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Literature.

THE WIFE.

BY AGNES PIERSOL.

It was the dead hour of the night. The room was a high wainscotted apartment, with furniture of a rich but antique pattern. The pale moonlight streaming through a curtained window, and struggling with the subdued light of a candle placed in a corner, disclosed the figure of a sick man extended on a bed, wrapped in an unquiet slumber. By his side sat a care-worn, though still beautiful woman, gazing anxiously on his face, and breathlessly awaiting the crisis of the fever, for it was now the ninth day since that strong man had been prostrated by the hand of disease, and during all that time he had raved in an incessant delirium. He had at length dropped into an unquiet slumber, broken at first by starts and moans, but during the last hour he had been less restless, and he now lay as still as a sculptured statue. His wife well knew that ere morning the crisis would be past, and she waited, with a woman's affection, breathlessly for the event.

Few girls had been more admired than Emily Severn. But it was not only the beauty of her features and the elegance of her form which drew around her a train of admirers: her mind was one of no ordinary cast, and the sweetness of her temper lent an ineffable charm to all she did. It was long before she loved. She was not to be misled by glitter or show. She could only bestow her affections where she thought they were deserved, and it was not until she met Edward Walpole that she learned to surrender her heart.

Edward Walpole, when he became the husband of Emily Severn, was apparently all that a woman could wish. He was warm-hearted, of a noble soul, kind, gentle, and ever ready to waive his own selfish gratifications at the call of duty.—But alas! he had one weakness *he did not act from principle.* His generous deeds were the offspring of a warm heart, rather than of a regulated intellect. As yet he had never been placed in circumstances which severely tried his principles.

But about a year after his marriage, he fell heir to the large property of an aunt, and at

once his whole style of life was altered. His accession of wealth brought him into contact with society in which hitherto he had never mingled, he condemned himself to comparative idleness. He now began to be tortured by *ennui* and sought excitement to pass away the time. The harpies who infest society, and with the appearance of gentlemen have the hearts of fiends, marked him for their prey, and his open and generous nature made him their victims in a comparatively short space of time. We shall not trace his downward progress. It is always a melancholy task to mark the lapse from virtue of a noble and generous character, and how much more so when the heart of a wife is to be broken by the dereliction from rectitude.

Emily saw the gradual aberration of her husband, and through she mourned the cause, no word of reproach escaped her lips, but by every gentle means she strove to bring back her husband to the paths of virtue. But a fatality seemed to have seized him. He was in a whirlpool. He still loved his wife, and more than once, when her looks cut him to the heart, he made an effort to break loose from his associates; but they always found means to bring him back ere long. Thus a year passed. His fortune began to give way, for he had learnt to gamble. As his losses became more frequent, his thirst for cards became greater, until at length he grew sullen and desperate. He was now a changed man. He no longer felt compunction at the wrongs he inflicted on his sweet wife, but if her sad looks touched his heart at all, they only stung him into undeserved reproaches. He was become harsh and violent. Yet his poor wife endured all in silence. No recrimination passed her lips. But in the solitude of her chamber she shed many a bitter tear, and often at the hour of midnight, when her husband was far away in some riotous company, her prayers were heard ascending for him.

Two years had now elapsed, and the last one had been a year of bitter sorrow to Emily. At length her husband came home one night an almost ruined man. He had been stripped at the gambling table of every cent of his property, over which he had any control, and he was now in a state almost approaching to madness. Before morning he was in a high

fever. For days he raved incessantly of his ruin, cursing the wretches by whom he was plundered. Nine days had passed, and now the crisis was at hand.

The clock struck twelve. As sound after sound rung out on the stillness and died away in echoes, reverberating through the house, the sick man moved in his sleep, until, when the last stroke was given, he opened his eyes and looked languidly and vacantly around. His gaze almost instantly met the face of his wife. For a moment his recollection could be seen struggling in his countenance, and at length an expression of deep mental suffering settled in his face. His wife had by this time risen and was now at the bedside.—She saw that the crisis was past, and as she laid her hand on his, and felt the moisture of the skin, she knew that he would recover. Tears of joy gushed from her eyes and dropping on the sick man's face.

"Heavenly Father, I thank thee!" she murmured at length when her emotions suffered her to speak while the tears streamed faster and faster down her cheek, 'he is safe. He will recover,' and though she ceased speaking, her lips still moved in silent prayer.

The sick man felt the tears on his face, he saw his wife's grateful emotion, he knew that she was even now praying for him, and as he recalled the wrongs which he had inflicted on that uncomplaining woman, his heart was melted within him.—There is no chastener like sickness, the most stony bosom softens beneath it. He thought of the long days and nights during which he must have been ill, and when his insulted and abused wife had watched anxiously at his bedside. Oh! how he had crushed that noble heart; and now this was t' > return! She prayed for him who had wronged her. She shed tears of joy because her erring husband had been restored, as it were, to life. These things rushed through his bosom and the strong man's eyes filled with tears.

"Emily—dear Emily," he said, "I have been a villain, and can you forgive me? I deserve it not at your hands, but can you, will you forgive a wretch like me?"

"Oh! can I forgive you?" sobbed the grateful wife, "yes! yes! but too gladly. But it is not against me you have sinned, it is against a good and righteous God."

"I know it—I know it" said the repentant husband, and to His mercy I look. I cannot pray for myself, but oh! Emily pray for me. He has saved me from the jaws of death. Pray for me, dear Emily."

The wife knelt at the bedside, and while the husband exhausted by his agitation, sunk back with closed eyes on the pillow, she read the noble petition for the sick, from the book of common Prayer. At times the sobs of Emily would almost choke her utterance, but the holy words she read had at length a soothing effect both on her mind and that of her husband. When the prayer was over, she remained for several minutes kneeling, while her husband murmured at intervals his heartfelt responses. At length she arose from the bedside. Her husband would again have spoken, to beseech once more her forgiveness. But with a glad feeling at heart—a feeling such as she had not had for years—she enjoined silence on him, and sat down by his bedside to watch. At length he fell again into a calm slumber, while the now happy wife watched at his bedside until morning, breathing thanksgivings for her husband's recovery, and shedding tears of joy the while.

When the sick man awoke at daybreak, he was a changed being. He was now convalescent, he was more, he was a repentant man. He wept on the bosom of his wife, and made resolutions of reformation which, after his recovery, through the blessing of God, he was enabled to fulfil.

The fortune of Walpole was mostly gone, but sufficient remained from its wrecks to allow him the comforts, though not the luxuries of life. He soon settled his affairs and removed from his splendid mansion to a quiet cottage in a neighboring village. The only pang he felt was at leaving the home which, for so many years, had been the dwelling of the head of his family—and which had been lost only through his own folly.

Neither Walpole nor his wife ever regretted their loss of fortune; for both looked upon it as the means used by an over-ruling Providence to bring the husband back to the path of rectitude: and they referred to it therefore rather with feelings of gratitude than of re-pining. In their quiet cottage, on the wreck of their wealth, they enjoyed a happiness to which they had been strangers in the days of their opulence. A family of lovely children sprung up around them, and it was the daily task of the parents to educate these young minds in the path of duty and rectitude. Oh! the happy hours which they enjoyed in that white, vine-embowered cottage, with their children smiling around them, and the consciousness of a well regulated life, filling their hearts with peace.

THE DAILY DUTY OF A FEMALE ATTENDANT ON ROYALTY,

IN THE TIME OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

I rise at six o'clock, dress in a morning gown and cap, and wait my first summons, which is at all times from seven to near eight, but commonly in the exact half hour between them. The Queen never sends for me till her hair is dressed. This, in a morning, is always done by her wardrobe-woman, Mrs. Thielky, a German, who speaks English perfectly well. Mrs. Schwellenberg, since the first week, has never come down in a morning at all. The Queen's dress is finished by Mrs. Thielky and myself. No "maid" ever enters the room while the Queen is in it. Mrs. Thielky hands the things to me, and I put them on. 'Tis fortunate for me that I have not the handing them! I should never know which to hand first, embarrassed as I am, and should run a prodigious risk of giving the gown before the hoop, and the fan before the neckerchief. By eight o'clock, or a little after, for she is extremely expeditious, she is dressed. She then goes out to join the King, and be joined by the Princesses, and they all proceed to the King's Chapel in the Castle, to prayers, attended by the governesses of the Princesses, and the King's equerry. Various others at times attend; but only these indispensably. I then return to my own room to breakfast. I make this meal the most pleasant part of the day; I have a book for my companion, and I allow myself an hour for it. * * * At nine o'clock I send off my breakfast things, and relinquish my book, to make a serious and steady examination of everything I have upon my hands in the way of business, in which preparations for dress are always included, not for the present day alone, but for the court days, which require a particular dress; for the next arriving birthday of any of the royal family, every one of which requires new apparel; for Kew, where the dress is plainest; and for going on here, where the dress is very pleasant to me, requiring no show nor finery, but merely to be neat, not inelegant, and moderately fashionable. That over, I have my time at my own disposal till a quarter before twelve, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when I have it only to a quarter before eleven. My rummages and business sometimes occupy me uninterruptedly to those hours. When they do not, I give till ten to necessary letters of duty, ceremony, or long arrears; and now, from ten to the times I have mentioned, I devote to walking. These times mentioned call

me to the irksome and quick returning labors of the toilette. The hour advanced on the Wednesdays and Saturdays is for curling and craping the hair, which it now requires twice a-week. A quarter before one is the usual time for the Queen to begin dressing for the day. Mrs. Schwellenberg then constantly attends; so do I; Mrs. Thielky, of course, at all times. We help her off with her gown, and on with her powdering things, and then the hair-dresser is admitted. She generally reads the newspapers during that operation. When she observes that I have run to her but half dressed, she constantly gives me leave to return and finish as soon as she is seated.

If she is grave, and reads steadily on, she dismisses me, whether I am dressed or not; but, at all times, she never forgets to send me away while she is powdering, with a consideration not to spoil my clothes, that one would not expect belonged to her high station. Neither does she ever detain me without making a point of reading here and there some little paragraph aloud. When I return, I finish, if any thing is undone, my dress, and then take Baret's Dialogues, Frey's Tablet of Memory, or some such disjointed matter, for the few minutes that elapse ere I am again summoned. I find her then always removed to her state dressing-room, if any room in this private mansion can have the epithet of state. There, in a very short time, her dress is finished. She then says she won't detain me, and I hear and see no more of her till bed-time. It is commonly three o'clock when I am thus set at large. And I have then two hours quite at my own disposal; but, in the natural course of things, not a moment after. * * * At five, we have dinner. Mrs. Schwellenberg and I meet in the eating-room. We are completely *tete a tete*; when there is any body added, it is from her invitation only. Whatever right my place might afford me of also inviting my friends to the table, I have now totally lost, by want of courage and spirits to claim it originally. When we have dined, we go up stairs to her apartment, which is directly over mine. Here we have coffee till the *terracing* is over; this is at about eight o'clock. Our *tete a tete* then finishes, and we come down again to the eating-room. There the equerry, whoever he is, comes to tea constantly, and with him any gentleman that the King or Queen may have invited for the evening; and, when tea is over, he conducts them, and goes himself, to the concert-room. This is commonly about nine o'clock. From that time, if Mrs. Schwellenberg is alone, I

never quit her for a minute, till I come to my little supper, at near eleven o'clock. Between eleven and twelve my last summons takes place, earlier and later occasionally. Twenty minutes is the customary time spent with the Queen; half an hour, I believe, is seldom exceeded. I then come back, and after doing whatever I can to forward my dress for the next morning, I go to bed—and to sleep, too, believe me; the early rising, and a long day's attention to new affairs and occupations, cause a fatigue so bodily that nothing mental stands against it, and to sleep I fall the moment I have put out my candle and laid down my head. * * * With regard to these summonses I speak of I will now explain myself. My summons, upon all regular occasions, that is, morning, noon, and night toilets, is neither more nor less than a bell. Upon extra occasions a page is commonly sent.—*Madame D'Arblay's Diary.*

THE ENGLISH OAK—Even when it has been cut down and stripped of what Cowper called "its latitude of boughs," the oak still carries with it a principle of life; it may almost be said to last as long when it is dead, as when it is alive. In ancient churches, and halls, we frequently notice the wonderful beauty and freshness of its appearance. The doors of the inner chapels of Westminster Abbey, are 1200 years old. The oak table in Winchester Castle, which tradition associates with the history of Arthur, has probably lasted a thousand years.

From a Work by Captain Jessu.

**ILLUSTRATION OF THE EFFICIENCY OF THE
RUSSIAN POLICE.**

A person speaking to me of its efficiency, related the following circumstance, which happened to a Swedish ambassador at St. Petersburg, a few years ago. This gentleman, meeting the Benkendorf of his day in the street, asked him in a casual way, whether he had heard anything of a Swede lately arrived in the capital, whom he was anxious to see on business. 'I do not know his name,' said the ambassador, 'but he is of such an age, height, and appearance.' The 'chef de police' knew him not, but promised to make inquiries. About three weeks after this they met again. 'Ah, bon jour,' said the 'mouchard,' 'I have got your man; we have had him in prison a fortnight.'—'My man?' said the astonished diplomat. 'What man?'—'Why the one you inquired for about three weeks ago: did you not want him arrested?'

CRUELTY TO THE POLES.

I was walking one day with a Russian officer of high rank, when a man came up to us and asked for charity; he was evidently in a most destitute state, his clothes tattered, and his countenance wretchedly attenuated. My companion, in a melting mood, put his hand into his pocket, and drawing forth a five coppeck piece, (two pence,) was in the act of extending it towards him, when the man, grateful for the intended gift, and warmed into a momentary forgetfulness that he was speaking to a Russian, expressed his thanks in his own language—Polish. 'Ah! you are a Pole, are you?' said the General, and returning the silver to his pocket, he added, 'go—starve!'

Such is the fear that some Polish parents have of the consequences that may befall their children in after life from knowing *their own language*, that they send them to Odessa and other distant towns, and place them in families where there is no chance of their hearing it.

INCIDENT IN GREECE:

We had some little difficulty in finding the Demarch. He and his four sons were stretched on their capotes, outside the door of his house, and so dead asleep, that we had some trouble to awake him. The dogs, however, assisted us, by their incessant yells, and the chief magistrate at length arose. Having cast a glance at my credentials, he immediately ordered his wife to sweep a corner of the hut for me; a mat was spread, and throwing myself upon it *I pulled out my pencil, and, cackling like a hen, drew an egg.* My sketch was successful; for the old lady went to a basket and brought me four real ones, fresh laid, and they were soon roasting in the wood ashes. The hut, too air-tight to be very pleasant, was tenanted by all the females of the family, who, six in number, and rolled up like mummies, were ranged along the wall in front of me. I watched them as I dispatched my eggs, and not one gave the smallest sign of being awake; but I had scarcely laid down, which I was right glad to do, after having been twelve hours in a Turkish saddle, and ascended the Acro Corinthus on foot, when I observed them, one by one, remove the covering from their heads, and, raising themselves cautiously on their elbows take a good *femate* look at me.

EAST INDIAN SCENES,—FROM A LATE WORK.

A RHINOCEROS FIGHT.

On one of the days we remained, a Mahratta princess staying here sent two rhinoceroses

to fight before Sir Henry Fane, who, (the rhinoceroses), after punching each other on the head for some time, at last got angry one with the other. The blows got harder and harder, until at last one of the parties thinking he had had enough, turned tail, and ran at the top of his speed through a thick hedge into Mrs. F.'s flower-garden; where again gaining courage, he faced his opponent, who had followed him; the punching again commenced, and by the time the two brutes could be separated, the place of the garden, or the colour of the flowers, were both most difficult to discover.

THE GREAT MOGUL :

The Great Mogul still lives in the palace of his ancestors, if a ruinous mass can be called such. We entered it by a very handsome gateway, which is kept by our Sepoys since some disturbance which took place three or four years ago, when the inhabitants shut the gates and refused to acknowledge the Resident's order for admittance. After passing through this gate, which showed the remains of its former magnificence, we entered a large paved court-yard, surrounded by ruins.

We arrived in time at a low archway, through which the General's elephant could not pass; so that they hoped he would be obliged to walk, which would give additional dignity to the king, as his people would suppose that the English chief walked so far to show his respect for 'the Asylum of the Universe.' This charitable intention the General however balked, by getting into his jom-pawn, an open sedan-chair; in which he was carried to the entrance of the court-yard, where was seated the King.

