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THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE AND NEWS.

VOL. XI.

APRIL 15, 1845.

No. 8.

Dangers of Dining Out.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

(Concluded from Page 103.)

"In one of these moods, you may perhaps remember the day I went with you to church; feeling I know not how, like a sort of marked man, as if all eyes were upon me. I was, however, somewhat lulled by the deep melancholy music of the organ, and had begun to feel a sort of calm steal over my spirits, when suddenly my attention was directed towards Sir James Morsford's seat; and there were the four children dressed in their deep mourning, and the servants in mourning too; but no governess nor any one with them, but those very domestics, against whose tender mercies their poor mother had so earnestly entreated me to protect them. What could I do? I returned home early, on some pretence of professional duty, and, for that day, and the next, was lost to myself and every one besides."

The narrative of Frederick Bond had been strictly correct so far as related to the state of his own feelings. How far he was justified in believing that his wife could actually have saved him from the gulf into which he was plunging, must in this, as in many other cases, remain a matter of doubt. It is, however, an almost invariable rule with those to whom intemperance has become the prevailing malady of their lives, when they take a retrospective view of their own conduct, to assert, and probably to believe, that some other mode of behaviour on the part of those with whom they were associated, could have rescued them from final and irretrievable ruin. It is, perhaps, not often that men complain of their wives for keeping silence in such cases. Speaking too much, or rather with too little regard to fitness of time and manner, is a far more frequent cause of offence.

From this error Eleanor Bond was singularly exempt, but her punishment was not the less, that her fault consisted in an opposite extreme of conduct. She, too, could have told her story of the last five years; but her altered countenance spoke for her—and in that, what a history was written! Gradual had been the falling away, of herself, her family, and of one she loved better than herself, from that high station in the world's esteem, which she had prized above all earthly possessions. Her husband had passed that line of demarcation which the world appoints for the boundary between what it sanctions and what it condemns; and consequently, first one friend had forsaken him, and then another, and a sort of stigma had become attached to his character, while his old companions congratulated themselves upon their safety—just within that line, from whence they could laugh at his downfall, and despise his shame.

Eleanor was keenly alive to the injustice and the injury which her husband suffered from those who had once been most solicitous to cultivate his friendship; but she had also deeper cause for suffering than any which this world alone could inflict. She had rejected the counsels of the only friend who had ever evinced a real interest in her eternal happiness; she had resisted the warnings of her own conscience; and she seemed to be sinking deeper and deeper into a state of perplexity and distress, from which no human aid could save her. She had been vain in her ambition, and misguided in her judgment; but she was not hardened against conviction, nor obstinate in her adherence to preconceived opinions. Her father's death, which occurred soon after the partnership between her husband and Mr. West had been dissolved, while it placed in her possession a sum of money barely sufficient to secure herself and her children from absolute want, was an event which had considerable effect in changing the state of her heart with regard to her temporal and spiritual views; and thus she had become gradually an altered character, learning, in the school of affliction, those important lessons which prosperity and indulgence had utterly failed to teach.

It was chiefly at her desire, for her husband was becoming reckless of every thing, that they had left their native place, and

settled in a small country village, where they had been informed by Mr. West there was an opening for a professional man; though certainly the practice which this place afforded, was of a very humble and limited kind, when compared with what Frederick Bond in his happier days had been qualified to undertake.

In a picturesque but humble cottage, situated in the outskirts of this village, they fixed their abode, living in the utmost simplicity, and yet endeavouring to cultivate the respect and good will of those around them, by making the best appearance their fallen fortunes would allow.

It could have been an easy matter for Frederick to have secured to himself the entire practice of this village and its neighbourhood; but here again fresh trials awaited his wife, who had the mortification of seeing that first one, and then another of the best families around them, were becoming acquainted with her husband's habits, and consequently calling in other medical assistance; so that, in the course of little more than one year, none but the paupers of the parish were left to his skill or his attention.

Eleanor had fondly hoped, that, surrounded by new scenes, and influenced by different associations, her husband would be induced from all he had felt and suffered, to begin his life afresh, and to let this change in his circumstances be the commencement of better hopes and brighter prospects for the future. She had prepared herself, and was endeavouring to prepare her children, for the sacrifice of every pecuniary indulgence. She had already borne the loss of friends, and the altered aspect of society towards herself and her husband; but the principle of hope, still strong within her breast, now pointed to what was more essentially desirable, and she persuaded herself that, deprived of so much of earthly consolation, her husband would now seek the more earnestly to lay hold of that which the world would not be able to take away. What foundation she had for this hope, it would have been difficult to say, except that she prayed fervently that it might be realized; and while the object of her anxiety cared not to pray for himself, she ceased not from her earnest supplications that he might yet be saved, even though it might seem to be in spite of himself.

In the mean time, Frederick Bond was fast losing the power of resistance against evil. His nerves, as he had described them, were indeed shattered, and his imagination was almost always filled with phantoms of horror, with spectres which he sought to subdue by the very means which called them into life. By such means, however, he was enabled to purchase occasional seasons of forgetfulness, and, what was worse than all to his wife, he purchased also a kind of false and unnatural excitement; under the influence of which, his puerile jests, his aimless tricks, his vague and heartless merriment, were more difficult to witness with patience and forbearance, than even the gross sleep, and mere animal existence, which occupied the greater portion of his time.

It would have appeared to a stranger, a task of difficult attainment to love such a man; but well has it been said, that "*love is strong as death*;" and well has it been proved by the experience of woman, that love can survive the death of pride—of confidence—of hope—of all, in short, which in its earlier stages of existence, either combined in its creation, or administered to its support.

The hopes of Eleanor Bond had been reduced to their lowest state, before the conversation took place which we have described. But now a new light seemed to burst upon her, for her husband had, of his own accord, made allusion to the subject that was ever present to her thoughts. Her heart was consequently open; and like some captive, whose heavy chains are just broken, she believed that happiness, solid, substantial happiness, would inevitably ensue. What was her disappointment, then, to find, that though her husband would not unfrequently shed tears at the recital of her anxiety and suffering on his behalf, he had in reality lost the power of feeling any thing acutely, or of entering with continued interest, even upon the most important concerns of life. He fully agreed with her in all her reasonings, he listened to all

her entreaties, he consented, as far as words were concerned, to all her plans; but while he sometimes limited his portion for the day, it was only to add a stronger for the night; and while he freely acknowledged that nothing but total abstinence could save him, he continued to indulge himself with that dangerous little, which he said was absolutely necessary to enable him to resist at all.

"I cannot endure the agony of my own thoughts—I cannot exist under the remembrance of what I have done—I cannot look into the horrible future," was his constant remonstrance, whenever the hour or the day arrived, which he had fixed upon as the commencement of his own system of restraint! and when he met again the calm reproving eye of his wife, he would repeat his accustomed assertion, that if she would only prove to him his innocence of one fatal act, he would from that hour become an altered man.

It was in this state of their domestic affairs, that Eleanor one day received a letter from her sister, informing her of the alarming illness of Mr. West. An idea at the same moment flashed across her mind, and she determined to act upon it without delay. She determined to go herself, and, if it was possible obtain an interview with Mr. West, in order to ascertain with certainty whether her husband had really been guilty of the act, which so often afforded a pretext for plunging yet deeper into guilt. Under pretence of visiting her family, she therefore laid her plans before her husband, and it was agreed that she should set out on the following morning.

Among other infirmities that were gradually stealing upon Frederick Bond, he was now losing the refreshment of wholesome sleep. The sleep he purchased was heavy and deep, but it was not of long duration; and his early waking hours were the most wretched of his whole life. On the morning of his wife's projected journey, he awoke as usual, and found her already preparing for her departure from home; but fearing to bring upon himself—not her reproaches, for these he seldom had to fear—but her affectionate appeals to his better feelings, he studiously suppressed all signs of intelligence, and allowed her to proceed in her occupations undisturbed. He had retired to rest the night before in his usual manner, and Eleanor, as her custom was, no sooner saw the bright sun-beams on the window near his bed, than she gently drew the curtain over him, lest they should increase the throbbing headache, with which, under his present circumstances, he always awoke. She then with great caution folded down the bed-clothes that seemed to intercept his breathing, raised the pillow underneath his head, placed beside him a glass of pure water, and, returning to the window, opened it just so far as to admit the fresh morning air, scented with sweet-briar, and all pleasant things that were offering their incense to the rising sun.

After this, the room was silent; and Frederick venturing to open his eyes, discovered that his wife was kneeling in the attitude of prayer, while the expression of her face wore such a look of earnest entreaty, as he never from that moment could forget. It seemed as if the working of her feelings had at last overcome all remembrance of his presence, for she began to speak audibly, and then he found that her soul was labouring with a secret hope, the nature of which he could not ascertain, though of its relation to himself he was left to entertain no doubt. She then prayed earnestly for her children, committing them to the care of their heavenly Father, particularly during her expected absence; and then again, after having risen from the ground, she knelt down, and, bursting into an agony of tears, entreated for the poor prodigal, that he might be brought home to his Father's bosom; that he might be regarded, while yet afar off, and that she and her children might be preserved every day and every hour from saying or doing what might tend to keep him as an alien from his Father's house.

It was impossible for the wretched man, while listening to this prayer, to shut out the burning tears that gushed from his eyes. He had never before been made so fully sensible of his real situation, as it related to his wife and family—he had never before been made so clearly to understand that nothing short of that Power which had been invoked could save him from utter destruction here and hereafter. This conviction seemed to fall upon him at first like a load which he was unable to sustain; and no sooner was he left alone, than he arose, and paced to and fro in his chamber the victim of thoughts and apprehensions too wretched for description.

This apartment was a small room on the ground-floor, opening by an old-fashioned lattice, through a perfect bower of roses and sweet-briar, upon a little orchard-green, where his children were

accustomed to play. Oppressed with the anguish of his mind, he at last threw open the window, and looked out. He had heard young voices speaking in their pleasant tones of innocence and joy, and he now beheld his children, with their mother, seated round a little breakfast-table under one of the old trees which grew near the house.

It was a beautiful picture, but it did not escape his eye, that they were all eating the coarsest bread, served in the humblest manner, though they had every appearance of enjoying their meal as much as if it had been of the most costly description. For a long time he had leaned against the side of the window, and gazed with fixed attention on this scene without the little party being aware that he was a spectator; but no sooner did one of them make the discovery, than it was whispered to the rest, and almost instantaneously something like a shadow fell upon them all. Their cheerfulness subsided, their laughter died away, and the pleasant schemes they had been forming for all that was to be done in their mother's absence, and the promises they were making her, sunk into silence on their lips; while they ate the remainder of their breakfast without a word or a smile.

Frederick Bond shrunk back into his room; he would willingly have shrunk into the centre of the earth.

"Am I so horrible a monster," he exclaimed, "that I cannot look upon my own children without withering their joy?"

As he said this, he caught a glimpse of his figure in the glass; and he wondered, if he had felt any, might well have ceased. His face was sallow, his cheeks had fallen into deep hollows, his eyes were red and glaring, his black hair was matted into separate locks, that seemed as if starting from his head. He was wrapped in a loose dressing-gown, and all his movements were accompanied by a certain degree of muscular distortion; especially his face, which was once handsome, but which had lately been disfigured by convulsive twitches, at which his younger children laughed, while the older ones were afraid.

"No wonder," said he, "they shun and hate me. I envy them the power of escaping from such a monster; but how shall I escape from myself?"

He then swallowed his accustomed morning draught, and before his wife had come to take leave of him, he had begun to feel more the master of himself.

"Frederick," said Eleanor, returning again after she had bid him good-bye, "this is the first time I have left you and the children alone; for their sakes—for mine, may I ask of you one kindness?"

"What is it?"

"Will you abstain—will you endeavour to be your better self, until my return?"

"Impossible! Heaven knows I gladly would, if the power was in me; but you know, Eleanor, it is impossible."

"All things are possible with God, Frederick. Will you not ask him to help you?"

"I dare not."

"Of what are you afraid? Surely there is more to dread in the daily violation of his holy law, than in the simple act which he has himself enjoined—the act of coming to him in simplicity of heart, to ask his pardon for the past, and his aid in resisting temptation for the future."

"But my sins are beyond all hope of pardon."

"They are, while persisted in; not otherwise."

"You forget that I am a murderer."

"I do not forget that you believe yourself to be so. Yet, even for the murderer, there is hope of pardon. Do not, dear Frederick, attempt to measure your culpability by the opinions of men. I have heard you say, yourself, that it is the simple nature of sin, as such, which makes it hateful in the sight of God; and though some sins may be more offensive and injurious to society than others, all are equally forbidden by the divine law. If, therefore, we would in reality take the Bible as our guide, we must believe that the murderer is not more guilty, than the man who appropriates his neighbour's goods; the drunkard, than he who chafes in the secret of his heart the spirit of envy or revenge."

"Take courage, then, dear Frederick. Some of us are sorely beset with temptations of many kinds. You have one prevailing temptation. Direct, then, then, all your efforts against this deadly enemy, and when once effectually conquered, it will be conquered for life. Farewell, dear Frederick; if you find yourself lonely when I am gone, remember that God is near you, waiting to be gracious. And now, once more, farewell. Take care of the dear children; and may their heavenly Father bless and protect you all!"

With these words Eleanor departed, and her miserable husband was left, as it appeared to him, without one consolation, or one hope. Tormented with perpetual restlessness, he went into the little parlour where he was accustomed to breakfast, and he found his eldest daughter seated at her sewing. She started up on seeing him enter, and immediately brought in his breakfast. It was a choice and savoury repast, such as Eleanor always had in preparation for him, whenever he chose to partake of it; and he could not help this morning comparing it with the homely meal he had seen his wife and children eating in the garden some hours before. As soon as his little daughter had placed it on the table, she sat down to her sewing again, and only looked up occasionally, to see whether her father wanted any thing she could bring.

