



year of his age. His food, for the most part, was oatmeal and butter-milk. He rarely ever ate flesh; he was never sick, and could not be put out of temper. He had the greatest trust in Providence; his chief dependence was in the goodness of God, which no doubt greatly conduced to his health and longevity.

Lewis Cornaro, a Venetian nobleman, died at Padua, in 1565, at above 100 years of age. In early life he had been very intemperate, and consequently greatly diseased. From his thirty-fifth to his fortieth year, his life was a burden to him. By a regular way of living, he repaired his health, in a remarkable manner; and in his eighty-first year says, "I am free from apprehension of disease, because I have nothing in my constitution for a disease to feed upon—from the apprehension of death, because I have spent a life of reason. I know that, barring accidents, no violent disease can touch me. I must be dissolved by a gentle and gradual decay, like oil in a lamp, which affords no longer life to the dying taper. But such a death cannot happen of a sudden."

Richard Lloyd died near Montgomery, aged 132 years and ten months. He was a tall, strong, upright man; had no gray hairs; had lost none of his teeth; and could see to read without spectacles. His food was bread, cheese, and butter, for the most part; and his drink whey, buttermilk, or water, and nothing else. But being persuaded by a neighbouring gentleman to eat flesh-meat, and drink malt liquor, he soon fell off, and died.

Dr. Lower speaks of a man in the north, aged 120, who had been accustomed to eat very little animal food, but lived upon oatmeal pottage and potatoes, and sometimes took a little milk. He was a labouring man, and never remembered being sick.

Dr. E. Baynard gives an account of one Seth Unthank, then (1706) living at Bath, whose chief drink was sour buttermilk. He was wonderfully nimble, and, above two years before, had walked from Bath to London 106 miles, in two days, and came home again in two days more. His uncle was 126 years old when he died, and had been one of the Bishop of Durham's pensioners. The doctor also speaks of one John Bailes, of Northampton, whom he visited, then living, in his 129th year. He says he had a very strong voice, and spoke very loud; and told the doctor he had buried the whole town (except three or four) twenty times over. "Strong drink," quoth the old man, "kills 'em all." He was never drunk: his drink was water, small beer, and milk; and his food, for the most part, was brown bread\* and cheese. He cared not much for flesh-meats.

Mrs. Hudson lived 105 years, and then died of an acute disease, brought on by catching cold. She could see to thread a needle at that age. Her food was very little else than bread and milk, all her lifetime.

Louis Wholeham, of Ballinamona, Cork, died at the age of 118 years and seven months. He had not lost a tooth, nor had he one gray hair on his head. His diet, all through life, was mostly potatoes and milk; but, on an average, he had flesh one day in the week, until the last ten years, when he took a dislike to it, and could not eat it. It is a remarkable fact, showing how we cling to life, that he declared, on his death-bed, that he should have been more resigned to die eighty years ago than he was at that time.

\*Bread, being an article so much in use, it is of importance we should use the best—that which is most calculated to promote health. The best bread is made of equal parts of wheat and rye, ground down together, no bran being taken out, and made into unfermented biscuits. Fine wheat flour, being of a starchy nature, is apt to occasion constipation, acidity, and flatulence. This bread would be found of great service to weak stomachs, which are often injured by the least exhalation of air, when bread ferments a second time in the stomach.

