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SOMERVILLE HALL.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

Continued from Page 307.

Kate Somerville opened the piano, and began to play a lively air.

“It is not often,” she said, “that ladies invite themselves to sing; but here is an old Scotch ballad that I think will just suit your taste; unless, indeed, seven years have altered you as much as they have altered some others.”

I disclaimed, of course, all change of taste in this respect; and she began to sing without farther prelude.

I have looked at the faces of what are called good singers, when their voices were in full operation, and the charm of their performance has been instantly destroyed; but with Kate Somerville the case was widely different. She had too much truth, even in her countenance, for it to suffer distortion under the influence of music so sweet and touching as her own; and it was not the least charm amongst the many she possessed, that when she was singing, you might gaze with pleasure, as well as listen with delight.

There was certainly something in her music which exercised a sort of spell over me, for no sooner was her ballad concluded, than I forgot myself so far as to exclaim—“This will not do, Kate. You must not sing to me, unless you are prepared to go back with me to India, to share the good and the evil of my wandering and uncertain life.”

I never shall forget her manner of receiving this very dubious expression. She neither smiled nor blushed, but looked at me for one moment with a degree of distressing earnestness; then, closing the piano, she walked to the other end of the room, took a chair by the fire, and as soon as I had joined her, began to question me in a very commonplace but determined manner, about some of the customs of the East.

This conversation was only interrupted by the servant bringing in tea, which we took alone, there being no disposition in those we had left at the dinner-table to join our party.

The tea-service had scarcely been dismissed, when Miss Somerville was called out of the room, and such were the confused and mysterious sounds in the hall, which immediately followed, that I unconsciously, and by a sort of natural impulse, opened the door. What, then, was the horror I experienced, on beholding the almost senseless, and deathlike form of Mr. Somerville supported in the arms of his servants and borne, as quietly as they could carry him, to his own chamber. My attention, however, was chiefly directed to the figure of his daughter who had placed her arms beneath her father, with his head resting on her shoulder, and his white hair against her cheek, and who in this manner took her part—the most arduous of all—in bearing the helpless burden.

Shocked at having been the witness of such a scene, I still persuaded myself none of the party had observed that I was so; when Kate Somerville, on returning to the room, entered immediately upon the subject by alluding to what I had seen.

“I am little skilled,” said she, “in keeping my feelings to myself. And why should I attempt it when the cause of my disquietude is so obvious. My poor father!”

And as she uttered these words, she covered her face with her hand, and burst into an agony of tears.

“You know,” she continued, as soon as she had partially recovered her self-possession, “that he used to be fond of sitting long at the table over his wine. But I never thought it would come to this! And that man—that cruel man—keeps humouring him up to his bent, and I have no influence with him whatever.”

“Have you tried your influence?” I asked. “Have you spoken to him on this subject, kindly and candidly?”

“Why, no. There lies my sorrow, and my guilt. There lies my difficulty too. My poor father, you know, was always so correct, and so precise, that I thought he would be shocked beyond measure, and offended past forgiving me, if I hinted such a thing to him in the beginning of the evil; and then as it grew, and became established, I felt more and more repugnance to act so ungenerous a part, for he had ever been so indulgent and so kind to me, it seemed too dreadful to be thought of, that I should turn upon him with the accusation of so gross a sin. So, as I said, the thing went on: and now it would be of no use, for I believe he has lost the power to resist.”

“You might still make the experiment,” said I. “That could do no harm; and you would at least enjoy the satisfaction of having done a part of your duty.”

"I wish I could," she answered; "from my heart I wish I could. But, strange as it may seem, I want the moral courage. When I first began to see the evil, I thought I should be able to speak, if it increased; and now I think I should be better able, were it only commencing. And, so it is—we shrink from the most obvious duty, until the time to perform it has passed by, and then waste the remainder of our lives in unavailing regret."

"Mr. Ferguson, you say, encourages it?"

"Oh, yes! There is a long history of that man's connexion with my father, which you will probably some time become acquainted with. In one way or other they have been engaged in business together almost ever since you left this country. Nothing, however, has answered with them until the new manufactory, which you must have seen in coming. Here so many hands are employed, and such mighty wonders done, that the poor people around us think we must be worth a world of wealth. But what would money avail us, if we had the wealth of Cræsus, and my poor father carried up every night, as you have just seen him. It is true, there are days, though few and far between, when he seems to make an effort to be his better-self again; and it was seeing him so well yesterday, and hearing that Mr. Ferguson was away, which induced me to ride over to your brother's this morning, with an invitation which I believed you could not refuse; for I thought it possible, that by securing your company to-day, I might delay your knowledge of my father's actual state. No sooner did I see Mr. Ferguson, however, than I knew how the day would close; for I always observe, that my father is least like himself when that man is here."

Miss Somerville then added: "You are not one of those summer friends to whom I would apologize for your visit having been made so unpleasant. You remember, I doubt not, the happy meetings we used to have at this fire-side; and if the change is painful to you, what must it be to me?"

"And is there nothing that can be done?" I asked.

"Nothing that I know of," she replied, "Night after night I sit by this solitary hearth, brooding over the same subject; looking at it in every point of view, and asking in vain if nothing can be done. Perhaps," and she looked eagerly in my face, as if struck by some new, and forcible idea; "perhaps if I could talk to my father about religion, it might do some good."

"Have you never tried it?"

"Ah! no. I am miserably dark myself. Our good pastor used to warn me, that the time would come when I should need to realize the hopes I was so fond of speculating upon; but since he left us, no one has ever talked with me on this subject, and by degrees I seem to have lost the little hold of it I once possessed. Can you not help me here?"

I was silent; and we two friends—friends not only in name, but friends who would each have done and suffered much to save the other from a moment's pain, sat together alone, after seven years of separation—one having known much of the painful experience of sickness, and the other of sorrow; and each met the inquiring glance of the other with the total blank of fatal ignorance on that one subject, which it was becoming daily and hourly more important for us both to understand.

Oh, who shall dare to call himself by the sacred name of friend, unless he can answer such an appeal as was made to me that night, by the woman I had left so gay and happy—the woman, whom I found on my return bowed down with anxiety and grief—forced even to the verge of premature old age, so much had sorrow worn away the bloom and the vivacity of her youth.

Yet by this sacred name I scrupled not to call myself; and such had been the effect of affliction on the mind of Miss Somerville, that she seemed, from the very weakness of her unsupported nature, to derive more satisfaction than in for-

mer years, from the idea that I really was her friend. In this manner, our acquaintance was renewed, with only one point of difference in our intimacy, which on my part at least, was more felt than understood.

I had been accustomed, in by-gone days, to regard Miss Somerville as something of a coquette; for she had a habit of perpetually leading one's attention to herself, and would rather provoke anger or reproof, than submit to be unnoticed. Thus she had been a little too fond of placing her peculiarities in a conspicuous point of view, as well as of piquing the vanity and wounding the self-love of those who formed her little court, in order that she might enjoy an opportunity of flattering them more effectually by her attentions, and soothing them by her yet more irresistible kindness.

All this, however, had now vanished as completely as if she had never known what it was to be admired. She now seldom spoke of herself, and, even when conversing with me, would always change the conversation as soon as my observations referred to her own character and situation. This I regretted the more, as I found that her feelings, in their subdued and altered tone, her affectionate solicitude for her father, and the difficult and isolated position she held, as the only child of such a parent, were all combining to render her an object of deeper interest to me, than she had ever been before; though the apparent coldness of her manner effectually repelled me whenever I attempted to give utterance to such feelings.

The time was now approaching for me to decide upon whether I should return to India; and as long illness had exercised considerable influence over my habits, by damping the ardour of youthful enterprise, I will not deny that certain calculations upon the fortune of Miss Somerville did occasionally mingle themselves with my admiration of her character. The possession of such a fortune would enable me with prudence to resign my commission. If, therefore, Miss Somerville would not allow me to introduce the subject in the customary manner, it became necessary to the arrangement of my plans, that I should adopt some other method of bringing the question to a final decision. It was doubly painful to me to have no other alternative, because I knew that her fortune and her position in society had rendered a mere proposal of marriage a circumstance of such common occurrence in her experience, as to be despatched in the most summary manner; yet I trusted to her good sense and generosity for pardoning in me, what she had left me no means to avoid.

Nothing could be more embarrassing to me, however, than the perfect silence with which my proposal was at last received. I could see that she was affected by it—perhaps too much affected for words; but in what manner I was at a loss to comprehend; and I had nothing left but to implore her to answer a question on which depended my happiness here, and perhaps hereafter.

"Then I will treat you with a frankness equal to your own," said she "and briefly answer—No! Whether my answer is dictated by duty or inclination, can be of little consequence to you to know. It is as irrevocable as if you were to me the least attractive being upon earth."

There remained little more for me to say, for there was a firmness in the tone and manner of Miss Somerville, which left no doubt as to the strength of her determination. We were, therefore, pursuing our walk in silence, when I perceived with surprise, that while she often turned away her head, as if to look at the plants by the way, or the prospect we were leaving, tears were absolutely streaming from her eyes, so fast, that it was no longer possible to conceal them from my observation.

Encouraged by this evidence of emotion, whatever might be its secret cause, I very naturally resumed the subject of our conversation, to which, however, she only replied with more firmness and decision.

"Do not," said she, "I entreat you, do not mention this

subject to me again. The convictions which have already dictated my reply, are not to be set aside by persuasion. One thing, however, I would ask of you, and I ask it in all humility—do not take my answer unkindly—do not let it separate us as friends. I have been, endeavouring, by the most scrupulous behaviour, to convince you, that I could be nothing more to you, nor you to me; and I am pained to the heart that you have not better understood me. You understand me now; and I repeat again—do not let this foolish business separate us as friends. I have no brother—I might almost say I have no father now. Do not utterly forsake me in my desolation.”

I told her then, for the first time, that I was about to return to India.

She started; but immediately went on—“Let us be like fellow-travellers, then, who know that at the next stage they must separate for ever. Let us part kindly, for the dream of our friendship will indeed have passed, when you leave your native land again.”

Of all the different kinds of romance which take possession of the female mind, there is none more unintelligible to man, and few more unacceptable, than that friendship which she sometimes proposes to him in the place of love. Had I better understood the character and situation of Kate Somerville, I should have known, in her case at least, that she both offered it herself, and needed it from me, in no ordinary or trifling degree, and that the kindness she asked of me in this melancholy and humble manner, she had richly earned the right to demand, by the noble sacrifice she was making, as she believed, in my favour.

It may easily be supposed, that after this interview I became a less frequent visitor at the Hall; for I had never, even when a youth, been sufficiently poetical to understand the luxury of cherishing a hopeless attachment. I consequently busied myself with preparations for my return to India, and thought as little of my disappointment as I could.

Kate Somerville, I observed, whenever we met, was much altered. She attempted to be lively, but her forced spirits failed her more than ever; and it was not difficult to perceive that some mental, or rather spiritual conflict was absorbing every thought. My sister often wished that she had some experienced adviser, with whom she might converse confidentially; but, happily for her, she had already begun to feel that there is a consolation beyond what human love can offer—a Friend whose counsels are more salutary than those of an earthly adviser.

Unacquainted with the exercise of a mind thus engaged, and unable to sympathize in its deep experience, I became gradually estranged from the society of my sister's friend. An indescribable feeling that our destiny was tending different ways, seemed to keep me at a distance from her, though whenever we met, there was an humbled and a chastened expression in her features which made my heart ache to think what she was suffering, or had suffered. At times I wished to escape from the pain of seeing her thus altered; and then again, I wished more earnestly that I might stay, and be ever near her, if by this means it would be possible for me to partake of that influence which I could not but be sensible was purifying and elevating her character.

It is often observed, that before the hour of final dissolution, the appearance of the human sufferer undergoes a striking, and almost supernatural change, as if preparatory to that great event. And is it not often, to a certain extent, the same, before some of those fearful trials which mark the most important epochs of human existence? And merciful it is in the dispensations of Providence, that so few are wholly taken by surprise. Surprise, indeed, we may feel as to the nature of the trial which awaits us; but do we not often find, on looking back from such events, that there was previously a kind of awe surrounding us—a gloom—a gathering like that which comes before a storm; or a silence still more deeply felt—a suspension of our ordinary being—as if

to give us time to call up from long-neglected sources, the support which our suffering and feeble nature was about to require?—(To be Continued.)

INTEMPERANCE THE GREAT CAUSE OF CRIME.

BY WILLIAM LOGAN.

