.—*Morning Star*.

TRUE GROUND.—A mechanic, of some age and great experience, in hiring and being hired as a journeyman, had occasion to seek employment in a shop in this village, within the past few weeks. After working a few days he abruptly left the shop, assigning as a reason to a confidential friend, that liquor was brought into the shop, and freely drank by hands and owners. And he had invariably seen drinking "bosses" difficult to please, and most generally poor paymasters. As he was comparatively a stranger in these parts, and averse to trouble with his employer, and also unwilling to incur the risk of losing his wages, he had taken French leave. The premises upon which this "old jour's" action was based is undoubtedly true. Daily dram-drinking takes fast hold upon pauperism. Drinking has been the ruin of the prospects of more mechanics than all other causes combined.—*Organ*.

ADVERTISEMENTS AS THEY OUGHT TO BE.—We are constantly shocked at seeing, in the columns of English religious papers, advertisements of "choice wines" and "best cognac." If the conductors of such papers would but allow these advertisements to be translated into the language of fact, they would stand as follows:—"Messrs. A, B, & C, have just received from the continent a choice assortment of wines and spirits, and propose to their friends and patrons to effect, by the sale of these choice articles, (either by direct family agency, or through the medium of the publicans) the following remarkable changes in the circumstances of any man and his family, at the averages affixed, viz.—To a person otherwise

of a healthy frame and good name, for 3d. per day, headache, vertigo, nausea, failing appetite, nervous irritation, accompanied with short temper, and, in six months, a strong craving for a double allowance. For 6d. per day additional, an indisposition for business, an occasional absence from home till night, besides some distressing anxieties for the lonely wife. For 8d. in addition to the first average, an indifference to the Sabbath and the sanctuary, an inclination to laugh at saints and mix with sinners; to discredit the fundamental articles of faith, accompanied with vulgar oaths and jests, and a growing neglect of home and its joys, with a mortgaged estate. For 1s. per diem, a broken constitution, a ruined reputation, a houseless and famishing family. Finally, for 3d. per day additional, they will make a man a fool, fit him for almost anything vicious, to the pawning of his own or his wife's clothing; he will starve his children, abuse his wife, and soon be willing to clean our stables for his grog, beside many other things too numerous to mention! N. B.—To dispel every doubt as to promises, A, B, & C, pledge themselves to the certainty of these effects, having seen the efficacy of their traffic in numberless cases."—*British Temperance Advocate*.

DRAMS.—The individual to whom we refer has been a sober and industrious man for about ten months, and had, beside money, clothing good enough to have lasted a year. He came to this city from the place where he had been employed about a fortnight ago, well, vigorous and happy: to-day, stripped of his money, clothing and reason, he reels thro' our streets almost in a state of nudity. Who in his senses would willingly, or for any reward, endure what that wretched person must suffer when he awakes to a full knowledge of his wretchedness? To find his hard earnings gone, squandered, worse than lost, his very garments stripped from his back: humiliated, sick and friendless, what, we ask, must be his reflections? Had accident deprived him of his all, still he might have walked erect, conscious of his own integrity; had he beggared himself to free the suffering of the broken hearted and the unprotected, how sweet and consoling the approvings of conscience; had he used it to increase the comforts of home, how rich a reward would have been the smiles of a rejoiced wife and happy little ones; but no: he can "lay no such flattering unction to his soul." He has spent his substance "for that which is not bread,"

used to have; but then Father does not drink now and I heard him say to the temperance man, 'I have been befooled by drink too long, I have almost broken the heart of my poor wife, and my family are suffering, but I mean to be a sober man.' Now, mother, I cannot let you cry! Father will get a better house, and we shall have shoes and clothes to wear; some of us, Father says, shall go to school, and on the Sabbath day he will take us to church to hear the minister preach about the Saviour, whom you say you love. And now Father's sober, we shall walk in the way to heaven. But mother, I can't bear to see you cry so!" "My son, they are not the tears of grief, but of joy. Your Father has taken the pledge of the temperance society; I trust we may yet be a happy family.

THE BOTTLE AND BIBLE.—A few days since a family, residing a short distance from Dundee, was thrown into great domestic affliction by the sickness and death of one of its members, a female, about eighteen years of age. The Rev. Mr. M— (who, by the way, has been, until late, opposed to temperance efforts,) was called to officiate on the occasion, and on entering the house he found a bible and a bottle of liquor placed upon the same table. He was invited to drink some of the contents of the bottle, before commencing the funeral service, but politely declined taking any. The father of the deceased child was so intoxicated, that he could not stand upon his feet, without the aid of the table, on which was placed the bottle. Mr. M. was so shocked with the appearance, the conduct, and the language of the miserable inebriate, that he has since preached temperance. May he be able to counteract, as far as the living are concerned, the influence he has exerted on the other side. As for the dead, they are past hope.

MONTREAL.—An account of the Soirees on Temperance principles has been published, showing, that although no expense in the arrangements has been spared, the whole cost was under £288, leaving a surplus of about £24, which the stewards have appropriately divided between the Montreal and Irish Roman Catholic Temperance Societies. Thus has a great demonstration been effected, and nearly 2500 persons have been entertained in an elegant, delightful, and rational manner, for a sum that would probably have been insufficient to provide liquors for the same number at persons, at balls or public dinners. The pecuniary differences are, however, the

smallest consideration involved in a comparison of these different modes of celebrating public events: their opposite moral bearings are incalculably more important.

TEMPERANCE BALL AND SUPPER.—NEWFOUNDLAND.—The Rooms of the Orphan Asylum were thrown open to as brilliant an assemblage as was ever observed on any other occasion in Newfoundland.

After supper the dance was resumed.

This is the first Ball that has been given here on temperance principles, and it has proved highly successful.

The preparation of Despatches for the packet prevented the Governor's attendance.—Great praise is given on all hands to the stewards.

It was a happy indication to notice that a large number of ALL PARTIES composed the gay and cheerful company, and the enjoyment appeared to be general.

The Alton House, at Alton, Ill., has banished liquor from its premises, and come out Tee-total. It is one of the finest houses in that section of the country.

YET ANOTHER.—The St. Louis Exchange, at St. Louis, has turned its liquor out, which was said to be one of the largest stocks in that part of the country. The landlord has become a Washingtonian, and has thus changed his business. Success to him in his glorious undertaking.

DRUNKENNESS.—When this vice has taken fast hold of a man, farewell industry, farewell emulation, farewell to things worthy of attention, farewell love of virtuous society, farewell decency of manners, and farewell, too, even an attention to person; everything is sunk by this predominant and brutal appetite. In how many instances do we see men who have begun life with the brightest prospects before them, and who have closed it without one ray of comfort and consolation. Young men with good fortunes, good talents, good tempers, good hearts, and sound constitutions, only by being drawn into the vortex of the drunkard, have become by degrees the most loathsome and despicable of mankind. In the house of the drunkard there is no happiness for any one. All is uncertainty and anxiety. He is not the same man for any one day at a time. No one knows anything of his outgoings or incomings. When he will rise, or when he will lie down to rest, is wholly a matter of chance. That which he swallows for what he calls pleasure brings pain, as surely as the night brings the morning. Poverty and misery are in the train. To avoid these results we are called upon to make no sacrifice.

Abstinence requires no aid to accomplish it. Our own will is all that is requisite; and if we have not the will to avoid contempt, disgrace and misery, we are degraded indeed.—*Sermon on Drunkenness.*

PRESIDENT TYLER.—A very large temperance mass meeting was held in Washington city on the 16th inst. It was attended by several members of Congress, and other gentlemen of high influence in the district. An invitation having been sent to the President of the United States, requesting his presence on the occasion, he sent the following letter:—

Washington, Jan. 26, 1842.

Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this morning, inviting me to attend the mass meeting of the Temperance Societies to be held this evening, and I have to express my regret that a bad cold under which I have laboured for several years past, and which admonishes me against exposure, will deny me the pleasure of being present. I beg you, however, to assure those you represent, that I feel the liveliest interest in the efforts which are making, and with such extensive success, to establish regularity and order, and temperance and sobriety, in place of those wild bacchanalian orgies which have consigned to premature graves thousands of human beings who were destined by their Creator to be useful members of society in their day and generation. Mothers, and wives, and children, and relatives and friends, have cause to rejoice in the success which has so far attended the efforts of the temperance societies over the Union, —and the patriot and the philanthropist can do no less than wish them entire success in the great work of reformation which they have begun. Be pleased to tender to your brother members my cordial salutations, and accept for yourself assurances of my respect. **JOHN TYLER.**

Within the last four years there has been a decrease of 838 public houses in the city of Glasgow.

The following statement of facts was drawn up by J. Taylor, Esq., merchant, Fredericton, at the request of Rev. James Thomson, Bible Society Agent:

Previous to the year 1823, the mercantile house with which I was connected was extensively engaged in the lumber business. In the course of the summer of that year I had occasion, in the prosecution of our business, to stop a few days at a public house some miles distant from the scene of our operations. The inconsistency of this publican's conduct awakened me to a serious consideration of the sinfulness of the traffic in ardent spirits, and led me to the determination of abandoning the practice, whatever might be the sacrifice.

In consequence of this determination, I soon found it impracticable to prosecute the business in which we were then engaged. I therefore abandoned it;

and as it happened, escaped the ruin which overwhelmed those who continued to carry it on in 1825.

Temperance societies were at that time unknown, —but I may add, that we have since that period carried on the lumbering business very extensively and very successfully, and without the use of ardent spirits.

About the year 1832, the plan was adopted generally by the lumberers to abandon the use of ardent spirits in the woods, and it has proved eminently successful, especially on the River St. John.

We are happy to add to the above statement, that in the chief lumbering districts of Canada, intoxicating drinks are disused in the woods. Indeed one gentleman, who employs 500 men, informed us that he does not take up a gallon of spirits amongst their supplies. It is to be regretted, however, that the men break out when they go to Quebec in the summer, —and we fear this state of things will continue till they become tee-totallers from principle. We would therefore recommend their masters to show them the example of abstaining from all that can intoxicate, as one of the most effectual means of inducing them to adopt the same course.—*Canada Temperance Advocate.*

THE HOME OF THE INEBRIATE.

Go to the Drunkard's home!
Stark Poverty is there!
Desolate is all the room—
The walls are dank and bare.

No fire upon the hearth,
To shed its cheerful blaze—
And not a remnant of the worth,
Was theirs in better days.

That mother's heart will break,
Beneath its load of care,—
No sympathy is near to make
Her sorrows light, or share.

Where are those bright hopes now,
That kindled in her breast,
When joy was mantling o'er her brow,
And gave to life its zest?

Alas! they all are fled,
The wreck too plainly tells;
For smiles, but bitter tears are shed,
And hope's sad requiem knells.

When flowers are in their bloom,
An incense fills the air—
'Their sweets but mock that blighted home,
If they e'er enter.

The lark sings in the sky, —
The robin in the wood,—
'They meet no echo but a sigh,
Within that drear abode.

He sits a blasted thing,
His eyes in vacant stare—
As if some unseen devils ring
Their hissings in his ear!

He moves not, nor he heeds,
The wretchedness around;
Nor recks he of the heart that bleeds
In misery profound.

Look there ye happy crowd,
Who throng in pleasure's ways!
Dash down the cup lest ye, so proud,
Should fall on evil days.

