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# THE TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

AND

AUSTRALASIAN



COMMERCIAL &

AGRICULTURAL

INTELLIGENCER.

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1841.

VOL. II.—NO. 1.

"Let Temperance be thy companion, so shall health  
sit on thy brow."

## OUR FIRST.

We have the honour to appear before our Readers this morning, in a new, and we trust, in an improved form. In the present shape, it is said, a gentleman may hold the paper in one hand and his breakfast cup in the other; his lady can more conveniently constitute the *Advocate* a companion to the work table; and the servants in the hall are more likely to scan its pages. Some of our Subscribers have declared it to be an intolerable bore to cut the leaves; they are now accommodated in this respect, the pages lie open to them. To please every body is impossible, but to meet the wishes of the majority is our aim: if a few objectors to our present form exist, we must beg them to be so courteous to us, and to the majority, as to patronise us under our present appearance; for we are the same old friend, although with a new dress.

It will be our object to appropriate the fourth page to advertisements; and more especially to those which are useful in a family—such as the advertisements of Servants and of Situations, thus placing the paper among that useful class of modern ameliorators—the domestic press.

Concerning our future course we need not expatiate, the past, we trust, is a good earnest of the future; and upon the last volume, and the good motives of which we are conscious, must we take our stand.

Several Subscribers have stipulated for an earlier delivery in Sydney; and we hope that, as our publisher has promised to meet their views, the due arrival of the present number at the breakfast-hour redeems the pledge.

Our readers have already noticed the vignette in the Title, and have doubtless recognized the welcome light which guided them after a tedious voyage, into the safe anchorage of Port Jackson. It is an apt emblem of the Temperance Society, and we think also of the organ of that Society, the *Temperance Advocate*. The Society has diffused light upon a turbulent waste of billows on which many a barque has tossed restlessly for days and months, and it has invited the worn-out mariner to a port of safety and peace. Light has been the means, Love has been the motive; good toward the miserable has been the object, and happiness the result. Consistent with the principles and agencies of the Society, the *Advocate* desires to cast a cheerful beam upon the dark night of intemperance, and piercing the gloom, to warn many a roaming skiff to avoid the fatal rock, and to lead it into a pleasant harbour. The destruction of the South Head light would be a national loss; the dissolution of the Society, or the abandonment of the *Advocate*, would be a real calamity. To uphold the friendly beacon, as the duty of every patriot and philanthropist; we therefore recommend the Society and our periodical to the generous support of a discerning public.

## DONATIONS.

Mr. George Wilkie	£1 0
C. H. Chambers, Esq.	1 0
Mr. W. R. Richardson	0 5
Mr. H. Thomas	1 0
C. J. Campbell, Esq.	1 0
J. Norton, Esq.	5 5
W. Bradley, J. P.	1 0
G. J. Garrard, Esq.	1 0
W. Carr, Esq.	1 0

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Temperance Advocate*.

SIR,—Permit me, through the medium of your useful publication, to offer a few remarks on a subject in which I trust a few, at least, of your readers may feel an interest. I allude to the state of the Aborigines of this vast continent, who, in equity, have doubtless a peculiar claim on our christian care—for "all men are brethren."

It is a painful reflection, that during the half century we have occupied their father-land, scarcely anything has been accomplished, and comparatively, but little attempted, towards bettering the condition and civilizing this benighted race. Nay, if we but examine into their present state, whether moral or civil, we shall certainly find them in a much worse condition than when we, a christian people, first came amongst them; for they have eagerly copied and adopted the worst of our vices, but more particularly that of intemperance. In defiance of an act of Council to the contrary, the blacks are constantly supplied with intoxicating drink: almost daily proof of this may be seen in Maidland, as well as most other townships in the colony.

It is also an undeniable fact that in most of the older settlements the aborigines (or rather the respective tribes of such districts) have been nearly extirpated! How, and by what means? by the murderous musket of the white man! as well as by the introduction of him of a disease which has extinguished hundreds of those who else had lived to "increase and multiply."

In the name of Heaven, of Justice, and Humanity, I ask, Mr. Editor, what can be done by way of atonement for the wrongs these people have suffered at the hands of our kind—for, surely, we have not only neglected to do them good, but have possessed ourselves of their soil, without yet conferring on them an ample and fair equivalent.