Our object in the present paper is to prove that intemperance is the principal cause of crime in the United Kingdom, and we shall proceed to support this proposition not only by the testimony of gentlemen best qualified to give judgment on the subject, but by well authenticated facts; and in the outset we submit the testimony of the following distinguished judges:—The venerable Sir Matthew Hale thus writes: “The places in the judicature which I have long held in this kingdom have given me an opportunity to observe the original cause of the crimes and enormities during the last twenty years; and by that observation I have found that if the murders, burglaries, robberies, riots, tumults, adulteries, rapes, and other enormities that have been committed during that time, were divided into five parts, four of them have been the product of excessive drinking.” Baron Alderson, when addressing the grand jury a few months ago, at the York assizes, said, “Another thing he would advert to, was, that a great proportion of the crime to be brought forward for their consideration, arose from the vice of drunkenness alone; indeed, if they took away from the calendar all those cases with which drunkenness has any connexion, they would make the large calendar a very small one.” One of the judges stated some time ago, at the Circuit Court in Glasgow, that more than eighty criminals had been tried and sentenced to punishment, and that, with scarcely a single exception, the whole of the crimes had been committed under the influence of intoxicating liquors. From the evidence that has appeared before him as a judge, it seemed that every evil in Glasgow began and ended in whisky.” Judge Erskine also declared at the summer assizes held in the year 1844, when sentencing a gentleman to six months' hard labour for a crime committed through strong drink, that ninety-nine cases out of every hundred were for the same cause. Judge Coleridge stated, at the Oxford assizes, that he never knew a case brought before him which was not, directly or indirectly, connected with intoxicating liquors; and Judge Patteson, at the Norwich assizes, said to the grand jury, “If it were not for this drinking, you and I would have nothing to do.” These are only a few testimonies of many that could easily be adduced. We shall now proceed to furnish a careful selection of facts and statistics on the question, and refer, in the first place, to Captain Miller's statement respecting the city of Glasgow. “You see,” says he, in a letter addressed to myself, “that in my various papers and reports regarding the state of crime in this city, I have attributed to intemperance a great portion of the crime committed in the community, and I have yet seen no reason to change my opinion; on the contrary, every day's experience tends to confirm it. The number of persons brought before the police court, in 1842, was 8,986, of whom 4,505 were for being drunk and disorderly. The total number of persons brought before the magistrates in 1843, were 9,679, of whom 4,364 were charged with rioting and drunkenness.” The following returns have just been furnished by the respective superintendents of Glasgow, Gorbals, Calton, and Anderston police establishments, showing the number of persons brought before the magistrates in the course of 1844:—“In Glasgow,” says Capt. Wilson, “there were 10,736 prisoners, of whom 7,775 were males and 2,951 females; and of these, 2,035 males and 37 females were drunk on the streets, 1,596 men and 839 women were drunk and disorderly,” giving a total of 4,507 cases of intemperance. In Gorbals (the following are the returns for 1841, but they serve our present purpose) there were, says Captain Richardson, “5,013 prisoners, of whom

1,076 men and 440 females were drunk and disorderly, 520 men and 266 females were drunk on the streets;" giving a total of 2,309 drunken cases. "In Calton there were 2,082 prisoners, of whom 966 were charged with disorderly conduct, or assaults committed when the parties were intoxicated. Many of the other cases," adds Capt. Smart, "were also caused by drunkenness." "In Anderston," says Captain McKay, "there were 1,368 prisoners, of whom 419 men and 102 females were drunk and disorderly: 178 men and 44 women were drunk on the streets; 191 men and 85 women were riotous and fighting;" thus giving upwards of 1,000 drunken cases out of the whole number, 1,368. By adding together the prisoners who were tried at the Glasgow Police-court, with those at the three suburban districts, it gives a grand total of 19,199, of whom 8,841 were charged with being drunk and disorderly, or what is more appalling, drunk on the streets. Now, were the subject left here, a very imperfect idea would not only be formed of the actual extent of intemperance in what is termed Glasgow Proper, but the suburban districts, and other large towns, such as Liverpool, where every prisoner is brought before the magistrate, would be, in a certain extent, injured. With regard, then, to the police-office, we find, not only from previous returns, but after glancing at a book where a note is kept of the untried prisoners, that there were about 6,270 men and 4,277 women, dismissed by the lieutenant on duty, who consequently did not appear before the magistrates, and are not included in the 10,836 tried prisoners. But, in addition to this, we learn from Captain Miller's returns for 1843, that there were upwards of 9,000 prostitutes taken to the office, and liberated early in the morning; and we find that there were above 10,500 taken to the office in 1844, who were generally dismissed about seven o'clock a.m. As we have frequently conversed with and addressed many of the men and women referred to, and, likewise, the unfortunate females before leaving the office, we have no hesitation in stating that ninety-nine out of every hundred were taken into custody in consequence of intoxicating liquors; so that, instead of talking about 4,507 persons being charged with intemperance at the Glasgow police establishment, it would be more correct to speak of 25,000; and, if the 4,334 drunken cases are added from the adjacent districts, then we have upwards of 29,000 human beings dragged to prison for supporting too freely the respectable drinking customs of the enlightened city of Glasgow. Our object in taking notice of the parties dismissed, without being brought before the magistrates, is just to give a more correct view of the moral aspect of the question.

Leaving, however, out of view the untried prisoners, if we return for a little to the total number brought before the magistrates at Glasgow, Gorbals, Calton, and Anderston, which is 19,199, and subtracting the 8,841 charged with intemperance, there are 10,358 human beings still to dispose of. In looking over several old police reports, with the returns for the past year, it is quite evident that a great majority are charged with "theft," "assault," "attempting to steal and pick pockets;" and in order to prove that intemperance is the chief cause of these crimes, we may refer to a late report of the prisons of Glasgow, where an account is given of 3,907 individuals, most of whom were committed for "theft;" and respecting these, the Rev. Mr. Scott, chaplain, thus writes—"Though a number of causes are specified, drunkenness is the most prolific source of most of the crimes in Glasgow; of the many thousands annually imprisoned, I think it would not be possible to find one hundred sober criminals in any one year. Even the youngest learn this ruinous vice, and, where they live by stealing, swallow astonishing quantities of whisky. It may also be stated that at our weekly visits on Sabbath to the Glasgow police, for upwards of three years, we have conversed with more than five thousand noted thieves; and, when reference was made to what had been the cause

of leading them into difficulty, the answer, with but few exceptions was, "Had it not been for drink, sir, no person would ever have seen me here." The number of persons brought to the Edinburgh police-office, in 1844, was 11,150, of whom 4,895 were charged with intemperance. Mr. J. Smith, governor of the same prison, writes as follows to Dr. Menzies, August, 1844:—"The number of commitments to this prison for drunkenness, during the year ending June last was, 3,325, being an increase over the year ending June, 1843, of 126 cases. This number, appallingly great as it truly is, by no means indicates the number of commitments caused by drunkenness. The commitments for other offences, during the year ending June last, was 2,385; and I do not hesitate to say, that it is my firm belief, that but for drunkenness and the evil and ruinous consequences which follow in its train, there would not have been one-fifth part of that number of commitments during the period. Very many of those committed for drunkenness are heads of families, and not a few of them are very young, sometimes mere children. We collected the following information last summer, when visiting the different prisons; and the majority of the criminals had been committed for theft. In Dumfries, the governor was "warranted in stating, that nineteen out of every twenty brought before him were in consequence of drinking;" and when conversing with thirty prisoners out of the total number (42), 29 acknowledged that drink had been the cause of their imprisonment. The sitting magistrate stated to the clerk of the police court that very morning, that, "were it not for intemperance, the premises might be shut up altogether." At Kilmarnock, Captain Blane believed he was under the mark in stating, that four-fifths of the crime was caused by intoxicating liquors. At Greenock, the governor stated, that out of 461 committals for 1843, 297 might be said to have committed their crimes under the influence of drink. At Ayr, the governor had no hesitation in saying, that 39 cases out of 40 were fruits of intemperance; and, when conversing with 73 prisoners there, 70 acknowledged that, had it not been for public houses they would never have occupied the cells of a prison. Similar statements were made to us when visiting the prisoners in Paisley, Stirling, Hamilton, Dumbarton, Airdrie, &c.; and what is true of Scotland, is to a very great extent, the same in England and Ireland. In London, for example, it appears, says Dr. Campbell, that the charges of drunkenness, and the various disorders proceeding from it, amounted for a single year to the incredible number of 38,440, being more by 7,321 than one-half the entire charges brought before the police offices during that period. Of these 38,440 charges of drunkenness and riot, 21,650 were males and 16,790 were females. Mr. Whitty, late head constable of Liverpool, states, in his excellent report for 1841, that the number of offences committed within the borough was 16,524, of whom 7,941 were charged with being drunk and disorderly. It is stated in the Manchester police report, for 1841, that the number of offences amounted to 13,315, of whom 5,743 were charged with intemperance. These facts have been corroborated by the testimony of the respective governors of Newgate, London; the Milbank Penitentiary; Wakefield House of Correction; Manchester, New Bailey; Newgate, Dublin; and the Female Prison. Having conversed with a number of criminals in these prisons, we found that their statements, respecting the cause of crime, were quite in keeping with those referred to in Scotland. In order to give an idea of the expense of crime, it may be stated that the House of Commons voted the following sums, on April 15, 1844, for costs connected with crime at home and abroad:—Parkhurst prison, for juvenile offenders, £18,588; Milbank prison, £47,689; expenses of criminal lunatics confined in Bethlehem, £3,967; salaries and expense of inspectors of prisons in Scotland, £8,500; law expenses in Scotland, £63,938; criminal prosecutions and other law charges in Ireland, £62,109; towards the expense of the Dublin po-

lice, £30,000; for building prisons in the convict depot at Dublin, £6,337; convicts at home, Bermuda, and Gibraltar, £87,090; convict service at New South Wales, £300,600, giving a total of £625,620. The Editor of the *Times*, when writing on the subject, in October last, says, "How many hundreds of £1,000's have been spent on Millbank prison, and many millions on our prisons in England and Wales?" It was stated, at the annual meeting of noblemen, &c., of the West Riding of Yorkshire, held in Wakefield, March, 1844, that the total expense of the criminal department of that Riding amounted to £61,433 9s 5d, and the annual cost of each prisoner in jail was £13 5s 8d. At a meeting of the commissioners of supply, &c., held in Lanark, in 1844, it appears that the expenditure for the county prisons, for the half-year ending June, 1843, was £4,320, or £8,640 per annum. The annual expense of keeping each prisoner in jail was stated to be—Lanark, £26; Hamilton, £18; Perth Penitentiary, £16 16s; and in Glasgow, £13. Sheriff Alison informed the board, that the expense of sending each prisoner to Perth, was £1 13s. In 1842, the Glasgow police cost £10,360 9s 1d, or £1 3s for each offender, and £2 18s 8d for each conviction. In 1841, the Gorbals police cost about £960, and in 1843, Calton cost about £900. This, after all, gives a very imperfect idea of the subject; but what has been advanced, may lead practical men to reflect more on the subject, and those who desire a detailed account of the enormous salaries of judges, lord advocates, &c., are referred to Mr. Wallace's printed letter, in the *Argus* of 11th November last. We shall just quote a single sentence:—"The present cost of the whole of the Scottish judicial establishment, as the table shows, is annually £170,000!"

In a future paper we may take a more benevolent view of the question, and prove to the reader that liberty is as dear to the most hardened transport in Norfolk Island as to himself: that to shut up a man or woman in prison, is to sink them in their own estimation; but we conclude, for the present, by stating, that if intemperance is the great cause of our prisons being tenanted, then, abstinence from all intoxicating liquors is sure to stop the supplies. It is to the sober portion of the community that the total abstainer looks for support in overturning the drinking customs of the country; and were the friends of religion and morality to step boldly forward, intemperance, with its numerous evils, would speedily be banished from amongst us.

IS IT NECESSARY ?