+Much has been said for and against milk. In favor of it, we are told of persons being cured of long-standing diseases, by living exclusively upon it, for six or seven years; and also we are referred to the health and longevity of some who have made much use of it. On the other hand, in our large cities and towns many thousands of cows are kept in close, ill-ventilated, and horribly filthy stables, fed on distillery slops, and every other kind of foul refuse material, subjected to the unnatural and unhealthy influences of bad air, want of exercise, and improper food; and their milk, which is an absolute poison, is sold to our citizens, and swallowed by our infantile population. Cows are also diseased, through the vegetables they eat, and that, if the animal be diseased, so must the milk, as also the butter and cheese. (See Whitlaw's "Treatise on Fever," and Clark's "Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption.") Arsenic and arsenic are sometimes added to cheese; the former to give it color, and the latter freshness and tenderness. (See "Library of Health," vol. ii. p. 9.) The animals thus treated soon become diseased, when they are killed, and their carcases peddled out to the people, under the name of beef. Although books have been written on this subject, and although the press has, during the last ten years, often and repeatedly called the attention of the sovereign people and the constituted authorities to these enormous evils, they still remain unchecked and untouched. The rights of property appear to have a much stronger claim on legislating powers than the rights of persons. The right of a rich man to get richer, in the prosecution of a nuisance-business, is regarded higher than the right of a poor man to live. Because "private rights," as the phrase goes, are not to be meddled with; the public, who happen to be too ignorant to know their wrongs, or too feeble to defend their rights, may be cheated, defrauded, maimed, robbed, and poisoned, all because a certain select, few, privileged, rich distillers find it profitable (?) to sell their putrescent slops to be manufactured into a fluid resembling milk, after having converted the natural food for man—the grains and fruits which God gave him to eat—into alcoholic poison. If there is a business on earth pre-eminently nefarious, it is this; if there is any system of legislation more thoroughly barbarian than all others, it is that which cherishes and protects the property principle at the expense of the image of God.

Joice Heath, of America, was being exhibited in several of their large towns, at the age of 162; and when asked what was her food, said "Corn-bread and potatoes is what I eat."

Francisco Lupatoli, of Smyrna, lived 113 years. He drank nothing but water and milk; having used neither tea, coffee, etc. He lived chiefly upon bread, figs, etc. He could hear well, and see without spectacles, even to the last.

Zeno, is said to have died at the age of ninety-eight years, having never experienced any sickness or indisposition whatever.

If we refer to the American Indians, we find, at the first arrival of Europeans among them, it was not uncommon to find persons who were above 100 years old. They lived frugally, and drank only pure water. Strong drinks were unknown to them till introduced by Christians, by whom they have been taught to drink; and now they hardly reach half the age of their parents.—*Kalm.*

The same traveller says the natives of Shetland give an account of one Fairville, who arrived at the age of 102, and never drank any malt liquor, distilled water, or wine. They say his son lived longer than he; that his grandchildren lived to a great age, and seldom or never drank any stronger liquor than milk, or water, or bland. This last is made of butter-milk, mixed with water.

The natives of Sierra Leone, whose climate is said to be the worst on earth, are very temperate; they subsist entirely on small quantities of boiled rice, with occasional supplies of fruit, and drink only cold water; in consequence of which they are strong and healthy, and live as long as men in the most propitious climates.

Herodotus tells us that the average life of the Macrobians was 120 years, and that they never drank anything stronger than milk. But if there be one portion of the globe more than another, to which the general consent of mankind accords the first place in point of beauty and symmetry, it will be the Circassian race; and we are much gratified in being able to adduce this nation as an illustration of the position we have taken. We will make one short extract from "Travels in Circassia, Kirm, etc.," by E. Spencer, Esq., who says, "Owing to the robust firmness and temperate manner of living, the Circassians generally attain an advanced age; their diseases being neither numerous nor dangerous." This must be attributed, independently of their simple diet, to their constant exercise, pure air, etc.

It is mentioned in Keppis' "Life of Captain Cook," that when that great navigator first visited the New Zealanders he was astonished at the perfect and uninterrupted health they were found to enjoy. In all the visits which were paid to this people, not a single person was found who appeared to have any complaint, nor among the number who were seen naked, was once perceived the slightest eruption on the skin, or the least spark which indicated that such eruption had formerly existed. "The wounds heal with remarkable facility, without any applications. It abounds with a great number of old men, many of whom, by the loss of their teeth and hair; appeared to be very ancient, and yet none of them were decrepit. Although they are not equal to the young in muscular strength, they do not come behind them with regard to cheerfulness and vivacity. Water, as far as our navigators could discover, is the universal and daily liquor of the New Zealanders."