This court-yard and hall of audience was about a hundred yards across, and on arriving in front of the red purdah (curtain) each of us was made to perform a low salaam. This being done, we crossed the court, and, entering by a side door, found ourselves in the colonnade room, which contained the august presence of his majesty of Delhi, seated on the peacock throne. We were severally brought up and presented, each making a present of a certain number of gold mohurs (value sixteen rupees) according to his rank. The General, in the course of the day, gave 124; the major-generals, 11; colonels, 9; majors, 7; captains, 5.

The king was handsomely dressed, and had on some really very fine jewels, particularly pearls. The throne, which is still called the peacock throne, was in the time of Akbar said

to have had jewels on it to the value of £20,000,000, and Nadir Shah took from it upwards of £14,000,000. A single diamond which formerly stood at the top, which is now replaced by a piece of glass (the Koh-e-noor), was valued at upwards of £3,000,000; and the peacocks which stand at each corner had each a string of pearls in their beaks, valued at £100,000. These, like the diamonds, are now replaced by false ones, and the jewels on the body of the throne have descended into coloured glass. The room, or open colonnade, in which this object stands, is very beautifully formed of white marble, inlaid with gold, and is still in tolerable repair, though the purdahs and carpets which composed its furniture were in a sad state of dilapidation.

After each had been presented and paid his money, which his majesty took especial care not to lose, we were severally led away to receive the *kelat*, or robe of honour—a farce which the government still keep up, in spite of its marvellous absurdity. The General was robed in the king's presence, but we of the small fry marched into another room, to be made such figures as never were seen, even at Greenwich fair. Each of us had first a piece of rag tied round our cocked hats, by way of turban; after which a robe of spangled white muslin was thrust over epaulettes, sword, and all; over which again they treated each of us to a jacket of cloth of silver; and in this tomfool's dress we were again trotted across the court, obliged (which was the most difficult performance of the whole) to keep from laughing, and again to be presented to the king and be bedizened with a parcel of glass jewels and trumpery, to the value of two gold mohurs; for which civility the company treated the king to another gold mohur from each.

A FESTIVAL AT THE COURT OF RUNJEET SING.

To-day begins the Seikh festival of the Koli, or rejoicing at the commencement of spring. The Rajah expressed a wish that the General would come, and be present at part of the ceremony at his tents. He accordingly went, accompanied only by us of the *personal* staff; and a most extraordinary scene it was. We found him seated, surrounded, as usual, by his court and, for the first time, the guard of Amazons, some thirty or forty in number, many of them very pretty, armed with bows and arrows, which they drew the moment we made our appearance, in the most warlike style. This corps is one formed of ladies, and which has been often previously men-

tioned in other works on India, but till this occasion they never made their appearance in our presence.

In front of every chair were small baskets, heaped one above another, full of small brittle balls, filled with red powder, and alongside them large bowls of thick yellow saffron, and long gold squirts, with which each of us armed ourselves. As soon as we were all seated, the Rajah took a large butter-bout kind of article, filled with the said saffron, and poured it on Sir Henry's bald head; while, at the same time, the prime minister rubbed him all over with gold and silver leaf, mixed with red powder.

We were all holding our sides with laughter at the chief bowing to all this, wondering the meaning of it, when our mirth (or rather mine) was changed into grief, at having one eye nearly put out by a long-bearded gentleman opposite, who deliberately threw a ball, filled with red powder, into one eye, while another facetious youth closed up the other with saffron soup. The origin of this ceremony I am not sufficiently acquainted with Hindoo mythology to explain, but the custom of throwing red powder about is universal among that sect throughout India; and our servants, though prevented by respect from actually committing the atrocity, still bring round a plate with some of it at this season, and expect a present in return.

Runjeet himself seemed to enjoy the fun as much as any one; and though few of the courtiers aimed at him personally, this did not prevent his taking an occasional shot himself, his being more particularly directed against an Afghan ambassador, just arrived at his court from Candahar.

This poor man was dressed in his best, his beard combed and died to a nicety, his feet tucked well under him, and his face drilled to a grave, diplomatic caste.

Never having before seen the festival of the Koli, he had not the smallest idea what he had to expect, and his look of astonishment at a ball of red dust being shied at his eye, and his horror when his beard was turned to a bright saffron colour, I shall long remember. This soon turned all our amunition upon him; till at length he was fairly beat out of his etiquette, and took to his heels amidst a roar of laughter from all our party.

The battle raged for more than an hour, during which neither the Commander-in-chief nor the Amazons came off scot free; and by the time we all got up to return home, the honourable company of London chimney-

sweeps might have turned us out as too dirty for their society.

A SCENE IN MODERN GREECE.

Penetrating at once into Acarnania, we will introduce the reader to an encampment of small low reed wigwams, resembling the pastoral capanne of the Roman plains, containing a wandering community, very frequently met with in similar troops in various parts of Greece. It will be seen how the pastoral habits of ancient Greece are still preserved to some extent:

"The best of the wigwams seemed barely sufficient to supply the shelter absolutely necessary for the proprietor or his family by night, or during inclement weather. The household apparatus was arranged in front of the entry, where sat also the women and children in the open air, or under mats supported on sticks, engaged in their domestic avocations. As we approached, however, roused by the noise of the dogs and of our voices, there crawled forth, out of some of the nearest huts, two or three male figures of such gigantic dimensions as I had hardly supposed possible the den from whence they issued could have accommodated. They were joined by several others, as we rode past, from the extremity of the encampment, all nearly of the same stature; none of them appeared to me less than six feet high, and several were equally remarkable for manly dignity and beauty, both of person and feature. One more especially, a man past the prime of life—whom, from his stopping our caravan with an air of authority, to give some instructions to the *agogiate*, I discovered to be one of the chiefs of the community—was a most magnificent-looking barbarian.

"This colony, together with some others spread along the coast, are neither natives of the district they occupy—which indeed seemed totally devoid of indigenous inhabitants—nor of genuine Hellenic blood, but are nomad shepherds of Wallachian race, who come down annually with their flocks, when the herbage fails in their native mount Pindus on the Thessalian frontier, to the warmer region and extensive grassy plains on the sea-shore. For the use of these they pay a tax to the proprietor or the Greek government. In spite of the squalid misery of their habits, they possess considerable wealth in live stock of all kinds. This encampment, consisting of sixteen families, occupied with its herds not only the hilly region in its own immediate vicinity, but the rich though swampy and un-

cultivated plains on the banks of the neighbouring Achelous, which were covered with oxen, sheep, and horses."

These people are very quiet and inoffensive, and never molest the numerous populations through which they pass.

PETERSBURG.

Peter the Great was resolved that the inhabitants of his capital should not be at a loss for elbow room; when he laid out St. Petersburg, he destined at once a superficies of 60 square versts for the new city, and this allowed him to make his streets wide, his parade places spacious, and to leave ample room for the most advantageous display of all his public buildings. The city has gone on stretching since, but has not yet filled out the original frame designed by its founder, and another century will certainly elapse before the inhabitants of St. Petersburg will experience any necessity to economize their ground rents by building one city upon the top of another, as has been done in so many of the continental capitals. The spaciousness, which characterizes every part of the "Northern Palmyra," as the desert-circled city of palaces has not inaptly been denominated, though it imparts to everything an air of magnificence and newness, has the effect of altogether preventing the developement of the picturesque. St. Petersburg, therefore, with all its architectural splendour, soon becomes monotonous to a stranger; and even the buildings, large as they are, appear often mean when compared with the breadth of the streets and the majestic course of the several channels through which the Neva winds its way to the sea. The extreme flatness of the ground adds to this effect. Palaces, worthy of mountains for their pedestals, stand grouped in endless rows like the emperor's own grenadiers when parading in front of the Admiralty. Buildings, individually large, become thus collectively little, assuming a look of sameness and constraint, and at no season is this more striking than in winter, when streets, rivers, squares, and roofs, are all covered by one monotonous white, while the misty character of the atmosphere permits few of the distant outlines to be distinctly seen, so that the whole assumes a spectral and unsubstantial air. In the summer there is at least some variety for the eye to feast on. The broad arms of the Neva are then dotted with ships and boats; not crowded, for it would indeed require mighty fleets to crowd the Neva. It is true they would find it difficult to get there, unless

they were flat-bottomed, for no vessel drawing more than six or eight feet of water is ever able to come up to the quays at St. Petersburg. The houses, too, as the snow melts away, lose their airy unsubstantial look, and seem to obtain a firm footing again, while the roofs, mostly of iron and of a bright green colour, present an agreeable contrast to the azure cupolas of the churches and their gilt spires. To see all this, however, the stranger must be content to raise himself above the ordinary level of those among whom he holds his temporary residence; for as the city nowhere presents a natural elevation, it is only from the top of some lofty building that a panoramic view can be obtained. For this purpose no place is better suited than the central tower of the Admiralty, which appears to have been built for the purpose.

The Admiralty, the Winter palace, and the Palace of the Hermitage, are built along the Neva, where they occupy a space of ground of about an English mile in length, by about 1000 feet in breadth. This, it will be admitted, is a tolerably large site for three houses. Of course a good deal of ground is left uncovered including the *plashtsad* or square of the Admiralty, where the emperor almost daily reviews some of his troops, and where, during the carnival and the Easter week, the humbler classes may be seen while indulging in the wild but disciplined excesses of their national diversions. From the summit of the tower we may behold the vast store of timber piled up in the inner yards; the men-of-war upon their stocks, ready to glide upon their destined element; and, carrying our glance across the Neva, we are surprised by the aspect of the formidable citadel, bristling with artillery.

On looking at the map it will be seen, that St. Petersburg has been built on the delta of the Neva, which discharges itself into the sea through some eight or ten channels, forming a multitude of islands of different sizes. The principal part of the city stands on the south side of the main branch of the river; on the islands opposite, the buildings are more scattered, and some are entirely occupied by public gardens, and by the villas of the Russian noblesse. Towards the south of the Admiralty will be seen three principal streets radiating from the central point formed by the tower already spoken of. These streets are called *prospekts*, a name given in St. Petersburg to all the more important streets. Those now under consideration are the *prospekts par excellence*, and a stranger taking up his posi-

tion in front of the Admiralty may look down the busy street, carrying his glance along magnificent palaces and brilliant shops, through the markets of the suburbs, to the adjoining villages of Okhta, the only locality of older date than the great Peter; and beyond these the eye may lose itself in the gloomy morasses, by which the splendid capital is on all sides encompassed. Armed with a good telescope, a man may see from the Admiralty Square what is going on in the most remote quarters.

St. Petersburg stands upon a piece of ground measuring about 570,000,000 square feet, and the population is calculated at about half a million. This leaves about 1200 square feet for every man, woman, and child. Yet in few cities are houses dearer than in St. Petersburg. Wages are high, and the ground in the central parts of the town has become so valuable that, in some instances the ground on which a private house has been built, is estimated at nearly £10,000 English money, for which in the interior a man might buy several square leagues of territory. To form the foundation of the house requires a little fortune, owing to the swampy character of the soil, in which so many piles must be rammed before a solid scaffolding can be formed, that an entire house might elsewhere be constructed for much less money. The mighty citadel of which we have spoken rests upon such an assemblage of piles, and all the palaces of the czar stand upon a similar foundation; nay, the very quays between which the majestic Neva winds her course, would sink down into the marsh on which they stand, but for the piles that have been sunk there for their support. The foundation for the Isaac's Church cost upwards of a million of rubles, a sum for which a pompous cathedral might under more favorable circumstances have been erected. Yet even these costly foundations are not at all times to be relied on. After the great inundation of 1824, the walls of many houses burst asunder, in consequence of their subterranean woodwork having given way, and there are few parts of the town in which an evident settlement has not taken place in the elegant quays that enclose the several branches of the river.

The frost is another great enemy to Northern architecture. The moisture imbued by the granite during the summer, becomes ice in winter; the blocks burst, and on the return of spring fall to pieces. Most of the monuments of St. Petersburg have already been injured by its climate, and there are few of them that, if not constantly repaired, would not fall into ruins in less than a century.

GERMAN AND ENGLISH CUSTOMS.

In our social system, every man buys all he uses and sells all he produces; there is a perpetual exchange of industry for industry. A home spun home-woven shirt, jacket, and trousers, would certainly not be found with us upon the body of one labouring man in forty thousand. All he wears, all he eats, all he drinks, must be produced for him by the industry of others, and bought by the price of his own industry. The very bread of our labourers in husbandry is often bought at the manufacturer's shop. In Germany the economy of society is directly the reverse, not one labouring man, farmer, or tradesman pretty high up even in the middle class of the small towns, uses in clothing, food, furniture, what is not produced at home by his own family. In the centre even of German manufacturing industry, in the provinces on the Rhine, you will not see among twenty labouring people the value of twenty shillings altogether in clothing articles not produced at home by the application of their own time, labour, and industry. They are not badly clothed, but on the contrary, as well, if not better, than our own labourers—in very good shirts, good jackets, trousers, stockings, shoes, and caps, but all home-made, or at the utmost village-made—not made by a class of manufacturers doing no other work, and bought with the weaver's money. These are not consumers for whose demands the operative labours, and the master manufacturer and mechanic invent, calculate, and combine. Tobacco, coffee, sugar, cotton-yarns for home weaving, and dye-stuffs for home-made cloth, take a large proportion of what these twenty-six millions of people have to expend in foreign articles. It is little, comparatively, they have to expend, because much of their time and labour is applied to the direct production and manufacturing of what they use; much, a great deal more than with us, goes in eating, drinking, cooking, and in fuel-preparing, and such small household work in which there are no earnings or reproduction; and, above all, much of the workman's means of earning, much of his time, labour, and productiveness, is taken by the Government, in the shape of military and other duties, from the working-man. The small proprietors occupying and living from the land have no surplus earnings to lay out in products of manufacturing industry. Having the rude necessities of life very much within themselves, they are not forced into the market by any necessity; and being bred in rough simplicity at the age when a man's tastes and habits are forming, they have no very refined indulgences or tastes to gratify, no habits or usages of a mode of living requiring the aid of much manufacturing industry.

BANKING ANECDOTES—FROM A LATE WORK.

BANKING GENEALOGY.

Apropos of Sir J. Child, I have to remark that he founded the firm which still retains his name

at Temple Bar, and which, with the house of Willis, Percival, and Co., is considered to be about the oldest in London. Child's house is understood to possess documents which prove their existence as a bank as early as 1663; since which they have never moved out of the same premises. The books of Messrs. Hoare, in Fleet Street, are said to go back to 1680; and those of Messrs. Snow, in the Strand, to 1685. Stone, Martins, and Stone, of Lombard Street, claim to represent the house of Sir T. Gresham; but this, I presume, must be more a matter of tradition than of documentary evidence; and is principally noticeable as suggesting views of ancient descent upon the part of our commercial interests which will bear a comparison with the genealogy of many noble houses.

THE LONDON BANKER OF THE OLD SCHOOL

Bore little resemblance to his modern successor: he was a man of serious manners, plain apparel, the steadiest conduct, and a rigid observer of formalities. As you looked in his face you could read in intelligible characters that the ruling maxim of his life, the one to which he turned all his thoughts, and by which he shaped all his actions, was, that he who would be trusted with the money of other men, should look as if he deserved the trust, and be an ostensible pattern to society of probity, exactness, frugality, and decorum. He lived, if not the whole of the year, at least the greater part of the year, at his banking-house; was punctual to the hours of business, and always to be found at his desk. The fashionable society at the West end of the town, and the amusements of high life, he never dreamed of enjoying; and would have deemed it nothing short of insanity to imagine that such an act was within the compass of human daring as that of a banker's lounging for an evening in Elp's Alley at the Opera, or turning out for the Derby with four grays to his chariot.

EFFECTS OF BANK FAILURES IN IRELAND.

Severe as the distress of all classes was at this juncture, it gave rise to some ludicrous incidents. In Limerick, a country gentleman with £1500 a year had sent invitations out for a dinner-party the week the banks broke, and considered himself most fortunate on finding among his notes one Bank of Ireland note for ten pounds. No one doubted the goodness of the note, but no one could give change for it. Ten pounds, in gold or silver, were not in the county; and as for credit, there was none to be had. In this extremity, with money—which was not money—and without credit, having tried butcher, baker, and confectioner, in vain, the gentleman gave up the idea of his dinner-party in despair, and wrote to his friends to keep the engagement standing until he could procure cash or credit for a ten-pound note.

