



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figures 10 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

TEMPLE OF AGRICULTURE AT PEKING.

In the spring of every year the Chinese pay great honors to agriculture. The Emperor proceeds to the park surrounding the Temple of Agriculture, at Peking (a picture of which temple we give), and in a plot of ground reserved for the purpose, and in the presence of the grandees of the Empire, he guides the imperial plow, and uses the seed planter, rake, &c.

After this the Emperor and the attendant princes and officials proceed to the Temple of Agriculture, which is dedicated to *Shin-Nung*, or the "Divine Husbandman," the fabulous originator of the art. Here bullocks, swine and sheep are offered as sacrifice, and prayers made to *Shin-Nung*, and also to the god of the land, the god of the grain, the god of the ocean, the god of the wind, the god of thunder, and the god of rain.

Similar plowing and worshipping are performed by the leading mandarins near the south gates of all the principal cities of the Empire. After which the mandarins mount a platform, and calling around them the principal farmers of the vicinity, exhort them to the proper discharge of their duties as husbandmen. At the close of the addresses they present to each of the farmers, who have been selected to receive them, certain presents, or medals, in the name of the Emperor, in order to encourage and stimulate them to diligence in their calling.

Apart from the idolatrous worship, the conduct of the Emperor and his officials is very praiseworthy; but it is sad to know that while God has not left Himself without witnesses among them, that He does good, and sends them rain and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness, they yet do not recognize His existence and beneficence, but give His glory to others, and His praise to graven images.

WHAT MORPHINE DOES.

On August 2nd Charles Tyler was committed to the Tombs by Justice Wandell from Jefferson Market Police Court for stealing surgical instruments and morphine from physicians. Yesterday at the Tombs Dr. Erasmus D. Hudson, of No. 227 East Twenty-second street appeared before Justice Smith to complain against the prisoner for stealing an overcoat and a small morocco case, containing morphine, on July 10th. Justice Smith sent down for Tyler, but he was sick and could not answer the summons. Enquiries disclosed the fact that he was suffering from the effects of large doses of morphine. A *World* reporter visited him in the sick-room of the Tombs, which is a cell 10 by 18 on the ground floor. He was lying on a narrow bed, in a most uncomfortable position, but was asleep, breathing heavily. He looked like a corpse, his skin being devoid of all life-like color; but when he opened his eyes they were discovered to be brilliant and clear. He awoke at a gentle touch, with a frightened start and a cry of fear, and stared about him like a wild man. By degrees he was led into conversation, and became quite animated in his talk, showing few signs of suffering.

"My right name," said he, "is Henry L. Sanford. I was born in the District of Columbia and am twenty-eight years old. My

mother was a Tyler, of Virginia, but my father was a Northern man. They are both dead. I have brothers and sisters, though they came off long ago, on account of my habit of taking morphine. At twenty I graduated from the College of Pharmacy in Chicago. I started out as a physician, but before long I became addicted to drinking whiskey. I found that the habit was injurious to my business, besides, as in all cases, after awhile the whiskey failed to give me the satisfaction it did at first. It was then I began to take morphine. That had a splendid effect on me; made me lively and ambitious and gave me an amount of happiness I cannot express to you. It transformed me at once. I became strong and independent. Nothing was too hard for me to undertake. I speculated and made lots of money. At the end of two years my sufferings began. I had to be constantly under the influence of the drug. I had married and lost

down to the wrists, were one surface of scars, and the skin was of a bluish tint. Many of these punctures were not healed, but Sanford declared he was totally devoid of feeling. One night, bore into his flesh with a red-hot iron, he said, and he would not feel it, and, as proof of this, he showed scars on his legs, some as large as a silver half-dollar, and told how he got them. It appears that adversity in its fiercest measure came upon him. He lost his hypodermic syringe, and so procured a common syringe. This he could not insert into the flesh without first cutting a hole. He used to take a razor and cut a gash in his thigh, and then with a scissors bore a hole into the flesh, into which he would insert the syringe and inject the morphine. All the fleshy parts of his body which he could conveniently get at have been cut and punctured over and over again.

During the last two years," said Sanford,

over on his miserable cot and sighed in a heart-broken way. "Even when asleep I have no rest. I am constantly dreaming of being thrown in among a lot of dead and being compelled to eat their flesh. I know, when I wake up, covered as I am with cold perspiration, that it is but a dream, but the effect of it makes my desire for morphine a torture." He got up again on his elbow and asked the reporter for some tobacco. The reporter had none to give him, and he fell back again like a dead man. He said tobacco was the only thing he could relish. Morphine taken in the mouth, he said, makes him sick.

Being asked to explain his present predicament, Sanford said that when he lost every means of making money he sold everything he had from time to time to procure morphine. When everything was gone, he profited a while on credit with druggists and dealers with whom he had acquaintance. When this means of getting the drug was denied him, he stole what he could, and with the proceeds got what he wanted.