But how are the mighty fallen! In the South Seas, and also in New Zealand, the most heart-rending contrast is now presented to their former comparative state of health and happiness. Disease and mortality abound almost unparalleled in character, arising from the introduction of strong drinks. Traders from Christian countries threaten to depopulate these islands in a very few years, unless missionary influence and exertions, in connection with teetotalism, prevent it, and save them from their fate. That we do not exaggerate, we refer our readers to the state of the population when Captain Cook landed, and their present state—the contrast is humiliating and alarming. Then, according to the statements of A. Chapin, M.D., late a resident in those islands, the population was not less than 400,000. Estimating a period of fifty-seven years since their discovery by Europeans, and also taking into account losses occasioned by their wars, he supposes, with great reason, that their population should have increased at least one half, making at present a probable total of 600,000. The terrible facts, however, are well known, that the population of these islands only amounts to 135,000, making the fearful loss, during fifty-seven years, of not less than 465,000, which, Mr. C. adds, is chargeable, to the customs or vices carried there from other places. These appalling facts will excite less surprise, when it is known, on the authority of Mr. Ellis, that a sum of not less than 12,000 dollars was expended in Tahiti alone, in one year, for intoxicating drinks.

(To be continued in our next.)

## WIT, ITS NATURE AND USES.

WHILE I would vehemently condemn all brawling jollities, or sports unworthy the nobler faculties of man, let me advance an earliest plea in behalf of elegant and refined mirthfulness. I love cheerfulness and hilarity, and wit founded upon the subtle and almost magical relations of things. Wit is an intellectual faculty, and God placed its organ at the outer angle of the forehead so that it may look all ways for subjects of merriment. Kingsley, than whom a more religious man has not written in our day, and whose love of nature is only less than his love of humanity, suggests that there are certain animals whom God created in the spirit of fun. I like the Homeric idea that the gods of Olympus loved a joke. I refuse my approval only because their jokes were unworthy of gods. The element of wit, like that of benevolence or veneration is within us, and the sources of its legitimate gratification are all around us and inexhaustible. The subtle genius who can discern startling or incongruous relations and thus create delightful surprises, is, next to him who can discern a new truth, a benefactor to mankind. A jocosse physician will restore more patients by his jokes than by the physic, and a witticism that hits the mark will disperse a mob quicker than bullets that hit the men. [After the French Revolutions of 1848; which dethroned Louis Philippe, Lamartine, who had been placed at the head of the Provisional Government, and who had enjoyed unbounded popularity, suddenly incurred the vengeance of the Parisian mob, who marched forthwith to the Hotel de Ville, where Lamartine and his colleagues were in council, and demanded the presence of their foredoomed victim. No sooner had he appeared on the balcony than a wild roar, like a noise of many waters, filled the air. "His head," "His head," shouted the angry mob. "My head," said Lamartine, "would to God you all had it on your shoulders!" The infinite contrast of ideas between trampling his head under their feet for vengeance, or wearing it on their shoulders for wisdom and guidance, transformed them suddenly as another Pentecost, and he escaped.] How exhilarating to think of some master-stroke of wit, started thousands of years ago, descending along the path of time, crackling and coruscating, creating new explosions of laughter before the old echoes have died away, expanding both mouth and heart of all men, until, in our day and time, it flaps and vibrates all living diaphragms, and is then destined, like a *feu de joie*, to run down the line of all future generations. Ignorance and the brutishness of ignorance, crime and the retribution of crime, can alone extinguish this love of mirthfulness in the heart of man. It is bad enough to see a man who always looks as Adam may be supposed to have looked the morning after the fall, but a child that never laughs is one of the saddest sights in the world.

But mirthfulness should always be associated with the higher faculties. When allied with the lower or animal propensities of men it is as debasing as it is elevating when associated with the higher nature. It should always be employed to adorn benevolence and wisdom, to increase our scorn for falsehood and our righteous detestation of hypocrisy. To be attracted by one of the most attractive of all things—warm-blooded laughter—and when you expect to see a Hyperion, to behold, instead, only the foul eyes of a Satyr leering but upon you, is one of the sorest and most grievous of moral affronts. There can be no greater misalliance than that of genius and vice; or what is almost as fatal, that of education and vice.

