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The Saturday Evening Visitor ;

A Cheap Family Paper,

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

VOL. I.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 5, 1842.

NO. 3.

LITERATURE.

SABBATH DAYS.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Types of eternal rest—fair buds of Bliss,
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week ;
The next world's gladness imag'd forth in this—
Days of whose worth the Christian heart can speak.

Eternity in time—the steps by which
We climb to future ages—lamps that light
Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,
Yielding redemption for the week's full fight.

Wakeners of prayer in Man—his resting bowers
As on his journeys in the narrow way,
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fixed by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts and purify our powers ;
Periods appointed to renew our trust,—
A gleam of glory after six day's showers !

A milky way marked out through skies else drear,
By radiant suns that warm as well as shine—
A clue, which he who follows knows no fear,
Tho' briars and thorns around his pathway twine.

Foretastes of Heaven on earth—pledges of joy
Surpassing fancy's flights, and fiction's story—
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory !

From the U. S. Magazine.

SCENES IN THE COUNTRY.

BY WALTER WHITMAN.

A pleasant, fair-sized country village,—a village em-
bedded in trees, with old churches, long, single storied farm
houses, their roofs mossy, and their chimneys smoke black,
a village with much grass, and shrubbery, and no pave-
ments, nor gas—that is the place for him who wishes life in
favor and its bloom. Until of late, my residence has
been in such a place.

Man of cities! what is there in all your boasted plea-
sures—your fashions, parties, balls, and theatres, compared to
the simplest of delights we country folks enjoy? Our pure
fresh air, making the blood swell and leap with buoyant health;
our labour and our exercise; our freedom from the sickly
influences that taint the town: our not being racked with notes
of the fluctuations of prices, or the breaking of banks;
our manners of sociality, expanding the heart, and reacting
with a wholesome effect upon the body;—can anything
that a citizen possesses balance these?

One Saturday, after paying a few days visit at New York,
I returned to my quarters in the Country Inn. The day

was hot, and my journey a disagreeable one. I had been
forced to stir myself beyond comfort, and despatch my affairs
quickly, for fear of being left by the cars. As it was, I
arrived panting just as they were about to start. Then
for many miles I had to bear the annoyance of the steam-
engine smoke, and it seemed to me that the vehicles kept
swaying to and fro on the track, with a more than usual
motion, on purpose to distress my jaded limbs. Out of
humor with myself and every thing around me, when I
came to my travel's end, I refused to partake of the com-
fortable supper which my landlady had prepared for me.
Tired and head-throbbing, in less than half a score of mi-
nutes after I threw myself on my bed, I was steeped in
the soundest slumber.

When I awoke, every vein and nerve felt fresh and free.
Soreness and irritation had been swept away, as it were,
with the curtains of the night; and the accustomed tone
had returned again. I arose and threw open my window.
Delicious!—It was a calm, bright Sabbath morning in May.
The dew-drops glittered on the grass; the fragrance of the
apple blossoms which covered the trees floated up to me;
and the notes of a hundred birds discoursed music to my
ear. By the rays just shooting up in the eastern verge, I
knew that the sun would be risen in a moment. I hastily
dressed myself, performed my ablutions, and sallied forth
to take a morning walk.

Sweet, yet sleepy scene! No one seemed stirring.
The placid influence of the day was even now spread around,
quieting everything, and ballowing everything. I sauntered
slowly onward. I passed round the edge of a hill, on the
rising elevation and top of which was the burial ground,
On my left, through an opening in the trees, I could see
at some distance the ripples of our beautiful bay; on my
right, was the large and ancient field for the dead. I stop-
ped and leaned my back against the fence, with my face
turned toward the white marble stones a few rods before me.
All I saw was far from new to me; and yet I pondered
upon it. The entrance to that place of tombs was a kind
of arch—a rough-hewn but no doubt hardy piece of architec-
ture, that had stood winter and summer over the gate there,
for many, many years. Oh, fearful arch! if there were for
thee a voice to utter what had passed beneath and near thee;
if the secrets of the earthly dwelling could be by thee dis-
closed—whose ear might listen to the appalling story.

Thus thought I; and strangely enough, such imagining
marred not in the least the sunny brightness which spread
alike over my mind and over the landscape. Involuntarily
as I mused, my look was cast to the top of the hill. I saw
a figure moving. The figure was a woman. She seemed
to move with a slow and feeble step, passing and repassing
constantly between two and the same graves, which were
within half a rod of each other. She would bend down and
appear to busy herself a few moments with the one; then
she would rise, and go to the second, and bend there, and

employ herself as at the first. Then to the former one, and then to the second again. Occasionally the figure would pause a moment, and stand back a little, and look steadfastly down upon the graves, as if to see whether her work were done well. Thrice I saw her walk with a tottering gait, and stand midway between the two, and look alternately at each. Then she would go to one and arrange something, and come back to the midway place, and gaze first on the right and then on the left, as before.

