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The Saturday Evening Visitor ;

A Cheap Family Paper,

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

VOL. I.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 2, 1842.

NO. 11.

From the Philadelphia World of Fashion.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

AN OUVRE TRUE TALE.

The grey morning was already dawning when a miserable wretch turned into a dirty alley, and entering a low, ruinous door, groped through a narrow entry, and paused at the entrance of a door within. That degraded being had once been a wealthy man, respected by his neighbours, surrounded by friends. But alas, the glass had first lured him to indulgence and then to inebriety, until he was now a common drunkard.

The noise of his footsteps had been heard within, for the creaking door was immediately opened, and a pale, emaciated boy, about nine years old, stepped out on the landing, and looked in mingled anxiety and dread.

'Is that you, father?'

'Yes, wet to the skin,—curse it,' said the man—'why don't you abed and asleep, you brat.'

The little fellow shrunk back at this coarse salutation at will, though shaking with fear, he did not quit his station before the door.

'What are you standing there, gaping for?' said the wretch,—'it's bad enough to hear a sick wife grumbling all day, without having you kept up at night to chime in, in the morning,—get to bed, you imp, do you hear?'

The little fellow did not answer, fear seemed to have deprived him of speech, but still holding on to the door latch, with an imploring look, he stood right in the way by which his parent would have to enter the room.

'Ain't you going to mind?' said the man, breaking into a fury, 'give me the lamp and go to bed, or' . . .

'Oh! father, don't talk so loud,' said the little fellow, bursting into tears—'you'll wake mother. she's been worse all day, and hasn't had any sleep till now,'—and as the man made an effort to snatch the candle, the boy, losing all personal fears in anxiety for his sick mother, stood firmly across the drunkard's path and said—'you mustn't,—you mustn't go in.'

'What does the brat mean?' broke out the inebriate angrily—'this comes of leaving you to wait on your mother till you learn to be as obstinate as a mule—will you disobey me!—take that, and that, you imp,' and raising his hand he struck the little sickly being to the floor, kicked aside his body, and strode into the dilapidated room.

It was truly a fitting place for the home of such a vagabond as he. The walls were low, covered with smoke, and riddled with a hundred cracks. The chimney piece had never been white, but was now of the greasy lead color of age. The ceiling had lost most of the plaster, and the rain soaking through, dripped with a monotonous tick upon the floor. A few broken chairs, a cracked looking glass, and a three-legged table, on which was a rimless cup, were in different parts of the room. But the most striking spectacle was a bedstead before the gambler. On a rickety bed lay the wife

of his bosom, the once rich and beautiful Emily Lahguerre, who, through poverty, shame, and sickness, had still clung to the lover of her youth.

Oh! woman, constancy the world cannot shake, nor shame nor misery subdue. Friend after friend had deserted that ruined man; indignity after indignity had been heaped upon him, and deservedly year by year he had fallen lower and lower in the sink of infamy; and yet still through every mishap that sainted woman had clung to him,—for he was the father of her boy, and the husband of her youth. It was a hard task for her to perform, but it was her duty, and when all the world deserted him should she too leave him. She had borne much, but alas, nature could bear no more. Health had fled from her cheeks, and her eyes were dim and sunken. She was in the last stage of consumption, but it was not that which was killing her,—she was dying of a broken heart.

The noise made by her husband awoke her from her troubled sleep, and she half started up in bed, the hectic fire streaming along her cheek, and a wild fitful light shooting into her sunken eyes. There was a faint, shadowy smile lighted up her face, but it was as cold as moonlight upon snow. The sight might have moved a felon's bosom, but what can prostrate the seared and hardened heart of drunkenness? The man besides was in a passion.

'Woman,' said the wretch, as he reeled into the room—'is this the way you receive me after being out all day in the rain to get something for your brat and you? Come, don't go to whining, I say'—but as his wife uttered a faint cry at his brutality, and fell back senseless on the bed, he seemed to awaken to a partial sense of his condition, he reeled a step or two forward, put his hand up to his forehead, stared wildly around, and then gazing almost vacantly upon her, continued, 'but—why—what's the matter?'

His poor wife lay like a corpse before him, but a low voice from the other side of the bed, answered, and its tones quivered as they spoke.

'Oh! mother's dead!' It was the voice of his son who had stolen in, and was now sobbing violently as he tried to raise her head in his little arms. He had been for weeks her only nurse, and had long since learned to act for himself. He bathed her temples, he chafed her limbs, he invoked her wildly to awake.

'Dead!' said the man, and he was sobered at once—'dead,' he continued in a tone of horror that would have chilled the blood, and advancing by the bedside, with eyes starting from their sockets, he laid his hand upon her marble brow, 'then, oh Heaven I have killed her!—Emily you are not dead, say so, oh!—speak and forgive your repentant husband!' and kneeling by the bedside he chafed her white, thin hand, watering it with his hot tears as he sobbed her name.

Their efforts, at length, partially restored her, and the first thing she saw upon reviving was her husband weeping by her side, and calling her 'Emily!' It was the first time

he had done so for years. It stirred old memories in her heart, and called back the shadowy visions of years long past. She was back in her youthful days, before ruin had blasted her once noble husband; and when all was joyous and bright as her own happy bosom. Woe, shame, poverty, destruction, even his brutal language was forgotten, and she only thought of him as the lover of her youth. Oh! that moment of delight! She faintly threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed there for very joy.