What is remarkable and most pertinent to our purpose here, is, that almost all these living and enduring treasures which now constitute the world's "capital stock of wit," have come from the scholar. In this single department the true student finds a thousand-fold compensation for all the course buffooneries and vulgar jollifications of the world. But let him remember that his wit, in order to be enduring, must be genuine, heart-exhilarating, truth-flashing, virtue-protecting, vice-exposing; not the empty laughter of Bacchus nor the loathsome grimace of Silenus.

Nothing unpeels a man's character so suddenly and so surely as what he laughs at. Laughter is so unpremeditated and spontaneous, that it turns the soul inside out before one has time to think. The moral nature of that man needs to be reconstructed who laughs at what is obscene, profane, or wicked. The sardonic grin is painful as the bite of a viper. The hyena laughs; the saint laughs; what an infinitude of moral distance lies between them!

The earnest college student, under proper intellectual and moral illuminations, and however unfortunate may have been his early education and associations, will soon give evidence that he is undergoing a refining process of character. His first change will be to repudiate and spurn all those monkeyisms of "trick," and "prank," and "practical joke," as they are called, which descend in college life from one low order of students to another the legacy of folly to fools. We all know that there are colleges in this country whose vicinity to poultry-yards and hen-roosts is more formidable than if every building on the college premises were a burrow for Sampson's foxes. The doctrine of the "Golden Rule," as applied to the whole visible nature of man is simply this: "This is not fun which is not fun for both sides."

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANTS;  
OR,  
Troubles on both Sides of the Atlantic.

BY PAUL BETNEYS.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TROUBLES THICKEN—TINY AND LIZZY IN LONDON AGAIN.

"Remember, man, in time. Stop, do not fear,  
Good counsel taken well secures, then hear,  
But if thou yet shalt slight it, thou wilt be  
The loser, Ignorance, I'll warrant thee."

JOHN BUNYAN.

The greatest difficulty experienced by Tiny in the art of pedestrianism was walking over the cobble stones in the ancient city of Coventry. His sufferings were intense, and excited the pity of several persons. Nevertheless he persevered, and took observations of the streets through which he passed, had a look at the Town Hall, and inquired his way to Peeping Tom's Corner; and with his mind full of the adventures of the Lady Godiva, he emerged from the town. He was now only, or but little more than half way to London. It was Saturday, and his funds were reduced to twelve shillings. The weather had become unsettled, the rain fell at intervals in sharp drenching showers, and but a thin partition of leather between his feet and the wet and unkind gravel stones.

He halted at a beer-house for the night, and whilst in bed he called over the roll of the past, the present, and soliloquised over future prospects; but tired and worn out, he tumbled off to sleep, leaving the reckoning in an unsatisfactory state. On Sunday he walked but little, for the rains continued. On Monday (Whit-Monday) he reached Rugby, and an enlivening thought took possession of his mind—viz., as he could not walk sixty miles and get to town that night, as he had promised Lizzy he would do, had not he better take the train? Common-sense, joined to necessity, answered, "To be sure."

The rain descended in torrents, and Aquarius had penetrated plentifully into the loose and woolly material of Tiny's pilot coat; whilst his boots gave free ingress to the watery element at one end, they afforded an easy egress at the other, so that his toes, by being constantly exposed to water and the friction of tattered stockings, looked like a washerwoman's fingers and thumbs after a hard day's work.

He inquired his way to the railway station; and after going down one or two wrong turnings, and having to return again, he was rewarded for his patience and perseverance by finding the identical spot two hours after the third-class train had left for London.

"And when does the next train go," he asked of the clerk, a civil and obliging young man. "At half-past three P.M.—first-class," replied the clerk. "And how much is the fare?" asked Tiny. "Ten shillings," was the reply. His heart behaved itself very unquietly whilst he plunged his hand into his pocket, pulled out his money, and counted it. Fare to London ten shillings, said he to himself. He paid the fare and took his ticket, reserving for himself a balance in hand of one farthing. Tiny had to wait three hours and a-half, so he asked permission to wait, which was granted. It was a warm day, but he was hungry and wet, and he shivered and felt like a lonely sparrow on the housetop. Never before did three hours and a-half seem such a long way off.