Curious to know what was the woman's employment, I undid the simple fastenings of the gate, and walked over the rank wet grass toward her. As I came near, I recognised her for an old, a very old inmate of the poor-house, named Delaree. Stopping a moment, while I was yet several yards from her, and before she saw me, I tried to cull to recollection certain particulars of her history which I had heard a great while past. She was a native of one of the West India Islands, and, before I who gazed at her was born, had with her husband come hither to settle and gain a livelihood. They were poor, probably met much to discourage them. They kept up their spirits, however, until at last their fortunes became desperate. Famine and want laid iron fingers upon them. They had no acquaintance; and to beg they were ashamed.—Both were taken ill; then the charity that had been so slack came to their destitute abode, but came too late. Delaree died, the victim of poverty. The woman recovered, after a while; but for many months was quite an invalid, and was sent to the almshouse, where she had ever since remained.

This was the story of the aged creature before me; aged with the weight of seventy winters. I walked up to her. By her feet stood a large rude basket, in which I beheld leaves and luds. The two graves which I had seen her passing between so often were covered with flowers—the earliest but sweetest flowers of the season. They were fresh, and wet, and very fragrant—those delicate soul-offerings. Strange! Flowers, frail and passing, grasped by the hand of age, and scattered upon a tomb! White hairs, and pale blossoms, and stone tablets of Death!

She had been rather agitated at my intrusion, and her powers flickered for a moment. They were soon steady again; and, perhaps, gratified with my interest in her affairs, she gave me in a few brief sentences the solution of the mystery. When her husband's death occurred, she was herself confined to a sick bed, which she did not leave for a long while after he was buried. Still longer days had elapsed before she had permission, or even strength, to go into the open air. When she did, her first efforts were essayed to reach Gilbert's grave. What a pang sunk to her heart when she found it could not be pointed out to her! With the careless indifference which is shown to outcasts, poor Delaree had been thrown into a hastily dug hole, without any one noting it, or remembering which it was. Subsequently, several other paupers were buried in the same spot; and the sexton could only show two graves to the disconsolate woman, and tell her that her husband's was positively one of the twain. During the latter stages of her recovery, she had looked forward to the consolation of coming to his tomb as to a shrine, and wiping her tears there; and it was bitter that such could not be. Determined in her soul that at least the remnant of her hopes and intentions should not

be given up,—every Sunday morning, in the mild season, she went forth early, and gathered fresh flowers, and dressed both the graves. So she knew that the right one was cared for, even if another shared that care. And lest she should possibly bestow the most of this testimony of love on him whom she knew not, but whose spirit might be looking down invisible in the air, and smiling upon her, she was ever careful to have each tomb adorned in an exactly similar manner. In a strange land, and among a strange race, she said, it was like communion with her own people to visit that burial-mound.

'If I could only know which to bend over when my heart feels heavy,' thus finished the sorrowing being as she rose to depart, 'then it would be a happiness. But perhaps I am blind to my mercies. God in his great wisdom may have sent that I should not know which grave was his, lest grief over it should become too common a luxury for me.'

What a wondrous thing is affection. Oh Thou whose most mighty attribute is the Incarnation of Love, I bless Thee that Thou didst make this fair disposition in the human heart, and didst root it there so deeply that it is stronger than all else, and can never be torn out! Here is this aged wayfarer, a woman of trials and griefs, decrepit, sore, and steeped in poverty; the most forlorn of her kind; and yet through all the storm of misfortune, and the dark clouds years settling upon her, the Memory of her Love hovers like a beautiful spirit amid the gloom; and never deserts but abides with her while life abides.

If there be any sufficiently interested in the fate of the aged woman, for those I will add, that ere long her affection was transferred to a Region where it might receive the reward of its constancy and purity. Her last desire—and was complied with—was that she should be placed midway between the two graves.

DOMESTIC RULE.—Domestic rule is founded upon truth and love. If it have not both of these it is nothing better than a despotism. It requires the perpetual exercise of love in its most extended form. You have to learn the disposition of those under you, and to teach them to understand yours. In order to do this you must sympathise with them, and convince them of your doing so; for your sympathy will often depend their truthfulness. You must persuade a child to place confidence in you, if you wish to form an open upright character. You cannot rify it into the habits of truth. On the contrary, are not the earliest falsehoods caused by fear, much oftener than from wish to obtain any of its little ends by deceit? But often the complaint is heard from those in domestic authority—that they are not confided in? But they forget how hard it is for an inferior to confide in a superior, and he will scarcely venture to do so without the hope of sympathy on the part of the latter, and the more so, as our confidences are about our follies, or what we deem—*Essays in the Intervals of Business.*

What is that which is above all human imperfections yet shelters the weakest and the wisest, as well as the meekest of all mankind? A Hat.

The first folly of fools is to esteem themselves wise next to tell others so.

TEMPERANCE.

[SELECTED]

PARLIAMENT AND THE DOCTORS.—A Select Committee of the House of Commons, appointed some time ago, "to inquire into the extent, causes, and consequences of the prevailing vice of intoxication, in the United Kingdom, produced, in their report, the following medical declarations, of the first eminence:—

Dublin:—"We the undersigned, hereby declare, that, in our opinion, nothing would tend so much to the improvement of the health of the community, as the entire disuse of ardent spirits."