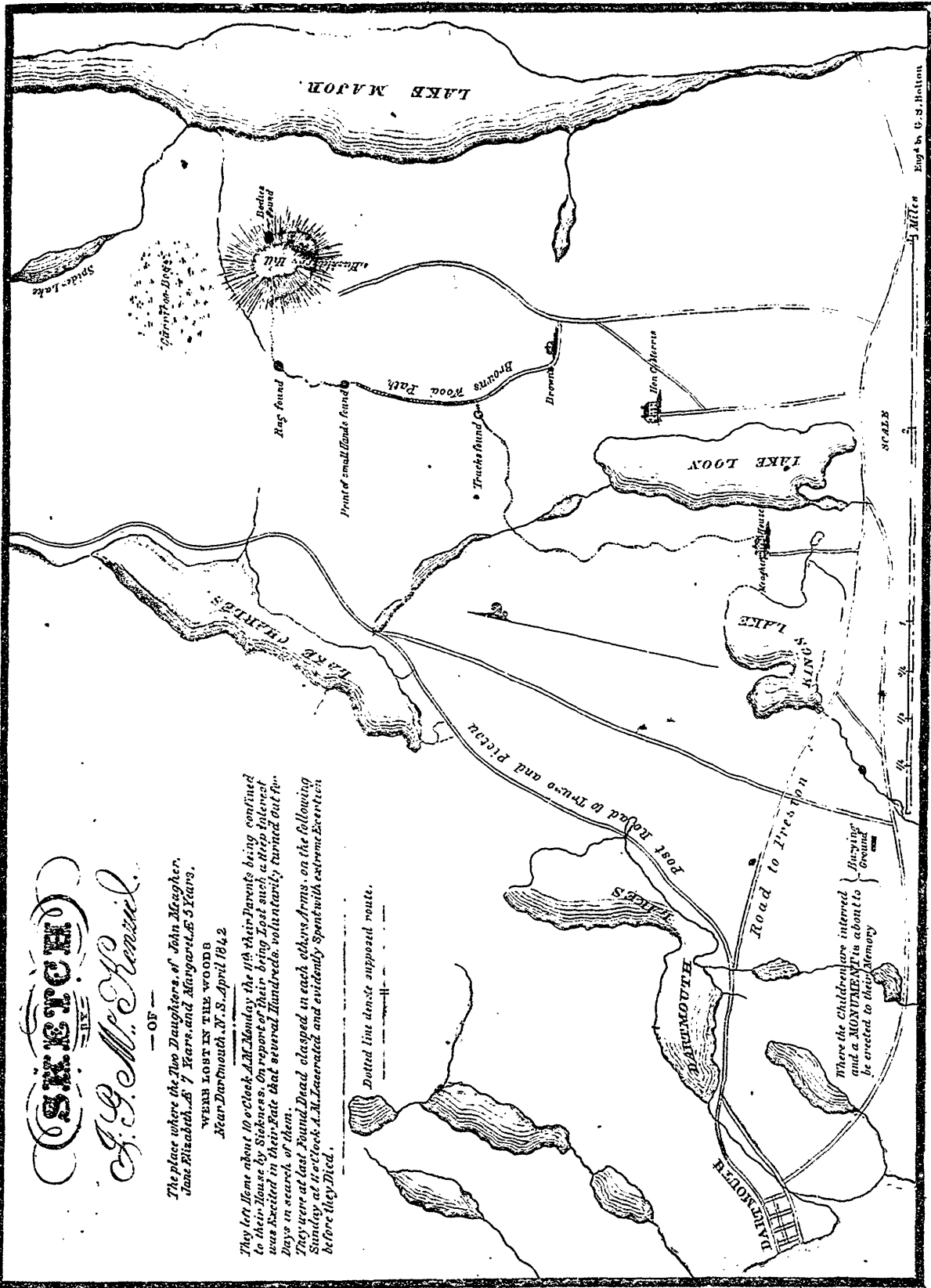
SEARCHED
J. G. McCrevel

— OF —
 The place where the two Daughters of John Magahee,
 Jane Elizabeth, 5 7 Years, and Margaret, 5 Years,
 WERE LOST IN THE WOODS
 Near Dartmouth, N.S., April 1842

They left Home about 10 o'clock A.M. Monday the 5th their Parents being confined to their House by Sickness. On report of their being lost such a deep Interest was excited in their Fate that several Hundreds, voluntarily turned out to search for them. They were at last Found Dead clasped in each others Arms, on the following Sunday at 11 o'clock A.M. Incarcerated and evidently Spontaneous Extinction before they Died.

Dotted line denotes supposed route.

Where the Children are interred
 and a MONUMENT is about to
 be erected to their Memory



Eng'd by G. S. Holton

1 Mile

SCALE

15, u, r, and p, e, n, t, l, y, at, a, n, e, e, i, r, m, e, w, o, w, i, n, i, n, a, d, a

Miscellaneous.

From the Novascotian.

(The two following contributions, are on a late melancholy event. Although some similarity may appear between parts of the prose, and parts of the poetic article, we know that neither writer saw the production of the other, until both articles were in the printer's hands.)—Nov.

THE BABES IN THE WOODS.

"Two days and nights she wither'd thus; at last,
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show
A parting pang, the spirit from her past;
And she who watched her nearest could not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glazed o'er her eyes.
She died, but not alone."

BYRON.

Most children, who can read have read, the touching little Nursery Tale of the Babes in the Woods, and thousands who cannot read, have wept over it as better informed playmates, nurses, or grandmothers, poured it into their infant ears, with variations, embellishments, and exaggerations, which, if all duly preserved, would fill a book as large as Robinson Crusoe. We have seen all the touching incidents of the scene so often pourtrayed in wood cuts and engravings, that at any moment we can conjure up the bedroom, in which the dying parents consigned the innocents to the cruel but fair spoken uncle—the wild glen in which the ruffians quarrelled, upon the point of conscience, as to whether they should be murdered, or left to perish in the wood—and then, the wood itself, in which they wandered so long, hand in hand, quenching their thirst in the running brook, gathering sloe berries to satisfy their hunger, and sleeping at night beneath the trees in each other's arms. Truly this little legend has enjoyed a popularity more extensive than thousands of tales of more complicated plot and elaborate execution. The boys and girls of the present generation read and listen to it with as much delight and as tender a sympathy as the boys and girls of the past, and who can say how many centuries may pass before it shall cease to be remembered, or be shorn of any portion of the popularity it now enjoys.

We have had of late our "Babes in the Woods," and the object of this little sketch is to record some incidents, in humble life, in which the people of Halifax, Dartmouth, and the Settlements in their vicinity, take at the present moment a very lively interest, and which it is probable will be held in painful remembrance by hundreds until their dying day. Our story lacks something of the dramatic cast of the old one—there being neither avarice, cruelty, nor crime in it, and yet 'tis "pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful." The Town of Dartmouth lies on the eastern side of Halifax Harbour, directly opposite to the City of that name. The Township of Preston lies to the eastward of Dartmouth, and embraces scattered agricultural settlements, through the principal of which the main road runs which leads from Dartmouth to Porter's Lake, Chezetcook, Jeddore, and all the Harbours upon the south eastern sea board. About half a mile from this road, at a distance of some four miles and a half from the Ferry, lived John Meagher, a native of Ireland, his wife, and a family of 4 children. His house is prettily situated on an upland ridge, between two lakes, and overlooking the main road. His cleared fields were chiefly in front, the rear of his lot being covered by a thick growth of bushes and young trees, which had sprung up in the place of the original forest, long since levelled by the axe or overrun, by fire. Behind the lot, in a northerly direction, lay a wide extent of timber and scrambling woodland, granite barken and morass, the only houses in the neighbourhood lying east or west, on ridges running parallel with that on which Meagher lived, and which are separated from it by the lakes—that extend some distance in rear of his clearing.

On Monday morning, the 10th day of April, Meagher, his wife, and two of the children, being sick with the measles, the two oldest girls, Jane Elizabeth, being 6 years and 10 months, and Margaret only 5 years old, strolled into the

woods to search for Lashing, the gum of the black spruce tree, or tea berries. The day was fine, and the girls being in the habit of toaming about the lot, were not missed till late in the day. A man servant was sent in search of them, and thought he heard their voices, but returned without them, probably thinking there was no great occasion for alarm, and that they would by and bye return of their own accord. Towards evening, the family became seriously alarmed, and the sick father roused himself to search for his children, and gave the alarm to some of his nearest neighbours. The rest of the night was spent in beating about the woods in rear of the clearing, but to no purpose, nobody supposing that girls so small could have strayed more than a mile or two from the house. On Tuesday morning, tidings having reached Dartmouth, Halifax, and the neighbouring settlements, several hundreds of persons promptly repaired to the vicinity of Meagher's house, and, dividing into different parties, commenced a formal and active examination of the woods. In the course of the day the tracks of little feet were discovered in several places on patches of snow, but were again lost—the spot at which the children crossed a rivulet which connects Lake Loon with Lake Charles, was also remarked. A colored boy named Brown, whose dwelling lay about three miles to the north and west of Meagher's, also reported, that he had heard a noise, as of children crying, the evening before, while cutting wood, but that, on advancing towards it, and calling out, the sound ceased, and he returned home, thinking, perhaps, it was a bird or some wild animal.

The tracks, the coloured boy's report, and the subsequent discovery of a piece of one of the children's aprons, stained with blood, at the distance of 3 miles from their home, gave a wider range to the researches of the benevolent, who began to muster in the neighbourhood of the place in which the piece of apron was picked up, and to deploy in all directions, embracing a circle of several miles beyond and in rear of it. Monday night was mild, and it was pretty evident the children survived it. Tuesday night was colder, and about two inches of snow having fallen, the general conviction appeared to be, that, worn out with fatigue and hunger, and having no outer clothing, they must have perished. Still, there was no relaxation of the exertions of the enterprising and benevolent. Fresh parties poured into the woods each day, and many persons, overpowered by the strength of their feelings, and gathering fresh energy from the pursuit, devoted the entire week to the generous purpose of rescuing the dead bodies, if not the lives of the innocents, from the wilderness. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday passed away, and no further trace was discovered of the Babes in the Woods; every newspaper that appeared was eagerly searched for some tidings—every boat that crossed the harbour was met by anxious and enquiring faces—Dartmouth was the centre of excitement, and the Preston Road was constantly occupied with vehicles and pedestrians moving to and fro.

As the week closed, all hopes of finding the children alive were of course abandoned, and yet nobody thought of discontinuing the search. An air of mystery began to gather about the affair. The accounts of the man servant and of the colored lad were eagerly canvassed—what meant the blood upon the scrap of the apron? Had there been crime? Had wild animals destroyed them? How could they have wandered so far? How could hundreds of persons have traversed the woods for five days, without finding them? All these were questions which every body put to his neighbour, and which none could answer.

On Sunday morning it was quite evident that the interest had deepened rather than declined. A load seemed to hang upon the mind which was excessively painful. Many, who had been confined all the week, unable to join in the good work, determined to spend the Sabbath in searching for the babes, in imitation of Him who went about doing good, and who gave examples of active benevolence even on the day set apart for rest and devotion. Many others sought to throw off by locomotion, and a sight of the localities, the load of doubt, and mystery and apprehension, which oppressed them. From early morning till eleven o'clock, groups might be seen entering the Steamboat, with hunt-

ing coats, and strong buckins, evidently bound for the woods. The Preston road was covered with the ardent and eager, of all ranks and all ages, pressing onward with a zeal and determination worthy of any good cause.