Two ladies, sisters to the clerk, sat in their brother's sanctorium, basking in the warmth of a clear fire, and were doing ample justice to that kind of lunch which thousands of the poor would gladly identify and partake of as a Sunday's dinner. As we have before stated, Tiny, when dressed, had something of a respectable and attractive nature about him. The young clerk had cast several glances at him, so had the sisters. They whispered together; and the young man addressed Tiny by saying, "You are very wet, sir, and you don't look well; there are yet three hours to wait. There is a respectable old lady living in the village below, and who, I'm sure, will make you comfortable, and provide refreshment at a very reasonable charge. Shall I call the porter? He will show you the cottage." "If you please," said Tiny, for he felt somehow like an intruder. The porter answered the call, and readily undertook to escort Tiny to the village cot. With great pain and difficulty he gained his feet, and followed his conductor, first asking permission to leave his pack in the clerk's office. When they had gained the road, Tiny said to the porter, "Now, my friend, I thank you for your kindness, but I will walk about here till the train arrives; I have no money with which to pay for refreshment, and I've no friends here from whom to get any; I have walked a long way; I have missed the cheap train, and have but one farthing in the world." "You're joking, sir," said the man, eyeing him from head to foot. Tiny assured him that he was not, neither was his position a joking matter. At this earnest statement of facts, testified to by the tears which, in spite of every effort to suppress, came into his eyes, the man scratched his head, begged pardon if he had spoken unkindly, and generously offered to pay for some ale and bread and cheese if he would accept it. Tiny gratefully accepted the offer, and will never forget that friend in need—no, never.

A few minutes, and he was comfortably housed, and was left alone with his old hostess, who entered freely into conversation with him, and Tiny told her some of his troubles, over which the good creature wept. She made him go to bed for two hours whilst she dried his clothes. She brought out the shaving tackle of a son long since dead, cooked some meat and made some tea, caused him to bathe his feet and limbs in warm water, and in every way she could acted the mother over again.

Whilst Tiny slept, the porter had returned to the cottage with a sealed packet for Tiny, on opening which he found nearly the whole of his railway fare had been returned to him, as a subscription sent by the clerk and his two sisters. The man said that on his return to the station the ladies asked him questions as to the cause of Tiny's lame and toil-worn appearance. He told them what he knew, and they promptly and generously subscribed the trifles sent, earnestly requesting him to accept it.

Tiny was overwhelmed with this benevolent act; he felt much recruited by rest and the care taken of him by the old lady, who refused to accept any pay, wishing to enjoy the sense of having done good for a fellow-creature in distress; adding that God paid debts without money. I wonder whether he does? mentally ejaculated Tiny.

The train arrived, Tiny thanked his friends for their kindness, and was soon on the way to London. At Euston-square he was met by Lizzy and Bill Cotton. But Tiny and Lizzy had now no home into which to put their heads; but they were in the great metropolis, and Tiny had no fear about getting work at this season of the year. They sought and obtained a lodging for that night, and on the following day they procured a furnished lodging in Islington, near to where they had lived previous to going to Shropshire; and having obtained employment at fair wages, they doubted not but they would soon get a home of their own again. They had realised the truth of the old saying, that a rolling stone never gathers any moss.

Tiny now resolved that the future of his life should be devoted to home and steadiness; and several weeks of what the world calls real happiness passed away, and Tiny having taken counsel with Lizzy, resolved once more to embark on the ground floor of a house, with a stock of furniture less in convenience and comfort than that with which they started in life. But man is born to trouble; and at the end of the first week Tiny was taken ill, and was for many weeks covered with boils, and consequently unable to work. At the same time the youngest child was taken ill also, and whilst the whole family lacked even common nourishment, Lizzy sat and watched her sick husband and child both day and night with her usual patience and endurance, till the flood gates of maternal anguish were once more torn open. The child died, and the doctor expressed some doubt as to whether Tiny would recover.

Friendship is a sacred name. The great orb of day has its attendants, and all animated nature does willing homage to his majestic light, and worships him as the sustainer of life. The moon and the whole planetary systems have their satellites, and who, as they glide through the azure skies, attend their mistress, following in her track with unwavering constancy, all combining to do honour and to give glory to the majesty of him who, by the word of his power, called them into being and fixed their bounds.