Many persons argue in favor of the use of intoxicating liquors in the way of fashionable drinking, because of the necessity of conforming to the usages of fashionable society. They argue that a man is obliged, when called upon to drink the health of an individual, to pour down his throat a goblet of wine or other stuff, however disgusting it may be to him, and that they cannot sign the pledge because they would be considered singular, if placed in such a situation, and should refuse to drink. What a lame, impotent argument for the necessity of continuing and upholding a custom which has destroyed and is destroying thousands of victims. Is it necessary for a man to offer himself upon the altar of Moloch, and yield his happiness, and perhaps his life, because it is fashionable, or because men have made it a custom through long years? Many a young man has left his home pure and uncontaminated, has mingled in social society, followed its customs, and returned a drunkard, because he was unable to resist what he considered necessary, and in conformity to fashion. He did not dream of becoming a drunkard, nor did those who made him such think of the work they were performing, but this necessity stared him and them in the face, and he fell. Where is this dire necessity which so blinds men, and brings destruction upon the homes and families of thousands. How often does the wife see the husband of her

bosom, her early love, leave the door of his house, watch his retiring footsteps, and turn away to weep. Why is this? Why is sorrow depicted upon her countenance, and why does she watch the passing hours, and hasten with a trembling step as she hears him return? Because she knows he has been to the convivial meeting, and she knows the fearful custom of such society, and she knows the necessity of conforming to these customs, and she knows their influence upon her husband, and too often that husband returns to his waiting wife a drunkard, and she knows too well the sorrows of a drunkard's wife. Is it necessary thus to blight the hopes and fond expectations of a devoted woman merely because a false custom demands that the husband shall drink, and if he does not, be branded as a singular man. This is too old and lame an argument for men to offer at this day, when the evils of the custom stare every reflecting man in the face. We often hear men say it is necessary for them to drink, as their business throws them in the way of drinking men, and they must conform to their customs. What a singular argument. Every man knows that the constant use of alcohol unfits a man for business, that a man under the influence of rum cannot deal judiciously, yet the very men who know this, habitually drink with their customers, and thus become liable to be swindled. How often have instances occurred of designing men using this custom to prey upon those who follow this so-called necessary habit. Getting them drunk, and then buying of them at almost any price. Is it necessary for a man to lay himself liable to be ruined and his family beggared, because he feels that society demands of him to follow its ruinous customs. Would we reason thus upon any other subject whatever. Too long have moderate drinkers slumbered under the shadow of this false pride, until the chains of drunkenness have bound them hand and foot. It is time that this custom was abolished, this relic of barbarism abandoned, and men conduct their meetings and their business on different principles. If every man would take it as an insult when his health was drunk in a glass of liquor, or when called upon to drink the health of another, the fashion would soon fall to the ground, and be numbered among the things that were.—Men who are now the pride and hope of our land, would not be in the imminent danger they now are of falling from their high estate to the level of the brute. Our young men would be snatched from the wiles and snares that now surround them, and be more prepared to act well the parts that may be assigned them in the future history of our country.

TEMPERANCE AND SEAMEN.

Commerce, seamen and navigation are so eminently benefited by the cause of Temperance, that it justly excites astonishment that so little interest is manifested by the merchants in this great moral movement of the age.—We have read with unbounded satisfaction, the immense benefits achieved by the Temperance Society of New-York, in having induced 40,000 to sign the pledge—a fact of more importance to the merchants than all the Policies of Insurance issued at Lloyd's. And why? Because temperance crews secure life, which no Policy of Insurance can. Because temperance in sailors promotes their own health and happiness, in addition to protecting the property of the merchant. The fact is that as temperance spreads among seamen—officers as well as men—the losses by shipwreck diminish, and of course the security of life is increased. As an element of political economy, temperance takes a stand not inferior to any other constituent of national wealth. Indeed it may well be doubted, if any other virtue is so active in its operation to preserve wealth and prevent the waste of public, as well as private substance, bodily energies, and mental activity. For temperance is the main-spring of human effort. There can be no power of will to do good without it. The moment a man drinks, all his capacity for good is impaired so much, as to render him use-

less, or so totally destroyed, as to make him an object of terror, annoyance, and destruction.—It is impossible, therefore, to appreciate this virtue too highly. We may, therefore, justly wonder, that our government should continue spirit rations in the navy, on any terms, or under any modifications. In our commercial marine, the time cannot be far distant, when the barbarous practice will be abolished altogether.—We say this barbarous practice—for what can be more cruel than to disable men from action, at a time when all their faculties are most required for their safety? We disdain to argue the utility of such stimulants, in any form, or under any circumstances, from a thorough conviction that the practice is radically baneful, and with a full knowledge of the power which sophistry possesses, to make the perversion of language throw a specious glare upon the poison that works the death of the victim. Has not even murder been justified by the judge on the bench? Cannot the casuistry of the lawyer transform the felon into a martyr? But what power of language can raise the stranded vessel from the bottom of the sea, when lost through the drunkenness of officers or men? What power of sophistication can reanimate the dead bodies of their drowned victims? In vain do men argue, when facts give the lie to their syllogisms. The logic of life and death is not to be vanquished by words!—*Philadelphia Daily Sun.*

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

ENGLAND.

ST. AGNES, CORNWALL.—On the 14th of August a most excellent meeting was held in the British school-room, which was addressed by Mr. J. P. Edwards, from Manchester, (son of Mr. Edwards, Brewer, of Blackwater.) As a lecturer we have heard but few to excel him; his talents and zeal, combined with an excellent manner, render his lectures both instructive and useful.

R. VIVIAN.

CORNWALL.—The cause of true temperance is gradually progressing in Cornwall. Independent of the successful labours of Mr. Peace, in the Western Division of the County, the good cause has received a fresh and important impulse from the visit of Mr. Passmore Edwards, a son of one of our Cornish brewers! During the last twelve months Mr. E. has been lecturing occasionally in the North of England on Peace and Temperance with great success, and whilst there, being connected with the London *Sentinel*, he possessed many facilities for the promotion of these important principles; and Cornwall has now the happiness to listen to his eloquent lectures, and to realize their happy results. Mr. E. has recently delivered several addresses in St. Agnes, his native parish, where his father's brewery has long been established; but there is a strong probability that his father will shortly relinquish the business, which he has for some time been determined to do. May others go and do likewise. Mr. Edwards has been lecturing on Temperance and Popular Education at Chacewater, Redruth, Camborne, Hayle, St. Ives, Penzance, and other places, where he has been listened to by large and enthusiastic audiences, and the results are the attainment of numbers of signatures, and the creation of increased action in the hearts of all the societies which he has visited. At Camborne, Hayle, and some other places, he has promised to lecture on the power and pleasures and advantages of knowledge, with a view to the establishment of Libraries and Reading Societies, in connexion with the Temperance Reformation, so that its important purposes may be more effectually and permanently advanced.

St. Just.

J. GOLDSWORTHY.

YORK.—Opening of the new Lecture Hall.—The services connected with the opening of the new building designated the YORK LECTURE HALL, took place on the 17th ult., when the York Teetotal Society celebrated their ninth anniversary. Tea, on a large and magnificent scale, was provided gratuitously by fifty-one ladies, whose bounteous collections of "creature comforts" were spread put on fifty-one tables, in the new hall, at which above six hundred sat down. At seven o'clock the public meeting commenced, over which Darnton Lupton, Esq., the Mayor of Leeds, presided. Lawrence Heyworth, Esq., of Liverpool; Mr. D. Greenberry, of Malton; the Rev. James Caughy, the

justly celebrated American Revivalist; and Mr. Bormond, the intended City Missionary, addressed the meeting. Mr. Lawrence Heyworth, in his excellent speech, showed what the fifty millions which is spent annually in strong drink would purchase, viz:—one million pounds of meal, four million quarts of milk, fifty million pounds of cheese, one hundred million pounds of beef, four million ounces of tea, seventy-eight million hundred-weight of coals, nine million pair of shoes, and various other articles, leaving fourteen hundred and fifty thousand pounds for schools, ministers of the gospel, newspapers, periodicals, religious and benevolent societies, etc. etc. On Thursday and Friday evening, meetings were held in the new hall.—*The Yorkshireman.*

ECCLES, near Manchester.—At the request of a correspondent we transcribe the following remarks from an excellent speech lately delivered by the Rev. J. Martincau, of Liverpool, at a temperance meeting, held on the 1st ult., at the above-named place. As it is desirable that we should occasionally hear the views of those who approve of our cause and yet do not connect themselves with it, we think it will be of service to its interest to insert the succeeding remarks.—"I admit that, as a cure for enormous evils, teetotalism is necessary, therefore I think that those who aid should aid, and say, 'We also, in order to help drunkards, will totally abstain.' But it should be done avowedly for this purpose, not on the ground that moderate drinkers have been previously committing sin; but no moderate drinker can say it is his duty to drink, he is quite at liberty to give it up. He should say, 'I give this up in order to help my weak brother. This is a sound principle, and there is no other on which the enforcement of teetotalism can be based. Persons would be better in health, clearer in mind; and almost all the functions of life on which physical enjoyment depends, would go on as well or better. And even were it otherwise that man is a poor philanthropist and Christian who will not let down a little health to raise others to a better condition.'"

LIVERPOOL.—The cause is steadily improving. We have had several good advocates amongst us, and many large meetings have been held. Our 11th annual festival was celebrated July 14, 15, 16, and 17. A grand procession of the Teetotal Societies and Rechabite Tents paraded through the town on Monday; after which a tea party was held in the Commercial Hall, attended by about 600. Tea over, a public meeting was held, at which L. Heyworth, Esq., presided. The meeting was addressed by the chairman, by the Rev. T. Spencer of Hinton, the Rev. J. Messer of Hull, and Mr. Howarth (alias Slender Bill) of Preston. On Tuesday the chair was taken by Mr. Williams, Chief Ruler of the district, when many able advocates addressed the meeting. On Wednesday evening, L. Heyworth, Esq., presided. The two above named rev. gentlemen delivered very effective speeches. Mr. Grimshaw of Manchester also spoke at considerable length. A large number of signatures were obtained. On Thursday a public meeting was held in the Town Hall, Birkenhead, when T. S. Hall, Esq., the popular author, presided. The meeting was most respectably attended, and excited great interest.

E. MUNDI.

WALES.

MILFORD HAVEN.—Teetotalism is gaining the ascendancy here. July 28th, upwards of 50 abstainers took a cruise across the water to Angle, a village quite neglected both as to the preaching of the gospel and the advocacy of teetotalism. We paraded the village in procession, accompanied by bands of music. Our friend Mrs. Fryer went from door to door distributing tracts, and conversing with the people on 'the one thing needful.' After partaking of a hearty repast at West-Angle, we returned to the village, went from thence to a fruit garden, and returned to Angle to tea. The most intemperate man in the place partook (by invitation) with us, and confessed that the Milford publicans had ordered drink for him, that he might annoy us! but he had not taken any. After tea we addressed the assembled villagers on the temperance question, and at the close 30 signed our pledge. We then steered our course homeward, the villagers accompanying us to the water side, and pressing us to come again. During the week we have had some glorious meetings in the Calvinist and the Baptist Chapel, and the Friends Meeting-house, for the use of which we feel thankful. The Independents refused us admittance into their *sanctum sanctorum*. Our audiences during the week have been large and respectable, and much good has resulted. 139 persons have voluntarily signed our pledge.

W. GARRETT, Sec.

IRELAND.

KILLARNEY, July 27.—This town was to-day the scene of one of those mighty demonstrations of moral reformation, effected by the untiring exertions of the Very Rev. Mr. Mathew. At one o'clock he proceeded to the place appointed for him to administer the pledge, directly in front of the Assembly Rooms, where a temporary hustings was erected, from which he addressed the multitude that congregated round him in his usual simple, but persuasive and effective style. At the conclusion, he proceeded to administer the pledge, and many thousands enrolled themselves. The festival took place at 8 o'clock, in the Assembly Room, which was thronged to excess. The decorations were exceedingly neat and appropriate, and the lights numerous and brilliant. The Rev. Mr. Mathew, on entering the scene, was received with prolonged applause, as were also Mr. John O'Connell, Mr. John Lynch, and Mr. Shine Lawlor. John O'Connell, Esq., J.P., presided. The supply of tea, coffee, confectionary, &c., was most abundant, and their qualities were excellent. After partaking of the good things provided for them, the equipages were removed, and the proceedings of the evening were opened by the chairman, who called upon several speakers. Father Mathew, in an eloquent address, said—"There is a glorious demonstration of the effects of total abstinence in the peace, tranquility and happiness of those parts of Ireland where the pledge prevails universally. There are a few parts disturbed, and lately proclamations have been issued proclaiming them; and it is a remarkable fact, that the very parts are those where the sacred pledge was never administered. Does not that speak volumes? We are all aware of the evils that flow from the use of intoxicating drinks; and if we consider them we will see that our green and beautiful fields have been dyed red with the blood of victims; the prisons filled, the lunatic asylums filled, and the majority of the inmates, the victims of drink. Every man who wishes for peace and for the well-being of his fellow-creatures, should unite with us in this great cause. I hear a great many ladies and gentlemen who profess to love their country, refusing to make the paltry sacrifice of giving up a foolish and an idle practice. The sacrifice, believe me, is nothing; the triumph far exceeds it, and leaves in the distance the low and sensual gratification of indulging in strong drink."

SCOTLAND.

HAMILTON.—Mr. Grubb delivered two lectures here on the 18th and 19th August, and on the 8th and 9th September he was followed by Mr. Henry Vincent. The lectures of both these gentlemen were listened to by numerous and delighted audiences, and have given an impetus to the good cause amongst us which it is hoped will not soon pass away. A dissatisfaction having been expressed by some country friends at the deficiency of entertainment at the out-door soiree on the 19th July, the committee deem it proper to state that it was occasioned by the company having far exceeded the numbers expected; and the readers of the Journal will observe by reference to the last number, that the proceeds of the soiree (£10) have been handed over to the Treasurer of the Union.