Keep out of bad company, for the chance is that when the Devil fires into a flock he will hit somebody.

Temperance.

From the Canada Temperance Advocate.

ADDRESS TO THE GOVERNOR.

According to appointment the Committee of the Montreal Temperance Society waited upon His Excellency the Governor General, on Wednesday the 25th May, and presented the following

ADDRESS.

To His Excellency the Right Honorable SIR CHARLES BAGOT, G. C. B., Captain General and Governor-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Provinces of Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and of the Island of Prince Edward, &c. &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

We, the Office bearers and Committee of the Montreal Temperance Society, wait upon Your Excellency for the purpose of tendering, the respectful salutation and welcome to which you are justly entitled, as the Representative of our Sovereign, and Chief Magistrate of this Province. And we assure Your Excellency that it is our fervent prayer that your Administration may be attended with every blessing, both to the Governor and the governed.

We respectfully beg leave to inform Your Excellency that we are associated for the purpose of suppressing, as far as lies in our power by purely moral means, the deplorable vice of intemperance which unhappily rages in this otherwise prosperous province. And that to this end we publish twice a month about ten thousand copies of a journal called the *Canada Temperance Advocate*, which is sent gratuitously to all Ministers of Religion and School teachers, and which penetrates into nearly every township of the country. We have also availed ourselves of the agency of Travelling Lecturers who, during the past winter have traversed the country in all directions to rescue drunkards from their degrading thralldom, and to expose the injurious tendency of the drinking usages of society, which usages we believe to be the prolific root whence intemperance with all its hideous consequences, generally speaking, springs

These and other means which time permits us not to specify, have been blessed to the great extension of the principles of total abstinence from all that intoxicates, and of light and knowledge among the people; nevertheless the work appears scarcely begun. * * *

For the melancholy state of things various reasons might be assigned, but it is our intention only to call your Excellency's attention to one of the most prominent, namely, that the example of persons in high and honorable stations, sanctioning as it generally does the use of alcoholic stimulants, as a beverage, tells powerfully against the progress of the Temperance reformation. * * *

It is probable, from the best information we can procure, that *one thousand* drunkards have been reformed in Canada during the past year, and that *two thousand* more have sunk into the *drunkard's grave*. Yet, we very much fear that the

vacancies thus made in the ranks of that wretched host have been all filled up from the moderate drinking portion of the community, and that this process of drunkard-making will go on without any sensible diminution, until those who are expected to set the example in every thing that is good, shall sacrifice their personal and social indulgencies in this matter to the public welfare, and set an example which it will be safe for every one to imitate.

We therefore pray Your Excellency to take this subject into your favourable consideration, and to do in it what you shall see to be most for the Glory of God and for the advantage of the people over whom you have in His Providence been placed as a Ruler. And the members of this Committee will ever pray.

To which the following gracious REPLY was returned :

GENTLEMEN—I receive with great pleasure your address of welcome on my visit to this city.

No one can view with more sincere respect and admiration than myself, the disinterested efforts which you make to reclaim the people of this province from habits of intemperance and vice. I have reason to believe that you have not overrated the good effects of your exertions; and it must, I am sure, be highly gratifying to you to feel that you have contributed to the health, happiness, respectability, and well-being of so many of your fellow creatures. If in my public capacity it should be in my power to serve you, you may rely upon my willingness to do so.

The deputation was very graciously received by His Excellency, who, in the course of the conversation which followed, remarked that he had been a personal witness to the good effects which had resulted from the labours of Father Mathew in Ireland, on the occasion of his having been obliged to put into Cork in his voyage out to this country. The results of these labours, he stated, were almost miraculous, and had entirely changed the face of the country.

“WORK FOR THE TEE-TOTALLERS.—We understand that fifty puncheons of spirits are daily distilled and consumed in this district—making the enormous quantity of fifteen thousand and six hundred puncheons in the year.”

The perusal of the above extract from one of our public papers suggests some serious reflections. In the first place, the quantity of liquor mentioned in it as distilled and consumed, is enormous, yet we are not inclined to dispute the accuracy of the statement. The distilleries are driving away at their work of death with unmitigated activity. Large quantities of liquors are coming to our port.

It may be asked, however, “how can the consumption be as great, when so many have reformed and given up drinking?” We answer, that though drunkards were reformed twice as fast, as long as the drinking usages of society continue, their places will be filled up from the ranks of

moderate drinkers, and these ranks will again be filled up by the youths who are constantly arriving at manhood. Unless the first steps of the process can be stopped, the results will, we firmly believe, continue the same; and these first steps never will be stopped, as long as ministers, magistrates and other influential and respectable persons continue to drink. The young grow up in imitation of their elders.

But there is another point worthy of remark in the extract. This enormous consumption is pointed out as work for the tee-totalers. No other class is called upon to abate the nuisance but the tee-totalers. It is admitted that tee-totalers are the only persons from whom efficient service in the cause of temperance is to be expected, and they are to be left single-handed to contend with the vast amount of interest and appetite involved in the production and consumption of those fifty puncheons a day. Be it so, there is One for us greater than all that are arrayed against us; and we did not enter into this struggle in the cause of purity and truth, without counting the cost.

But these fifty puncheons a day will make work for more than the tee-totalers. The physician will have work with ulcerated stomachs and swelled livers, stone, gout, dyspepsia, and a host of other hideous diseases. The surgeon will have work with wounds, bruises, and broken limbs. The police will have work, and hard work too, to keep the consumers of these fifty puncheons in order. The law officers will have work making out indictments, and hunting up witnesses to punish those who commit crimes through the influence of this liquor. The goaler will have work to take care of those who have been led into intemperance and its kindred crimes, by the prevailing usages of society. The bankrupt court will have work to wind up the estates of many of the makers, sellers and drinkers of these fifty puncheons. The coroner will have work. The ministers of Christ will have work to keep their own members from being out of the way through strong drink. Many other classes will have work on account of these fifty puncheons a day; but we have said enough to shew that the tee-totalers will not have all the work to themselves.—*Montreal Ad.*

THE TRAFFIC.—The following is part of a letter lately received from a gentleman engaged in the grocery and liquor business in this city; and we presume the state of mind which it discloses is familiar to others in the traffic. Many must know that the business is wrong, but they are induced to continue it by the undue weight which pecuniary interest or established habit has gained over their minds; with such we must labour continually to present the truth in love.

“The remarks which you made to me last week, with regard to the liquor trade, have been the subject of frequent incitation to me since.

As I stated to you then, I have from the first entertained an aversion to that branch of my business, and this feeling is every hour gaining more strength. When I reflect on the misery which the traffic produces, misery of which I myself am a daily witness, I cannot help feeling more and more disgusted with it. I am therefore desirous to abandon it entirely. In doing so, I am not actuated by any consideration of interest, for notwithstanding the unwearied exertions of Temperance Societies, my sales are not diminishing; but I am unwilling to continue longer in a trade, of the tendency of which, in a moral point of view, I cannot conscientiously approve."—*Ib.*

The Agent, has commenced the formation of a Juvenile Temperance Society, to be called the *Montreal Juvenile Temperance Association*, admitting young persons of both sexes under sixteen years of age. The pledge is simple and yet comprehensive—"I do promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks as a beverage, and to discountenance their use in the community." As an inducement to exertion on the part of our young tee-totallers, a reward of a handsome Medal or a bound copy of the *Minstrel*, will be given to any child who will procure twelve names to the above pledge. The Agent will supply printed pledges for the purpose at the Depot.—*Ib.*

A Registry Book for Tee-totallers out of employment, is opened at the Depot. We hope that this will be an advantage to masters and merchants who want sober servants or clerks; and that our members or those of sister societies, when out of employment, will avail themselves of the privilege thus offered.

We copy from a late English paper the following gratifying fact:

"So remarkable is the change in the habits of the Irish people since the spread of temperance, that Lieutenant Lynch, the Government Emigrant Agent, who inspected every vessel sailing from Limerick, did not observe a single case of drunkenness amongst the emigrants or their friends!"

From the *Toronto Christian Guardian*.

I sincerely pity the man whose interest or inclination still prevents him from devoting a portion of his time and talents to the advancement of the cause. It appears to me to be an actual sin to waste so much grain, emphatically one of the good creatures of God, in distillation, while so many thousands in the Old World have not bread to eat; and it appears to me, too, that this subject has assumed importance enough to demand the serious attention of our legislature. May we not hope the time has nearly arrived when some decisive action shall be taken to prevent the manufacture of ardent spirits, unless in very limited quantities for medicinal purposes! Indulge me in one or two remarks:

1. I think it quite evident that intemperance is one of the greatest evils in civilized society, and the incentive to almost every crime.

2. That every christian is bound by the religion of Jesus Christ to do all the good he can, both to the bodies and souls of men; therefore every christian should give his name and his influence to the suppression of intemperance. The time has been when we were not so well enlightened on this subject as we now are. Consequently our sin, or the sin of the christian, in winking at intemperance, was formerly much less than it can be now.

3. That, as men form themselves into societies for various purposes, such as Bible Societies, Missionary Societies, societies for various political purposes, so should all the friends of the Temperance Cause unite their strength and influence for its advancement.

EXTRACTS FROM ANOTHER TEMPERANCE SPEECH OF MR. MARSHALL.

Mr. Marshall addressed the Martha Washington Society, at the Green street Church, Tuesday afternoon 17th inst., and of course to a thronged house. Mr. Marshall perseveres in his labors with most heroic devotion.—Mr. Marshall was introduced to the audience and said:

Ladies,—I believe the formality of introducing me as the Hon. Thomas F. Marshall was hardly necessary in the city of New York. I have met with so many audiences, and have addressed them so often, that I feel quite acquainted, as though I was at home. I feel too this evening in addressing the audience before me, that I must appeal for great allowance, growing out of the circumstances in which I am placed, for I find myself in the midst of such a galaxy that I am really, and without any metaphor, overpowered. I never before witnessed such audiences, and I am overwhelmed in perfect and complete surprise.

* * * * *

I met a friend the other day, he looked at me rather askant, as though he was curious to know if I was the same curious genius as before, and I said, give me your hand, my fine fellow, there is nothing the matter with me, except that I am sober. [A laugh.] And I asked him to go and dine with me, and we went certainly to the finest eating house I ever saw. I said, there is the bill of fare, take your choice; I told him to call for what he liked; 'you know,' I said, 'that I cannot call for wine.' He called for a bottle of wine, and I continued to drink water. He took one or two glasses, but he wanted some one to drink with him, and he became uneasy. I did not smile, however, but continued to sip the water. At length he put away the bottle, he couldn't drink by himself, and said 'do you know, Marshall, I don't care much for wine, any how.' 'Don't you,' I said, 'then why do you drink it?' He went home with me, and last night he walked into the Tabernacle, and signed the pledge.

There was another instance. An officer in the United States Army—a man, aye, ‘every inch a man,’ with the mould of Hercules, and an eye bright, except when under the influence of alcohol—bright and clear as the unhooded falcon. He taunted me, and spoke of my exhibiting myself at Temperance meetings. I saw his condition, and I kept my eye upon him, and I saw he felt, in the bitterness of his soul, the advantage I had over him. When he saw me afterwards, he apologized, and asked my pardon for what he had said, and not five minutes since he put that manly signature to the pledge. (Great applause.) Allow me then to say, that we should associate no other subject with that of temperance.—We are no heretics, but you cannot split our church, no way you can fix it. It is one and indivisible.—We have no dark and obscure doctrines. We pledge ourselves not to drink alcoholic liquors. This is a simple doctrine, and cannot be subject to prejudice or a dispute.

Now, we Washingtonians, ask the ladies to come forward and use their influence in persuading men to abandon this most pernicious of vices. I have argued on this subject so often, here and in other places, that I fear I shall repeat the same things I have said before. But there is nothing to be said on the other side of the question. I can't find a man who will have a word to say in defence of alcohol—(laughter.) There is, however, one view of this matter which struck me last night in the Tabernacle, which it seems to me has a great deal of force. It is an argument rather though for gentlemen than ladies. I would ask every man who is in the habit of drinking wine or brandy, what would be his feelings, if he should see his sister, or his wife, or his sweetheart, a *temperate* wine drinker—if he should see them on the brink of hurrying into that vice which he knows to be fraught with so much horror?

I thank God I have had no opportunity to witness the different effects produced by the use of alcohol upon each of the sexes, but it cannot more utterly unwoman woman than it unmans man. It makes man a demon, a stranger and an alien to his kind, crushes and pollutes all that is manly and ennobling in his nature. What less can it do than to destroy and degrade all that is holy and beautiful in woman? Just suppose women got drunk like men—what sort of a world would this be to live in? Oh, let this thought sink into our hearts—let us look at the accursed vice in this most hideous aspect, and then shall we *realize* somewhat of its utter degradation.

Woman, of all others, is the most interested in this subject—she is most interested in putting down this infernal habit. She was formed not to be alone on the earth. She was formed to be dependent, relying, from tottering infancy to tottering age. Man must be her support and companion through life, a father, lover, or husband. And in her old age she must rely upon the manly arm of her son to support and cheer, and strength-

en her as she passes down the declining vale of years. Woman then is most deeply interested in the triumph of this glorious cause of temperance. But how shall we account for the fact that men will wreck their own happiness and that of others, and give themselves up to the use of a poison, whose effects they look upon with so much horror in others? It is a poison—There is nothing in the universe like it, though the very elements are charged with destruction there is no poison like this. Other things may stimulate, but nothing else makes men drunk.

But I do believe in my soul that the time has come when all this fashionable destruction of the moral and physical body is to be done away with. And here let me say to them who want to be in the fashion, that they had better watch the signs of the times. What sort of a condition must that man be in who finds himself the last drunkard! [laughter.] The last drunkard! what a predicament he will find himself in! [laughter.] I assure you ladies and gentlemen, that temperance is getting to be all the fashion. Why, a few days since, a man sent me a very handsome vest—and on examining the lining and materials I found the words “Total Abstinence” printed all over it. But I want to talk to you about the virtues of cold water. If there is a man in this room who is in the daily habit of drinking wine or brandy, he has forgotten how water tastes. What would not a man give to feel like he did when he was a boy? If he would return to all the bright and beautiful function of his youth, let him go back to the gushing fountains where he slaked his thirst in the bounding and joyous days of boyhood. There is no animal on the face of the earth but is refreshed and invigorated by its influence—from the hen, which after sipping the cooling drop from the bucket, lifts up its head as if in thanksgiving to that Being who has provided it with so luxurious a beverage, and so on through all grades of animate nature, to the buffalo which roams on the prairie, and from the stately oak to the veriest blade of grass, or the most delicate flower which upturns its petals to catch the dew-drop. [Cheers]

Mr. Marshall then proceeded to speak of the happiness he had felt since he signed the pledge, and more than all in the good he might have been instrumental in doing to others. And here, gentlemen and ladies, he continued, allow me to read a letter I find in the newspapers. It is not from any feelings of vanity I assure you.

“Will Mr. Marshall pardon a lady for thanking him, through the medium of the public press, for his able and surpassingly eloquent speech on Temperance? It has had the blessed effect to cheer a friend, and make a widowed heart rejoice, as her *only son*, a well known Lawyer, has pledged himself to “Total Abstinence,” with some gentlemen in this city, *in consequence* of having read that *admirable address*. Two of the sons-in-law of the President of the United States, have likewise pledged themselves.

"May God bless Mr. Marshall in time, and throughout eternity."

[Mr. M. was evidently deeply affected by the perusal of this letter.] If, said he, I had spoken in this cause until I had racked and shattered every nerve in my frame, I would not murmur if I received for my reward one such triumph as this. An aged mother, to me an entire stranger, pouring out the deep emotions of her soul, over a beloved son reclaimed from ignominy through my instrumentality! I tremble when I think that there may be some who will meet me at the bar of God and plead that they fell, through my example, in the reckless days of my youth. I tremble when I reflect on these things. What must not that mother have undergone before she would write such a letter as that. I too have a mother, and if she knew a man through whom I have been plucked as a brand from the burning, how would her prayers go up for him to the throne of God night and day! And she does offer up her blessing to the most High. She writes in her letter to me that she considers my reformation as through the direct agency of God himself, and her voice is raised in continued praise and thanksgiving to the Father of Mercies. Oh, to be instrumental in doing just such good to others, I do believe I would quit Congress, the bar and everything else, and just turn circuit rider and preach throughout the country—[cheers.] I do love the Washingtonians,—I love all connected with them,—I love the society to which I belong in Congress,—as well I have a right to do—and whatever of honor or fame I may receive in the service of my country—whatever of earthly good or happiness I may receive in all coming time—all, all, shall I give as the meed of this pledge which I wear here next my heart. [Great cheering.]