Descending to earth, we observe lessons of providence. The ant, the bee, and innumerable other creatures who exult in the rich provisions of love and instinct, and who flit from tree to tree, from flower to flower, or wing their way over trackless seas, darkening the vault of heaven by their countless numbers; and others who dwell on earth's surface or burrow in its bowels; the kings of the forests and lords of prairies—fill we come up to stately man—have their loves and their friendships, ministering, and being in turn ministered to by attendants set over them or near to them to succour, to defend, and to cheer them, and work in an harmony so loveable that its music soothes the sick and weary, smooths the rugged way, renews the worn places by their God-made sufficiency for their office; so that every leaf in the book of created life tells of love, friendship, and truth—in their agencies and effects—as being the companions of that God who numbers the sands, the hairs and the feathers, and without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls to the ground.

(To be continued in our next.)

"THE PEACEFUL HOME."

HOME! How deep a spell that little word contains! it is the place where our purest and best affections move and consecrate themselves—the hive in which, like the little "Busy Bee," youth garners the sweets and memories of life for age to feed upon. It is childhood's temple and manhood's shrine, the ark of the past and future. "Home,—we love the name. The spot is made sacred by a thousand remembrances—it was there we first heard a mother's voice and caught the mild look of her loving eye. It was there we were first enfolded in a father's arms. It was there gentleness watched over us, and love, deep heart-felt maternal love protected us. It was there we first felt the warm impulses of a sister's love and a brother's generous kindness. Home! its name is sweet music which thrills through every chamber of the soul. Home! the soldier dreams of it as he sinks to rest on the red field of slaughtered when the fight is done! It nerves the gallant seaman in his strife with the mad waters, when the tempest's fury dashes the seething foam around his barque, and strained timbers crack and heave as if life were in them. In that fearful hour the thought of home rushes like a beacon o'er the swollen billows of the angry deep: its voices are born to him upon the mighty wind's breath and sound like angel's prayers. And in the fearful hour of death the christian's face is radiant with a holy joy as he dimly sees his heavenly home in sight.

In passing through Alresford, a village of Hampshire, our attention was directed to the sign of "The Peaceful Home;" we thought it strange that such a sign should have been chosen to represent a public-house: the very place that does more than anything else to wear a man from his home and convert it into a hell. We cannot attempt to describe our indignation at such sacrilege. O thou sacrilegious publican,

thou who hast by thine infernal traffic stole away the the happiness of childhood, blighted his youthful days—destroyed his brightest prospects—converted his home into a hell. Yes, thou hast destroyed peace, happiness, and love, and made his home a wreck; and his mother a wreck, with a crushed heart and blighted hopes; and his brothers and sisters a wreck, with bare backs, thin cheeks, and dark minds; and the father, he who should have been a model of manhood to his children, thou hast made a miserable shattered wreck, with character lost, hopes decayed, peace gone; and then, as if to mock his very despair, you call your den the very thing you have deprived him of, a *peaceful home*. How bitter the sarcasm, how keenly the poor wretch who has robbed himself of every thing to satisfy the avarice of that publican, must feel it as he thinks of his once happy home, when his children met him at the garden gate and made the air ring with their innocent prattling welcome, and when the joyous wife, bright and beautiful to behold, met him at that pretty porch with its honeysuckles and woodbine climbers, with the smile of welcome; how his heart must sink within him as he thinks of that cheerful fire, when with the curtains drawn, and the candle lighted, he was wont to read aloud the wondrous stories of that good old book—whilst his wife plied the needle and little Mary sat at his feet, her deep blue eyes turned up to catch the expression of his face, and little Tommy sat on his knee with eyes and mouth wide open, equally anxious to hear and understand. Oh, what must be his feelings as he looks at that sign board swinging backwards and forwards, creaking in every wind, and thinks that that peaceful home is only a thing of the past, a bright spot in the long long ago of his life, and that all before him is a hot burning desert. See, to drown his feelings and drive dull care away he enters and partakes of that fire-water that men take into their system to steal their brains away. Let us follow: What a strange sight presents itself! What a strange household, what a loathsome family! True the fire-blazes cheerfully on the hearth and every thing is tolerably clean, but the family are sleepy, careless, sluggish,—there are old and young, men, women, and children