We strolled into Meagher's early in the forenoon. The sick husband was in the woods. The bereaved mother, whose agony must have been intense throughout the week, while there was a chance of her little ones being restored to her alive, seemed to have settled into the sobriety of grief which generally follows the stroke of death, and when hope has been entirely extinguished. One sick child rested on her lap. Friendly neighbours were sitting around, vainly essaying to comfort her who could "not be comforted," because her children "were not." All they could do was to show, by kind looks and little household attentions, how anxious they were to prove that they felt her bereavement keenly. We plunged into the woods; and at once saw how easy it might be for children to lose themselves in the dense thickets and broken ground immediately in the rear of the house, and how exceedingly difficult it might be to find their bodies, had they crept for shelter into any of the fir or alder clumps, through hundreds of which they must have passed, or laid down beneath the spreading roots of any of the numerous windfalls, which lay scattered on either hand. We wandered on, and on, occasionally exchanging greeting, or enquiries with parties crossing and recrossing our line of march. We reached the house of Brown, the coloured lad, who thought he had heard their voices, and questioned him. His story was natural, and consistent with the facts as subsequently disclosed. He probably heard them, but not being aware that any body was lost, and finding his call unanswered, had thought nothing of the incident until subsequent information gave it importance. If they heard him, they may have erred in following the sound, or shrunk from a strange noise, at a distance from home, with childish apprehension. Leaving Brown's hovel, we again took to the woods, and, as we beat about north and east, to the neighbourhood of where the tracks and the piece of apron were found, voices were heard in the distance—well known faces crossed our path every few moments, and the tracks upon the light snow, remnants of which still lingered in the glens and thickets, became numerous, and in some places paths were beaten by the frequently recurring footsteps of the searchers. As we went on, and on, clambering over windfalls, bruising our feet against granite rocks, or plunging into mud holes, the sufferings of those poor babes were brought fearfully home to us, as they must have been to hundreds on that day. If we, who had slept soundly the night before—were well clad, and had had a comfortable breakfast, were weary with a few hours tramp—if we chafed when we stumbled, when the green boughs dashed in our faces, or when we slumped through the half frozen morass, what must have been the sufferings of those poor girls, so young, so helpless, with broken shoes, no coverings to their heads or hands, and no thicker garments to shield them from the blast, or keep out the frost and snow, than the ordinary dress with which they sat by the fire or strolled abroad in the sunshine? Our hearts sunk at the very idea of what must have been their sufferings. We would not have laid down in the warmest nook we could select in that wide wilderness, clothed as we were, and pass a single night at such a season, without food or fire, for an Earl's ransom. What then must they have endured as night closed on them, perhaps on the dampest and bleakest spot, to which mere chance directed their footsteps? We were pushing on, peering about, and dwelling on every probability of the case, when, just as we struck a woodpath, we met a lad coming out, who told us that the children were found, and that they were to be left on the spot until parties could be gathered in, that those who had spent the forenoon in search of them, should have the melancholy gratification of beholding them as they sunk into their final rest on the bleak mountain side.

In a few moments after we met others rushing from the woods, with the painful and yet satisfactory intelligence, hurrying to spread it far and wide. We soon after have in sight of Mount Major, a huge granite hill, about six

miles from Meagher's house, and caught a sight of a group of persons standing upon its topmost ridge, firing guns, and waving a white flag as a signal of success. The melancholy interest and keen excitement of the next half hour, we shall never forget. As we pressed up the hill side, dozens of our friends and acquaintance were ascending from different points—some, having satisfied their curiosity, were retreating, with sad faces, and not a few with tears in their eyes. As we mastered the acclivity, we saw a group gathered round in a circle, about half way down on the other side. This seemed to be the point of attraction. New comers were momentarily pressing into the ring, and others rushing out of it overpowered by strong emotion. When we pressed into the circle, the two little Girls were lying, just as they were when first discovered by Mr. Currie's dog. The Father had lifted the bodies, to press them, cold, and lifeless, to his bosom, but they had been again stretched on the heath, and their limbs disposed so as to show the manner of their death. A more piteous sight we never beheld. There were not the holiday dresses of the Babes in the Woods, for their parents were affluent, and it was for their wealth their wicked uncle conspired against them. Jane Elizabeth and Margaret Meagher, were the children of poor parents, and they wore the common dress of their class, and scanty enough it seemed for the perils they had passed through. The youngest child had evidently died in sleep, or her spirit had passed as gently as though the wing of the Angel of death had seemed but the ordinary clouds of night overpowering the senses. Her little cheek rested upon that of her sister—her little hand was clasped in hers—her fair, almost white hair, unkempt and dishevelled, strewed the wild heath upon which they lay. The elder girl appeared to have sufficed more. Her eyes were open, as though she had watched till the last—her features were pinched and anxious, as if years of care and of anguish had been crowded into those two days. If life is to be measured by what we bear, and do and suffer, and not by moments and hours, that poor girl must have lived more in two days than some people do in twenty years. From the moment that she found herself really bewildered, and began to apprehend danger, until that in what she threw the remains of her little apron over her sister's face to keep the snow out of her eyes, pillowed that cold cheek upon her own, and grasped the hand by which she had led her for long wearisome hours, what a world of thought must have passed through that youthful brow—how must that young spirit have been over informed, that young heart been tried.

Neither of the girls had anything on their heads. Their legs were dreadfully torn and lacerated—the large toe of the elder, which protruded from her boot when she left home, was much cut. To this wound, or to one upon her leg, occasioned by a fall, it is probable that the piece of apron, which directed the search so far into the wilderness, had been applied. We were reminded of the Corn Law Rymer's lines—

And the stones of every street,
Knew their little naked feet.

But the stones of the street are smooth compared with the rough rocks, and tough branches and brambles, which these poor Babes had encountered. We pity the man who could have stood over them for an instant without shedding a tear, for their fate and for their sufferings. There were few who did. We looked round us as we broke from the circle—there were men of all ranks, and ages—Soldiers in fatigue dress—the Merchant, the Mechanic, and the professional man, with the town garb variously disguised—the Preston, Lawrence Town and Cole Harbour Farmers, in their homespun suits,—the Chiseteck Frenchman in his moccasins—the coloured man in his motley garb,—and apart from the rest, a group of Indians, sharing the common feelings and sentiments of our nature, but calm and untroubled amidst the general excitement of the scene.

The hill on which the children were found, was the last place any body would have thought of looking for them, and yet when upon it, the reason of their being there seemed sufficiently clear. A smooth platform of rock

clear of underbrush, and looking like a road, approaches the base of the hill, from the direction in which the children probably came. They doubtless ascended, in order that they might ascertain where they were; and it is more than likely that when they saw nothing but forest, bog and wild barren, stretching away for miles around them, without a house or clearing in sight, that their little hearts sunk within them, and they laid themselves down to refresh for further efforts, or, it may have been, in utter despair, to cling to each other's bosoms and die.

There was one thing which brightened the scene, sad as it was, and seemed to give pleasure even to those who were most affected by it. "In death they were not divided." It was clear that there had been no desertion—no shrinking, on the part of the elder girl, from the claims of a being even more helpless than herself. If she had drawn her sister into the forest, as a companion in the sports of childhood, she had continued by her in scenes of trial and adversity that might have appalled the stoutest nature, and broken the bonds of the best cemented friendship. Men, and women too, have been selfish in extremities, but this little girl clung to her sister with a constancy and fidelity worthy of all praise. From the tracks it was evident, that she had led her by the hand, changing sides occasionally as the little one's arm was weary. "A touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and the tenderness and constancy of this poor girl, no less than the sufferings of them both, seemed to speak but one language to every heart on that wild hill side, no matter what garment covered it, and to call forth the same response: "Thank God there was no desertion—in death they were not divided," seemed to be the language of every one, as they turned away from the spot where the "Babes in the woods" lay in each others arms.

The bodies have been buried in a rural and quiet little grave yard, about two miles from Dartmouth. It is proposed to build a monument over their remains, to which the person who found them has contributed the sum offered as a reward for their discovery. We trust a liberal subscription will enable the Committee to put up such a one as will do credit to the good taste and liberality of the Capital and its neighbourhood. A rude Cairn was hastily erected on the hill where the babes were found, but we understand that it is in contemplation to smoothe the front of a huge granite bolder, near at hand, and point out, by a suitable inscription, the spot which will, we venture to prophecy, be a resort of our youth and of strangers, during the summer months, for whose information this simple narrative has been prepared.

THE LOST AND FOUND.

A TALE OF THE FOREST.

"Despair is never quite despair;
No life nor death the future closes;
And round the shadowing brow of care,
Will hope and fancy twine their roses!"

ANON.

I.

From fair-haired youth, to hoary eld, we bear,
The marks of earthly nature and of thrall,—
Bright is the day indeed, unmarked by care,—
Favored the season when no blightings fall.

Yet nature has her charms of field and flower,—
Of noon and night, of mount, and sounding sea,—
And many a sunny wave, and shaded bower
Have faces beaming, and have bosoms free.

A tale of sorrow now demands the muse,
A tale the muse is feeble to relate;—
Yet sparkling light, the deeper shade imbues,
And holy virtues smooth THE CHILDREN'S FATE. (a)

II.

The May-flower scantily specked its favorite turf; (b)
The snow-drift lay unmelted in the vale;
O'er placid lake and restless ocean's surf;
Still, frequent, icy roam'd the winter gale.

But childhood has a summer of its own,—
The dullest day is cheered by lightest boon,—
No memory blasts its spring with winter tone,—
No by-gone error makes a night of noon.

Light hearted shouts the sylvan echoes wake,
The sisters rove and rest, uncheck'd by fears; (c)
For grazing kine familiar tinklings make,
And cottage lattice through the vista peers.

But where's the parent with the due reproof,
To keep the wand'ers in the sphere of Home?—
Ah! sickness pale detains 'neath household roof,
And all too far the little truants roam.

Starting, from play, they find their path beset,—
By doubt and dread,—and dark'ning maze around;—
Thus old and young who wisdom's voice forget,
Find pleasure's paths conduct to danger's ground.

III.

Fear, hope, care, love, are mystic things in youth,
When strong and simple every passion glows;—
When grey experience tints not nature's truth,—
But as the heart is touched the bosom throes.

The sisters, hand in hand, with anxious pace,
Hurry, thro' tangled paths, they know not where;
Oh! chilling pang, when friendly sound or trace
Relieves not the first whisperings of despair.

Lost! Lost!—The feeling like an adder twines,
About each tender heart;—and sobbing cry,
And calls for Mother,—rise amid the pines,
But only find an echo for reply.

And she, the Mother,—as the hour at length
Brought the dread truth, rushed forth on terror's
wings; (d)

Her nature's weakness lost in nature's strength,
Her plaintive voice amid the forest rings.

The father too, from bed of sickness sprung,
Deaf to the warning voice which would restrain;
Thoughts of his babes with wonted vigour strung,
And plunged amid the wild he calls in vain.

Yet often pauses, listening to the wail
Of evening's wind, and deems it human voice;
And thinks the squirrel rustling in the dale
His children's steps,—and bids his heart rejoice.

But never more their steps shall greet his ear,—
No more their voice from valley or from hill
Shall answer his;—around are shades of fear,
The day declines and they are distant still!

IV.

Hope lures the Alpine Hunter to the steep,—
Gives dreams of Home to Mariner at sea,—
Smiles on the Captive in his iron Keep,—
And bids despair from faintest bosom flee.

Hope—strong in all, but most in those who ne'er
Have proved how oft delusive is her strain—
Supports the throbbing babes,—they onward bear,
Through jungle, swamp, and rocks,—and all in vain.

No home appears! no marks of love or life,
Save in themselves;—more savage grows the wild,
And so till Night, with untold horrors rife,
Wraps in her pall each terror-stricken child.

And so at morn, and so at night again,
And other days and nights;—oh! who may tell,
The fever, death-chill, and the varied pain,
Which through each little head and heart did swell.

And who would picture, if he could, the pang,
Of childhood's utter woe,—the imploring cry,

The storm-drenched locks, cut feet, and wolf-like fang
Of cruel hunger,—ere they sank to die ?

