

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

The Saturday Evening Visitor ;

A Cheap Family Paper,

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

VOL. I.

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 29, 1842.

NO. 2.

LITERATURE.

From Howitt's Visits to Remarkable Places—Second Series.

DURHAM.

There is this characteristic of most of our cathedral towns, that they have changed less in their outward aspect than others; and you would imagine that Durham had not changed at all. As we remarked of Winchester, it has grown, not in bulk, but in a gray and venerable dignity. The ancient cathedral, the ancient castle, the ancient houses, all are there. The narrow and winding streets, nobody has presumed to alter them; the up-hill and the down-hill, no one has presumed to level them. The very bridges, built by Flambard and Palsley upwards of six and seven hundred years ago, are still there. A stillness, full of the past, reigns around you; and while I write this in my inn, the solemn tones of the organ from the ancient minster-choir, on its distant hill, remind me that the daily worship of many ages is still going on there, and that the waves of stately music roll in the city no bustle and thunder of a mighty multitude obstruct them, but flow audibly, and as with a deep murmur of many long-enduring thoughts, over the whole.

Whichever way you approach Durham, you are first struck with the great central tower of the cathedral peeping over the hills that envelop the city. It looks colossal, massive, and silent. Anon you lose sight of it; but again you mark it, solemnly breasting the green heights, like some Titan watcher; and it well prepares the mind for the view of the whole great pile, which presently opens upon you. Every traveller must be sensibly impressed with the bold beauty of Durham in the first view. As he emerges from some defile in those hills which, further off, hid from him all but that one great tower, he sees before him a wide, open valley, in the centre of which a fine mount stands crowned with the ancient clustered houses of Durham; the turrets and battlements of its old and now-restored castle rising above them; and again, above all, soaring high into the air, the noble towers and pinnacles of its Norman minster. Around recede in manifold forms the higher hills, as if invited by nature to give at once beauty and retirement to the splendid seat of ancient religion. From various points of these hills, the city looks quite magnificent. The old town, with its red roofs, runs along the ridges of the lower hills, and these higher ones are thrown into knolls and dells, with their green crofts and wooded clumps and lines of trees. The whole surrounding scenery, in fact, is beautiful. My visit there was in the middle of May. The grass had a delicious freshness to the eye; the foliage of the trees was of spring's most delicate green; and the blue bells and primroses, which the hot weather in April had entirely, a month before, withered up in the South, were there in abundance all their dewy and fragrant beauty. Through all the seasons of the year, however, the environs of Durham are delightful. I have passed through it when the hay-

makers were busy in those hilly crofts; when fragrant cocks of new hay, the green turf, which became every moment visible beneath the rakes and forks of merry people, and the sun shining brightly over the old buildings of the city, and the tall trees that quivered their green leaves in many a fair slope, made me think that I had rarely witnessed a more charming scene. What adds vastly to the pleasantness of these environs, is that they are so accessible. Unlike the condition of many a beautiful neighbourhood in many a part of England, where you may peep into Paradise but may not enter, here, almost wherever the allurements of the scene draw you, you may follow. Footpaths in all imaginable directions strike across these lovely crofts. You may climb hills, descend into woody dells, follow the course of a little stream, as its bright waters and flowery banks attract you, and never find yourselves out of the way. In all directions, as lines radiating from a centre, deep old lanes stretch off from the city, along which you may wander, hidden from view of every thing but the high bosky banks and overhanging trees and interweaving sky. Other lanes, as deep and as sweetly rustic and secluded, wind away right and left, leading you to some peep of antiquated cottage, or old mill, or glance over hollow glades to far-off hills, and ever and anon bringing you out on the heights to a fresh and striking view of that clustered city, its castled turrets, and majestic cathedral.

NEWCASTLE.

DESCRIPTION OF MACHINERY.

(The approach to Newcastle and thunder of its engines are well described. The very words seem to hiss, and rattle along, and shoot fire.)

When you get into the bishopric of Durham, going northward, as I have observed in the visit to Houghton-le-Spring, you begin to see tall engine-houses, and vastly tall chimneys, breathing into the sky long black clouds of smoke. You hear groans and whistlings, and numerous unearthly sounds, around you. These engine-houses contain those great steam-engines that work the coal-mines; and those noises proceed from pulleys and gins, and railways, and other inventions and instruments for raising and conveying away the coals. As you get into the country nearer Newcastle, all these operations—these groanings, and wailings, those smokes and fires—increase upon you. Here you pass one of those tall engine-houses that you saw in the distance, with its still taller chimney hoisting into the sky its slanting column of turbid smoke. You now see from the upper part of the engine-house a huge beam, protruding itself like a giant's arm, alternately lifting itself up, and then falling again. To this beam is attached the rod and bucket of a pump which, probably at some hundred yards deep, is lifting out the water from the mine, and enabling the miners to work, where otherwise it would be all drowned in subterranean floods. O, you see a great beam suspended by