From a Boston Paper.

WASHINGTON TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

For what is money now wanted, and to obtain which subscriptions are on foot? It is wanted for the operations of the Society. And what are these? What is the Society doing? The answer is direct and simple. It is aiding in the first place, in the great work of reforming the drunkard; and secondly, in sustaining him in the first, the earliest days of his reformation. He is often utterly poor; the Society clothes, feeds and shelters him. It has asylums, temperance boarding houses, in which it has full confidence, and in these the reformed are kindly and wisely provided for.

Secondly. The family of the reformed becomes an object of immediate interest, as soon as it is known that it needs assistance. Means are used at once to provide such a family with the necessities, and some of the comforts of life. The children are cared for and placed in schools. In short, all that can be done, is done to secure the reformed in his new position, by aiding him in

contributing to the comforts of those whose natural guardian he is, and who feels more deeply than ever the duty he owes them.

Thirdly. He must be put at once in a condition which will enable him to support himself. He is a mechanic; he has just been taken from the House of Correction, or stopped on his way there. He has no tools; no shop,—no materials on which to work. In a large experiment the result has been, that in a very few cases indeed, has all this confidence been misplaced. I could write instances, in which not only have the reformed supported themselves and families, but one most interesting one, in which a return is now making of money lent to a man who had just been discharged from punishment.

Fourthly. The Society, or its members, have acted in another way. By this effort the drunkard has been kept from the House of Correction. I was talking but yesterday with a mechanic in his shop about this agency. I was surprised at how much had been done by one individual, by advances of money out of his own pocket, and by assuming legal liabilities of, to him, large amounts. His course is this. He hears from a constable that a drunkard is in the Police Court. He goes there immediately, offers to pay the court fees, and to sign the bond that the prisoner will not break the peace for from two to six months, the bonds being for from two hundred down to fifty dollars, according to the aggravation of the case. The fees about three dollars each. I asked what had been the result. He said three had broken their bonds, but as he was fortunate to find them he had delivered them to the Court, viz.: two of them, for one voluntarily surrendered himself. I asked what sort of cases he had taken this expensive care for. Said he "the very worst. Why, I have in one instance piled up the broken chairs and tables, nice ones too, in a mad drunkard's room, and when the constable has carried him to court I have gone too, paid the court fees, and been bound in \$200 for him, and now he is one of our best members. He has been sober for months, and I feel sure of his safety." I asked if he had been paid what he had advanced, and which had produced so priceless a good. "No," said he, "not a cent."

Is not this a noble agency? Here is trust, deep trust in man,—in degraded, powerless man; and how graciously has this trust been requited! A deep religious character comes thus to be given to human effort, and what may seem humble, acquires a dignity which belongs to but little of effort which has for ages attracted the most regard. Does it not in its simplicity, and its truth, rebuke the faithlessness of society in itself?—Does it not rebuke that habitual distrust which almost always projects itself between the occasion of noble acts, and the doing of them?

Fifthly. The Society does its work cheerfully, for its agents are very numerous, and they know so well the misery of drunkenness that they are

always rejoiced at opportunities to help their brethren. The intemperate are much together. As soon as one is reformed, and knows how much happier, and better off he is, he goes at once to his companions with the good news. He has always had their confidence, and now is welcomed after his strange absence, and readily, and sometimes joyfully, heard. Here is power. Here is true moral power, and we all know how successful the labor here has been. The Society then loves to work. It only wants means, and promises to do all the labor. It will diminish our taxes—give greater security to property—remove from daily sight objects most loathsome and wretched—above all, restore men again to comfort and to honor.

Sixthly. The Society acts for every body which needs its agency. It knows no distinctions among men. Rich and poor, learned and ignorant, are all alike objects of its regard. I have before me a letter giving an account of the reformation of a drunkard, of the deepest interest. He has been the foremost man in his county—has represented it in Congress, and in his native State Legislature. Has been universally honored and beloved. He became a drunkard, and fell from the public confidence, from his own self-respect—from private regard. For years has all this continued, and in its most humbling extent. An officer from a Washington Society, who had himself been intemperate, wrote him a letter. I saw that letter, and never did I read one so full of truth concerning the matter written about. Months passed.—Last month without any other known agency, uninfluenced by his family, he signed the pledge and is now a constant and most eloquent teacher of the doctrines of temperance—and of the misery of intemperance drawn from his own most full, most wretched experience.

MEETING OF TEETOTALLERS IN BALLYSHANNON,—IRELAND.

Monday, the 11th May, being the anniversary of the institution of the Temperance Society by the Rev. Daniel Coyle, in Ballyshannon and its vicinity, at an early hour large bodies of the peasantry assembled from the different townlands in the parish, and at eleven o'clock the R. C. chapel was filled with an immense crowd of persons, all dressed in their best apparel, and presenting in their appearance a more numerous, decent, and orderly congregation than was perhaps ever before collected in any chapel in the county Donegal.

The Rev. Mr. Coyle pronounced an excellent discourse. He commenced by describing the gratification it afforded him to witness the success of his labours in the attendance of so large an assemblage of teetotalters, all

anxious to return thanksgiving to God for the blessings conferred on them, and all testifying, by their religious feelings and devotion the happy effects of the principles they had adopted. Temperance in itself, although one of the cardinal virtues, could not save the soul; but it was the means of avoiding many sins, and of controuling vicious habits, and an important auxiliary to the impressions which religion and piety made on the heart. They were all of them sensible of the necessity of good example, and numbers had joined the society, not because they were habitual drunkards or dissipated characters, but for the motive of setting an example to their fellow-creatures. The reverend clergyman gave a beautiful picture of the blessings of charity and brotherly love, and exhorted his hearers not to confine their feelings of charity to any sect or society, but to cherish towards every man, no matter what his creed or politics might be, benevolence and peace. The Temperance Society was not an exclusive institution. It had no concern with politics, nor any other object than to create amongst all classes an abhorrence of the indulgence in the use of intoxicating liquors, which were the fuel of crimes, and of sin, and brought numbers to poverty. Protestants, as well as Catholics, were members of the Society, and some of the Protestant members had contributed to the purchase of the splendid vestments which he wore on that day. This was a proof of their good feeling and liberality; and humble as the individual was on whom the gift was conferred, the spirit manifested was one of genuine benevolence, and a disposition to support the principles of temperance, which had amalgamated all in charity and good will. Their kindness and generosity he never would forget, and he prayed that God might bestow on them wealth and length of days, and that their adoption of temperance might be followed by their happiness in this life, and eternal glory in the next.

At one o'clock a procession of teetotalters took place; there were about seven thousand in the procession, all members of the society. After going round the town they proceeded to Bundoran, accompanied by the temperance band, which played several airs. About one thousand boys and girls walked first; next came fifteen hundred women, and after them about four or five thousand men. Some idea of the numbers present may be formed from stating the fact that the procession extended for more than a mile, although there were four or five persons in each rank. The day

was remarkably fine, and nothing whatever occurred to interrupt the harmony and cheerfulness of the meeting. The procession was joined at Bundoran by the teetotallers from various places in the county Leitrim and the county Sligo.

At the return of the procession from Bundoran, Mr. Coyle addressed them before they dispersed, and thanked them for their correct and orderly conduct.

The Rev. Mr. Macnamara addressed the people, returning thanks in a speech of great talent, and delivered with much ability.

The Rev. Mr. Coyle pronounced a well-deserved compliment on the Very Rev. Theobald Mathew, and proposed three cheers for him, which were given with an enthusiasm it is vain to describe. The Rev. Mr. Coyle then said that he would not allow the meeting to separate without returning thanks to Doctor Sheil, not only for his attendance and presence amongst them that day as a member of the society, but for his zeal in the cause. He was the first to persuade the Rev. Father Mathew to visit the county Donegal, and the teetollers were indebted to him for bringing amongst them in this neighbourhood that much-esteemed man [great cheering].

Doctor Sheil returned thanks in appropriate language for the compliment paid him. So far as his experience went, he said that the temperance system promised to decrease in numberless cases the mass of sickness and poverty in this country, and be the great means of improving the health as well as the morals of the people. He called on them for one cheer more for the Rev. Father Mathew, which was given cordially, and the vast multitude then separated, and returned to their several homes.

Address, presented with a Piece of Plate, by the Members of the Kells Total Abstinence Society to M. A. Bennett, Esq., M. D., Vice-President of the Society.

DEAR SIR—We, the members of the Kells Total Abstinence Society, beg leave to approach you with feelings of the most lively gratitude and sincere respect, and to offer you our most grateful acknowledgments for the unremitting zeal and assiduity manifested by you in every object connected with the prosperity of our society since its formation. We assure you, dear Sir, that we feel justly proud in having for our vice-president a gentleman of your talents and abilities, who is an ornament to his profession, and an honour to

this his native town, and who by his example and influence has done much to encourage and promote the holy cause of temperance. Of the blessed and happy effects of temperance we ourselves can give the most solid and consoling proofs. To you, dear Sir, we are solely indebted for the organization of our splendid brass band, which for musical talent equals, if not surpasses, any of the kind in Ireland, and which is at once a source of rational and innocent amusement to us, and delight and gratification to the inhabitants of the town. You, dear Sir, spared neither time, labour, nor expense in promoting the best interests of our society, and establishing it on a firm and solid basis. How far you have succeeded in accomplishing this, the sole wish of your heart, the very prosperous and flourishing state of the society can amply testify. Accept then, dear Sir, the piece of plate we present you, as a small token of our esteem and regard for yourself, and of our high admiration of your many and important services in the holy cause of temperance.

That God may grant you every blessing here, and eternal happiness hereafter, is, dear Sir, our most fervent prayer.

SOIREE.—On Easter Monday the teetallers on the Louth-hall estates had a splendid *soiree* in the large Assembly-rooms of Tallanstown.

William M' Mahon, Esq., Lord Louth's respected and beloved agent, took the chair. In the course of the evening the following toast was proposed:—

“Lord Louth, the lord of the manor and the great promoter and advocate of temperance amongst his tenantry—may his years be long-continued in blissful happiness and health.”

Lord Louth, in an eloquent speech, complimented the members of the teetotal association, and said that in whatever clime or country he should travel he would be ever found the staunch advocate of the teetotal system. He had seen many societies, but a pleasanter sight he never saw than the present, where all was sobriety, harmony, and cheerful good order. He knew they had enemies, who would rather have them fighting, cursing, and breaking each other's heads. As a magistrate, what had he or the bench to perform?—scarcely anything except fining the poor people for their animals, pigs, and goats, trespassing on the road, and the police had nothing to do than to watch them. A teetotaller never was brought before him accused of crime: and he was sure none of the present

company would take one hundred guineas and break their pledge. He concluded by stating that wherever he would be he would be happy to see such a sight.—*Newry Examiner*.

FATHER MATHEW, AND THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

FROM AN IRISH DITTY.

Since Erin from the ocean rose,
Throughout her mighty highlands,
Her heathy bogs, her valleys green,
Her wild and rugged Islands,
So many hearts, so light and gay,
Ne'er hail'd before a Christmas day!

How doth the great apostle call
The thronging people round him!
How, at his word, like ropes of sand,
Thy burst the bonds that bound them!
At length breaks forth to Erin's eyes
The Bow of Promise in the skies!

They come! they come! in hosts they come!
The young, the strong, the hoary!
They band together to the fight
For Ireland's moral glory;
The Apostle speaks; the silent crowd
In wrapt attentiveness are bow'd.

But we no more by thousands count,
For millions round him rally;
So quickly grows the vast amount,
'Tis vain to keep the tally.
There's joy in heaven from day to day,
As swells the beautiful array!

The judges travel through the land
Like newly married ladies,
A snow white glove on either hand; (1)
A sinecure their trade is,
Since Father MATHEW's special orders
Expell'd the liquors from our borders.

The stately turf-clamp rises high
Above the cabin gable,
The cow sends forth her perfum'd sigh,
The horse tramps in the stable.
At dinner time if you pass near,
The screeching rasher greets your ear. (2)

The poor man in his cosy bed,
Beneath thick blankets snoring,
No longer startles at the cries
Of hungry children roaring;
And he that begged for cast-off clothes
In his own hard-earn'd broad-cloth goes.

Oh! no wonder that gay Billy Martin should smile,
For he knows Father MATHEW's a temperate son
of his:
Or that when he looks over Emerald Isle,
Joy mantles abroad o'er his pleasant and sunny phiz,
To see that the bakers are winning the day,
And the publicans scudding like rabbits away.

But my song is too long, so come to an end—
Father MATHEW we wish you long life and pros-
perity;
Every one in this nation esteems you his friend,
And your name will go down in the latest posterity,
Though brave George Carr, that "Man of Ross," (3)
First reared the Temperance standard,
You are the man, whose giant hand
Victorious bears it onward!

(1) The custom in Ireland is, for the Sheriff to present the Judge with a pair of white gloves, when an Assizes passes without a capital conviction.

(2) Slices of Bacon, fried in the pan, are called rashers.

(3) Mr. George Carr, a gentleman belonging to one of the dissenting religious bodies, was one of the earliest public advocates of Modern Temperance Societies.

THE WIFE'S REJOICING.

Time—"There is nae luck about the house."

And are you sure the news is true,
And are you sure he's signed?
I can't believe the joyful tale,
And leave my fears behind.
If John has signed and drinks no more,
The happiest wife am I
That e'er swept a cottago hearth,
Or sung a lullaby!

For there's nae luck about the house
There's nae luck at a',
And gane's the comfort o' the house,
Since he to drink did fa'!

Whose eyes so kind, whose hand so strong,
Whose love so true will shine,
If he has bent his heart and hand
The total pledge to sign,
But what puts doubting in my head?
I trust he'll taste no more;
Be still, be still, my beating heart!
Hark! Hark! he's at the door!
For there's nae luck about the house, &c.

And blessing on the helping hands,
That send him back to me,
Haste, haste, ye little ones, and run
Your father's face to see.
And are you sure, my John, you've signed?
And are you sure 'us past?
Then mine's the happiest, brightest home
On temperance's shores at last!
There's been nae luck about the house,
But now 'tis comfort a'
And heaven preserve my ain gude man,
That he may never fa'!

MENTAL DERANGEMENT FROM INTOXICATION.

—The drunkard injures and enfeebles his own nervous system, and entails mental disease upon his family. His daughters are nervous and hysterical; his sons are weak, wayward, eccentric, under the pressure of excitement, or some unforeseen exigency, or the ordinary calls of duty. His heritage may be the result of a ruined and diseased constitution, but is much more likely to proceed from that long continued nervous excitement, which exhausted and wore out the mental powers, and ultimately produced imbecility and paralysis, both attributable to disease of the substance of the brain. How far the monomania of inebriety is itself a disease, and may be more the development, the consummation, than the commencement of a hereditary tendency to derangement, this is not the place to point out; but there is every reason to believe that it not only acts upon, and renders more deleterious, whatever taint may exist, but vitiates or impairs the sources of health for several generations. That the effects of drunkenness are highly inimical to a paramount healthy state of the brain, is often proved at a great distance of time from the course of intemperance.

Natural History.

From the New York Spirit of the Times.

THE WILD HORSES OF THE WESTERN PRAIRIES.

