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TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

MONTREAL, JULY 15, 1851.

No. 16.

The Drunkard's Bible.

Mr. President, said a short stout man, with a good humored countenance, and a florid complexion, rising as the last speaker took his seat—"I have been a tavern keeper."

At this announcement there was a movement through the whole room, and an expression of increased interest.

"Yes, Mr. President," he went on, "I have been a tavern-keeper, and many a glass I have sold to you, and the Secretary there; and to dozens of others I see here"—glancing around upon the company.

"That's a fact," broke in the President, "many a gin-toddy and brandy punch have I taken at your bar. But times are changed now, and we have begun to carry the war into the enemy's camp. And our war has not been altogether unsuccessful, for we have taken prisoner one of the ransackers' bravest Generals! But go on friend W—, let us have your experience."

"As to my experience, Mr. President," the ex-tavern-keeper resumed, "in rum-selling and rum-drinking, for I have done a good deal of both in my time, that would be rather too long to tell to-night—and one that I would much rather forget than relate. It makes me tremble and sick at heart, whenever I look back upon the evil I have done. I, therefore, usually took ahead with the hope of doing some good to my fellow-men.

"But there is one incident I will relate. For the last five years, a hard working mechanic, with a wife and seven small children, came regularly, almost every night, to my tavern, and spent the evening in my bar-room. He came to drink, of course, and many a dollar of his hard earnings went into my till. At last he became a perfect sot—working scarcely one-fourth of the time, and spending all he earned in liquor. His poor wife had to take in wash to support herself and children, while he spent time and the little he could make at my bar. But his appetite for liquor was so strong, that his week's earnings were usually gone by Tuesday of Wednesday, and then I had to chalk up a score against him, to be paid off when Saturday night came.

This score gradually increased, until it amounted to three or four dollars over his Saturday night's pay, when I refused to sell him any more liquor unless it was settled. On the day after he was thus refused, he came in with a neat burning breast-pin, enclosing some hair—no doubt, I thought of a deceased relative. This he offered in payment of what he owed. I accepted it, for the pin I saw at once was worth double the amount of my bill. I did not think, nor indeed care about the question, whether he was the owner or not; I wanted my own, and in my selfish eagerness to get it, I hesitated not to take a little more than my own.

"I laid the breast pin away, and all things went on smoothly for a while. But he gradually got behind hand again, and again I cut off his supply of liquor. This time he brought me a pair of brass handirons, and a pair of brass candlesticks, and I took them and wiped off the score against

him. At last he brought me a large family Bible, and I took that for thinking, no doubt, I could sell it for some thing."

On the Sunday afterwards, having nothing to do, for I used to shut my bar on Sundays, thinking it was not respectable to sell liquor, I opened this poor drunkard's family Bible, scarcely thinking of what I was doing. The first place I turned to was the family record. There it was stated, that upon a certain day, he had been married to Emily. I had known Emily, when I was a young man, very well, and had once thought seriously of offering myself to her in marriage. I remembered her happy young face, and seemed suddenly to hear a tone of her merry laughter.

"Poor creature!" I sighed involuntarily, as a thought of her present condition crossed my mind—and then with no pleasant feelings I turned over another leaf. There was the record of the birth of her four children; the last had been made recently, and was in the mother's hand.

"I never had such strange feelings, as now came over me. I felt that I had no business with this book; but I tried to stifle my feelings and turned over several leaves quickly. As I suffered my eyes to rest upon an open page, these words arrested my attention.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; whoso is deceived thereby is not wise."

"This was just the subject that under the feelings I then had, I wished to avoid, and I referred to another place. There I read—

"Who hath wee? Who hath sorrow? Who hath wounds? Who hath babbling? Who hath sadness of eyes? They that tarry long at wine. At last it biteth like a serpent; it stingeth like an adder."

"I felt like throwing the book from me, but once more turned the leaves, and my eyes rested upon these words—

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunk."

"I closed the book suddenly, and threw it down. Then, for half an hour, I paced the room backwards and forwards in a state of mind I never before experienced. I had become painfully conscious of the direful evils resulting from intemperance, and still more painfully conscious that I had been a willing instrument in the spread of these evils. I cannot tell you how much I suffered during the day and night, nor describe the fearful conflict that took place in my mind, between a selfish love of the gains of my calling, and the plain dictates of truth and humanity. It was about 9 o'clock, I think, on the same evening, that I opened the Drunkard's Bible again, with a kind of despairing hope that I should meet there with something to direct me. I opened at the Psalms and read two or three chapters. As I read on, without finding anything directly to my case, I felt an increasing desire to abandon my calling, because it was injurious to my fellow-men.

"After I had read the Bible, I retired to bed, but could not sleep. I am sure that during that night I thought of every

drunken man to whom I had sold liquor, and of all the beggared families. In the brief sleep that I obtained, I dreamed that I saw a long line of tottering drunkards, with their wives and children, in rags. And a loud voice said:

"Who hath done this?"

"The answer, in a still louder voice, directed, I felt, to me; smote upon my ear like a peal of thunder—

"Thou art the man!"

"From this troubled slumber I awoke to sleep no more that night. In the morning, the last and most powerful conflict came. The question to be decided was—

"Shall I open my tavern, or at once abandon the dreadful traffic in liquid poison?"

"Happily, I decided never to put to any man's lips the cup of confusion. My next step was to turn the spigot of every keg or barrel of spirits, wine, beer or cider, and let their contents escape on the floor. My bottles and decanters were likewise emptied. Then I came and signed your Total Abstinence pledge; and what is better, never rested until I had persuaded the man whose Bible had been of so much use to me, to sign the pledge likewise.

"And now, Mr. President, I am keeping a Temperance Grocery, and am making restitution as fast as possible. There are at least a half dozen families, to whom I furnish a small quantity of groceries every week, in many cases equal to the amount that used to be spent at my bar for liquor. Four of my oldest and best customers have already signed the pledge by my persuasion, and I am not going to rest until every man I helped to ruin is restored to himself, his family, and society."

A round of hearty applause followed this address.

An Incident.

How many bright intellects have been destroyed by the "demon of intemperance." How many fond father's hopes have been blighted by it! How many affectionate parents have been deprived of their support by it!

These reflections have been occasioned by the following incident:—A young gentleman of fine promise contracted the habit of drinking while in his college course. He settled in the practice of law, in one of the villages of his native State. He soon became invested with offices of honor and profit, and although young, gave promise of shining brilliantly in the profession he had chosen. He was the pride of a large and respectable family, who witnessed his growing prospects with that satisfaction and delight, which the prosperity of a beloved son and brother cannot fail to impart. In the midst of these circumstances a physician was called in to see him. He had fallen into a fit, and his manly form lay stretched upon the carpet, while his features were distorted and purpled from the agony of the convulsions. After some days, however, he recovered, having sustained no permanent injury. Being in company with his physician alone, soon after that, he said to him: "I suspect, sir, you do not know the cause of my fit, and as I may have a return of it, when you will be called in, I deem it proper that you should be made acquainted with my habits of life." He then informed his physician that for several years past, he had been in the daily use of ardent spirits. That the practice had grown in him ever since he left college, and that he was conscious it injured him. However, it was not known even to his own family, what quantity he used. His physician did not hesitate to inform him of the extreme danger to his life in persisting in the use of intoxicating drinks.—He acknowledged his perfect conviction of the truth of all that was said, and resolved to abandon his wicked conduct. Not many weeks afterwards he was seized with another fit; but owing to the absence of his family physician, he did not see him until some time after he had come out of it. The physician who was in attendance, informed him that it

was violent. After repeated assurances of his increasing danger, and the remonstrances of friends who had now begun to learn the real cause of his fits, he renewed his promises, and determined to reform, and entered upon a course of "total abstinence," which he maintained for several months, and inspired many of his friends with the pleasing hope of his entire reform, and the re-establishment of his health.—But alas! in an unguarded moment he dared to taste again the "forbidden cup," and with this fled all his resolutions and restraints. From that time he drank more openly and freely, his fits returned with painful violence; friends remonstrated, entreated, pleaded. But all in vain. He thus continued his course of intemperance, with intervals of fits and sickness, about eight or ten months, when he died drunk in his bed, where he had been in a continual state of intoxication for three or four weeks.

It is a self evident truth, that all who habitually drink ardent spirits throw themselves under the influence of a law peculiar to their nature, which, when once enkindled into action, they cannot successfully resist.

Here we have an instance of an individual of a finely cultivated intellect, with every thing on earth to make him happy, that could be comprised in wealth, friends, honor and bright prospects. Ay, indeed, he too had professed an interest in the blood of the Saviour, and had communed with Christians at the table, surrounded by those whom he tenderly loved—the wife of his bosom, and the dear pledges of her devotion. Yet in spite of all these considerations, and the most sensible conviction of his fatal career, he continued to drink, and thus pressed downward to the gate of death and hell.