'Can you forgive me, Emily? I have been a brute, villain—oh! can you forgive me? I have sinned as never man sinned before, and against such an angel as you. Oh! God annihilate me for my guilt.'

'Charles!' said the dying woman in a tone so sweet and low that it floated through the chamber like the whisper of a disembodied spirit—'I forgive you, and may God forgive you too,—but oh! do not embitter this last moment by such an impious wish.'

The man only sobbed in reply, but his frame shook with the tempest of agony within him.

'Charles,' at last continued the dying woman, 'I have long wished for this moment, that I might say something to you about our little Henry.'

'God forgive me for my wrongs to him too!' murmured the repentant man.

'I have much to say, and I have but little time to say it in, I feel that I shall never see another sun.' A violent fit of coughing interrupted her.

'Oh no, you must not, will not die,' sobbed her husband as he supported her sinking frame, 'you'll live to save your repentant husband.—Oh, you will.'

The tears gushed into her eyes, but she only shook her head. She laid her own hand on his and continued feebly.

'Day and night, for many a long year, have I prayed for this hour, and never, even in the darkest moment, have I doubted it would come: for I have felt that within me which whispered that as all had deserted you and I had not, so in the end you would come back to your early feelings. Oh! would it had come sooner—some happiness then might have been mine again in this world—but God's will be done.—I am weak—I feel I am falling fast—Henry, give me your hand.'

The little boy silently placed it within hers, she kissed it and then laying it within her husband's continued

'Here is our child—our only horn—when I am gone he will have none to take care of him but you, and as God is above, as you love your own blood, and as you value a promise to a dying wife, keep, love, cherish him. Oh! remember that he is young and tender—it is the only thing for which I would care to live'—she paused and struggled to subdue her feelings, 'will you promise me, Charles?'

'I will, as there is a maker over me, I will,' sobbed the man; and the frail bed against which he leaned shook with emotion.

'And you, Harry, will you obey your father, and be a good boy;—as you love your mother you will?'

Oh: yes! sobbed the little fellow, flinging himself wildly on his mother's neck, 'but mother, dear mother, what shall I do without you?—oh! don't die!'

'This is too hard,' murmured the dying woman, drawing her child feebly to her, 'Father give me strength to endure it.'

For a few minutes all was still,—and nothing broke the silence but the sobs of the father and the boy, and the low death like tick of the rain dripping through upon the floor. The child was the first to move. He seemed instinctively to feel that giving way to his grief pained his mother; and gently disengaging himself from her, he hushed his sobs, and leaning on his bed, gazed anxiously into her face. Her eyes were closed, but her lips moved as if in prayer.

'Henry, where are you?' faintly asked the dying mother.

The boy answered in his low, mournful voice.

Henry,—Henry,' she said in a louder tone, and then after a second added, 'poor babe, he doesn't hear me.'

The little fellow looked up amazed. He knew not yet how the senses gradually fail the dying; he was perplexed; the tears coursed down his cheeks; and his throat choked so that he could not speak. But he placed his hand in his mother's, and pressed it.

'Come nearer, my son—nearer—the candle wants snuffing—there, lay your face down by mine—Henry, love, I can't see—has the wind—blown—out—the light?'

The bewildered boy gazed wildly into his mother's face, but knew not what to say. He only pressed her hand again.

'Oh! God,' murmured the dying woman, her voice growing fainter and fainter—'this is death!—Charles—Henry—Jesus—re—'

The child felt a quick, electric shiver in the hand he clasped, and looking up, saw that his mother had fallen back dead upon the pillow. He knew it all at once. He gave one shriek and fell senseless across her body.

That shriek aroused the drunkard. Starting up from his knees, he gazed wildly on the corpse. He could not endure the look of that still sainted face. He covered his face with his hands and burst into an agony of tears.

Long years have passed since then, and that man is once more a useful member of society. But oh! the fearful price at which his reformation was purchased.

THE PORT OF AMOY.—This celebrated part of the Celestial Empire is situate in the province of Fo-kien, and, in the Mandarin dialect, is called Hea-mun, which is pronounced by the natives Ha-moy. It is stated by Davids to be "a fine shelter for any number of large ships;" and the town itself is represented to be the emporium of the commerce of the province. The province itself, however, is the most barren in all China, not only yielding nothing for exportation, but being dependent even for the necessities of life on the neighbouring island of Formosa. Still the merchants of Amoy are characterized as among the most wealthy and enterprising in the empire, having formed connexions all along the coast, and established commercial houses in many portions of the Eastern Archipelago. Most of the Formosian colonists are emigrants from the district of Amoy, with capital supplied by its merchants; and in proportion as the island has flourished, so has Amoy increased in wealth and importance. The port was resorted to formerly by Europeans, but was abandoned when foreign commerce was restricted to Canton. There are several temples in the place, particularly one of great celebrity, dedicated to the god Fo or Budha (who, according to the homilies of the priests, exists "in forms as numerous as the sands of the Heng-ho.") This temple contains a statue of the god of colossal size. During the south-west monsoon the merchants of Amoy