Gladly would Frederick Band have sharpened his appetite this morning, by adding to his coffee the usual portion of brandy, with which he was accustomed to strengthen it, but there seemed to him, in the presence of the quiet little girl who sat beside him, endeavouring to supply her mother's place, a sort of sacredness, which he was not yet so hardened as to violate.

"Mary," said he, "do you always eat that brown bread for your breakfast, which I saw you eating this morning?"

"Yes, always."

"And have you always those wooden bowls for your milk?"

"Oh, yes; we like them better, because they never break."

"And does your mother always eat the brown bread and milk with you?"

"Yes, when she eats any thing; but she sometimes goes almost without a breakfast at all."

"Do you think she likes the bread and milk?"

"I don't think she does like it much; no more did Henry and Isabel at first, but we are all getting to like it now; and mamma is always trying to persuade us to eat the simplest and cheapest food, because she says we shall have to do so some time, and it is better to do it now while we are young, and healthy, and happy, than to wait until we are forced, and may neither be so strong, nor so well able to eat coarse food."

Frederick now recollected that his children never dined with him, and the idea struck him, that perhaps they lived through the day on the same hard and homely fare. He recollected that his wife generally made excuses when she sat down with him, that she had previously dined with the children, thinking it best to keep order amongst them by her own presence; and he recollected, too, that his own little board was always spread with dainties—with the game that was in season, or with some choice viands cooked so as to tempt his failing appetite, and always served up in such a manner, as to avoid reminding him that he was not a gentleman still.

"And these poor creatures," said he to himself, "have been all the while living like the paupers of the parish!" He could scarcely swallow the morsel he had put into his mouth; and if ever man loathed himself, he did so at that moment. By way of diverting his thoughts, however, he made an effort to change the subject of conversation.

"Who are you working for, Mary?" he inquired.

The child blushed deeply, while she answered, "I am making a shirt."

Her father had asked the question with the most perfect indifference as to any answer she might make; but her embarrassment awakened his curiosity, and he went on.

"Is it for me, or for your brother?"

"Oh, it is too large for George," said Mary, endeavouring to smile away her blushes.

"It is for me then, I suppose. Why don't you answer me, Mary?"

The child burst into tears. "It is a secret," said she; "my mother charged me not to bring this work into the room where you were; but I felt sure you would never notice it, and so I disobeyed her commands, and now she has hardly been gone an hour, and my judgment has come upon me."

"But what secret can you have, Mary, about a shirt?"

"Oh, don't ask me, father. I dare not tell a falsehood, and yet I must not betray my mother's secret; she has kept it so long."

"Poor child!" said Frederick, in a voice so kind, and so unusual, that Mary's little heart was melted; and looking up through her tears, she said, "I am sure you would like my mother better if you knew, and yet I hardly dare tell you."

"Well, Mary, I will leave it to you. If your mother has ever charged you not to tell me—if you have promised her that you would not—I cannot urge you to break your trust."

"No, she has never charged me at all; she has never even

mentioned the subject directly, but she has been so studious to keep it from you, that we all know her wishes; and ought we not to regard them as much as her word?"

"Certainly you ought; but in this instance I do beg you will tell me the whole truth; it may be of the utmost consequence, both to your mother and to me."

Mary looked anxiously at her father, and then began her story.

"Well, then, we take in a great deal of plain sewing; my mother, and Eleanor, and Isabel, and I. We all get up at five every morning, and a shirt is sometimes almost made before your breakfast."

"And you do this for pay?"

"Oh, yes; and mamma tells us all about the house-keeping, and how much it saves to eat such and such things, and to wear our common frocks; until sometimes she smiles, and says, she is afraid we shall become lovers of money."

"And what do you do with all that you make, and all that you save?"

"Why, first, there is George's schooling, about which mamma thinks a great deal, and all the house-keeping; and Isabel's doctor's bill; and the wages of the servant—all these take a great deal of money to pay, and there is also another thing, which mamma keeps a great secret."

Frederick was afraid to pursue the subject farther; but the child having once plunged into her mother's secrets, thought it just as well to tell the whole as a part. She therefore went on:

"I am sure you will love mamma, as we all do, when I tell you, that for years she has been trying to afford to keep a pony for you, for she persists in it, that you are not in good health, though we all think you are a great deal better than she is herself. Yet she says it would do you so much good to ride out every day; that it is a hard thing for a man who has been accustomed to riding to do without a horse; that it would give you more respectability in the neighbourhood, and many other things that we don't quite understand. However, we all work for this great object; and last winter we had nearly accomplished it, when there came in at Christmas, that long, long bill from the cruel wine merchant, for things which my mother never knew of, but which she said must be paid for before we thought of the pony. I shall never forget how she cried that day. Indeed, we all cried to see her so distressed; and the worst was, poor George could not go to school for a whole quarter, because there was not money enough to pay his master and the wine merchant too; so he grew quite idle and mischievous, and lost more than he had gained for three months before."

And thus the child went on in her simplicity, disclosing more and more of the details of her mother's economy, little dreaming that every word she uttered went like a dagger to her father's heart. He had dropped his knife upon his plate, his coffee remained untasted, and he sat with his elbow resting on the table, and his forehead shaded by his hand, apparently occupied with the pattern of a napkin which he was folding and unfolding, wholly unconscious of what he did.

"You may take away those things, Mary," he said, when he felt that he could bear no more. And as soon as the child had disappeared, he rushed into his own room, and bolted the door.

"Have I then been such a wretch!" he exclaimed, "Yes, I have eaten my children's bread, and reduced my wife to the grade of a common beggar! a village scampstress! a taker-in of plain work! She who was once so elegant in all her tastes, and who ought to have been cherished as the only treasure of my life."

"If they had shut me in dungeons, and fed me with loathsome food, I could have borne it; but I have been a pampered ingrate, fattening on the luxuries which want has purchased! In what, where shall I find an ocean that will wash me pure from this pollution!"

The shadows of evening were far advanced that day, while the miserable man was still pacing the round of his little chamber. -- Mary had knocked gently at his door many times during the last few hours, and she now knocked again, to say that her younger brother was undressed, and going to bed, and wished to bid his papa good-night.

Frederick opened the door, and the little cherub sprang into his arms, at the same time looking anxiously round the apartment, as if he had expected to find his mother.

His father kissed him, and bid him good-night, but still he did not seem satisfied to go.

"What does he want?" asked the father.

"He has been accustomed," replied Mary, "to say a little prayer before he went to bed; and as my mother is not here, and

he always says it in this room, perhaps you will let him kneel beside you, just for a few moments; we will not stay long."

It was a novel situation for such a parent to be placed in; but Frederick almost mechanically seated himself in the old nursery chair, and the child knelt down at his feet, with its little rosy hands folded on his knees, its blue eyes raised, and its golden tresses thrown back from its snow-white temples, over the infant-neck and shoulders, which its half-dress had left uncovered.

The prayer of one whose experience has been long in this world, is necessarily clogged with so many interruptions of thought, so many associations and recollections, that it seems at best but a struggle of the soul to make itself heard. But the prayer of a child is like the unsophisticated voice of nature, passing from its pure bosom at once into the skies.

There are few hearts so hardened as to resist the impression made by this innocent and artless appeal; and Frederick Bond was peculiarly disposed, on the night we have described, to be softened into more than common tenderness. He laid his hand upon the shining tresses of his child. He bent his head over him, and his lips also uttered an involuntary prayer, against which the gates of mercy were not closed.

He slept not the whole of that long night; yet restless, anxious, and apprehensive, he was enabled, in the midst of a host of midnight horrors, to abstain from his besetting sin. The next morning he breakfasted with his children around him; and if he did not join them in their humble fare, it was simply because, after many unavailing attempts, he found he had lost the power to do so. This day appeared, if possible, still longer than the night.—He could not read. He could not even think to any purpose. He could only feel, and feeling had lately been the bane of his life. His children were all busy with their different occupations. He knew not what to do; but still he was able to abstain.

On the following morning he was so fortunate as to form a scheme with which all the young spirits around him were so elated, that he could not refuse to rejoice in their gladness. He projected an excursion to a neighbouring hill, a dinner in a wood, and a walk home in the cool of the evening. All this, however, was only happiness for others. This brought little satisfaction to him. The third day was one of peculiar trial. The remembrance of Lady Mornford's death came freshly back upon him with the first dawn of the morning, and haunted him through the whole day. Still, however, he resisted, for though he believed it would be impossible, with this load upon his mind, to support the burden of consciousness through the whole of his future life, yet having already passed three days without his accustomed stimulus, he determined to await the return of his wife, and thus to prove how much his affection for her could enable him to accomplish.

In this manner his weary life was passed, sometimes hoping, sometimes even praying; but far more frequently sinking into a state of utter despondency and horror, until nearly the expiration of the time his wife had expected to be absent. It wanted now but one day to that of her return, and the children rose early with the happy word "to-morrow" perpetually upon their lips. Even he himself felt a secret spring of joy, as he walked with them in the little garden which surrounded their cottage, and watched them plucking out the weeds that might otherwise offend their mother's sight, sweeping away the leaves from her favourite walk, and peeping with expectant eyes at the fruit, which they hoped would be fully ripened by the hour of her return.

In this manner they were all engaged, when their attention was attracted by the sound of a carriage wheeling down the lane, and round by the corner of the garden, until it stopped at their own cottage-door.

"It is my mother. It is herself come a day sooner," was echoed by all the happy voices at once. And so indeed it was. She sprang from the chaise, embraced as many of her children as her arms could contain at once, and, walking up to her husband, looked again and again into his face; for the eye of affection is not easily deceived, and she could not but perceive that some blessed change had taken place.

"Come with me, Frederick, will you?" she said, "and help me to unfasten my trunk."

They went together into the bed-room. She then bolted the door, and, placing her arm affectionately over his shoulder, said in a voice of subdued ecstasy, "I have seen Mr. West, and I have welcome tidings to tell you. The good man is on his death-bed. In a few days I might have been too late. We had a long conversation about you. He was surprised and shocked at your suspicions; and bade me assure you, in the most solemn manner,

that you had nothing whatever to do with the death of Lady Mornford. 'Indeed,' said he, 'I took care myself that no injury should be done, for when I saw the situation your husband was in, I undertook the operation myself. But the case was worse than we had anticipated, and her previous habits—her spirits having been for some time almost entirely supported by stimulants—would, under any circumstances, have rendered her a recovery doubtful.'"

"Tell your husband," he added, "he has nothing to fear from the past. It is with the future that he has to do. And may God in his mercy strengthen and protect him for the time to come!"

Frederick Bond had listened to this intelligence with clasped hands, and eyes upraised. He uttered not a word; but, sitting on his knees beside the bed, with his wife pressed close to his bosom, he breathed a solemn vow, that if God would mercifully grant him the power to resist, he would never again transgress his holy law, by touching that which had been the bane of his past life.

This vow, made as it was without presumption, and without self-dependence, he was enabled to keep. He did not, as so many thousands have done, venture to play with the poison he had sworn, but renounced it wholly and for ever.

The effects of this resolution, so far as they related to temporal affairs, were soon visible in the happiness of his family, in the restoration of his respectability, and in his peace of mind.

For the more lasting effects of that resolution, which Divine mercy prompted him to make, and enabled him to keep, we must look to the regions of eternal rest, and count one blessed spirit the more, amongst those who dwell for ever in purity and light.

A Chapter in the life of a House-Factor in Glasgow.

It is a fact that, in a populous city, where crime is daily, yea hourly, perpetrated in its most appalling shapes, the eye and mind become alike habituated to any occurrence, and what at one time would have brought forth a disapproving exclamation, or fixed us to the spot in silent astonishment, with our eyes rivetted on the object of our pity or contempt, we by the all-conquering force of habit in a very short time take little notice of, unless when they are pointed out to us, and we then say, with the greatest sang froid, "O! that is a common thing; that is nothing new." In the story I am about to relate, there is certainly something both strange and new; or otherwise, I, who have been long in the neighbourhood of almost every species of crime, would have taken no notice of it, had there not been something in it at once ludicrous and shocking. One day, on arriving at my place of business to attend to my vocation (which, by the way, you will allow, was a very charitable one, as it was to attend to the necessities of the poor,) I found my door almost blockaded with a sample of the poor of the three kingdoms, when I was accosted with a Babel-like confusion of tongues, all asking the same question, but in a different dialect.—"Have you any small hours to let?"

Having answered in the affirmative, I began the usual preliminaries by asking them, individually, what occupation each followed, and what rent they could give in advance.

"Troth," said a hardy skin-and-bone son of the sod, "the ne'er a hap'ny have I to give yer honour, but if it is a keasteren you want, Jamie Cairnie, the foreman o' the boys, will certify anything ye please. Will he not, Biddy?" said he referring to his wife.

"It's true for yez, Dennis," said she, "he's a darlint boy, sure he'd give yez a hunder uv thim; didn't he bail yez out uv jail the tother day?"

On hearing that he was a "jail bird," I marched him to the right about—when in came stumping it a tall meagre-looking figure. I say stumping it, for he poised himself along on a wooden leg, which gave notice of his approach in as regular a manner as the death-knell indicates an approaching funeral. His frame was incased in what had once been a black coat, which was buttoned up to his neck, and seemed to serve as a substitute for a vest and shirt, yet his hat was passable. In as discreet a tone of voice as I could command, I asked what trade he followed, for his melancholy air inspired a certain respect, yea, his whole deportment seemed to say, "I have seen better days." And breaking silence, he said, in a sepulchral tone, "Why, Sir, I'm a tailor."