Now what was this? That giant arm dragged this fair victim to an untimely grave. Was it for want of motives and obligations to pursue an opposite course. No. Was it for the want of intellect and talents to appreciate these obligations? No. Was it from troubles arising from disappointed hopes and blasted prospects? Certainly those who know him best considered him a man who might have been happy. What was it then, that urged this individual with his eyes wide open upon the consequences, and in the face of every thing most dear, thus to sacrifice his all upon the altar of intemperance? It was that law of which we have spoken, enkindled into action by his tipping, and which once developed, he could no more control while persisting in his pernicious practice of drinking, than he could have buried the Andes from their base, or have plucked the moon from her orbit.—*Tennessee Organ.*

A Voice from the Prison.

It is rarely that any large space in our columns has been devoted to the individual case of any criminal; but that of George Carnot, who was lately executed at Bury St. Edmunds, for a murder at Lawshall, presents so many peculiarities, and is so worthy of reflection, that we feel assured our readers will not complain of the length of the ensuing narrative.]

The prisoner left behind him a full confession of his guilt:—On the afternoon of January 20th, between three and four o'clock, Elizabeth Hainbridge left the Harrow public-house, Lawshall, to go to her father's. Carnot followed, and soon overtook her. They were together in the fields two or three hours, during which they were on their usual terms of friendship and intimacy. In the course of their walk, they exchanged love-tokens, he giving her his watch, and she giving him her wedding-ring. When he left the Harrow, no idea had ever crossed his mind of committing any violence towards her, nor had any unpleasant words passed between them during their walking and rambling about the fields. At length she remarked that she was tired of living in the way they did, and declared she would destroy herself. This Carnot prevented; when approaching the pond, he said,

'No, if you mean to kill yourself, we will do it together; we will both drown ourselves.' Upon this suggestion, her remorse and excitement appeared to have suddenly subsided; and she exclaimed, 'For God's sake, George, don't think or talk any more in this way; I'll think no more of it if you don't, and I will continue the acquaintance as it has been, and do all I can to please you, if you promise not to drown yourself.' And now, the prisoner said, the thought first occurred to him of murdering her and then drowning himself—a thought which, he constantly reiterated, would never have entered his mind if his passions had not been maddened by his being 'full of beer.' Notwithstanding this appeal, Carnt declared that if she did not drown herself he would drag her into the pond. Upon this his victim, in a still more earnest and impressive manner, cried out, 'George, George, if you thus act, what will become of us hereafter? I am not prepared to die, and I am sure if you do this you cannot be. For God's sake don't attempt it.' Deaf even to this remonstrance, the prisoner, in his frenzy, seized her, and commenced dragging her into the pond, she struggling with all her strength to prevent him, and screaming as loudly as she could. Worn out with struggling and screaming; she faintest, and resistance being suddenly withdrawn, he fell over her, and holding her firmly by the arms, retained her in this position until life was extinct. He then attempted to destroy himself, but the instinctive love of life prevented him.

On Monday, his cousin, two aunts, and a sister saw him in the goal. It transpired, in the course of conversation, that the cousin had ridden to Bury on an engine which had been engaged at the fire at Lawshall. Carnt appeared to observe that his cousin had been drinking, though he was not in any way intoxicated. He directly turned to him, and with much earnestness and emotion seized him by the hand, and said, 'Now let me warn you against one thing—you know I never was a great beer drinker; I never could be called, nor never was called a drunkard, yet I took enough to lead me to this. Do let me implore you, as a dying man, baptised at the same font, on the same day, as you were, to avoid drunkenness. Attend to your Sabbath duties, and above all things, avoid drinking habits on that day.' When this cousin was about leaving the condemned cell, he again reiterated his exhortations, and, still retaining hold of his hand, said, 'Now look me full in the face, and promise me that these words, "Avoid Drink!" shall never get out of your mind.' With these words sounding in his ears the cousin left. The culprit seemed particularly interested in Mr. Payne's fire, and grieved that so respectable a man should have been thus treated, and when he was informed of the name of the prisoner in custody on suspicion of setting fire to the place, he said to his friends—'There, there it is again; there's another crime through drink; if that was John Farrow, I'll warrant he had been drinking all the night before.'

On Wednesday the prisoner's father, step-mother, brother, and sister, took their leave, and during the interview, he begged that his example might be a warning to all, especially addressing himself to his brother to avoid habits of drinking; adding, 'I am sorry enough for your sakes, and for her friends, and for myself; but I have had temptations which few men are aware of. There was no occasion for this to have taken place, and however it came to be done, I don't know, for at any other time I could not have but a hair of her head.'

The unhappy man described the moral power which the deceased had over him as generally capable of leading him in any direction, and he was confident that the crime was attributable to nothing else, but the effects of drink operating upon his passions and blinding his judgment.

On Monday morning the Reverend Mr. Wells, the Chap-

lain, delivered his last discourse on this awful occasion, to the culprit and his fellow-prisoners in the Goal Chapel. His text was taken from Psalm 79, verse 11:—'Let the sighing of the prisoner come before thee; according to the greatness of thy power, preserve thou those that are appointed to die.' After dwelling upon the solemnity of the occasion, and the awful transaction which was to take place on the morrow, but which would only be a prelude to a more awful one, the preacher observed—'A more awful warning against a most degrading vice can scarcely be presented to your notice than the case of your fellow-prisoner; for, in his case, drunkenness has been the means of destroying two lives; it led him to commit a crime which, in his sober senses, I have reason to believe, he never would have committed; and now his own life is forfeited to the laws of his country, on account of the crime he has committed. Take warning, oh, drunkards, from his fate. Whether you have indulged much or little in this enslaving vice, take warning! If you have hitherto been preserved from so fatal an end as that which awaits him, it is not on account of any care or caution on your part; for the man who draws his reason in drink cannot say to what excesses in crime he will not run; but if you have been preserved from that crime which drunkenness has brought nigh to, it is of the Lord's goodness that you are not consumed, and because his compassions fail not. While, then, you pity and pray for your unhappy fellow-prisoner, forget not to pray for yourself, that from the instance before you of a victim to the sin of drunkenness, you may seriously be impressed with the heinousness of your sin, and, casting yourself with all earnestness at the footstool of Divine mercy, may obtain pardon for your past transgressions, and strength to enable you to walk for the time to come, not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, lest your sin find you out when it is too late to retrace your steps, and you mourn at last in endless despair, when hope and mercy are for ever fled away.'

The culprit was deeply affected by this discourse, weeping bitterly during its delivery, and for some time after: and many of the prisoners appeared to be duly impressed by its solemn appeals.—*British Temp. Adv.*

The Home of the Desolate.

It was night—the storm howled sadly by, and the mother sat in silence by the scanty fire that warmed the wretched cottage—once in brighter days her happy home. She had divided to her starving babes the little bread remaining to her, yet scarcely sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger; little thought they that they claimed a mother's all. She hushed their sobs—soothed their sorrows—and returned to her sorrowful vigil. The night wore away and still sat the mother waiting; the coming of him whose returning footsteps once caused a thrill of joy—once he promised at the altar to love and cherish her, and nobly awhile did he redeem his pledge—his cottage was the home of comfort, and his wife and infants divided his love. But ah, how changed; he had become a drunkard; his business neglected—his home was deserted—and his late return was but the harbinger of woe; he came to curse the innocent partner of his misery, as the author of his wretchedness. Where waits he now? what delays his return? Alas! the low haunt which has nightly witnessed the shameful revel, surrounded by boon companions while his wretched wife still keeps her lonely vigil by her cheerless hearth. Stillness—solemn stillness like the grave, reigns in that dreary habitation. But now the tempest of her feelings has grown too large to be repressed—her bosom heaves with the wild emotions of her soul—and her thin hands seem endeavoring to force back the torrent of her tears. The clock struck the hour of midnight and he

came. With a fearful oath he cursed his wife's fond care, and that mother's silent tears went up to God for witness. Would you know the conclusion—go ask the jail—the almshouse, and the grave, and they will tell you.

The Responsibility.

A young man in Virginia had become sadly intemperate. He was a man of great capacity, fascination and power, but he had a passion for brandy which nothing could control. Often in his walks a friend remonstrated with him, but in vain; and as often, in turn, would he urge this friend to take the social glass in vain. On one occasion, the latter agreed to yield to him, and as they walked up to the bar together, the bar-keeper said:

"Gentlemen, what will you have?"

"Wine, sir," was the reply.

The glasses were filled, and the two friends stood ready to pledge each other in renewed and eternal friendship, when he paused and said to his intemperate friend:

"Now, if I drink this glass and become a drunkard, will you take the responsibility?"

The drunkard looked at him with severity, and said:

"Set down that glass."

It was set down, and the two walked away without saying a word.