Signed by Alexander Jackson, State Physician; John Crampton, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica; R. Carmichael; Philip Crampton, Surgeon General; J. Cheyne, M. D., Physician General; A. Colles, Professor of Surgery; H. Marsh, M. D., Professor, Medical Practitioner, College of Surgeons; and other medical practitioners; in all forty-nine.

Edinburgh:—"We, the undersigned, do hereby declare our conviction, that ardent spirits are not to be regarded as a nourishing article of diet; that the entire disuse of them would powerfully contribute to improve the health and comfort of the community."

This was signed by four Professors of the Medical Faculty in the University; eleven members of the College of Physicians; by the President, and twenty-seven of the Royal College of Surgeons; and by thirty-four other medical practitioners; seventy-seven in all.

Leith:—"We, the undersigned, do hereby declare our conviction, that ardent spirits in any form, are highly prejudicial to health: and that they contain no nutritive quality." Signed by Charles Anderson M. D., Robert Simms, M. D., Charles Cheye, surgeon; George Kirk, M. D., J. S. Combe, M. D., Thomas Latta, M. D., Thos. Craige, M. D., John Coldstream, M. D.

York.—This certificate declares, that ardent spirits are, to persons in health unnecessary, and, almost without exception, pernicious; that their disuse would greatly contribute to the health, morals, and comfort of the community. Signed by 24 medical gentlemen.

Brighton.—The certificate from this town is to the same effect as that of the above, and signed by forty-two names. That of Bradford to the same effect, is signed by thirteen; that of Berwick-upon-Tweed, is signed by eleven; that of Sheltenham is signed by twenty-six; that of Derby, by sixteen; that of Leeds, by forty-seven; that of Manchester by seventeen; that of Nottingham, by twenty-six; that of Worcester, by thirty-two; that of Gloucester, by fifteen; that of Kilmarnock, by eight; that of Lincoln, by twenty-two. To the preceding attestations, we have to add the opinion of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. who writes:—"No person has a greater hostility to dram drinking than myself; so much that I never suffer any ardent spirits in my house, thinking them evil spirits, and if the poor could witness the white livers, the dropsies, the shattered nervous systems which I have seen, as the consequences of drinking, they would be aware that spirits and poisons are synonymous terms."

Edward Turner, M. D., F. R. S. S., London and Edinburgh, Professor of Chemistry in the London University,

writes,— "It is my firm conviction, that ardent spirits are not a nourishing article of diet: that in this climate they may be entirely disused, with advantage to health and strength; that their habitual use tends to undermine the constitution, enfeeble the mind, and degrade the character."

The Committee, in their report to the House of Commons, state, that spirits produce "the following evils, among others:—The destruction of an immense amount of wholesome and nutritious grain, given by a bountiful Providence for the use of man, which is now converted, by distillation into a poison. The highest medical authorities, examined in great numbers before the Committee, are uniform in their testimony, that ardent spirits are absolute poisons to the human constitution, that in no case whatever are they necessary, or even useful, to persons in health; that they are always, and in every case, and of the smallest extent, deleterious, pernicious, or destructive, according to the proportions in which they may be taken into the system." (Page 4. Parl. Rep.) In corroboration of this report, may be added the unerring test, practical experience. They give instances of habitual "bottle goers" abandoning at an advanced age, the use of spirituous liquors, not only without injury, but with visible advantage to health.—*Toronto Examiner*.

THE INDIAN ARMY.—For some years temperance principles have been making way in the European portion of the East India Company's troops, and the following fact related by Major-General Sir Hugh Gough, in a recent despatch, is a remarkable instance of the progress which has been made. Had the soldiery before Canton, taking advantage of an opportunity offered, and brutalized themselves with the quantities of arrack which they accidentally became possessed of, the consequences might have been serious to the whole force engaged, and such consequences might have easily resulted from an indiscretion then common, but which we are proud to say has been greatly overcome by the exertions of the temperance mission, in inculcating rules fraught with incalculable advantages, moral, physical, and political. Sir Hugh Gough's remarks are as follows: Having now conveyed my approval of the conduct of the commanding officers of brigades and corps, and the heads of departments, permit me to draw your Lordship's special attention to the praiseworthy conduct of the sailors and soldiers under my command, which in my mind does them the highest credit. During the eight days this force was on shore (and many of the corps were unavoidably placed in situations where sham-shu was abundant), but two instances of drunkenness occurred; and I deem it but justice here to mention a strong fact. The soldiers of the 49th finding a quantity of sham-shu in the village they had taken, without order or previous knowledge of their officers, brought the jars containing this pernicious liquor, and broke them in front of their corps, without the occurrence of a single case of intoxication.