Here I almost lost my gravity, for the adage flashed upon my mind, that a tailor is only the fraction of a man; and it was verified in his case, as he had but one leg. Checking my risible faculties, I asked his name.

"My name, Sir, is William B——."

"Well, William, how much rent can you give in advance?"

"How much do you want, Sir?"

"Give me fifteen shillings, that is a quarter's rent, and I will give you a horse you will fit you to a 'T'."

"I cannot give you that, but I will give you ten."

"Well I'll take ten but you must pay the rest in weekly instalments, and failing this, leave the house when required."

"Very hard terms these," said he, "but necessity has no law, and for want of a better shift, she must submit to your law."

"Not so bad that William," said I, as I locked up the ten shillings in my safe, and put the key of his house into his hand, commencing *de novo* another case. But having given the reader an idea of my business, I will proceed with the character I have introduced. It was my custom after letting a house to take a peep into it next day, to see what kind of a fish I had got into my net, or otherwise to ascertain what the landlord's right of *hypothec* might be; but sad to relate, the tailor had outwitted the landlord in that respect, for he had not even a seat to sit on, and in lieu of a working board, he had torn the window shutters from their fixtures, and raised them on a few bricks, answerable for his light, and here sat he, with his wife and little ones, squatted on the floor around him, busily plying his handicraft. Having given him his "How do you do?" I cast my eyes around in search of his bed, but alas, he had none; nothing but a truss of straw, where he, his wife, and children, huddled together, bade defiance to the inclemency of the weather, which, at that time, was unusually severe. They had not even a grate to hold in the few dying embers, which had served to parboil their last meal; but necessity had invented one, for I observed that within an old iron hoop, he had contrived to make a substitute for a grate. I was about to exclaim, "This is poverty in its most appalling colours," when I checked myself, and stepping forward to him, I asked, with a serious air, how much he might earn per week at his business?

"Why Sir, said he, a good workman can make from eighteen shillings to a pound."

"I would aver, said I, from the texture of that cloth, that you are not a bad workman."

"I may say, without presumption, that few can excel me; and I have had nothing less than a pound per week for the last year."

"A pound!" I involuntarily echoed.

"Yes," said he, euphatically, "except when I was on the *FLY*."

"O ho! I see it all," said I, and left the house with a sigh, reflecting on the infatuation that had taken possession of the pitiful wretch, and made him the slave of a poisonous beverage, which was now preying on his vitals, and would sooner or later deprive him of life, and had already subjected his little ones to all the horrid privations of want, and its hateful concomitant, disease.

It was two months before I visited him again, and on entering the door I beheld a disgusting scene of intemperance; his wife was lying on the pallet of straw, raving insensibly with the foregoing night's debauchery, while her almost naked infant lay beside her, pale and emaciated; the tear-washed channels on its little dirty face indicated that it had ended itself asleep. The unworthy father, degraded below the beasts that perish, came staggering towards me with an empty glass, inviting me to drink, with a faltering tongue, which, without telling him it was empty, I declined taking observing at the same time that his rent was due, when he declared with an oath that it was a lie, but that I might go on with it; here he would have pushed the door in my face, but I was too well accustomed to similar tricks to be rebuffed in that manner, and I maintained my ground. He became furiously excited, and took from his pocket a handful of money, and flung it at me with vehemence, which I (while he kept raging and stamping with his wooden peg, in all the insanity of intoxication) carefully gathered up; and kept my own compliment, and returning the overplus, away I rushed, glad to inhale the pure air again,—for from the confined fumes of debauchery, and their unwashed hovel, arose a stench, foul, unwholesome and suffocating—yes it seemed the very nucleus of disease;—a true sample of the hundreds, yea, the thousands of the same description that infest our city, to the no small annoyance of our better inclined citizens, who may be poor, yet are germinating with moral decency, cleanly, temperate, cultivating the social faculties, and giving a zest to our little sojourning here, inspiring the mind with reverence for the Creator, and a hope that as he has given good men to smooth the rough and weary paths of life, he will in his infinite love and goodness, enable them to preserve a conscience void of all offence. These are the men who humanize society, and create a bond of amity between this lower world and the Deity. These are the men who often avert the calamities that the recreant

spoiler of our peace would bring down upon us—these generators of a two-fold disease, that stalks allwarrant the length and breadth of the land, with a fatal virulence, secretly working the ruin of both soul and body. Thus, the subject of our story spent his time in hopeless misery, passing from one degradation to a worse. It would take many pages to advert to all the low and villainous schemes he invented to procure money, to allay that thirst which it would seem was destined to hurry him to an untimely end. I may mention two of his expedients:—One day, when he and his wife (for she was accessory to all his plans) had exhausted every iota of moveables that could be carried to a pawn shop or a rag store, they were seated together, with their organs of invention at work, as much concerned as if it was a matter of the greatest moment to themselves and family, when in an extacy of joy, she started to her feet, crying, "I have it now, Will; I have it now—aff w' yer peg, aff w'!"

"And what then, Bess?"

"Never you mind that, aff w'it and I'll soon let you see." And unstrapping his wooden leg, he gave it to his unworthy rib, and taking an old blacking bottle, from which they had been quaffing, away she hurried, as if to accomplish something praiseworthy—when she soon returned with the leg, transubstantiated into the chalice of vitriol, qualified with water and raw grain, which they greedily swallowed, the one quarrelling with the other about who got the last suck, for they had sold the glass, and they took suck about from the bottle, till they sank again into that stupor, that wretched oblivion, from which drunkards awaken to realise that awful derangement of body and mind, which none can describe, but which they themselves have designated—"the horrors!!!" In such a state sunk our hero and heroine, of drunken memory.

What hell-hatched scheme will they bring forth next? There is nothing left now but the blacking bottle, and he cannot dispose of another limb with safety, or that might be the next shift. Alas! they are exclaiming, "What shall we do?" while their eyes are glaring, like the eyes of the buskiss, yea, their brains are on fire, and their hearts are as a dying cinder.

What shall they do? They are in awful desperation. Will no one have mercy on them? No; they are lost to all that is good themselves, and who cares for them and their self created woe? In this dilemma of distraction, he is writhing and tossing his body athwart the hovel, for he is unfit to walk—and the second amputation is worse than the first—every now and then he lets fly a volley of curses on his wife, who like another Delilah, has deprived him of his strength, and left him a prey to the enemy, while she the prototype of intemperance goes taving up and down in an agony of distress, wringing her hands and crying out, "What's this! what's this! oh! that I had never been born."

When one of their children, a half-famished boy, who is an apprentice to a tobacconist, came in eagerly crying for something to appease his hunger—for his rations have scarcely exceeded one penny worth of bread per day—since his despicable parents went on the *FLY* as they call it! instead of being concerned what they shall give him for a meal—see he has come within the reach of his unrepentant father, and he has seized him, and the terror-struck boy screams, while the heartless parent calls on his companion in crime, to come and strip the innocent little fellow of his clothes, while he, the father holds his hands till she accomplishes the robbery—and in an instant every little innocent in the house has undergone the same operation. The wretched woman is off again to the wee pawn, and returns with a renewal of the former dose. And alas! the poor infatuated creatures are once more lost in their delirium, while their squallid offspring seek refuge in one another's bosoms, till the cravings of hunger and cold alarm the neighbours—the secret is out—the police are informed—they are seized, and taken before the authorities. The neighbours confirming the report of the officers, the unnatural parents are found guilty, and sent 60 days to hard labour, and the children find a comfortable home in the Town Hospital.—*Glasgow Examiner*.

A Temperance Meeting in the West Indies.

TO THE SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Barbice, 25th July, 1844.

DEAR SIR,—I send you the following account of a tea-total meeting, held a few days ago, at Plantation Lochaber, to do with it as you may think fit, and remain yours, very truly,

E. DAVIES,

Having introduced the meeting I sat down; and requested any one who felt disposed to speak a few words to do so

Abraham Demay was the first to rise. "Do first time," said he, "me da drink rum, me been like 'em. When me have money, me always go buy rum. Me drink in: me get drunk. When me drink so, headache and fever me da get for true, but now after me put hand to tha' book, me ha' money for buy salt fish, my kin (skin) so healthy, and this time me no loose one bit for buy rum."

George Scipio was the next. "One day," said he, "me go na Canefield," (the name of a neighbouring sugar plantation,) "me go meet one man na Canefield. Dat day he buy rum at da grog-shop which them have na Canefield. He drink till he no able. He no eat nothing the whole day. Da night he go lie down, for sleep. Next morning they go find 'em da place he no down. Hey! he sleep for true. Lie dead! Me see 'om. Me see mon carry 'em away; and go bury 'em! Rum kill da man."

George Hope, a hearty middle aged man, was the next speaker. "That time rum been there in the grog-shop," said he, referring to a grog-shop which teetotalism had closed, "always when me da go pass, me must put one half a bit (about two-pence) da ma pocket for buy rum. Sometimes me da go pass daro tree at four time one day; and every time me must put half a bit da ma pocket. Da money me da take, me steal 'em from me wife. Me go home; me no look for eat (food); me no want eat so long me get da rum already. This time, after I sign da book, I feel good; I no feel sick; and I no steal my wife money no more."

Cocca Fortune, a good steady foreman on the estate, was the next to rise. "Rum good?" said he, "No he bad. When me been drink rum, me spend one dollar in one day, and he no 'nough. Many day me must spend one dollar for rum. When me no have da money myself one, me steal 'em from me wife. At night when me go sleep, me head too big; me cant sleep so long, me drink so much rum da day time. Da morning me get up for go na field for work, me no able for work. Rum no good; when you drink 'em, he make you sick. Beforetime me think little bit of rum shall do me good; but when me take 'em, he no do me no good 't all; and now me know rum bad. Youself know when you drink rum, you no get water fast 'nough. He no does burn you too much? Yes. All! you must then sign da book to-day."

Jacob Thomas, a fireman at the engine, then came forward to sign, and made the following remarks. "When me been drink grog, me must every day spend four guilders for buy rum. Sometime when me drink da rum so, and get drunk, me sa' curse me moder bad bad. When me eye open, me moder tell me how rum no good, 'cause when me drunk, me da curse 'em. Me say no! Me cant curse me moder so. She say, yes; you da curse me too bad. Me then begin find out rum no good; 'cause when me no drunk, me no curse me moder. Rum make man fool. Rum take 'way he sense. Me no sa' eat rum no more. Me left rum now dis four month. Me fireman. Me try; and me find me can work fire, and drink no rum 't all."

Quammy Lambert, a good member of the church, and a steady teetotaler, was the next. "First time," said he, "I hear we go have teetotal meeting, I think da tea we go drink; and some o' we say, I can drink rum little; I can sin little. No, my friends: I can see how little man lick big man. I see how little man lick my broder. Little fire burn da whole house. One day I go na bush for catch fish. One man there too in a corial (a little boat) before me. He too go na bush. As he go up river, he get out, and he go na Canefield. When he came back, I see he put in the corial two big jugs with rum! He been have one barrel of biscuits too, and one barrel of salt, and one barrel of flour. When I pass him little bit, I look behind; I see he push off; he come behind me; he go in and out. I go before, he follow me. I get there before Calabash creek; he one, too, he come on; he da pull for haul the paddle; he fall; he go down one time! I so 'fraid. It was first time I saw somebody dead in the water. Next day he float 'pon top of the water like one fish. I pass 'em! I so 'fraid, I go in to Philidelphia! Well, brothers and sisters, if you been ax da man, he say he only take little for do him good; but da little take his soul to hell! Some of you been sign to-night; take care you no do like da dog;—he puke, then he turn round he massa foot; then he go back; he go eat 'em again! All you must mind this."

At this stage of the proceedings, as it was only a "free and easy" sort of a meeting on an estate, I asked if any of the women would like to bear their testimony. One of advanced years, whose name was

Thirza Demay, accepted the challenge, "Before time," said she, "massa use to make dem give all we wine—mix 'em with sugar, in one big tunno. When we taste 'em, he sweet for true; me like 'em; me follow 'em. When me follow drunk so, he make me head hurt me. When Christmas come, and they gie 'em fo' dem nigger man, me no drink 'em no more. Me see what rum do me old missey. He (she) drink rum ta-ta-ta—he don't know how for drink. He been rich; he have five nigger (slaves.) He begin buy da rum-drink; he get drunk ta (till), he owes so much fo' da rum, dem take all we, and put we na vendue table (i. e., put up by auction.) Buckra buy all we. Da rum do that. Rum take 'way he money, and take 'way all he sense. First time nurse have plenty of money; he have house; and he ride like man. (i. e., as a fine lady in a riding habit.) Rum ruin he. Rum n. good."

At the close we sang the following, altered from the "singing master," where it is adapted to very suitable music:

"Let the fruits of sober living
Let the voice of duty cheer,
Drive the curse of grog away;
Thus in strains of lively measure,
We would still with joy and pleasure
Lengthen out each happy day."

Extract from Dr. Duff's Communication

RESPECTING THE RECENT CHANGE IN THE POLICY OF THE
ANGLO-INDIAN GOVERNMENT.