O, the drunkard knows the awful consequences of the first glass. Even in his own madness for liquor, he is not willing to assume the responsibility of another's becoming a drunkard.

What if the question were put to every dealer as he asks for his license, and pays his money:

"Are you willing to assume the responsibility?"

How many would say, if the love of money did not rule, "take back the license."

"Grog Shops."

We know of no sorer comment upon civil society than the existence of the "Grog Shop." That a people pretending to intelligence and morality, claiming the capacity of self-government, and boasting of institutions best calculated to promote the welfare of man, should tolerate, and indeed foster in their very midst, that which is deadly antagonistic to all morality, self-government, and prosperity, is truly astonishing. Yet such is the case.

In every street, lane, and alley of our city, in every square and at every corner may be seen these Bacchianal hubs of drunkenness, infamy, and crime, ranging from the whitened sepulchre of the brilliant and fashionable saloon, down to the filthy sink of the causeway grog shop. And, notwithstanding all the efforts made in the cause of Temperance for years past, they are apparently on the increase.

Cannot something be done to get rid of these putrid sores—these moral cancers that are so evidently eating into the vitals of society, or is the evil incurable, and society itself so diseased and corrupt as to be unable to throw them off?

The grog shop is the great foster-mother of intemperance, and breeds more ill to man, than the opened charnel-house that spreads a pestilence abroad. It breathes a contagion more foul and deadly in its results. Like the tabled monster of old, that with a siren's voice allured into its devouring jaws the unsuspecting victim, the grog shop, holding out the pretended nectar of pleasure, gives the leviathan draught of moral death. It draws the youth from his home, and the father from his family; stops the traveller on the way, and administering the draught that makes more thirsty, leads on its deluded victim step by step, nearer and nearer the gulf of intemperance, it finally plunges him, lost to friends, home, family, all forever.

They are a constant and irresistible temptation to the frail-

ties of man. The poor wretch, still smarting from the worse than viper's sting of inebriation, and who would flee from it if he could, sees it pursuing and meeting, and soliciting him at every step, and unable to bear up against its temptations, he falls again and again, until he sinks to "where hope never comes, that comes to all." They hold out enticements to our youth which their buoyant spirits, and love of pleasure cannot resist. In them they lose their morality and their honor, in them they contract habits of idleness, prodigality, and intemperance, and issue from them with wrecked hopes and fortunes. In them the poor man spends the hard-earned pittance of his toil and labor, and leaves his feeble partner in life whom he has promised to protect, to struggle amidst want and misery, his children to shiver in the winter's cold, and cry for bread in their hunger.

In them the suffrages of American freemen are bought and sold, the ballot box invaded, and the public morals corrupted. By them, indolent drones are supported, for catering to the vilest of appetites, and grow fat upon public corruption.

And can no remedy be offered? We answer, yes. In many of the States of the Union, laws have been passed, prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors under a definite quantity, and that not to be drunk where sold, apothecaries excepted. Here is a remedy.—How long will Maryland remain without it? Numerous memorials have been presented to the Reform Convention, on the subject; but, as yet, we have seen no action taken on the subject. We are not; however, without hope. Sons of Temperance awake to the measure. Pour in your petitions from every nook, quarter, and corner of the State! Proclaim that your suffrages are in favor of its advocates alone. Let your strength be felt, and our demand will be granted, and the grog shop abolished.—*Monumental Fountain.*

The Boatman's Hymn.

I was standing on the deck of a steamer lying at the wharf at St. Louis. I had wandered many hundred miles from home, with all its fond endearments in the form of warm-hearted friends, whom I had left with tearful eyes to go forth "a stranger and in a strange land." My heart felt sad as it reverted to the past, and as far as human eyes could see, the prospects of the future were far from flattering. Vividly the word of Scripture came to my mind, "Ye know the heart of a stranger;" and I felt, in its full force, all that depth of loneliness and desolation that passes description. Although my confidence was strong in the Divine protection, yet the horrid oaths of the boatmen, the curses of the draymen, mingling in confusion with the noise and bustle on the wharf, all tended to increase my sadness, and make me feel indeed that my heart was not there; and I turned away thinking I would give all I had upon earth for some sweet confidential spirit to whom I could unburden my soul.

Suddenly a rich melodious voice burst upon my ear, which at once rivetted my attention. It proceeded from the fireman of a neighbouring steamer, who, busily prosecuting his labour among the smoke and cinders, had struck that beautiful hymn,—

"O! to grace how great a debtor
DAILY I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above."

And as his clear sweet voice sounded out far above the din and confusion, its earnest, melting tones touched a tender chord in my heart. That hymn was a favorite with a now sainted mother, and full well do I recollect, when

child, how often I laid my head in her lap, and heard her sing it until every line became indelibly impressed upon my memory.

How instantly my heart warmed toward that child of the waters. I felt that the hymn came from the depths of his soul, and that in him I had, indeed, a brother. Each line was like oil upon the waters; and as he finished the last, I could have greeted him as an old familiar friend. But just then we were separated by the starting of the boat, and he was left to remain in ignorance of the effect of the hymn upon my feelings. How it cheered my heart to think, that even among the wicked throng we had just left, there was one who was not afraid to lift up his voice publicly in praise of the Lord of Hosts. No longer I felt a stranger, but deeply grateful to God, who had thus raised up a ministering spirit. A new train of reflections were started, my sadness vanished, and I felt, indeed, that I was under the care of him who letteth not a sparrow fall without his knowledge.

And of all this the boatman was unconscious. In the joy of his heart he had sung the hymn, and, perhaps perfectly careless if any heard save the Father. Little did he imagine how he had cheered the heart of the stranger. Where he is now I know not—I never expect to; but I have often, in the closet, asked God to repay that comfort four fold where he shall need it. And now, when I feel that my life has been so far spent in vain, that I have been utterly useless to both God and man, then I think of the boatman's hymn.

When I see the watchman on the walls of Zion, weak and faint of heart, mourning her desolation and his insufficiency, then I think of the effect produced by the hymn of the unconscious boatman, and marvel at the wisdom of the Almighty in hiding from him the effects of his labours.

When I see all Zion struggling against the encroachment of sin, her people weeping and praying, beseeching God with many entreaties, to stretch forth his hand and bless her labours, then I think that if the righteous Judge could bless the boatman's hymn, how much more the labors of his people, when persevered in with supplications and tears.

Fiction.

(From the Temperance Courier)

Works of this kind, are of very ancient origin.—In the oldest times it was a favorite pastime among the Orientals, (the Arabians in particular,) to assemble together and give scope to their imaginations, in relating tales of the most extravagant romance. Each, in turn, would pourtray with the most rapt enthusiasm, the exploits of some gallant knight, who, to win the favor of his "lady love," would enter with the keenest zeal, into the sports of the tournament, or the dangers of the battle-field. This was in perfect keeping with the chivalric spirit of the times, and doubtless tended in no slight degree, to fit the mind to drink in so eagerly, the prodigies of the "false prophet."

But the taste which pervaded those barbarous countries, in those days of mental and moral darkness, has crept into our enlightened country, and is welcomed and nurtured, even in the noontide effulgence of the nineteenth century. Nor is it confined to any particular class; but in almost every grade of society, the "yellow covered literature" of the day, is permitted to exert its demoralizing influence. The tardy progress of many a school girl, or college student—the discomfort that takes up its abode at many a home hearth stone—perhaps a moiety of the unfortunates conjugal relations; and the "spiritual leanness," and dimness of the amount of many a soldier of the cross of Christ, may be traced directly to the corrupting pages of a James, a Dickens, a Bulwer, or some of their compeers. A novel reading Christian! Disgraceful paradox!—And yet it is too truthful to admit of being gainsayed, that not a few who have

named the name of Christ, spend more time, and pore more intently over the seducing pages of the last novel, or of some popular magazine, than is their wont to give to the rich boon from God to man. And the sanctity of the Sabbath is often invaded by the votaries of Fiction, which, with siren spell lures them to its enchanted ground. Sure, it requires no prophet's vision to foresee the finale of such a course.

Here, some parent congratulates himself, that no such dangerous guest is entertained in his dominions. But ere he decides, let him look well to the weekly visitant that is welcomed at his fireside.—Let him scan closely the glow of excitement that mantles the cheek of his young daughter, as with eye kindled with emotion, she beads intently over the novel in miniature. Nor let him think that the taste thus acquired, will be here satiated. She has raised the poisoned chalice to her lips, and will foster her depraved taste, by seeking every opportunity of quaffing its maddening nectar.

But Fiction is wont to assume another garb, and meets us in the habiliments of Religion. In this costume, it seeks to effect a compromise between the world and Christianity. And many, deceived by the blandness of its tones, and its spacious covering, entertain unawares, "the wolf in sheep's clothing."