its centre, and elevated aloft on a proper support, wagging alternately its ends, up and down, up and down, with that busy and whimsical air that has obtained it the name of a whimsey; this is performing a similar operation by a different contrivance. There again, those huge engines are at work, whirling baskets down into the deep shafts for coal, or whirling the colliers themselves down to get the coal, for two or three hundred yards down a hideous gulf into the bowels of the earth, and they sent with a rapidity that to a stranger is frightful, to their labour, or pulled up after its performance to daylight as fast,—all the time these great engines of, perhaps, two-hundred-horse power groaning and coughing over their toils like condemned Titans; and the wheels and pulleys that they put in motion singing and whistling lamentably, like so many lesser spirits doomed to attend on their labours. Here you see baskets of coals emerge from the mouth of the pit, and immediately, as by self-agency, run away, empty themselves into a waggon or boat, and come back empty, and ready for a fresh exploit. There, as you advance over the plain, you see a whole train of waggons loaded with coal careering by themselves, without horse, without steam-engine, without man, except there sits one behind, who, instead of endeavouring to propel these mad waggons on their way, seems labouring hopelessly by his weight to detain them. But what is your amazement, when you come into sight of the river Tyne, to see these waggons still careering to the very brink of the water. To see a railway carried from the high bank, and supported on tall piles, horizontally above the surface of the river, and to some distance into it, as if to allow those vagabond trains of waggons to run right off, and dash themselves into the river. There they go, all mad together! Another moment, and they will shoot over the end of the lofty railway, and go headlong into the Tyne, helter-skelter! But behold! The creatures are not so mad as you imagine. They are instinct with sense! They have a principle of self-preservation, as well as of speed, in them. See! as they draw near the river—they pause! They stop! One by one they detach themselves, and as one devoted waggon runs on, like a victim given up for the salvation of the rest, to perform a wild somerset into the water below—what do we see? it is caught! A pair of gigantic arms separate themselves from the end of the railway! They catch the waggon! They hold it suspended in the air! They let it softly and gently descend, ay, softly and gently, as an angel dropping to earth on some heavenly message—and whither? Into the water? No! we see now that a ship already lies below the end of the railway. The waggon descends to it; a man, standing there, strikes a bolt—the bottom falls, and the coals which it contains are nicely deposited in the hold of the vessel! Up again soars the waggon in that pair of gigantic arms. It reaches the railway! it glides, like a black swan into its native lake, upon it, and away it goes, as of its own accord, to a distance to await its brethren, who successively perform the same exploit, and then joining it—all scamper back over the plain to the distant pit again!

‘How many knives are there in the street besides yourself?’ asked Pilgric of his friend. ‘Besides myself?’ replied the other, indignantly; ‘do you mean to insult me?’ ‘Well, then,’ said Pilgric, ‘how many do you reckon, including yourself?’

From Bontley's Magazine.

THE FUNERAL.

By the Author of “Stephen Dugard.”

The house in which I lived had formerly been one spacious mansion, but was now divided into two moderately sized tenements, and a slight wooden partition was all that separated the rooms. My next-door neighbour, in the prime of life—engaged in a lucrative business, married; but without any family, had killed himself by drinking; dug his grave not with his teeth, as your gross feeders do, but with his glasses, as your three-bottle-men, too often do. Strange infatuation!—to throw away life for the pleasure of living in a constant fever! to sit down with a rational, composed mind, for the avowed purpose of dethroning it, and showing what debased animals we are, deprived of reason! If a man could see or hear himself when he is drunk, as others who are not drunk see and hear him, he would be cured for ever.

There is something very mysterious in the power we have to look upon death as if it did not concern us—as if the epigrammatic line of the poet, that “all men think all men mortal but themselves,” were a sober serious truth. We know, certainly, that our time to die *must* come; and yet, because the time itself is uncertain, we can see those who go before us carried to the churchyard as if we were never to lie there ourselves.

A few yards of painted wainscot divided me from my neighbour, whom I had seen alive, and apparently well, but a fortnight before: now he was coffined, and I was pursuing my customary avocation with scarcely a passing thought upon the subject. It is thus the mind can shut out painful realities when they are hidden from sight. Had his coffin, and he in it, been on this side of the wainscot instead of the other, nearer to me by two or three feet, but *visibly* nearer, could I have pursued those same avocations with equal tranquility? Assuredly not. And *why not?* It is not *death*, considered merely as an extinction of life, that appals us. But a dead man!—nay, not a dead man only—a dead infant of a month old, in its span-long coffin, would diffuse by its presence an awe and solemnity, and create a stillness, and cause a gentleness of peace in moving to and fro, and compel the voice to lower its tone in speaking. Philosophy, there is something for you to explain. I understand it not.

But oh! how transient are these feelings! The undertaker has no sooner performed his last office—that of conveying the body to the grave, than a revolution begins. Windows are thrown open, furniture is put to rights, tongues are loud, steps are quick and bustling, and every thing denotes that the house of death and the house of mourning have little affinity with each other.

The night before the funeral a stage-coach stopped at the door, and two persons alighted from it in deep black, they had come from London to follow the remains of the deceased to the tomb. A few moments after they entered the house I could hear the accents of grief. The widow was bewailing her loss, and the sight of her dead husband's friends or relations (I know not which) had awakened afresh the sense of her bereavement. Then there was a sound of steps slowly treading the stairs and passage that led to the room where the body lay. They were going to take a last look of features once familiar, and still remembered. As they draw near the door their steps grow lighter and lighter, and

they enter the apartment with a footfall as soft as if they feared to disturb his rest. They speak not, or if they do, it is in a whisper. And now the coffin lid is drawn aside, and they gaze with strange emotions upon that altered countenance. What a change death has wrought. Life, what art thou, that when thou departest, the shrine thy presence made so lovely should become such an unsightly ruin?—that when the poor heart, which, as the great Haller beautifully expresses it, "is the first to live and the last to die," ceases to throb, all that wondrous machinery which its pulsation kept in motion should stand still, and forthwith dissolve.