Now, as there is to be no distinction of schools, of classes, of castes, or of religion—the preference being enjoined to be given to the best qualified, intellectually and morally—what a grand object it would be to get the public service leavened with an intermixture of native Christians, or even of natives, favourably disposed, from being instructed in missionary institutions, towards Christianity! Our great and direct object is to secure a superiorly qualified race of Christian teachers and preachers of the everlasting gospel. But all Christians have not the head and the heart for such vocations. For the due discharge of these there are graces that are incommunicable by man—graces that must flow direct from the great Fountain-head of all grace. And if young men be not endowed with these, better far that they should keep aloof altogether from an office which heartlessness or inaptitude would only tend to desecrate. But next to the office of teacher or preacher, I know not how in this land, the cause of the blessed Saviour might be more effectually promoted, than by well-disposed, consistent, native Christians, occupying positions of trust under the government of the country. Oh! that we had the resources, in qualified agents and pecuniary means, with large, prayerful, faithful hearts, to wait on the Lord for his blessing! and then, under the present impulse, might we, in every considerable village and district of Bengal, establish vernacular and English seminaries, that might sow the seeds of divine truth in myriads of minds, and thus pre-occupy them with principles hostile to ruinous error, and favourable to the reception of saving knowledge! But for this end, we would require not five hundred, but fifty thousand for this Presidency alone. It looks like something utterly unattainable. And yet the cost of one British vice, for a single year—the annual sum expended on ardent spirits, which destroy the bodies and the souls of thousands—would secure to us our fifty thousand schools!

It is not therefore, the capability that is wanting—that is, the physical capability—but the moral capacity, the resolve of faithful, devoted, willing minds. But we live in wondrous times, when former incredibilities, and former impossibilities, are practicable. When the day comes, as coming it is with almost whirlwind speed, when men, under the force of a heavenly impulse for long ages unexperienced, shall "consecrate their gun unto the Lord, and their substance unto the Lord of the whole earth"—then may the visionary wonders of the present become the common-place realities of the future.

[We make this extract for the purpose of showing to the friends of Missions the incalculable benefits which might be expected to accrue from a general adoption of Temperance principles. Truly, we cannot wonder that the world remains unconverted, so long as professing Christians expend their surplus means on inebriating liquors, instead of consecrating them to the extension of Messiah's kingdom.]

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

MALABIND, Feb. 19.—The Committee of the Malahido Silver Creek total abstinence Society, report,—That this is the third anniversary of the society, during the first year of which, the number of persons who joined was 144, the second and third years gave an increase of 123, making an aggregate of 272. That during the above period there have been two members dropt for violation of the pledge; one expelled, and one withdrawn. That this Committee are sensible that much good has been effected through the instrumentality of the society's operations. This Committee are convinced that the total abstinence plan is the only method of reclaiming the unfortunate drunkard, and shielding from intemperance the rising generation; and would therefore urge the active members of this society to renewed diligence in the grand moral reformation in which they have already acted a conspicuous part. That this Committee are much gratified in viewing the flourishing state of this society, considering that the only exertions made among them, have been among themselves, having had only two visits from the travelling agents of other societies. That this Committee would recommend to the favourable notice of the members of the society, the *Temperance Advocate* published in Montreal, when we consider the moderate price at which it is published, and the information it contains, we consider it a valuable auxiliary, and well worthy the support of the friends of temperance. That this Committee highly approve of the manner in which the meetings of this society have been conducted, in selecting two or three of its own members to address the succeeding meeting, and think that the result has verified the adage, that

"He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

The following officers were appointed for the ensuing year:—Mr. William Harvey, Pres.; Joseph Harvey & Jarret Clendenning, Vice-Pres.; Walter E. Murray, Secretary; Ebas Hill, Treasurer, with a Committee of four persons.—**PHILIP HODGKINSON.**

BROWN, Marc\ 12.—The seventh annual meeting of the Bytown total abstinence association, was held yesterday evening, in M. E. chapel, in this town, several very able addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. Gardner, of M. E. church, Rev. Mr. Dick, of the Baptist church, and Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Missionary of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, and others. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Mr. C. Goodwin, Pres.; John Cochrane & C. T. Bowie, Esq. Vice-Pres.; E. Wood, Treasurer; P. B. Wood, Secretary, with a Committee of seven persons. The report shewed an increase of one hundred and thirty-seven members during the past year, which makes the number on the societies books up to 608 members, a considerable reduction, should be made however, for delinquents and absentees. We have now licensed to sell spirituous liquors in Bytown, fifty shops and taverns, which with stills and beer-shops, yield over £100 per annum to the Receiver General's office. Our town taxes average about £300 per annum, £100 less than is paid for keeping pauper manufacturing establishments for the public good. Meetings have been held by permission of the officer commanding the detachment of the 82nd, in the barrack weekly, during the past winter, which resulted in the formation of a total abstinence society of 30 members out of a company of 50. Much credit is due Ensign Lloyd, for his liberality in fitting up a room, and furnishing it with his own library, for the improvement of the men under his command. Several spirited resolutions were passed, and strong hope encouraged of more activity in the cause in this vicinity.—**C. B. R.**

GANANOQU, March 31.—The cause of temperance is still gaining ground, the people here are alive to the subject. I am still trying to advocate total abstinence principles. A mistake occurred in my last communication to you, of which our enemies would like to take some advantage, it is this, "temperance Mills 26 joined our pledge." It should have been "55 joined our pledge, 3 of whom joined this evening." I have held several meetings since that time, some took umbrage at the idea of tavern-keeping being a dishonest business, I now wish to say to those that were so grieved at my remarks concerning Portland, I do not think that the traffic in ardent spirits is honest, that is as to the business itself. Since the last report I made to you, I have held a meeting in Palmer Ice school-house, 17 joined; at Clear Lake, formed a society of 28 members; also at Phillipsville, 26 joined, with us, Beate's Bridge, where a new distillery has commenced operations, held a meeting where we were opposed by a distiller; some whisky had been spilled on the floor which prevented us from smelling the nasty breath of distillers and drunkards; 20 were added to our pledge, 8 of whom were obtained by Mr. Beates, school-teacher. Next evening at Lewis corners, where Mr. Lewis keeps a large temperance house, to which we would invite public attention, 8 joined. March 26, Duley Main, Lansdown, addressed an attentive congregation, and obtained 22 names to our pledge. Thus in my feeble way I have endeavoured to talk temperance this winter, and have obtained 297 members, 26 subscribers to the *Advocate*, and delivered 14 addresses, and have obtained a number of names by private visitation. I pray God to bless the temperance cause, I have some appointments out yet, and shall continue to interest myself in the cause, and in obtaining subscriptions to the *Advocate*.—**J. F. WILSON.**

LONDON, March 31.—The temperance reform is doing wonders in the metropolis of the West. A tavern formerly thronged from early in the morning until late at night, with the slaves of appetite—is now the resort of sober men—the rooms that echoed the vulgar joke and the voluptuous song of the drunkard, are occupied by the patrons and promoters of the temperance cause—the hands that administered *aqua mortis* to the fashionable tippler, and the drivelling drunkard, now deal out wholesome provisions to those who patronize that well managed establishment. I was delighted the other day, when I saw "temperance" in letters large as a flock of wild geese, upon a respectable looking building opposite the old market stand, Mr. Probert the proprietor of the house, voluntarily laid a magnanimous sacrifice on the altar of correct principle, when he relinquished a money making occupation, because although a pecuniary advantage to him, it injured the nearest, dearest, and best interests of society. He saw that intemperance was a festering sore and he resolved to probe it. He had renewed his license, and he had a large quantity of liquor on hand when he determined to discontinue the abominable traffic in liquors, and do with them what the Ephesian converts did with their books of magic. Of course true temperance men will not fail to patronize this temperance hotel, the accommodations are good—the house is neatly furnished—the table well spread—the beds well aired—the stand central, and the charges moderate. I had the pleasure of meeting with my friend and your friend, and the friend of humanity, and the favourite of the temperance cause Mr. Wadsworth here. He delivered an excellent address to an attentive assembly in the Mechanic Institute. Temperance is getting better here, it holds up its head and looks abroad, and is beginning to go about doing good. A physician who has felt its pulse, examined its tongue, and ascertained its temperature, pronounces it out of danger if due attention be paid to diet and exercise.

London Township Society is one of the best country societies with which I am acquainted. The members have regular monthly meetings—they read the *Advocate*, and strive to promote the advancement of temperance principles. They have in their possession the keys which unlock the hearts of the people who pity prostrate humanity. May they not weary in well-doing.

Seventh Concession.—I recently organized a flourishing temperance society here. This neighbourhood is remarkable for drunkenness, scarcely a week passes away but some unhappy and unfortunate victim sinks into a drunkard's grave. The principle dealer in liquor here was at one time a professed friend and follower of Christ. He has acquired a fortune at his bad business, but what will it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his soul.

Kilworth.—This society is not dead but sleepeth. I think it is beginning to rub its eyes and stretch its arms, (drunkenness has lately killed much worth here.) There are some staunch friends to the cause here. I hope they will agitate the question—and keep up their monthly meetings.

North Street.—In this society there are some true and tried friends to the pledge, who keep the society alive, notwithstanding the false reports of some cowardly renegades who have not courage sufficient to say no, when they are invited to drink. At this place I was opposed by a couple of ignorant men, one a rum-dealer, the other a rum-customer. The former intends to erect a distillery in the neighbourhood, but fortunately for that section of country, he will find himself creeping out at the small end of the horn before he can set up the abomination of desolation. The other person had better sign the pledge and renounce public speaking, and then he will find his last days, his best days. I gave these impertinent men a severe flogging, but they were so case-hardened they did not know it.

St. Thomas.—I received upwards of forty names to the pledge in this beautiful village. I found the cause at low water mark, but left the society in a promising condition. In this place there is more than a mediocrity of talent, a large proportion of which is enlisted in the temperance reformation. The chairman of the society Mr. Coyne, is a fluent and pleasant speaker—the secretary Mr. Black is an intelligent and consistent man, an uncompromising opponent to intemperance, and the committee consists of efficient men, who will not look back. I hope they will extend the circulation of the *Advocate* amongst the members of their society.

Port Stanley.—This society differs from any society within the range of my acquaintance. Its members are remarkable for their liberality in supporting the principles of the pledge, and yet culpably negligent with regard to their monthly meetings. They cheerfully and promptly make sacrifices of time, ease and capital to get up and sustain a good meeting when a stranger is to address them, yet they very reluctantly call meetings when their own members should address them, although there are some educated and talented men in their ranks who can speak well. There are but few copies of the *Advocate* taken here, yet the members are able and willing to patronize it. This excellent society embraces a large quantity of paradoxical material. I hope it will be brought into efficient operation forthwith.

Sparta.—This society is a model society. Hail, rain, wind, mire and snow, cannot postpone or prevent the meetings of this society. The little drunkery in the village is poorly sustained, and some who do not claim to be prophets predict its speedy downfall.—G. W. BUNGEY.

TEMPERANCE IN EUROPE.—The good cause makes haste way

slowly amidst long-established usages of European society, yet there is a sensible advance in some quarters. There are items of recent intelligence which are quite cheering. An earnest effort is now making in England, by the friends of the Sabbath, to prevent the sale of ardent spirits on that day. An act was passed at the last Parliament closing the dramshops of London on the Lord's day, and the effects are so visibly good that the inhabitants of provincial towns are petitioning for a general law to the same effect. Several of the bishops and of the nobility, who have hitherto cared nothing for temperance, but who are friends of the Sabbath, are engaged in the movement.

Dr. Grindrod, the author of the prize treatise which has been republished in this country, entitled "Bacchus," is now engaged in lecturing on temperance in various parts of the kingdom. In one county, Lincolnshire, the Dr. delivered lectures at twelve places, and obtained more than 5,000 signatures to the pledge of total abstinence, many of whom were persons of rank and influence.

Chambers' Edinburgh Journal states that temperance societies are now established in from forty to fifty towns in Holland, by approval of government. In Rotterdam, there are five hundred adherents of total abstinence. The merit of such self-denial is augmented by the consideration, that throughout Holland, gin and brandy are to be had at eighteen pence a bottle.

A letter from Father Mathew has been recently published, in which he thus speaks of the state of the cause in Ireland:

"Our sacred cause is steadily progressing in this country, notwithstanding the troublesome times upon which we have fallen. There are over five millions of teetotallers, and the proportion of backsliders is not one in five hundred. The whole of the rising generation are being educated in the strictest habits of temperance; and, in a few years, drunkenness will be as a thing passed away, never to return. The violent opposition we had to encounter has ceased. Time has proved the single-mindedness of the permanent promoters of this sacred cause, and shown that it was not tainted by religious or political sectarianism."

In Poland, also, the cause is in an interesting attitude. Temperance societies were spreading very rapidly in that part of Poland in which their existence is tolerated—the Duchy of Posen, Galicia, and the Republic of Cracow. Recent accounts from Cracow announce the most beneficial results from this movement. In the country, illness and mortality have sensibly decreased, notwithstanding the very wet autumn they had last year. In one parish, the population of which amounts to 6,000, only four persons died, and these were children, during the two worst months in autumn. The profits from distilleries have been greatly diminished, but the health and morality of the people have been materially improved.

But just at this juncture the Emperor, instigated as is supposed by distillers and Jews, issued an ukase forbidding all temperance societies. What his Majesty's motive can be for such an act of unmix'd evil, can hardly be imagined.—*N. Y. Era.*

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.—The state of the license question in the New-York Legislature is full of interest. The bill which passed the Assembly, came before the Senate, but was met by a vigorous opposition proceeding from the rum-dealers and drinkers in New-York. A numerously signed petition was conveyed by a large delegation, remonstrating against the passage of the proposed bill, or at least including the city of New-York in its provisions. Last week a large meeting of the friends of temperance was held in the Tabernacle, to oppose the omission of this city from the bill, and to urge its adoption. Petitions were put in circulation, and on Saturday last they were sent to Albany. They contained 20,603 signatures, and measured, when united, 1,061 feet. Another petition was also forwarded, containing upwards of 4,000 signatures; and another still from the ladies, numbering several hundred. The total number of names can hardly be less than 30,000; which, considering the brief space of time allowed, is both astonishing and encouraging. It is noticeable that of the three candidates for the Mayoralty, only Mr. Harper would sign it.