For 'mong the flowers that deck her pages fair,
Fell serpents lurk, and deadly poisons are;
With siren voice they lure unthinking youth—
With magic spell they blind their eyes to truth.

There vice, in virtuous garb has veild her hideous face,
And gives to her deformity an air of grace;
Her poisonous breath is fraught with odors sweet,
To win the young, and fair, to her retreat.

But certainly no necessity exists, for resorting to this quarter for mental aliment. Works of Religion, and Science, are sufficiently provided to meet the wants of every class; and even the literary epicure, may feast himself to repletion. How changed would be the moral atmosphere of our country, if the youth of the rising generation were to devote to the acquisition of useful knowledge—to their physical, mental and moral culture—the hours which they now more than waste, at the shrine of Fiction:

M. A. BERNARD.

Question for each Young Man to Decide.

I ask of the young man, then, who is just forming his habits of life, or just beginning to indulge those habitual trains of thought out of which habits grow, to look around him, and mark the examples whose fortune he would covet, or whose fate he would abhor. Even as we walk the streets we meet with exhibitions of each extreme. Here, behold a patriarch, whose stock of vigor three-score years and ten seem hardly to have impaired. His erect form, his firm step, his elastic limbs, and undimmed senses, are so many certificates of good conduct; or, rather, so many jewels and orders of nobility with which nature has honored him for his fidelity to her laws. His fair complexion shows that his blood has never been corrupted; his pure breath, that he has never yielded his digestive apparatus for a vintner's cess-pool; his exact language and keen apprehension; that his brain has never been drugged or stupefied by the poisons of distiller or tobaccoist. Enjoying his appetites to the highest, he has preserved the power of enjoying them. Despite the moral of the school-boy's story he has eaten his cake and still kept it. As he drains the cup of life, there are no lees at the bottom. His organs will reach the goal of existence together. Painlessly as a candle burns down in its socket, so will he expire; and a little imagination would convert him into another Enoch, translated from earth to a better world without the sting of death.

But look at an opposite extreme, where an opposite history

is recorded. What wreck so shocking to behold as the wreck of a dissolute man;—the vigor of life exhausted, and yet the first steps in an honorable career not taken; in a leazar-house of diseases: dead, but, by a heathenish custom of society, not buried! Rogues have had the initial letter of their title burnt into the palms of their hands; even for murder. Cain was only branded on the forehead; but over the whole person of the debauchee or the inebriate, the signature of infamy are written. How nature brands him with stigma and opprobrium! How she hangs labels all over him, to testify her disgust at his existence, and to admonish others to beware of his example! How she loosens all his joints and sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame so as to bring him upon all-fours with kindred brutes, or to degrade him to the reptile's crawling! How she disgraces his countenance, as if intent upon obliterating all traces of her own image, so that she may swear that she never made him! How she pours sheen over his eyes, sends foul spirits to inhabit his breath, and shrieks as with a trumpet from every pore of his body, "Behold a Beast!" Such a man may be seen in the streets of our cities every day; if rich he may be found in the saloons, and at the tables of the "Upper Ten;" but surely, to every man of purity and honor, to every man whose wisdom as well as whose heart is unblemished, the wretch who comes crooked and bleeding from the pillory, and redolent with its appropriate perfumes, would be a guest or a companion far less offensive and disgusting.

Now let the young man, rejoicing in his manly proportions, and in his comeliness, look on this picture, and on that, and then say, after the likeness of which model he intends his own erect stature and sublime countenance shall be configured.—*Horace Mann's Thoughts for Young Men.*

Legal Protection.

Extract from a sermon delivered on Thanksgiving day, at Union Corners, Livingston County, by Rev. W. Firthian.

Legal protection against drunkenness and to make rum-selling appear as it really is—a public nuisance, and an outrageous wrong—and to render it therefore unlawful and an offence, penal, proportionate to its criminality, is the great aim and endeavor, if we mistake not, and the grand characterizing movement now in the Temperance cause. And to this point we have been slow and long in coming. Many stages have been made and passed with but little avail on this score. Never perhaps in one year, has the "Empire State" made so much progress than during the last twelve months. We thus judge from a comparison of the published statistics and from painful observation.

Now we ask what will, what can, avail to break up this raging, cursing traffic, save an avenging Providence or the strong arm of civil law, succeeded by the blessings of Heaven? The sweeping wrath of God in the case we deprecate and would have averted. That the Divine approbation may be expected in the proper avowment of civil law, will be presently indicated.—Legislative action then in some form of penal prohibition we must have. And, thanks to God, such is the present movement in our Temperance ranks as encourages the hope that the day is not far distant when this law we shall have. True, some there are, and professed Temperance men, too, who have strenuously objected to the political aspect of this thing. Alarmed and shocked that the temperance question should become mixed up in politics and pressed upon Legislatures, they cry "do not bring it there—keep it aloof and within its own proper sphere of moral suasion." But we must thank the Lord that this is a "false alarm."

What, talk of bringing the question into politics, and of introducing it to the notice of the Legislature, when it is

already there and has been for a long period! The true state of the case is, we find it there; and there we have got to meet it. The excise law, as it is called, which in one form or another is of almost immemorial date, has ever, save in a few exceptions, worked in behalf of the rum traffic; granting protection therein, but leaving the innocent unprotected against its pernicious and oppressive evils! Electing to much as it does and ever has to sustain a business so infamous, and to make it seem legally respectable, it is a most disgraceful act. But, thanks unfeigned for the prospect of its being soon Botany-Bayed, and no more to be heard of unless read as categorised among the strange and folly wonders of the world!

When this shall be done—legal protection secured, and the burlesque law of excise sunk to rise no more—the way will be greatly cleared for effectually terminating the intoxicating traffic.

Then the vender can be reached and managed—he reformed from the business or looked up and marked. The licenser can be managed—he brought just where he will have nothing to do but to confess his sin and folly, and what he can to repair the injuries he has occasioned, and thus redeem his character and be a man, or to stout it out henceforth in doing nothing at all in the matter, save to grieve and fret over his wicked office sunk, and thus drag out despicably his remnant days and die at length "asleep, unhonored and forgot." The unfortunate and pitiable drunkard can be readily reached and reclaimed. No hauls of drunkenness—no disguising grocer or merchant to tempt him to the back-room and down the dusky cellar where the bewitching poison scents his appetite, and fills his grousing jug; no bar-room decanted-oil enticing to his vicious taste; no barkeeper to deal him out the baneful dram—he will be and live a sober man, and relieve his suffering family and friends, and his injured town and State. The moderate drinker will be rescued from the beaten road to drunkenness, and our youth too be saved from tasting the accursed cup. Inebriation will have then ceased, and rum-selling will be mentioned only with regret and a hissing contempt, and soon be forgotten under the reign of temperance, peace and wealth. Come then this period—this grand result! Thanks to the King Eternal, we are now in conflict for it. To acquire the law action contemplated is the tug of war. In the name of the Lord may we lift up our banners. For civil law is an ordinance of God, and, when rightly expressed, is not only a praise to them that do well, but a terror to evil doers.—*Washingtonian and Reckless.*

The Consequences of Smoking.

The wide spread habit of smoking has not yet had due medical attention paid to it and its consequences. It is only by two or three years observation that Dr. Laycock had become fully aware of the great changes induced in the system by the abuse of tobacco, and of the varied and obscure forms of disease to which especially excessive smoking gives origin. He proceeded to state some of them as they were met with in the pharyngeal mucous membrane, the stomach, the lungs, the heart, brain, and the nervous system. The tobacco consumed by habitual smokers, varied from half an ounce to twelve ounces per week, the usual quantity from two to three ounces. Inveterate cigar smokers will consume from four to five dozen per week.

The first morbid result is an inflammatory condition of the mucous membrane of the lips and tongue; then the tonsils and pharynx suffer—the mucous membrane becoming dry and congested.—If the thorax be examined well, it will be found slightly swollen, with congested veins meandering over the surface, and here and there a streak of necrosis. Action ascends upwards on the posterior vena, and there is a discharge from the upper part of the pharynx, and irrita-

tion is felt by the anterior nares. The eye becomes affected with heat, slight redness, lachrymation, and a peculiar spasmodic action of the orbicularis muscle, experienced together with intolerance of light on awaking from sleep in the morning. The frontal sinews do not escape, but there is a heavy dull ache in their region.

Descending down the alimentary canal, we come to the stomach, where the results in extreme cases are symptoms of gastritis. Pain, tenderness, and a constant sensation of sickness, and a desire to expectorate, belong to this affection.

The action of the heart and lungs is impaired by the influence of the practice on the nervous system; but a morbid state of the larynx, trachea and the lungs, results from the direct action of the smoke. The voice is observed to be rendered hoarser and with a deeper tone. Sometimes a short cough results, and a case of ulceration of the cartilages of the larynx come under the doctor's notice. The patient was such a slave to the habit, that he hardly ever had the pipe out of his mouth. Similar sufferings have been caused by similar practices in other instances.