REFORMS.—Among the stupendous reforms of the present day, nothing excites more grateful astonishment than the Temperance reformation. It is vast as it is deep, and thorough as it is extensive. It does not merely pervade certain local sections, or the visible surface of society. It embraces the entire Union, and its healing influence extends

rom the refined classes down to the most besotted bodies of men. Persons from the East and West, from the North and South—from populous cities and obscure villages, alike concur in speaking of it as exceeding any thing in the annals of moral reformation. We find persons of every grade who have been habitual drinkers, almost voluntarily abandoning their cups, and renouncing their accustomed haunts of dissipation. Crowds of men, acted upon by common sympathy, or by some other cause, are abandoning habits of intoxication, and joining in reforming those whose appetites, hitherto, they have helped to feed and inflame. Men who have been conspicuous for their habits of intemperance and lawless disregard of the healthful laws of morality, suddenly are changed, and become exemplary and sober men. Nothing could induce a return to their former habits. Those who once needed the aid of friends to stop excess, now, in turn, are exhorting others to reform. The reformed every where have become successful and judicious reformers. God be praised that this vast fountain, from which vice springs in such innumerable shapes, has already met with so blessed an amount of purification. May it continue to be cleansed, and happy will that day be, when it no longer shall send forth turbid and bitter waters.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

Extract from an Address of the Albany Temperance Society:—"How can we commend the representative system so long as we have half a million of drunken voters? How can we properly develop the immense resources of this country, if so much of the time, industry, capital, physical strength and mental energy of our citizens, are to be expended in sustaining this destructive vice and its consequences? Millions of dollars, if paid to us in money, could not compensate for the amount of drawback which it occasions upon our national prosperity. Not a city, village nor settlement; not a farm nor factory where intemperance now prevails to much extent, but would at once, increase twenty or thirty or fifty per cent in value, if the abandonment of all intoxicating drinks should commence immediately and universally."

ANECDOTE OF AN INDIAN.—In the beginning of May, the annual election of the principal officers of the (then) colony was held at Hartford, the capital. My father attended officially, and it was customary for the chief of the Mohegans also to attend. Zachary had succeeded to the rule of his tribe. My father's house was situated about midway on the road between Mohegan and Hartford, and the old chief was in the habit of coming a few days before the election and dining with his brother governor. One day the mischievous thought struck me to try the sincerity of the old man's temperance. The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home brewed beer on the table. I addressed the old chief—"Zachary, this beer is excellent, will you taste it? The old man dropped his knife and fork—leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression; his black eye sparkling with indignation, was fixed upon me. "John," said he, you do not know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! Do you not know that I am an Indian? I tell you that I am, and that, if I should but taste your beer, I might not stop until I got to rum, and become again the drunken, contemptible wretch, your father, remember me to have been. John, while you live, never again tempt any

man to break a good resolution." Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept. Demosthenes could not have given it in more solemn tones of eloquence. I was thunder struck. My parents were deeply affected; they looked at each other, at me, and at the venerable old Indian, with deep feelings of awe and respect. They afterwards frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it. Zachary lived to pass the age of eighty, and sincerely kept his resolution. He lies buried in the royal burial place of his tribe, near the beautiful fall of the western branch of the Thames, in Norwich. I visited the grave of the old chief lately, and repented to myself his inestimable lesson.—*Col. Trumbull's Autobiography.*

TEMPERANCE.—The Washington Temperance Apostle, instead of dozing on their cushions, and eating good Sunday dinners, have taken to a wholesome system of dock wallowing. Yesterday, early in the morning, they went to the North and East Rivers by Clinton and Catherine markets, and wherever they could find a miserable, drunken vagabond, crawling out of a cellar-way, or empty hoghead, they would take him along and get him to sign the temperance pledge.

Near both these markets meetings were held, and addresses made, from morning till night. There was much strong talk about the monster Alcohol, and the blessings of cold water. Many related their experiences, and bad stories they had to tell of their past career, now happily ended. There is no affectation about these speakers—they let out whatever comes uppermost—but the devil and rum catch it the most severely.—*Herald.*

THE EASIEST CURE FOR INTEMPERANCE.—We have seldom met with a more striking instance of the union of simplicity and wisdom, for which Quakers are remarkable, than the following. A man addicted to habits of intoxication, was suffering the usual miserable consequences, and in a moment of repentance, said he would give anything to cure himself. "It is as easy as to open thine hand," said a Quaker. Convince me of that, replied the inebriate, "and I will persevere in the experiment." "When thou takest the tempting glass into thine hand," replied the Friend, "before thou liftest the liquor to thy lips, open thine hand, and keep it open, and thou wilt be cured."—*Boston paper.*

MORE OF ALCOHOL'S DOINGS.—In October, the following, as near as I can recollect, was told me by an eye-witness. —Near a distillery in this district (London) was transacted a scene which appears to cap the climax. The parties emigrated from the mother country some time since in apparently comfortable circumstances; but ah! the sequel: the man drank himself to death! And while the nurse was out to get assistance to lay the man out, his wife locked the door, collected a quantity of combustibles, to which she set fire, and perished in the flames.—*Christian Guardian.*

INTEMPERANCE AND EXPOSURE.—Two of the Soldiers attached to the garrison at Fort Mifflin, were allowed to go to Hog Island, just below the Fort—there they became intoxicated, and a corporal and one man were sent with another boat to look after them. On returning with the flood tide, they were carried above the Fort, and brought

up on Cabin Island, opposite the old Lazaretto, where they appear to have become bewildered. One of them strayed from the party, and could not be found, when the other two were compelled to leave without him, to endeavour to save the life of one of the first boat's crew, who lay insensible in the boat—but in removing him from the boat to the barracks of the Fort, it was discovered he had perished. On Saturday morning, the man they left behind was found on the Island, frozen to death.