freight their vessels at Formosa with sugar, which they dispose of at different ports to the northward, returning home with cargoes of drugs. They maintain commercial relations with Manilla, Tonquin, and Cochin-China and Siam; and many of the junks annually go to procure goods of British manufacture. The port has not always been closed against European vessels; as, according to the records of the East India Company, we find that 'the King of Tywan, on taking Amoy in 1675, issued a proclamation inviting both Chinese and foreign merchants to trade thither, exempting them from the payment of all duties for three years.' In consequence of this, numerous vessels went; but the exemption was soon revoked. The town was then taken by the Tartars, six years afterwards; but the Europeans still resorted to it until 1734, when the exactions of the Mandarins deterred them.

ANECDOTE OF THE REIGNING KING OF PRUSSIA.

We have much pleasure in laying before our readers an interesting anecdote, which has been communicated to us by a gentleman who has recently returned from Berlin. Some time since an effort was made to get rid of a windmill, the close approximation of which to the Royal palace rendered it in some degree a nuisance, and certainly an eyesore. Overtures were accordingly made to the sturdy yeoman for the purchase of the obnoxious property; but whether it was that the man was possessed of a strong spirit of obstancy, or was really too deeply attached to his old family habitation, the result was that the offers, though tempting, were again and again refused. There are generally some individuals attached to a Court who are ready to suggest remedies, direct or indirect, for inconveniences or annoyances offered to Royalty. Accordingly, upon a hint from some minion, a law suit was commenced against the obstinate miller for the recovery of certain sums alleged to be due for arrears of an impost on that portion of Crown land which it was suggested was occupied by the mill in question. The sturdy holder of the "toll dish" was not wholly without friends or funds, and he prepared vigorously to take his stand in defence of his rights. The question came in due time before the courts of law, and the plaintiff, having completely failed to establish any right on behalf of the Crown, the miller obtained a verdict in his favour, with a declaration for payment of his costs in the suit. This was certainly no small triumph, and merrily went round the unfurled sails of the old mill, and well pleased, no doubt, was the rough owner with the sound, as they went whirling and whizzing under the influence of the gale, which certainly seemed to blow strongly in his favour. But he was not the first who has found that when drawn into a lawsuit, particularly with so formidable an opponent, a man is more likely to "gain a loss" than escape scotfree. What with extra expenses, interruption of business, and rejoicings after the victory, the miller found himself pressed by considerable difficulties, and after in vain struggling a few months against the pressure he at length took a manly resolution, gained access to the monarch's presence, and, after roughly apologizing for having thwarted His Majesty's wishes frankly stated that his wants alone had rendered him compliant, but that he was prepared to accept the sum originally offered for the property. The King, after a few minutes conversation, handed a draught for a considerable amount to the applicant, and

said, "I think, my honest friend, that you will find that sufficient to meet the emergency; if not come and talk to me again upon the subject. As to the mill, I assure you I will have none of it. The sight of it gives me more pleasure than it ever occasioned pain; for I see in it an object which assures me of a guarantee for the safety of my people, and a pledge for my own happiness by its demonstration of the existence of a power and a principle higher than the authority of the Crown, and more valuable than all the privileges of royalty."—*London Paper.*

LITERARY DISPUTE.—Mr J. Garnier, a gentleman connected with German literature, was brought before Mr. Combe, charged by the Rev. Dr Worthington (as we understood), editor and publisher of the *Foreign Quarterly Review* of No. 3 Meeklenburgh square, with having broken a pane of glass in his parlour window, under the following ludicrous circumstances:—The prosecutor stated that he was seated at his table, dining in the parlour, when he heard a pane of glass smash in the window, which induced him to proceed outside to ascertain the cause, when, being informed that the defendant who was walking away, had broken it desigredly, he followed him and gave him into custody.—Defendant (much excited): I called for my article. I have applied for it repeatedly, and I can get no answer, or my article, and I called again and broke the window. He complained that his letters had not been answered when he applied for the MS. of an article which he furnished to the *Foreign Quarterly*, upon Gervena's German Grammar, which in point of courtesy he expected should be done.—Dr Worthington admitted that such an article had been received from the defendant about three months ago, but said there were others connected with the publication who ought to be applied to.—Mr Combe said he must pay 3s. 6d.—Defendant: I did break the window with my hat, and then I knocked at the door. He said he would not pay and was taken from the bar.—We understand he subsequently paid the money and was liberated.

NEW YORK AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.—The country through which we passed to Stonington is near the railway, low and marshy; higher up it is rough and stony, and covered with copse and young pines, the timber having evidently been cut down for use. This was invariably the feature of the country, with here and there a patch of fifty or sixty acres taken in from the woods and improved. The fields are small, poor in soil, and enclosed with rough stone dikes. After quitting the railway I had an opportunity of seeing the country between Stonington and New York. I now found myself in a magnificent city containing about 300,000 inhabitants—the streets spacious, particularly the foot-paths, which appear to be double the width of those even in the more modern parts of London—the Broadway, three miles in length, and many of the streets one and two miles. All is activity and bustle, and here, with the English language in his ears, one may easily fancy himself in London. The streets are quite as much crowded as those in London, with foot-passengers; and the shops are large and elegant, but there is not the same crowd of carriages, waggons, carts or other vehicles, and there are but few gentlemen's carriages to be seen.—*Captain Barclays Tour in the United States.*

From a Lecture delivered at London, Canada, on the 31st Jan. 1842.
By James Corbett.