I am not, Mr. Editor, prepared to recommend any plan in particular, for bettering the condition and civilizing the Aborigines of New South Wales. Indeed I regret that the advocacy of their cause has not fallen into abler hands; I beg, however, to suggest the propriety of forming a society for the purpose of enquiring into "the present condition of the Aborigines of New South Wales," and of what may be done towards "advancing them in the scale of civilization." Such a society would, doubtless, be productive of much good, and would meet with that countenance and support from all parties that it would deserve.

A VOICE FROM THE BUSH.

Sunday, Sept. 28, 1841.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

**TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.**—This society still continues to increase in numbers, and to advance in public opinion. The apathy of the colonists generally, in reference to moral subjects, is well known, and by those who are desirous to benefit their fellow-men, deeply deplored. We think that is an evidence of the truth of the principle of this society—that frowned upon by many who occupy influential stations in the community, and neglected by others, they have been able to keep up the interest which they at first excited by the strange nature of the truths which were made known. 159 signatures have been obtained during the past month.—Several robberies have been committed lately in Sydney; Mr. Steward, surgeon, lodging at a house occupied by Mrs. Biggs, had placed in his trunk five £10 notes. Suspicion fell upon one of the servants. Inspector Price found that two £5 notes had been changed by him at Gill's public-house, corner of Brougham-place.—Sydney Court of Quarter Sessions commenced its sittings on Monday last.—Intelligence has been received in Sydney, that since the arrival of the 50th Regiment in India, twenty-six rank and file had fallen victims to disease. We do not wonder at this, they are allowed spirit rations here, their constitutions are undermined by drinking in this colony, and, of course, when they come in contact with epidemic disease, it is almost useless to try any remedy; they die like rotten sheep.—A meeting of shareholders of the Australian College will be held next Tuesday.—Money is still scarce and in great demand; and yet, not less than £500 per week have been paid for admission to the Theatre, for the last eight or nine weeks.—Mr. John Marsh, builder, was fined in the sum of £5 and costs, by the Sydney Bench, for paying his workmen and labourers on Saturday night in a public house. It would be well if all who pay their workmen in a public house were treated in

a similar manner. There are few practices more directly tending to encourage drinking habits among working men than that of paying wages in a public house; it enables the worst drunkard to run up a score; it accustoms the men to visit those dangerous and very frequently destructive places.—The magistrates have granted night licenses to a very great extent; to some houses near the Theatre, they have given licenses to keep open till ten o'clock, except on Theatre nights, when they may keep open till twelve, for the accommodation of the public.—The Colonial Secretary stated at the meeting of Council on Tuesday, that upon the Mutual Fire Association Bill passing into a law, insurances would be effected with the Company to the amount of £200,000. We hope those who have insured will be wiser than the Dutchman at the Cape. The premium not being paid in time, the policy had expired. A few days after, his place was burned to the ground; he saddled his horse, and rode into Swelleendam, he applied at the office for a renewal of the policy, which was readily granted. Being anxious to exhibit his superior wisdom, he triumphantly exclaimed, "Now, what fools you are, the place was burnt to the ground last night."—The number of committals for drunkenness have greatly diminished lately, most of the Sydney papers have mentioned this as an evidence that drunkenness is on the decrease, and they say, "If it is not so, how is this falling off explained?" This is easily done. A short time before Captain Innes was superseded by Mr. Miles, he stated in his private room, that constables were not to apprehend persons who were intoxicated, unless they were creating a disturbance. When Mr. Miles arrived, he issued an order, that constables were to see drunken persons to their houses. Formerly, the Police used to apprehend any persons who were the least in liquor. Now, they will stand talking to women in a state of intoxication, they do all they can not to observe a drunken man or woman, they do not want the trouble of seeing them home. We were highly amused, a few days ago, to see two of the Police, with their staves, standing laughing at the antics of a drunken woman. She had fallen into the gutter, her clothes were covered with mud, and she was diverting a considerable number of persons by her attitudes and language. This happened about half-past nine on Saturday morning.