The next morning the funeral took place. An idle crowd of curious spectators were assembled opposite the house to see it come forth; and I thought as I looked upon them, if a prophetic voice now could whisper to such of you as will return to earth before another year comes round, the startling news, how it would blanch those rosy cheeks, and dim the lustre of those sparkling eyes! One grey-headed old man, bent nearly double with age, dressed in the garb of a peasant, attracted my attention. He stood with folded arms and tottering legs, surveying wistfully the door through which the body was to be brought, and evidently meditating upon the very short space of time, be it never so long, that a like scene would take place, wherein he himself would be the principal actor. The same thought passed through my own mind. I was at my window, waiting to see one borne to the grave who, as regarded age, might have been my son, and I wondered, with a serious, but not a sad spirit, how long it might be before others would be so employed for me.

And now came the last scene. The bell began to toll, and then I heard the heavy shuffling of feet, and knew that the bearers were lifting up the coffin, and getting it along the narrow passage, and down the winding stairs; presently I saw it beneath the window, the pall flung over it, and the train moving slowly onwards to the churchyard.

In the evening of the same day I heard the mourners cheerily conversing, sometimes laughing, ay, and in the very room whither they had gone so noiselessly the evening before to look upon the dead!

"Well," I said, "there is no mockery here, at any rate,—and that is something in this world of outside show."

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Visitor.

TEMPERANCE—A CONTRAST.

Temperance hail! thy throne shall rise
And wide extend her peaceful sway,
In every land beneath the skies
O'er every Island of the sea.
Pure Majesty in truth is thine,
Exalted high thy sway we'll own,
Fly on through every age and clime,
And bow all people to thy throne.
Blessings exalted thou canst claim,
The antients knew thy sweet repose,
In health of days, and free from pain
Which modern fiery draughts disclose.

What power proud Temperance is thine,
The poor man's friend, fair virtue's boast;—
Touch not the cup though fair it shine
Its victims are a suffering host.
The pallid cheek, the bloodshot eye,
Alike proclaim life's pending doom,—
Bright hopes and prospects, lo! they fly,
With youth, a maniac to the tomb.
Names of all classes swell thy train,—
Who gives the power, by law or use
To tax thee for a Country's gain
For man's high nature to abuse.
Reason arise, assert thy throne,
No longer slumber with the dead,—
Depict the Monster, thou alone
Can shew thy ghastly senseless head.
No mitre, crown, or length of days,
Can this base foeman ere bestow,—
In pain and suffering are his ways
The world is witness to his woe.
A Father's care a Mother's love
A Son has fled; what Demon rife
Has fir'd his breast abroad to rove
And leave to care his once lov'd wife?
An outcast from his native home,
Where health and plenty were his lot,—
A bloated beggar, see him roam,
In envy, but the envied not.
O cruel practice, man refrain,
Let nobler deeds thy life adorn;
The path of honour you'll attain,
A crown without a living thorn.
Fair virtue is her own reward,
Unceasing comforts she displays;
Of Temperance fair the youth regard
She'll give both peace and length of days.
Arise, ye noble of our land!
Of every name, and every creed,—
High virtue now lifts up her hand,
And seals fair Temperance as her deed.
The contract made, loud shouts proclaim,
To man a jubilee is given,—
The master tyrant we may maim
By reason's law, the gift of Heaven.

J. W.

For the Visitor.

STEWIACKE, JANU. 21, 1841.

My dear Sir,—I arrived at Shubenacadie on Saturday, 7th inst., as it was an important stand—connecting the Counties of Hants, Halifax and Colchester. The Main Road, from Truro to Halifax, being removed from the East to the West side of the Shubenacadie River. These changes, as a matter of course, are destined (at no distant period) to make this a place of importance,—already, property in the vicinity has risen, within a short period, twenty per cent. in value. A number of applications have been made, for convenient places for the establishment of Inns; and already there are several places established—with full power to injure all persons who can be brought within their influence with Spirituous Liquors! It was thought very advisable to call a Meeting at this place, and see if any thing could

be done to promote a better state of things. We did so, and the prospects of the first, warranted us in appointing another, the following night; and, at the two Meetings, thirty-seven took the Entire Abstinence Pledge. And, although the Temperance Pledge was submitted, there was not one but became Teetotellers. A Society was formed, for the first time, in this place; and, from the character and intelligence of its Members, it bids fair to improve the state of things around. It was quite an interesting sight to see several Indians in attendance, and encouraging their white brethren and sisters to take the Pledge! I made mention of the Temperance Paper at the Meeting, and obtained eight Subscribers. From this place I proceeded to Gay's River. * * * Although there are a number of worthy persons who have not defiled their garments with intoxicating drinks; called on Samuel Moore—stated the object of my mission, and received encouragement that something might be done.

January 14.—Met, according to appointment, at the Presbyterian Meeting House—fifteen took the Pledge—appointed another Meeting in the same place on the 21st January. We expect to receive a larger accession, and to form a Society, which, I trust, will do much good in the place.

