

structed for the purpose, I sought the richest carpets for the floor, and the most beautifully wrought fabrics, with which the walls were hung. I made a visit to a distant town, and secretly purchased every article of luxury which could be desired in the household of the most delicately-nurtured of Fashion's daughters.

When Vine Cottage, as I named the place, was ready for the reception of its mistress, I secretly induced old Elspeth to remove thither; and after spending an hour of sweet communion at her father's grave, I persuaded Alice to walk with me in the direction of the cottage. As we drew near it she expressed her admiration of its simply elegant appearance, and seemed surprised to find so neat a residence in such a vicinity.

'A friend of mine lives here, dear Alice,' said I; 'let us visit her.'

Alice acquiesced with an air of interest, and I led her forward. Elspeth met us at the door. I will not attempt to describe her astonishment and delight when she found that this charming place was to be her future abode. She turned her beautiful eyes on me, humid with tears, and said:

'You must be the possessor of Aladdin's wonderful lamp to accomplish so much in so short a time. But no; I wrong you, Erlon: perseverance and affection are the true sources of what you have here accomplished. I can never sufficiently thank you, my friend, my brother.'

'No, dear Alice, not a brother,' said I abruptly; 'I love you far better than a brother.'

Old Elspeth had left us, and I poured forth my passion with eloquence inspired by its own intensity. I ended by saying:

'I do not ask you to live forever in this horrible neighborhood. Since I have known you I have ceased to be a wrecker. Never since that eventful night have I gone forth with the hand, and from the hour of my father's death his authority has been given by me into the hands of my namesake, Erlon Reardon.'

Alice slightly shuddered at the mention of his name, but at the moment I was so absorbed in my own feelings that I did not observe her emotion. She answered my passionate declaration as nearly as I can remember, in the following words, pronounced with a sweet seriousness, which was very impressive.

'I will not deny, Erlon, that your delicate kindness, from one from whom I could least have expected it, has made a deep impression on my feelings; and that impression is perhaps heightened by my forlorn and destitute condition. But I cannot conceal from you that I will never consent to marry a man who has, only through his passion for me, torn himself from a pursuit opposed alike to the laws of God and humanity. Your sorrow for the past must come from a higher source. Your soul must be bowed in humility before the throne of Him whose commands you have outraged, and your life must show the effects of your repentance, before I would dare to trust my earthly lot in your keeping.'

'What more can I do?' I bitterly asked. 'I was born and have been reared in darkness, and if I am willing to accept the light which first shone on my benighted path through your agency, do I not manifest a desire to improve?'

'But I fear that you regard the weak instrument more than Him who threw me in your way,' she replied, with a faint smile. 'But let us understand each other, Erlon. I joyfully accept the mission which has been appointed me. I see so much in you that is excellent, so much that is noble, that to me it will be a delightful task to assist you in overcoming the evil which is naturally foreign to your soul. The day will arrive when I can with confidence place my hand in yours as your wife, even now I give it to you as your plighted bride.'

I rapturously received it; but after a vain attempt to repress my feelings, I entreated her to wed me then, and I would never cease striving after the excellence which she wished me to attain. But on this score she was obdurate. Her hand must be the reward of my entire reformation—not the precursor of it.

[To be concluded.]

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

#### REFORM OF DRUNKENNESS.

A local association, established for this purpose, is under our attention. In its deliberations up to the present time, two plans or proposals are announced—to raise the price of spirits by a shilling of additional duty, and to reduce the number of public-houses. We had a general inclination to believe that there is little virtue in these plans, and that the demon of intemperance can only be effectually put down by other means. It has been tolerably well ascertained by the Excise, that were the duty on spirits raised but one shilling a gallon, illicit distillation would be recommenced. If this be true, we should, instead of effecting a cure, only be raising a new disease. As to the suppression of public houses, we can have no doubt that some good may be done in this way. Grant that a public-house has any legitimate end in view at all—that is, that it affords needful refreshment within the bounds of temperance—still it must also act in all circumstances as a temptation to those who, but for its presence, might not have thought of such indulgences. It is also a commercial interest. The landlord, in order to advance his trade, is exceedingly apt to get up raffles, shooting matches, and other attractions, and thus bring to his house many who otherwise would not have thought of leaving their own quiet homes.