I propose in the following Lecture to trace, in the first place, the origin and growth of modern drunkenness.

2nd. To sketch the rise and history of Temperance Societies.

3rd. To endeavour to show the superiority and efficacy of Total Abstinence from all intoxicating liquors compared with the principles of the former Temperance Association.

4th. To notice one or two objections, and conclude with a few observations on what may be advanced.

I return to the first of these, namely to trace the origin and growth of drunkenness.

Towards the end of the ninth century, there arose an order of men, characterised more for their extravagancies and follies than for any thing else, and continued to flourish until the sixteenth century, who assumed to themselves by way of distinction the name of "Alchemists," that is, *the Chemists*, because they considered themselves as more highly favoured than the rest of mankind by the knowledge they possessed.

It was one of the first principles of the Alchemists, that all metals are composed of the same ingredients, or that the substances which enter into the composition of gold are found in all other metals, but mixed with many impurities, from which by certain processes they might be separated.

The great and constant object of all their labours and researches was the discovery of a substance possessed of the wonderful properties of converting the baser metals into gold. It was during the dark ages, about seven hundred years ago, that one of these deluded Alchemists, a native of Arabia, while endeavouring to extract from the good gifts of the God of Nature, a universal solvent by which he might be enabled to drag gold from its hidden recesses—it was while engaged in this unhallowed search after riches, that he in evil hour discovered distilled spirit or alcohol. It however continued to be employed for several centuries by the Alchemists and their initiated disciples in their mysterious and absurd researches, whose flattering hopes, as may well be supposed, were never realized. The rich prospect fled before them, and the golden prize, which they often supposed within their reach, like *ignis fatuus* eluded their eager grasp.

Distilled spirits are said to have been first suggested as a remedy in disease by a physician in Spain about the 13th century, and were sold in *drams* accordingly from the shelf of the apothecary, but they were not used as a beverage in health until the 16th century.

The earliest application of ardent spirits to the purposes of ordinary life is supposed to have been as a preservative from cold and damp to the labourers in the mines of Hungary; and they are said to have been used for the first time by the English soldiers in the year 1551, when assisting the Dutch in the Netherlands. It however appears that distilled spirits began to be prepared on a large scale on the Continent of Europe, about the commencement of the 17th century, but they were not so much as known in Scotland until the year 1673, in the reign of Charles II. 163 years ago, when the importation of a spirituous liquor from the Continent was permitted by Act of Parliament on payment of a trifling ex-

cise duty. Till the reign of William and Mary it is well known that ale had been the common beverage of the labouring classes in England, but no sooner was distilled spirit ingrafted in their habits by an act of parliament for the encouragement of distillation, than its employment became so excessive as to call for the interference of the legislature.

About the beginning of last century, distillation was in its infancy, and was then quite unknown in many parts of Scotland. About the middle of that century a few private distillers had commenced the manufacture, but there was little demand for ardent spirits, as they had not even at that recent period become the favourite beverage of either rich or poor. The spirit trade was then so very trifling that it had scarcely become an object of finance.

An erroneous opinion exists at the present day, that distillation was carried on in the Highlands of Scotland from a very remote antiquity. This opinion however is an egregious popular error, for distilled spirits were not known in these remote districts until about the period of the Revolution, in the year 1688, 154 years ago. Previous to this period, the Highlander had lived in a happy simplicity of manners, his simple food and manner of living being well adapted to his necessities and wants. Instead of ardent spirits being the beverage used in the Highlands of Scotland from the earliest ages, we have been enabled to trace not only that the natives were strangers to the use of ardent spirits, but also that they were ignorant of the elementary process of distillation. Nevertheless it is believed that the art of distilling malt spirits was known and practised in the Highlands of Scotland for a few years, *but not more*, before the art found its way into the Lowlands; this circumstance may have been the means to lead many persons to draw the erroneous conclusion, that distillation was practised in the Highlands from remote ages, the reverse of all which is now fully established.

It appears that about the year 1690, stills first began to be erected in the Lowlands of Scotland, owing to the demand for their produce, the thirst for the new liquor gradually increased, and at last spread like the devouring flame, so much so that during the comparative short period which has elapsed since the origin of distillation in Great Britain, its consumption in the United Kingdom rapidly increased to the fearful annual amount of 40 million of gallons. To give an idea of the vast quantity, it is only necessary to state that it would fill a canal 16½ miles long, 12 feet broad, and five feet deep.

Thus we have seen that distilled spirits from being used only in the mysterious processes of the Alchemists, found their way to the medicine chest, afterwards used as a preservative against cold and damp, the fatal error gradually prevailed that they were useful for men in health. At last like the plague of frogs that covered the land of Egypt, they found their way into almost every habitation.