KIRKINTILLOCH.—Altogether the success of teetotalism in this place has not equalled our expectations—we do not respond. In the beginning of August we were visited by Mr. Wright of Philadelphia and Mr. Vincent, when both delivered eloquent addresses. The intelligence given by the former gentleman in reference to the abstinence movement in America was exceedingly gratifying. Mr. White also preached a sermon on the temperance reformation in Rev. Dr. Marshall's church on 17th August, and the result of these meetings has been the addition of upwards of thirty individuals to our ranks.

DUNTOCHER.—On 31st August, Mr. White preached in the Secession Church, to a numerous and respectable audience. His theory and practice of temperance were scriptural and efficient. The statistical facts (which he presented in a delicate and forcible manner), were appalling, and calculated to convince every Christian mind of the claims which abstinence societies have on his personal interest and exertions. Much good cannot but be the result of this visit; and we hope soon to be privileged to hear another address from him. We long for increased advocacy like that of Mr. White's, showing the temperance movement to be the cause of man, of truth, and of God.

CUMNOCK.—On 26th August, Messrs Winning and T. I. White, visited this place, and were entertained at a soiree held by the friends of the cause, at which addresses were delivered, and friend-

ly feeling interchanged,—a minister from Patna in the chair. Before separating, a meeting was announced for next morning at nine o'clock, and also one for the evening. The morning meeting was not numerous; but at night, addresses were delivered to a very large and attentive audience; and we much mistake the good folks at Cumnock, if, from the interest manifested, they do not strengthen the abstinence ranks. The Committee have resolved to redouble their efforts to extend the interests of the society.

FORTROSK.—Mr. Hedley, agent for the Western Scottish Temperance Union, delivered a lecture in the Baptist Chapel here, on the 9th inst. The house was crowded, and many who were unable to gain admittance, listened at the door and windows. The eloquent lecturer soon rivetted the attention of his auditors, and whether he appealed to their reason or to their feelings, it was evident that he invariably carried their sympathies along with him. He illustrated in a striking manner the utter impossibility of fixing a standard of moderation, and urged upon all the necessity of immediately becoming total abstainers. At the close of the meeting upwards of twenty persons joined the society. We hope that Mr. Hedley's visit will be followed by beneficial results, and, had it been consistent with his other engagements to have prolonged his stay, we feel assured that much good would have been effected.—*Ross-Shire Advertiser.*

INVERGORDON.—This village was favoured with a visit from Mr. F. Hedley, agent of the Western Scottish Temperance Union, who, on the evenings of Saturday and Sabbath last, delivered two very able and interesting lectures on the total abstinence question. The former of those lectures was chiefly addressed to the working classes, and admirably exposed the folly of "spending their money for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not." In the second lecture, the speaker discussed the religious bearings of the question, gave an alarming exposure of the prevalence of intemperance in the Church, and urged upon professing Christians the duty of greater self-denial. Mr. Hedley, who has hitherto been a stranger in this part of the country, is distinguished as a talented advocate of the cause he pleads, recommends himself as a very popular and fluent speaker, and is eminently qualified, by his great and varied abilities, to effect a large and permanent amount of public good.—*16.*

CANADA.

PRESOTT, Oct. 22, 1845.—Doubtless you are surprised to see a communication on behalf of the temperance society in *this place*; so long time having passed without your hearing a word from us. You can probably, however, easily call to mind the time when "better things" could be said of us; when, for several years, our different quarterly meetings were regularly notified, and thus you frequently had proof of *symptoms* of life among us, which, perhaps, did some little to encourage your own zeal in the excellent cause in which you are engaged, and may, possibly, have been of some service, as an example, in that respect, for other societies to follow. Pardon the neglect of which we have been, for some time, guilty, and I think you may depend upon our returning to our old habit of notifying you of our meetings at least four times in the year, which practice, I suppose, you are still in favour of.

The meeting which I have now to acquaint you with, I am sorry to say, was very poorly attended, which, I must acknowledge, is the case generally, though we always try to have good notice previously given.

The meeting, to which I have alluded, was a semi-annual one, held on the 10th inst. It should have taken place some time previous, but circumstances prevented. The President being absent, Rev. Mr. Coleman, the Methodist minister of this place, was called to the chair, and after prayer and some introductory remarks, he introduced to the meeting Mr. Samuel Chipman—formerly agent of the New-York State Temperance Society—who delivered a very interesting discourse; in the course of which he exhibited several of "Doctor Sewell's Plates," showing some of the sad effects of spirituous liquors upon the human stomach; and, having lately visited the Jail, Poor-houses, and Orphan Asylums

in the State of New-York, he gave a summary account of the awful influence which intoxicating drinks had in preparing inmates for the places of wretchedness; and he made some touching appeals to the humanity (if humanity they have) of those who are still engaged in the desolating traffic of such drinks as a common beverage. By the foregoing you might, perhaps, conclude that some of our spirit-dealers were at the meeting, but, I believe, none were there. Oh, when will the devouring love of gain be properly checked by the command, "Love thy neighbour as thyself?"

Temperance tracts were distributed at the meeting, subscriptions solicited for the *Advocate*, and a collection taken up towards defraying Mr. Chipman's travelling expenses, after which the meeting was concluded with the benediction, pronounced by Mr. Coleman.—I am, &c,

W. D. DICKINSON.
Sec. Prescott Temp. Society.

POETRY.

KNEEL AND RAISE HIM.

From the parent's fond protection,
From his pleasant native glen,
Youth, with reckless spirit hatched,
To crowded haunts of men,
Hidden snares and tempters meet him,
Lo! he falleth by the way,
Kneel and raise him,—kneel and raise him,
He hath fallen by the way.

Full of pride, and self-reliance,
With a warrior's haughty eye,
Dauntless, to the world's encounter,
Manhood in his strength went by,
Foes in ambush gather'd round him,
He hath fallen by the way,
Kneel and warn him,—kneel and raise him,
He hath fallen by the way.

Heavenly Father! Thou who knowest,
All the weakness of the breast,
All the sorrows of the lowest,
All the frailties of the best,
Teach us, for our erring brethren,
With a humble soul to pray,
Deign to help them,—deign to save them,
They have fallen by the way.

MISS SIGOURNEY.

DRINK FRIENDS.

Drink friends, the parting hour draws nigh,
Drink, and forget your care,
The sultry summer noon is high,
Drink, and your strength repair;
The farmer, with his toil-brown hands,
The soldier, tir'd of slaughter,
The camel 'mid the desert sands,
Desire the cooling water.

Our father Sun, the example gives,
Our mother earth also,
He, jocund drinks above the sky,
She, thirsting drinks below.
Drink friends,—drink deep, before we part,
To absent wife, or daughter,
Or bright-eyed maid, who rules your heart,
Drink deep,—but *only water.*

ECCLES. VII. 23.

Upright was man, and happy too,
Ere sin's dark ways he tried,
Pure were his joys, his wants were few,
And easily supplied.

Then of his simple, wholesome food,
He temperately partook,
And drank, and found the beverage good,
Pure water from the brook.

Now, satisfied no more with these,
The gifts of God he slights;
And tries unnumber'd schemes to please
His growling appetites.

The grain, for food design'd, he takes,
While thousands pine unfed,
And thence the poisonous liquor makes,
Instead of wholesome bread.

Man! give thy vain inventions o'er,
Thy folly they betray;
Pervert the gifts of God no more,
Nor cast those gifts away.

The cooling springs, the fruitful fields,
For thy support are lent;
While earth for thee, its increase yields,
Be thankful and content.

A LEAF OF TOBACCO.

"And then, my friends, just think there's naught exceeds
The filth that from a chewer's mouth proceeds.
Two ounces chewed a day, 'tis said produce
A half a pint of vile tobacco juice,
Which, if continued five and twenty years,
(As from a calculation it appears)
With this foul stuff, would near five hogsheads fill,
Besides old quids, a larger parcel still.
Nor am I with this calculation done:
He in that time has chewed half a ton—
A waggon load—of that which would of course,
Sicken a dog, or even kill a horse.
Could he foresee, but at a single view,
What he was destined in his life to chew,
And then the produce of his work survey,
He would grow sick, and throw his quid away.
Or could the lass, ere she had pledged to be
His loving wife, her future prospects see;
Could she but know that through his mouth would pass,
In his short life, this dirty loathsome mass,
Would she consent to take his hand for life,
And, wedded to his filth, become his wife?
And if she would, say, where's the pretty miss,
That envies her the lips she has to kiss?
Nor is this all—this dirty practice leads,
To kindred habits and to filthy deeds.
Using this weed, an able statesman thinks,
Creates a thirst for stimulating drinks.
Full many a one (who envies him his lot?)
Smokes, snuffs, and chews, and drinks, and dies a sot.
If you would know the deeds of him that chews,
Enter the house of God and see the pews,
The lady's parlor, carpet, painted floor,
The chimney-piece, and panels of the door,
Have all in turns been objects of abuse,
Besmeared and stained with his tobacco juice
I've seen the wall, beside a certain bed
Of one who chews tobacco—near the head—
Bedaubed and blackened with this hateful juice,
While near it lay old quids for future use.

SABBATH MUSINGS.

From the Students' Vigils, by Thomas Beggs.

.....'Mid these quiet fields,
That but this moment were the home of peace,
The tap-room has disgorged its tenants. Now
They seek the lane retired—the forest path—
The close retirement of the wood—to spend
The hours in coarse pursuits, or fruitless mirth,
Some's dog fight or pedestrian skill—perchance,

Some pugilistic trial, may employ their time
 Until the open tavern, law-made den
 Of foul obscenity, invites them back.
 They have no soul for beauty; streams may pour
 Their crystal waters o'er their pebbly bed,
 And dew the water lily's head—birds sing
 And make the conceave vocal with their notes—
 Flowers spring to life beneath their feet—the sky
 Proclaim the glories of the living God :—
 These speak no language to the grovelling herd,
 Recovering from their last debauch. Their eyes
 Are dull, or glaring with unnatural fire :
 Strong drink, the curse of Britain, hath defaced
 The image stamped upon them : they feel not
 Their degradation. See, the short rank pipe,
 Poisoning the wholesome air, bespeaks too well
 Their lot ;—it is the badge of the whole class,
 Who waste the fruits of labour, rob their homes,
 And trample every manly feeling down.
 Unclean, unshaved, in rags both foul and mean :
 Thousands like these, upon a Sabbath morn—
 And every Sabbath speaks its awful tale—
 Are rising up, and revelling,—on the day
 By mercy sent, to cultivate the mind,
 Improve the heart, and smooth the path to heaven.

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 DISCOURTEGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 1, 1845.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

Death is holding a festival in our midst just now, and revelling wildly amongst the ranks of the intemperate. One after another of these, our unhappy neighbours, are passing in quick succession from their miserable career in this world, to the drunkard's grave and the drunkard's doom. Scarcely a newspaper meets our eye but records the death of some victim of intemperance; and the awful state of things in this respect is the common topic of anxious conversation amongst ministers and good men when they meet. One clergyman informed us, that, in one week lately, he had buried two individuals who died of *delirium tremens*, and been called to the bedside of a third (a female), in the same dreadful state. In this latter case, all the members of the family were drunk at the time of his visit. Yet these, it ought to be remembered, are only the most flagrant cases. For every one that actually dies of *delirium tremens*, there are, probably, twenty in the various stages of preparation; and oh, how awful that preparation. Now, if such be the case in the limited circle of one minister's acquaintance, what must it be in the city generally? Yet, the business of drunkard making, and drunkard killing, is driven on with a ruthless energy which plainly speaks of the presence and instigation of Satan. This appears to be a harvest time for him, and he is not failing to take every possible advantage of it.

It becomes an important question, What are the causes which have produced this state of things?—and, we think, in answer to this question, that the following may be enumerated:—

1st. Of course, at the bottom of all others lies the desperate

wickedness of the human heart, which, in its unrenewed state prefers misery in sin, to happiness in holiness.

2d. The high rate of wages amongst all kinds of tradesmen this summer; which, strange as it may appear, never fails, here or elsewhere, to produce a great addition to the average amount of intemperance; thus converting a blessing into a curse.

3d. The absence of temperance efforts, in the way of lecturing, and circulating publications: a shortcoming which, however, is not so much to be attributed to temperance societies, as to the apathy of the public; for it is very discouraging to call meeting after meeting and find no audience. Indeed, the novelty appears to have, in some measure, worn off the temperance cause, so that men know what is to be said on the subject, and yet determine to continue their destructive habits, in defiance of their own better judgment. For such persons temperance meetings have no charms. We greatly need a revival in this good cause, and should pray earnestly that it may be sent from Him who has the hearts of men in his own hands.