The head waters of the Arkansas and Black rivers flow through a country abounding in singular variety, with high and broken land and level prairie. Many of these abrupt eminences spring up from the plain, run along for a few miles, and again disappear in broken ridges. Standing upon one of these abrupt eminences, if it is a favorable season of the year, the eye is greeted with a sight of life, in the spring time of its existence, beautiful and glorious. There is a freshness in the whole scene, as vast as it is, that rests upon the new blown rose. The sun here sends its morning rays, through an atmosphere so dewy and soft, that it seems to kiss the prairie flowers gently, only meeting the sides of the abrupt hills with its noon-day heats. Among the prairie and broken land live every species of game, the Antelope, the Deer, the Turkey, the Bear, and the Buffalo,—these are all found in abundance, but the most prominently attractive object is the Wild Horse. Here the noble animal has roamed untrammelled until every trace of subjection, which marked his progenitors, has disappeared. They are now children of the wind. The high mettled racer, wrought up to the perfection of civilized beauty, as he steps upon the turf causes emotions of pleasure. But the animal falls incomparably behind the wild horse of the prairie, in every point where natural beauty is concerned. There is a subjection in the gait and in the eye of the "blood" that tells of slavery, while the wild horse is the very personification of the freedom of his life, and proudly and nobly indeed does he wear his honors. To stand upon the high hills that rise up from the plains in this rich country of their home, and mark the wild horses as they exhibit their character, is one of the most interesting sights in nature. At one time, browsing with all quietness and repose, cropping the grass and herbs daintily, anon starting up as if in battle array, with fierce aspect, and terrible demonstrations of war. Changing in the instant, they will trot off with coquettish airs, that would, for affectation, do honour to a favorite troupe of ballet girls; then as the thought of their power comes over them, they will with lightning swiftness dash in straight lines across the plains, mingling into one mass, so obscure will they be by their flight. Changing still again, they will sweep round in graceful

curves, rivalling the sportive flight of the eagle, then breaking into confusion, pursue a pell-mell course for a few moments, until suddenly some leader will strike out from the crowd, and lead off single file, thus stringing out over the plain in lines, looking in the distance like the current of some swift running river. Approach them nearer, and see what beauty, as well as power. That horse, whose mane floats almost down to his knees, shakes it as a warrior of the crusades would have done his plumes; he springs upon the turf as if his feet were dainty of the ground; and how that mare leaps, and paws, and springs into the air; she would teach her colt to fly, one would think,—and then, as the sun shines obliquely on the crowd, their skins betray the well-formed muscle, and darken and glisten like silver and gold. The groom of the stable labors in vain for such glossiness—it is the result of health—it's nature.

The wild Indian loves the horse, herein s owing his humanity, and his soul. He has his traditions, that his ancestors were once without them, and the Great Spirit is daily thanked that he now possesses the treasure. In the Indian horseman the centaur of the ancients may be said to still exist, for as he dashes across his native wilds he forms almost really part of the animal on which he rides; without saddle or bridle, if he chooses, he will spring upon the bare back, and be off with the wind. The loose parts of his dress streaming out, and mingling with the flowing mane and tail of his charger so perfectly, that they seem literally and positively one being. Taming the wild horse forms, as may be imagined, one of the great characteristics of the distinguished Indian. Horsemanship being considered, as among enlightened nations, not only useful, but one of the splendid accomplishments. The noisy pride of exultation never rings louder in the forest than when the spirit of the untamed steed is first conquered, and his fiery impatience submits to the will of a rider.

On the banks of the "shining river" was encamped a successful war party of the Osages. They had stolen into their enemies' country when a majority of their men were off on a hunting expedition. Songs, dances, and exultations were rife, old men forgot their dignity, and grew gay and jocular. The women sang songs of victory, and the children emulated their sires in mimic warfare. As the sun set on this animated scene, a hundred fires curled up into the air, and with their forked tongues lighted up the rude buffalo-skin tent and its swarthy inhabitants,

and showed off by the indistinct light the forest trees, as mysterious traceries of tremendous limbs, suspended as if by magic in the surrounding gloom.

The bustle and confusion was beyond description, but of all the sports exhibited on this occasion, none were so prominent as feats of horsemanship. Gradually as the evening wore away, every thing centred in this ghivalrous amusement, and the whole scene became more than ever striking and peculiar. The animals, alarmed by the glare of torches, and the shouts of the crowd, seemed crazed and confused, at one time they trembled at the voices of their masters, at other times, starting off in the swiftest speed, as if endeavouring to escape; all these caprices were taken advantage of by the riders, to display their skill, for at one time, they would bound upon the horses backs, like panthers, and dash off into the woods, or, if the steeds were quietly disposed, mount their backs, and shame the Ducrows, and Norths, by their evolutions. Occasionally a horse would dash by us, apparently without a rider—when suddenly, there would rise up from the side, opposite to the spectators, the form of an Indian, who had sustained himself, by the slightest pressure of the foot on the horse's back and a hold in the mane. Another would follow at full speed, when the rider, as if suddenly paralyzed, would disappear, and as you involuntarily looked on the ground for his place of fall, you would hear his shrill cry ringing in the distance, as he was borne off on his steed. These feats involved some of the stratagems used in war, for the Indian cavalry, as they bear down upon their enemies, will pass them at full speed without a rider being seen; while the fatal arrow, or lead, will fly from under the horse's neck.

In the midst of these amusements, a strong, muscular Osage came into the camp, leading by a halter one of the largest black horses ever seen among the tribe; he was powerfully built, his mane almost touched his knees, and his tail trailed upon the ground; his nostrils were distended to the largest diameter, and his eyes contracted and dilated like flames of fire. A more beautiful creature could not be imagined, and as he stared and snorted at the crowd, he seemed to say that the halter around his neck only confined his body, and that his spirit was still free. There were marks of the rope upon his sides and legs that showed a fierce contest had ensued, before he was thrown, so as to saddle him,—and

for all this severe treatment, it only rendered him patient in following his captor at the full end of his rope; for if any nearer approaches were attempted, he resented them by the most powerful displays of anger. As the Indian led this noble animal up and down before the assembled multitude, for the double purpose of showing his beauty, and his own prowess in catching him, the cry became universal for the owner to mount him; the most celebrated horseman of the tribe acknowledged himself incapable of "backing" the animal before them. Twenty living men, with forms of Apollos, and the activity of the deer, offered eagerly to do it; and one more eager than the rest, at once approached the noble prisoner. We felt for the steed, and sympathised with the spirit that resented the mounting on his back. He! as he was, that the rider might mount him, he snorted, pawed the ground, rose into the air, and fairly yelled with rage; and if any one really succeeded in getting into the saddle, no sooner was the rider left to his own resources, than he was thrown, or dismounted by the animal's trying to crush him by rolling on the ground. This long continued opposition, surprising to all, by its success and endurance, heightened the wish to conquer him, and we waited with breathless impatience for the swarthy Alexander that was to conquer this modern Bucephalus. The continued trials satisfied me that the Indians were all astonished at the long resistance the horse made, for the sarcastic tone of voice ceased, as one "brave" after another, relinquished the task, and fell back into the crowd; and finally, as the last effort was made to ride the noble animal, and the usual want of success followed it, a general shout of good-natured exultation followed it, and the horse remained quietly, a prisoner unconquered among his captors.

Had it now been in our power, we would have been proud at this moment to have stepped forward and released the noble captive; we would have been delighted to have seen his heels as he bounded off among his fellows over the wild prairie. But the pleasure was denied us.

Among those associated with the Osages, was a white hunter, who from his prowess, had gained the name of the "horse tamer." The Indians had often spoken to me about him, and as he presented himself before the camp, at this particular time, his welcome was boisterous. The unsuccessful efforts to ride the horse before him were soon detailed, and he was challenged to make a trial himself.

The hunter on this occasion was evidently fatigued,—the pack of fresh skins he brought into the camp on his shoulders, was a mule's burthen; the torn moccasins and leggings, as well as the slow walk, all denoted a long and laborious chase. Still, the hunter did not refuse the task: he bantered awhile with words, to see how much honor there would be in riding the horse, and when he once discovered that there was so much to be gained, his pride prompted him to accept the task.

It was with no common interest that we watched the proceedings of the "horse tamer." The Indians, who had given up the trial in despair, which the jaded hunter before me so confidently accepted, were men of powerful strength, of the most astonishing activity, and the best equestrians I ever saw, or imagined, and that they could be beaten seemed no less than a miracle. The "horse tamer" approached the stallion, and examined the girth of plaited hair that held the rude trapping attached to it in its place. He took hold of the pommel, which rose like a goose-neck from the saddle, to see if it was firm; then, with cautious and critical care, he drew gently upon the bridle-reins to see if the slip nooses at the ends which encircled the horse's snout would readily tighten, for the Osage bridle has no bit. All these things being to his satisfaction, he next proceeded to roll up an Indian blanket into a hard body, which he fastened to the long pommel of the saddle in such a way that the ends of it would firmly bind upon his thighs, if once mounted; then, with a small deerskin thong, he tied the wooden stirrups underneath the horse, so that they could not fly above the level of the animal's belly. All preparations being ended, the tamer proceeded to mount. Four of the most powerful Indians, seized hold of the animal's bridle, and pulling his head down, held the poor stallion so firmly that he could only use his heels; but in spite of their flying about, the "horse tamer" gained his seat, and sang out, "let him go."

The order was accompanied by a shout, that made the welkin ring. The stallion more than ever alarmed, gave one of his most furious efforts to throw off his burthen, but this had been anticipated, for as he threw himself into the air, the blanket bound the rider to his seat—the second effort, that of rolling on the ground, also failed, for as the horse threw himself on his side, the tamer landed gracefully on his foot, the deer skin thong, kept the stirrups in their places, and at the next instant, as the "galled jady"

sprang to his feet, the rider went up with him. A long, hearty, and prolonged shout followed the inimitable exhibition. The wild horse, for the first time felt the possibility of defeat, his proud bearing was already half gone, for all his succeeding efforts were those of despair. Vain indeed were his displays of power; the tiger with his deadly hold upon the buffalo, could not be more securely fastened to his victim, than was the tamer to his. The rearing, pitching, shying, plunging, running and suddenly stopping, seemed all known before hand, and met with a perfect guard, that displayed the most consummate judgment and skill, in horsemanship. At last, the "tamer" seemed tired of the cruel sport, and taking advantage of his infuriated victim, as he threw his fore feet in the air, he slipped off quietly behind him, and with a slight jerk, careened the horse over on his back, driving his head deeply into the soft turf. Stunned and confounded, the poor animal rolled upon his side, and the "tamer" threw his bridle over his neck and left him. The poor creature was completely conquered; trembling from head to foot, and half drowned, with the profuse sweat that rolled from his sides like foam, he cast a look of imploring despair at the crowd, and the big tear rolled down his cheeks. His spirit was completely broken.

A little coaxing brought him on his feet, the saddle was removed from his back, and the bridle from his head, and he walked slowly off, to be found, by a singular law of his nature, associated with the pack horses of the tribe, and waiting for the burthens of his master.

Louisiana, 1842.

AUSTRALIA.

The zoology of Albany is common to the other divisions of the colony. On the arrival of the settlers in 1820, the elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus were common, but they have either been destroyed or have retired on the approach of civilized man. Elephants are still met with in the jungles of the Fish and Bushman's Rivers. A straggling ostrich is sometimes observed crossing the sandy flats, and at the mouths of the large rivers the hippopotamus is occasionally perceived protruding his huge head from the stream for a little air. The lion is rarely seen, though the district is not altogether freed from his ravages. The buffalo is still common in the woody jungle of the district. The quagga and hartebeest used formerly to browse on the flats in herds, but they are now seldom seen. Springboks are much more

common; but they have been so much hunted by the youth of Albany, that they have become comparatively scarce. The rietbok, the elegant little bluebok, and several others of the antelope tribe, are often met with, though they are by no means numerous. The wolf is the most troublesome animal of prey with which the division is infested. In cold and wet weather he is especially daring. At such seasons he will descend from the mountain ridges into the more inhabited parts, and will seldom depart without levying tribute upon the stock of the farmer. The wild dog is equally destructive. This is a gregarious animal, hunting in packs, and committing great ravages upon such flocks of sheep as they happen to meet with when prowling through the country. The leopard and panther, usually called here the tiger, are not uncommon. They frequent the woody parts of the division, and occasionally do much mischief in the sheep-folds. They will clear a fence or climb a tree with a live sheep, and are dangerous and untameable animals. The ant-bear and porcupine are common. The former is to man rather useful than otherwise. The division abounds in numerous smaller animals, which it is not necessary in this sketch even to enumerate. The ursine baboon and several varieties of the monkey tribe are common.

The birds of Albany are various, and many of them extremely beautiful. To the ostrich may be added the pelican, the crane, the paauw, the wild goose, the turkey, the guinea fowl, the wild duck, the pheasant, partridge, snipe, and many others. Of birds of prey there is the gigantic vulture, the secretary, or snake bird, several species of the hawk family, the crow, the rook, &c. The long-tailed bunting (*Loxia Caffra*) is familiar, hovering during spring seasons over marshy spots. The honey-bird, with its shrill cry of "cher, cher," is often heard, while the little sugar-bird, sipping the nectar from the wild blossoms in the kloofs, dazzles the eye with the exquisite beauty of its brilliant plumage. There are several varieties of the king-fisher, and also of the parrot and loerie, many of them of gorgeous plumage, together with others so various in their habits and appearance as would occupy no inconsiderable time for the ornithologist even to name them.

NOVELTY IN ENTOMOLOGY.—Among the novelties in nature, which we saw at Charleston, was a small worm, called the trinket-worm, characterised by this peculiarity, which

gives rise to its name. On the leaves of a wild vine called the trinket-vine, is found a small worm, which looks at first like a short piece of white thread, and is almost motionless. If the eaf be taken off and placed under a glass case in a room, this little thread will, in the short space of twenty four hours, grow into a good sized caterpillar, beautifully coloured, and studded with golden spots. When matured, it will climb up the glass, fasten one of its extremities to the glass roof, and having the other depending in the air, will curl itself into a great variety of forms, presenting exquisite patterns for gold trinkets, such as earrings, brooches, clasps, &c. and varying these from time to time in great diversity—from whence its name.—*Buckingham.*

FINE ARTS.

NASH'S OLD ENGLISH MANSIONS.

The materials, so far from being exhausted, seem to grow under the artist's hands: "every successive journey," says Mr. Nash, "has made me acquainted with unlooked-for relics of the architectural splendour of the old baronial halls and manor-houses." The present volume contains several of the most magnificent edifices of the Elizabethan æra—including Burreigh, Hatfield, Wollaton, Montacute, and Cranborne, and some curious structures of earlier date, where the Gothic style predominates—such as Compton Wynyate, Athelhampton, and the older portions of Hampton Court: it also embraces one of the earliest existing specimens of our domestic architecture, Bramhall, which is assigned to the period of Edward the Fourth; and one of the latest date of any yet introduced into the work, Aldermaston, built in the style of Charles the First's reign; "which may be characterized," says Mr. Nash, "as a loose and florid imitation, marking the decline of the more precise and decided character of the style of James the First."

Though the selection of subjects is limited to such portions of existing edifices as still retain their original character, the artist so skilfully presents the venerable features as to convey a pretty correct idea of the whole building as it formerly appeared; not only keeping out of view the defaced and modernized parts, but investing the place with characteristic attributes of a past age. Thus the architectural details, while they form essential and prominent points of the picture, are made to subserve the higher purpose of representing ancient habits and customs; and

in looking through these views, we have a succession of scenes that carry us back to the domestic life of our ancestors, and exhibit their private recreations and ceremonial state on public occasions. In this consists the great charm of the work; not only the form, but the spirit of the "olden time" is preserved. Mr. Nash's fancy and feeling are truly English; and the physiognomies of the groups, as well as their costumes and occupations, bear the stamp of national character.