Having thus given a rapid sketch of the origin and progress of distillation, which has in a great measure been the cause of the fearful drunkenness that prevails, we shall now give the testimony of a few individuals who raised their voices against the manufacture and use of distilled spirits long before the existence of Temperance Societies.

Notwithstanding the predilection we may naturally be supposed to entertain regarding those measures which a considerable number of us have seen our duty to adopt, it would be absurd and going in the face of historical evidence to give all the credit of discovering the evils of distillation, and the demoralizing effects of ardent spirits, to Temperance Societies.

We have remarked in a former part of this Lecture that scarcely had the still been licensed, when drunkenness prevailed to such an extent, that the legislature interfered to check the growing evil. It is also a fact which can be proved from satisfactory evidence, that in the year 1766, when owing to the deficiency of the harvest in Scotland, a general apprehension was entertained of a famine, among other means to enable the nation to meet the approaching evil, the legislature again interfered, and stopped the distillation of spirits from grain, they even went farther, and ordered the grain which was stored up in the granaries of the distillers, to be retailed out to supply the necessities of the people.

Among those who entertained the opinion that distillation should be put down altogether by the strong arm of the law, was the talented and illustrious statesman, Mr. Pitt, who in a speech delivered in the House of Commons in the year 1797, on the agitated and exciting question of the Scotch distilleries observed—"That the measure before the House for augmenting the duties on distillation, was only meant as a temporary measure of experiment, and that the duties of all the distilleries of Scotland must be made much higher than they were at the time, or otherwise that the still must be stopt altogether, inasmuch as the state of that part of the country, and the regard that ought to be paid to public morals as well as to the health of the people, required that there should be a great increase in the price of spirits. That the question no doubt was a question of price, but that the prospects of a revenue from ardent spirits must be given up, and distillation stopped altogether, the consumption of spirits could not be diminished, for excesses to which the immoderate use of them gave rise were enormous, and called loudly for a remedy."

[To be continued.]

WASHINGTON, JAN. 8--A Temperance Meeting of unusual interest was held last evening, at which Thomas McCall, M. C. from Kentucky, took the total abstinence pledge. Mr M. gave the reasons which induced him to join the Society. On Thursday he had been in company, and indulged pretty freely. Coming to the House on Friday evening, he found himself nervously affected, to an extent that alarmed him, and this sensation was accompanied by a thirst for drink. Almost terrified at the extent of his passion, he solemnly and deliberately made up his mind to place himself as far as he could, beyond temptation. To this end he resolved to confess his sin before men and to unite with the Temperance Society. A meeting was held last evening, and Mr Marshall voluntarily put his name to the pledge of the Society.

His confession upon this occasion, seems to have been thrillingly fluent and effective. His reasons, he said, for joining the Society were, that the hand of the tempter was too strong upon him, and he felt unable to resist the monster. He stood for the first time in his life, in a

Temperance Society, and spoke for the first time in behalf of the cause of temperance. He had come to make a public confession. As far as memory had served him he had never committed any gross offence, except when under the influence of liquor. He had now put his name to the pledge, and he felt that to violate it, would be a disgrace upon that name forever.

All who were present spoke of the scene and of his speech as one of surpassing interest. Twenty-four hours since, his case was regarded as a hopeless one. "When I sat down," says he, "to put my name to the pledge, I felt almost overpowered, but no sooner had I signed my name than my heart was light and my step firm."

TEMPERANCE.—The sound has gone abroad over the face of the earth, that to be free, mankind must be temperate. The bottle heretofore has been made the Archimedian lever in the hands of political demagogues to hurl from their foundations, well organized governments founded upon reason and legitimate rights; but now upon every breeze is wafted the glorious tidings of reform. Human reason again resumes her exalted seat, and aways with influence irresistible, the destinies of nations. Man, guided by godlike reason, aspires to improvement, moral and intellectual.—[American paper.]

POPULAR EDUCATION.—FATHER MATHEW.—We have contended incessantly, in this journal and elsewhere, that teetotalism, among the other benefits which it would confer upon the community, would undoubtedly effect what Mechanics' Institutes and popular lecturers had long attempted—that it would create a desire for information and self-culture, and a taste for social improvement among the working classes. That there has been abundant evidence of the soundness of this opinion, in the formation of teetotal libraries and reading Societies in various parts of this province, our readers already know, and they know, also, that Father Mathew has, upon more than one occasion, expressed himself favourable to the joint diffusion of teetotalism and popular education: but we have the satisfaction of announcing that, during his recent visit to Moira, he marked his approval of the principle for which we contended in the most practical manner.—*Bel-fast Vindicator.*

Dr. Green, President of the Vermont Academy of Medicine, at a late Temperance meeting, related the following circumstance. In a village of New England, where he was some years since settled, he had seen the lamentable and dangerous effects of the old drinking customs among physicians. He was one of a club of ten or fifteen of various professions, who used to meet every few weeks for convivial purposes, wine being the beverage generally used. He soon found the tendency of such habits, and determined to break them off, warning his companions, also, at the same time, of their danger. About seven of them turned a deaf ear to his expostulations, and laughed at the idea of becoming intemperate; but five of those seven are now filling the drunkard's grave; by the bed-sides of three of whom he had stood and closed their eyes, amid the horrors of delirium tremens.