The fear, which wrung the heart and crazed the brain ;
The bitter hope which mocked with empty dreams ;
The care and love enduring,—all in vain,
Till death gave visions of uncheating beams.

v.

The elder babe assumed the mother's part, (e)
And wrapped her weaker charge as best she might ;
And led, and whispered peace, and to her heart,
Pressed, as set in each dreaded, death-like night.

A hill, a lake, attracts the fading ken, (f)
Is it the field, the pool, they know so well ?
Or from its granite peak may homes of men
Be seen above this tangled swampy dell ?

Oh ! happy thought, with faltering steps they creep
Along its side,—but all is savage still ;—
The younger babe falls fainting on the steep
Nature refuses further strife with ill.

The worst is o'er, now hope and fear depart,—
The prostrate bosom may no more retain
These struggling foes ;—yet in the throbbing heart,
The sheltering care, the holy love remain.

The baby nurse bends o'er the fair hair'd child,
Her cheek to hers, her arm around her prest,
And thus they lie, expiring on the wild ;—
No tenderer scene e'er marked a mountain crest.

They sleep in death !—the guardian infant's glance,
And haggard cheek, and wrinkled brow, told well,
What wasting cares were hers,—in gentler trance,
The younger babe to fatal slumbers fell.

So were they found—by anxious men who paced
The tangled wilds, by holy pity led ;
And manly cheeks by bitter tears were traced,
To see the children on their desert bed. (h)

vi.

If babes thus suffer, well may man have brow
Of care, enwrinkled by his toil and strife,—
To run, to wrestle, conquer, break or bow,
Comprise the earthly sum of human life.

The gayest face at times has galling heart,
The blandest smile preludes the heaviest sigh,
Gloom tintured oft would seem life's mazy chart,
Were hope denied a purer higher sky.

Yet lights with shadows blend, if seen aright ;—
The trial makes the man, if well maintained ;—
Green spots amid the desert glad the sight,
And from rank weeds the richer flower is gleaned.

Such is the *mother's love*, reflection best
Of *Love divine*,—tho' earth's affection may (i)
Give poor similitude in gentlest breast,
To *That* which holds *eternal stainless ray*.

Such is the sympathy which, priceless, aims,
At turning evil, or performing good ; (k)
A particle from all-pervading beams,
Which wrap creation in a glorious flood.

Such is fraternal kindness,—which denies, (l)
Self-love to nurture those than self more dear ;
Type of a better friendship, closer ties,
A Love transcending far the brother's sphere.

vii.

They sleep in death, the mother's song no more,
Shall charm the ear ;—no more misfortune's blight
Shall rack the heart ;—Earth's cheating joys are o'er
And all its glooms exchanged for endless light.

In life and death united, one small grave
Received the sisters from one snowy pall ; (m)
Above the narrow mound, the pine trees wave,—
Where oft the sympathetic tear shall fall.

Where oft the meditative youth shall muse
Of much endurance, sorrow, and deep love ;
And feel the Spirit of the scene infuse
Thoughts of—Homes lost on Earth, and found above.

(a). The children, Eliza and Margaret Meagher, lost in the woods four miles from Halifax, and found dead, seven miles from home, on the seventh day of their absence.

(b). Nova Scotia soil may well be called the favourite turf of its sweet emblem, the Mayflower. It is said to be very scarce even in the sister Province of New Brunswick. It grows profusely in our woods: gatherers, spare the roots.

(c). The children, it is supposed, strayed from the house gathering tea berries.

(d). The mother was delicate from recent confinement ;—the father in bed afflicted with the measles. Both left the house, and searched the neighbouring groves, when alarm was taken.

(e). The elder was about seven years of age, the younger about five. Many most touching evidences were given of the care of the elder child. She had taken off her apron, and rolled it round her sister. Marks on the snow showed that the younger had fallen, and was assisted by the elder. Their tracks, were side by side, when that was possible. In death, a last effort of Eliza seemed to be to cover and caress little Margaret.

(f). They were found lying on a hill side ; near Lake Major. Some thought that the children supposed, from certain similarities, that it was in the vicinity of Home ;—others, that they hoped to see human dwellings from its summit.

(g). The younger looked placid, the elder wasted with care. Several hundred people joined in search of the wanderers. The dog of one of the parties, Mr. P. Currie, by his cries over the bodies, caused their discovery. Guns were fired and horns sounded to rally those in search. A large number soon collected, and few dry eyes were among the plying group.

(h). The mother's, and father's suffering, was one source of deep sympathy.—The Scriptures say—"Can a mother forget her babe?" "yet will not the Lord forget those who put their trust in him."

(i). A noble sympathy was evinced by inhabitants of the settlements, of Dartmouth and of Halifax ;—but there is a preserving Love, in which "we live and move and have our being."

(l). The affection of the children is a lovely feature in the story ; we are informed, however, that there is One "who sticketh closer than a brother."

(m). The sisters were laid in one coffin,—placed, by the man who first discovered their remains, as they lay on the hill side,—one embracing and sheltering the other. So ends the sadly instructive narrative.

THE SEQUEL.

"His will is fate."—Young.

Six tedious nights had pass'd away
In sorrow and in tears ;
And six times the return of day
Brought mingled hopes and fears,
But still more painful grew the tale,
As Eve put on her sable veil.

A silent, solemn, settled woe,
Told what the tongue forbade,—
And, save some foot-prints in the snow,
No omen else to aid :
Ev'n these had scarce their message done,
Until they were forever gone.

The woods in ruin, far and wide,
As time had erst them laid,
Like corpses mould'ring side by side,
The scene more dismal made,—
And gave a sense of loneliness
That poetry cannot express.

The scatter'd groups, overwhelm'd in grief,
Kept wand'ring to and fro,
And scarce a salutation brief
Obtained on their woe.
The dispensation from on High
Was hid in silent mystery.

On Nebo's top meek Moses dies,
By Gud's express command,—
It was enough the prophet's eyes
Had seen the promised land :
So still we run our mortal race
As Heav'n appoints the time and place.

The veil of flesh, by Moses worn,
Gon in the mountain hid,—
And none may find those children's bourne,
If He the boon forbid ;
The Angels brought their panoply,
And covered them from human eye.*

Ah me! a Mother's anguish then
Can never be exprest,
When on the sterner heart of men
Such grievousness could rest ;
We saw the Father when his eye
Was set in tearless agony.

Our sympathies grew more intense,
More hopelessness we felt,
With nothing to relieve suspense
Where desolation dwelt ;
A week had pass'd in pray'r and pain
And yet the labour was in vain.

It was the seventh day—and still
The lost had not been found,
'Tho wood and waste—and vale and hill
Had e'll been search'd around ;
But yet an ardent multitude
The dubious task again renew'd.

Forth came the Hermits of the woods,
And men of wealth and might,
And ranged the rugged solitudes
From morning until night,
Returning with a troubled mind,
That those they sought were left behind.

At home the mothers wept and told
Their little ones the tale,
As grasping with a firmer hold,
They mingled in the wail ;
And many a burst of tenderness,
Gave utterance to their distress.

Creeds seem'd forgotten for a while
And caste was flung aside,
The jovial lost their wonted smile
No place was found for pride ;
E'en beauty sat alone in bloom
Amidst the universal gloom.

Tho' crushing thro' the crackling woods
With eagerness unfeign'd,
Yet in the barren solitudes
A quiet stillness reign'd ;
And e'en a whisper that would come
Upon the ear was burdensome.

Aye 'twas the seventh day, when Gon
Gave answer to our pray'rs
And took away his hand and show'd
The objects of our cares ;
Beside our feet the sisters lay
As death had summon'd them away.

Lock'd in affection's fond embrace
Love seem'd their last bequest,
Nor might the sting of death efface
What Nature had impress ;
The tokens of a gen'rous mind
The parted spirit left behind.

There symbols of fidelity
And loveliness were blent,
Nor could attachment's tend'rest tie,
Stand forth more redolent ;
The ordeal they had undergone
Gave each a more commanding tone.

They lay like children when their sleep
Has with disquiet met,
Their anxious features form'd to weep
When death his signet set ;
The gracefulness of their repose
Made evident how life would close.

There was no writhing of a limb,
No sign of inward strife,
The listless eyes unclos'd and dim
Show'd all was there but life ;
They died—alas how many die
Less ripe for immortality.

How sternly, strong men's hearts were bow'd
Beneath that trying scene
The pitying stranger—and the proud
Assay'd their strength in vain ;
Compassion show'd an age of pow'r,
Compress'd within that little hour.

'Twas the beginning to unload
Minds laden deep with pain,
Where joy and grief together flow'd
Like sunshine mix'd with rain ;
The bitterness of Death was past
The lost ones had been found at last.

It is enough—the strain must close,
Tho' many a tuneless tongue,
In after days may lisp the woes
That now are feebly sung,
Nor farther draw the veil aside
That should on holier ties abide.

*A considerable quantity of snow fell on the Tuesday evening.

†A gentleman remarked to an Indian, that it was strange so many people passed the spot where the children lay, without seeing them. The Indian, after a moments consideration, replied, "Maybe God put his hand between you and them then." The idea is beautiful.

(We have much pleasure in furnishing the above 'Sequel' to other contributions, respecting the lost children. It is from an old favorite with the public, and he touches no strain of pathos without giving it some sweet tints of poetry.)

THE INFANT PILGRIMS.

Whither, young prattlers, would ye roam,
That thus you slight your father's home,
And bend your steps this way ?
Turn, turn again, frail babes of earth,
To her return who gave you birth,
Nor tempt your feet to stray.

Why ply ye thus each little limb,
Of what fond pleasures can ye dream,
That still ye persevere ?
No summer sun illumines your sky,
No little choristers on high
Pour carols on your ear.

Then why yet travel on so far,
As if ye sought the farthest star
That beams beyond the blue ?
Return, you little lambs return,
Or soon you'll rove too far, and learn
Your luring hopes untrue.

Still on ye rove!—say, what impels
Your feet to stray where no man dwells,
'Mid this lone wilderness ?

What is your hope, your motive, say,
That thus ye wander far away.
From every fond caress?

"They tell us of a far-off land
Of light, where once our feet may stand
To see glad flowerets spring:
Whose skies are blue, and sun is bright,
Where never day dies in the night,
Where birds of beauty sing.

"That land we go to find—for here
We're cold and sad; nor flowers appear,
But thorns our path bestrew:
O, tell us,—is it far away,
For though it take us all the day,
We'll go that land to view?

They say that little children there,
In snowy robes of joy appear,
So like a lily drest;
Say, is it farther than we see,
For now we're tired, and long to be
Where we may sweetly rest.

We long to eat, and drink, and rest,
In that fair land where all are blest,
And we shall be blest too.

We long to see our home, and live
Where never more our heart shall grieve;
Or struggle with its pain;
A home, a mother, left behind,
May we a sweeter dwelling find,
A kinder bosom gain?

Come, sister dear, dull night is come,
Yet have we found no better home,—
Come closer to my breast,
Until this storm is passed by,
We'll lay us down just here, and try
Our wayworn feet to rest.

"Now let us pray—Our Father who
In heaven art, our father true,
Nor only there, but here:
Blest be thy name, thy kingdom come,
In earth as heaven, thy will be done,
Give our faint hearts to cheer.

"Oh, beauty! was not that a sight!
Heav'n sent us of those cherubs bright!
Dear sister, see, they come!
We cannot rise! Come you!—come doves!
Come bear us to that land of loves—
Come take us wanderers home!"

Halifax, April 22, 1842.

TZULON.

(The above is a poetic fancy, suggested by the "loss of the children." It supposes them to have gone in search of a better land than this,—a supposition not pretended to be borne out by facts, but allowable to a Poet, whose eye may wander at times from earth to heaven, "in a fine frenzy rolling," without being shackled by accurate description.)—
Ed. Nor.