I have done what lay in my power in persuading persons to abandon the practice of rum selling, and open their establishments on temperance principles. As the day of reckoning has come, in these Sections of the County, in consequence of the current of travelling being turned in another direction, sufficient time is therefore allowed the Tavern keepers on the Main Eastern Road, to cast up their accounts. And where is there an individual of them that has made money at rum selling? Not one to my knowledge *

* * * From the past, Tavern Keepers had better learn a lesson which will guide them in their future operations. From Gay's River I proceeded to Musquodoboit—called on the Revd. John Sprott—by whom I was kindly received, and in whose manse I lodged during the most of my stay in that place. * * * The Temperance Meetings were intimated by Mr. Sprott, on Sunday, and as it was done in such a workman-like manner, and so much to the point, I will here state his method: "On Tuesday next, at 10 o'clock, there will be a Temperance Meeting.—I think it is your duty to attend, and take an active part in this great question, and acknowledge the Mission—not simply by passing votes of thanks, which seldom reach half way to where they are intended—but the most effectual way would be, by an appropriation of the *precious metals* to the purpose—this would be acknowledging in deed as well as in word." Had two Meetings in this place—one at the lower Meeting House, and another at the new and finely finished Church in the Upper Settlement, the plan and finish of which, reflects great praise on the people.

At each Meeting I took up collections for the agency, which, although small, indicated their willingness to assist in carrying forward the views of the Central Society in Halifax. On my return I will try and visit this place, and should any be disposed to contribute to this philanthropic cause, who have not done so, they will then have an opportunity. I also suggest the utility of sending Delegates to represent the Societies, at the Meeting to be holden the last

Tuesday in February; also obtained nine Subscribers for the Temperance Paper.

After attending a funeral, by the request of Mr. Sprott, at the House of Mr. David Archibald—whose wife died, leaving an afflicted family to mourn the loss of a pious partner, and an affectionate and kind mother. After the funeral I was invited to partake of the hospitalities of Mr. Samuel Archibald, whose house is always a home for the travelling stranger passing that way. In taking my leave of Musquodoboit, I cannot fail to acknowledge the obligations I am under to Mr. Sprott and family; and I think that the praiseworthy disposition which has ever marked the labours of Mr. Sprott, in his charitable feeling, and earnest desire to cultivate a spirit of "pence and good will" among his brethren who differ with him in opinion, is an example well worthy of imitation, by all who bear the Christian name. This Evening I expect to meet the Society at Lower Stewiacke, in the Baptist Meeting House, and To-morrow at Gay's River, and on Monday next at Upper Stewiacke, Monday, 26th, at Truro—by this you may see I have work laid out for many days, what the ultimate success will be, it is for time to develop. As I proceed in the work, I am the more confirmed in opinion that it is a good work; and the object of the Mission is one which commends itself to every man's conscience.

I am, dear Sir.

Yours, very truly,

GEO. J. McDONALD.

To BEAMISH MURDOCH, Esqr.

GARRISON CHAPEL MEETING.

The Halifax Temperance Society has always had some active and very useful members belonging to the Regiments in this Garrison; whose regular attendance at meetings, as Members and Committee-men, gave an example to others, which was not without its effect.

The Commanding Officers of the Regiments now stationed here, have given encouragement to the men to enroll themselves under the Banner of Temperance, and it is probable from the readiness they have already evinced to engage, that they will soon cause some of the dealers in Foreign Water residing in the vicinity of the Barracks to sound retreat.

On Tuesday afternoon a meeting was held in the Garrison Chapel, and these valued defenders of our homes were assembled to the number of 5 or 700. It was truly a gratifying sight, and the friends and leaders of the good cause of whom there were many present and among whom was B. Murdoch, Esq. who occupied the chair, Rev Dece Twining, Rev. Mr. Knowlan, Rev. Professor Crawley and Rev. Messrs. Crosscombe and Dewolf, Wesleyan Missionaries, who plainly evinced by their looks and language the high degrees of pleasure they experienced on the interesting occasion.

By Colonel Robinson's kind permission the Band of the 30th Regt. attended, and gave forth its sweet strains accompanied by the united voices of nearly all present. Before the meeting closed 108 individuals took the pledge, 103 of whom were Military men.

The Soldiers and Inhabitants have always lived happily together in this city, even when the habits of both were

much more adverso to amicable concessions than they are now. What a happy prospect opens upon us in the contemplation of the improved habits and feelings that may be expected to result from the further extension of the noble principles and practices of Temperance and other Virtues, inculcated by the Reverend and pious men, who are ever ready to support and countenance the operations which the officers of the Society engage in.

W. M. BROWN, Sec'y.

TEMPERANCE.