4th. The great multiplication of the temptations to this destructive vice, is, undoubtedly, a prominent reason for the flood of intemperance which is overwhelming us. Two or three years ago our Bench of Magistrates, by a strong majority, resolved greatly to diminish the number of tavern licenses, and actually did refuse nearly one half of the applications. This movement, on the right side, was, however, subsequently swamped, as all similar movements have been, by a muster of the magistrates favourable to granting licenses, from the city and surrounding country; many of whom had not been in the habit of attending any other meetings of the bench, and had not at all investigated the cases under review. So determined was this meeting to favour the granting of the refused licenses that they refused to allow even the reading of a petition against them, signed by a great number of the most respectable inhabitants of the city, amongst whom were the Roman Catholic Bishop, and the Clergymen of all denominations. The consequence was, that, in one way or another, all the licenses were granted, and the magistrates who had taken an interest in the work of reform retired in disgust. Since that time the flood gates of intemperance have been opened as wide as the most enterprising rumseller could desire: not only have the old licenses been granted, but new ones in the greatest profusion have been added, so that we have taverns at every turning; nay, there is one Lane, newly built up, almost every house of which is a tavern. Thus do our Magistrates watch for the public good.

One of the most melancholy spectacles of which we have any conception, is to see this host of taverns crowded, as they often are, like bee-hives, or rather like the dishes of poison placed to destroy flies. Indeed, the latter is a comparison peculiarly applicable, for, as the victims sip and sip, they gradually destroy their vital powers, and may, in both cases, be seen scattered around, in all the different stages of stupefaction and destruction.

Thus do men, calling themselves rational, waste their substance on that which profiteth not; and, for a little animal excitement, barter health, character, prosperity, domestic comfort, life itself, and, in fact, all they can hope for here or hereafter. Surely this is worse than Esau's selling his birthright for a mess of pottage. He got *something* in return for his dearest possession, but our drinking friends part with all, and get nothing in exchange.

TO CONSIGNEES.

With reference to the list of consignees on the last page, we would respectfully suggest that, as the proper season is approaching for renewing the subscriptions to this paper, it will afford a

good opportunity to send us remittances for what part of the consignments is sold, thereby saving double postage. We hope the President and Secretary of every society throughout the Province will aid us in this effort. A Prospectus for the XIIth volume will be ready by our next issue, and will be extensively distributed.

OAKVILLE TEMPERANCE HALL.

It is a remarkable fact, that in the village where total abstinence has met with the most violent opposition, and where the Rev. Robert Murray delivered his anti-temperance addresses, the first Temperance Hall is erected. The intelligent and indefatigable friends of the temperance cause, in this vicinity, convened in this spacious and commodious hall yesterday at the appointed hour, to spend a short time in social intercourse and enjoy an intellectual and physical repast, comporting with the potency, purity, and dignity of the total abstinence reformation. The Rev. Mr. Rintoul, an able and influential defender of our principles, invoked the Divine blessing on our meeting. After which J. W. Williams, Esq., who is now, and has been for three years, president of the Oakville society, made a few appropriate introductory remarks, when the choir, under the management of Mr. Van Allan, sung a beautiful ode in admirable style. The writer then made a few common-place observations respecting the objections brought to bear against the pledge. Doctor Burns, the distinguished leader of the Free Presbyterian Church in Canada, then arose and delivered an extemporaneous but lucid and logical speech, which was listened to with intense pleasure. He very ably and effectively demolished the frivolous excuses urged by professors of religion and others against appending their names to the pledge. When he concluded his admirable address, which had but one fault, that of being too short, the Rev. Mr. Rintoul made an excellent pointed and practical speech. His stirring appeal to the youth present must have made a deep and lasting impression. About four o'clock, we sat down to an excellent repast, got up with great elegance and taste by the committee appointed for that purpose. At seven o'clock we met again in the hall to promote the advancement of temperance. Many persons from five to fifteen miles around remained to hear the celebrate Dr. Burns deliver a second address. On the platform I saw that true and tried friend of total abstinence Mr. J. Andrew from Brockville. After prayer and singing, the Doctor arose and delivered one of the most efficient and eloquent speeches I ever heard on that subject. It far exceeded his morning effort. For nearly two hours that large assembly sat apparently spell-bound under an uninterrupted flow of rich thought attired in choice and classical language. He referred to the progress of the cause at home and abroad, and declared that he never enjoyed better health, and never performed, in the same time, so much intellectual and physical labour as he has since he signed the pledge. He expressed himself highly pleased with the exercises of the day, for he saw nothing and heard nothing to injure the feelings of the most fastidious moralist, or the most devoted Christian. He did not doubt but there were many good men who used intoxicating liquors, but he hoped the day would soon arrive when there would be but one opinion on this question, and that in favour of entire abstinence from alcoholic beverages. The writer made a few more remarks, and the Rev. Mr. Rintoul offered a few concluding observations, which were well timed and duly appreciated. Twenty-six names were added to the pledge, and nearly one hundred dollars added to the funds of the society, which is to be expended in defraying the debt incurred by the enterprising build-

ing committee. The impression made at that interesting meeting is, I trust, indelible.

G. W. BUNGAY

[We trust our Scotch friends will read the above.—Ed.]

UNCLE WILLIAM.

BY G. W. BUNGAY.

The autobiography of Uncle William cannot be compressed within the narrow compass of a single sheet of writing paper, which is all I have time or inclination to fill at present. I shall condense and curtail my matter as much as possible, and then only present an outline sketch of his dissipated career and remarkable reformation. In accordance with previous arrangements, I took tea with him last evening, when he furnished me with the following material for the columns of your interesting publication:—He was born in England, but brought up in the United States by religious parents, who gave him a good common education. Three of his brothers united with the Methodist Society and afterwards became popular preachers. One of them, quite distinguished as the author of a choice volume of religious poetry, recently died in Philadelphia, then about seventeen years of age. William —, (who is known by the friendly and familiar appellation of Uncle William,) was apprenticed to a merchant who sold and used intoxicating liquors. He had to pour out, mix and sweeten the toddy, punch, sling and julep, for his master's dram-drinking customers. In this way he acquired a relish for the liquors which he loathed when he first entered that establishment. One day he was so tipsy, that he could not attend to the business entrusted to his care. Soon the sad news reached his parents, who immediately snatched him as a brand from the liquid burning. But, like another prodigal, he fled from the sheltering wing of parental protection to a far off land, where he fed swinish passions and propensities on the essence of husks which the swine did literally eat. During his travels, he stopped long enough at one place to obtain a knowledge of the tailoring trade. At Pittsburgh, he associated with a company of journeymen tailors, who made a strike for higher wages; and the first day they struck a blow at William's pocket, and he paid the piper to the tune of seventy dollars for liquor. The next day he went to see a vessel launched. He was accompanied by a comrade who had travelled with him three years, but who was quite intoxicated at the time. This reckless young man ventured on board, notwithstanding the entreaties of his chum William, and when the vessel was sliding from the dock he fell backward into the hold and broke his neck. On another occasion, William and three others went into a porter-house, got drunk, and remained there all night; the next morning one of his companions was found a corpse in the bed. These fearful warnings, and Providential teachings, did not impregnate his mind with serious impressions, for he waxed worse and worse although he managed to make a genteel appearance, and usually associated with respectable looking tipplers and toppers. In the course of his journeyings he reached Canada, where he married an amiable and pretty wife. Much as he loved her she could not persuade him to abandon his barrel and bottle, for about the time of his wedding he expended eighteen silver dollars for as many bottles of brandy—hired a fiddler and made his associates drunk. "I thought he was sick when they brought him home," said old aunt Patience, who was sitting at the table, "and I nursed him for a long time, until I found out the nature of his sickness." He continued to drink deeper and deeper for several years, now and then striving to cure himself by making strong resolutions, and strong verbal promises. After a while he appended his name to the moderation pledge, which

allowed him to use cider, wine, and beer. On the lot where he located was an orchard, and that year he made a considerable quantity of cider, froze two barrels into one for his own use, and spiced it with three gallons of whisky. This was designed for the hay and harvest field, for by this time he was a farmer as well as a tailor. But New Year's day came, and with it came some of his liquor-loving friends, who persuaded him to bleed his barrel; and he did not go to bed sober until the last drop was consumed. When he discovered the barrel was empty he went to town, a distance of two miles, to purchase two jugs of whisky; on his return, with one jug at each end of a bag, he ascertained the jugs were quarrelling, and seemed determined to huddle together at one end of the bag. He put them together, and then they commenced fighting. The handle was broken off one, and the neck off the other, and the upshot of the affair was, he lost his favourite beverage. The next morning he started to town again with another jug, and he saw by the snow tracks his down-sittings and uprisings, and made some calculation respecting his crooked course, and found that he had travelled about twelve miles to reach home, only a sixth part of that distance. This fact affords satisfactory evidence that liquor will not assist the traveller. That day when he returned he could not recognise his own house, so he staggered two or three miles further into the woods, then wandered back to the distillery again, where he discovered his mistake. His wife, after we returned from a temperance meeting in the neighbourhood, related the following fact, and I have no doubt she could relate many others equally interesting. At midnight, in the depth of winter, when the snow was waist deep, she heard the voice of her husband. He had a clear shrill voice, and could whoop like an Indian. She arose from her seat by the fireside, and stood shivering in the cold, and every now and then his shout rang on the crisped air. Sometimes the fearful cry would seem to come from the north, sometimes from the south, then from the east, then again from the west. Her children were too young to be left alone, and the snow was too deep for her to wade through it, and she did not know in what direction to go. Her feelings can be better imagined than described. She put a light into a lantern, and made a beacon of her little boy, who went trembling and tottering over the snow-crust, obeying the orders of his mother by responding to the shouts of his father. In a few minutes they both came in, but the unhappy drunkard's feet and hands were cold and hard as ice.

Uncle William once went to the United States to receive a small legacy. On his return he got drunk, lost his portmanteau containing portraits of the family, and other valuable articles. He stopped at Gravelly Bay, where he became acquainted with a gang of tiplers. He had been absent from home three months, and was now within two days ride of his own dwelling, and yet he remained there drinking brandy three weeks. Whilst there he was seized with a fit of *delirium tremens*, and he became so alarmed that he hired the landlord to take him home. It was sleighing time, and whenever they came to a pitch in the road he would scream in the most terrific manner, for he imagined they were driving him directly down to hell. When he reached home the ground appeared to gape under him, and he thought he was sinking into perdition. He shouted and screamed, and the wild-wood echoed with his appalling cries. The neighbours were alarmed, and came to see him. They were not acquainted with the fact that he had been drinking brandy three weeks, and these unsophisticated people arrived at the conclusion that travelling or trouble had turned his brain. He continued drinking more and more. His usual plan was to procure two or three gallons of whisky, and get drunk every day until the last gill was exhausted; then he would work like a slave, and make business spin and

hum again, and then he would drink again for two or three weeks. In this miserable manner he lived until 1840, when the tee-totalers had a Pic-nic within a few miles of his residence. Whilst he was there an idle looker on, one of his neighbours (a sober and influential man) said to him "William, I will sign the pledge if you will." After a little parleying he wrote his name, and he has not tasted a drop, as a beverage, or even as a medicine, since. He however, tastes fermented wine at the communion table, and regrets that an ununintoxicating article is not universally used on such occasions. He experienced religion soon after he became a total abstinence man. Yesterday I walked over his fine farm, and saw his poultry, hogs, sheep, cattle and horses; his cellar and barn are crowned with abundance. This year he got through haying, harvesting, and seeding, sooner than any other man in the settlement. He has a good mind, and a generous heart, and he sings well, and frequently speaks in public. In fact, he sometimes spends weeks and months during the winter season from home, lecturing on the subject of temperance. He has quite a knack at rhyming, and, by-and-by, I will furnish you with a few extracts from his "unpublished writings." His labours are not in vain, for he has received upwards of four thousand names to the pledge. At a late celebration a number of ladies presented him with a medal, and the following expression of approbation;—"The ladies of ——— Temperance Society wish to present this medal to ——— as a token of esteem for his exemplary, zealous, and persevering exertions in the temperance enterprise. And we hope that God will bless him in time, and reward him with a crown of glory in eternity."

EDUCATION.

ROLLO PHILOSOPHY.

BURNING IRON.

When Rollo went out into the kitchen that evening to get his safety-lamp,—the one which he usually took to go to bed,—he found Jonas sitting at the kitchen table reading; and, while he was lighting his lamp, he asked Jonas if he would not get him some iron filings the next time he went near any blacksmith's shop. Jonas asked him what he wanted of iron filings, and he said he wanted them to burn. He then repeated to him what his father had said in respect to the combustibility of iron.