THE EARLY LOST.

BY WILLIAM J. WARD.

I saw two rose-buds, each of tender age,
But one was nearly bursting into bloom,
And both were beautiful and promis'd fair
To add fresh beauty to the parent stem.
Oh have I seen those children in their sleep,
And marked the mother as she watch'd beside them,
Musing on what they might in future be:
Then, what a world of thought that bosom fill'd!

What hopes and fears alternately then rush'd
Over her soul, teeming with visions bright
Of future happiness and bliss to them;
Anon, the dim unwelcome clouds of fear,
Would gather thick, and dark and ominous,
Till in her eye the light of hope was quench'd
By tears of doubt which stole unbidden there:—
Sad harbingers of early fate were they,—
The dread forerunners of those infants' doom!

"Children are holy things,"—and, in their death
Confirm the doctrines of our holy faith:—
Embodied spirits sent to sojourn here,
To taste the bitterness of sin and death—
Then taken hence to that best world above,
Where death is follow'd by Eternal Life,
And pain exchanged for never ending bliss!

Deep in the soul's recesses lies enshrin'd
One feeling, holy as the thoughts of angels,
And like the drop within its crystal cell,
Remains unchill'd by the cold world around it.
Deep in the soul that feeling lies enshrin'd;
But not "too deep for tears," for no, ah, no,
They are the messengers which wait upon it,
And, in the gush of tenderness, proclaim,
The feeling which we name—a mother's love!
A scintillation of the Source of Life;
An emanation from the Deity.

I saw the mother o'er her children mourn,
In deep distraction, calling, but in vain
On Him who took them to restore their souls,
Unhappy mourner! Let thy tears flow on,
'Twill yield some comfort to thine anguish'd breast:
I would not bid thee to restrain that gush
Of tenderness, it is as pure as childhood's—
And, in the sight of Him who reads the heart,
Holy, methinks, as penitential tears:—
Nature demands it, and the soul pours forth
Affection's tribute to the early dead!

Afflicted parent! Let a stranger lay
The balm of healing to thy wounded heart;
He who hath lent it, hath a right when'er
He deems it proper to resume the gift.
Thou hast one solace still; for God hath spar'd,—
To share with thee the burthen of thy grief:—
The sole last prop: thou had'st to lean upon:—
Thy husband lives! And though disease had placed
Its hand upon him, and the things of Time
Were fading from his vision, yet thy God
In mercy spar'd him, and hath rais'd him up
To mourn, with thee, the mutual loss ye feel.
On Faith's strong pinions let thy spirit mount
And see, in bliss, the Angels God hath made
Of those, thine earth-born idols! Then will Hope
Point to the place prepar'd for thee and them—
The Sun of Righteousness will then arise,
And as the beams of comfort seek thy soul,
The gather'd mists, ascending from thy tears
WILL CATCH THEIR LIGHT, AND FORM THE BOW OF PEACE.
Halifax, April, 1842.

SWIFTNES OF MEN.—It is said that men who are used to it, will outrun horses by holding their speed longer. A man will also walk down a horse, for after he has travelled a few days, the horse will be quite tired, but the man will be as fresh for motion as at the beginning. The king's messenger walks to Ispahan, 108 miles, in 14 hours. Hottentots outstrip lions in the chase, and savages who hunt the elk tire it down and take it; they are said to have performed a journey of 3,600 miles in less than six weeks.

THE DEFAULTER.

BY JOHN T. MELL.

In the beautiful season of youth, when life is just budding forth in all the dewy freshness of ardent hope; when the heart is buoyant and the energies alive, and panting after objects around which to shed the virtuous influence of their association,—oh! then it is that we feel, like the harp that is deliciously attuned, the full force of every impression;—of what moment, therefore, are those early connections and restraints which are voluntarily assumed to fit us for companionship with the world,—or, in other words, to form the character by which we are to be known and appreciated among our fellow men; but that character by which we light the vestal fire of the ancients demands the constant vigilance of our noblest faculties to keep alive and perpetuate.

George Morris was in his twenty-fourth year, when, partly by the intercession of rich relatives, and in a great measure by the possession of personal endowments of no ordinary kind, he was called upon to assume an office of public trust. Gay without frivolity—proud in the consciousness of correct principle, and gifted with enviable powers of pleasing, his career seemed indeed to offer the rich rewards, if not of honourable fame, at least of high respectability. He loved, and after a short courtship was wedded. Never were two hearts more willingly allied. Did reflection dwell on the noise and bustle of the world without, it was only to assure him of the comforts of his peaceful fire-side. Thus did time glide with silken wing, dispensing the calm and rational pleasures of domestic life, which Morris was so formed to appreciate. He began his career, which it was foretold would be honourable to him, in the capacity of one of the chief officers of an institution of public monetary trust. Here, with principles of integrity, he deservedly won the esteem of the community. His probity had been tested, and the man of business implicitly confided in him. Society courted him. Living in a populous city, as years progressed he occupied an advanced position among his fellow men—honourable alike to himself and to his growing family; no cares had with him an abiding place,—for his children, whom he dearly loved, were gladdening the father's heart, and yielding him bright hopes for the future. All was happiness—all love and tranquillity. Who, then, would venture to disturb this domestic Eden? What baneful influence could bring desolation here? Who could wring the tear of anguish from that young and doating mother—or the helping cry from that unprotected child—who convert, as with magic wand, the happy homestead into the refuge of affliction or want? Yet did Morris work for himself this very ruin. Lured by the expensive fashions of the day, the splendid equipage, and the gay coterie of wealth, and desirous to equal, if not to eclipse the brilliance which he saw in the

circles wherein he was called to move, he had given rein to his appetite and ambition, until he was guilty of an act from which he once would have shrunk aghast with horror and dismay. He defrauded, and was detected—he fled; but could he avoid himself?—could he escape the guilty conscience—the bitter remorse? It was in vain. Go where he would, fancy would revert to that blighted, ruined home, and the thought of that one withering act. His reputation was irrecoverably gone, and he had roamed abroad, far from his native land—a wandering outcast. Of what avail were now to him the common blessings of nature? The light to him was—as the darkness—the very air was heavy, and laden as with the vapours of a dungeon—the world itself was one vast prison house. Did he sleep, frightful phantoms would haunt his couch, and drive away repose; supplicating hands of beggared orphans and stricken widows would rise in airy forms, while the strange unearthly voices would cry aloud, and pierce the air in wail and lamentation, and then die away as if in mock and derision.

Afar from country, relatives and friends, lived the Defaulter. Bitter was the cup which that man drained to the very dregs. Providence had set its sure seal of condemnation on his acts, and although the laws of man were impotent, the great law of the Omniscient failed not. There was no retreat from that presence which solemnly declared, "Thou shalt not steal."

At length news was brought to him from afar; it told him that the wife of his bosom was dead—his children dependent upon the charity of strangers. It was upon the receipt of this intelligence that I met Morris, who was dwelling in a retired part of one of the chief cities on the continent. I dared not think upon what might be the probable result of my interview. Conflicting emotions were agitating my breast, but I had fully resolved on the meeting, and on my arrival accordingly sought out his residence. It was about eight o'clock, of a summer's night, that, in an abstracted mood, I sauntered leisurely towards the house. Having presented myself, I was admitted to a small chamber, neat, furnished, where I found him alone. I knew not how to begin—how to address myself to my early friend, so altered. He was lying on a couch, evidently in the last stage of a fever. I felt at once he was a dying man. His presence bewildered me. The hollow and glassy eye rivetted my gaze, until, recollecting myself, in a subdued tone I spoke of the country I had left—my object in travelling—my desire to obtain tidings of himself—and then ventured to recall his memory to the many happy days we had spent in each other's society.

"Gone! gone!" said he, groaning aloud, and seeming to awaken from a listless reverie. In a moment he continued—"Will not one human creature compassionate George Morris?—a stranger in a strange land! My Julia—my wife—the mother of my little one—they tell me is dead,—

and I, who loved her so, poor thing, they say was her destroyer. Oh, God! have mercy on thy creature; I feel thy indignation, and am smitten in the dust."

There is something grand and terrible in the moral subjugation of man.

"L——," he faintly articulated, after a pause, during which he wept for the first and last time, "I feel that I am dying—thank God for his mercy; forgive, my friend, the weakness of these tears—they are tears of contrition—of penitence."

Exhausted by this effort, he sank into my arms.

"L——," continued he, reviving, and raising his voice, "do you not see her?—There, L——, there she is,—she's beckoning to me; she looks the same as at the bridal; she smiles, too, upon me; and look, L——, look, she forgives me. I come!—we were sundered once, but now they cannot disunite us."

A struggle ensued, but it was short; a moment more, and he was dead.

The flickering flame of the taper had expired; the moonlight rested upon the pale features of the corpe; and the soul of the Defaulter had sped to its eternal reckoning.

PRESENT TO THE PRINCE.

The Queen has accepted a present for her infant son, offered by Mr. Thompson of Hampstead—a bedstead and bedroom furniture, which are said to have belonged to Cardinal Wolsey. The present is thus described:—"So great is the value of the bedstead considered, that the son of the late Mr. Rothschild offered, but a short time since, £1500 for it; which large sum was refused. It is of ebony of the closest grain, carved into figures and various devices at the head and foot with surpassing skill. To give relief to the masses of sombre ebony carving, tasteful friezes and scrolls are introduced of inlaid mother-o'-pearl, and ivory; and this addition, as it were, lights up a dark and beautiful picture, and at the same time gives great finish and brilliancy to it. The cornices and testers, both at the top and round the sides are equally elaborately executed, and the hangings are of a rich satin damask. The celebrated chair of Cardinal Wolsey is included in this magnificent present, and is remarkable for the beautifully pencilled drawings upon the mother-o'-pearl, with which it is thickly adorned. Toilet tables of the most antique character, antique presses, ancient cabinets, and easy sofas and ottomans, covered with silver brocade, add to the value of the present, and will decorate the apartment in which the bed is to be placed in the royal castle."

LINES.

GIVEN TO A FRIEND A DAY OR TWO BEFORE THE DECEASE OF THE WRITER, OCTOBER, 1835.

When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping

Life's fever o'er,

Will there for me be any bright eye weeping

Of heretofore?

When the great winds, through leafless forests rushing

Sad music make;

When the swollen streams through crag and gully gushing

Like full hearts break;

Will there then one whose heart despair is crushing

Mourn for my sake;

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining

With purest ray

And the small flowers their buds and blossoms twining.

Burst through that clay;

Will there be one still on that spot repining

Lost hopes all day?

When the star twinkles with its eye of glory,

On that low mound;

And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary,

Its loneliness crowned;

Will there then be one versed in misery's story

Pacing it round!

It may be so—but this is selfish sorrow

To ask such meed—

A weakness and a wickedness to borrow

Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,

Thou gentle heart;

And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,

Let no tear start;

Twere vain—for time hath long been knelling,

Sad one depart!

The poorest and humblest man that lives has an interest in preserving the earth's wealth. The possessions that now create a self-importance in their present owners, will soon be no longer personally theirs, and may hereafter bear the unknown names of his children's children.

Temperance has found its way into the United States Navy. Hot coffee is now the beverage of the night watch, instead of the scalding rum. We hope that the British Navy will imitate the example. Drunkenness has been the besetting sin of sailors and soldiers, and more is the pity—for, by their indulgence in the evil propensity, the lustre of their bravery is dimmed, and the noble qualities of their hearts completely perverted.

TALKING.—The best rules to form a young man are,—to talk little, to hear much, to reflect upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's opinion, and value others that deserve it.—*Sir W. Temple.*

Natural History.