A GOOD THOUGHT.—Man is but a reed, and it is a true representation of the weakness of nature; but then he is a reed that thinks. It does not need the universe to crush him: a breath of air, a drop of water will kill him. But even if the material universe should overwhelm him, man would be more noble than that which destroys him; because he knows that he dies, while the universe knows nothing of the advantage which it obtains over him. Our true dignity, then, consists in thought. From thence we must derive our elevation, not from space or duration. Let us endeavour, then, to think well; this is the principle of morals.—Pascal.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Visitor.

THOUGHTS ON AUTUMN.

BY W. M. BROWN.

The Benevolent Author of Nature and Revelation has, in all the arrangements which are fixed by his hand, so provided for his frail and erring creatures, that every change brings some joys to console us for the loss of those which are just passed away with the season that brought them.—Thus we are never left in a state wholly joyless, or without resources from which may be drawn abundant material for that abiding cheerfulness which is indispensable for continued health; and which a well regulated mind will ever possess and exhibit.

By a happy adaptation of our nature to the climate in which we are required to live, we have many sources of happiness even in the period which appears at first sight wholly adverse to a tolerable existence. Stern winter is not without its charms, and nature, then enrobed in white, gives cheerfulness to the mind through the organs of vision. The many leisure hours that offer during that time to the majority of persons, afford opportunities for those numberless social fireside pleasures which, in the genial season are not so richly enjoyed. Its dreaded severity impels us to active labour, that we may have comforts during its inclement reign; and this very toil, by employing the mind, prevents that exuberance of vice which in sunny climes too often prevails. The in-door joys of winter, made more welcome by the driving sleet and pelting snow, are of a nature social and highly agreeable. The affectionate and frequent meetings of kind friends, during that period of lessened toil and nature's sterility, are hailed with pleasure; and age then finds its fire-side seat, which in summer was lonely, the centre of attraction, and its tales of by-gone days invested with a new and thrilling interest. The juniors find always a friend to console, when the pinching frosts compel them to return from the out-door sports that won their attention for the while; and the Mother, yet in the noon-tide of existence,

gathers her playful progeny with less reluctance to their Lessons or their Hymns.

Gay spring soon appears, and the youthful imagination invests with celestial charms the opening year, and in the expected sweets of summer rests a full and joyful hope.

The cheering sun released at times from the clouds that would still hold him in captivity, looks smilingly abroad, and gives promise of another term of warm and kindly intercourse with us. The man of business once more is wrapt in pleasing visions, his plans enlarged, and his promised profits well suited to his ambitious desires. All is hope and joy. The careful Housewife now renovates her domicile, and ushers in the joyous and happy season. Then appears the growing Grain—the Meadow—the Garden,—then comes the excursion for health, and many other delights of the day of nature's pride and growth. The strengthening heat is hailed with joy, and young hope is dwelling in encouraged and pleasing anticipation on the approaching fullness of Harvest; while want and misery dare not come openly forth, but lurk only in the most cheerless abodes,—such as the home of the Drunkard, where the sorrow stricken Wife and mother mourns in agony over her loved and starving babes; and where he who should be a protector, and an example for them to follow, has lost all traces of the manly beauty and moral dignity for which he was once perhaps proudly distinguished.

But the season of Autumn is peculiarly one of enjoyment to man. Amid the most pleasing scenes, we look forward without apprehension to this period of the year, and find in the possession of the Earth's fruits which are profusely offered for our use; in the cool and bracing atmosphere, so clear and refreshing; and in beholding the vivid hues of the departing adornment of nature—sources of delight, which for the time make us forget the approaching reign of Winter,—and banquet in enjoyment of the bounteous store which has just been perfected by the kind attentions of an ever watchful and benevolent Creator. The mind, which, during Summer's languid hours was unfit for active exercise, now with renewed strength assails the Magazines of Nature, Science and Literature; and laden with the spoils seems truly elevated by the valued possession. The face of nature, (yet in her unfaded greenness) presents an appearance almost enchanting. What we have often before passed with indifference, we now behold as surpassingly beautiful. The elasticity of limbs which the breeze imparts, contributes a corresponding exhilaration of mind; and the brightest dreams of fancy dwell there as solemn realities. The Poet's descriptions of Nature's Autumnal charms fall far short of what each attentive observer may realize in enjoyment for himself. While beholding the fair scene that every where attracts our happy vision, we feel a pride in our own country; and though vilified and misrepresented it often has been; set forth as a land of fogs and perpetual snows, a residence of bears and savage men; yet we would not forsake it for the sunniest spots in either hemisphere; and to the inhabitant of another clime who had never spent this season among us, an account of the actual beauties and pleasures that now surround and await us, would seem almost unworthy of credence.

The observer of nature, who beholds in the works of an all-wise Creator the wonderful grandeur that is every where discernible in them, finds his pleasures increased far beyond

the imagination of those whose minds are bent solely to the acquisition of wealth. While corroding cares enslave the powers, and great possessions bring anxiety, the student of nature finds his joys augment as his store of knowledge increases, and he is more firmly grounded in the belief of the unerring Wisdom, and the Power of Him who is the author of all, and whose works bear the impress of Perfection.