There is an excellent bill now before the Maine Legislature, the object of which is to effect "the suppression of drinking houses and tipping shops." It provides that the select men of the towns may annually appoint one or more persons to sell intoxicating drinks, for medical and mechanical purposes only, making oaths that they will in good faith conform to these restrictions. Any person who shall sell or give away such drinks, in any quantity less than twenty-eight gallons, (unless duly appointed as above,) shall forfeit and pay for the first offence twenty dollars

and costs, and be imprisoned three months—and if the fine is not paid, two months more will be added. For the second offence, one year's imprisonment, in addition to the fines and costs.—*Ib.*

CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor do any thing by which thy brother is made to stumble, or to fall, or is weakened."—Rom. xiv. 21—*Macnight's Translation.*

PLEDGE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO AGREE, THAT WE WILL NOT USE INTOXICATING LIQUORS AS A BEVERAGE, NOR TRAFFIC IN THEM; THAT WE WILL NOT PROVIDE THEM AS AN ARTICLE OF ENTERTAINMENT, NOR FOR PERSONS IN OUR EMPLOYMENT; AND THAT IN ALL SUITABLE WAYS WE WILL DISCOURTAGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY

MONTREAL, APRIL 15, 1846.

COLONEL PRINCE'S SPEECH.

To the Editor of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*.

I am much pleased, and so are all the temperance people in this part of the country, to see that our cause has found its way into the House of Assembly in any shape. It is certain that a great proportion of all the drunkenness in our country and nation originates in the license laws, which emanate from our Legislative halls; and if our antidote does not originate from the same source, drunkenness, with all the pauperism, crime, ruin, and death, consequent upon its existence, must continue to the end. Deeming Colonel Prince's short, comprehensive, pathetic and able speech, of some importance, and finding more to admire than to condemn, in it, permit me to offer a few remarks upon it, in which I shall try to prove these four propositions, viz. :—

- 1stly. The Colonel is a man of great sympathy.
- 2ndly. He is a man of truth.
- 3rdly. He is a man of great penetration and wisdom.
- 4thly. He is an honest man.

And if I sustain them by fair inferences, I hope yet to see the Colonel a decided Teetotaler, and President of a Temperance Society.

1st Proposition.—The Colonel is a man of sympathy. It is true all his sympathy appears to be on the side of the "good cognac and whisky seller;" but according to the Colonel's views, this is just as it should be; for if "a man cannot live without good cognac and whisky in this country," then it follows, of course that if we are not supplied "with good cognac and whisky," we must all, every man of us, immediately die; and then our country would be depopulated, and our habitations would be left desolate, &c. &c. Now I contend the Colonel is perfectly right in doing all he possibly can for the health, life, and welfare of his fellow-subjects, especially for his own constituents, by protecting the tavern-keepers among them.

2nd Proposition.—The Colonel is a man of truth. By a man of truth, I mean one whose language, thoughts, and actions are in accordance. He most solemnly declares "for his own part he had no great opinion of temperance people." Some of his reasons are—1. Because "he had always found them the greatest gluttons in the world." 2. Because "they would think nothing of bolting five pounds of beef, where another man would not take as many ounces" 3. Because "there was generally a sly bottle to be found in the cupboard."

Whilst I admit that these reasons, wherever they exist, are good and valid reasons why the Colonel should not think highly of temperance men, I acknowledge that I do not distinctly take the sense in which the Colonel uses the term "bolting." Does he

mean that we eat our five pounds of beef without mastication?—Or does he mean that we eat it fresh from the hands of the butcher? Or does he mean that we gormandize five pounds of good beef at every meal? Or does he mean that temperance people generally have such keen, sound, healthy appetites, that we eat five pounds of good beef, while our brandy and whisky drinking neighbours can only take five ounces? If this last supposition be the true one, then I admit that in many cases the Colonel is not very far wrong.

3rd Proposition.—The Colonel is a man of great penetration and wisdom. The truth and correctness of this proposition I hope to prove to the conviction and satisfaction of every lover of "good cognac and whisky" throughout the Province. There are thousands, if not millions, of people in the world, and some of them live in this Province, who *must have* their glass of brandy or whisky in the morning, to give them an appetite for their breakfast—they *must have* "their good horn of staff" before dinner, or they have no appetite to eat anything. Now the Colonel has discovered that the temperance people can eat their pounds of beef, where others who *must have* their brandy and whiskey, can only eat their ounces—that is, according to Colonel Prince's own statement, a man who "says his grace over a cup of cold water," can eat just sixteen times as much good beefsteaks for his breakfast, as the man who takes his cognac and whiskey bitters, or "his good horn of staff," for the purpose of inducing an appetite. Here is a discovery which manifests great penetration, and is especially worthy the attention of all who are seeking, for an appetite by means of brandy and whisky. All the talents, penetration, and wisdom of the Rev. R. Murray, of temperance memory, are not a beginning to this; and I hope in a short time to see the gallant and devoted Colonel Prince raising his battalions, marshalling his forces, and bravely coming up to the rescue, for who that is *compos mentes* will continue to seek for an appetite in brandy and whisky, when he can have just sixteen times better appetite by "saying his grace over a cup of cold water."

4th Proposition.—The Colonel is an honest man. There is no mistake on this head; he speaks from the heart—he speaks in accordance with the tenour of his education and life. It is true, he thinks, feels, and speaks very similarly, in reference to temperance principles, as one of old did, in reference to the Christian religion and the disciples of Christ, just before he set off from Jerusalem to Damascus; and who will presume to say that Saul was not a sincere and honest man, even while opposing the truth of the Gospel, and persecuting the disciples of Christ? Yet he obtained mercy because he did it ignorantly in unbelief.—(See 1st Tim. 1st and 13th.) And why, I would ask, may not Colonel Prince go and do likewise. The Colonel speaks also as one on whose mind a ray of light has dawned, and enabled him to make discoveries bearing directly on the advancement of the Temperance cause. A few more such brilliant rays, and the work is done. Our Col. will be converted. Let Colonel Prince study Dr. Sewell's plates of the human stomach for a few hours, or take the *Temperance Advocate* for a few months; and my decided opinion is, that he will be as firm, sincere, and efficient an advocate, as can be found between Sandwich and Quebec. He will then see where there is one man that dies by "eating," or even "bolting" beef and pork, and the *run of a pump*, there are thousands who die annually by the *run* "of cognac and whiskey" down their throats; their property is destroyed, their appetite is gone, their health is ruined, their families are beggared, their lives are ended, and their souls are lost.

With this brief analysis and commentary upon Colonel Prince's temperance speech, and hoping soon to hear that he has become

in good earnest a sincere convert to temperance, and a firm supporter of the cause, I subscribe myself most respectfully and affectionately yours.

GILBERT MILLER.

Brock, March 29th, 1845.

P. S.—I would say a few words on Dr. Dunlop's speech, but it is too abominable for public dissection.

THE WASHINGTONIAN.

"You might have been a gentleman of fortune, had you been an economical, enterprising, sober, and industrious man," said a red-faced landlord to a miserable mortal who loved his morning sling, his noontide dram, and his evening toddy, more than he valued his character, his health, and happiness. "Yes, I might have been a rich man, had I not squandered my fortune in your white-washed sepulchre, and you might have been my servant," remarked the drunkard, as he stepped out of the tap-room into the street. It had been raining during the day, and the road was more like a fluid than a solid one. As he was staggering and stumbling through the mire and slush, a gentleman cried out, "Good afternoon, friend; have you heard of the temperance meeting in the chapel on the hill this evening, and will you honor us with your countenance?" "No, you cannot catch old birds with chaff. I would cut a pretty figure at a temperance meeting, with a beard long enough for a shoe brush, a face red as the rising sun, and a bloated body tied up in rags." "I am aware that you are not very fashionably attired," observed the gentleman, "but if you have no objection, I will borrow a suit of clothes for you, and as you have been sleeping in barns, sheds, and stables, I will comb the hay-seeds out of your head, cut your hair, brush it as smooth as a bird's wing, draw a razor over your face, and then you will look well enough." After a few minutes' conversation, the kind-hearted lecturer turned barber for the first time in his life, dressed his customer with a borrowed coat, hat, and pantaloons, and he made a genteel appearance. At early candle light the house was filled with the beauty, fashion, taste and talent of the village. The poor drunkard sat on a bench near the door, and listened with intense interest to every word that fell from the lips of the eloquent speaker, who knew how to sympathize with the wretched victims of debased appetite, for he had been a notorious drunkard himself. When the pledge was presented, he made several attempts to rise from his seat, but irresolution pulled him back—appetite pleaded for one glass more—self-esteem said you can govern yourself—misguided caution entreated him to try the experiment before he ventured so far; but the speaker said, "Come," and conscience echoed "Go;" he sprang from his bench, walked rapidly towards the altar, and wrote what was intended for his name; it was a miserable scrawl, and looked as though the chickens had fallen into the inkstand, and wiped their feet upon the paper. He then faced the assembly, and delivered a thrilling, burning, eloquent speech, which caused the dew of sympathy to moisten every eye, and the cords of compassion to vibrate in every heart. He referred to the palmy period of his life, when his thoughts were pure as the prayers of childhood—when his prospects were radiant with promise. Great pains had been taken with his education, he graduated with distinguished honours, became eminent in his profession, climbed into notice, and became judge of one of the supreme courts. He had friends, and fame, and capital, and a graceful, beautiful, affectionate, and accomplished companion. But fashion, pleasure, and appetite led him astray; he neglected his office, associated with the worshippers of the drunken deity, kept late hours, and went with rapid

strides along the down-hill road to bankruptcy and ruin. He became miserably poor, and did not supply his family with the necessaries of life, so that his companion sought refuge in her father's house. He then drank deeper than ever, and went on from bad to worse, so that he became a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for the tavern-keeper. He would hold horses, blacken boots, run errands, do any thing for a sixpence, so as to be able to purchase his favourite beverage. He was so deep in the ditch of degradation, he could not have sunk lower, unless he had turned bar tender. The day after he signed the pledge, he was seized with a fit of delirium tremens. He imagined that huge anacondas twined their cold wiry forms around his legs and arms, and wound their icy folds about his neck, so that he could see their fiery tongues and flashing eyes, and feel their warm breath on his face. As soon as they slid away from him, vipers glided over him, and bugs, worms, and flies, ran through his throat, ears, and nose, whilst loathsome vermin burrowed in his flesh; these were succeeded by beasts of prey—he screamed for help whilst they were tearing the flesh from his bones. What was more dreadful than all was, he thought he distinctly saw death lift his fleshless skull above the sides of a black coffin, and row with his ribs across the river of death. Devils were grinning at him, and pointing towards him, and chattering about him. They ordered him to jump into the fire, to wade through the pond, to leap from the top of the house, to cut his throat, to hang himself, to blow out his brains, poison himself, &c. He became so ill that a physician was sent for. When the doctor requested him to take spirits of wine, he sprang from his chair shouting Sober or die—as the blood spouted from his mouth and nostrils, he screamed out, Sober or die—as the flesh seemed to creep upon his frame, and the hair to move on his head, and his eyes to protrude from their sockets, he cried out, Sober or die. Although his distorted imagination peopled the house with demons, who chased him from room to room, threatening to take his life,—although he would creep under the bed, conceal himself in the closet, and dodge about the house from the cellar to the garret, to avoid his tormentor, he would not violate his pledge. The next day the fit left him, he gradually improved in health and spirits—commenced the practice of law. His father-in-law heard of his reform, and invited him to make his house his home. He arrived at the residence of his father-in-law a few hours after the death of his devoted wife. It was a severe trial to him, and he might have employed the language of another and have said—

Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head;
Oh! how I wept when I knew she was dead.
She was an angel, my love and my guide.
Vainly to save me from ruin she tried;
Poor broken heart, it is well that she died.

The sad intelligence was a severe trial to him, although it afforded him some consolation to know that his dear wife heard of his reformation, with satisfaction and pleasure, before she went to Heaven. He is now one of the leading lawyers in the State of New York, and the richest and wisest men send their sons to his office to be educated. The gentleman who secured his signature to the pledge, has frequently lectured in Canada, where his labors of love have been crowned with distinguished and triumphant success.

G. W. BUNGAY.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

We acknowledge ourselves deeply indebted to Mr. Bungay, Mr. Miller, and all other friends, who have from time to time furnished editorial articles and communications for the *Advocate*.

EDUCATION.

ROLLO PHILOSOPHY.

GRAVITATION.

One evening, after tea, when Rollo was a pretty big boy, he came and began to climb up into his father's lap. When he had climbed up, he took his place astride of his father's knee, as if he were riding a horse. His little brother Nathan came up and stood near, wanting to get up too, only there was no room. His cousin James was there, that evening, on a visit. He sat upon a cricket before the fire, and his mother was at the table doing some sort of work.

"O dear me!" said Rollo's father, imitating the tone in which Rollo sometimes uttered that exclamation.

"What, sir?" said Rollo.

"Why, I should like very well to hold you in my lap," said his father, "if it was not for the great mighty earth, down below us."

"How?" said Rollo. He did not know what his father meant.

"Why, when you are upon my knee, the earth, the ponderous earth, pulls you down hard and heavy upon it." So saying, he put his hands upon Rollo's shoulders, and crowded them down, by way of showing him how the earth acted upon him. "It pulls," he continued, "with a strong and steady pull, all the time; and so makes you a very heavy weight."