Another form is a slight tingling low down in the pharynx or trachea, and the patient coughs or rather hawks up grumous looking blood. It is so alarming as to be mistakeable for pulmonary hæmoptysis.

The action of tobacco smoking on the heart is depressing; and some individuals, who feel it in this organ more than others, complain of an uneasy sensation about the left nipple—a distressing feeling, not amounting to faintness, but allied to it. The action of the heart is observed to be feeble and irregular. An uneasy feeling is also experienced in or beneath the pectoral muscles, and oftener on the right side than on the left.

On the brain, the use of tobacco appears to diminish the rapidity of cerebral action, and check the flow of ideas through the mind. It differs from opium and henbane, and rather excites to wakefulness, like green tea, than composes to sleep—induces a dreaminess which leaves no impression on the memory, leaving a great susceptibility, indicated by a trembling of the hand and an irritability of temper. Such are secondary results of smoking. So are the blackness of the teeth and gum boils; there is also a sallow paleness of the complexion, an irresoluteness of disposition, and a want of life and energy, and in constant smokers who do not drink, a tendency to pulmonary phthisis.

Dr. Wright, of Birmingham, in a communication to the author, fully corroborates his opinions; and both agree that smoking produces gastric disorders, coughs, and inflammatory affections of the larynx and pharynx, diseases of the heart, and lowness of spirits; and, in short, is very injurious to the respiratory, circulating, alimentary and nervous system.—*Washingtonian*

Poetry.

"LOVED AT HOME."

I never had a ten-pound note,
I care not who may know,
Nor golden brooch, nor silver chain,
Nor ought that's worn for show;
I've earned each meal I've had for years,
By honest daily toil,
Yet few have had a merrier heart,
Or worn a gladder smile.

For I have had a blessed home,
Beneath whose humble roof,
A dotting mother's nightly prayers
Were breathed without reproof;

And where a sister's clustering love
Grew round my friendly stem—
They looked into mine eyes with hope,
As I looked joy to them.

Ye who have given my lips delight,
And ye whose friendly press
Has ever held my hand in yours
To welcome and to bless;
Oh, ye have ever heard me say,
"Whatever else may come,
There's no such joy on earth for man,
As being loved at home."

If pride could see my scanty room,
Some twelve feet six by ten,
And take down all the chattels there,
'Twould scarcely soil a pen:
But there are years of mother's love—
In letters week by week—
A wealth that hearts can better weigh
Than tongues can aptly speak.

And judging hence from what I've felt,
When'er I see a face
Smile lighted on the path of life,
I'm certain I can trace
The root whence that sweet influence
Can only truly come,
The inward joy that fills the soul
When we are loved at home.

Thou Sparkling Bowl.

(For Music see next Page.)

Thou sparkling bowl! Thou sparkling bowl!
Though lips of hardy thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
And song and dance thy power confess;
I will not touch thee; for thou'rt clings
A scorpion to thy side that stings!

Thou crystal glass! like Edon's tree,
Thy melted ruby tempts the eye,
And, as from that, there comes from thee,
The voice "Thou shalt not surely die,"
I dare not lift thy liquid gem:
A snake is twisted round thy stem!

Thou liquid fire! like that which glowed,
For Paul upon Melite's shore,
Thou'rt ban upon my guests bestowed;
But thou shalt warm my house no more,
For wheresoever thy radiance falls,
Forth from thy heat a viper crawls!

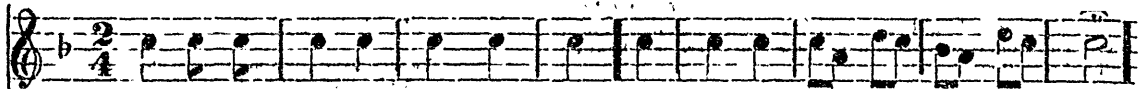
What though of gold the goblet be,
Embossed with branches of the vine,
Beneath whose burnished leaves we see
Such clusters as poured out the wine;
Among these leaves an adder hangs!
I fear him; for I've felt his fangs.

The Hebrew, who the desert trod,
And felt the fiery serpent's bite,
Looked up to the ordained of God,
And found that life was in the sight.
And so the drunkard's fiery veins
Cool when he drinks what God ordains.

Ye gracious clouds! ye deep cold wells!
Ye germs from mossy rocks that dip!
Springs that from earth's mysterious cells
Gush o'er your granite basin's lip!
To you I look:—your largess give,
And I will drink of you and live.

THOU SPARKLING BOWL.

TUNE—"Brighton."



Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, JULY 15, 1851.

License Laws.

The subject of our License Laws is again occupying the attention of the Legislature of Canada. We are not of the number who oppose Legislative interference on this very important matter. Our principles are known. We must give our decided sanction to any Law calculated to restrain the sale of liquor; but we cannot withhold our conviction that as yet—in Canada we are not in a position to maintain what we consider, the only safe principle relating to the sale of strong drink, that is: The total prohibition of the traffic for purposes of beverage, under severe penalties. Yet we deem it now imperative upon us to use the press at our command, for the purpose of disseminating sound views, and thereby producing a healthy public sentiment respecting license laws. Canada must be regenerated.—Our literature—we mean our current newspaper literature—must be purified. The press must be more extensively employed for the correction of abuses. It is yet mournful to observe the apathy of too many who control the religious press, and it is sadly demonstrative of unsoundness of practice, to perceive how the secular press speaks on the subject of the drinking customs and license laws of Canada. We shall take occasion to remark on these topics from time to time; and, in order to furnish matter for reflection and thoughts for Temperance lecturers, we shall occasionally give extracts from the contemporary press of the United States, without pledging ourselves for the perfect soundness of all we quote from the American press. We yet hope by republishing some of the most stirring appeals on the subject of Legislative enactments, to awaken in Canada a thorough hatred to the legalized traffic in strong drink. Take the following from the South Carolina *Temperance Advocate*:—

"It is maintained that it is better to license a few discreet moral men to sell, than to prohibit the sale altogether. License a few?—Who are these *few moral* men who are to administer to immorality in a virtuous way? To whom will they sell? Will they warrant not to intoxicate any? Will they not sell to the poor, or the infirm sot, or the unsophisticated youth, or the man who is already half drunk? How are they to discriminate between their customers, as to whom it will be proper to sell, and when wrong? No man can tell when selling his poison that it will be safe—no man can tell when mischief will or will not result. But suppose that these few *discreet, moral* men, sell *indiscreetly*—suppose that men get drunk—ruin themselves and their families, under the influence of *moral, respectable, law-abiding* liquor, will the law which sanctions it make the retailer responsible? Oh, no! Law could not have the face to do that. Law vouched for the respectability and morals of those it licensed—how then could law punish crimes authorized by itself? In this way, we see that the *respectable, law abiding, moral few* might poison and destroy the many with impunity. Admirable device! notable check of intemperance!

"But who are these moral rumsellers? We suppose they are those who take out license to keep hotels, and sell only to the well-dressed gentleman, who may be drunk every day of his life, and never even get into the Guard House. We suppose they are those who turn out the seedy wretch when he has lost his friends and money—he is ruined. But they will sell to those who are not ruined—that is if they pay their bills. Their respectability then consists in the freedom of their premises from poor sots: their morality consists in their avarice!

The *Fall River Monitor*, of Massachusetts, has spoken well and truly of the state of the law in that part of the Common-

wealth. Perhaps many of our readers will think some of the remarks applicable to Canada. The annexed is a brief specimen of the *Monitor's* talk:—

"There are but few men at this day who are not willing to acknowledge that more stringent laws, than any we have at present, are demanded for the drying of the sources of intemperance so numerous in our State. Moral suasion, so far as the trafficker in intoxicating drinks is concerned, has been found of but little use. So impotent has been its influence upon this class of men, that some of those who formerly advocated it as the one thing needful, alike for the reformation of the drunkard and the conversion of the drunkard maker, have given it up as a hopeless task. In a word, it may be set down as a fact beyond dispute that something more is needed and required for the suppression of rum selling, than for rum drinking."

"Moral suasion, as the universal panacea for rum trafficking is now an exploded idea. That it is effectual in the reformation of the poor, misguided, fallen inebriate no one will question. No can be reached by kindness, by expostulation, by persuasion. But with the rumseller the case is quite different. You cannot act upon a man by moral suasion who has no moral principle, and where, we ask, can there be found a class of men who seem to be more destitute of this than dealers in these drinks so ruinous to human hopes and human happiness, so blasting to all that is lovely in this beautiful world, and so prolific in crime, misery and death. What can be done, then, to force them to forsake their disreputable business for a more honorable and respectable one. Ising?"