[SELECTED]

INTEMPERANCE, POVERTY AND CRIME.—The efforts of Father Mathew in the cause of Temperance, cannot be too highly estimated. They should not be considered merely with regard to their immediate effects, but their general influence upon society, civilization, and the improvement of man. The case may be readily illustrated. Point us out the head of a family who is an habitual drunkard, and ten to one his wife will become careless, and to some extent demoralized, while his children will grow up depressed in spirits and in prospects, deprived of that inward light so essential to guide them on the true path through life. Poverty almost invariably follows in the footsteps of intemperance, and under such circumstances she is too frequently accompanied by crime. Sir Hesketh Fleetwood, in his admirable strictures on capital punishment, has some forcible remarks on the influence of poverty in producing crime. He says he "does not wish to be understood as speaking of poverty, merely in the light of want of money; that is a very narrow view, and very confined as to what forms the real pains of poverty. Poverty is the want of means, intellectual and moral, as well as pecuniary, to feed the being who is placed on the area of the world; with mind inactive as well as body, sustenance is necessary to its existence; if the mind cannot obtain light to guide it on the onward path, the visual organs become habituated to the dark and murky gloom of almost darkness, and through their confused gleanings, no wonder if the being fall into the pits and whirlpools which beset with danger the pathway of man, even when blessed with the clear light of day; how much more, therefore, when he has not light to discern good from evil, nor an intellectual power to supply him with food when a beggar by the way side of knowledge? How strange it is that we can incarcerate the bodies of the poor because they are poor, objecting to let them be dependent on casual charity for bodily sustenance, and yet cannot be equally strict in legislating for the mind.—The poverty of the mind, if relieved, will probably be a permanent good; whereas bodily relief is at best but temporary. How vast, too, is the effect of knowledge on the creation of food; knowledge teaches industry; knowledge and industry multiply an hundred fold the product of labor; comfort and security are thus increased; idleness, and consequently crime, is diminished, for a man of information is seldom idle; and one surrounded with comforts, is rarely inclined to commit crimes against society."

This is not only true, but it is eloquent and forcible. Facts are occurring every day, calculated to confirm and sustain this doctrine. We recently cited an instance in the case of the inmates of the Penitentiary. But we have a

still more forcible one before us, as relates to Ireland and Temperance. The Tipperary Free Press of a late date, in referring to the results of the assizes for the southern division of that county, says—"No jail delivery within our memory has exhibited the same character, or an equal conclusion. The only trials of interest or consequence had reference to outrages perpetrated years ago." The calendar for the city of Kilkenny, containing a population of 30,000 souls, was a perfect blank, there not being a single case for trial. Thus, there have been assizes without prisoners, in three of the principal counties in Ireland—namely, Limerick, Waterford, and Kilkenny, and after a season of unexampled distress among the poor.

How potent therefore, in this view—how commendable and truly philanthropic, should the efforts of Father Mathew be considered! He is, indeed, one of the greatest benefactors of the age.—*Philadelphia paper.*

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.—On examining the statistics of intemperance, it is amazing how closely this vice is connected with all the crime, political discontent, poverty, disease, and misfortune of the land, how extensive are its ramifications, and how vast its evils. So numerous are the drinking usages that it is almost impossible for a great portion of our fellow-men to escape contamination. Any scheme, therefore, which can be devised to put a stop to intemperance, to do away with one of the greatest promoters of national, social, and individual mischief, and render us, by the Divine blessing, a moral and flourishing people, surely ought to be hailed with delight, and promoted with zeal. Such a remedy for Intemperance the Temperance or Total Abstinence Societies have prepared, and wherever tried it has proved effective. Even were space allowed us, to adduce laboured proof of the soundness and expediency of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks as the only safe remedy for intemperance, I should deem it quite unnecessary, for whilst all objectors must admit that the inculcation of moderation has signally failed as a means of prevention, total abstinence has proved triumphantly successful; and, in place of argument, I would point to its results, in the thousands of reclaimed drunkards; the comfort, peace, prosperity, and domestic and public order which have obtained in almost every circle and community where it has been adopted, and the revival of religion that has taken place, to prove it worthy of universal adoption.—*London Sun.*

A LIBEL CASE.—A libel case was tried some months ago in Albany, State of New York, which appears to have excited unusual interest.

Sometime in the year 1835, an article appeared in several of the American prints, endorsed by a Mr. Delevan, alleging that certain brewers in Albany supplied their malting establishment "with water for malting from stagnant pools, gutters and ditches, often in such a state as to be green on the surface; that such water was collected, for several seasons to his knowledge."

It is necessary here to remark that in New York and other parts of the Union Albany ale is considered of a superior quality to other malt drinks. Also that Mr. Delevan, from his opulence, mental accomplishments, and known philanthropy, occupies an elevated position in society.

Eight prosecutions for libel were immediately instituted against Mr. Delevan, with damages laid at \$500,000. In

one action the damages were set at \$74,000: a patient investigation of 5 days, examining sixty witnesses (forty of whom were introduced to disprove the truth of the libel,) with the benefit of some half-dozen eminent Lawyers, the case was decided in favor of Mr. Delavan, the Defendant, by the Judge awarding him six pence damages, throwing the costs upon the plaintiffs.

There seems but one conclusion which every unprejudiced mind can arrive at, viz: that among all the various liquids which have yet been manufactured, there is none so pure, healthful, and invigorating as the unadulterated crystal streams, which flow from nature's inexhaustible fountains.

POLICY OF TEMPERANCE.—An action was brought on Thursday in the Court of Queen's Bench on a policy of insurance for £2000 effected in the Asylum Assurance Company of London on the life of the Hon. G. H. Talbot, brother of the Earl of Shrovsbury, payment of which was resisted on the plea that at the time of effecting the policy Mr. Talbot was addicted to excessive drinking. Much evidence as to his habits having been given, and the fact that the office had charged 26s. per cent. above their usual rates on account of his irregular mode of living having been stated,—Lord Denman summed up, and the jury found for the defendants.