**MELANCHOLY EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.**—An inquest was held on Friday, the 1st October, on the body of George Woodford, residing in Brougham-Place. The deceased was seen on Wednesday night, about ten o'clock, standing at the door of the house where he lodged; a short time afterwards he went into his room. About half-past five o'clock on Thursday afternoon a person called to see him: the master of the house tried to open the door, but found it locked; he went round to the window, and looked into the room, when he saw him lying on the bed covered with blood. Information was given at the station-house; and upon the police forcing open the door, he was found with his throat cut, and a razor lying on his chest by the side of the bed. There was also a piece of chalk, with which he had written the word "Innocence!" He was addicted to habits of intemperance: on Wednesday he talked in a very incoherent manner. The jury returned a verdict—"That the deceased had committed suicide while suffering from delirium tremens, occasioned by intemperance."—Deceased, who has been many years in the colony, was a superior workman, and has been long distinguished for his intemperate habits. He was in the prime of life.

**BATHURST ASSIZES.**—These assizes were held before the Chief Justice. John Wright was found guilty of murder.—John Mahon was sentenced to ten years transportation, for stealing a horse, which he sold to a publican.—William Chambers was sentenced to transportation for life, for uttering a forged check for £8. He had treated a number of people, their score was more than £5.—William Macready was charged, with stealing a horse, value £50. He had been at the Bathurst races, and ran up a score at the public house; his landlady, Mrs. Barnes, bought the horse from him, and gave him in payment a long bill, £3. 2s. 6d. and a bottle of rum to drink on the road, with which he was perfectly satisfied. The Chief Justice said, Mrs. Barnes had evidently made the prisoner intoxicated, in order that she might buy the horse and induce the prisoner to spend the money. Verdict, Not Guilty.

**SCARLATINA.**—We are sorry to learn that this epidemic has been raging with unusual virulence in Parramatta and its vicinity, during the last week.

**COUNTRY SLY Grog SELLING.**—Notwithstanding the many lessons which have been administered to the small settlers, who carry on sly grog selling, by the police courts, as well as by crimes, which their practices give rise to, we have to call the attention of the Parramatta police to the line of sly grog shops extending from the town to Pennant Hills, and at the same time we trust they will not lose sight of similar establishments on the Windsor and Kissing Point roads.—*Herald*.

## A MOURNFUL FACT.

In a sea-port town in the west of England, lived a young lady, whose father was a clergyman, and gave her a very respectable education. She married a person who held a confidential situation in a public office, and at that time, and for a few years after their marriage, they were as nice and smart a young couple as any in the town. I knew them well, but as my family left the place for a few years, I seemed to lose sight of them, except hearing occasionally, that Mr. and Mrs. — did not appear so respectable as usual, owing, it was feared, to their own sad imprudence and intemperance.

Some time after my return to my native town, I was walking on the quay, when I saw a wretched-looking female, scarcely clothed, and of a most profligate and filthy appearance; she was gathering sticks, or any small pieces of coal she could find, to take home, and seemed in complete destitution. I thought I had seen the features before, yet could scarcely believe it, until upon inquiry I found that this wretched creature was indeed the once prosperous Mrs. —! Her husband has since died in a miserable condition, her children are now working for their bread, and Mrs. — is receiving parish relief! What a melancholy picture is this, (which I have stated without any exaggeration) of the sad effects of intemperance even in this world! No people ever began the world with brighter prospects, than did this young couple; and had they carefully avoided the first steps in sin, they might have continued respectable and happy. "Let him," then, "that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." Let all "watch and pray," and let this short and painful history act as an additional warning against that most degrading vice, which brings "poverty" and "woe" in this world; (see Proverbs xxiii. 21; Isaiah v. 22; and Isaiah xxviii. 1 to 3,) and sure as "the word of God endureth for ever," will effectually shut out, its miserable victims from the kingdom of heaven. See 1st Cor. vi. 10. and Galatians v. 21.