"Is that what makes weight?" said Rollo.

"Yes," said his father. "So, if I had a monstrous stone to move, and if I thought the earth would listen to me, and let go its hold, I might make a speech to it thus:—

"O earth, thou vast and ponderous ball, please to relax thy hold, for a few minutes, upon this stone, and leave it free to move; and then Rollo can tie a string to it, and move it easily along to the place where I want it to lie; then thou mayest seize it again with thy mighty attraction, and hold it down as firmly as thou wilt."

"O father!" exclaimed Rollo; Nathan and James laughed, and Rollo's mother looked up from her work to listen to this strange apostrophe.

"It would seem," continued his father, in a pompous tone, as if still addressing the earth—"it would seem, most mighty planet, a very easy thing for thee to release this single stone, for a few minutes, from the grasp with which thou holdest all things down upon thy surface. And by it I shall gain much, while thou wilt lose nothing; for, if thou wilt not willingly give up the stone, I must get three or four yoke of strong oxen, and, by main force, pull it away."

"Is that what makes everything heavy?" said Rollo.

"Yes," said his father, answering now in his natural tone; "the attraction of the earth is what makes everything heavy, and holds it down."

"And could we move a monstrous great stone," said Rollo, "as light as a feather?"

"No," said his father, "it would not move along quick and light, like a feather. You could not move it quick. Suppose, for instance, you had two boats, floating upon the water, of the same size; one made very light indeed, of something very thin, like paper, and empty; and the other made of wood, and loaded with iron as heavily as it would bear. Now, they would both be supported upon the water, so that their weight would be neutralized; and yet they would move very differently. You could push the light one about easily, anywhere, but the heavy one would move very slowly. You would not have to push very hard upon it, but you would have to push for some time, to set it in motion; and then it would be hard to stop it. This is called its *inertia*."

"Yes," said Rollo, "it would go harder against the bank."

"The reason is," continued his father, "that the heavy boat contains a great many more particles of matter than the light one, and they have all got to be put in motion. So it requires greater effort, or the same effort must be continued a longer time."

"For instance, if we suppose that the light boat has one million of particles of matter, the heavy one would have, perhaps, twenty millions. Of course the effect of the pushing has to be divided among twenty times as many particles, and of course will only carry them one twentieth part as far; so that the bodies that are now large and heavy, would only move slowly, though they would move *easily*, if the attraction of the earth were to cease."

"There is another way to illustrate it," he continued. "Suppose there was a large mass of lead, as big as a load of hay, hanging by a chain; and also a great puff of feathers, or a balloon of the same size, hanging in the same way. Now, if they were both

suspended freely, they would both move easily, for their weight would be supported by the chain; but the heavy one would move very slowly. Nathan could move it, but he could only move it slowly and a little way.

"I should not think that he could move it but very little," said Rollo.

"No, he could not; because you see that, in that way of suspending any thing, the moment that it begins to move, it begins to swing off and to rise; so that it cannot be moved at all without being *lifted* a little. And the more it is moved, the higher it is lifted, so that it would take a great force to move it far away from the centre, where it was hanging. But we can hang it in a way to avoid that difficulty."

"How, sir?"

Rollo seemed to be very much interested in this conversation. He had dismounted from his father's knee, and stood by his side, listening eagerly. His mother, too, was paying close attention. As for Nathan, he sat still: though it is not by any means certain that he understood it very well.

"Let us suppose," said his father, "that the mass of lead, as big as a load of hay, is fastened to one end of a stick of timber."

"That would not be strong enough to hold it," said Rollo.

"Well, then, to a beam of iron, as large as a stick of timber," rejoined his father.

"O," said James, "you could not get such a big bar of iron."

"No," replied his father, "only an imaginary one, and that will be just as good as any. Now, suppose that great mass of lead is fastened to one end of this bar, and another one, just like it, to the other end, to balance it. Now, suppose that the lower end of the great chain is secured around the middle of the iron beam, and the upper end to be fastened to some strong support up in the air. Now, we can move the mass of lead without having to lift it at all; for, if we push against it, and make it move, it will move round and round, without rising at all, as it did before, when it was hung up directly by the chain."

Rollo's father then went on to explain to them that, in such a case as this, the weight of the two masses of lead would not prevent their moving easily, for they would exactly balance each other. A little child would be able to move them; but still they would move exceedingly slow at first, and it would be hard to stop them, when they were in motion. So, he said, if the earth should cease to attract and draw down any great, heavy body, like a large stone, for example, the smallest child could lift it, though it would come up slowly, just as a very heavy body would move, if it was suspended by a string, or was afloat upon the water.

"And so," said Rollo, "if the earth should not attract us, could we push ourselves right up off from the ground?"

"Yes," said his father, "most undoubtedly."

"What, and go about anywhere in the air?"

"Certainly."

Rollo began to laugh aloud at this idea, and looked very much interested and pleased.

"O, then I wish there was no gravitation," said Rollo; "I do, really."

"But, then," continued his father, "if you should get up into the air, you would not get down again."

"Why not?" said Nathan, beginning to look a little concerned.

"Unless," said his father, "you had something above you, to push against, so as to push yourselves down. You would be just like a boy in a boat, off from the shore, and without any paddle or pole. He could not get back again."

"We might tie a rope to something," said James, "before we went up, and so pull ourselves down."

"Yes, that you might do."

"And could not we flap our hands, like a bird, and so fly a little?"

"Perhaps you could," said his father.

Here the children all began to flap their hands, like young birds trying to fly; and Rollo said again, he wished, with all his heart, there was no gravitation; "for then," said he, "we should have strength enough to fly."

"That would lead to serious consequences," said his father.

"What consequences?" said James.

"Much more serious than you would suppose."

"Tell us what they would be, uncle," said James.

"O, I know," said Rollo; "you would not stand up straight without gravitation."

"O, we could, couldn't we, father?" said Nathan.

"What makes you think so, Rollo?" said his father, without re-

plying to James's question—"what makes you think that we could not stand up straight without gravitation?"

"Why, you see," said Rollo.—Here he paused, and looked confused, and did not know what to say. He had an indistinct recollection of having read something about it in some book; but he could not tell what.

"I don't see what should prevent any body's standing up straight, if the attraction of the earth should cease; in fact, if it made any difference, it would be rather easier to stand up straight."

Here Rollo looked rather foolish, but he did not reply. The truth is, like almost all other children, who take an interest in reading, he was sometimes a little vain of his knowledge, and in this case, instead of listening attentively, and endeavoring to learn something new from his father's explanations, he seems to have thought it a good plan for him to help him to elucidate the subject to James and Nathan. He exchanged the character of learner for teacher too soon.

"Well, uncle," said James, "what would be the consequence if gravitation should cease?"

"Why, in the first place," said Rollo's father, "all the streams in the world would stop running."

"The streams!" said Rollo, astonished.

"Yes," said his father, "every river, brook, and rill. The reason why the streams flow is, that the earth attracts the water from the mountains and hills, down into the valleys and towards the sea."

"Well, sir, what else?" said Rollo.

"Why, there would never be any more rain."

"No more rain!" exclaimed all the children.

"No," he replied. "The drops of rain fall only because the earth draws them down by its attraction; and, of course, if this attraction should cease, they would remain where the arc."

The children were musing a minute upon these strange effects, when Rollo asked if anything else would happen.

"Why, yes," said his father, "worse disasters than these; but I do not know whether you would understand them, if I should explain them."

"O, try," said Rollo; "I think we shall understand."

"Well, let me think," said his father. "You have noticed how a chaise wheel, on a muddy road, in a wet day, holds the mud upon it, until, when it is going very swiftly down a hill, and then the mud flies off in all directions."

"Yes, sir," said all the children.

"And if the mud did not stick to the wheel pretty tight, it would be thrown off at all times, even when the wheel was going slow. You understand this?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, this whole earth, you all know, is whirling around through space, and moving on also around the sun. And all the loose things upon the surface would be thrown off at once, if they were not held to it by a strong attraction. If this attraction were to cease suddenly,—whisk!—away we should all go in an instant—rocks, houses, men, animals, all in confusion."

"O father!" exclaimed Rollo; "where should we go to,—off into the air?"

"Not exactly into the air, for the air would all fly off, and be dissipated too; we should fly off into the sky somewhere, some in one direction, and some in another. You'd be a thousand miles off from the earth, almost before you would know it."

"Would it kill us, father?" said Nathan.

"Yes," said his father. "I don't know that there would be any shock that would hurt us, but we should have no air to breathe, and it would be dark and dismal."

"Dark?" said Rollo. "There would be the sun."

"Yes," said his father, "there would be the sun; and the sun would look bright enough when you look directly towards it, but there would be no general light about you, unless there was air."

The children all paused to reflect upon the strange results which their father had told them would ensue from a suspension of the earth's attractive force. Rollo began to think that he had been too hasty in his wish that there was no gravitation.

"But, father," said he, "the houses would not go off, certainly;—only the loose things would go."

"Very well; houses are loose."

"O father! they are fastened down."

"How are they fastened down?" asked his father.

"O, they are nailed—and,"

"Not nailed to the ground, certainly," said his father.

"No," said Rollo, laughing; "but then they are built with great stones and mortar."

"Yes, but there is no mortar under the lowest stones. The foundations are simply laid upon the ground."

"Well," rejoined Rollo, "I thought they were fastened somehow or other."

"No," said his father; "they dig the cellar, and only just lay the foundations upon the ground, without any fastening. The earth holds them in their place."

"Well, father," said Rollo, "that is what I meant, when I said we could not stand up straight. I meant the houses. I read in a book that houses would be blown away, if the gravitation did not hold them down."

Here Rollo's father had a hearty laugh; and he told Rollo, that he thought that was rather wide shooting. Rollo wanted to know know what he was laughing at; and Nathan asked him what he meant by wide shooting.

"Why," said he, "Rollo, you undertook to explain to us, from your stores of knowledge, what the effects of a suspension of gravitation would be; and, in attempting to tell that houses would be in danger of being blown away, you came no nearer than to tell us that boys could not stand up straight; and that is what I call pretty wide shooting."

So saying, he rose from his seat, and walked away, appearing to be very much amused. James laughed too, and even Rollo could not help smiling at the ridiculous figure which his display of his learning made. As for Nathan, he continued to look grave and said he did not see that it was any shooting at all.

After a short pause, Rollo's mother said, "So you see, children, the cause of all the pressure, both of air and of water, and all the effects produced by them, are the results of their gravitation towards the earth."

"Yes," said Rollo, "I believe I understand it now."

After this, Rollo took James and Nathan out into the yard, to see if some beans had come up, which he had been planting in a sunny corner of the garden the day before.

QUESTIONS.

What was Mr. Holiday's apostrophe to the earth? What is the cause of weight? Why did the boys wish that there was no gravitation? What was the first evil consequence which their father said would ensue, if there was no gravitation? What was the second evil consequence? What did their mother say after the conversation with their father was closed?

AGRICULTURE.

Progress of Scientific Agriculture.

(Continued from page 110.)

[FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.]

We pass over other applications of Geology; but there remains still one important consequence deduced from the analysis of plants, to which a brief attention must be given. Saline substances are necessary to plants. They exist in all their healthy parts. But it has been observed, in practice, that where one substance—such as gypsum, or common salt, or nitrate of soda—when applied alone, failed to produce a good effect upon the crop, a mixture of two or more would remarkably promote its growth. Such facts as these were explained at once when it became known that the plant required the constituents of all these substances to build up its several parts; and that if the soil were defective in several of them, you could not hope to render it productive by the addition of only one. But add, in the form of a mixture, a portion of each of those substances of which it could not readily yield a full supply to the growing plant, and the fertility of the soil would be renewed or restored.

These artificial mixtures are safer and surer, as they are nearer also in composition, to those natural mixtures of the farm-yard and to other common manures, so long, so highly, and so deservedly commended among practical men. Artificial mixtures, besides, can be especially adapted both to the wants of the soil, as ascertained by direct analysis, and to the special wants of the several crops we wish to raise. Whatever substances the crop A, B, or C, is known to require, these can be mixed together, so as to make them severally grow in any soil; or they can be adapted to the known constitution of a given soil, so as to promote especially the growth of A or B on that kind of soil only.

This doctrine of mixtures has called new arts into existence, and established new manufactories. Indeed, manures of all kinds,

with pretensions of every character, are offered to the uneducated farmers, by men whose sole object often is the accumulation of money by the establishment of a lucrative trade. This is an evil which can scarcely be avoided in the progress of knowledge. Those who know a little, impose, though not always intentionally, upon those who know less. The sure remedy for such evils will arise of itself, from the more general diffusion of a higher knowledge. In the mean time, those who are likely to suffer—the practical men—should provide themselves with, or should secure access to an authority on whom they can rely, till another generation springs up which may more safely rely upon itself.

Thus far it appears that out of the study of manures there have sprung up long trains of chemical research—throwing light upon old practices—pointing out improvements—suggesting new methods more certain, more economical, or more productive—and giving to the art of culture something of a secure and scientific foundation.

But all these researches could not be carried on without giving rise to speculations, more or less crude, in regard to the food of plants in general, and to those various points in vegetable physiology which are so closely connected with the nature and influence of the principle of life; and with the conditions under which life begins or can continue to manifest itself.

Among these speculators the boldest and most fanciful are Liebig and Dumas. Their works, the titles of which are placed at the head of this article, have had a wide circulation in this and other countries. Between these two writers there are certain points in dispute, both as to fact and as to priority of publication, with which it is not our intention at present to interfere. We shall advert only to one of Liebig's more important speculations, which, though really unsound, has been adopted by many in deference to his opinion, and is likely, in various ways, to exercise a hurtful influence both upon the progress and upon the practice of scientific agriculture.