"I can make iron filings enough for that experiment in five minutes," said Jonas.

"How?" said Rollo.

"With a file," replied Jonas.

"Well," said Rollo; and without waiting to hear anything further, he ran back to the parlour to ask his mother to let him sit up long enough to see Jonas make a few iron filings, to try the experiment.

"Won't it do as well to-morrow morning?" asked his mother.

"The scintillations will look brighter in the evening," said Mr. Holiday.

"Very well, then," added his mother, "go; and, if Jonas succeeds in his experiment, ask him to send some filings in to us."

So Rollo went out to find Jonas again. Jonas was gone. Dorothy said that he had gone after a file. In a few minutes, he returned, with a file in one hand, and a large iron spike in the other.

"What is the spike for?" asked Rollo.

"Only for a piece of iron to file," replied Jonas. So saying, he took a small piece of paper out of a drawer, and laid it upon the table. Then he rested one end of the spike upon the paper, and, holding the other end in his hand, he filed it several times in such a way, that the filings fell down upon the paper.

"What fine filings!" said Rollo.

"Yes," said Jonas; "the file is almost worn out, and it does not cut very well."

Rollo looked upon the paper. There were quite a number of small black points upon it, like grains of very fine sand. Jonas

then took up the paper carefully by the two sides, bending the two sides upward at the same time, to keep the filings in the middle of the paper. In this way he raised the paper above the lamp, which was upon the table before him, and then holding it in an inclined position, he let the sand slide down into the flame of the lamp. To Rollo's surprise and delight, it produced a column of sparkles rising up from the flame, which were of the greatest brilliancy and beauty.

"Yes," said Rollo, "they burn, they burn most beautifully. File me some more, Jonas, and let me carry them in and show them to my mother."

Jonas accordingly filed some more filings, and Rollo went in with them very eagerly, to show to his mother.

"Just look," said Rollo; and so saying, he held the paper over the lamp in such a manner as to let the filings slide down into the flame just as Jonas had done. The experiment succeeded perfectly well, as it had done before.

"So you see that it will burn," said Mr. Holiday, "if you heat it hot enough."

"If you make it small enough, you mean," said Rollo.

"I suppose the smallness of the particles is of no consequence," replied his father, "excepting to make it easier to heat them."

"Why, father," said Rollo, "I might put the end of a knitting needle in the lamp, and I don't see why it wouldn't become as hot as one of the iron filings."

"Because," said his father, "a part of the heat would be conveyed away through the knitting-needle towards your hand, and that would keep the end which was in the flame cooler."

"Would it, sir?" asked Rollo.

"Yes," said his father. "The heat moves off very fast in such a case. You know, if you take a pin between your fingers, and hold the head of it in the lamp, the heat will almost immediately move along the metal, so as to heat the end that you are holding, and burn you."

"Yes, sir," said Rollo; "I have got burned so, very often."

"And of course much more heat would be conveyed away when the metal was as thick as a knitting-needle."

"Well, father," said Rollo, "suppose a piece of the knitting-needle was broken off, and made so small that it could all be in the flame; then would it burn?"

"How could you keep it there?" asked his father.

"Why—I don't know," said Rollo, hesitating. "Couldn't we contrive some way to keep it there?"

"I don't know of any way."

"Couldn't we put it on the end of the wick?" asked Rollo.

"Yes," said his father, "perhaps we might; but then the end of the wick is cool, and that would cool it."

"O father," said Rollo, in a tone of great surprise, "the end of the wick cool, when it is right in the middle of the blaze?"

"I mean," replied his father, "that it is cool compared with the heat necessary for inflaming the iron. It would feel very hot to your fingers, I have no doubt, for it is filled with boiling oil. But then even the heat of boiling oil is less than that necessary to inflame iron; and so the contact of the wick with such a piece of iron as you propose, would keep it cool, or rather keep it from getting hot enough to take fire."

"Suppose there was any way," said Rollo's mother, "of suspending a piece of iron as large as the end of a knitting-needle in the lamp; do you think it would take fire?"

"No," said Mr. Holiday, "I don't think it would be heated hot enough. For some reason or other, I don't understand exactly what, a large piece of iron cannot be heated very hot in a small fire, even if the fire entirely covers it. I don't think that any fragment of iron much larger than one of Jonas's filings, could be heated in a lamp so as to take fire. But it could be heated hot enough in a forge. The end of the iron which a blacksmith heats, is often in a state of combustion when he takes it out of the fire."

"There, now, father," said Rollo, "you have not explained to me yet about combustion and burning."

"No," said his father; "we had almost forgotten that. I will explain it now. It will only take a few minutes. Let me see.—I began to tell you, didn't I?"

"Yes, sir," said Rollo; "but I couldn't understand very well."

"I was telling you that the language which we use in common conversation, is not precise. It is often ambiguous."

"What does that mean, sir?" said Rollo.

"Why, language is ambiguous when it has two meanings,"

said his father. "For instance, the word *burning* is used in conversation to express two or three very different things. If you put your finger upon hot iron, you say you have burned it. *Burn*, in that case, is the name of a painful feeling. But if you say you burned a piece of paper, you mean that you put it into the fire, and allowed it to be consumed. In that case, *burning*, instead of being the name of a painful feeling, is the name of a peculiar process by which the paper is consumed and destroyed. Thus the word *burn* is used to denote two very different effects. In fact, it is used in other senses besides these."

"What others, sir?" asked Rollo.

"Why, when we say that a little girl was out in the sun, and burned her face and neck, we do not mean that her face and neck were consumed, or that they felt a painful sensation,—but that the skin was reddened by the sun's heat. So, when we say that the grass was all burned up in the drought, we mean that it was dried and withered. Thus *burned* and *burning* are used to denote a great variety of effects produced by heat, which effects are very different from each other in their nature. So that, you see, when we are going to speak philosophically of that peculiar process by which bodies are actually consumed by fire, it becomes necessary to have some term to denote that process alone, and not all the other kinds of burning. Now, the word the philosophers use for this purpose is *combustion*. The burning of a stick of wood upon the fire is combustion; but the burning of your finger against a hot iron is not combustion, and the burning of bricks in a brick kiln is not combustion."

"Nor the burning of the grass in the drought," said Rollo.

"No," said his father. "Thus you see that *combustion* is a term of precise and definite meaning; it denotes a particular process, and that alone. But *burning* is a vague and ambiguous term. It has a great many meanings, or, rather, it stands for a great many different effects, very much unlike in their character. In fact, they seem to be alike in no respect, except that they are all produced by heat."

"Yes, father," said Rollo, "I understand."

"Sometimes," added his father, "the word used in common life doesn't mean enough, instead of meaning too much. For example, there is the word *freeze*. What is the meaning of the word *freeze*?"

"Why, it means," said Rollo,—"freeze!—it means—water turning into ice."

"Yes," replied his father; "when water is cooled below a certain point, it becomes solid. It is just so with lead. Melted lead, when it is cooled below a certain point, becomes solid. The hardening of the melted lead into solid lead, and the hardening of water into ice, as they cool, seem to be phenomena of precisely the same character. And yet the word *freeze* applies only to one. We say the water freezes, but we can't say the lead freezes."

"Why not, sir?" asked Rollo.

"Because it is not the customary use of the word. If we use the terms of common life, we must use them as they are customarily used, or we shall not be understood. *Freezing*, therefore, will not answer to express all cases of the hardening of a liquid by cold, because that is a term which is only applied to a few of the cases. Now, philosophers want a term which will apply to all cases of the same kind."

"And what is their word?" asked Rollo.

"*Congelation*," replied his father.

"*Congelation*?" repeated Rollo.

"Yes," said his father. "When water becomes ice, the philosophers say it *congeals*. So when lead hardens in cooling, they say it *congeals*. Different substances congeal at very different degrees of heat. If we had melted iron and melted lead, equally hot, and let them cool together, the iron would congeal first; and if they continued cooling, by and by the lead would congeal. Water would remain liquid long after lead would congeal; but if it was placed where it would grow colder and colder, the temperature would at last reach the point where water would congeal too. But whatever the liquid is, and whatever the point is at which it changes from a liquid to a solid form, it is called *congealing*."

"And the word *freezing*, then, is only used in respect to water," said Rollo's mother.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Holiday; "we speak of other things freezing beside water, at it is only such things as become solid under great degrees of cold. We say ink freezes, and oil, and if it were cold enough to freeze brandy, or mercury, we should say

they were frozen. But substances that harden when they are not very cold, as lead or wax, are not said to freeze.

"Thus you observe," continued Rollo's father, "in common language words are not used in a precise and definite manner. Their meaning is determined by the outward and visible effects that we see, and not by the real nature of the causes. Thus a great many different effects are called *burning*, in common language, because they are all effects produced in various ways by heat. But the terms used by philosophers are definite and precise, each one being confined to one specific process or phenomenon."

"Father," said Rollo, "I want to see the iron filings burn again, and I'm going out to ask Jonas to file a few more."

"Very well," said his father.

So Rollo went out to get Jonas to make him some more filings, and Jonas did so. Presently Rollo returned bringing the paper in very carefully, with the filings upon it. He put them down upon the table, and his father contrived, by bending the paper in different directions, to gather all the filings together into the middle of it, and then, with the point of his penknife, he took up a few of the filings at a time, and let them drop upon the flame of the lamp. The burning of the filings produced, as before, the most brilliant scintillations.

"What bright sparkles!" said Rollo.

"Yes, it is very inflammable indeed," said his mother.

Here Mr. Holiday dropped more filings upon the flame, from the point of his knife.

"Does *inflammable* mean," continued his mother, "that a thing takes fire easily, or that it burns with a great flame when it does take fire?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Holiday; "I never thought of that distinction. Some things take fire very easily, but don't make a great flame. There's sulphur, for instance; it takes fire before it gets very hot, but it burns with a very small and faint flame."

"Let us try it, father," said Rollo.

"We can't try it very well, because there is no fire. I suppose the fire in the kitchen is covered up. But if there was a fire, and we were to put a little sulphur upon a shovel, and a small piece of paper by the side of it, and hold them over the fire, we should find that the sulphur would take fire before the paper would even begin to be scorched; but it would make only a very small blue flame. The paper would not take fire nearly as easily; but we should find that, when it did take fire, it would make a much larger and brighter flame."

"I wish you would try it, father," said Rollo; "you can uncover the coals in the kitchen, and find fire enough."

"Well," said his father, "I will."

His father accordingly rose from his seat, and asked Rollo to go into the kitchen, and get the shovel, and bring it to the medicine closet. While Rollo was getting the shovel, his father went to the closet, and took down a little jar half filled with sulphur. When Rollo brought him the shovel, he took out a little of the sulphur upon the point of his knife, and laid it upon the shovel. He also took a small piece of paper, and laid it upon the shovel by the side of the sulphur. Rollo then led the way to the kitchen, followed by his father with the shovel; and his mother came behind.

They opened the coals a little, and placed the shovel upon them. Jonas and Dorothy looked on with great interest, wondering what they were going to do. The sulphur began to melt almost immediately after the shovel was placed upon the coals; and, in a very short time, Rollo observed a faint blue spot on the place where the sulphur had been lying.

"There," said his father, "see what a small flame."

"Yes," said Rollo; "it is nothing but a little blue spot."

"And the paper is just as whole and white as ever it was."

"Let us wait till the paper gets hot enough to burn."

"I don't think it would ever get hot enough to burn," replied his father, "over such a fire as that. I must light it in the lamp." So he waited a few minutes until the sulphur was entirely consumed, for he said that he did not wish to have any of the fumes get into the room; and then he dropped the paper off from the shovel down upon the hearth, and Rollo picked it up. His father lighted it in the lamp, and then placed it upon the shovel to see it burn, in order that Rollo might compare the magnitude of the flame which was produced, with that of the sulphur. Of course, such a small piece of paper did not make a large flame, but it was four or five times as large as that produced by the sulphur.

"Now, the question is," said Mr. Holiday, "which is most inflammable,—the sulphur, because it inflames most easily, or the paper, because it makes the greatest flame when it does take fire?"

"I should think the paper," said Rollo.

"There is alcohol," said Mr. Holiday, "which takes fire very easily," but it burns with a very pale and light flame. Oil must be heated much hotter before it will burn; but, when it does burn, it gives a large and bright flame; so that oil is good for lamps, it gives so much light when it burns.

"Spirit of turpentine," continued Mr. Holiday, "inflames easily, and burns brightly too. So does phosphorus."

"What is phosphorus?" said Rollo.

