

practical proofs of the benefit to the labourer of abandoning the system of paying or making up his wages in cider. He himself, his wife, and family; are all much better off in a physical point of view—very much better off; and in a moral point of view, there is no comparison to be instituted between a sober labourer and one who drinks. If no more cider were drunk than in the fields, and allowed by the farmer, the consequences are bad enough; but the habit of drinking, so general amongst the labourers, arises out of, and is in a great degree fortified by, this practice of the farmer paying wages in the manner mentioned. As soon as a boy begins to work at 9 years old, he is encouraged to drink by the farmer, and from that time the habit gains ground, and it is nearly impossible to eradicate it afterwards. I consider the practice of giving a young man cider, in lieu of higher wages, to be the great cause of the prevalence of the vice and drunkenness in these counties."

GEORGE SMALL of Othery farm-labourer, examined.

I am a farm labourer, am married, and have six children. I am 39 years old. I work for Mr. Somers. I left off drinking cider, beer, and all other strong drinks, about five years ago. At the end of 12 months I took to drinking again. I soon left it off again, and have never touched anything of the kind since, now more than four years.

I have always done all sorts of farm work. I have laboured hard, but I find my health now just as good as when I used to have cider. I don't find any difference. I can work just as well as those that drink. Last summer I mowed with two men from four in the morning till eight at night; it was job-work. They drank; I did not. They drank a gallon and a half each, but I did my share of the work, the same as their's, quite as well as they did. We were paid in money 3s. 4d. during the mowing. They drank their cider, and I had my potato-ground at home. I have gone on in this way for four years. They call me all kinds of names, and laugh at me for not going to the cider shop, but I laugh at them, and ask them if they have paid their rent as I have?

Mr. Somers pays me as much as other labourers get, only instead of the cider he lets me have half an acre of potato-ground. I wish all masters did as Mr. Somers does, I think if the labourers didn't drink so much, they and their families would get more to eat. I generally get 1 lb. of bacon a week, sometimes a little bit of meat, but seldom. We drink tea and coffee, and at dinner treacle and water. I keep two pigs now; sometimes when I kill a pig I keep a piece for myself.

It is eight years since I had any relief from the parish; if I had been in the habit of drinking, my family would have been in rags. I am sure the liquor would have been doing me no good, but without the potato-ground we could not have gone on. I think the liquor is a matter of form.

I went to work when I was nine years old. I have had 1s. a-week and three cups of cider a-day. If I had a boy out at work, I had rather the cider was turned into cheese. It is a bad thing for the young boys to learn to drink as they do; it is as bad with girls nearly. My eldest daughter is eighteen years old. The summer before last, she went out to harvest, and had half a gallon of cider a-day. The farmers think people work harder with so much cider. I don't think they do. Women are often intoxicated at the end of the day, and young men and women, in drinking all this cider, get together in a very improper way.

DANIEL COX, of Othery, Somersetshire, farm-labourer, examined.

"I am a farm-labourer. I am forty years old. I am married, but have no children. I work for Mr. Somers; he gives me no cider, but 1s. a-week instead. I don't think cider averages to the farmer more than 1s. a-week for a labouring man; but it costs 1s. 6d. to buy at the shop, and the farmers reckon it at that. The 1s. a-week in money I think much better than the drink, which is soon gone. I never buy cider, and only drink, if given to me at odd times, but very rarely. I used to have cider for part of my wages, but since I worked for Mr. Somers I have not had any. Next year Mr. Somers is to let me have half an acre of potato-ground; that will be instead of the 1s. a-week he now gives me for the cider. That will give me 100 bags of potatoes, which will be enough for myself and my wife, and a pig, and also for seed.

I can work now just as well as when I used to drink cider. I find no difference. This summer I mowed without cider; it was task work, and I mowed as well as any of them that drank.

We all mowed an acre and a half a-piece a-day. They drank as much as 3d. in cider; I saved that every day. I ate just what they did. Labourers drink much more than they want, generally.

I now live a little better than I used to do. Of course I am better off than a man with five or six children. I have a better cottage to live in. I pay £5 a-year rent, but there is a little garden in which I grow a few potatoes and cabbages.

Boys get their half-pints of cider a-day nearly always; it certainly helps them to swallow their crust, but I think a piece of cheese would be better, and do more good with bread, than half a pint of cider. It would perhaps cost the farmer a little more; cheese to the farmer is dearer than cider, but not if cider is bought at the shop."

Mrs. BARRON, wife of — Britton, of Calne, Wiltshire, farm-labourer, examined.

"Formerly my husband was in the habit of drinking, and everything went bad. He used to beat me. I have often gone to bed, I and my children, without supper, and have had no breakfast the next morning, and frequently no firing. My husband attended a lecture on tee-totalism one evening about two years ago, and I have reason to bless that evening. My husband has never touched a drop of drink since. He has been better in health, getting stouter, and has behaved like a good husband to me ever since. I have been much more comfortable, and the children happier. He works better than ever he did. He can mow better, and that is hard work, and he does not mind being laughed at by the other men for not drinking. I send my eldest boy to Sunday school; them that are younger go to the day school. My eldest boy never complains of work hurting him. My husband now goes regularly to church, formerly he could hardly be got there."

The impression left more distinctly upon the mind, by the perusal of these reports, is, that "Tee-totalism must be the basis of every intelligent and well considered effort for the improvement of our Agricultural population, and for the amelioration of their condition." Let every patriot support the temperance cause!

### Gardening. From "Means and Ends."

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

Gardening is one of the pleasures which grows out of a love of nature, and ministers to it. The culture, of flowers has been one of the favorite employments of females, ever since Eve went forth to her morning labors "among sweet dew and flowers."

Labour is so dear, and men so scarce in our country, that unless our females will take into their own hands the rearing of flowers, small fruits, and the more delicate vegetables, all but the rich must do without them—a sad alternative!

Is it not a fact, that the dinner-table in many of our farmers' families has, for the greater part of the summer, no vegetables but potatoes upon it, when there is ample garden-ground and females in the house, who would be the better for spending an hour or two out of doors every day? How many farmers' gardens have strawberry beds? It is mortifying in these days of improved cultivation, to see our little front yards overgrown with coarse grass, with here and there an old scrawny woody, lilac, or perhaps, a few straggling neglected rose-bushes. These little court-yards, now mere waste ground, might be made to lend beauty, grace and fragrance to the merest hovel of a house.

Miss Mitford, who, among other accomplishments, for which she is far-famed, is a most accomplished cultivator, has, in her last work, incidentally introduced a description of a portion of her garden-wall, which, at the risk of making my young friends blush for their own neglect, I am tempted to quote. The little domain attached to Miss Mitford's cottage is, if I have been correctly informed, not more extensive than an average farmer's garden! "I know nothing so pretty," she says, "as the manner in which creeping plants interweave themselves one with another. We have, at this moment, a wall quite covered with honeysuckles, fuchsias, roses, clematis, passion-flowers, myrtles, scobea, acrima carpis, lotus spermus, and marandia Barclayana, in which two long spays of the last-mentioned chamber have jutted out from the wall, and entwined themselves together like the handle of an antique basket. The rich profusion of leaves, those of the lotus spermus, comparatively rounded and dim, soft in texture and color, with a darker patch in the middle, like the leaf of the old gum geranium, those of the marandia so bright and shining, and