**CAUSES OF POVERTY.**—It has often been said, that in England the poorest man may, by care and industry, rise to a condition of independence and respectability. Some men, however, have not the same opportunities of bettering their condition as others have; but if a man is really sober, industrious, and considerate, he may, in general, make a good provision for himself and his family, even though he may not be in a way of rising above his condition, as many diligent and clever men do. But there are some persons who seem to delight in dirt, and rags, and poverty; they will not try to better themselves, or to enjoy the comforts which they might have if they would. Some workmen, such as tailors, shoemakers, and others, in London, are generally at ale-houses and gin-shops at the beginning of the week, earning nothing, and spending a great deal. You may see numbers of these reeling about the streets on a Monday; and then, if there is the least change for the worse in trade, they are full of complaints, and they find fault with their masters, or the government, or anybody but those who are really to blame, namely, themselves. They have not a penny in their pockets against bad times; whilst those who have kept to their work and taken care of their money, have become men of property. And the poverty of the foolish spendthrifts is not the worst part of the business; they are degraded in mind, as well as miserable in circumstances, generally without any religious principle, or any moral feeling. There is a set, too, of ragged, wretched people about the streets, who look pale, and sickly, and half-starved, a sort of beggared-looking race, who seem to have no home and no employment: Many of them are women, and some of them hardly above the age of children. It is the habit of drinking which has reduced them to this miserable state. They can hardly afford to buy themselves a bit of meat; but they can find money to support a gin-palace in the neighbourhood, and they are constantly about its doors.

LADIES' CORNER.

THE BLUE BELL.

Sweet flower, bright as Indian sky,  
Yet mild as beauty's soft blue eye,  
Thy charms, tho' unassuming, shed  
A modest splendour o'er the mead.

I will not seek the pamper'd bower  
To cull my fair a gaudier flower;  
Methinks that love may sooner dwell  
Within this pretty azure bell.

ON A WATCH.

Could but our tempers move like this machine,  
Not urg'd by passion, nor delayed by spleen;  
And true to nature's regulating pow'r,  
By virtuous acts distinguished every hour;  
Then health and joy would follow, as they ought,  
The laws of motion and the laws of thought;  
Sweet health to pass the present moments o'er,  
And joy for age, when time shall be no more.

**BULWER'S LAST.—VERY AFFECTING.**—A sentimental youth having seen a young damsel shedding tears over something in her lap, took the first opportunity to be introduced to her; and made no doubt that she was a congenial spirit. "What work was it that affected you so much the other morning? I saw you shed a great many tears. Was it Bulwer's last?"—"I don't know what Bulwer's last is," returned she, "but I assure you I was doing a job which always almost kills me. I was peeling onions."

**INGRATITUDE.**—When Duchesnois, the celebrated French actress died, a person met an old man who was one of her most intimate friends. He was pale, confused, awe-stricken. Every one was trying to console him; but in vain:—"Her loss," he exclaimed, "does not affect me so much as her horrible ingratitude. Would you believe it, she died without leaving me anything in her will—I, who have dined with her, at her own house, three times a week for thirty years!"

**DEATH OF A FORTUNE-TELLER.**—A woman, well known in the north, Isabella Hay, commonly called "Miss Hay, the fortune-teller," died lately in our prison, to which she had been committed for reset of theft. Miss Hay was supposed to possess supernatural powers, and was sent for even as far as Sutherlandshire by her credulous supporters, to be consulted on dark and doubtful matters. When goods were lost or stolen, Miss Hay was resorted to; and in some cases the unfortunate woman was too well qualified to give information, for she encouraged theft, and sometimes had the articles reconveyed to the owner, on her receiving a handsome gratuity for her "powers of divination." In telling fortunes, curing cattle, &c., Miss Hay was amply employed. —*Inverness Courier.*

**NEW BRUNSWICK.**—We have before us a census of the population and general statistics of the province of New Brunswick, for the years 1824, 1834, and 1840. At the first of these periods the population is returned at 74,176; and, so late as the end of 1840, we find it swelled to 156,162, or in other words more than doubled, in the comparatively brief space of sixteen years. Land is still cheap, and employment abundant; and though the rivers freeze, and powdery snow covers the ground, sometimes for months, the natives know so little of the iron rigours of a polar winter, that axe-men and labourers are enabled to prosecute their respective tasks in the woods the whole year round. So late as the 13th February last, the Committee on Roads sanctioned the expenditure of £15,674 for improving the different bye-ways throughout the province, which is now divided into twelve counties. The following figures speak for themselves:—Total population, 156,162; inhabited houses, 20,514; houses building, 1,185; ditto uninhabited, 1,690; places of worship—Church of England, 61; Presbyterian, 32; Methodist, 44; Baptist, 62; Roman Catholic, 51; other denominations, 21. Mills—grist, 247; saw, 574; stock—horses, 18,282; neat cattle, 90,260; sheep, 141,053; swine, 78,915; acres of cleared land, 435,861.—*Dumfries Courier.*