The principal court of Burleigh, with its columns, arches, and obelisk spires of cinquecento, is traversed by Queen Elizabeth and her train; and the great Lord Treasurer, in his robes, accompanied by an old warrior in armour, is descending its curious staircase, the only portion of the interior unmodernized. The garden-front of Wollaton presents a full view of the most ornamental of the four facades of this stately pile; the unity and elegant proportions of which, however, are destroyed by the huge central tower, of uncouth design, not in accordance with the rest of the building, which it seems to crush rather than exalt. In the hall, which occupies the whole area of the monster tower, and is remarkable for its immense height, the table is laid for a banquet; and the guests, who were seen scattered among the parterres in the exterior view, are here assembling—some crossing the lofty gallery above the screen, others entering the hall. The elegant porch of Cranborne, and the terrace-arcade at the top of a flight of steps leading from the garden, both beautiful examples of the combination of Italian and English architecture, are peopled with dames and cavaliers in the graceful costumes of Charles the First's reign. The long gallery at Hatfield is filled with a courtly party in the quaint and sumptuous costumes of the time, assembled at the christening of Lord Salisbury's son, to whom King James the First stood sponsor, and the Royal sponsor is in the act of presenting the infant with a set of "Apostle spoons," a fashion that succeeded to the donation of "christening shirts"; some sponsors presented only one spoon, its handle carved with the Apostle after whom the child was named; others gave the four Evangelists, and a few of the wealthier sort the whole twelve. Of Montacute only a porch of the western front is given; it being of earlier date than the rest of the edifice, and a superb specimen of the Italianized Gothic of Henry the Eighth's reign: the curious old coach driving up to the door, and the Yeomen Guards stationed on each side, denote a Royal

visitor. Over this door, though not legible in the print, is inscribed "And yours, my friends," a sentence expressive of the munificent spirit of the founder, Sir Edward Philips, one of the Sergeants-at-Arms to Queen Elizabeth; who expended £19,500 on the building. Another inscription, over the east door, is of still more comprehensive hospitality.

Two of the most elaborate and interesting plates in the volume are the hall and presence-chamber of Wolsey, at Hampton Court; which exemplify the state and pomp of the Cardinal, as well as his fine taste in architecture: in the hall, the Prelate, attended by his train, is receiving some courtiers; and in the presence-chamber he is entertaining the French Ambassador with the magnificent banquet recorded by Cavendish. In the hall at Parham, a party in the costume of Charles the Second's reign are playing at battledore. That of Penshurst is bright with the blaze of the fire on its hearth in the centre of the floor, and alive with the rude Christmas gambols of the household; the Yule log is being brought in, and the noble hosts and their guests have entered to see the sports. In the hall of Athelhampton, the domestics are playing at the old game of hoodman-blind; and in that of Compton Wynyate, an offending servant is set in the "thumb-stocks." The richly-decorated ceilings of the gallery at Lanhydroc, and the dining-rooms at Chastelton and Dorfeld, are conspicuous ornaments of the respective plates; the furniture, fittings, and costumes being of corresponding character.

The exteriors of Athelhampton and Compton Wynyate, true picturesque specimens of the pure old English style of domestic architecture, are enlivened, the one by a party of retainers, the other with knights tilting at the quintain.

IMPROVEMENTS.

MULTIPLYING PICTURES BY LITHOGRAPHY.

Such is the title of a prospectus issued by Mr. Melling, an artist who has devoted his attention to producing pictorial effects in colours by means of lithography, in conjunction with a specimen of his first successful effort, a study of STEPHANO, the sailor in Shakspeare's *Tempest*. The colours in this print are bright, and it has considerable force. Mr. Melling aims at producing copies of oil-paintings by printing with colours on canvas from stone, as suggested by Senefelder, the inventor of lithography, and practised in Germany; but his specimen more resembles a water-colour drawing than an oil picture.

It is not, as he supposes, the first design of a figure that has been wholly lithographed in colours in this country: the ingenious lithographer William Sharp having executed several heads; and finished a copy on a reduced scale of Vandyke's famous equestrian portrait of Charles the First, before he left this country for the United States. The beautiful work of Mr T. S. Boys, Views of Paris, &c., printed entirely in colours by Hullmandel, in the most extensive if not the only work of fac-similes of coloured drawings with picturesque effects; Mr Owen Jones's elaborate and splendid work on the Alhambra being more exclusively architectural in its character. Sufficient has been done in chroma lithography to prove the capabilities of the art; but it has yet to be carried further, before the desired point of imitating oil-paintings can be attained. Mr Hullmandel's new style of lithotint is admirably adapted for producing fac-similes of water-colour drawings; and nothing prevents its being employed for this purpose but the trouble and expense of printing in colours, both to the artist and the printer. In ornamental designs, where all the colours are flat and defined, there is not much difficulty; beautiful specimens of blazonry have been produced, not only in France, but in this country. But the blending of graduated tints and various hues into one harmonious and perfect ensemble, especially in designs of figures, is a difficulty that the union of great skill and patience can alone overcome: where you have to trust to workmen, the most vigilant superintendence will scarcely suffice to prevent inaccuracies in fitting the several impressions together, and giving to each of the different tints its representative degree of force. Mr Melling is right in supposing that in order to attain full success the artist should himself become a lithographer—that is, should print, or at least superintend his own work, as Mr Sharp did: but to do this requires an apprenticeship to the chemistry and the mechanism of lithography, which few would be inclined to serve.

How to INSTRUCT.—Pour in knowledge gently. Plato observed that the minds of children were like bottles with very narrow mouths; if you attempted to fill them too rapidly, much knowledge was wasted, and little received; whereas, with a small stream, they were easily filled. Those who would make young children prodigies, act as wisely as they who would pour a pail of water into a pint measure.

Reading aloud in a full but not too elevated tone of voice, should constitute a daily exercise of the lungs.—*Tichnor.*

Miscellaneous.

DAVID'S PSALMS.

Extract from a Sermon by the Rev. Mr. Giles.

In distress and fear they breathe the low and murmur of complaint; in penitence they groan with the agony of the troubled soul: they have a gentle music for the peace of faith; in adoration they ascend to the glory of creation and the Majesty of God. For assemblies or for solitude; for all that gladdens and all that grieves—for our heaviness and despair; for our remorse and our redemption:—we find in these divine harmonies the loud or the low expression. Great has been their power in the world?—they resounded amidst the courts of the tabernacle: they floated through the lofty and solemn spaces of the temple; they were sung in glory in the halls of Zion; they were sung in sorrow by the streams of Babel; and when Isarel had passed away, the harp of David was still awakened in the Church of Christ. In all the eras and ages of that church, from the hymn which first it whispered in an upper chamber, until its anthems filled the earth, the inspiration of the royal Prophet has enraptured its devotions and ennobled its ritual. And thus it has been, not alone in the august Cathedral or the rustic chapel?—chorussed by the winds of Heaven, they have swelled in God's own temple of the sky and stars! they have rolled over the broad deserts of Asia in the matins and vespers of ten thousand hermits: through the deep vallies of the Alps in the broken voices of the Waldenses—through the steeps and caves of Scottish highlands, in the rude chauntings of the convents; through the woods and wilds of primitive America, in the heroic hallelujahs of the early pilgrims. Nor is it in the congregation only, that David has given the religious heart a voice—he has given an utterance also for its privacy: for the low-lying invalid—soothing the dreariness of pain—softening the monotony of heavy time—supplying the prayer or the promise with which to break the midnight or the sleepless hour—for the unhappy to give them words of sadness by which to relieve their disquieted and cast down souls—by which to murmur between themselves and God the holy sorrow, that heaven alone can hear; for the penitent when the arrows of conviction rankle in his breast, when tears weigh down his eyelids—when the light of grace would seem departed, and the ear of mercy closed, then David gives the cry of his own impassioned deprecation for supplication, and confession—he gives the hymn of his own grateful praise, when contrition has found repose, and the storm has spent its force!

REMEDY.—Any person struck down by lightning, no matter if apparently dead, ought to be immediately extended on the damp ground; and if it do not rain upon him, water should be thrown on freely, which in most cases will conduct off the electric fluid without serious injury.

EDUCATION.

YOUNG LADIES.—We request any full grown man in the vigor of health and strength to sit bolt upright, without any support or change of position and with very trifling intermission, during the space of five or six hours a day for a single week. He will then appreciate in part and only in part, what young delicate slender growing girls must suffer, who are condemned to torture from month to month, and from year to year, in a fashionable Seminary or Boarding School, and he will cease to wonder that in a great majority of cases the spine should become less or more curved and deformed, and that their frames should become languid and feeble. We have known a striking change for the worse both in shape and health take place in young ladies after a very short trial of the regimen to which we have alluded, and we believe that in all cases it is attended with much suffering, and in many, with permanent injury. We would not, however, be understood as condemning the position alluded to;—it is the best we believe for strengthening the spine and securing an erect and elegant carriage, and this is reason why it is so assiduously insisted upon, but it must be practised in moderation and as soon as it becomes painful or even irksome, it should be relieved by the exercise of the play ground, or if that cannot be obtained, by the support of a seat with a back. It is a fact well established in the theory of education, that a scholar whose mind is lively and active, will make greater advances in study in one hour than he would in three if the mind be dull and inert. It is also generally acknowledged, that the bodily exercise which nature prompts young people to seek in their plays and amusements, is the best restorative for the powers of the mind wasted or fagged by study. If then a half an hour were spent in school and a half an hour in the play-ground alternately, the scholar would in all probability advance faster than if the whole time, usually three or four hours, were spent in study in school, and, the former system is incomparably better adapted to promote health and the development of the physical system.—*Canada Temperance Advocate.*

EDUCATION AND CRIME.—On the 21st October last, there were in one of the Houses of Correction in London, 973 inmates, exclusive of children, and of these 717 had received no education at all, or “so little,” (says the governor of the prison) “as not to deserve the name.” The visiting justices of the establish-

ment, recommended to the bench of magistrates to appoint a school-master at once for the children and youth who were confined there, and the appointment was made forthwith. In the discussion to which the subject gave rise one of the magistrates observed that he was convinced, that education was the best agent of the police, and the want of it was the cause of crime. The age of those criminals was another important subject for consideration. The proportion of criminals in England and Wales in 1840, under twenty-one years of age, was 39 per cent.; and the county of Middlesex, 45 per cent. If they examined the ages of those sentenced to transportation, it would appear that 47 per cent. did not exceed twenty-one years of age; the number of transports under twenty-five years of age was 64 per cent.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTES.—The introduction and extension of Mechanics' Institutes, in England and America, within the last fifteen years, show that the labouring classes, “the toiling millions,” as Carlyle calls them, are becoming objects of regard, and subjects of the elevating influences of education and science. This is the true democracy of learning—to bring it to the humblest, and offer it, if possible, like the gospel, without money and without price. This is the true basis of a virtuous people: the lasting corner stone of popular government; the effectual way to raise men from the lowest forms and conditions of humanity. There are over two hundred Mechanics' Institutions, in England, where fifteen years ago there was not one. These two hundred and sixteen, enroll nearly twenty-six thousand members, one-half of whom are real workingmen of the land. The object of these associations is threefold; to form classes for day and night instruction, for children and adults; to sustain annual courses of lectures, on popular and interesting subjects: and the gathering of libraries for the use of members and subscribers. The number of lectures alone, delivered before these institutions, last year, was about two thousand. The noblest of these Institutes, is the one in Liverpool, founded by James Muspratt, Esq. The building alone cost nearly seventy thousand dollars. It numbers three thousand three hundred members, eight hundred and fifty pupils, in three day schools—six hundred pupils, in fifteen or sixteen evening classes; it has fifty teachers regularly employed, whose salaries amount to five thousand pounds per annum; a library of seven thousand volumes,

with one thousand three hundred readers, and a daily distribution of two hundred volumes; and public lectures twice a week, attended by audiences varying from seven hundred to thirteen hundred.

In this country, also, they have been of great service to the young, and have been the means not only of preventing the premature ruin of hundreds, but also of training up many who are even now the praise and ornaments of their fellows. The first Lyceum established in the United States, was by a few individuals in Massachusetts, in 1826.—*Georgian*.

TEACHING CHILDREN TO WALK TOO YOUNG.

—Some fond parents, disregarding the fact that the bones are comparatively soft and pliable in infancy, in their hurry to see the little objects walk without support, are continually soliciting attempts at standing or walking long before the bones have acquired sufficient power of resistance, and the muscles sufficient power of contraction, to cope with the laws of gravitation. The natural consequence is a curvature of the bone, which yields just like an elastic stick bending under a weight. The ends approach nearer to each other than they ought to do; and, to accommodate themselves to the change, the muscles become shorter on one side, and perhaps longer on the other, each losing part of its efficiency in the unnatural change it undergoes. From this view, it will be seen how hurtful leading-strings must be. In the first place, by the mechanical force, they compress the chest, and impede respiration; and in the second, prevent the body from falling to the ground, or rather by preserving an upright position, they cause more of the weight to fall on the bones of the spine and lower extremities than these parts are fitted to carry. From this obnoxious practice, flatness of chest, confined lungs, distorted spine, and deformed legs, often originate.—*Dr. Andrew Combe's Principles of Physiology*.

Books.—Have a few easy elementary books, in which you can teach the children their lessons; and a few books and papers laid convenient for reading whenever any part of the family has a little leisure. Be careful, however, that every book and paper be such as you would wish your children to peruse; and that they contain nothing of an immoral or an irreligious tendency. Besides a good dictionary, and as many other books as you can afford, see that every one of the children is supplied with a Bible, so that you may, at any time, all read together. What can be pleasanter during the winter evenings than a supply of good books? —*Livesy*.

A Blow.—A little boy in school in a moment of thoughtless anger struck his sister who sat by his side. She was enraged and raised her hand to return the blow. "Stop my dear," said the teacher, "don't strike your brother, you had better kiss him." The obedient child dropped her hand, and after a moment threw her arms around her brother's neck and kissed him. This affectionate act subdued the boy's passion and tears of sorrow rolled down his cheeks while he thought of his own unkindness and his sister's return for it. Thus the little girl overcame evil with good.

COMMON SOAP AS A REMEDY FOR BURNS.—

By Thomas Williamson, M. D., Edinburgh. In case of burns, common soap, besides its great value as a local application, commands the additional advantage of always being at hand in case of emergency. The mode in which I am in the habit of employing it is this:—a common shaving box may always be procured, from which a good lather may in the course of a minute or two, be easily obtained. This lather is then gently laid over the burnt surface by means of a shaving brush, and repeated as soon as the first coat begins to dry, or the pain return. This practice ought to be repeated occasionally during the first day, or until such time as the pain is relieved. The benefit accruing to the patient is *immediate*, and the result of the practice highly satisfactory; for in more superficial burns, if early applied, vesication is prevented, and in the course of a few days desquamation of the cuticle follows, without leaving a raw surface. Of course, this as a remedial measure, is most applicable to superficial burns; but even in such cases as involve destruction of the more deep tissues, it is not used without advantage, in so far as the personal comfort of the patient is concerned. In such cases after the lapse of a few days, the crust formed by the soap is easily removed, so as to permit the employment of other remedies if necessary. I am not prepared to say whether the benefit and instantaneous relief, following the application of the lather, are to be ascribed to the chemical composition, or simply to the fact of its affording some degree of protection from atmospheric agency, or both.—*London Med. Gaz.*

It is said that during 70 years only one Quaker has been killed, and he had abandoned his principles, and taken up arms. It would therefore appear that *peace* principles afford fully as great security for life as those which inculcate self-defence.

CONFLAGRATION AT HAMBURG.

The London Morning Post publishes the following letter by a young lady, giving the best account that has been written of the scene: it is not always that such casualties find spectators who can so well describe—

"Hamburg, 9th May.