A HORSE A WARD IN CHANCERY.—In the vice-chancellor's court, on Tuesday, before Sir Knight Bruce, the poor treatment of a horse, legatee under the will of its late master, was made the subject of investigation. The testator had bequeathed £50 per annum to his executor in trust, for the benefit of his "black mare." The executor had placed the animal out at grass at the Harrow. After council had been heard *pro* and *con*, the vice-chancellor delivered judgment to the effect, that the legacy was valid, and that occasional supplies of corn as well as of grass should be granted to the quadruped legatee.

URATION OF LIFE IN ANIMALS.—The difference of age and size amongst these animals are very considerable. That which attains the greatest is perhaps the elephant, which by its size, slow growth, exceedingly hard skin and teeth, and its unexciting diet, has the justest claim to a calm life. The lion's age appears not to be accurately determined, but it is generally supposed to be comparatively long. The bear, though a great sleeper, and remarkably phlegmatic when awake, has no great duration of existence. The camel, on the other hand, a meagre, dry, active, exceedingly hardy animal, lives to a great age. Its average years, even with man's ill-treatment, is fifty, and individuals have been known to have the prolonged existence of a hundred years. Under man's controul, the horse does not live more than forty years. As he is a large, strong animal, but not well covered with hair, he is of great sensibility; and his juices being acrid, are much inclined to corruption. We may, however, partly ascribe his short life to the severity of man, for we do not yet know by experience how long he can live in a natural state. The stag lives about thirty years. The bull, large and strong as he is, lives only a short period; about fifteen years, or at most twenty. Most of the smaller animals, such as sheep, goats, the fox, the hare, &c., live no more than seven or ten years; with the exception of dogs and swine, which can reach the age of fifteen or twenty.

THE THREE-LEGGED WOLF.—On the 18th instant, three men—Brien, Scanlan, and Whelan—natives of the neighbourhood of Colliers, in Conception Bay,—brought to R. J. Pinsent, Esq. J. P. at Brigus, the skin of a male Wolf, for the purpose of obtaining the reward of £5 under the Wolf-killing Act: from them and others Mr P. learned the following particulars of this animal.

This Wolf is the same that was caught in a trap near St. John's last spring, on which occasion he lost his left fore leg. Since that time he has been ranging about from the neighbourhood of St. John's to the head of Conception Bay, and during the last summer, fall, and present winter, has killed several cows, sheep, &c. Being so remarkable, from the loss of one of his legs, he has been particularly noticed and identified by several persons. About a fortnight ago he made his appearance in the neighbourhood of Colliers, at the head of Conception Bay; there he killed a cow, and destroyed several sheep, goats, and fowls; he was seen repeatedly near the tills of the poor people, and in many instances seized the smaller animals close to the doors of the tills. On the 15th instant, the three men above mentioned went in pursuit of the Wolf; they tracked him on

the snow seven or eight miles and at length they came up with him at Turk's Gut about four miles from Brigus; he was observed by them crouched in a little thicket of bushes, opposite the door of a tilt inhabited by a poor widow woman of the name of Peggy Ross; he was at the distance of about twenty feet from the tilt, looking intently at some sheep which were in a shed attached to the tilt, and waiting apparently for the sheep to come out to spring upon them; when he observed the men he got up and made off, running very fast, with a sort of limping spring in his gait? as soon as he broke away from his cover in the bushes the men pursued. The animal made no resistance to the men, but endeavoured to run from them; he uttered no cry whatever during the whole of the pursuit, neither barking, howling or growling, not even when he was struck by the shot. The wolf is a noble sample of his race, his colour is silvery and remarkably handsome; he appears to be about five or six years old, his dimensions are as follows;—Length of body from Nose to insertion of Tail 5 feet; Length of Tail 1 foot 6 inches; Total length 6 feet 6 inches; Height at Fore-shoulder 2 feet 9 inches; Do. at Haunch 2 feet 8 inches. His general appearance is like a silver-haired Fox, Mr Pinsent is getting the Wolf stuffed and preserved, intending to keep him as a very fine specimen of the most formidable animal known in Newfoundland.—*Newfoundland paper.*

DOMESTIC FOWLS IN WINTER.—One of the greatest errors that prevails in the management of the domestic fowl, and one which must be destructive of all profit, is the common practice of leaving them "to shirk for themselves" during the winter months. There is no animal on the farm that better repays good keeping than the hen, and there is none that affords so much profit on the capital employed. The hen should have a close warm roost, for there are few creatures that suffer more from the cold than fowls; they should have a box of gravel, ashes, &c. for them to roll and dust themselves in, to prevent the attacks of those insects to which the fowls are subject; they should have access to pulverized limestones or limestone gravel, as this will give material for shell, and contribute to the health of hens; they should have abundance of water, clean and pure, for few animals will drink more frequently, or eagerly than hens, if water is within their reach; and no one need expect healthy fowls, or a plentiful supply of eggs, who does not pay strict attention to their supply of food. Indian corn, peas, buckwheat oats, or barley, may be fed to fowls. Potatoes, steamed or boiled, are excellent food for them, but must be fed while warm, as fowls will not eat cold potatoes, unless driven to it by hunger. Fowls should have access to a warm yard in sunny days of winter, as warmth is particularly invigorating to them. If confined for any time in a close ill ventilated room, they will become diseased and feeble, and will require extra attention to repair the evil generated.—*Cultivator.*

WHAT WILL BE DONE WITH THE BARLEY?—If the land will not grow anything else—if the starving population will not eat it—if it must be "barley or nothing," then, we say, feed your horses with it. A correspondent of Mark Lane Express has made the experiment, and gives the result of five months' observation as follows.—The horses upon which the experiment has been made are constantly employed at heavy work upon the road, and upon an average

travel 140 miles per week. Their former keep was (for four horses) four bushels of beans, four bushels oats, and four cwt. bran per week. At the beginning of last March the beans and oats were discontinued, and barley substituted, of which we found they did not require more than four bushels, and that consequently (including the expense of boiling three times) it is a considerable saving per week. No other alteration has been made in their keep, or their work,—they have since been as healthy and active as they could be upon any corn, and are now in a high condition.”—But if no other use can be found for it than converting its starch into sweet matter, and its sugar into poison, by the process of mashing and brewing—we say at once, throw it into our farm yards, and let it sprout and rot there, rather than in the malt house, where you pay duty to destroy it—use it as manure for your field—anything rather than convert God’s solid food into a liquid poison, which is filling our country with misery, beggary, and crime!—*American.*

Notices of New Works.

FROM ENGLISH PAPERS.

Roberts’s Sketches in the Holy Land, Syria, Idumea, Arabia, Egypt, and Nubia. Lithographed by LOUIS HAGHE. With Historical and Descriptive Notices, and an Introductory View of Jewish History, by the Rev. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D. Part I.

This long-expected work has at last appeared; and the superb style in which it is produced cannot but satisfy the highest expectations.

Each part contains six views; three principal subjects of unusually ample dimensions, being nearly double the size of the sketches of Harding, Stanfield, &c., forming complete pictures; and three vignettes, half as large, printed on the letter press, with tints and white lights like the others. The descriptions consist of notices of the scenes represented, compiled from the artist’s notes, and the accounts of other travellers, prefaced by a sketch of Roberts’s journey; the Historical Introduction consists of a review of the history and wanderings of the people of Israel, written in that exalted tone which characterizes Mr. Croly’s eloquence; and separate disquisitions on other points suggested by the scenes depicted will be introduced as occasion arises. The work thus assumes a decided literary as well as pictorial character; and we may add, that the beauty of the typography is no less remarkable in its way than that of the plates. In short, this great undertaking is commenced on the grandest scale, and in the most splendid manner in every respect; and taken altogether, it will rank among the noblest productions of art.

The subjects of the principal Plates in the

First Part are—a general view of Jerusalem, as seen from the Mount of Olives; a nearer view of the city, in which the great Mosque of Omar is a prominent feature, taken from a terrace overlooking the Pool of Bethesda, with a group of Turks at their devotions; and the gorgeous interior of the Greek Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at the time of the ceremonies of Palm Sunday: the mixture of Gothic and cinque-cents in the architectural decorations—the pendant lamps and colossal candles—the flowing robes of the Armenians and the variegated costumes of the Greeks—present a sumptuous scene of effective display. The vignette in the title represents the entrance front of this incongruous building, which has the appearance of Saracenic Gothic, and is not inelegant. The Damascus Gate of Jerusalem, with a caravan issuing from it—the Tomb of St. James, and the Tomb of the Kings, two rock-hewn sepulchres with architectural facades, both enlivened by picturesque groups of figures—form the subjects of the vignettes.

Time and Timekeepers. By ADAM THOMPSON.

This little book contains an account of nature’s method of marking the lapse of time; the different calendars adopted by various nations of antiquity; the instruments that have been used at different periods to note time till the invention of horologes and clocks; together with an historical sketch of the manufacture of clocks and watches, extensively illustrated by plates and diagrams, and biographical notices of the principal craftsmen. The book is written with the enthusiasm but the knowledge of an artist, and contains a variety of particulars both curious and useful. Notwithstanding the great advances in mechanics, and the great subdivisions of labour now used in the watch-trade, it appears that the superiority of modern watches is owing to the principle on which they are constructed; in accuracy and nice adjustment of parts the old watches equal the best of the modern, and surpass the bulk of them. The quality of essential fitness in watchmaking, as in some other things, works results not immediately aimed at: where beauty of form is the first thing considered, the watch will probably be bad; but a well-made watch will be a handsome watch.

The Hand-Book of Needlework. By Miss LAMBERT. With numerous illustrations.

One of Mr. Murray’s series of Hand-books, which seem destined to embrace all the arts

of life as well as all the sights in the world. Miss Lambert's treatise is one of practical utility, its information being the product of experience: after sketching the history of needle-work from the Bayeux Tapestry to Miss Linwood's worsted-work pictures, including the Gobelin Tapestry, it proceeds to describe the various kinds of materials used, such as wool, silk, gold, thread, beads, &c.; the canvas, patterns, frames, and implements required; the different kinds of stitches; the mode of working certain patterns and shapes; the processes of embroidery, knitting, and netting: and it concludes with a chapter of royal needlewomen, and a poem by John Taylor, the water-poet, in praise of the needle. The volume is very handsomely got up, and illustrated profusely with wood-cuts; nothing seems wanting to its completeness.

The Great Commission; or the Christian Church constituted and charged to convey the Gospel to the World. By the Reverend JOHN HARRIS, D.D., President of Cheshunt College, Author of "Mammon," &c.

Some anonymous friends of the Missionary cause connected with the Church of Scotland having subscribed 250 guineas to forward its objects, a prize of 200 guineas was offered for the best essay on "the duty, privilege, and encouragement of Christians to send the gospel of salvation to the unenlightened nations of the earth," and 50 guineas for the second best; the adjudication being committed to five clergymen, respectively members of the Anglican and Presbyterian Churches, the Wesleyan Methodists, the Independents, and the Baptists. Forty-two essays were received in consequence; and the first prize was adjudged to *The Great Commission*, written by the Rev. John Harris.

In point of literary merit, and very probably in all points, the adjudication seems to have been just. Dr. Harris's division of the subject is orderly and methodical; showing that missionary enterprises are not only permitted but enjoined by Scriptural precept, and still more by apostolic example; answering, or at all events noticing, the different objections raised against these attempts to convert the heathen; pointing out the direct and reflex benefits that have flowed both to Heathen and Christian communities from missionary enterprises; and containing a variety of exhortations, for a variety of reasons, to persevere in the good work.