**CONSUMPTION OF MEAT IN PARIS.**—*The Presse* states that from documents laid before the Chamber of Deputies, it appears that the consumption of oxen in Paris from the year 1819 to 1829—whilst the population was only 788,000 souls, amounted to 75,900 heads; whilst from the years 1829 to 1839, when the population had increased to 843,000 inhabitants, the consumption of oxen had fallen off to 69,529 heads. Independent of this deficit, it has been proved that the meat has been of inferior quality, and that the average weight, which, during the former period was 720 lbs. per ox; so that whilst the beef offered for sale was of inferior quality, the price increased from 8 to 11 sous per pound. At the beginning of the restoration the import duty on oxen was raised from 4f. to 15f. per head, then to 25f., and finally to 50f., in order, as it was said, to protect national agriculture. The producers of stock, it was likewise said, would, encouraged by this tax, supply sufficient to render it unnecessary to have recourse to Belgium, Switzerland, or Baden. In consequence of this enormous tax, concludes *La Presse*, there are several millions of men in France who do not eat meat once a week. The population employed in factories are doubly taxed, first at the frontier and afterwards at the entrance into towns. Thus in Paris, the double duty payable on an ox is not less than 95f., which may be calculated, on an average, at 3 sous a pound: so that an operative in Paris who buys a pound of meat, pays a tax equal to the value of one pound of bread.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

Why are salts unfit for the rich?—Because they are intended for working people.

A WORD IN SEASON, OR, THE SAILOR'S WIDOW.

The face of a beautiful child is an object of peculiar attraction, when smiles and tears are striving for the mastery there. Mr. Selden's attention was so completely arrested by this very condition of things, exhibited on the countenance of little Arthur, a boy about seven years of age, that he put down the decanter, which he held in his hand, and, for a moment, contemplated the features of this uncommonly interesting child, with an expression of delight and surprise. The consciousness, that he had attracted the observation of his father, prompted that smile, which beamed upon the boy's features, when he encountered the inquiring glance of an affectionate parent, but the conflict was not yet over; the sunbeam had not yet dried up the shower. "What is the matter with Arthur?" said Mr. Selden to his amiable wife, who sat, with her Bible in her hand, waiting for the first stroke of the village bell. It was Sabbath day, and she was about to proceed with her children to the house of God. Mr. Selden had ordered his horse and gig, and proposed to pass the morning in visiting his greenhouse, in a neighbouring village. "What is the matter with Arthur?" said he, repeating the question, as he again raised the brandy bottle from the sideboard. "I really cannot imagine, my dear," replied Mrs. Selden: "go to papa, my child," continued she, "and tell him what is the matter." The little fellow walked reluctantly toward his father. "Come, tell me what makes you weep so, my son," said his father, patting him gently upon the head. "Why dear papa, I was thinking," said the child, in a trembling voice, "I was thinking how we should all cry, if you should die, dear papa, like poor Jemmy." "And pray, who is poor Jemmy?" inquired Mr. Selden. "He was a drunkard, dear papa," replied little Arthur, as he continued to weep by his father's knee. "I should really like to know," said Mr. Selden, evidently with excited temper, and turning a glance of angry suspicion upon his wife, as he put down the brandy bottle, with some violence, upon the table; "I should like to know who has been giving this child his first lesson in impudence." If the child's remark had been altogether inapplicable to the parent's condition, it would have excited no unpleasant sensation in the mind of Mr. Selden. It was manifestly otherwise. This gentleman's habits had been, for some time, a source of disquietude to several of his friends. Upon the present occasion, little Arthur had most innocently unveiled the picture, and presented it, in full view, before his father's face. The words of truth and soberness occasionally drop from the lips of these little ones, with irresistible power. The seeds of common sense, cast into the natural soil, will often spring up and bear fruit, before we are prepared to expect the harvest. Tears came into the eyes of Mrs. Selden; it was impossible for an affectionate wife to contemplate, even in imagination, the painful perspective of such a picture, without sorrow. "I know nothing of poor Jemmy's story, my dear," said she; "I have never heard of it before, and I have not the slightest idea that any person has instructed the child to say anything offensive to your feelings."