Autumn is the season in which we are called upon to toil, to prepare for the severity of the blast that too surely is coming. It is also the season of nature's fulness, and preparation for repose. The bud and the blossom have passed away, and laden with fruit, the bending bough can scarce support its ripening load. The feathered tenants of the grove now cease their songs, and many are preparing for a flight from the scenes of their joys and loves. The period of toil in nestling; of anxiety and watchfulness with their once tender brood is past, and they unite in the chirping band to wing their flight to more genial climes. The promise given to man in sunny spring, of provision for his wants, has been made good by his liberal Benefactor, and his heart should beat grateful for the bounteous store thus graciously bestowed.

This season, in its more advanced state, leads almost inevitably to "solemn thought, and serious musing." The variety of shades exhibited in nature's adornment, is a feature unknown at other times, and to the beholder presents beauties which the artist in vain attempts to describe. The fading glories of the verdant scene remain in mournful attendance on their departing Queen. Thus, as the seasons change and pass away, doth one generation of men pursue another, and with their own tinsel, and fresh greenness adorn the Theatre of Life, until, in like manner, forced off the Stage by their sanguine and ardent successors. Those whose declining vigour caused apprehensions among their anxious friends during spring time and summer, and who reluctantly forsook the busy haunts of men, resign the unequal contest, and yield to the mandate of time. The mournful winds sweep o'er their new made graves, where sorrowing friends resort; and the driven foliage in whirling eddies gathering round their resting place, seems to claim a kindred with the withering frame of frail and mortal man. The advantages of frequent retirement and meditation, are here apparent, and though the daily concerns of life, and the accumulation of wealth, may exclude salutary reflections at this season, yet we are always made better by an occasional voluntary attendance in the Temple of Sorrow, and rendered thereby more able to encounter and overcome the vexations, disappointments and trials, that await us in every stage of our sojourn.

The autumnal age of Man, if the preceding years have been spent profitably, seems best calculated for the calm enjoyment of the rational comforts and pleasures of life. Time and experience have softened the glowing colours in the picture which imagination once drew of the scene before us. Insensibly have we changed, but hope still animates; and the prospects of another and a better world brighten as we near them. The unsatisfying nature of all sensual joys is fully understood, and a recollection of the multitudes who started with us in the journey of life, (but who have fallen by the way, a prey to vice, frailty or misfortune, whose hopes were as bright, and whose connexions

and other advantages gave promise of a more successful issue than we could reasonably expect,) fills the mind with gratitude for the favor of an extended term of existence, and with wonder, that with the limited share of wisdom or prudence, which it was our lot to possess, we should have remained comparatively unhurt by the storms which destroyed the hopes, and broke the hearts, of many whose skill and judgment seemed far superior to ours.

This period of life is particularly valuable to transmit knowledge to those who are just starting on the path, the brightest spots of which, only strike their vision; and their joyous and unsuspecting hearts cannot conceive how any cloud or shadow can ever dwell there.

The aged can give kind warnings of the dangers of the way they have just passed over; can describe so clearly the miseries that await those who linger to enjoy the gilded baits with which vice has strewed the whole distance—that the young who listen to and obey the counsel, will be led to avoid the vices which have brought sorrow and destruction on many less favored, who have gone before them.

The value of such counsellors is beyond price; their words should be treasured up in the memory of youth; and I always feel an unusual degree of pleasure when I see those present at Meetings, and giving their testimony to the efficacy and value of Temperance principles.

No vice so surely intercepts our progress toward the sunny spot in existence, an autumnal age sweetened by virtuous recollections; none so harrows and grieves us at the age, and renders desolate and mournful its lengthened hours; brings the clouds of sorrow around the brow, and bitter unavailing tears down the cheeks of the vernal Traveller in life, as does the use of the intoxicating cup. Many a Parent, who has seen in his Son his own early vigour renewed, and rejoiced in the opening intellect and promise of the golden fruits of virtue which were the blossoming on this fair scion of his house, has been stricken with sorrow and fallen; the sands of life stopped violently long before the fading eye and whitened locks could give notice of their terminating course. The Mother has sickened and fallen in her prime, when her Son or the husband of her loved and only Daughter has become the victim of the relentless and enslaving enemy.

These awful examples have been very numerous, and the victims of this habit the loveliest and most generous of our species; and truly insensible to the woes of his fellows may he be, that does not rejoice in the advancement of this kindred Institutions. The improvement in the appearance and conduct of the poorer classes, since the late advancement of Temperance Associations in this City, and the almost total cessation of mendicancy, gives evidence of their utility that is convincing, plain and practical. Multitudes are restored to rationality and cleanliness, and many to a participation in the hallowed joys of the christian and the philanthropist.

What work can be more honorable at any period of life than using our talents for the restoration of the fallen, the reclaiming of the outcast, and preventing the degradation and ruin of beautiful and interesting youths? To save them we must lead them into habits that will recommend them to wise and good men, and be a guarantee for their future orderly and useful course of life. The object of Temperance

Societies is to draw around them a safeguard of moral precepts and Christian principles, which shall prove as a fortress, and defence in the warfare for which they are enlisting.