EFFECTS OF INTemperance.—An unfortunate woman was found dead on Saturday last, in a yard behind one of the uninhabited houses, near the ruins of the Masonic Hall in St. Paul street. It is supposed that she perished in a state of intoxication, as a bottle was discovered at her side, and that having become stupified from the effects of the liquor she had been drinking, and being unable to assist herself, that she was frozen to death in that condition. A Coroner's inquest was held upon the body, and the verdict rendered was, that she perished from "intoxication and exposure to the inclemency of the weather;" thus adding another to the list of the many wretched beings, who have already fallen victims to the ravages of that root of all evils, the degrading sin of intemperance.—*Montreal pup.*, Jan. 15

Society Improving.—This croaking has little significance to one who believes in the divinely ordained Regenerator of the world, and who compares, in the light of history, the present with past times. On these authorities, I maintain, that society can be improved. I might refer to the change produced among ourselves within a few years, by the exertions of good men for the suppression of intemperance, the very vice which seemed the most inveterate, and which, more than all others, spreads poverty and crime. But this moral revolution in our country sinks into nothing, when compared with the amazing and almost incredible work now in progress on the other side of the ocean. In the short space of two or three years, this vice of all ages has almost been rooted out. In a moral point of view, the Ireland of the past is vanished. A new Ireland has started into life. Millions of her population have taken the pledge of total abstinence, and instances of violating the pledge, are very, very rare. The great national anniversaries are now given to innocent pleasures. The excise on ardent spirits has now been diminished nearly half a million sterling. History records no revolution like this. It is the grand event of the present day. Father Mathew, the leader in this revolution, ranks far above the heroes and statesmen of

the times. We smile at the old legends of the early times; but here is something greater, and it is true. However we may question the claims of departed saints, she has a living saint, she has a living minister, if he may be judged from one work, who deserves to be canonized, and whose name should be placed in the calendar not far below Apostles. And is this an age in which to be sceptical as to radical changes in society, as to the recovery of the mass of men from ignorance and vice?—*Dr. Channing.*

Caught at Last.—There has been, for three or four weeks, a sot at the Catherine Market Sunday Temperance Meetings, who has kept up the negative of the Temperance argument, and has turned more good temperance preaching into ridicule than the whole host of his confederates, combined, could do without his assistance. In nose he was a very Bardolph—in humor a very Falstaff; and the most strenuous exertion of the lecturer could not always control his muscles going off in a guffaw, at the approach of this grotesque modern type of Silenus.

Well, this chap has been bagged. John Hawkins, who flies over the country, a host in himself, in the cause of temperance, has "surrounded" this apostle of Bacchus, and got his parole as a temperance prisoner. He gave in at the last meeting to John Hawkins, having thus apparently reserved his surrender till he could make it to a tall Sachem in the Temperance Tribe. Now will his logic be turned the other way—his wit and his gibes will be given to the aid of the cause he has so long opposed; and we doubt not he will prove one of the most successful preachers of temperance of the whole army. Thus, do the Washingtonians use their captured converts to make new ones.—*New-York Tattler.*

"What's that horse out of," said a fellow, with a view to quiz a farmer's boy, who was riding an old horse, which showed less blood than bones.

"Out of?"

"Yes, what's he out of—do you know?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, what?"

"Out of oats?"

THE VISITOR.

HALIFAX, N. S.

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 29, 1842.

THE VISITOR.

TERMS.—The Publisher of the Visitor, having taken the advice of friends of the publication, has resolved to alter the terms of the paper, so as to ensure a wider circulation for it, and thus extend the principles on which it is based, as broadly as circumstances will admit. In doing this he trusts to a very general patronage to save him from loss, as the profits will be extremely low. It should be recollected, that The Visitor, although small in size, contains much more of what is called reading matter, than the other cheap papers of the Province, and does not devote more than a very limited space, even to select advertisements.

The Terms of the Visitor are, 3s. 9d. a year to Town Subscribers, 5s. including postage, in the Country,—and One Penny the single number.

Since the publication of the first number of the *Visitor*, a week has elapsed without a number,—this was occasioned partly by the illness of persons engaged in the Printing Department, and partly from a wish to ascertain what was the best path to pursue for the future. The publication, for the future, we trust, will be punctual, at the appointed time, those on whom the whole matter depends, the Public, perform their part, by taking and paying for the paper to the extent which will enable it to make steady progress.

The Legislative Session occupies much of the time of persons engaged on the production of the *Visitor*.—this, we hope, will be some excuse for any appearance of meagreness in some of its departments may have during the ensuing year or seven weeks. In the spring months, we trust that a considerable increase of interest will be given; meanwhile we hope for kind consideration, and some friendly assistance in making the winter numbers useful and entertaining.