The Drunkard; a Poem. By JOHN O'NEILL. With Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

As the production of a mechanic, whose sturdy and intelligent physiognomy faces the title, this moral tract in verse on the miseries of drunkenness challenges attention that its intrinsic merit solely would not command; with the working classes, who are particularly addressed, the lesson enforced by one of their own body may prove more influential than an exhortation of higher manner. George Cruikshank's etchings point the moral in a striking manner; "The Upas Tree," whose stem is composed of barrels, and its branches of serpent-like pipes distilling the liquid poison that is caught in the glasses of the squalid groups below, is a graphic fancy equally ingenious and impressive.

COMMUNICATION.

(Another letter from Mr. McDonald appears in preceding pages of this number of the Monthly Visitor.)—*Ed.*

Lower Stewiacke, April 22d, 1842.

MR. BROWN,

Dear Sir—My last communication to Mr. Murdoch was sent from Antigonish; I have since visited a number of settlements, and attended some very interesting meetings. On Tuesday evening, 5th inst., met with the Total Abstinence Society at Little Harbour; delivered a lecture; after which twenty-two united.

Wednesday, 6th.—Proceeded to Merigonish. Assembled at Mr. Meldrum's school-house, J. Crearer, Esq. in the chair. After the lecture, I wished to ascertain from the persons present if it were practicable to form a society. The pledge was proposed, and twenty persons took it. It was thought advisable not to organise a society immediately, as there were a number of respectable and influential persons that would, in a very short time, fall in with the cause. About a week's labour in this vicinity, (after the spring's work is over) will accomplish much good. My appointments being sent on, it was not in my power to remain longer.

On Saturday the 9th, met a large company at "Church Ville," on the east river of Picton. Twenty-two came forward and united. From this I went to the Upper Settlement of the East River, and attended a very pleasing meeting with this society, which is indebted for its formation chiefly to the zealous and active exertions of Duncan McDonald, Esq., who has recently been appointed to the ma-

gistry, and in the spirit of his office commenced reforming the settlement, by persuading the inhabitants to unite together and form a society. He succeeded; and when I met with them, they were prospering, and numbered one hundred and forty-six. They were very grateful for my visit and lecture, and wished their thanks tendered to the Halifax Society. Several copies of "the Visitor" were ordered. I mention the praiseworthy exertions of Mr. McDonald, hoping it may stimulate a number of his brother magistrates in the county of Pictou, and elsewhere, to commence and "do likewise." The officers of the society are—Duncan McDonald, Esq., President; Mr. John Cameron, V. P.; Mr. Donald McIntosh, Treasurer; Peter G. Cameron, Secretary. Committee: Messrs. Alex. W. McDonald, Angus McDonald, Donald Cameron, D. Cannady, Duncan McIntosh, A. McDonald.

I left them with the promise that they would do what they could to forward the interests of the cause generally, and, if possible, circulate the paper to a greater extent.

On Monday evening met at New Glasgow. The assembly was the largest that had ever met at a temperance meeting here, there being nearly as many persons outside as there were within. The house was crowded nearly to suffocation. After the lecture a very animated discussion took place, and twenty-seven persons took the total abstinence pledge. There are very few societies which have greater advantages for promoting the cause than the New Glasgow Society. Many of its members are public spirited men, and are thoroughly engaged in the work. Being in the vicinity of the Albion Mines, and having a daily intercourse with persons from all parts of the county, they can do, and have done, much good. I made an appeal to the merchants, who had been in the habit of importing liquors, "to discontinue the practice." I trust the magnitude of the cause we are trying to promote, and the great good which has already been accomplished, will induce them to discontinue the sale of an article not required by the moral and physical needs of the people. From this place I went to the West River, and on Tuesday evening met a large congregation at the church; an appropriate and interesting lecture was delivered by the Rev. J. Ross. It being the closing one of a series of moral and scientific lectures delivered by him to the "young people's temperance society" for the winter session. After the lecture I had great pleasure

in giving them a short account of the progress of the cause, in these place I had visited. This society is making a strenuous effort to get up a Temperance Hall, which would be a credit to the society and great benefit to the cause.

I came to Truro by the way of Roger Hill and Earl Town, a country containing a dense population. At Roger Hill there is a society formed numbering about seventy. * * * Would the officiating stationed minister of this place engage in the cause, very much good would be done. At Earl Town the good people have not formed a society, yet they have taken some necessary precautions to prevent the sale of liquor among themselves, by engaging not to countenance a tavern among them, and not to drink to intoxication. * * * When they go to Pictou or Truro to do business, they are at liberty to a certain extent! These people are in daily expectation of a minister from Scotland, who, it is hoped, will use his endeavours to effect a reformation among the good people of those mountains of Colchester.

I have much pleasure in learning, through "the Visitor," which I have just seen, of the rapid advancement of the temperance cause in various directions,—and also of your prosperous state,—and that the Rev. Mr. Knowlan has engaged for another mission. I trust he will be eminently useful in the good cause. With desires for your happiness and prosperity,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

G. J. McDONALD.

TEMPERANCE IN THE NAVY.—A letter from an officer of the U. S. frigate Columbia, published in the National Intelligencer, says:—"We are sailing entirely upon the temperance principles, from the captain down to the smallest boy on board. We have as a substitute hot coffee to the night watch, and they like this exceedingly. I sincerely hope that the rest of the vessels of our navy will follow the noble example set them by the officers and crew of the Columbia; for I am now convinced that the sailors in our navy do not require the spirit part of their ration. I have been an advocate for giving them liquor; but my late observation, during very hard and severe weather, with continuous rains, and the thermometer down to the freezing point, has made me ten times as strongly opposed to it."

The Visitor.

HALIFAX, N. S.
SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1842.

THE VISITOR.

The variety and nature of the contents of the present number, form some ground of confidence, that their first regular number of the Monthly Visitor, will commend itself to the kindness of the public generally. Articles of amusement, and instruction, and of strong moral tendency, are blended in its pages, and its price will place it within reach of the young and the mature of all classes. A large circulation is essential under such circumstances, and with this many improvements would be speedily adopted. Better materials would be procured for its mechanical execution, and more time be devoted to supervision and preparation in the Editorial department.

If persons think the attempt worthy of support, and the work calculated to do good,—let them put forward a finger in support, by aiding its circulation among their acquaintances.

Subscriptions received by the Publisher, Mr. R. Nugent, Novascotian Office, Halifax, and by the Agents in the country.

MONTHLY RECORD.

Under the above title we intended to give a summary of the more interesting events or intelligence of the month. The length of other matter, which came to hand at rather a late period, encroaches, in the present number, on the space which we would wish to appropriate to the Record.

Lord Ashburton, who had been appointed commissioner respecting pending American questions, by the British Government, had arrived at Washington. Many expectations are formed concerning his Lordship's mission. The matter in controversy between the countries may be amicably settled, if the disposition to do so really exists,—but allowed to remain open, subject to exciting incidents, they may cause a state of things which should be deprecated by every good man on both sides. A slight flesh wound may be healed in a short time, by judicious treatment, without any symptoms of danger and but little inconvenience;—the same, exposed to irritation, extraneous matter, and general ill usage, may inflame and fester and destroy the system.—The N. E. Boundary, the search on the coast of Africa, the Oregon Boundary, the Caroline and Creole affairs, have all formed so many trains by which a mine may be sprung. How wise to remove these out of the way, before a match be applied, and the explosion occur. Prevention often saves a vast quantity of sickness and cure

Two children strayed into the woods about four miles from Halifax, on April 11th. They were found dead on the sixth subsequent day. Articles in another page of the present number, render further remark here unnecessary.

Very disastrous news from India was received by the steamship Britannia. A British force was stationed at Afghanistan, for the purpose of supporting a sovereign of the country, in opposition to a strong party of his subjects. The post was about 150 miles in advance of the outskirts

of the Anglo-Indian empire. It was attacked, the British army and native troops in British pay were besieged, they were reduced to extremities by want of food and ammunition, they treated with the enemy, marched out, and when in an intricate part of the line of retreat were treacherously attacked, and an army of 6000 men was entirely routed, and the most of it destroyed. The intelligence caused much excitement in England, and reinforcements were promptly organized and forwarded.

SUPREME COURT.

On Tuesday, April 12th, a private of the 76th was put on his trial, for shooting with intent to kill, Sergeant George Gingall of the same Regiment.—The facts were, briefly, as follows: Sergeant Gingall, as orderly Sergeant, visited the Barrack room to which Hitchcock belonged, on the 12th of February, and stated some complaints to the Sergeant of the room, against the prisoner. The charges were denied. He returned in about half an hour, and was fired at, when in the door way, by the prisoner, and was severely wounded. The prisoner, on being arrested, exhibited great recklessness of expression.—The defence consisted of an argument that there was no intent to kill, that, by a late statute, a verdict for the lesser offence should be found, and that the prisoner, previous to the dreadful act with which he was charged, was of good conduct. The verdict was guilty, with a recommendation to mercy.

Happily such occurrences as that above mentioned, are very rare in the British Army. The man of true bravery, is as far from recklessness as from cowardice; and the good soldier feels as keenly, the respect which is due to the laws, and to the safety of his comrades and himself, as any other of his fellow citizens. Moral bearing, the distinguishing trait of British Soldierly, is reasoning and temperate,—and is as superior to the characteristic of the bravo, as true dignity is above empty affectation. The morals and manners of the British Soldier have much improved of late years, and seem steadily improving; such warnings as that afforded by the late trial are extremely few,—and cleanliness, temperance and good order, mark military conduct in and out of barracks, and add vastly to the comforts of a life which so particularly demand these virtues.

The prisoner is young; he pleaded not guilty when first arraigned; he may, during the punishment which will result, endeavour to expiate his offence, to cultivate dispositions more becoming a rational creature, and to prepare the way for a respectable return to Society.

Bandy alias Lewis, (a colored man, or lad) was convicted of an attempt to commit a highway robbery near the three mile House, by assaulting and endeavouring to force a £5 note from a sailor lad, with whom he was travelling in company.—*Novascotian.*

At the Mayor's Court, April 11th, a man was fined £5 for drunkenness and disorderly conduct,—and another 30s. for breaking windows in Barrack Street. Several outrages, of the latter description, perpetrated at night, have recently occurred; Halifax, generally, is free from such disgraces. Some of the facts connected with the crimes alluded to, seem of a class which combines more of the spirit of folly, mischief, and cowardice, than could be supposed inherent in anything called man. It is difficult to express in words, the feelings which are caused by such acts.—*Id.*

SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.—That most impressive ceremony, a soldier's funeral, occurred yesterday, 13th. The remains of Colour Sergeant Percy were conveyed to their final resting-place, the march of life over, with the usual solemnities. The mild beams of a spring sun rested on the clay which no seasons shall revivify, until the eternal spring shall be ushered in by a more than mortal trumpet. Several civilians, in procession, followed the coffin; a long train of military succeeded, and a large body of non-commissioned officers brought up the rear. In garrison towns such obsequies excite less attention than elsewhere, from their comparative frequency; but those who attend to the formalities must acknowledge their deeply impressive nature. The firing party lead the procession with their arms reversed, as if to intimate that the grave ends all earthly professions; the continued rolling of the muffled drums, broken by the occasional note of the large drum, imitate the distant musketry of battle varied by the thunder of artillery; and, blending all, the wailing of flutes and clarionettes, tells of suffering, and lamentation and death. Arrived at the grave yard, the firing party and musicians form open files, at the entrance, and the line moves between. The music remains outside, as if depicting of the final adieu between life's vanities and the deceased; the notes become more gentle by distance; and the minister takes up the strain, as it were, with the beautiful service for the dead, and precedes the coffin alone. Dust rendered to dust, and ashes to ashes,—the exciting music of the firing party, the pealing volleys, conclude the ceremony; the last tribute to a comrade's memory is paid, except the simple slab which records his worth and years, and expresses the hope and belief, that the immortal soul is "resting in peace."—*Ib.*

Mr Valentine has been practising the Daugerotype Art, with much success in Halifax. Mr Valentine's talent and assiduity in improvement, are sufficient warrant that he will make the best of anything he undertakes. He has taken some excellent specimens, and is making arrangements by which greater excellence will be obtained. The weather is coming for sun-painting,—the clear, temperate days of May and June should be harvest time in the art.