Therefore we believe, that a more rigid restriction upon the number of public houses is calculated to prevent much evil of this kind. It is, however, equally clear to us, that where a corrupt drink-loving population exists, the suppression of public houses will do little to mend the matter. Drink becomes in these circumstances obtainable in private houses. It has even been found that men would go about the streets, with a bottle and measure under their coats, selling spirits in retired corners, and thus evading the government license as well as the efforts of philanthropical reformers.

Before we can hope to suggest effectual cures for drunkenness, it appears to us necessary to ascertain what it is which leads certain portions of the community to the excessive or imprudent use of liquor. Little reflection brings before us the fact, that men of reflecting and enlightened minds, who go on in their course with peace and hopefulness, who have a love of pure domestic pleasures, and tastes for what is elegant and refined, rarely are fond of drink; while, on the other hand, men of sensual and grovelling natures—men at suits with fortune, or who are subjected to some constantly-harassing evil from which they have no hope of escape—men who are debarred by their circumstances from purer pleasures and stimuli—are very apt to betake themselves to the public-house. It is to a greater degree than is generally imagined a question of taste. Formerly 'gentlemen' drank much—'gentlemen' were then unenlightened and unrefined, had little taste for reading, or for works of art, or for music: the coarse enjoyments of the tavern were congenial to such natures. Now the upper and middle classes are pervaded by superior tastes, and their use of liquor has declined till it has ceased to wear the appearance of a vice. Even amongst them, however, it is always found that drinking is in pretty fair proportion to grossness of character, or to some of those accidents of fortune which may be called the casual provocatives. Setting aside these minor causes—if this be a true view of the chief cause, it follows that the propensity can only be effectually allayed by measures which tend to subject all to the same reforms which, during the last sixty years, have befallen the upper and middle classes. Is there such a change?—can such an idea be reconciled with the vast amount of intemperance which notoriously prevails among working-people? We answer in the affirmative to both questions. Even while large portions of the base of society are perhaps become more dissolute than ever, there is at this moment, amongst small traders, and those described as operatives, a large and constantly increasing number of men of respectably temperate habits. It is the fair and proper result of the agencies which have been at work for many years to diffuse enlightenment and refinement in those circles—the schoolmaster in-chief. Much is also owing to the improved social and political economy of the working-people. Professional skill, general intelligence, diligence, and sobriety, are now in general surer of effecting promotion than they used to be. There are increased temptations to saving. Wages go farther in procuring the comforts and elegancies of life. The skilled mechanic begins to see that he may live as comfortably and rationally upon his means as the little tradesman, or even certain orders of the clergy. There is a spirit of progress in the mass, often allied to fantastic and deceitful notions, but still useful as an inspiration elevating above material and immediate things. The cheap tract and periodical has, we hope, its allowed place among the improving agencies. Besides all others, it would be unpardonable to overlook the locomotive-engine and the omnibus, by which breathings of fresh air and rural recreations are brought within the reach of so many to whom they would be otherwise denied. By all of these means together a reform is going on below the middle grade of society, and that, we venture to say, rapidly.

Now if we are to walk in this movement by the light of experience, and we know of no light which is steadier or safer, the true means of promoting the reform of drunkenness is—to promote those intellectual conditions, those refined pleasures, that spirit of hopeful progress, which have already been found incompatible with vice. We deprecate other plans, such as the suggested increase of spirit-duties and frantic wholesale onslaughts upon public-houses, as calculated to mislead the public mind from the right means, and to end in disappointment, and perhaps despair, in many whose continued energies on this subject it is very desirable to have. Attack the disease in the vitals which it pervades, not in the skin which vents its humours. Suffer secular education to come to all, and in all its force. Promote pure and recreative amusements. Favour the lecture room and the reading room. Further all arrangements which inspire hope and self-respect among the humble. Act as if you yourself believed there was a God over all, and that, all being his children, every man is your brother, and you are in some degree concerned for his welfare. By such means we might hope in a few years to see a further reduction of the Master Vice of the age, and little of it left anywhere but at the very base of the social pyramid.