"I know not, my dearest mother, whether my few hurried ill-written lines of Friday last, penned in the midst of the most terrible anguish and trouble, and confided to the care of a passer-by who was going to Altona, have ever reached you. At all events, before you receive this you will have heard of what a dreadful misfortune and of what a heart-rending spectacle this poor city has been the theatre and the prey. Before continuing, however, or rather commencing my sad recital, I must hasten to assure my dear papa that his houses in the Neuer Jungfernstieg have remained untouched; for though I know they are insured, this news will certainly be agreeable to him after hearing of the disasters which have reigned here—I may say which still reign, and will for a long time. On Thursday morning, Ascension-day, the 5th instant, my sister, her husband, and I, walked to the French church. Frederick, on taking away the breakfast, told us that since eight or nine o'clock a terrible fire had been raging in the Deich Strasse. Papa, who knows the distance between the Neuer Jungfernstieg and the Deich Strasse, will agree that we had no cause for alarm. In coming out of church the servant said to Madame Parish (who you are aware lives in the country, and had come thence this morning direct) that she could not go to her town-house in the carriage; that twenty-two houses had already been totally burnt; that, in fact, hers was in great danger, and that the fire was becoming more and more formidable. A few hours afterwards came the news that the house of Mr. Parish was no more; and that the flames were spreading every instant. Towards four o'clock in the afternoon, from our attic windows we witnessed the destruction of St. Nicholas's Church. It was terrible to see this beautiful building become the prey of the element, which was becoming more fearful the more ground it gained. My sister and her husband were to have gone to the opera in the evening; but it was announced that, in consequence of the calamity, there would be no performance. The spectacle became from hour to hour more shocking. The whole city now began to show the most lively alarm. The bells, the firing of cannon, the cries and

confusion in the streets, all presaged a night of anguish and terror. Our apprehensions, alas! were but too faithfully realized. It was not, however, until night had spread her sad wings over the scene that we could perceive the whole extent of the destruction which menaced the entire city. The heavens became as red as blood; the devouring flames, increased more and more by an impetuous wind, rose to a gigantic height. At seven o'clock Madame — came to us in a wretched state. She told us that her sisters at Holdzamm (who were further from the fire than we, the flames having taken the direction of Dreck Wall and Bleichen) had sent all their valuables to her; so great was the fear they were in. We could hardly avoid smiling; for we thought it incredible that the fire could possibly reach Holdzamm. At ten, Madame — went home, and my sister retired to bed towards eleven; but afterwards we received a visit from some gentlemen, who came to say that serious measures were about to be taken, by blowing up some houses which were likely to cause the fire to spread further. At half-past twelve I went to bed myself; but the noise of the explosions, the rumbling of the carriages and carts, the cries, the large flakes of fire which every instant were driven impetuously by the wind across my windows, threatening to set fire to our house, the excessive light of the conflagration, the whistling of the wind, and, as you will easily think, the idea that the lives of persons in whom we were interested were in continual danger, not to mention the conviction of the numberless misfortunes that were happening, prevented all sleep. The windows trembled with the redoubled concussions of the explosions, and the whole house seemed as if it would be annihilated. In such a state I could not close an eye; visions and dreams, but above all still sadder realities, presented themselves to my imagination continually. Before three o'clock had struck, I found myself again with my sister; who, like me, had been kept awake by the dreadful noise caused by the blowing up of the Rathhaus. At this moment an order of the police was announced to us to wet the roof of our house, and to cause the water to flow in the gutters. Frederick had flown to the assistance of his brothers. We were therefore alone; and mounting on the roof, scarcely dressed, were soon throwing over it pails of water, and our neighbours were doing the same. We prepared ourselves for the worst—threw on our clothes—the confusion increased—we could

not remain. We packed up in sheets and boxes some of our effects. With the appearance of day our fears increased. It was a spectacle as sublime as it was fearful to view the sun, clear and brilliant, rising in all its splendour over the Lombard's Bridge, and on the city side to see nothing but a single mass of flames. It was not, however, a moment for contemplation, but for action; for the worst was to come. We called for the coachman to carry away the things we had packed; but how ridiculous to think we had any longer servants at our disposal! The city, or the passengers, had become masters of the coachman, of my brother-in-law and his mother, and not a man was to be got to carry away our effects for love or money: our horses were harnessed to the fire-engines, and the greatest confusion prevailed.

Now succeeded hours which I cannot describe to you. The Jungfernstieg began to be endangered. The Alster, before our windows, was covered with barges full of burning furniture; the old Jungfernstieg heaped also with goods on fire. On the promenade even of the new Jungfernstieg, I do not speak too largely when I say there were thousands of cars full of furniture, of merchandise, and of people who were saving themselves. Two carts were burning before our house. With our own hands we helped to extinguish the flames. A woman was on fire before our eyes; fortunately I perceived it in time to save her. The horses became unmanageable, and fell down with fright almost into the Alster. A tremendous shower of ashes and of flakes of fire nearly suffocated us, and obstructed our sight. The wind blew with great violence, and the dust was frightful. The fire had now gained St. Peter's. The people thought the day of judgment was come. They wept, they screamed, they knew not what to do at the sight of so much misery. The horses, without drivers, were dragging the carts about in confusion over the esplanade. Soldiers escorted from the city the dead and the dying, and prisoners who had been plundering. At last, after the greatest efforts, we obtained carts and horses to transport our goods; but the exhausted horses, as well as men, refused to work. With bread in our hands, we ourselves fed them. Whole families fell down and fainted before our doors. Along all the walls, and out of the Danthor and other gates, nothing was to be seen but one spectacle of misery—a camp of unfortunates in bivouac, groaning, exhausted, famishing. I saw some who had become deranged; mothers with infants at breasts which

had no nourishment for them. Fauteuilles of gold and satin adorned the ramparts, and the poor exhausted firemen were reposing on them. An Englishman, Mr. Skinner, who acted as chief engineer, came into Madame —'s house, whither we had retired on Friday evening: he had eaten nothing for nearly forty hours, and devoured what we were able to give him, for provisions were beginning to be scarce, and we knew not where to procure more. He told us that if the wind should not change in a few hours, the Jungfernstieg and the Esplanade would be swallowed up by the fire, and that the whole city was in danger, for that half the people were intoxicated.

The Club-house would have been blown up if the wind had not changed. My brother-in-law would not quit his house till the last moment. We were on the Esplanade; Madame — and her sisters had gone to her country-house. Our house was nearly empty; we had ourselves stripped it of every thing that was most valuable, and carried whatever we could carry. How we had the strength to do it I know not. Our woman-servants worked like horses; but since some hours we have not been permitted to remain at the Jungfernstieg. Although, the direction of the wind having changed, the flames and the gunpowder have spared the club-house; they have revenged themselves on the poor Holzdam; the fire continuing to rage with vehemence, and the city becoming more and more in revolt. One family has been hunted in this manner from four different places. There being no longer any certainty of safety on the Esplanade, at ten o'clock in the evening we set off for the country, but the next morning early we returned to town. I believe Madame — has at least twenty-five people in her house. She says the siege of Hamburg was nothing in comparison. The right of property have ceased. After raging nearly one hundred hours, the fire stopped at the Stein Thor. Fears were entertained for St. George. I enclose a plan of the city, with the part marked which has been destroyed. The new Exchange has been saved, though surrounded by the conflagration. I cannot describe the confusion that prevails every where. All the gentlemen are patrolling like soldiers, for in no quarter is one in safety. The S—'s were, fortunately in the country. Their house in town was saved by the efforts of the firemen, but has been pillaged by the mob. Almost all the furniture was saved. I have seen Madame Swartz since these terrible occurrences; and she has related to me how touching it was to see the firemen exert their last efforts to save her house, saying, that having been built by so worthy a man that house at least should not be burned, for they knew and loved the good Senator, and hold his memory in great respect. Many of our friends' houses are destroyed—all our tradespeople burnt

out. All the old Jungfernstieg is down. Streit's hotel was blown up. Poor Mr. Streit was still in the house when it was done. He was behind a door, and has been much injured, though still living. Frederick's sister-in-law, during one of the terrible nights, gave birth to a child in our travelling-carriage, in which she had taken refuge. Many women were taken in the same way in the open fields. The dying breathed their last sigh in the streets and highways. Words cannot tell the miseries we have witnessed. At present, we only think of doing all the good we can—of saving and cherishing. Some people now think they may do what they like; they take possession of the houses that have escaped; they transport thither the goods they have saved, and establish their shops in them. In this manner our house has become the dwelling of a tailor and all his family. But that is not all; the master of an oyster-cellar, finding the situation a favourable one, has brought thither all his merchandize also. Do not think I have exaggerated the miseries I have spoken of; no pen or words can ever depict the reality."

Correspondence.

THE OBJECTS OF TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and done, lately, through the agency of Temperance Societies, it would appear that their doctrines are very grossly mistaken; and at the same time it is a task of no ordinary difficulty to frame an appeal to the public in such a manner as to induce examination, and lead to a correct understanding of the true object which Temperance Societies have in view. Difficult, however, as the task may be, some person ought to undertake it; I have therefore come forward, not that I consider myself half as well qualified as a hundred who are labouring in the cause, but it is because none other has undertaken it.

Many persons, who are not connected with our societies, think that our whole object in taking the pledge is to keep ourselves sober. It may be granted that this is the object with some, and a good and a meritorious object it is; but among the various objects which individuals have in view, in entering their names as temperance members, this influences the least number.

We all wish to secure ourselves from the spread of intemperance, and we wish to reform drunkards, and glad and happy are we when we see such avail themselves of the benefits of our rules. But our principal object is to keep the sober, the uninitiated, and the youthful, free from the temptation which the practice of the temperate drinker is continually leading him into, and to do this effectually, we find it absolutely indispensable to unite ourselves into societies, in order that we may act with system, and with that effect

which union gives to all undertakings. This is so obviously the best plan, and so infinitely preferable to acting singly, or without union, that no person has a right to object to it. They cannot justify their objections by any rule or any reason, except such as children should be ashamed of. But why, say some, do you require a pledge of total abstinence, when your proposed object is to keep people temperate. In answer to this, it may be briefly said, Because we can keep people temperate in no other way; we might keep some, some few whom the Almighty has blessed with strong minds, and constitutions so happily formed, as not to be overcome by the seductive influence of ardent spirits; but our lessons would not be available to all of those who did not possess these blessings, and when we look around ourselves, we see that very many of the worthy and good among us are deficient in those blessings, and seem so constituted, both in mind and in body, that if they use intoxicating liquors at all, they cannot keep themselves from being drunkards. This, then, is the cause of our adopting the Total Pledge, and the brightest and the most talented of our opposers cannot bring one sound argument against it.

There is too much already done to leave it in the power of any reasonable person to say aught against us, and there is too much misery still existing, arising from the use of intoxicating liquors, to justify any in withholding their aid on the plea that their aid is not wanted.

A union of all the sober and all the benevolent is wanted, and without their aid the work cannot be effected; with their aid, drunkenness, with all its baneful consequences, will be driven from the land, as the morning vapour is dissipated by the rising sun.

Every considerate temperance member is sorry when they find that little differences, or any difference of opinion as to rules or order, &c. should keep one worthy member of the community away from us. We want a union with them—we want their assistance and co-operation. Let me then implore all the benevolent—all the religious all the talented, and all the good-hearted to make a common cause with us. Let us no longer allow our blessings—the blessings of a mind and body suitable to withstand the seductive influence of intoxicating liquors—be made a stumbling block in the way of those among us who do not possess the like blessings.

20th June, 1842.

TEMPERANCE.

Lower Stewiacke, 25th April, 1842.

STR—I here send you a few lines relative to the rise and progress of Temperance in this settlement. A Society was formed in 1832 on the principles of abstaining from intoxicating liquors, which existed till 1839—but as a great number had violated the pledge, and the society was in a disordered state; it was deemed proper to form a

new one on the principles of Total Abstinence. Accordingly a few (of the staunchest friends of Temperance) assembled on the 9th January, 1839—at which time a new Society was formed as aforesaid. But having many prejudices to contend with, the society increased slowly for the first two years; and when Mr. McDonald visited us on the 15th January [42], our society only numbered 35. But through his, and the exertions of a few of the members of the Society the number has been increased to 110—thus you will perceive our Society is gaining in numbers although we have neither the influence or assistance of Minister, Deacons, or Magistrates, to assist us. At a meeting held yesterday at the Baptist Chapel, it was unanimously Resolved, that £3 should be paid towards the support of a Travelling Agent, on or before the first of January next, £1 11s. of which was paid at the time to Mr. McDonald. This Society meets quarterly. The officers for the present year are as follows:—Mr. James W. Stevens, *President*; Messrs. Matthew Gibbon, and William Sibley, *Vice-Presidents*; Mr. John Richardson, *Recording Secretary*; Mr. William Faulkner, *Corresponding Secretary*; Mr. Joseph Sibley, *Treasurer*; Messrs. Abner Polley, Asel Woodworth, Robert Wright, and Joseph Pulsifer, *Committee*.

I have the honour to be, &c.

WILLIAM FAULKNER,

Corresponding Secretary, Lower-Stewiacke T. S.

PITHY LOGIC.—If there be any man who opposes the cause of Temperance I will ask him, and I will endeavour to convince him of his error; I will bring him to a garret in a loathsome lane, and I will show him a corner where I and my wife and family used to lie on a wad of straw almost naked, without wood or fire for days; and then I will lead him to a respectable street, and on arriving at the drawing room, I will show him a well dressed female and two children fair and healthy, surrounded by all that can produce human happiness, and I will tell him these were the people who lived in the garret I showed him; teetotalism took them by the hand and brought them here; and would you advise them go back again?

CHARACTER OF A SOT.—He is like a statue placed in moist air—the lineaments of humanity are mouldered away, and there is little left of him but the rude lump of the shape of a man. He has drowned himself, as it were, in a butt of wine. He has disfigured his humanity and drank himself into a beast.

Talents give a man a superiority far more agreeable than that which proceeds from riches, birth, or employments, which are all external: Talents constitute our essence.—

Rollin.

Calinness under contradiction is demonstrative of great stupidity; or strong intellect.—*Zimmerman.*

A spark will go out of itself, if you do not blow upon it. Turn an indifferent ear to false reports, or reflections upon others, and the retailer of it will soon find he brings his wares to the wrong market.

The Visitor.

HALIFAX, N. S.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1842.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

BRITISH.

The steamship Caledonia brought intelligence to the 4th of June. Much excitement had been occasioned in the United Kingdom by an attack on her Majesty, while proceeding in her carriage through the Green Park. A madman, or villain, presented a pistol and discharged it. He was immediately secured. His name is Francis, his father held a place about one of the theatres, and himself had been out of employment, and acting incoherently, for some time previous to the occurrence which has excited so much detestation. He asserts that the pistol was not loaded. We can scarcely imagine that any sane mind in her Majesty's extended Empire would have conceived any design to injure her person. Her Majesty may be considered the most beloved and popular of British Sovereigns, and one whose acts give continual cause for the affections of the people. Congratulations on the escape were presented from all parts of the kingdom. Demonstrations of affectionate loyalty were made in every direction.

Social incendiaries were endeavouring to affect the ranks of the Irish Teetotallers. Their abominable efforts were met by counteracting energetic steps; and the people stood firm. He that is in favour of the virtuous is greater than all they who are against them. Nothing can materially hurt those who are true to themselves.

DESTRUCTION OF AN INDIAMAN.—The ship Georgia, an Indiaman, Captain Mitchell, bound to London, between 800 and 900 tons burthen, was destroyed by fire at sea on the 1st April. She was valued at £7,000, being splendidly fitted up for the accommodation of passengers. She had a rich cargo on board, consisting of jewellery, merchandise, &c., total loss, nearly £20,000. It appears that early on the morning mentioned, the 'watch' on deck, when off Madagascar, discovered a strong smell of burning about the ship. On the main hatches being taken off, the burning was found to proceed from the cargo, when orders were given to remove a portion of it so as to get at the fire. The crew, however, had not proceeded far before a volume of smoke burst upon them, which became so intense that they were forced to desist. In about two hours the flames broke through the cabin windows, and the hatch-

way over the fore-castle. The captain then directed the crew to prepare themselves to leave the ship. The sea was extremely rough, with a heavy gale of wind; and with the knowledge of their being between eight and nine hundred miles from land, every one expected to meet with a watery grave. At about 8 o'clock, the chief mate, with nine of the crew, left the vessel in the jolly-boat, and were followed by the captain and the rest of the crew in the small boat. In a quarter of an hour the ship was enveloped in one mass of flame, forming a terrible appearance. At this period a vessel was observed at a distance, and the chief mate turned to make known the intelligence to Captain Mitchell, when he was horror struck on finding that the boat had foundered, and all on board sunk. They rowed about in hopes of picking them up, but none of the poor fellows rose after. The ship *Thomas Sparks*, the vessel they saw bearing down to their assistance, came up alongside, and took the rest of the *Georgie's* crew on board, and remained near the burning ship until she went down. The ship and cargo were insured for \$25,000."

FOREIGN.

A very destructive Earthquake occurred on the 7th of May in the Island of Hayti, [or St. Domingo.] Several towns were destroyed, and, it is asserted, upwards of 10,000 human lives were lost on the occasion. The tremors of the Earthquake were felt over a great extent. Places in the U. States, several hundred miles distant from the principal scene of danger, experienced some effects from the shocks. How vast, or of what immense strength, must the subterranean agent have been! Men speak as if their habitations were on sure foundations,—as if, without doubt, they could transmit their possessions to distant generations,—as if their own earthly existence were subject to no destructive vicissitudes, while the seeds of devastation are everywhere controlled by His hand only, in whom are the issues of life and death.

Exertions were made to alleviate the sufferings of the people of Hayti,—but some subsequent human excesses had added direfully to the horrors of the convulsions of nature.