Plants, as we have seen, consist of two parts, a combustible and an incombustible part. The latter is derived wholly from the soil; and though it is comparatively small in quantity, we have already shown how important it is to the growth and productiveness of the plant. The combustible or organic part forms from ninety to ninety-eight parts of the whole weight of our hay, corn, and root crops. Whence is this organic part of plants derived? We know only two sources from which it can be obtained by the plant—from the soil or from the air—from the one by its roots, from the other by its leaves and young stems. But to which of these sources is the plant most indebted?

The organic part of plants consists of four elementary substances, as chemists call them—carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. Water is composed of two of these—hydrogen and oxygen. This water enters into plants both by their roots and by their leaves, is capable of being decomposed into their interior, and thus may alone be supposed, under favourable conditions, to yield an ample supply of hydrogen and of oxygen to the growing plant. But whence do plants derive their carbon and nitrogen, and in what form do these elements enter into the vegetable circulation.

It is generally agreed that plants drink in from the air, through their leaves, a variable proportion of their carbon, in the form of carbonic acid*—the rest they extract from the soil by their roots. But in what form does the latter portion enter into the roots?

Again, it is believed that the nitrogen of the atmosphere does not enter directly, or in its gaseous form, into the circulation of plants in general, either by their roots or by their leaves. But this gas is necessary to their existence. In what form of combination, then, does it enter into plants, and is it by their leaves or by their roots that in this form it chiefly gains admission? On these two points Liebig maintains—

1. That the carbon of plants enters into their circulation *only* in the form of carbonic acid; that the leaves inhale it from the air, and the roots from the soil; and that (neglecting the nitrogen it contains) the chief use of the vegetable matter of the soil is to yield this carbonic acid to the roots.

2. That the nitrogen enters plants *only* in the form of ammonia; † that this ammonia exists in the atmosphere, and is partly extracted from it by the leaves, and partly washed down by the rains which convey it to the roots.

* Carbonic acid is the kind of air that appears from champagne and soda water, when it effervesces. It consists of carbon and oxygen. Atmospheric air is a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen gases, with about one-twentiethousandth part of its bulk of this carbonic acid.

† Ammonia consists of nitrogen and hydrogen, and when it enters by the roots or leaves, may yield both of these elements to the growing plant.

According to these hypothesis, carbonic acid and ammonia form the sole organic food of plants; and we have only to present these compounds in sufficient abundance, along with the inorganic substances which they also require, to make plants grow, at our will, with greater or with less rapidity and luxuriance. This theory is simple, is easily intelligible, and has been widely assented to by certain classes of readers. We almost regret that it is not univocally true.

To establish his first proposition, Liebig enters into an elaborate argument to show that certain insoluble compounds of the humic and ulmic acids, which are known to exist in the vegetable matter of the soil, cannot enter in such quantity into the roots of plants as materially to augment their substance, or to aid their growth. All that he says on this point may be true, and yet the conclusion to which he jumps, is certainly not warranted by his premises. There are soluble compounds of these fluids which are formed in the soil, and soluble compounds of other kinds which contain carbon, which may, and we believe do, enter into the roots of plants, and which minister in a variable degree to their substance and growth. We do not hold, therefore, that plants derive their carbon wholly from carbonic acid, or that the organic matter of the soil yields carbon to their roots in no other form. It is more consistent with experience and with all the scientific evidence we possess upon the subject, that we may, and can, aid the growth of our crops, by putting within the reach of their roots other organic compounds also, of which carbon forms a part.

Again, the main, we might say almost the sole, support of the second proposition, in regard to the source of the nitrogen of plants, rests on the fact, that ammonia exists in minute quantity in the atmosphere. This fact we grant, and we grant also, that it is often brought down in minute quantities in rain water. But we believe also that it exists, and is formed in the soil, and that one of the functions of the vegetable matter of the soil is to aid in this formation, at the expense of the nitrogen of the atmosphere. We agree that this ammonia enters into plants, and ministers to their growth; but we think in opposition to Liebig, that the largest proportion of this compound which plants do assimilate, is derived, not from a magazine of it existing in the air, but from stores of it produced in the soil—*which production of it in the soil the skilful husbandman can promote by skilful management of his land.* In addition to what is contained in Johnston's *Lectures* upon this subject, our readers will turn with profit to Mulder's work;—a work which is, in our opinion, the soundest and safest gift which Chemistry has yet presented to general Physiology. Only part of it is yet before the public, even in the original Dutch. When it comes into our hands in a complete form, we shall be better able to draw the attention of our readers to the novel researches, the profound reasonings, and the beautiful results it contains.

But further, there are almost countless compounds containing nitrogen, which are capable of being dissolved by water. Some of these descend from the air with the falling rain, some exist in the waters of our springs, some in the manures we add to the land, and some are formed during the decay of the vegetable matter in the soil. These enter into the roots, and no doubt supply a valuable proportion both of carbon and nitrogen to the growing plant. And lastly, over the whole surface of the globe, wherever animal and vegetable substances are undergoing slow decomposition, there is a constant tendency to the production of nitric acid; and in the air, whenever the lightning flashes, it is formed in minute quantity from the elements of the air itself. We cannot tell how much of this acid is continually produced in nature, but it must be very great, and it may safely, we think, be regarded, in the general vegetation of the globe, as one of the main forms of combination in which nitrogen enters into the circulation of living plants.

These views in regard to the organic food of plants, are not so simple as those of Liebig; but they are truer to nature, and far more likely to guide the practical man to a wise and profitable culture of his land. If our readers wish so to study this question, as to understand fully the force of the points we have put forward, we recommend them, upon the subject of carbon to the works of Mulder and Johnston; and, in addition to these, upon the subject of nitrogen, to the publications also of Boussingault and Dumas.

To all the researches and speculations to which we have hitherto alluded, as well as to others which we have no space to notice, the study of Manures has either directly or indirectly led. But manures are of chief importance—indeed derive their main interest

* Nitric acid (aqua fortis) consists of nitrogen and oxygen. It exists in nitrate of soda and in saltpetre.

and value—from their connexion with arable culture; and all the above researches may be considered to have reference, almost exclusively, to the improvement of this branch of practical agriculture. But there is another branch of little less importance, in which the quality or constitution, and the economical use and value, of the produce of the soil, are subjects of interest and of constant enquiry.

Corn and potatoes are direct food for man. Turnips and green herbage are only indirectly convertible to his use. The manufactory of these into such food as he can consume—into beef, mutton and pork, or into milk, butter, and cheese,—gives rise to important branches of rural economy, to which much rural industry is devoted, and a great breadth of the land. In these branches, it is as important to convert the raw vegetable material—the turnips and herbage—into the largest quantity of the manufactured article, beef or cheese, as it is, in arable culture, to raise the largest possible amount of grain with the smallest quantity of manure, and with the least injury to the land. Hence arise many questions as vitally affecting this indirect, as the doctrine of manures affects the direct method of raising human food.

Thus it was observed that one kind of herbage, or corn or root, fattened animals more quickly than another; or aided their growth more; or caused them to yield more milk; or made their milk richer, in butter or in cheese; that, from certain kinds of land, or after some modes of culture, or when raised by the aid of some kinds of manure, the same kind of produce was more nutritive; and that when given in some states, or under some known conditions, it went further, and was therefore more valuable in the feeding of animals.

How many curious questions are suggested by such observations as the following! Some varieties of wheat are better suited for the pastrycook; others, for the baker of bread. Some samples of barley refuse to *melt* in the hands of the brewer and distiller; and some yield more brandy; while others lay on more fat. The Scottish ploughman refuses bog oats for his *horse-meal*, or for his oat-cake because they make it tough; and the cotter's family prefer Angus oats for their porridge-meal, because they swell, and become bulky and consistent in the pot, and go further in feeding the children at the same cost. The pea sometimes refuses to boil soft; and potatoes, on some soils and with some manures, persist in growing waxy. If Swedish turnips sell for thirty shillings a ton—as in large towns they often do—yellow turnips will bring only about twenty-five, and white globes, eighteen; while all the varieties cease to *feed well* as soon as a second growth commences.

What is the cause of such differences as these? How do they arise? Can they be controlled? Can we by cultivation remove them? Can we raise produce of this or that quality at our pleasure?

Such questions, constantly arising, have led to extended analysis of the food consumed by both cattle and man; and from these analysis—still far from being complete—most curious, most interesting, and most practically important results have already been obtained. Let us glance at some of the partial generalizations which have been arrived at, and which may be provisionally adopted, by practical men.

We have already seen that all vegetable productions contain from ninety to ninety-eight per cent of combustible or organic matter. Now, this organic part has been found, in all cases, to contain three different classes of substances:—

First, the *starch* class, which comprehends starch, gum, and sugar, and certain other substances of a similar kind.

Second, the *fatty* class, which comprehends solid and liquid oils of various kinds, of which the oils extracted from seeds and nuts are familiar examples.

Third, the *gluten* class, which comprehends the gluten* of wheat, vegetable albumen, vegetable casein and some other analogous substances, the distinctive characters of which have not as yet been thoroughly investigated.

These several classes of substances are always to be found in sensible quantity in all our cultivated crops; but their proportions vary in different plants, in different parts of the same plant, and in the same part when the plants are grown in different climates, on unlike soils or by the aid of different manures. Hence the occasional differences in the sensible qualities of the same vege-

table, under different circumstances—the waxiness of the potato; the hardness of the pea, and the stubbornness of the barley—become intelligible. The several organic constituents of the grain and root crops are present in unlike proportions, and necessarily give rise to unlike qualities.

But their unlike effects, in the feeding of animals, suggested a further train of investigation. The parts of animals are known to be differently built up, or with different degrees of rapidity and success, by these different varieties of vegetable produce;—of what, then, do the parts of animals themselves consist? The answer to this question throws a new and beautiful light upon our path, clearing up obscure points on the way we have already trodden, and pointing out new tracks, which it will prove interesting hereafter still further to explore.

All animal substances—the flesh, bones, and milk, of all living creatures—consist, like the soil and the plant, of a combustible and an incombustible part. In dry muscle and blood, the incombustible or inorganic part does not exceed two per cent, and in milk evaporated to dryness, seven per cent; while in dry bone it amounts to about sixty-six per cent of the whole weight.

The combustible or organic part consists of fibrin—the fibrous part of lean meat is so called—and of fat. And rigorous analysis appears to show, that this fibrin is almost identical in constitution with the pure gluten of wheat; while the fat of some animals at least, is absolutely identical with the fatty oils contained in certain vegetable productions.

The incombustible part, again, consists of soluble saline substances, and of an insoluble earthy matter, the *earth of bones*. These two classes of inorganic substances exist also in the ash of all plants, though in variable proportions. The stems and leaves abound more in soluble saline matter, the seeds in bone-earth and other phosphates.

These things being discovered, the uses of the several constituents of the food became in some degree manifest. The fat of the animal was derived directly from the fat of the vegetables on which it lived—its muscular fibre directly from the gluten of its food—and the salts of its blood, and the earth of its bones, from the inorganic matters contained in the ash of the plants on which it fed. The plant produced the raw materials, the fat and gluten—the bricks and stones as it were—with which the animal, having received them into its stomach, proceeded directly to build up its several parts.

And as the proportion of fatty matter was greater in some vegetables than in others, some kinds of food would enable the animal to lay on more fat, or to produce more butter. Others again, in which gluten abounded, would favour the growth of muscle, or the production of cheese; while those of which the ash was richest in bone-earth, would enlarge and more rapidly increase the bones of growing animals. In so far also as the composition of the food was known to be modified by the soil on which it grew, so far might the fattening or growth of stock be considered as directly dependent upon the quality of the land on which they lived, or were fed; and in so far as the application of this or that manure was known to affect the quantity of gluten or fat in the crop, in so far would it be in our power, by varying our manures, to control the ordinary operations of nature, and to raise varieties of produce, fitted especially for this purpose or for that. These deductions opened up a wide field for experiments, both in the practical raising of varieties of food, and in the practical feeding of stock; upon which many zealous cultivators have already entered, and which, if they cultivate it with perseverance and accuracy, they are sure to cultivate with success.

How beautiful is the connexion thus established between the dead earth, the living plant, and the reasoning animal! The life and growth of the animal are dependant upon what it receives from the plant, those of the plant on what it receives from the soil on which it grows. The plant does not always produce, in equal quantity, those substances which the animal requires. It is dependent upon the nature of the soil, even for the proportion of gluten, or of fat, which it is capable of yielding to the wants of the animal; while the inorganic part of its substance is wholly drawn from the spot of earth on which it happens to be placed. It strikes us at first as a curious circumstance, that all vegetable food should contain bone-earth and common salt in some small proportion, and that useful plants should refuse to grow in a healthy manner where these substances are not present in the soil. But this arrangement appears absolutely beautiful when we learn, that without these substances the animal cannot live. The main purpose served by the vegetable is to feed the animal races. This they could not do, if they did not contain all that animals

* When wheaten flour is made into a dough with water, and this dough is washed with a stream of water upon a sieve, as long as the water passes through milky, a tenacious substance, like bird-lime, remains behind. This is the gluten of wheat. Albumen is the name given by chemists to the white of the egg; and casein, that applied to the curd of milk. Of both of these latter, an appreciable quantity is found in almost every kind of vegetable food.

require to form the several parts of their bodies; their bones and blood, as well as their muscles and their fat. Thus the soil imparts to the plant only what it is the special duty of the plant to impart to the animal. Hence the machinery of life—of life animal, as well as of life vegetable—must equally cease to move, if the soil be deficient in any of its necessary ingredients. How much, therefore, both of the direct or cropping, and of the indirect or manufacturing branches of rural economy, depends upon the chemistry of the soil!