There is the poor frail creature wearing a hollow smile upon her painted face, decked in a gaudy dress, and by her side a flashy youth whose cheek the blush of innocence has long forsaken. Here the matron may be seen whose half downcast eye seems to say she has but newly learned to tread the downward path. There the stout bold faced woman whose leering grin tells of one long accustomed to the ways of evil. Here a man with bloated features and large staring eyes—there a ragged urchin with shoesless feet, and yonder a girl whose tattered frock covers but half her form. There sits the Parish Clerk big in his official dignity, and here the village blacksmith, whilst the ever active publican with his round face and swollen cheeks, bloated frame and feverish mouth, and little eyes, is the presiding genius of the home; Oh! the peace of that "home;" its folly and blasphemy, its idiot smile and savage grin, but too frequently precede the blow of violence, and the murderer's crime; its peace, like the smoldering fire, requires but additional fuel to rouse it into fury. Its pleasures are those of sin and folly; lust and debauchery reigns there.

Oh! the desolate abodes of utter misery from which these poor wretches come! Go to the house of that poor sot,—behold his unhappy wife and children as they gather round the few remaining embers found on that poverty-stricken hearth, and with that dim light see if you can trace any remains of youth and beauty, intermingled with the distress and misery depicted on that once lovely brow—mark well the sunken eye, the haggard look of the almost broken-hearted mother, view her as she grasps her helpless babe, with what tenderness she clasps him to her bosom, as she thinks of him whose duty it is to support her, but who has through the influence of strong drink robbed him of a father's care. But hark! Why that little group? Why that anxiety to conceal themselves? Why! because a father's step is heard to approach the door. But why those fears on the part of the mother? Why that deep sigh that seems to rend her inmost soul as the latch of the door is raised by the hand of him who has sworn to protect her? Why all this? The answer is given in one word; because he whose very footsteps as he drew near his home should have been hailed with delight; he whose voice should have fallen like the sweetness of music upon the ears of his family, is drunk. But here we think it better to let the curtain drop; the reader can anticipate what may probably ensue when a drunkard returns to his miserable home, quitting a gay and cheerful company for that of a broken-hearted wife and starving children; the warm fireside of the *peaceful home* for the cold damp hovel, where exists the partner of his bosom, the choice of his happier days; she who had borne a more than equal share of his sorrows, she for whom life itself has long since ceased to have any charms; and all because her husband has been deceived and ruined at the *peaceful home*. Working-men, when will you cease to be gulled by these men? When will you cease to esteem the publican's wife better than your own? When will you cease to prefer his smoky tap room to your own happy fireside? Leave the publican to keep his own wife and family, to furnish his own house, to fat his own pigs, and you see to it that your home is not neglected, or your wife or children ill-fed, or badly clothed, through frequenting his house; and wives you see for it that your homes are made happy and comfortable, or depend upon it the publican will try and excel you. You possess a mighty influence over your husbands, use it for good, and keep your husbands at home, teach them to prefer their own home to that of the publican's, so shall yours be IN REALITY, a *peaceful home*.—J. W.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Air—variations in the temperature—dryness and moisture of the atmosphere—chiefly produce disease. They not only affect the health, but the perfection of the species. Hence, the noblest of the human race is the Caucasian, because a medium temperature ever there prevails. In England, but too frequently, Russian cold and Italian heat divides the day, excessive changes which few can bear with impunity. Colds, influenza, consumption, fever, dysentery, are the diseases usually springing from our variable climate; these, in their early stages, may be readily cured with Holloway's remedies, which neutralise in the blood the morbid products of the changeable and impure atmosphere, brace the relaxed frame, prevent inflammation in the robust, and annul fever.

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OR,

**A Word on, to, and for the Working Classes.**

Showing their present condition, socially, intellectually, and morally, and the desirability and practicability of its being improved.

By **STEPHEN SHIRLEY,**

Hon. Secretary to the Band of Hope Union.

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This work is especially adapted as a

**New Year's Gift to a Working Man.**

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designed to show them that much of their distress originates with themselves, and that their improvement depends, in a great measure, upon their own exertions.

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