RUSSIA.—By statements in British journals, it would appear that the Emperor of Russia was engaged in endeavours for the liberation of the serfs of his Empire, and that his efforts in this cause were opposed by the "nobles," who had an interest in the thralldom of their fellow creatures.

HAMBURG.—Continental journals state that 160 bodies had been discovered among the ruins of the city. 1500 houses, it is said, were totally destroyed, and upwards of 700 others rendered unfit for habitation. The people of Great Britain had subscribed £16,000 towards mitigating the calamity. Large contributions had been made on the continent.

From India we are told that the British at Ghuznee had capitulated. Colonel Pollock had forced the Khyber Pass. General Sale had repulsed his assailants.

COLONIAL.

ORDINATION—WESLEYAN METHODISM.—*From the Observer of St. John, N. B.*—Last evening, [May 31.] three candidates for the Christian Ministry were solemnly set apart for that work in the Centenary chapel. This commodious building was literally crowded with the most profoundly attentive hearers, and the platform was filled with Wesleyan Missionaries, [with the exception of two Baptist ministers, whom we were much pleased to see associated with them at this extraordinary and gratifying service.] The Ordination service was conducted by the Chairman of the District, [Rev. Mr. Temple,] and the candidates, Messrs. McMasters, Rice, and Pickard, gave a clear, full, and pleasing account of their christian experience, their call to the work of the Ministry, and their particular views of the doctrines of the Gospel. The charge which was delivered to the young men by the Rev. Mr. Busby, was of the most appropriate and interesting description, and the concluding address to the congregation, by the Rev. Mr. Bamford, was equally impressive.

THE TIMES IN CANADA.—A Canadian paper [called the *Canada Times*] gives the following view of the season's business: "The winter having afforded little opportunity for the back-woodsmen to send in their produce, left many a respectable and industrious Farmer in distress, as also goods in our stores unsold; besides, had the farmers tried to bring their produce to market, they could scarcely sell it, unless at such a rate as scarcely to afford them to clear the wages of their labourers. Now that Spring is ushered in, and that seed-sowing occupies their attention—as well as the lowness of prices, with scarcely a purchaser, leaves our city trade of little consequence, even if the market is full; and after all, our Spring Assizes had no less than two hundred civil cases on the docket, several for libel." All this, in connection with somewhat similar accounts from other parts of the provinces, is distressing; but how much of the evil might be alleviated by colonists putting the vice of intemperance thoroughly from their dwellings. Late accounts show, that although much has been accomplished, much remains to be done in Canada, and that the consumption of ardent spirits may be still said to be fearfully prevalent. Some time since, we saw with surprise and deep regret, some Canada agricultural proceedings, in which the encouragement of distillation for the purpose of the consumption of grain, was one object. To some minds this had a hue of fearful perversity and of extreme abuse of the gifts of Providence.

What would be thought of encouraging crime and wretchedness, in order that some gain should go into the pockets of interested parties? What difference would there be between such a course, and the most open hostility against person and property, only that one might find means of action among the usages of society, and the other is stamped with denunciation by the laws? What would be thought of physicians who should encourage disease that personal advantage to themselves might result? The atrocity would cause an overwhelming flood of indignation. The only safe rule is to refrain from evil, absolutely, and not listen to the promptings of temptation.

The steamship *Medina*, one of the West India line, struck on Turk's Island on the 12th of May. The vessel was wrecked, but no lives were lost on the occasion.

The Earl of Elgin, Governor of Jamaica, and his lady, were on board the *Medina*.

A ship and brig with 425 passengers, had arrived at Charlotte Town, P. E. Island.

The Measles prevailed alarmingly at St. John, N. B.

LOCAL.

The barque *Rose*, fitted out in 1839 by S. Cunard & Co., arrived from a whaling voyage with 1500 barrels sperm oil.

The coal trade at Sydney had increased during the year by 3544 chaldrons, as compared with the amount for the same period of last year.

A Bazaar in aid of the funds of the Acadian School produced £115.

"We observe from the papers, that by the last accounts received from England, Nova Scotia and its dependencies, from being only the charge of a Vicar General, or, as it is termed in the Roman Catholic hierarchy, an Apostolic Vicar, has been constituted by the Pope a regular Bishopric, and the Rev. Dr. Fraser, hitherto only the titular Bishop of the Roman Catholics in the Province, is now elevated to the dignity of *Bishop of Halifax*, with an increase of ecclesiastical power and jurisdiction. Dr. F. is very generally respected, we believe, not only among his own people, but by all other denominations."—*Christian Messenger*.

Extracts from a letter from Rev. J. Martin, [Halifax,] to the Convener, [Missionary Board, Scotland,] dated March 5, 1842, and taken from Scot. Home and For. Mis. Rec.—It is only little more than a month since I last wrote you, and yet during that short period I have received applications from three very extensive districts for missionary services; all of them accompanied with subscription lists offering to pay 25l. 40l., 60l., or 70l. per annum for a larger or smaller proportion

of missionary services. Were an active and zealous missionary appointed, and sent out in the course of the ensuing spring, I think it would be no very difficult matter to form two additional congregations within forty miles of Halifax immediately, besides that already established at Lawrence Town and Lake Porter. * * * As you are already in possession of sufficient information to warrant the appointment of a minister for Lawrence Town, and a missionary for our Presbytery, perhaps it is improper for me to trespass upon your time by these renewed and earnest entreaties in our behalf. But I see, in the clearest light, the very painful situation in which we shall be placed; and the bitter complaints to which we shall be doomed to listen, if we receive no assistance from your committee by the very first opportunity. At this moment we cannot leave Halifax for a single sabbath, unless some of the brethren consent to preach three times on the Lord's day, and very few are willing to undertake such fatiguing duty. More than three months have elapsed since the congregation at Lawrence Town had a sermon from us; and the congregation at Meagher's Grant, although they have a church built and nearly finished, have had no sermon from any denomination since Mr. McDonald preached there in July 1841, and they can expect none from us till a missionary reach the place. Annapolis, Digby, Caledonia, and a number of other districts, must also be abandoned if such assistance is not provided.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Mr. J. Parker, from the 2d B. Church in Aylesford, was ordained as an evangelist on the 18th of May. Mr. B. Vaughan was ordained Pastor of a church at Horton on the 4th of May. Much animation in religious matters had been experienced in many congregations, in various parts of the province.

A new paper, called the *Presbyterian Banner*, issued from the Pictou press early in June. It is a large and every-way respectable looking journal, and is devoted to the views of a part of the religious body whose name it bears.

A steamer, belonging to Mr. Whitney of St. John, N. B., commenced running between St. John and Halifax, touching at several intermediate ports.

A Masonic Procession occurred on the 27th of June. From the *Morning Post* of the 28th we take the following particulars: (the account is abbreviated.)—"The celebration of the Festival of St. John the Baptist took place yesterday. The members of the several Lodges met at the Masonic Hall at 10 o'clock, and at 11 formed in order of procession to proceed to church. The procession moved through Barrington street, the band playing a slow march, to St. Paul's; then opened right and left, and the Grand Lodge pass-

ed through. The banners were arranged in church according to the different Lodges. The choir for this occasion was composed of Volunteers, embracing some of the best musical talent in the city, and the *Te Deum* was performed in masterly style. Divine service was read by the Rev. Wm. Cogswell, A.M., Curate. An Anthem prepared for the occasion followed, and a Sermon was delivered by the Rev. J. T. Twining, D. D., Grand Chaplain, from these words—"God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth. But if we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—(1st Epis. Genl. of John, iv., 5, 6, and 7.) The discourse traced the intimate connection between Christianity and Masonry, and included a brief but graphic sketch of its rise and progress, from the earliest ages. The Rev. gentleman also expressed in his usual impressive and eloquent manner the necessity of Lodges and individual members of Masonry displaying in their lives and intercourse the lofty principles inculcated by true Freemasonry. After the sermon, the choir sang the National Anthem, and the benediction was pronounced. The order of procession was resumed in the same manner as upon entering the church. The band then struck up a quick march, and the procession moved onward. After arriving at the Hall, and before the Grand Lodge separated, it was unanimously resolved that the thanks of the Masonic Fraternity be given to the Rev. Dr. Twining for his able and eloquent Sermon, and that he be requested to furnish the Grand Secretary with a copy thereof for publication.

TEMPERANCE FESTIVAL.

On June 22d the St. Mary's Total Abstinence Society held its annual festival. We quote some account of the delightful proceedings, which afforded a cheering contrast to former times, and grand promise for the future.

We copy the following brief account from the *Novascotian* of Thursday, June 23d.

Another of those anniversary celebrations, which are so well calculated to delight the moralist and patriot, took place yesterday. The Saint Mary's Total Abstinence Society, celebrated the anniversary of its formation, by divine worship, a procession, and a Pic Nic on McNab's Island.

At about 10 o'clock the Society formed near St. Mary's Chapel. The line appeared to contain about 1200 persons or upwards,—it consisted of members of the St. Mary's Society, a Juvenile Abstinence Society, and two full military bands of music; a troop of horsemen brought up the rear. The members wore medals, sashes, rosetts, and other badges, and several splendid flags and banners rose from various parts of the line. It formed a beautiful perspective in the streets of march. The line passed into the area of Government House, and the Vice President, L. O'C. Doyle, Esq. presented an address to his Excellency, to be conveyed to the foot of the Throne. The address expressed congratulations respecting her Majesty's late escape. His

Excellency received the address very graciously, at the door of his official residence, and continued there, answering the salutes of the line, until all had passed through. The route of march was along Hollis Street, Water Street, and round by Buckingham, Argyle, and Barrington Streets, &c. to the place of meeting. In Water Street, opposite the Store of Mr. Brown, Secretary of the Halifax Temperance Society, an elegant triumphal arch, of evergreens and flowers, was erected. Repeated cheers were given as the line passed this point.

A steamer conveyed the company, who intended to picnic together, to the number of about 400, to the Island. A substantial and elegant collation was served,—and athletic sports, intellectual effusions, music and dancing, occupied the hours until twilight.

On returning to town, the company marshalled on the wharf, and, preceded by the band, marched to St. Mary's and concluded their festivities by repeated cheers. Half an hour after, profound peace reigned in the streets of the City. The day was propitious, and groves and lawns, in their finest summer attire, welcomed the holiday-folk, to their calm retreats. The place of picnic was a finely situated upland. Order, comfort, and respectability marked the proceedings of this extensive society during the day: "may it live a thousand years, and its shadow never be less."

The Register gives the following Programme of the Procession, and accompanying remarks:

"To say that great spirit and enthusiasm pervaded this Body of Teetotallers—that number, order, and respectability were their distinguishing characteristics—that to-day's Procession was fully equal or superior to the one of the 24th of June last—and that those who planned it, merit the most unqualified applause—would not, perhaps, be saying sufficient to enable those who have not seen it, to form anything like an adequate idea of its greatness and munificence. Indeed, we do not know what language or what form of expression we might use, that would be at all likely to do it justice. We have not been able to ascertain the precise number in the Procession, but we might estimate it at about 1500, or more.

PROGRAMME.

Supporter, Marshall, Supporter,
Band.

Banner of the Society,—supported.
Secretary, Vice Presidents, and Treasurer.
Members in Fours.

Native Flag,—supported.
Juvenile Members in Twos.
Band.

8th Irish Brigade Colors,—Irish Society Banner.
1st Asst. V. P.; Assistant Secretary; 2d Asst. V. P.
Members in Fours.

Flag with the Pledge,—supported.
Members in Fours.

Flag with the Harp and Crown.
Four of the General Committee.
3d Asst. V. P.; 4th Asst. V. P.;

Truckman's Flag,—supported.
Horsemen in Couples.

After leaving the Church of St. Mary, the Procession proceeded past Government House, and turning the corner near the residence of the Hon. Michael Tobin, walked along Hollis street; thence up St. George's Hill, and along Granville street, turning up Phillips' Hill into Brunswick street, as far as Skerry's corner; then down Jacobs' Hill, to the corner of Argyle street, as far as the turn north of St. Paul's Church; thence through Barrington street, as far as Blowers' corner. The Procession then formed by the buildings belonging to the Chapel, where it soon after dispersed.

"The Halifax Temperance Society has, as an institution, been as successful as could; under circumstances, have been expected. The wealthy have not been united in means or purpose for its advancement, and very rarely is a man

high in office seen at the meetings, and the clergy are not all engaged in its support; yet the motto which was adopted by the Society, and is impressed on the medals, namely,—“Union is Strength,” has been verified by the sure and steady advancement which those interested in the association have happily witnessed. The meetings are regularly held on the 1st and 16th of every month, and sometimes extra meetings. Since the publication of the last number of the Visitor, there have been two public meetings and one committee meeting. The committee meetings are generally very agreeable occasions, and the number and variety of persons who compose that body, their diversity of opinion on religion, politics, and other exciting topics, does not in the least degree interrupt the harmony that prevails on the one subject which they meet to discuss.

If any associations are calculated to break down barriers erected by bigotry, and make man find in man a brother and a friend, the Temperance Societies are well adapted for the accomplishment of this hallowed work. It is said that the intercourse between nations, which of late has so much increased, and the conveniences for travelling, will effectually prevent wars from arising between civilized nations; so individual and party hostility are greatly diminished when men of all creeds and parties meet on common ground for the accomplishment of any work which the Gospel dictates and conscience approves. The kind feelings which then predominate throw all provoking obstructions into the shade, and a spirit of love and forbearance is implanted and fostered to an extent far greater than indifferent spectators would believe or imagine. Committee meetings can hardly be too frequent, and should be punctually attended.

The committee met in the Wesleyan School Rooms on Friday evening, 10th June. Mr. McNeil in the chair. The Rev. G. J. McDonald, whose term as a temperance missionary had nearly expired, the committee extended for the space of two months, (or three months if necessary,)—and that time to be spent in making a tour of the island of Cape Breton as an agent and lecturer—to which place he will proceed after visiting the settlements in the harbour between Halifax and Canso.

A public meeting took place in the Garrison Chapel on the 13th June—the President in the chair—the Rev. Dr. Twining, Rev. Mr. Elder, Rev. G. J. McDonald, Mr. J. McDonald, and the President addressed the assembly. The Band of the 64th Regt., by the kind permission of Major Brown, attended, and performed with their usual skill and effect the music adapted to the Hymns. Four names only were added on this occasion, the company being small. The Rev. Dr. Twining stated that in visiting the Hospital that day or the day previous he saw but five men there belonging to the 64th Regt.; and in the place of punishment there were not any of the 61th—and that Regt-

ment has nearly four hundred men in this Garrison, about two hundred of whom are Temperance Members.

On Thursday evening, 16th, a meeting was held in the old Baptist chapel, Beamish Murdoch, Esq. [the President] as usual occupied the chair, and the Rev. James Knowlan, who had just returned from a tour through the County of Lunenburg, gave a very interesting account of his six weeks labours in that populous county, where through his mission and the assistance of the Rev. James Cochran, Rev. Mr. Webb, and Rev. Mr. Fraser, with other friends of the cause, 207 names were added to the catalogue of members. Before the meeting closed four persons joined, and since that time ten others have taken the pledge, making in all 18 during the month.

A meeting was held last evening in the old Baptist Chapel, and the President sat in the chair. Rev. Mr. Dewolf spoke after the President had offered a few remarks, and Judge Marshall next addressed the chair. The Judge has lately made an extensive tour at his own cost, lecturing on temperance; and in many places large numbers were added to societies through his influence. He found, in all places where meetings are frequently and regularly held, the cause was thriving,—and a corresponding depression was visible whenever this most important regulation was not attended to. Judge Marshall is one of the most zealous and untiring advocates of temperance in the Province, and will doubtless receive a most gracious reception wherever he may journey as an advocate of the cause. Rev. G. McDonald, and Mr. John McDonald, and two new converts, then made each a few remarks. Four persons took the pledge, and the meeting adjourned.

2d July, 1842.

W. M. BROWN,
Secretary, H. T. S.

To the Officers of Temperance Societies throughout the Province.—The Temperance Medals, which the late Convention of Delegates appointed a Committee to procure, are now received, and are for sale, six shillings per dozen, (cash on delivery) at Messrs. Bessonnet & Brown's. The amount of profit arising from the sale of these, will be added to the fund for the extension of Temperance Missions.

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