"Why, it is a substance that burns very easily. It looks like wax, but it burns very easily, and with a very bright flame indeed. It takes fire before it is as hot as boiling water."

"I wish I had some phosphorus," said Rollo.

"They keep it at the apothecaries, sometimes," said his father.

"I wish you'd buy a little, father," said Rollo, "and bring it home, and let me see it burn. Does it cost much?"

"I don't know," said his father, "how much it costs. Only it is troublesome to keep it. It must be kept under water."

"Why, sir?" said Rollo.

"To keep it from taking fire. Even the sun shining upon it would heat it hot enough to set it on fire."

"O father!" said Rollo.

"Yes," said his father; "and so, for safety, they make it in the shape of sticks, and keep it in a phial filled with water."

"Well, father," said Rollo, "I wish you would get a little in a phial, and let me put a piece of it upon a paper in the sun, and let me see it catch fire."

"I'll think of it," said his father, next time I go into town. But phosphorus, you see, is certainly very inflammable, because it takes fire very easily, and burns brightly too. But I don't know which would be said to be most inflammable, sulphur or resin; for instance, sulphur inflames the quickest, but resin will make altogether the greatest blaze."

"I should think the resin," said Rollo.

"We can't tell by reasoning about it," said his father; "it depends on the usage of the word. We will go into the other room, and look in the dictionary."

So saying, they all went into the parlor again, and looked into the dictionary, to learn the precise meaning of the word *inflammable*. The definition given was, "easily kindled into a flame."

"Then," said Mr. Holiday, "if this definition is correct, the sulphur and the alcohol are most inflammable, because they are most easily kindled."

Just then the clock struck, and Rollo's mother said,—

"Why, Rollo, it is half an hour past your bedtime."

So Rollo bade his father and mother good night, and went out into the kitchen once more to get his safety-lamp, to go to bed. He stopped, however, a moment, as he was going out of the door, to say,—

"Now, father, be sure and not forget to buy me some phosphorus."

HOW DO MEN BECOME VILLAINS?

Let us examine the history of some notorious criminal who is about to suffer the last penalty of the law. What was the beginning, and what the progress of his "wary"? Very probable in early life he was induced, under a loose education, to neglect the Sabbath, and to exchange the duties of public worship for amusement and dissipation. Under such circumstances he naturally addicted himself to games of chance, and to this stimulus as naturally added another, that of ardent spirits. While the habits of idleness, gambling, and drinking to excess, were winding themselves around him, his power of self-control was gradually weakened, and his impatience of the control of others grew stronger by indulgence. Gross ideas with which he had become familiar were for ever at hand, like demons waiting on his steps, to conduct him into sin; and the force of this mental association was multiplied tenfold by the example and influence of wicked company. His passions now became ungovernable, and must be satisfied at any cost. The line of integrity was presently broken through; falsehood flowed from his lips as a matter of course, and no longer did he hesitate to seize the property of his neighbour. He sought the midnight hour as a cover for his crimes,

and deeds of darkness became first his habit, next his delight. Blasphemy and rebellion against his Maker, confirmed by custom, were soon accompanied by a reckless cruelty towards his fellow-men. Habituated by degrees to rapine and violence, and bound in Satan's adamant chain, he at length completed his race of wickedness, by a deliberate act of murder.

AGRICULTURE.

WHEAT.

(From the Penny Cyclopædia.)

When the wheat has blossomed, and the grain in the ear is fully formed, it should be watched, and as soon as the seed feels of the consistency of tough dough, and the straw is dry and yellow below the ear, it should be reaped. The skin of the grain will be thinner, and its substance will harden readily by mere drying, while the straw is better fodder for the cattle. It is found by experience that the increase of flour by adopting this method is very considerable. It was the custom of our forefathers to cut the straw halfway between the ear and the ground, and their reason was, that thus less room was required in the barn, and no seeds of weeds were carried there in the straw, but the loss of half the straw, which might have afforded litter or fodder for cattle, was overlooked; and if the weeds were not taken into the barn, where they could do little harm except giving a little more trouble in winnowing and sifting the corn, they were left to shed their seeds on the land, and thus perpetuate its foulness, or add much to the labour of weeding the succeeding crops. The stubble or haulms had to be mown or raked off before the land could be well ploughed, and although this might make a very good shelter for cattle in a yard, when made into haulm-walls, as they are sometimes called, there was a great loss of labour in thus going twice over the field. The most approved mode of reaping is that which is called *fagging* or *bagging* in Middlesex or Surrey, but the most expeditious is mowing, which, by means of a cradle scythe, may be done so regularly as to allow all the corn to be tied up in sheaves without any loss. The weeds are tied up with the corn, and when the whole is thrashed, the seeds of the latter are winnowed out and burnt; thus they cannot infest the land, and there is double the quantity of straw to convert into manure—a matter of great importance where cattle are fed on turnips in the yard, chiefly for the sake of their dung. The choosing of wheat for seed is a matter of great importance. Some farmers like to change their seed often; others sow the produce of their own land continually, and both seem persuaded that their method is the best. The fact is, that is not always the finest wheat which makes the best seed; but it depends on the nature of the land on which it grew. Some soils are renowned far and wide for producing good seed, and it is well known that this seed degenerates in other soils, so that the original soil is resorted to for fresh seed. Many places have been noted for this peculiarity: and among them we may mention the parish of Burwell, in Cambridgeshire; the wheat which grows there is mostly sold for seed at a price considerably above the average. It has been asserted of late, and we have no reason to doubt the assertion, that the various noted seed-wheats, when analyzed, are found to contain the different elements of which they are composed in nearly the same proportion; especially the starch and gluten. For bread, that which contains most gluten is preferred, as we observed before; but to produce a perfect vegetation, there should be no excess of this substance, nor any deficiency. The seed also should have come to perfect maturity. This last is usually obtained by beating the sheaves over a block of wood or cask, without untying them, by which means the ripest seeds fall out. The proportion between the starch and gluten is easily ascertained by carefully washing the flour when the wheat has been ground. It is most convenient to tie up the flour in a cloth, which, shaken and beaten in water, will let all the starch pass through and retain only the gluten. The operation should be continued as long as the water is tinged with the white starch. Any one can readily make the experiment; and as the soft wheats vary much in the proportion of the gluten they contain, the difference will be readily ascertained. This leads to a practical conclusion; if we wish to grow any peculiar sort of wheat for seed, and if we find that, by our preparation of the soil, or its original composition, we produce a wheat in which the gluten and starch are in different proportions from that of the original

seed, we may conclude that this is owing to more or less of azotized matter in the soil, that is, more animal manure, or more vegetable humus, and by increasing the one or the other, we may bring our wheat to have all the properties of the original seed. This is a valuable discovery, and deserves to be fully confirmed by experience.

SMALL FARMS.

Well rotted farm-yard manure is a compound which may be considered as possessing within itself every variety of nourishment requisite to increase the growth of vegetable matter, and therefore more desirable for dressing the land than any of the chemical manures. The latter are certainly cheaper for one crop; but they take so much out of the land by forcing it, that it must be again manured on the following year to insure a good harvest; not so with composts taken from the regular "muck heap;" this will feed two or three sowings, if justice is done to the land, in fairly ploughing and cleaning it. Farmers may say they are now obliged to have recourse to artificial manures to enable them to cultivate land which formerly remained idle in fallow. To this it may be answered, why rent a larger farm than you can profitably and judiciously manage? Reduce your number of acres according to the extent of your capital, increase your stock of beasts, and by stall-feeding, economise both the soil and liquid refuse, and you will become independent of guano, &c. By this means you will find your income gradually increasing, and you will leave your neighbour land enough, which he in like manner can till with advantage to himself and the labouring poor. It is not necessary to travel far through the country to be convinced of the palpable error of large farms with a small capital. On every side are to be seen abundance of weeds growing in all their native luxuriance; half-ploughed fields and scanty ears of grain. Often has a garden been instanced as an example of what may be accomplished by skill and industry; and although farming-land cannot be brought immediately into such complete cultivation, yet agriculture must ultimately tread close on the heels of horticulture if foreign-grain is to be kept out of the market. Why does it not do so at the present time? 1st, Because farms are generally too large for the occupier's capital; 2ndly, Having an extensive farm at a cheap rate, the tenant can indulge in a little negligence in order to keep up the price of produce; 3rdly, The landlord, not understanding the economy of farming, is induced to take off 10 per cent. for what is termed a bad year.—*Agricultural Gazette.*

NEWS.

The rate of interest in England is rising, in consequence of the scarcity of money, superinduced by railway speculation. Some of the large discount houses decline to take any more bills at an interest of less than three per cent.

Among the most striking events of the day may be noticed the death of Earl Spencer, who held the post of leader of the House of Commons during the Whig administration, and on whose elevation to the peerage, by the death of his father, in 1834, the late King took occasion to turn the Whigs adrift. His lordship will be better known to our transatlantic readers by his original title of Lord Althorp. He was a steady, painstaking man, without any shining qualities, and more respected for the soundness of his heart than for intellectual vigour, or statesman-like capacity. Everybody respected Lord Althorp—he was a fine specimen of an English gentleman—frank, honest, and straightforward, and his genial *bon homie* made him a favourite with politicians of every class. In the public events of the last dozen years he has taken little share; his appearance in the House of Lords was infrequent; he sunk the party man in the farmer; and for the breeding of cattle and the bearing of produce, he owned no superior, and had few rivals.

Much strife prevails amongst the formerly united body of Odd Fellows. Large secessions have already taken place from the Manchester Unity, and others are threatened. The management of the "ruling few" has been loudly complained of; and a recent decision of the annual moveable conference, lately held at Glasgow, making a new scale of payments, said to be a breach of faith with the individual members of the order, is protested against by many. A new order has been recently instituted at Manchester, entitled "The National Independent Order of Odd Fellows,"

and large secessions in its favour have taken place in the Liverpool district.

The Socialists, about six years since, expended about £30,000 in buying land and building a hall in Hampshire. Harmony Hall the place was called, and the Owenite principles were there carried out to the fullest extent; this speculation has failed, and in a few weeks' time all will come under the hammer to pay the loans granted at the commencement of the undertaking.

It appears that Messrs Whittaker & Co. intend to publish the fourth volume of D'Aubiquie's History of the Reformation, as soon as the learned author shall have published the same. This will test the point which was a week or two since raised, whether a foreigner can possess or convey a copyright of his works in England; Messrs Oliver and Boyd having announced that they alone possess the right of publishing the fourth volume in England and the colonies.

THE IRISH EDUCATION SCHEME.—The scheme of Sir Robert Peel for establishing secular colleges in Ireland meets with the approbation of neither party. The Protestants oppose it; and sixteen of the Catholic Bishops, and two Archbishops, have again, as they did in May last, declared their strong antipathy to it, as being in their opinion "dangerous to faith and morals." On the other side of the question, there are seven Bishops and two Archbishops favourable to the measure, or at least willing to give it a fair trial.

An army was assembling under the auspices of the East India Company to enable the Sikh Government to curb its rebellious soldiery.

Scinde was tranquil, and British rule completely established. The intelligence from Cabool is of the usual description of intriges and rebellions.

It is said the French Government are about to erect extensive fortifications on the most important points of the coasts of France. At Havre the defences will be very formidable. At Rochfort, six hundred men had been taken on in the dockyard, and similar activity prevailed in other places.

The trade with China is stated to be going on favourably, and the negotiations for the final possession of Chusan, were progressing as well as could be expected.

MADAGASCAR.—A late Paris paper, the *Siecle*, says that the French government have come to the resolution of sending a "decisive expedition" to Tamatave, in Madagascar. It is probably the intention of the French to seize upon the whole, or as much as possible, of the island of Madagascar, under pretence of avenging the death of the Frenchmen killed in the joint expedition of the English and French against Tamatave.

The religious agitator in Germany still continues.

A secret club, called Young Germany, has lately been dragged to light. It is numerous, and possesses extensive ramifications. It professes the most violent doctrines, the division of property, the right of assassinating kings, the encouragement of revolutions, &c.

SWITZERLAND.—The Government of Berne having obtained a vote of confidence from the Grand Council, the radical or revolutionary party are much discouraged. The moral effect of the vote will be very great, Berne being at the head of what are called the liberal cantons of Switzerland, and as Berne has resolved that the law shall be maintained and carried out strictly, the other cantons will, no doubt, resolve the same thing; so that a brief period of repose may be looked for.

A great number of Polish refugees from France England, and Belgium, have passed through Leghorn on their way to Smyrna, where they are to assemble preparatory to proceeding to the Caucasus, to join the Circassians in the war against the Russians.

The English ambassador, Sir Stratford Canning, has, at length, succeeded in obtaining a firman or permission to build a Protestant church at Jerusalem.