The License law as it now stands, fails utterly to accomplish the object for which it was, in part, intended. It is most foully violated, and that too with impunity, in all parts of the State, and for the very simple but conclusive reason, that it is almost impossible to convict men under its operation. How many rumsellers are there in this town that carry on their business under the sanction of the license law? We venture the assertion that not one in twenty do it, and yet how many of these men, whom, it is evident are engaged in this business, could be convicted of a violation of this law? The fact is, the law as it now stands, is worse than no law at all, for we do not believe that were it to be stricken out of existence to day, there would be more rumsellers in the State than at present.

The *Old Onken Bucket*, published in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has a good and lengthy article on this subject. We have not room for the whole, but give the concluding paragraph. We could wish our legislature deeply influenced with the sentiment that it is wrong to legislate for the permission of evil. But we will allow the *Old Bucket* to drop a little of its pure water on the heads of our readers:—

A law to regulate the manner in which men may commit offences would be a strange act, but still we have such laws. This act was passed doubtless on the presumption that, as men would sell intoxicating drinks, the State might as well receive a revenue from it, and yet they are willing to admit that the traffic is all wrong. What does this reasoning lead to? If the argument is a good one, let us be consistent in it, and let it apply to all cases. As long as men are dishonest, let us have a law which, for money, grants them the license to lie, cheat, and defraud to the utmost extent of their desire, and inasmuch as the State can't suppress rascality, why not make it respectable and dignified. Stealing is wrong, but then law cannot entirely suppress it, and as long as this is so, the State ought to reap a revenue from it. By carrying out this principle, and applying it to all wrongs and crimes, the State might, by selling licenses, furnish itself with a revenue from that source.—But the law is passed, and, I suppose, we shall be compelled to abide by it for one year at least, when, may God grant, that we may have men in the legislature independent and wise enough to wipe out the dark disgrace which makes the State a partner to go vile a business. I think it behoves us, as temperance men, to speak out regarding this law, and consign it to deserved oblivion and contempt. As long as it is law, we must abide by it, but for the sake of the cause we love, let us hasten its destruction.

Small Streams From Temperance Springs.

The *New York Organ* has a severe, but just and triumphant article on the adulteration of liquors and the light in which those persons are to be viewed, who engage in the diabolical business, with a full knowledge of its character and consequences. We, and those who like us, are engaged in exposing the horrors of the liquor business, may be charged with merciless cruelty in denouncing the wholesale and retail murder of our fellow beings, but we venture to affirm that in any other circumstance, a similar destruction of human life to that which accompanies rum-selling, would not only be rebuked by all as murderous, but would raise a public clamour for legislative interference. Yet men there are, who knowingly and deliberately put arsenic in whiskey, sugar of lead in wine, and half a dozen different poisons in beer. The *Organ* says:—

"These things are done daily in this City, by men who understand perfectly the effects of these practices. They know that the vitals of those who use these drinks will be seized upon and that death will ensue sooner or later. They know that they are stabbing men in the dark, for generally their customers are not aware of or do not believe that the liquors furnished them contain these deadly ingredients. If any of these liquor makers should give a neighbor a glass of wine or ale, with prussic acid or arsenic mixed in, and death ensued, we should at once say it was an assassination. How then does it happen not to be the same crime when he puts the poison into his pipes and vats instead of into a single glass? In the former case only one life is assailed stealthily, in the latter hundreds of thousands. It is astounding to think how men can so completely sear their consciences, as to be able, after committing such acts as these, to hold up their heads in society. The wonder is that they do not try to hide themselves forever from the gaze of their fellow men, while they realize all the thick clustering horrors of a guilty conscience which tormented the miserable Macbeth."

Perhaps the evils complained of would not be so extensively prevalent, if it were not for the baneful example of the wealthy and higher classes of society. It is possible these may obtain better wines and liquors, but they are all injurious; and the poor laborer may well defend his right to do as the rich man does, without reference to the quality of the drink used. The *New England Diadem* has some good remarks on the effects produced by the drinking customs of the wealthy. In our city we know there are many wealthy persons warm adherents of the Temperance cause, but we fear there are yet many—very many—whose example is exceedingly deleterious. Let such peruse the concluding paragraph from the *Diadem*.—

"There are, to be sure, five hundred rum shops in this city, but who sustains them? Who? There are hundreds of drunkards in this city. Through whose influence are they made such? Whose! There are thousands of young men who are forming appetites that will result in their ruin, and we ask through whose influence are such appetites formed? Whose!! We lay at the door of the wine and brandy drinking portion of the wealthy families of this city the responsibility of sustaining and perpetuating the evil of intemperance. With their influence on the other side—with their names attached to the total abstinence pledge—with their co-operation, the immediate triumph of Temperance in this city, will be as sure as that an adequate cause will produce an effect."

The relation of the Church to Temperance Societies has frequently been the subject of discussion; perhaps never more so than at the present time. We rejoice that this matter is becoming better understood; but as, in some sections of the Christian Church there still remains a great amount of darkness, we deem it expedient to copy in full an excellent article which recently appeared in the *Temperance Telegraph*—a paper likely to effect much good in New Brunswick as the organ of the Sons of Tem-

perance in that Province. Many ministers and members of Christian Churches who have long worked in the Temperance field, may be encouraged by the perusal of the following, and we are not without hope that the prejudices of some may be removed, and their subsequent co-operation secured—

That the Church, or to speak more properly, the ministers and members of the visible Church of Christ, should have ever assumed a hostile attitude towards the Temperance Associations of the day, has ever been a mystery to us. They profess good-will to men; so do we. They acknowledge drunkenness to be an evil of direst magnitude. We put forth our utmost exertions to put it down. Then, why thwart us? They are ever ready to ask—What have you done?—have you put it down? Suppose we should answer—No! The attempt has proved a failure; would it afford them cause of Triumph? Ha! Would it not rather redound to their own discomfiture? Would it not tell against the interest of the Christian Religion; Philanthropy—a philanthropy that can unite large bodies of men for a common object—that object, the rescuing our fellows from a degrading vice; which can hold them to their purpose through many successive years—a generation or a life-time—and which will induce them to promote that object by pecuniary offerings, can be none other than the operation of the Divine Spirit on the human heart. To wish ill, therefore, to our movement and to deny its efficiency, would be to rob themselves of reward, and to deny the merits of the Redeemer. Suppressing ours, which we acknowledge to be an agency derived from and sustained by the Word of God, were to be proved to be non-productive, would there not be cause of regret, in that the morals of society had not been improved—that the ravages of the fell tyrant were as destructive as ever? But we have done something, and were that but a little we should be in a position to hold up our heads and speak boldly while replying to the second question—Have you put down drunkenness? No! we might say, we have not accomplished that; such, but have you put down sin? You have been preaching the Gospel for eighteen hundred years, and have you restored the world to a state of primitive innocence? If not, then why ask if we have been instrumental in removing the last vestige of a particular vice? We have alleviated the evil, though; we have rescued thousands and tens of thousands of drunkards; we have rekindled the fires on many a family altar; we have called back the bloom to many a wan cheek, and the records of time can alone disclose the numbers that have been prevented from going down the steep and slippery path that leads to death and hell through the dissemination of Temperance principles; and yet, we have been but a fifth of a century at work? Would they have us then to discontinue our exertions? Would they in the face of what has been done, disband our forces? Would they take upon themselves the responsibility of annulling our proceedings—of breaking down the flood-gates that we have erected, and of letting in the tide of moral evils that has been, thus far, stayed, to course over society with the same unchecked malevolence that characterized them twenty years ago? We put the question seriously—solemnly.

They must either have regarded every reclamation of the drunkard,—every restoration of his family to comfort, every heart-pang removed, with displeasure or with feelings of christian satisfaction. If the former, then it strikes us that they cannot be true followers of Him that went about doing good. If the latter, how can they consistently deprecate our work to cease; for have we not the same motives—the same end in view? Is not the same instrumentality as efficacious, and are not our prospects as cheering as ever they were? Christian reader, ponder these things well in your heart, for if you do, we are persuaded that you will give us your blessing and wish us God speed! We beg of you to do this, and quickly too; there is no time to lose; for every hour, three thousand human beings go down to death, of whom fifty fill the drunkard's grave shut out from Heaven, who, had they been reclaimed, might have had the hope of life eternal!

Daughters of Rechab.

We understand that a Tent of the United Daughters of Rechab, under the jurisdiction of New York Encampment No. 1, was instituted in this city on Friday evening, the 27th June, with the title of Hope Tent. Mrs. Mary Ann Clarkson, from Brockville,

attended for the purpose of organizing the Tent, and initiated the eighteen ladies as charter members.