But another important fact in regard to the composition of vegetables was still unexplained, and in connexion with it another beautiful process or function of animal life. Vegetable food contains a large proportion of starch or gum, while in the body of the animal these substances are wholly wanting. What becomes of the starch when eaten? Why does it exist so abundantly in plants? What purpose does it serve in the animal economy? Again, all animals breathe. They inhale atmospheric air, containing one two-thousand-five-hundredth part of carbonic acid—and they exhale an air containing from one to four or five hundredth parts of the same gas. In other words, the living animal is constantly discharging carbon into the air, in the form of carbonic acid. Whence is this carbon derived? What part of the food supplies it?

The starch and sugar of the food supply the carbon for respiration. The leaves of plants take in carbon from the air, in the form of carbonic acid, that it may be converted into the starch and other analogous compounds of which their substance consists. The digestive organs of animals undo the work of the leaves, and their lungs return the same carbon to the air, in the same gaseous form of carbonic acid. That which enters the stomach in the form of starch, escapes from the lungs in the form of carbonic acid and watery vapour. Thus, in another way, are animal and vegetable life connected, and again they play as it were into each other's hands. And it is beautiful to consider, that while the plant and the animal appear thus to be working contrary to each other, they are, in reality, producing each what is necessary to the existence of the other, and perform each its allotted part in maintaining the existing balance or stability of things. The round of animal and vegetable life may be regarded as a little episode in the history of nature. The system of the inanimate universe is complete of itself. The dead matter of the globe is comparatively little affected by the existence of life. A small portion of it is, for a time, worked up into vegetable and animal forms, and then returns again to the earth as it was. But what a beauty, though transient, does this poetry of life impart to the face of nature, clothing it with verdure, and peopling it with moving and graceful forms! What a broad field has it afforded for the exercise of the Creator's skill and bounty!

Few persons who have not closely attended to this branch of our subject, can be aware of the many refined practical questions which are both suggested and answered by this study of the composition of the different kinds of food—of the purposes served by their several constituents—and of the dependence of each in quantity upon the soil from which our crops are reaped. All the four classes of substances contained in vegetables appear equally important to the animal. With none of them can it safely dispense. The starch is necessary to supply the wants, so to speak, of the respiration—the gluten to build up the substance of the muscles—the fat to lubricate the joints, to round off the extremities of the bones, to fill up the cellular tissue, and to enable the muscles to play freely among each other—while the saline and earthy constituents of the plant yield the salts of the blood and other animal fluids, and the earthy phosphates and carbonates of the bones.

It is true that, in cases of exigency, pliant nature permits some of these substances to be converted to the natural uses of the other. The starch of the food may be partly employed in the production of animal fat, when fatty substances are present in too small quantity in the food; while from the fat, and even from the gluten of the food, may be derived the carbon of respiration, when starch, gum, or sugar are eaten less abundantly. But the economy of feeding consists in supplying the natural wants of the animal in the most natural form—imposing upon the digestive organs the least possible labour; and in adjusting, besides, the quality of the food, or the proportion of its several constituents, to the special purpose for which the animal is fed. In all these remarks, it will be understood that we refer only to the herbivorous races—those which the farmer rears as instruments or machines for the converting of roots and herbage into palatable food for man.

NEWS.

FAILURE OF FATHER MATHEW'S SUBSCRIPTION.—The appeal made to the nation on behalf of the Great Apostle of Temperance, has proved a failure. The whole sum subscribed amounts to only £594 7s, out of which £216 were contributed by eight individuals. We thought the testimonial to Mr. Rowland Hill for his Post-office reform (£10,000) inadequate and niggardly, but, compared with the recompense to Father Mathew, it was splendidly generous. It is a most melancholy fact, that the true benefactors of the human race are rarely, if ever, appreciated; and it speaks little in favour of the moral civilization of the nineteenth century, that he who sacrificed his private fortune to uphold and propagate the soundest principle of social reform, should be abandoned to beggary by the very people whose condition he sought to elevate and purify. Whatever may be the merits of Teetotalism, it is certainly not a teacher of gratitude. It is computed that the number of total abstainers in this country amount to one million. We have seen what they have contributed to the founder of their doctrines, and a slight arithmetical labour will show what might have been subscribed by donations, ranging from 1d to 1s. When the appeal was first made, the more sanguine spoke confidently of £30,000! We have seen the fulfilment of the prophecy, and it ought to cover the whole body with shame and humiliation.—There is not a Temperance Hall or a Rechabite Tent in the kingdom, whose honour is not engaged to wipe away this foul reproach. It is not too late to repent of past apathy, and give practical proof that the repentance is sincere. Committees may yet be organised in every district, and a fresh canvass be instituted. It is a dark stain on humanity and on our nation, this shameful abandonment of our disinterested benefactor. Not only is Father Mathew entitled to his reward for past losses and exertions, but the future progress of the cause is placed in jeopardy by this desertion of his professed followers. Will the drunkards believe that the temperate are sincere, when they allow their leader, guide, and teacher to feel the sharp stings of poverty, after all the sacrifices he has made? What opinion will the lovers of strong drinks form of the moral effects of Total Abstinence, when they hear that its Apostle might have rotted in a gaol for want of the rescuing hand of his disciples? We will not yet believe, even with the evidence of the wretched subscription before our eyes, that the Tee-totalers can be guilty of such deliberate and callous ingratitude as that evidence establishes; we must conclude that the appeal has not been properly made, and, hoping that it may yet be made with judgment, we look forward to an early opportunity of announcing that the response to it has been worthy of the cause.—*Sentinel*.

PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.—The following statistical amount of Protestantism in France has just been published:—In 1815 there was 464 Protestant pastors; in 1830, 527; in 1843, 677; and now there are more than 700. Under the empire, the budget of the Protestant church was 306,000*l.*; under the Restoration, 476,000*l.*; and in 1843, 1,219,000*l.* The number of Protestant churches has increased in proportion, but there are still 111 localities without them. The number of Protestants in France is given at four millions.

DR. CUNNINGHAM ON AMERICAN SLAVERY.—Our readers are aware that several of the Presbyteries of the Free Scotch church have now before them the question of whether they shall continue fellowship with American churches, while they continue to tolerate slavery, and also whether the money received from the churches in slaveholding regions by the deputation in their visit to this country last year, shall be returned or retained. Dr. Cunningham, one of the deputation, has lately published a letter on the subject, in which he embodies his views, which those who know the man, as well as those interested in the general question, will be glad to see whether they approve of them or not:

1. The question of retaining and applying the money from the United States, depends wholly upon the question, whether it was right to recognize the evangelical churches of America as churches of Christ, and to hold intercourse with them as such.
2. There is nothing in the actual relation held by the evangelical churches of America to the slavery existing and established there, or in the conduct adopted by them regarding it, (a subject this, by the way, on which much misapprehension prevails in this country, in consequence of the implicit credence

given to the misapprehensions of the abolitionists, technically so called,) which affords any sufficient reason for refusing to hold communion with them as churches of Christ; and that therefore it is our duty to improve the opening which, in Providence, has occurred for promoting friendly Christian intercourse with these churches.

Dr. Candlish, on the contrary, has taken a decided ground, that either the funds should be returned, or be received under protest against slavery.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

THE BALTIMORE METHODIST CONFERENCE.—It has transpired, notwithstanding its sitting with closed doors, that the subject of slavery has been considered by this Conference, and very honourably and decidedly disposed of. Four of the bishops were present. The subject came up in two forms: one, in the case of the Rev. Mr. Harding, who was tried and deposed by an inferior judicatory, for holding slaves—a thing forbidden to the ministry by the discipline of the church. It was decided by a very large majority, 148 to 13, that the decision of the lower Conference be sustained, until Mr. Harding shall execute a deed of manumission to all his slaves. The other point was the consideration of the proposal to rescind the sixth restriction rule, which would allow a division of funds in case of a division of the church on account of slavery. The question has been regarded, wherever acted on, as indicative of the feeling on the subject of a division for slavery's sake. At this Conference, the proposal to rescind was negatived by the strong vote of 150 to 41. This action, as well as the courage and good feeling evinced in the entertaining of the subject, does the Methodist denomination distinguished honour. We hope that other denominations of evangelical Christians will suffer themselves to be provoked to good works by the example.—*ib.*

Morse's Telegraph is to be continued from Baltimore to New-York. Mr. Amos Kendall is daily expected here to conclude some preliminary arrangements. It is confidently expected that Mr. Polk's message, at the next annual session of Congress, will be in type in New-York in two hours after it is read by the Clerk of the House.—*ib.*

MONTREAL PRICES CURRENT.—April 15.

ASHES—Pot 23s 6d	LARD 4d a 5d p. lb
Pearl 21s 6d	BEEF—P. Mess tierce \$9 a \$12
FLOUR—Finc 23s	Do obls \$7
Do. American 26s a 27s	Prime \$5
WHEAT 4s 9d	TALLOW 5½d
PEASE 3s 3d per minor	BUTTER—Salt 6½d a 7d
OAT-MEAL 8s 0d per cwt.	CHEESE 3d a 5½d
PORK—Mess \$14	EXCHANGE—London 1½ prem.
P. Mess \$11	N. York 2 do
Prime \$10	Canada W. ¼ do

NOTICE.

Two parcels of Temperance stock in care of Messrs. Brethour & Crawford, of Hamilton, not being called for, are now waiting the order of Dr. Hyde, Embro', and Mr. T. S. Shenstone, Woodstock, who will please dispose of the articles as soon as they can, at the best price they can obtain, and remit the amount.

Monies Received on Account of

Advocate.—Sundries Montreal, £1 10s 10d; Sundries, Lloydstown, £1 10s; R. R. White, Eckrird, 2s 6d; L. J. Lancaster, W. H. Hasket, John Lifton, and B. Lifton, London, 2s 6d each; W. E. Hoff, M. S. Syres, H. Juston, Delaware, 2s 6d each; J. Brown, Duncan Wilson, H. Carter, Sparta, 2s 6d each; Peter Milne, Markham, 2s 4; M'Barn, and Withron, Toronto, 9s 4d.

TERMS OF ADVOCATE.

2s. 6d. per annum, payable in advance; there are, however, no complete copies left for 1845.
 1s. 10½d. from 1st April to 1st January next.
 1s. 8d. " 1st May to " "
 One copy sent gratuitously, when desired, with every ten remitted for.
 All Communications and Orders, post-paid, to be addressed to
R. D. WADSWORTH, Sec.

GALT TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

FRANCIS MILROY begs to call the attention of the public to the above Establishment, which he has fitted up at a great expense; he hopes that the accommodations will give general satisfaction, and is determined nothing shall be wanting on his part to make his guests comfortable. Lunch, and hot coffee at all hours.

There is a Livery Stable attached to the premises. F. M'I., has on hand for sale an assortment of temperance publications, medals, &c. &c.

Galt, March 28, 1845.

BRITISH ARMS, OPPOSITE THE OLD MARKET, LONDON, G. W.

S. T. PROBETT begs leave to return his sincere thanks to the public in general, for the liberal patronage extended to him for the last three years, and now begs leave to announce to the public that he has re-fitted the same establishment as a **TEMPERANCE HOTEL**, where travellers can be accommodated comfortably and quietly, he having given up the Bar business, in the place of which he has substituted a **Produce and Provision Store**. In adopting this altered line of business, he trusts to a liberal public at large for their patronage, and hopes by strict attention to merit a liberal support.

Coffee and Tea at all times. Chops, Steaks, or Cold Lunch, on the shortest notice, as usual.

Good Stabling. Oats by the bushel.

London, C. W., February 18, 1845.

GLASGOW BOOT & SHOE WAREHOUSE.

THE Subscriber begs leave respectfully to intimate to his Customers in Town and Country, that he has REMOVED his Warehouse to No. 48, McGill Street, where he has on hand an extensive assortment of Ladies and Gentlemen's DRESS BOOTS, SHOES and PUMPS of all kinds, strong Peg Boots, Peg Pump Boots and strong Shoes, &c. &c. He trusts from the well known quality of his work, and reasonable prices for CASH, or approved credit, to merit a continuance of the support he has hitherto so liberally received.

JAMES RENNIE,

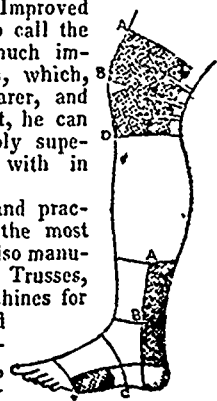
Montreal, April 12, 1845.

No. 48, McGill Street.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE MOST EMINENT MEDICAL AND SURGICAL PRACTITIONERS OF MONTREAL.

G. WANLESS, (from England,) SURGICAL MACHINIST, and Manufacturer of the Improved Elastic Spring Truss, &c., begs to call the attention of the afflicted to his much improved and self-adjusting TRUSSES, which, for ease and comfort to the wearer, and the effectual cure of the complaint, he can safely recommend as immeasurably superior to any thing hitherto met with in Canada.

G. WANLESS having studied and practised his profession under one of the most celebrated Machinists of England, also manufactures Umbilical and Abdominal Trusses, Knee Caps, Laced Stockings, Machines for the Cure of Clubbed and Turned Feet, In-Knees, Bowed Legs Supporters for Curvature of the Spine, Cork Legs, and a variety of Machines on the most improved principles. Trusses covered and altered. No. 16, St. Joseph Street, nearly opposite St. George's Church.



Montreal, April 12, 1845.