RETURN OF MR. HAWKINS.—This bright advocate of the poor unfortunate drunkard stopped a few days in our city, on his return from Baltimore to Boston, and addressed a very large meeting at the Methodist Chapel in Allen street; also an immense meeting at Newark. He alluded very happily to his first address in Greene street, where the first of the reformed drunkards of New York cried out from the gallery, "Is there any hope for me?" Speaking of his happiness in his family, he suddenly asked, "But am I the only happy man?" Twenty voices answered from all parts of the Hall, "No, No." From this place he went to New Haven. A letter from that place says, "We gave him a full house on Monday night. The aisles were full quite up to the pulpit. He was very happy in his remarks. All were pleased. One hundred and fifty names were added to the pledge." Mr. H. is now in Providence, speaking to immense audiences.—*N. Y. paper.*

TEMPERANCE AT AUGUSTA.—All the members of the Executive Council, except one have signed the total abstinence pledge; also, 18 out of the 31 Senators, and 152 of the 200 members of the House, with the Clerk and Assistant Clerk, have followed in their footsteps.—[Portland Adv.]

In the charge delivered to the Grand Jury at the opening of the Criminal Court, on the 24th ultimo, the influence of Temperance principles on society was referred to as follows by the Honorable Mr. Justice Rolland:—

"But there is another Reform from which we have felt great benefit. I allude to the Temperance Societies—to that amelioration in the habits of the people, so zealously recommended by the Ministers of the Gospel, and so much encouraged by the most respectable class of our citizens. It is in fact a total change and high improvement in the morals of the people. We know that crimes are chiefly attributable to intemperance. Prevent the use of intoxicating liquors, and you will change the state of society. This vice is so degrading that public opinion ought of itself to be a cure for it."—*American paper.*

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN NEW YORK.—*The Tribune* says:—St. Patrick's Day, (March 17th) was appropriately celebrated yesterday by the Sons of the Green Isle residing in our City, as by their brethren throughout the Union. An imposing Procession was formed in the morning, which passed through the principal streets prior to the various festive gatherings of the 'Friendly Sons of St. Patrick,' 'Gibernian Society,' &c. High Mass was celebrated at the Cathedral, by Bishop Hughes, and a Discourse preached by Rev. Dr. Monahan. Better than all else, the day was honored by a more general and rigid regard to Temperance than ever before. A large portion of those celebrating it are pledged against any use of intoxicating liquors, and many others refused to profane the Anniversary of the Patron Saint by revelry. We hope each recurrence of the Day will find the number who 'taste not' still larger and larger, until this bane of all nations shall be utterly rejected and abhorred by all who honour St. Patrick, and all who honour him not.

Yesterday was **ST. PATRICK'S DAY**, and in accordance with an old custom which binds together in one body,

Irishmen in all parts of the world, it was observed as a grand holiday by the Sons of Erin in this city. The procession, composed of the St. Patrick's Society, and the Irish Temperance Society, was one of the most numerous attended we recollect to have seen, and its banners and decorations were exceedingly splendid. After promounding through the principal streets to the music of the Military bands, the immense concourse proceeded to hear divine worship at the Cathedral, and on coming out concluded the circuit of the town by marching through the other principal thoroughfares.—*Montreal Courier.*

ST. PATRICK'S DAY was celebrated at Miramichi, as in this City, by a Roman Catholic Teetotal Procession, which, according to the account in the Gleaner of Tuesday last, must have been a splendid affair. After hearing mass at the Catholic Chapel in Chatham, the procession was formed, and paraded through several streets of the town, crossed the ice to Douglastown, through which they passed, as well as Newcastle, and again crossed the ice to Nelson, where an address was presented in St. Patrick's Chapel to the Rev. Mr. Eagan, to which a feeling and appropriate reply was returned. The procession then started on their return to Chatham, and halted opposite Newcastle, where the Indians who were in the ranks marched out and partook of refreshments which had been provided for them, the remainder of the procession proceeding to Chatham.—About 1800 persons walked in the ranks; eleven appropriate banners and flags of various colours were displayed, the bearers wearing scarfs and rosettes of different colours. The scene was enlivened by the performances of the Chatham Amateur Band, who were seated in a vehicle drawn by two grey and two black horses. The evening was spent in Temperance style, the Amateur Band Room, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion; where a number of ladies and gentlemen of all denominations assembled, and listened to excellent music, speeches, songs and sentiments. Among the speakers were W. Carman, jun. Esq., J. T. Williston Esq., P. Williston, Esq. and Mr. Michael Dunn.

The Total number of persons who have taken total abstinence pledge from the Rev. Mr. Eagan in the County of Northumberland is stated to be 3327.—*St. J. paper.*

Abridged from the Halifax Register.

PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.