From the known perseverance of ladies in a good cause, we cannot but expect they will be the means of doing much good in the Temperance cause, having an organization under their own control, and where measures may be brought forward and explained, and afterwards effectually carried out. And we cannot but exclaim—Success to the Ladies of Montreal.—*Communicated.*

On Wednesday last, the 2d inst., a deputation from the Hope Tent waited on Mrs. Clarkson (on board the Royal Mail steamer Highlander), who was then on her way to Brockville, and presented Sister Clarkson with an address from the Tent, and a handsome present, as a small token of gratitude for her kindness and attention while amongst them. Sister Clarkson in a very feeling manner returned thanks for the kindness received from the Tent, and hoped that they would go on and prosper in the good cause which they had undertaken.

Lecture on Total Abstinence.

We cut the following extract from the *Londonderry Sentinel*, of June 13, as we know it will prove extremely interesting to many of our Upper Canada readers, where Mr. Alcorn is so well and favorably known, for the interest he takes in the cause and progress of Temperance principles:—

On Wednesday evening last, at eight o'clock, Samuel Alcorn Esq., of Toronto, Upper Canada, delivered a lecture on this subject in the Corporation hall. Mr. Alcorn had, on the 4th instant, in the same place, given an address on temperance, in its connection with emigration; and so highly had it been appreciated by a large and respectable assembly that a number of gentlemen joined in requesting the lecturer again to appear before the public, to which, at some personal inconvenience, we believe, he assented. The audience on the second occasion was very numerous, and comprised persons of all denominations. The chair was taken by Alderman M'Arthur, who introduced Mr. Alcorn to the meeting. Mr. Alcorn began by stating that it had been thought desirable that he should, on that evening, confine himself to the subject of total abstinence, and, after a few other introductory remarks, he proceeded to deliver an excellent discourse, which was listened to throughout with an attention interrupted only by the plaudits of the company, who appeared to be much interested. During the delivery of his address, which occupied upwards of two hours, the speaker, in treating of the evils of drunkenness, adverted, among other things, to the stigma which the excessive use of intoxicating liquors had affixed to the character of Irishmen—which he particularly lamented, as he himself was a native of the island; the remissness of the members of the more respectable classes of society, in not endeavouring, by their abstinent example and otherwise, to prevent the spread of the fearful vice which was the demoralizer of the universe; the effect of ardent spirits in depriving individuals and families of their mental and bodily health and worldly substance, and in producing in the deluded victims a kind of moral darkness, utterly impervious to the light of reason or religion; and the ravages which, by maddening men into a state equal to the commission of the most terrible crimes, intemperance had committed on society in general. The address was enriched with a plentiful sprinkling of appropriate anecdotes, in the recital of which Mr. Alcorn was peculiarly happy, both as respects voice and gesture. Towards the conclusion he intimated that, as he proposed sailing from Liverpool for New-York on the 14th inst., it would be necessary for him to leave this city by the steamer of Thursday; and that, while he should retain a deep sense of the urbanity which he had experienced in Londonderry, it would, in after times, be a matter of lively gratification to him should he hear that his lectures had produced any good to the cause of total abstinence—a cause which he had warmly at heart, which it was his highest delight to advocate, and of the ultimate triumph of which he was fully confident. On the cessation of the applause

which ensued on the speaker's resumption of his seat, the Rev. Mr. M'Millen moved the thanks of the meeting to Mr. Alcorn for his extraordinary kindness in complying with the desires of those who had requested him to favour the public with a second lecture. The motion, having been seconded by Mr. M. J. Alexander, was carried by acclamation. The chairman then communicated to Mr. Alcorn this expression of opinion, and, that gentleman having acknowledged the compliment, the meeting broke up.

Temperance Demonstration.

On Thursday last, the 5th inst., the Gananoque Division of the Sons of Temperance celebrated their second anniversary by a Procession and Pic Nic. The weather was beautiful—no cloud interposed between the green earth and the blue sky, (as Sir Walter Scott says) the day could not have been finer, although no party of pleasure had been intended.

Besides the Gananoque Sons, a large number of the brethren from the Lansdown and Clayton Division were present. There was also a full turn out of the Gananoque Cadets, Rechabites and Buds of Promise, all eager to join in this demonstration against King Alcohol, and to spend a day in friendly intercourse and enjoyment. John L. Macdonald, Esq., mounted on a beautiful and highly mettled horse, acted as Marshal, and discharged his onerous duties in a very efficient manner. The Procession was formed about 11 o'clock, A. M., and was found to consist of about 200 persons. All were clothed in the badges of their different societies, and had together a most imposing appearance. First came the banner of the Sons, emblazoned with appropriate devices, and inscribed with the motto of the Order—'Love, Purity, and Fidelity.' Next came the celebrated Gananoque Instrumental Band, making their instruments send forth the most harmonious and soul stirring music. They were followed by the Cadets, carrying two very neat and tastefully designed banners; and next to them marched the Buds, looking uncommonly well, and bearing the insignia of their Society. The visiting Sons came next in order, and were followed by the Rechabites, while the members of the Gananoque Division brought up the rear. After traversing the principal streets of the village, the procession returned to a field near the Division Room, where the Daughters of Temperance had in the meantime assembled, and who now sang some beautiful Temperance odes. A choir of the Sons responded in the same style, and a speech, addressed principally to the Daughters, was delivered by Wm. S. Macdonald, Esq. At this, "Polly put the kettle on" would have been the most appropriate music, for fires were kindled in gipsy style, and excellent tea and coffee were soon prepared. These agreeable beverages, with suitable 'fixings,' having been done justice to, and some time having been pleasantly spent in promenade and conversation, W. S. Macdonald was called to the Chair; this, however, must be understood figuratively, for there being no chair on the field, he was obliged to ascend a tree, and sit on one of its branches, thus realizing in one sense the conception of the poet, of finding "Tongues in trees." Mr. Macdonald delivered from his elevated position a short speech, in which, with reference to our American friends being present, bearing their national flag, he remarked, that one of the most pleasing features of our times was the change which was taking place in the feelings with which nations regarded each other. While all felt proud of their respective countries, the national jealousies and animosities which at one time were so predominant, and which were attended by such disastrous consequences, was fast disappearing, or only showed themselves by attempts to excel in the arts of Peace and industry. Witness the wonder of the age—the great Crystal Palace—on which the flags of all Nations are unfurled, and within which the people of all countries have assembled, principally to exhibit their skill in the manufacture of those articles which contribute to human comfort and happiness. Mr. Macdonald was followed by Messrs. Fowler and Caswell of the Clayton Division, and by several other gentlemen, who, in their speeches exhibited equally good feeling, and called forth the plaudits of the large assembly. The meeting broke up about 4 p.m., when the company walked to the wharf, and the friends from Clayton took their departure, amid the loud cheers and best wishes of the people of Gananoque. The younger members of the party then returned to the field, and spent a few hours in

dancing and other amusements. Are there any gloomy and ascetic moralists who would condemn this part of the proceedings? Let such individuals read, learn and remember that man's nature has been so constituted, by its Divine Author, as to require occasional indulgence in sports and pastimes, and that in those countries where the law of our nature is not repressed, vice and crime are less prevalent than where greater austerity is inculcated. All connected with the party returned to their houses before sunset, delighted with the manner in which the day had been spent, and resolved ere long to enjoy a similar festival.—*Brockville Recorder.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Fingal, June 16, 1851.

Sir,—The Sons are making great progress in this District. On the 12th of March last, Rev. R. Boyd, of London, C. W., D. G. W. P., gave us one of his sweeping lectures, which completely upset the foundation of some old toppers. After the lecture he organized a Division of 49 members. This was doing well. Since then we have added to our ranks until at present we number 105. There are other Divisions all around us. We have named our Division "Fingal Division, S. of T., No. 239." Yours, &c.,

ED. WILLSON.

Colborne, June 20, 1851.

Sir,—It may not be out of place to give you a short account of the state of the cause in this place. At present we are at a stand still. We have a Division of the Sons here, which is in good standing and doing pretty well. At the election of Township officers last winter, we were defeated, and the consequence has been that we have got three taverns, which are under no control whatever. The Sabbath is generally a day of drunkenness, and the Sons have been endeavoring to do what they can to put a stop to this growing evil, but without much effect—the temptation of three taverns is so great in a small village, that some, who were once Sons, are now tavern keepers. How our Magistrates and Inspectors can allow such a state of things consistently with their oaths of office, is a wonder to many. G. I.

Rockside, 20th June, 1851.

Sir,—Great reforms and great natural agencies are usually expected to produce great commotion, and to attract much attention, while the very opposite is frequently the fact; and a revolutionized world startling our drowsy vision with its effulgence,—we may often read in our own characters in deep black letters the words, "antiquated," "retrograde," "sluggard."

Religion, the most powerful of immaterial agencies, has gone on quietly, with little exception, since the day of Pentecost, securing homage from millions of our race, and rendering earth nearly all that it now is, superior to Barbarism.