From Dr. Forbes's Lecture on Happiness.  
CULTIVATION OF MIND AMONGST ARTIZANS.

In the course of my life I have had the pleasure of being acquainted with many individuals of the working-classes who had, by self-education, attained not merely a large

amount of knowledge, but a high degree of mental cultivation and refinement. At this moment I could name to you some half-dozen of my artizan friends whose acquirements and intellectual refinement would do honor to any scale of society. All these men are, to my knowledge, good and contented workmen, and regard their position in relation to that of those above them in the philosophic manner I have pointed out. They all cherish the knowledge and the love of knowledge which has become part of their mental being, as the grand treasure of life, as a talisman which, by opening up an endless source of happiness to themselves, and disclosing the real sources of happiness in others, has equalised to their view all differences and distinctions among men of a mere worldly character. These men are all extremely temperate in their habits; and they are unanimous in the opinion, that the dreadful intemperance of the lower classes—at once the curse and the disgrace of this country—is mainly owing to their ignorance. The beer-shop and gin-shop are frequented because they supply, in their degrading sociality, the materials for mental occupation which their frequenters have not within themselves, and too often cannot find in their own family at home. To see how perfectly compatible is the existence of such a mental state with the condition and habits of laborers of the very lowest class, we have only to refer to the lives and writings of those noble brothers, those heroic peasants, John and Alexander Bethune, whom I cannot but regard as casting a lustre on their country, and even on their age, by their matchless fortitude and independence, and indeed by every virtue that could adorn men in any station of life.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

#### LONG AGO.

THERE was a tree, an aged tree,  
That once I loved to climb,  
And, throned upon its branches three,  
To rock them all the time;  
To laugh and shout, devoid of fears,  
To swing me to and fro—  
But ah! 'twas in my childish years,  
That passed so long ago!

I've led a merry troop of boys,  
Through tangled woods and lanes—  
Too boisterous in our reckless noise  
To heed the bramble-pains.  
We never cared for garments torn,  
An hour the rent would sew;  
And we'd no time to stay and mourn  
In childhood long ago!

I've climbed the rocks, and leapt about  
From jutting stone to stone,  
And heeded not the warning shout,  
Nor marked its earnest tone:  
For pride could conquer danger then,  
And joy o'ermastered woe—  
And thus I dived the deeds of men,  
In boyhood long ago.

There's not a brook I have not leapt  
Anear my native town—  
Nor field nor hill where man has stopt  
I have not wandered down:  
And these as freshly haunt me still,  
And still their forms I know—  
The brook, the field, the high peaked hill,  
That charmed me long ago!

I often think the early days  
Were fairy days to me;  
That childhood feels enchanted rays  
Which manhood cannot see:  
For cares and years together come,  
In one entangled flow,  
And angel-voices all are dumb  
That soothed us long ago!

So long ago, the distant past  
Is like a pleasant dream,  
But on the future still is cast  
Its warm and sunny gleam:  
A gleam of sunshine ever bright  
To cheer the path below,  
And wake anew the truthful light  
That led us long ago!

CHARLES WILSON.

#### SINGULAR ANIMALCULE.

There are facts and analogies tending to show that a peculiar state of activity may enable infinitesimal quantities of matter powerfully to affect the senses and the health. We eat animalcules by millions in the bloom of a plum, we also inhale them by millions (as Ehrenberg has shown) at every breath, and they neither affect our senses nor do us appreciable harm. Yet there is an animalcule which haunts cascades, sticking by its tail to the rocks or stones over which the water rushes, and which, when put into a vial with above a million times its weight of water, infects the whole mass with a putrid odour so strong as to be offensive at several yards' distance; and this not once, but several times a day, if the water be changed so often.—*Quarterly Review*.