CIRCULATION OF THE BIBLE.—The issues of the American Bible Society are increasing. The number reported at the recent meeting of the Board of Managers, as issued during the last month, is more than 56,000 copies; averaging nearly 2000 a day. The receipts in the meantime were not sufficient to meet the expenses. Bills amounting to \$10,000, most of them for paper, remained unpaid.

THE DISEASE IN THE POTATO CROP.—The King of the Belgians has issued an ordinance appointing a commission to examine and report upon all the communications and documents received by the government on the subject of the disease of the potato.

THE ECONOMY OF NOT TAKING A NEWSPAPER.—A gentleman

stepped into the counting-room of one of the few merchants in Providence who do not take a newspaper, on Wednesday morning of last week, and asked him the price of flour, and how many barrels he had. Upon being answered, he quietly said, "I will take the whole." The seller had the gratification to learn in the course of the morning the intelligence by the Great Britain. Nothing like judicious economy.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF IT?—In 1796, Benjamin (Count) Rumford, of Munich, in Bavaria, presented \$5000 to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the interest of which is to be given once every second year as a premium to the author of the most important discovery and improvement on heat and light, in any part of America, or any of the American Islands.

ODD FELLOW CHARITY.—By returns from all the lodges of Odd Fellows, it appears that the money paid in to all the treasuries in the year 1841 amounted to \$129,000, while the sums paid back for relief and education were \$18,581. Such operations must relieve the Odd Fellows of a great deal of surplus money, and be a very reasonable relief also to the various treasurers, if they should happen to be short of cash.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

REMOVAL OF THE CHOCTAWS.—Active preparations are now making for a large emigration of Choctaws, from their present residence in Mississippi to their new homes in the West. Four or five thousand, we learn, will take up the line of march before the first of next November.

MONTREAL PRICES CURRENT.—OCT. 29.

(From Circular of Mr. T. M. Taylor.)

ASHES—Pots. 21s 9d a 22s 0d	PEASE - per min. 3s 9d a 4s 0d
Pearls 22s 10½d a 23s 1½d	BEER per 200 lbs.—
FLOUR—	Prime Mess (do) 43s 9d a 46s 3d
Canada Superfine (per brl. 196 lbs.) - - - 32s 0d a 32s 6d	Prime - - (do) - - 35s a 37s 6d
Do Fine (do) 30s 0d a 32s 0d	P. Mess per tierce 304 lb. —
Do Mid. (do) 24s 0da 28s 0d	Pork per 200 lbs.—
Do Pollards (do) 20sa 22s 3d	Mess - - 83s 9d a 91s 3d
American Superfine (do) 31s 3d a 32s 6d	Prime Mess 76s 3d a 81s 3d
INDIAN MEAL - - - - - None.	Prime - - - 66s 3d a 71s 3d
OATMEAL per brl. 22½ lbs. None.	BACON per lb. - - - - 4½d a 6d
GRAIN—	HAMS per lb. - - - - 6d a 7d
Wheat, U. C. Best, (per 60 lbs.) 6s 6d a 6s 7½d	BUTTER per lb. - - - 7½d a 8½d
Do Mid. (do) 6s 3d a 6s 6d	CHEESE, per 100 lbs.—
Do L.C. per mt. None.	American - - 30s a 40s
BARLEY - - (do) - - None.	GREASE BUTTER, per lb. None.
OATS - - - (do) - - None.	LARD per lb. - - - 6d a 6½d
	TALLOW per lb. - - - 5d 5½d
	EXCHANGE—London 11 prem.
	N. York - 2 do
	C. W. - - 2 do

MONTREAL, 29th October, 1845,

ASHES.—Both sorts have been in slight demand since last notice, and, owing to the advance in freights, have sustained a further decline in value.

There were a few transactions in Pots at 22s. to 22s. 3d., but recent sales have been at 21s. 9d. to 21s. 10½d.

Pearls have been almost unnoticed, and the few parcels which have been placed have not brought over 22s. 10½d to 23s., though holders of good bills will not part with them at that rate.

The quotations for to-day are—Pots 21s. 9d. to 22s.; Pearls 22s. 10½d. to 23s. 1½d., both without demand.

FLOUR.—Before the arrival of the great Britain there was an active demand, at an advance on the prices previously quoted. "Fine" brought 28s. 6d. to 28s. 9d. The news then received, together with the scarcity of supply, caused a further advance. Good brands of "Fine" were placed at 30s. to 30s. 6d., and "Extra Fine" at 31s., and just before the arrival of the *Hibernia* a parcel of 1250 brls. "Fine" at 31s. 3d. There has since been an urgent demand, but with a bare market. A further advance has in consequence been maintained, and subsequent sales of "Fine" are to be noted at 31s. to 32s., the latter price being paid for fancy brands from Ohio Wheat. A parcel of Milton Mills Crown Brand "Superfine" brought 32s. 6d., and American Superfine has been sold at the same figure.

GRAIN.—A considerable quantity of Wheat has changed hands during the fortnight. Before the arrival of the *Hibernia*, good parcels were placed at 6s. 2d. to 6s. 4½d., and a sample of Red Wheat, 4000 bushels, sold at 6s. 6d. Several lots of U.C. Red

have since been sold at 6s. 4d. to 6s. 6d., and White at 6s. 5d. to 6s. 7½d. per 60lbs. There were heavy transactions yesterday at these rates.

A parcel of Pease, 3,500 minots, was sold at 3s. 7d. per minot, put on board, and a large parcel has since brought 4s. f. o. b. Provisions.—Beef and Pork remain nearly as last noted. Butter meets with sale at advanced prices: good lots bring 8d. to 8½d., and as high as 8½d. has been paid for some very prime.

FRIGHERS.—Early in the fortnight vessels were taken up at 6s. for Flour, and 12s. for Grain, and latter at 6s. 3d. to 7s., and 11s. 6d. to 12s. The latest engagements were at 6s. 3d. and 12s. For Ashes 45s. to 47s. 6d is asked.

Exchange is in moderate demand at 11 per cent. premium, Bank Bills 60 days, and 10 to 10½ per cent. premium, Merchants' Bills, 90 days.

The following Gentlemen are our consignees, at whose stores, an assortment of Temperance Tracts, Medals, &c. may be obtained.

Aldboro', <i>John McDougall,</i>	Madoc, <i>U. Seymour,</i>
Amerstburgh, <i>P. Taylor & Co.</i>	Marshville, <i>L. Misner,</i>
Belleville, <i>Dr. Holden,</i>	Newburgh, <i>Dr. Spafford,</i>
Beamsville, <i>D. Skelley,</i>	Niagara, <i>A. R. Christie,</i>
Bath, <i>E. D. Priest,</i>	Norwich, <i>M. Scott,</i>
Brampton, <i>J. Holmes,</i>	Oakville, <i>J. Van Allen,</i>
Brantford, <i>W. Mathews,</i>	Percy, <i>J. Curtis,</i>
Bertie, <i>J. Baxter,</i>	Peterboro', <i>Rev. J. Gilmour,</i>
Bradford, <i>C. Wilson,</i>	Prescott, <i>C. H. Peck,</i>
Brockville, <i>W. Brough,</i>	Pictou, <i>C. Pier,</i>
Bowmanville, <i>J. McFeeters,</i>	Perth, <i>J. Allan,</i>
Bytown, <i>C. B. Knapp,</i>	Port Hope, <i>M. Hay,</i>
Clarence, <i>W. Edwards,</i>	Port Sarnia, <i>A. Young,</i>
Clarke, <i>S. McCoy,</i>	Portland, <i>E. Shibley,</i>
Chatham, <i>S. Fant,</i>	Phillipsburgh, <i>W. Hickok,</i>
Cobourg, <i>G. Edgecumbe,</i>	Quebec, <i>W. Booth,</i>
Carrying Place, <i>C. Biggar,</i>	Recessville, <i>L. Crosby,</i>
Cavan, <i>J. Knowlson,</i>	St. Catharines, <i>L. Parsons,</i>
Cornwall, <i>T. Palen,</i>	St. George, <i>J. Kyle,</i>
Dickinson's Landing, <i>J. N. McNair,</i>	St. Johns, <i>J. Coope & Co.</i>
Dundas, <i>J. Spencer,</i>	St. Thomas, <i>H. Black,</i>
Drummondville, <i>W. E. Painter,</i>	Streetsville, <i>J. Sanderson,</i>
Darlington, <i>W. Williams,</i>	Seneca, <i>Mr. Turner,</i>
Dunville, <i>M. Hyatt,</i>	Stanstead, <i>M. Child,</i>
Embru, <i>Doctor Hyde,</i>	Stanbridge East, <i>E. J. Briggs,</i>
Gananoque, <i>E. Webster,</i>	Sorel, <i>J. Denton,</i>
Guelph, <i>G. W. Allen,</i>	Simcoe, <i>T. J. Mulkins,</i>
Gosfield, <i>S. P. Girty,</i>	Stoney Creek, <i>Rev. G. Cheyne,</i>
Galt, <i>F. McElroy,</i>	Toronto, <i>J. Christie & Son,</i>
Georgetown, (Esquicing,) <i>W. Barber,</i>	Whitby, <i>Rev. R. H. Thornton,</i>
Hamilton, <i>M. Magill,</i>	Waterdown, <i>E. C. Griffin,</i>
Ingersoll, <i>W. Maynard,</i>	Waterford, <i>J. L. Green,</i>
Kemptville, <i>T. Meley,</i>	Wellington, <i>A. Sarles,</i>
London, <i>G. Tyas,</i>	Woodstock, <i>T. S. Shenstone,</i>
Martintown, <i>H. Christie,</i>	Williamstown, <i>J. Cumming,</i>
	Zone Mills, <i>O. Van Allen,</i>

N. B.—We will feel thankful if the above gentlemen will act as agents for procuring subscribers to our paper for the new volume commencing with 1st January next. To all new subscribers we will send gratuitously all the numbers which come out between the time the order is received and the 1st January next. Parties ordering are requested to observe two things, viz., to send payment in advance, and to state the *Post Office* to which the papers must be mailed.

All communications and orders to be addressed (post paid) to R. D. Wadsworth, *Commercial Buildings Montreal.*
Montreal, November 1, 1845.

Monies Received on Account of

Advocate, Vol. XI.—J. Cameron, Perth, 15s; Sundries, Montreal, £1 16s 6d.

Vols. XI and XII.—G. Newcombe, Grand Falls, N. B., 10s; Vol. XII.—Fitch Jones, Esquicing, 5s; W. & E. Currie, Montreal, 5s; Miss Murchard, Woodstock, 2s 6d; T. Bartley, Woodstock, 2s 6d.

Consignments.—J. Cumming, Williamstown, 13s; T. S. Shenstone, Woodstock, 5s.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

MONTREAL WITNESS,

Weekly Review, and Family Newspaper.

THE want of a general Religious and Literary Newspaper, devoted to the best interests of the people, temporal as well as spiritual, being extensively felt in Canada; the undersigned, with the assistance of literary friends of various Evangelical denominations, has been induced to undertake the publication of such a paper.

This Journal is intended to be a faithful WITNESS FOR THE TRUTH IN LOVE, devoted more particularly to such subjects as Christian Union—Missions—Education—the Efforts of Religious and Benevolent Societies—Public and Social Improvements—Immigration—Cheap Postage—and, generally, the development of the resources of the country. It will be divided into four Departments, viz:—

THE REVIEW;

Being a condensed view of the character and contents of the best works that issue from the Press, on both sides of the Atlantic.

THE WITNESS;

Consisting of Editorial and other original matter; together with important leading articles from the journals of Great Britain and the United States.

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Being a general Summary of News, and more particularly of such events as occur in, or concern Canada; including Parliamentary Intelligence, Prices Current, Review of the Markets, Shipping Lists, &c. &c. &c.

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Consisting of Poetry—Instructive Tales—Religious Extracts—Popular Information on the Arts and Sciences, especially Agriculture and Horticulture—and Miscellaneous paragraphs. ADVERTISEMENTS will be excluded, except a few of general importance.

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Post Masters, Country Merchants, or others who obtain five or more subscribers, and remit the money in advance, will be allowed twenty per cent discount from the credit price.

All orders, remittances, and communications, to be addressed (post paid) "to the Editors of the MONTREAL WITNESS."

Deeply feeling the importance of this undertaking, the undersigned earnestly and respectfully requests the countenance and co-operation of the public.

JOHN DOUGALL,

PROPRIETOR.

Montreal, Oct. 15, 1845.

THE PUBLISHING OFFICE of the CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE, is removed to the Commercial Buildings, St. Paul Street, opposite the Custom House; where a Pledge Book is kept, and the business of the Provincial Committee of the Montreal Temperance Society transacted.

R. D. WADSWORTH,
Secretary Provincial Committee.