On the 17th inst the Anniversary of St. Patrick, the Patron and Apostle of the Emerald Isle, a scene truly not occurred in Windsor. I have seen, on that day, the English, the Scotch and the Nova Scotian all united together, heart and hand, celebrating the solemn feast that day in a most orderly manner, and manifesting to the world the joy of their hearts, at the happy any effects which Temperance has already caused among them, though of different countries, creeds, and colours, there were all Teetotalers of the same order—all disciples the same Rev. President, Mr. Byrne. They assembled at nine o'clock in the morning, at the Roman Cath Church. They re-assembled at 11 o'clock to hear a sermon on the life of the Apostle of Ireland, which was delivered by the Rev. President. They then arranged themselves in order of procession as follows,—

A Band of Amateur Musicians, (young Gentlemen of the town) in a carriage drawn by two horses.

The Reverend President, (in his own carriage, his horse's head ornamented by knots of white and green ribbon and he himself wearing the Shamrock on his left breast.)

A Banner of the Society.

The Member of the Society—two deep, (wearing their Medals, Rosettes of green ribbon, and Shamrocks.)

There were ten Officers, to preserve order, each bearing a white wand in his hand.

And last came another Banner—the property of the Society. These banners were executed in a masterly style, for the occasion.

The Procession set out from the Catholic Chapel, proceeded through the principal streets of the village, then advanced beyond the English Church, returned to the Catholic Church, halted, and entered to return thanks to God. As the Procession passed along, groups of spectators lined the streets, and were posted at every corner, to gaze with admiration on the novel scene; it received from all as it passed well merited encomiums. At 4 o'clock, P. M. about seventy members of the Society sat down to a sumptuous dinner, at Mr. Michael Doran's, the Rev. President in the chair; Mr. Flynn, Vice-President. After dinner, in good home manufactured ginger beer, eight loyal and patriotic toasts were given from the chair, and received by the company with loud and rapturous applause each toast was prefaced by the Rev. President in a strain which afforded great mirth and gratification to all. A volunteer toast (which I cannot omit giving in full) was proposed by Mr. Robert Smith, and received by the company with loud applause:—“The unassuming, the very Reverend F. Matthew. May his useful life be prolonged to his grateful countrymen; may he rejoice over the fruits of his labour and feel glad of the happy effects it had produced; may the hearts of the poor widow, the fatherless, and the reformed drunkard, sing songs of joy and gratitude to his memory; may his declining years be as the setting of a summer's sun, and the remembrance of its useful labours transmitted to teetotallers yet unborn.”

Tea and coffee were served up at 9 o'clock after which the amusements were resumed and lasted till two o'clock in the morning, when all separated in the most perfect good order, highly delighted with the unanimity and hilarity which reigned throughout, giving three hearty cheers for the Temperance Cause.

The room in which the Company dined was ornamented on every side by transparencies and banners, and most brilliantly lighted; the ornaments are all the property of the Society.

A FRIEND TO TEMPERANCE.

Windsor, March 25, 1842.

THE VISITOR.

HALIFAX, N. S.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 2, 1842.

We have devoted nearly all our available space this week to interesting extracts.

We see much reason for joy and hope, from almost every quarter, respecting the disrepute into which Intemperance has fallen, and the growth of the influence of Temperance; but, as we have frequently before said, in every direction we also see cause for greater exertion. While we hear of sickness, and outrage, and poverty, and depredation, and death, occurring to man, by the use of an article which is manufactured and traffic'd in by men, for the sake of gain,—much remains to the philanthropist in the work of convincing and converting, from dangerous courses, those within his influence.

Father Mathew's countrymen, in various parts of the world, have followed the teachings of that honoured Apostle, as will be seen from several extracts. We hope to see the time when a generous and holy rivalry will exist between the nations, for the honour of being the first to entirely abolish a vice which has worked so much evil.

The Publisher of the Visitor has reason to believe that a monthly publication, instead of a weekly, would be the better course. Several persons in the Country and Town prefer the monthly parts,—the difficulty of circulation would be greatly lessened,—the work could be made more interesting and be more neatly printed,—and there are but few reasons why a more rapid interchange of opinions on the subject would be particularly desirable. Except reasons to the contrary appear, the Visitor will be published once a month, in neat pamphlet form, 32 pages, price 4d,—thus furnishing the cheapest periodical in the Colonies, except where funds are devoted to produce low price, and where the circulation has been swelled to tens of thousands.

PRESCRIPTION.—We heard of an incident recently, which seems to reflect much credit on all concerned. A woman of the labouring class, and a member of the St. Mary's Total Abstinence Society, who had been addicted to the use of stimulants, complained of illness, and asked some partial relief from her pledge. A doctor's certificate was required. Her husband, also a T. A. Member, applied to a medical gentleman, acquainting him with the facts of the case. The doctor declined giving the certificate until harmless remedies were tried. He gave a medicine, and required a trial of it. The poor man enquired the price, and was told to try its effect before troubling himself about payment. At the end of a month he returned, expressed gratitude, and, voluntarily presented four dollars in consideration of the prescription; remarking that, under the gin-bottle system, that amount would have been expended in a week, beside all the evils that would attend such a process. Thus was exhibited due caution in the Officer of the Society, and the doctor, perseverance in a safe course as regarded the poor woman, and a noble gratitude in the husband.

It is a mistake to suppose that innocent draughts of a stimulating nature cannot be obtained, when these are required. Clove tea, and other similar preparations, entirely free from intoxicating qualities, may be substituted medicinally for the more natural and simple drinks.