"Knowing the ways of doctors and the value of their instruments," said he, "I devoted myself to this special way of raising the wind. Of course, I got caught. When I want morphine, I will do anything to procure it. I would kill my own father in a minute, if I could get enough for one dose. When the desire comes on me, I would not exchange the morphine for Heaven. Give me the dose, and then hang me, if you like. I don't care what they do with me after I have got the morphine."

Sanford's features are good and he has education. The keepers call him the "opium fiend." N. F. *Independent*.

OBEYING MOTHER PLEASANTLY.

Harry had seen some older boys fly their kites from the tops of the houses, and he thought it would be nice fun if he could do so too. So he came to his aunt and said, "Aunt Mary, may I go up to the top of the house and fly my kite?"

His aunt wished to do everything to please him, but she thought it very unsafe, so she said, "No, Harry, my boy. I think that is a very dangerous sort of play. I'd rather you wouldn't go."

All right. Then I'll go out on the bridge," said Harry.

His aunt smiled, and said she hoped he would always be as obedient as that.

"Harry, what are you doing?" said his mother one day.

"Spinning my new top, mother."

"Can't you take the baby out to ride? Get out the carriage, and I'll bring him down."

"All right," shouted the boy, as he put his top away in his pocket, and hastened to obey his mother.

"Uncle William, may I go over to your shop this morning?" said Harry one day at breakfast. "I want to see those baskets again that I was looking at yesterday."

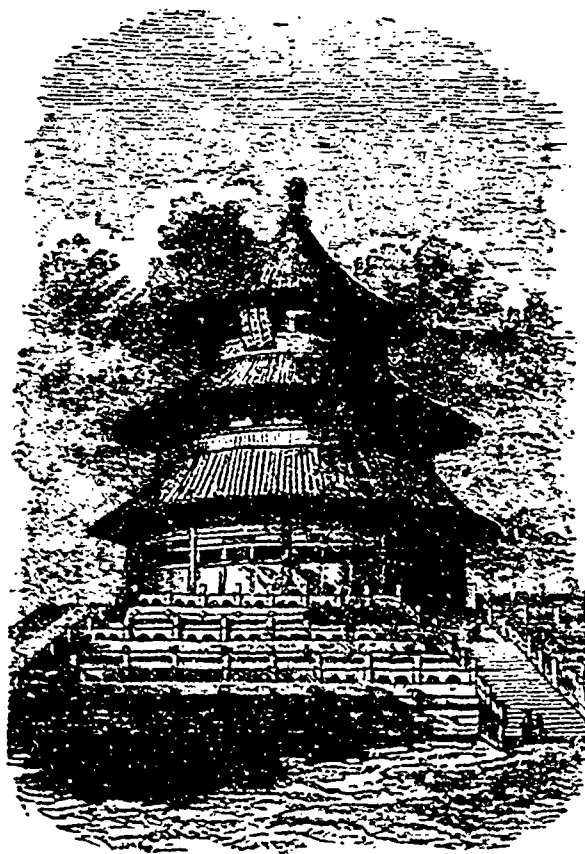
"Oh, yes, Harry," said his uncle; "I shall be very glad to have you."

"But I cannot spare you to-day, Harry," said his mother. "I want you to go out with me. You shall go to the shop another day."

"All right," said Harry, and he went on with his breakfast.

No matter what Harry was asked to do, or what refusal he met with when asking for anything, his constant answer was, "All right." He never stopped to worry or tease. He never asked, "Why can't I?" or, "Why mustn't I?" Harry had not only learned to obey, but he had learned to obey in good humor. *Corner Dove*.

He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed. *Prov. xiii. 20.*



TEMPLE OF AGRICULTURE AT PEKING.

my wife, and this made it necessary for me to take stronger doses, until my mind became impaired. I was put into a lunatic asylum in Massachusetts, and the doctors said that they had never heard of any one who took so much morphine. I was allowed to leave this institution partially cured. My disease can never be totally cured. I again began taking the drug, and soon averaged forty-five grains a day. If I only had about thirty grains now it would make me so lively I could dance all around the room. The doctor gave me twenty grains morning and night, but that's only enough to keep me alive. I take it by injection. Long ago it failed to have any effect on me when taken through the mouth.

Here he bared his left arm and showed the reporter the effect of these injections. They were made by a hypodermic syringe, and from their frequency his arms, from the shoulders

I have taken over sixty grains of morphine a day. I have often taken over a drachm in one day. One drachm of morphine is equal to more than 500 grains of opium."

"What is your feeling now when supplied with the drug?"

"It is one of independence. That is as near as I can express it. No care for the past or future. Without it, my only desire is to kill myself."

He looked about his cell and called the reporter to witness that there were no means of killing himself within reach. "I can't even strangle myself," remarked Sanford. "Oh, if I wasn't so helpless, I'd soon be out of this hell I'm in. I have no fear of the next world. There is nothing in this for me. For over two years I have been dead. There is no blood in me. I can eat nothing, and that which would keep life in me I cannot get." And he fell