George R. Young, Esquire, has announced a series of volumes on Educational subjects. The programme is rich in promise, and we doubt not the works will exhibit Mr. Young's talent and research, in a manner creditable to himself and Province.

On Tuesday last three splendid steamers arrived. The Britannia, from Boston, for England; the Medway, from New York, one of the West India line;—and the Caledonia, from Liverpool. This was a great exhibition of the triumph of art and science, within a few years. The practicability of crossing the Atlantic, at all, by means of steam, was doubted a few years ago,—now three Atlantic Steamers enter Halifax Harbor in one day.

An Income Tax, introduced by Sir Robert Peel, was making progress through Parliament.

The Halifax Mechanics' Institute closed its Session on the

last Wednesday of April, with a Lecture on Laws by Rev. Mr. O'Brien, and appropriate remarks by the President Alderman M'Kinlay.

The Very Rev. John Loughnan administered the Total Abstinence Pledge on Sunday last, to 68 persons, 22 of whom were military men. Among the latter were several Sergeants of the 30th Regt.: the acting Sergeant Major was among the number. Total number of the Saint Mary's Total Abstinence Society, 4,339.—*Register.*

The Halifax Temperance Society has during the last month, held two meetings—one in the old Baptist Chapel on Monday evening, 18th April, when nine persons took the pledge; and the other in the Garrison Chapel, Brunswick Street, on Monday evening last, which was well attended, notwithstanding the very unfavorable state of the weather and the roads. This was the Annual Meeting, for choice of Officers, and immediately after the prayer, reading of the pledge, and the performance of the national anthem, the President, B. Murdoch, Esq. received the report of the Committee and handed it to the Secretary, who read it to the audience.—Whereupon it was moved by the Rev. Mr. Dewolfe, seconded by Mr C. B. Naylor, and unanimously resolved,—“That the report of the Committee be received by the Society and be published.”

The President then informed the members present that all offices in the Society were vacant, and called upon them to nominate persons to fill them, commencing with that office which they had allowed him to hold for several years past, and in the duties of which he found much pleasure. The following persons were proposed and the several proposals seconded, the unanimous assenting voice of the members present, confirmed the nominations, as follow:

Beamish Murdoch, *President.*

John M'Neil, }
Richard Creed, } *Vice Presidents.*

Edward Young, *Corresponding Secretary.*

Charles B. Naylor, *Treasurer.*

W. H. Roach, Thomas Hutchison, John M'Intosh, Alex. J. Ritchie, Thomas Wilson, John S. Thompson, John Uhlman, J. H. Dunn, Charles Robson, Francis Johnston, John M'Donald, John Forbes, Michael Herbert, Daniel Gallagher, W. Brown, Sen. John R. Boyer, Neil M'Quarrie, Colin M'Kenzie, W. Boak, Joshua Jones, Sergt. R. A., John M'Kane, Corpl. Sappers, H. Earp, Sergt. 30th Regt. John M'Bride, Sergeant Major 64th Regt., Geo. S. Hill, 64th Regt., Henry Malone, Sergeant 76th Regt. and Jas. Sheeky, 76th Regt. were respectfully desired to accept office as members of Committee for the ensuing year.

The business of the meeting being finished, the President called the attention of the audience to the circumstance of the death of a young lady, who, with a few others, joined in the performance

of music at meetings, at a period when the cause had but few public advocates, and continued to assist on every occasion until her death. His remarks on the frailty of man, the pleasures and rewards of virtue, and on the mournful yet pleasing recollections which they have who can enumerate many good deeds done by those for whose departure they are called upon to mourn, were very interesting, and the Dirge which followed, and was joined in by nearly all present, (they having the words handed to them on mourning paper) produced an effect which remained and marked all the subsequent proceedings of the evening. Rev. Mr Crocombe followed the President and Rev. Mr Dewolfe, and an audience more devoutly attentive than that then assembled is seldom seen. There were many ladies present; the chair of the President was handsomely ornamented with Mayflowers and evergreens: and about 25 members of the "Temperance Harmonic Association" were in the Orchestra, and performed the Hymns much to the satisfaction of the listeners; while the darkness and wet that prevailed without, made the indoor entertainments more agreeable. Thirty six persons joined the Association, and a collection was taken which nearly paid off the debts due by the Society.

W. M. BROWN, SECRETARY.

**REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE
OF THE HALIFAX TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,
ON RETIRING FROM OFFICE, 2D MAY, 1842.**

In resigning the office which they have held for the last twelve months, the members of Committee feel that they are relinquishing one of the most pleasing tasks that ever devolved upon them. The success which followed the labours of their immediate predecessors, caused them to enter with alacrity upon the duties of office; and the approval which the enlightened and christian people of this province have given to their efforts, has caused their meetings to be occasions of recounting the victories over intemperance, rather than of laborious and wearisome efforts which former committees despondingly entered upon. In contemplating these results, and the comparatively small means which they have used, it must be acknowledged that the rich blessing of the Most High has been abundantly and signally vouchsafed.

There have been 31 public meetings held in the city during the last year, and eleven committee meetings. 606 names have been added to the list of members, the total number on which is now 1234. Some have withdrawn from the society, and a few have broken the pledge. In most cases, these have been persons who adopted the temperance pledge,—and the fatal appetite, being fed by

the stimulating properties of the permitted indulgence, has produced their overthrow. With these facts known to them, the Committee would earnestly press on the attention of those who may hereafter join the association, the insufficiency of the old temperance pledge to secure the reformation of any who have ever been enslaved by the habit of using strong liquors.

The Committee rejoice that the warm feeling for the cause is such as to allow them to engage Missionaries,—and trust to the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants of the city and country generally, for means to defray their expenses. With his Excellency Lord Falkland as patron, and many of the influential clergy of the Province aiding the missions, they feel confident that the unwearied labours of those whom they have appointed to office will produce results more beneficial, than the same amount of means and efforts, in any other way expended, could accomplish. Of the labours of Judge Marshall, who is now performing a long and expensive journey at his own cost, and lecturing to advance the cause,—and of those gentlemen who have accepted engagements as missionaries at very inadequate salaries, the Committee consider themselves called upon to speak in terms of high commendation.

There yet remains abundant employment for all the time and money which the members of the society can spare for the accomplishment of its objects. A large circulation of temperance publications seems indispensable, that the subject may be made to appear in its proper light to all persons; and but little more than this is needed to secure their aid, or at least their neutrality.

The Committee would not presume to place these institutions on a level with that especially appointed for the salvation of souls, but they may, with propriety, esteem them as the offspring of that noble principle of charity which the Spirit of All Grace implants in the hearts of those who are the subjects of its influences. Intemperance produces many of the evils with which society is afflicted,—and to labour for the prevention and suppression of these is surely an honourable work. The human mind, aided by the moral tendencies that exist among us, is known to possess social and benevolent feelings; to promote the growth and development of these is one of the objects of temperance associations,—and in endeavouring to do this, members realize an abundant reward for themselves.

The Committee feel particularly grateful

to many Reverend gentlemen for the valuable assistance they have given to the cause, and to the conductors of the Press, who have also materially contributed to its advancement. To the owners of the buildings in which meetings are held, a warm acknowledgment is due for the very moderate terms on which they allow the society to use their properties, and to a liberal public for their readiness in contributing to its funds. As the generous and benevolent feelings of men are strengthened by exercise, a favourable result is anticipated whenever circumstances shall render necessary a further demand for aid.

So important is the work, that no efforts appear too great, and no amount of means too large, to be employed for its advancement. Many who have forsaken the habits by which they were debased, must now be led "onward and upward," or the temptations to evil which yet exist may again overtake them. More extensive operations are called for, and those who are persuaded of the utility of the enterprise may rest assured that their contributions will be judiciously expended.

With these views and feelings, the Committee now resign the trust with which they have been honoured, into the hands of those who gave it—happy in having possessed the confidence of the society, and rejoicing in its increasing prosperity.

JOHN McNEIL,
Chairman of Committee.

TEMPERANCE MISSIONARY FUND,
IN ACCOUNT WITH C. B. NAYLOR,
TREASURER.

1841.	Dr.		
March 3.	To cash paid for Book	£0	1 6
Nov. 17.	Cash paid Rev. G. J. McDonald for 3 months' services as traveling agent, at £10 per month,	30	0 0
1842.			
Jan. 22.	Cash paid Rev. Jas. Knowlan, on account of services as traveling agent,	17	0 0
	Cash paid for postage at sundry times,	0	4 6
March 5.	Cash paid Rev. G. J. McDonald's order in favor of Ed. Sterns,	2	17 6
April 17.	Cash paid Rev. Jas. Knowlan in full,	13	0 0
		£63	3 6
May 1.	Cash in hands of W. M. Brown,	£10	0 0
	Cash in hands of Treasurer,	£17	7 5—27 7 5
		£90	10 11

Halifax, May 2d, 1842.

CHARLES B. NAYLOR,
Treasurer Tem. Miss. Fund.

P. S. One of the Missionaries will have a demand on the Fund for £60 on the first day of June.

		Cr.	
1841.	March 3.	Am't of Mr. Michaelwaite's donation, per B. Murdoch, Esq.	£4 2 6
		Balance of Collection at Simultaneous Meeting	2 8 1
		Amount collected by Wm. M. Brown,	13 4 0
		Amount received from Edward Young	2 14 3
	June 2.	Received from New Glasgow Temperance Society, per W. Lippencott,	10 0 0
	Nov.	Amount collected by Rev. G. J. McDonald,	11 1 3
		Collected by Joshua Jones per W. M. Brown,	1 13 1
1842.	Jan. 17.	Received from Pictou Tem. Society per C. Robson,	2 0 0
	24.	Donation from Mrs. Young and G. R. Young, Esq.	2 0 0
	Feb. 18.	Proceeds from W. M. Brown's Lecture	2 6 7
	23.	Received from Clements' Tem. Soc. per mail,	3 0 0
	29.	Received from Northern District Union Tem. Soc. of Brookfield, Queen's County, per mail,	5 0 0
	March 2.	Received from Liverpool Tem. Soc. per T. R. Pattillo,	11 0 0
		Do from Yarmouth do. do. mail,	1 0 0
	7.	Do. from Barrington. do. do. do.	1 12 9
	22.	Do. from Jehogue Tem. Soc. per J. Hilton,	1 0 0
	April 9.	Received from members belonging to 64th Regt.	2 2 6
		Amount collected by Messrs. Creed & Brown,	10 0 0
		Amount collected by Messrs. McNeil & Naylor,	4 5 9
			£90 10 11

HALIFAX TEMPERANCE SOCIETY
IN ACCOUNT WITH C. B. NAYLOR,

TREASURER.

Dr.	Amount paid, expenses of rent, fuel, candles, &c. during the year. (as per account	£14	18 5
Cr.	By amount collected at sundry meetings,	17	6 6

An interesting Quarterly Meeting of the St. Mary's Total Abstinence Society, took place on Monday the 25th April. We expected to have a report of its proceedings in our present number, but have been disappointed, and must defer it to our next. A Report of the 'Halifax Temperance Society,' and some interesting Notices and Correspondence in the same connection, appear in our pages.

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