"Arthur, my son," said Mr. Selden, evidently struggling to suppress more than one emotion of his soul, "who is poor Jemmy, and who told you the story, my dear? Let me know all about it." "Oh no, dear papa," said the child, as he wiped the tears from his eyes; "it is too long a story to tell you now, for the bell begins to ring. But Jemmy was the son of Mary Morrison, the wa-h-r-woman. Mary told it, last washing-day, to sister Nancy, and I stood by and heard it all. It will make you cry, father, I know it will. Old Robert, the coachman, heard it, and he cried a great deal; though he pretended to be whistling and cleaning his harness; and he was angry with me because I peeped under his hat. "Well, well," said his sister, a very pretty girl of sixteen, who had just come into the room, to go with her mother to church, and who had caught the last words; "well, well, master Arthur, I wonder who dreamed of Jemmy Morrison last night, and cried about him in the morning!" "And what if I did, sister Nancy?" said Arthur: "when poor Mary told us the story, you cried as much as she did: and mother, Nancy was written half a sheet of poetry about poor Jemmy Morrison, and wet the paper so with her tears, that she could not write any more." "Come, my children," said Mrs. Selden, "let us go. "My dear," continued she, turning to her husband, "I suppose you will return from your ride before dinner?" "I shall not ride this morning," he replied, and, calling Old Robert, he directed him to put up his horse. "I will walk to church; with you, Susan," said Mr. Selden to his wife. "Will you, my dear husband?" she replied: "I am truly rejoiced to hear you say so." "Only think of it," whispered little Arthur to his sister, in the entry, "father is going to meeting!"

Little Arthur was delighted to hold his father's hand, and walk by his side. For more than two years, the members of this little family had not enjoyed the happiness of walking to God's house in company together. The sermon was one of the Rev. Mr. —'s most admirable appeals to the consciences of impenitent men. Nothing occurred to lessen the edifying solemnity of the Sabbath, excepting the officious efforts of little Arthur to find the hymn for his father, whom he considered, in some degree, as a stranger, at the head of his own pew.

"You cannot tell, my dear husband," said Mrs. Selden, as they returned from church, "how very happy you have made me, by going with me, this morning, to the house of God, instead of passing it in your greenhouse. Look, my dear, at those little ones," continued his affectionate wife; "what are all the plants upon the earth, from the cedar to the hyssop! what are they to us, compared with these! Can we consistently and rationally devote our moments, few and fleeting as they are, and especially, can we devote the better part of God's holy day to the care and cultivation of perishable shrubs, while we have these precious shoots immediately before us, which it is our peculiar duty to nurture, that they may be ready, in that hour, when God shall transplant

them into Paradise!" These were words in season. Though he replied not, the mind of Mr. Selden had evidently been solemnized. They were not the only words in season which had sunk, that day, and settled in the softened heart.

At the dinner hour, the brandy bottle was placed upon the table, as usual; but its contents remained untasted and untouched. "O, mother, cried little Arthur, when his father had left the room, "I am so glad, papa has not taken any brandy to-day! I wish he could hear Mary Morrison tell about her poor Jemmy; I am sure father would never take any more."

In the afternoon, Mr. Selden again accompanied his family to the house of God. Though unusually silent through the day, his countenance betokened a subdued and anxious spirit within. "Should my husband, thought Mrs. Selden, "from this day, renounce a habit, which has filled us with sorrow and apprehension, can we doubt that a kind and all-merciful God has put a word in season into the mouth of our little boy, and made him the unconscious minister of incalculable good to us all!"

The tea service had scarcely been removed, when little Arthur came running up stairs from the kitchen, to announce that Mary Morrison was below. It was the habit of this poor woman to step in, of a Sabbath evening, and pass half an hour with Mr. Selden's domestics. "Oh dear father," said little Arthur, "do let Mary Morrison come up and tell the story of poor Jemmy." "Perhaps, my child," said Mrs. Selden, "your papa may not wish to hear it, and possibly it may embarrass poor Mary." "Let her come up, my dear, if she will," said Mr. Selden: "we are quite alone, and I have heard so much of this famous story, that I should like to hear the story itself." Long before the last words had been uttered, Arthur, without waiting for any other commission, had rushed into the kitchen, and begun to negotiate with Mary Morrison for the story of Jemmy. But his success was not equal to his zeal. This tale of sorrow could not be told by poor Mary, without levying a tax upon the heart. Though she had worked, for several years, in the Selden family, little had been known of her private history, saying that she was very industrious, very honest, and very poor. During the preceding week, some casual association had renewed the recollection of her sorrows; and, for the first time she had freely and feelingly related the story, which had made such a forcible impression on the minds of Mr. Selden's children.