An interesting meeting was held last evening at the Garrison Chapel. Rev. Mr. Knowlan, the President, and others, addressed the audience, and 33 names were added to the lists.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ASS.

The domestic ass, supposed to be derived from the wild Hymar of the desert and the horse of Asia, enter at a remote period into the circle of human economic establishments. The first mentioned, as might be expected, resided in the same regions where the dawn of civilization commenced, and gifted with inferior powers of resistance, is presumed to have been subjugated several ages before the second, because we find it repeatedly indicated in the Pentateuch before the horse is noticed, such as in the sacrifice of Abraham; in his visit to Egypt, where he received presents of Abimelech; and in the spoils of Shechem, where Asses are numbered with other cattle, but the horse is not mentioned. Yet that noble animal, by nature provided with greater physical capabilities, with more intelligence, and more instinctive tendencies for adapting his existence to the circumstances of domestication in every region, is in his servitude grown larger, more adorned, more acute, and more educational than in a state of nature; while the ass in similar circumstances, has degenerated from his pristine character becoming, even in the greater part of Persia, smaller in stature, less fleet, less intelligent, and by his own impulses less the associate of man. When the horse, from thorough domesticity, is again cast upon his own resources, he resumes his original independence, provides for his own safety and that of the herd under his care, without altogether losing his acquired advantages; the ass, on the contrary, although never a spontaneous associate in his domestication, is nowhere known to have again become wild, or to have sought his freedom with a spirit of persevering vigilance; and in cases where by accident he has found himself in freedom, he has made no energetic efforts to retain it, nor recover qualities that restore him to the filiation of the Hymar or the Kulan. When emancipated, he becomes, without effort, the prey of the lion, the tiger, the hyæna, or the wolf, and in America he had been known to succumb under the beak of a condor. It is evident that the difference in the relative conditions of the two species, is, with regard to the ass, not entirely referable to human neglect and want of kindness, but in part, at least, must be ascribed to inferior sensibility and weaker intellectual power, both being alike evinced by the hardiness of his hide, by his satisfaction with coarser food, and his passive stubbornness.

THE COURAGE, MEMORY, AND AFFECTIONS OF THE HORSE.

It is asserted that horses with a broad after-head and the ears far asunder are naturally bolder than those whose head is narrow above the fore-lock some are certainly more daring by nature than others, and judicious training in most cases makes them sufficiently staunch. Some, habituated to war, will drop their head, pick at grass in the midst of fire, smoke, and the roar of cannon; others never entirely cast off their natural timidity. We have witnessed them groaning, or endeavouring to lie down when they found escape impossible, at the fearful sound of shot, sharpnel-shells, and rockets; and it is most painful to witness their look of terror in battle, and groans upon being wounded. Yet many of the terrified animals, when let loose at a charge, dash forward in a kind of desperation that makes it difficult to hold them in hand; and we recollect at a charge, in 1794, when the light dragoon troop-horse was larger than at present, and

the French were wretchedly mounted, a party of British bursting through a hostile squadron as they would have passed through a fence of rushes.

Horses have a very good memory; in the darkest nights they will find their way homeward, if they have but once passed over the same road. They remember kind treatment, as was manifest in a charger that had been two years our own; this animal had been left with the army, and was brought back and sold in London; about three years after we chanced to travel up to town, and at a relay, getting out of the mail, the off wheel horse attracted our attention, and upon going near to examine it with more care, we found the animal recognizing its former master, and testifying satisfaction by rubbing its head against our clothes, and making every moment a little stamp with the fore feet, till the coachman asked if the horse was not an acquaintance. We remember a beautiful and most powerful charger belonging to a friend, then a captain in the 14th dragoons, bought by him in Ireland at a comparative low price, on account of an impetuous viciousness, which had cost the life of one or two grooms: the captain was a kind of Centaur rider, not to be flung by the most violent efforts, and of a temper for gentleness that would effect a cure, if vice were curable: after some very dangerous combats with his horse, the animal was subdued, and it became so attached, that his master could walk anywhere with him following like a dog, and even ladies mount him with perfect safety. He rode him during several campaigns in Spain, and on one occasion where, in action, horse and rider came headlong to the ground, the animal making an effort to spring up, placed his forefoot on the captain's breast, but immediately withdrawing it, rose without hurting him, or moving, until he was remounted. When we saw him he was already old but his gentleness remained perfectly unaltered; yet his powers were such, that we witnessed his leaping across a hollow road from bank to bank, a cartway being beneath, and leaping back without apparent effort.

DURATION OF A HORSE'S LIFE.

The life of horses extends naturally from twenty-five to thirty years; cases have occurred of individuals attaining the age of more than forty; and in countries where they are not tasked by constant over exertion, the period of existence is usually between nineteen and twenty-one. But in England the destruction of these noble animals is excessive: the value of time with a commercial people, incessantly urges into activity both mental and corporeal, has demanded rapidity of communication, and spread a universal taste for going fast; the fine roads have permitted horses to be subjected to more than they can draw; betting, racing and hunting are pursued by persons whose animals are not constructed for such exertions, and violent usage in groom stable-boys, and farm-servants is so common, that few reach the age of fifteen years, and all are old at ten.

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