EXTRACTS.—Beside some striking Temperance matter in today's number, will be found interesting extracts under the heads of Natural History and Literature. Education will receive due attention when a more opportune time arrives. We hope to be able to supply our page of Natural History, with interesting articles, uninterruptedly. Young people are interested and delighted by such enquiries. The man who remains in ignorance of the tribes by which he is surrounded, and without a taste for investigating their habits, may be considered as deprived of one sense, and as much less dignified and happy than his wiser neighbours. All the elements are full of proofs of the wisdom and glory of the great Creator, and afford delightful fields of inquiry into his most intelligent creature,—to him who, made a little wiser than the angels, has a soul of most mysterious powers and perceptions.—How melancholy to consider that this young man, sometimes becomes degraded below the lowest animals. To assist in raising from the vice which is notorious in such degradation, is one object of this Journal,—another to encourage those who have banded together in the cause of virtue, and who have, in effect, pledged themselves that they will not take the rest of indolence, while any of their brethren are in suffering and danger which may be averted. A couple of delightful scraps from a new work by W. G. W. will, appear in preceding columns. This author has the charm of a painter's pencil in his pen—he draws and colours by words, and brings scenes more vividly before the reader's eye, than they would be to many if they had themselves traversed the ground an hundred times. The *Fugal* is a graphic sketch also. It shows how forcibly an incident may be given to the imagination by an artful setting of a number of seemingly common place points which is full of the seeds of interest, but they require the hand of genius to make them spring up into leaves and flowers.

FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE should not imagine that their cause is done because opposition is silent, and their numbers are scarce. The field for their exertions is still of awful extent. The amount of time and money and health expended in the vice of Intemperance, all over the "Christian World" might be called appalling, only that the motto of Temperance is, Hope and Perseverance, and that most glorious principle already exist, of the triumphs of Charity. While

endeavouring to stem the cause of vice and poverty and suffering, persons should be on their guard, as well against setting too light by their progress, as against thinking it of too much consequence. One man saved from vicious courses would be a result well worthy the continued exertions of a society. Each one made a disciple of Temperance, becomes, to some extent, an apostle also, and may be the means of more good, in his progress through life, than could be anticipated, when, as an humble individual, he pledged himself to the cause, and placed the mark of self-protection and of philanthropy on his breast. Every good cause wants its enthusiasts and its heroes,—none, perhaps ever made many advances without such assistance;—and scarcely any cause is more worthy of the ennobling and inspiring sentiments, than that more particularly under consideration. It is the eradicator of a host of crimes, the basis of almost every virtue.

A Temperance Meeting will be held in the old Baptist Chapel on Tuesday evening at seven o'clock.

Mr. Murdoch, the President of the Halifax Temperance Society, accompanied by the Revd. Jas. Knowlan, Temperance Missionary, and W. Silver, Esq., junior, waited on His Excellency Lord Viscount Falkland, (as a Committee for the Temperance Mission,) in order to request His Excellency's patronage for the Missions, on Wednesday, 26th inst. His Excellency very courteously gave permission to use his name as Patron of this benevolent enterprise; of which he expressed his approbation, and also gave the Committee a donation of £2 10s. in aid of their funds.—*Com.*

TOTAL LOSS.—The *Pictou Mechanic and Farmer* furnishes statistics of the strong drink imported into that district, under the title "thirty four thousand pounds totally lost," and states that liquors to an amount above that sum, were entered at Pictou during the years 1840 and 1841. It would be well, indeed, if the sum of £30,000 was the only loss, by the importation;—but who will make such an assertion, and who could estimate the other losses likely to result from such a consumption of so dangerous an article?

The Committee of the Halifax Temperance Society recommend to the Societies and the friends of the cause generally, the *Weekly Visitor*, published by Mr. Nugent at the Novascotian office, the first number of which is this day issued.

This paper will be under the superintendance of a Member of the Committee, and assurance can be given that such discussions as have made the United States Temperance papers at times objectionable will be carefully avoided. The whole space being devoted to Temperance and Moral matter, and no advertisements admitted, except such as are connected with its objects, a large circulation will be required to remunerate the proprietor.

The Committee hail with pleasure this valuable aid to Virtue and Morals generally, and to their advancing cause—and they earnestly solicit the patronage and support of the numerous friends throughout the Province. By order,

W. M. Brown, Secy., H. T. S.

15th January, 1842.

NATURAL HISTORY.

From a Treatise by J. C. Delamy.
FALCONS.

The society of the hawks, by every lover of this ancient sport, has always been regarded with peculiar interest; nor is this to be wondered at, when once the noble nature of those birds has been experienced. Our ancestors took great pride in having them placed, especially on "high times," or days of festivity, upon their blocks on the smooth sward in front of their halls, or on each side of their door, that they might be seen by their guests, or admired through the windows. This was a true old English fashion, and must have had a beautiful appearance placed in front of some of their stately buildings. Living at hock, their society is still more amusing: their lively appearance soaring around the house, perching about the doors or windows, following their master over his grounds, now skimming over his head, now alighting upon his fist, &c. render them extremely pleasing. It has already been observed, that in former times, they were often made the travelling companions of both ladies and gentlemen, and as such they became both faithful and affectionate ones. The following notice of a peregrine falcon, favoured me by a neighbouring gentleman, of the highest credibility affords a very decisive proof of the attachment of the hawk to its master:—The bird was permitted to fly at large and range wherever it pleased. The summer being warm, and the sitting room in consequence frequently open, it entered at all times of the day, and was a constant guest at the dinner-table, apparently more for the sake of society than of gratifying its appetite, for, hungry or not, it attended. It evinced great attachment, liked to be taken notice of, and if neglected would get upon his master's shoulder and pinch him gently by the ear. The bird was perfectly harmless, though at times a little merrily waggish. A flock of seventeen turkeys frequented a pasture close by the house, under the guidance of a huge turkey-cook, who had long been the bully of the poultry yard. The hawk circling above the plump of birds would stoop with amazing velocity, and strike within a hair's breadth of the crimson head of their leader; a general panic ensued, the word was given *sauve qui peut*, and the whole array, the old patriarch amongst the first, would fly in disorder to a thick hedge for shelter, with more than usual noise and gabble. Birds smaller than itself it never molested, but hesitated not to play off its pranks upon the largest that came in its way. A brood hen was the only individual of the feathered tribe that ever offered to resent its waggery. It, however, never attempted to injure the young.