"You must not expect a famous story, dear father," said Nancy, "even if Mary Morrison can be prevailed on to tell it." "Well, my dear," said Mrs. Selden, "I do not know what we can do better than listen to this tale of real misery; go down and induce the poor woman to come up." In a short time the children returned with Mary Morrison. Mr. Selden bade her sit down, as she should be weary before she had finished her story; and little Arthur's services were not wanting, in furnishing a chair. But some time elapsed before she could overcome her scruples, and accept the proffered kindness. Mary Morrison was apparently about five-and-forty years of age. She had evidently been very pretty in her youth. Care had done more than time in rendering her less so; and her hair had become prematurely grey. She was tidily dressed, in her Sabbath apparel. "Mary," said Mrs. Selden, with great kindness of manner, "Mr. Selden and myself do not wish to cause you unnecessary pain, but we have heard from our children such an interesting account of the loss of your son James, that we are very desirous of hearing the story from yourself; and we should be glad to hear some account of your husband also."

"Why, ma'am," said Mary Morrison, "I will tell you and Mr. Selden the story, as I told it to Miss Nancy, the other day. My chief misfortune was the death of my poor Jemmy. I thought, when his father was lost, there could be no trouble, in this world, greater than that; but when I came to part with Jemmy, I was forced to grieve not only for the poor boy's death, but for the manner of it too. It well nigh broke my heart, but God has bound it up; so that I am comforted in the hope of meeting my dear husband in a better world; and as for Jemmy, it will be known, that the poor lad was not lost through any neglect of mine. My father and mother were very poor. They were industrious, and yet I do not think they were thrifty. Both my parents were in the habit of taking spirit, in the old-fashioned way. A great deal of all the little money they had went for rum, and a great deal of time was wasted in drinking it. Yet, I am sure I never saw either of them 'the worse for liquor'; and, in this respect, I have learned to know that they were very lucky. Whether it was owing to my father's habit of drinking or not, I cannot say, but he was confined with rheumatism, for the last four years of his life; and died so poor, that my mother and her three children went to the poor-house. I was the oldest, and was bound out to a family, that afterwards moved into the city. When I was sixteen I became acquainted with George Morrison. The lady, with whom I lived, seeing that George and myself were attached to each other, very kindly, but without my knowledge, made inquiries respecting him. 'Mary,' said she one day to me, 'are you going to be married to George?' I told her I thought of it. 'Well,' said she, 'you can't do better. I have taken pains to inquire, and I hear he is an honest, worthy young man.' We were married when I was eighteen, and he was twenty-five; and, as far as I can judge, there was about as much happiness, in the four years of our marriage, as many others are permitted to see, in the course of a long life. When my heart rebels, and my tears begin to flow, I try to see God's justice and mercy in this way. And, if poor George had lived to witness the fate of our only child, it would surely have broken his heart; for there was nothing which he more thoroughly detested, than intemperance. He often told me, if he should be taken away before Jemmy grew up, and if the lad should be inclined to the sea, to warn him to avoid, in every port, a drunken sailor landlord, as he would shun the gates of hell, and the chambers of death. These were the last words that poor George ever said to me, the hour that he left me, to go his last voyage."

Poor Mary put her handkerchief to her eyes; and little Arthur got off his father's knee, and took his position by her side.