May the kind warnings and oft told experience of age be ever a pleasing sound to us, and an honored welcome be given to the man of years in Temperance Meetings and Committees. May we be ever aware that danger lurketh in our path, and that sorrow is the sure attendant on Vice; that weakness is ours, and frailty; and be not ashamed to acknowledge it—but unite with others hand in hand for the overthrow of all unchristian practices. Thus shall we reach the Autumn of life enjoying all the pleasant fruits of Virtue; which, being abundantly sown in the Spring time—nurtured and watered during the long summer of life, will then prove a store which the blighting tempests of the closing year cannot reach; will serve as a stay and support when we are about entering on the dark and wintry regions of the grave; and give us a rejoicing heart when all that is earthly and sensual can no longer yield solace or satisfaction.

For the Visitor.

The regular semi-monthly Temperance Meeting was held in the old Baptist Chapel on Tuesday evening. The house was nearly filled before the hour appointed, by Military men, many of whom were anxious to unite themselves to the Temperance Army, and before the meeting separated 87 persons had taken the pledge from the President, Beamish Murdoch, Esq., 76 of whom were persons belonging to the Regiments in the City. Most of these were fine looking young men, and the President addressed them eloquently on the importance and value of the pledge, and of the Society's Medal, worn as a token of Membership. He expressed a high gratification in seeing so numerous a body of men coming deliberately forward in support of Temperance principles, and in a most friendly manner received them as Members in the name of the Society.

At every Temperance Meeting there are some names added to the list of Members; and as these are mostly young persons, we have in this a sure promise of the future prosperity and usefulness of the institution.

Those who grow up in regular attendance at these meetings, can never wholly erase from their minds the arguments that are offered from time to time, proving the utter worthlessness and debasing tendency of strong drink to the moral and physical powers of man. They learn here the application of the Heavenly injunction "Love thy neighbour as thyself" and are taught that no man has a right to place a stumbling block before his unfortunate or less intelligent neighbours by continuing the use of any thing that has no good tendency; when others by following his example are led onward to infamy and ruin. They learn here the selective nature of these indulgences, and are warned, as they value their future happiness or usefulness, neither to touch, taste or handle. Examples are given, and all the gradations and terminations of these vividly portrayed for their instruction and profit. The object of Temperance Societies is to do good, to the bodies and souls of men; to rescue the sweet and most interesting of the creation from appalling ruin; from blighted hopes, from broken hearts, from misery, degradation, and an early and dishonored grave. No necessary views should be imputed to them, and all good men

who rightly understand their object cannot but wish them success, and unite for the advancement of so honorable a work.

The young wife, the affectionate mother and the venerable grandfathers all have a deep interest in the progress of these Societies; and if they know it not they are not less interested; charity and goodness demand increased exertion,—confidence approves of the work and it must advance.

W. M. BROWN, Secretary.

Halifax, 2d February, 1842.

THE VISITOR.

HALIFAX, N. S.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 5, 1842.

The length of Correspondent's favours leaves but little room for remarks in this place. By and by, as explained in our last, we will have more opportunity for attending to the various departments.

Temperance progress, happily, appears from every point of the horizon. In our own Province, in New-Brunswick and Canada, the United States and the United Kingdom, cheering evidences are furnished, that the kingdom of Temperance is every where on the increase, encroaching, regularly, on the domains of a power, which, a short time ago, seemed firmly rooted in the depraved appetites of men. We cannot be too thankful to the great Source of all good for this ground of hope and perseverance, in the cause. Progressions, Institutions of various kinds, evening parties, and almost every mode of duty or of entertainment, appear imbued by the Temperance principle. This is good, and affords delightful reflection concerning the myriads saved from the sin and suffering consequent on the cup of rioting and debauchery. We should recollect also, that with these evidences of the spread of this most important reformation, come instances of horror, springing from the remains of the vice which we combat. Crimes and deaths still result from that fruitful source, and many indications, that in comparative secrecy, the orgies of the drunkard still degrade society. This should impel to renewed exertion. While the evil exists, —while its manufacture and sale and use spreads temptations to danger in every direction,—the friends of Temperance must keep up that opposition, which, although consistent with universal charity and kindness, is zealous, calm and indefatigable. With such conduct they must prosper, and their honour will be great. If a life spent here, uselessly or injuriously, be one of the most melancholy objects of consideration to an immortal spirit,—a life full of active piety and benevolence inspires with the most delightful reflections.

INDIANS.—Temperance principles have received most gratifying testimony in their favour, during the present Legislative Session. A Bill for the amelioration of the Indian Tribes has passed the House of Assembly, with unanimous approval, and every one of its advocates stated that its only foundation was the progress of Temperance; that without that ground of confidence it would be futile to attempt the work of mercy; and that with the recent improvement of the Indian, as regarded abstinence from his bane, excellent results might be expected from further exertions.

NATURAL HISTORY.

From Graham's Magazine.

TO A LAND BIRD AT SEA.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Bird of the land! what dost thou here?
 Lone wanderer o'er a trackless bound,—
 With nought but frowning skies above,
 And cold, unfathom'd seas around;

Among the shrouds, with heaving breast
 And drooping head, I see thee stand,
 And pleased the coarsest sailor climbs,
 To grasp thee in his roughen'd hand.