THE MISSOURIAN.—Mr. Albert Koch, an American geologist, who has devoted twelve years of his life and an enormous sacrifice of fortune to the exploration of such portions of the prairie lands on the Missouri as Indian tradition seemed to hint at as the sites of fossil remains, discovered in the level ground, called by the French (from the potato-looking root that is peculiar to the place) the prairie of *Pomme de terre*, on the banks of the Eastern Osage river, near a stream which the Indians call the Big-bone river, a huge fossil nondescript, which he caused to be dragged from the wilderness into the cities of America, has brought to England, and is about to exhibit to the public at the Egyptian Hall.

This monster of the antediluvian world is not merely nondescript, but almost indescribable. Its height is fifteen feet, its length thirty-two feet, the vertebra form a complete arch, and the rib bones are so slight as to prove that the enormous barrel which the body must have formed has been filled with "a heavy lightness." The caudal vertebra resemble those of the beaver, so that this creature appears to have had an apparatus applicable to the directing his course in water, and in lightness of body resembles a boat; another watery qualification is his webbed feet, and requisites for swimming. The osaculis of the hind-foot projects, and it appears from this, and the joints of the hind leg, that it was in the habit of rearing itself on its hind legs. The fore arms (for so they are) are formed to strike, and the processes

of the elbow-joint would give the power and character of the feline race; and strange enough, the webbed toes terminate in claws which appear to have been retractile. But all these extraordinary characteristics are commonplace as compared with the head. It is not large in proportion to the creature itself, but it is long and thick, and attached to a long neck. Its skull is thick, and the cellular receptacles of the brain are absolutely monstrous; its lower jaw is armed with teeth, and its tusks are some twenty-two feet in the curve. These and other fossil bones, collected by Mr. Koch, were mixed up with arrow heads and other proofs of human existence! What was this old world of America?

THE WHALE.—The whale is undoubtedly a mammalian animal, and so is the dolphin, the porpoise, the cachalot, &c. They have teats or mammary glands to suckle their young, (hence mammalia.) Every animal is adapted to its habitation. The seal is a quadruped, and is adapted to its marine habitation. The bat is a biped of the same class and order as mankind; even the two nipples on the breast has not been forgotten by nature's type; its wings are mere membranes connecting the upper with the lower extremities.

The whale is of the same class as the various tribes of quadrupeds; though the extremities in the whale tribe are very indistinct, yet they may be found in the skeleton.

There are other points which will enable us to distinguish between the whale and the fish tribe, namely,—the whale tribe are possessed of a heart with two auricles and two ventricles—having warm blood—having lungs with external spiracles to respire air; whereas the fish tribe have a heart with only one auricle and one ventricle—having cold blood—and gills instead of lungs. Fish will live under the surface of the water any length of time, but the whale tribe must be continually rising up to the surface to breathe air.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

SAGACITY IN A DOG.—About eight months ago a gentleman belonging to this city embarked at Port Philip, Australia, for Scotland. In the bustle and confusion of preparing for so long a voyage, a favourite dog disappeared about a couple of days before the vessel in which he returned left Port Philip; and, as all the enquiry he was able to make turned out to be fruitless, he was under the necessity of leaving his four-footed friend behind him. He arrived in Edinburgh about two months ago, and, wonderful to tell, within the last three weeks was surprised by a visit from the animal he had left in Port Philip about eight months before. Upon inquiry it turns out that the dog had got aboard of a ship on the eve of sailing for London; that once aboard, he resolutely refused to be put ashore; and, in dint of sheer resolution, obtained a passage. On his arrival in London, it is ascertained that he visited the lodgings formerly occupied by his master, and failing in discovering the object of his search, immediately disappeared, and was not again heard of till his arrival in Edinburgh. This perhaps the most extraordinary example on record. In going aboard of an English ship many thousand miles from home—his refusal to quit it—his visit to the former lodgings of his master on his arrival in London—and the journey from London to Edinburgh—rank the subject of this notice as one of the most wonderful animals of his species. The gentleman to whom he belongs is well known in Edinburgh, and is the son of a gentleman who, within the twenty years, has filled various offices of civic dignity.—*Brotman.*

The same littleness of soul that makes a man despise inferiors, and trample on them, makes him abjectly obsequious to superiors.

THE SATURDAY EVENING VISITOR

Is printed and published by RICHARD NIXON, at his office, West Front of the Province Building, Halifax.
Terms—3s. 9d. per annum, in advance, or 1d. per copy. When sent by Mail 3s., in all cases to be paid in advance.