"At that time, continued she, "Jemmy was about two years and a half old; and he was a great comfort to me then. Many a stormy night I have rocked the child in his cradle, and sent up my poor prayers to the mariner's God for my sailor boy. My husband was to be gone about eighteen months. Ten of them had worn wearily away, and I had received no information, excepting that the ship had arrived out, and that all hands were well. About a month from that time, old Bob Lazell brought me a letter from George, and lightened my heart of its anxious burden. He was well and happy; and, in the course of six or eight weeks, the ship was to sail, on the return voyage. In the wildness of my joy, I read the letter to little Jemmy, who had not yet learnt his letters.—Seventeen months had gone by.—Early one Sabbath morning, a neighbour came in to inform me, that my husband had returned, and that the Ajax was standing up the harbour. I left my little boy in charge of this kind friend, and ran to borrow a spy-glass; it was so; my husband had informed me before of the ship's signals; and I distinguished the white ball in the blue flag at the fore. I ran hastily home and put on my cloak and bonnet; for, though they laughed at me a little for my eagerness, I was not ashamed, after such a separation, to meet my dear husband, half way at least. I soon saw the boat pulling for the wharf. It contained but half a dozen of the crew. I thought I saw my husband; but I was mistaken;—I could not see clearly, for my eyes were so filled with tears of joy. In a few minutes they came upon the wharf. The first man was our neighbour, John Weston. I shook hands with him;—he seemed desirous of avoiding me. 'How is George?' said I. His lip quivered; he could not reply. 'Oh, my God!' I exclaimed, and my next conscious moment was upon my bed, with a few kind friends around me.

"I soon learned that my poor George had been washed overboard in a gale, and was lost. Grievous as it was to learn these bitter tidings, I can now say, from the bottom of a broken heart, that it is happiness to think of a dear husband, who died in the discharge of his duty, and lies beside some coral rock, with the seaweed for his winding sheet; while it is misery to turn my thoughts upon my poor Jemmy, who lies in the drunkard's grave.

"The neighbours were very kind to me; and when John Weston brought my poor George's sea-chest from the ship, he cried over it like a child. They were always great cronies, from their cradles; and John's wife and myself were frequently together, solacing our lonely hours, by talking of our kind husbands. She opened the chest for me; I had not the heart for it; and, when she took out the toys and keepsakes which my husband was bringing home for Jemmy and me, she wept over them, almost as freely as I did myself.

"In addition to this great affliction, I had, from that time, a large share of bodily sickness. My little boy, in his youth, was a real blessing, and, as he grew up, there never was a more kind-hearted or dutiful child. My father, poor and humble as his condition was, had always been fond of reading. He had once been a teacher in the village school; and he had taken great pains to instruct me, in reading, writing, and ciphering. This was of great use to me, as it enabled me to teach little Jemmy, at least as much of these things as I knew myself. He took readily to his learning. When he was eight years old, I sent him to the town school. His spirits were very great, and his temper was affectionate and confiding. I soon perceived that he was in danger, from the example of bad boys. At ten I bound him out, as an apprentice, to a block and pump maker, a Mr. Stetson. He was an excellent man, but Jemmy thought he was too strict, in his religious notions; and I thought so too, at that time; though it is likely enough I was wrong. Mr. Stetson complained, and sometimes severely as I thought at the time, if Jemmy was ever absent from church, or family prayers. At seventeen, he became entirely dissatisfied, and bent upon going to sea. Against this I struggled, with all my might, for a long time. Finally, however, though he had promised not to go without my permission, yet it was plain that his heart was deeply engaged in the plan; and as he was constantly telling me of one and another young man, who had gone to sea, and were making their way in the world, I gave my consent, though with many tears. My poor boy obtained such a voyage as gave me reason to expect his return in about a year. Mr. Stetson did not object to the proposal: he told me that he thought James was an amiable and capable young man; but as he disliked his business, it might, perhaps, be as well for him to change it for some other. I have no doubt that he gave my poor boy excellent advice, the night before he sailed; but James never liked Mr. Stetson, and when I asked him what his old master had said to him, he only replied, that he had preached him a long sermon.

"I fitted him for sea in the best manner I could; and put every little thing that I thought would be useful to him, in the sea-chest, that had been his poor father's."

"Mary," said Mrs. Selden, "did you put a Bible into it?" Mary Morrison sobbed bitterly. "No, ma'am," said she, "and I have thought of it since, a thousand times. Not more than an hour after the ship had sailed, Mr. Stetson came over to our house, with a Bible in his hand, and told me that he had given it to James, the night before, but that he had forgotten to take it away. James was always honourable, and would not have done a mean action for his right hand, I am sure; but I am afraid he did not read his Bible, so much as some other boys." "Well, Mary," said Mrs. Selden, "I did not mean to interrupt you in your story."

"I hope," continued the poor woman, "that God will forgive me, if I omitted to instruct poor Jemmy in these great truths, and to rely upon those holy promises which have since comforted my heart, in many a sorrowful hour. My own parents, though they were generally kind to