#### THE FIRST NECESSARY OF LIFE.

Potatoes contain 75 per cent. (by weight) and turnips no less than 90 per cent. of water, which explains, by the way, the small inclination of turnip-fed cattle and sheep, for drink. A beefsteak, strongly pressed between blotting-paper, yields nearly four-fifths of its weight of water. Of the human frame (bones included) only about one-fourth is solid matter (chiefly carbon and nitrogen); the rest is water. If a man weighing 10 stone were squeezed flat under a hydraulic press, 7½ stone of water would run out, and only 2½ stone and a half stone of dry residue re-

main. A man is therefore, chemically speaking 40 lbs. of carbon and nitrogen diffused through 5½ pailsful of water. Berzelius, indeed, in recording the fact, justly remarks that 'the living organization is to be regarded as a mass diffused in water;' and Dalton, by a series of experiments tried in his own person, found that of the food with which we daily repair this water-built fabric, five-sixths are also water. Thus amply does science confirm the popular saying, that water is the 'first necessary of life.'—*Quarterly Review*.

#### THE END OF PRUDENCE.

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfully to those hours which splendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate—these soft intervals of unbanded amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments of disguises which he feels, in privacy, to be useless incumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is, indeed, at home, that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.—*Johnson*.

#### SUPPRESSION OF INSTINCT.

A hen belonging to Mr St. John Hewitt, of Sudden Farm, near Burbage, Wilts, hatched a brood, among which was one duckling: the mother took good care to keep her little family away from the dangerous precincts of the pond, so that duckey never had any opportunity of making acquaintance with the element in which its species are generally so much at home. In due time the foundling grew to duck's estate, without ever having been in the water, and the peculiarity of the circumstance excited attention. At last one of the boys caught this 'small unwashed,' and carried it to the pond, to experimentalise upon its habits, and give it its first swim, when, singular to say, the little creature which had so long been educated and trained to a faith in dry land, refused to enter the water; and when thrown in, it fluttered out in the most awkward hurry and the most trembling dismay, and could never again be persuaded to approach the treacherous element from which it appeared to flatter itself it had had such a lucky escape.—*English paper*.

#### ECONOMY OF STEAM-POWER.

In Mr McNicol's timber-yard and saw mill at Liverpool, steam-power has been applied to work the travelling-cranes used to convey the timber about the yard. Each crane, when worked by hand, required four men, whereas the steam crane is worked by a man and a boy only, and does double the work, the wages being about three hundred and thirty pounds per annum in one, and sixty seven in the other. The steam machine will carry thirteen logs of timber, weighing together nineteen and a half tons, one at a time from one end of the yard to the other, a distance of one hundred feet, in twenty six minutes, at a cost of less than sixpence.

#### AMERICAN SENTIMENT.

I encountered to day in a ravine some three miles distant, among the gold washers, a woman from San Jose. She was at work with a large wooden bowl, by the side of a stream. I asked her how long she had been there, and how much gold she averaged a day. Her answer was, 'three weeks and an ounce.'

Her reply reminded me of an anecdote of the late Judge B—, who met a girl returning from market, and asked her:

'How deep did you find the stream?—what did you get for your butter?'

'Up to the knee and ninepence,' was the reply.

'Ah,' said the Judge to himself, 'she is the girl for me; no words lost there.'

He turned back, proposed, and was accepted, and married the next week. And a more happy couple the conjugal bonds never united; the nuptial lamp never waxed dim—its ray was steady and clear to the last. Ye who paddle off and on for seven years, and are at last perhaps capsized, take a lesson from the Judge, that 'up to the knee and ninepence' is worth all the love-letters and melancholy lines ever penned.

#### NATURAL BAROMETER.

The spider, says an eminent naturalist, is almost universally regarded with disgust and abhorrence; yet, after all, it is one of the most interesting, if not the most useful, of the insect tribe. Since the days of Robert Bruce it has been celebrated as a model of perseverance, while in industry and ingenuity it has no rival among insects. But the extraordinary fact in the natural history of this insect, is the remarkable presentiment it appears to have in an approaching change of weather. Barometers at best only foretell the state of the weather with certainty for about twenty four hours, and they are frequently very fallible guides, particularly when they point to settled fair. But we may be sure that the weather will be fine twelve or fourteen days when the spider makes the principal threads of its web very long. This insect which is one of the most economical animals, does not commence a work requiring such a great length of threads, which it draws out of its body, unless the state of the atmosphere indicates with certainty that this great expense