And didst thou follow, league on league,
 Our painted mast, thine only guide,
 When but a floating speck it seemed
 On the broad bosom of the tide?

On far Newfoundland's misty bank,
 Hadst thou a nest, and nurslings fair?
 Or 'mid New England's forests hear?
 Tell me! what tidings dost thou bear?

What news from native shore and home,
 Swift courier o'er the threatening tide?—
 Hast thou no folded scroll of love
 Prest closely to thy panting side?

A bird of genius art thou? say!
 With impulse high thy spirit stirred—
 Some region unexplored to gain,
 And soar above the common herd?

Eurns in thy breast some kindling spark
 Like that which fired the glowing mind
 Of the adventurous Genoese,
 An undiscovered world to find?

Whate'er thou wert, how sad thy fate
 With wasted strength the gull to spy,
 Cling feebly to the flapping sail,
 And at a stranger's feet to die.

Yet, from thy thin and bloodless beak,
 Methinks a warning sigh doth creep—
 To those who leave their sheltering home,
 And lightly dare the dangerous deep.

ARTIFICIAL LAKES IN CEYLON.—The Candelay Lake is situate within thirty miles of Trincomalee, in an extensive and broad valley, around which the ground gradually ascends towards the distant hills that envelop it. In the centre of the valley, a long causeway, principally made of masses of rock, has been constructed to retain the waters that from every side pour into the space enclosed within the circumjacent hills and the artificial dam thus formed. During the rainy season, when the lake attains its greatest elevation, the area of ground over which the inundation extends, may be computed at fifteen square miles. This work of art, and others of nearly equally gigantic proportions in the island, sufficiently indicate that at some remote period Ceylon was a densely-populated country, and under a government sufficiently enlightened to appreciate, and firm to execute the execution of an undertaking which, to men ignorant of mechanical powers, must have been an Herculean operation; for, such is the capricious nature of the mountain-streams in this Tropical island, where heavy rain frequently falls without intermission for many successive days, that no common barrier would suffice to resist the great and sudden pressure that must be sustained on such occasions. Aware of this peculiarity in the character of their rivers, the Cingalese built the retaining-wall that supports the waters of the lake of Candelay with such solidity and massiveness as to defy the utmost fury of the mountain-torrents. Nearly the whole of its extent is formed with vast heven masses of rock, to move which by sheer physical force must have required the united labour of thousands.

In more favoured lands, the object to be gained would by no means compensate for the toil and time requisite for the damming of a valley by a causeway two miles in extent; but in Ceylon, Nature, although bountiful in all other respects, is alternately lavish and chary of the element where, on the labours of agriculture mainly depend. In the Eastern provinces, incessant rains are succeeded by long-continued droughts, during which the fury rays of the sun suck up the innumerable rills that in the wet season spread over the face of the country. The largest rivers in this part of the island then subside into petty rivulets; and there being no natural lakes or large sheets of water, the necessity of supplying the want of these by the labours of art becomes apparent. Hence the Cingalese have, from the earliest periods, been attentive to the formation of artificial reservoirs, wherever they could be advantageously constructed; and the lakes of Candelay, Minere, Bawaly, and many others of less note, attest the energy and perseverance of the ancient islanders in such constructions.—*London paper.*

STATISTICS OF MUSCULAR POWER.—Man has the power of imitating every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, 249 bones. He has, also, 434 muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute; and therefore, 3,840 in an hour, 92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked that size and construction seem to have little influence—nor has comparative strength—although one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a lady bird can fly twenty millions times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild male of an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a Canary falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of sixteen hours. A violent wind travels sixty miles in an hour; sound, 1,140 English feet in a second.—*Bucks.*

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.—It is a curious as well as a remarkable fact, that, with the exception of Saturday last (the 25th Dec.), there has not occurred a wet Christmas-day for at least fourteen or fifteen years, or indeed one during the period upon which even a shower of rain has fallen.

The greatest heat of Christmas time during the last fifty years was on the 30th December, 1838, when Fahrenheit's thermometer showed a temperature of 56 degrees; and the coldest on the 1st of January, 1837, when the mercury stood at 12 degrees of Fahrenheit. On Thursday week, when the change came, we had 33 degrees at midnight; on Friday morning, at two o'clock, 32; on Saturday (Christmas day), at the same hour, 40; on Sunday morning, at five o'clock, 28 degrees; on Monday, at midnight, 30 degrees; and on Tuesday 47 degrees—a trying range for delicate constitutions.—*London paper.*

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—LEVEL OF THE DEAD SEA.—At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, held at Pall Mall, London, a letter of the late lamented Sir Daniel Wilkie was read, containing the result of his barometrical observations to determine the level and depression of the Dead Sea; being the last, if not the only, scientific labours of that celebrated man. No barometer had ever before been carried to the Dead Sea, and the observations of Sir Daniel Wilkie showed a depression of 1,198.76 feet below the Mediterranean, and the elevation of Jerusalem as 2,263 feet above the latter, points to which previous observations were nearly approximated.

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