Gravitation, the most potent of natural agencies, must have existed coeval with the Universe, and to its power is owing the harmony which pervades the stupendous mechanism of nature in the majesty of its revolutions, and if but annihilated by a fiat of the Eternal, then must follow a scene of awful sublimity in the "wreck of Nature and the crash of worlds."

Like these, to some extent in the silence and power of its working, is the Order of the Sons of Temperance. This great moral agent is not yet nine years in existence, and already it comprises a membership of four hundred thousand, twenty-five thousand of

whom belong to Canada alone. So the Order has been moving quietly onward, unnoticed by some, opposed by others, but steadily accumulating a force, and fashioning an Engine irresistible in its course as a deluge.

Public opinion now begins to favor the Order with a smile of approbation, and the improving spirit of the age bids fair to hurl into oblivion the formidable drinking usages of Society, with all the wretched, withering, and corrupting influences of that insidious giant in human destruction and spirit of damnation—Alcohol.

The demonstration at Toronto was brilliant, and happily indicative of the enthusiasm and respect to decorum the Order is calculated to inspire. *Three thousand five hundred Sons* formed in procession, while a great number (probably one thousand) did not join in the march of triumph. Besides these, there were three times as many spectators, making in all an assemblage of at least twelve thousand persons. One circumstance in the affair deserves particular notice, *i. e.*, the carriages in which those fine looking men (the members of the N. D.) rode, were furnished as a mark of respect by the nobility of Toronto. This is ominous of better days.

Speeches from the Hon. P. S. White, and others, were good, frequently eliciting bursts of rapturous applause; and the music from a dozen Bands in attendance, was creditable to the performers, and speaks well for the enterprise and good taste of Canadians.

Such gatherings must be productive of good. Persons are brought together from great distances, and are made joyous without the use of Alcohol. New and profitable associations are formed, prejudices and petty distinctions are wiped away, men see and feel there is something noble, something worthy of their attention to be learned every where, and thus individuals will respect each other. Nations will admire and aim at mutual prosperity.—*War* will be known only by a reference to the history of past and darker ages, and a "Universal Brotherhood" will crown these glorious, noble efforts, and bless the world from pole to pole.

ALEX. McLAREN.

Education.

An Appeal to Parents.

From an overflowing heart and a deep conviction of the unspeakable evils of intemperance, we would earnestly entreat parents over whom we may have the least influence, to exert themselves to protect their children from this dreadful and insidious cure.

You have sons in tender years—they are the light and joy of your home, and you spend many an hour in thinking of their future welfare. But consider what they may become, should the tempter grasp them. The boy who now looks up into your face with affection and reverence, may one day be a poor, miserable, degraded drunkard—his better nature dead—his hands, it may be, stained with human blood. He may spend years of bitter, unavailing remorse in a prison, or even expiate his offence on the gallows. All that is necessary to put him on such a course is intemperance, and all that is wanting to make him intemperate is the habit of moderate drinking. Thousands of others, as promising as your son, have pursued that course and perished miserably.

You have daughters, and experience shows that even daughters are not safe from this destroyer. Multitudes of lives written in tears and blood have been lived by females, and the same temptations and snares are laid for the destruction of others.

Think, parents, of the bitter woes which would wring your hearts, should a beloved daughter acquire an appetite for stimulating drinks, and proceeding step to step in degradation and sin, should at last fill a drunkard's grave. What, in such a case,

must be her suffering and yours? Do you spurn the thought as impossible? Ah, take heed! Let him that thinketh he standeth, beware, lest he fall!

Above all, what would be your horror and distress, if your children should form intemperate habits and rush upon ruin, through your influence? What if your daily glass of wine, beer, ale or cider, or brandy-and-water, should lay the foundation for your children's ruin? Suppose you can do it in safety, are you sure your children will never go beyond your example? And if, when they plunge into the depths of vice, poverty and wretchedness, can you feel that you did nothing to sink them there?

Parents, God and nature have given you a tremendous influence over your children's character and destiny, and awful is the responsibility you incur when you encourage in any degree the intoxicating cup. Every parent should use his utmost endeavours to create in his children's minds an abhorrence, a shivering dread of strong drinks—he should aim to fortify them against the temptations they will meet with in society—they should be taught to abhor the cup in all its forms as they would poison, suicide and murder.

Moderate drinking fathers, wine-drinking mothers, for the sake of your dear, innocent and now happy children, put away the glass. Listen, oh listen to the deep heart-rending wail of anguish which comes up from the world of intemperance, and say, can you send your son, your daughter, to join the company of the lost and undone? Be entreated as soon as you have read this article, to form a pledge of total abstinence. Put your own names to it, and explain it to your children and take their pledge also. Then live consistently, and in all probability your loved ones will be saved from the snares of the world, and live happy, temperate, virtuous lives.—Now we have done our duty, do yours!—*Western Fountain.*

Education of Mechanics.

It is always understood that a regular course of training and study is essentially necessary to qualify young persons for the learned professions, for theology, law, and medicine. In all civilized and enlightened countries, academies have been founded, colleges erected, professors appointed, and lectures delivered, for the express purpose of imparting to students a knowledge of those branches of education which have a more immediate reference to these distinguished professions. Every one admits the propriety and utility of such institutions, and such regulations for scientific purposes and pursuits. But no such care and attention has hitherto been bestowed, or considered necessary, in the education of mechanics. Few, comparatively, of this most useful class of men are theoretically acquainted with the fundamental principles of their respective trades, and fewer still with the collateral and general branches of physical science. There can be no doubt that 'Mechanics' Institutes, which are only of modern origin, were intended to convey such information, and these popular and useful institutions, in the large cities of Britain, we believe, adhere, in many instances, strictly to the objects contemplated at their original formation. It would be well for mechanical men, if such a laudable design were kept more prominently in view, in the lectures which are delivered in these institutions. There is an ample field of study for the most diligent and successful mechanic in his own occupation, which has hitherto been only partially cultivated. This truth has been forcibly impressed upon our mind when perusing an admirable address on the nature and importance of the education of Mechanics, delivered before the Mechanics' Institute of Toronto, by the Chief Superintendent of Schools for Upper Canada. The learned lecturer, the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, in explaining the nature of the education which ought to be sought by and provided for mechanics, after mentioning, in the first place, that they ought to know how to read and write correctly their native language; that they should be correct in their actions as well as in their words; that they should have some knowledge, in the second place, of the constitution of the government under which they live, and of their rights and duties as citizens; remarks, in the third place, that they ought to have some knowledge of the nature of the substances with which they will have to do, as well as some acquaintance with the principles on which they may be moulded or modified and rendered subservient to their purposes.—*Halifax (N.S.) Guardian.*

How to SPEAK TO CHILDREN.—It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporal punishment or by rewords addressed to the senses, and by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which are seldom regarded. I refer to the human voice. A blow may be inflicted, and accompanied with words so uttered, as to counteract entirely its intended effect; or the parent may use language, in the correction of the child, not objectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence. Let any one endeavor to recall the image of a fond mother long since at rest in heaven. Her sweet smile and ever clear countenance are brought vividly to recollection; so also is her voice; and blessed is that parent who is endowed with a pleasing utterance. What is it which lulls the infant to repose? It is not an array of mere words? There is no charm, to the untaught one, in letters, syllables, and sentences. It is the sound that strikes its little ear that soothes and comforts it to sleep. A few notes, however unskillfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence. Think we that this influence is confined to the cradle? No; it is diffused over age, and ceases not while the child remains under the paternal roof. Is the boy growing rude in manner and boisterous in speech? I know of no instrument so sure to control these tendencies as the gentle tones of a mother. She who speaks to her son harshly, does but give to his conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the pressure of duty, we are liable to utter ourselves hastily to children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone; instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every fretful expression awakens in him the same spirit which produced it. So does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings. Whatever disposition therefore, we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone in which we address it.—*Christian Register.*

IMPRESSIONS IN YOUTH.—Parents and others should remember that very lasting impressions can be made on the minds and on the hearts of youth. The great Frederick of Prussia once called on his nephew, afterwards Frederick III., when a lad, to recite to him; and drawing from his pocket an edition of La Fontaine's "Fables," pointed out one for translation. It so happened that the youth had been familiar with that particular fable, and so did it fluently. Upon being praised for his improvement, "I informed him," said Frederick William in after life, "of my having previously translated it. His face brightened up, and patting me on the cheek, he said, 'That's right, my dear Fritz! always be honest and honourable. Never seem to be what thou art not; but be more than thou appearest to be.' That admonition made an indelible impression on my heart; and though I disliked falsehood from my childhood, from that time I have hated and detested all species of dissembling and lies."

Agriculture.

Keeping Fowls—Value of their Manure.

At a late agricultural discussion in this city, Mr. Chester Moses, of Shanesteeles, made some valuable remarks on poultry keeping. He stated that for several years past, he had kept 600 or 700 fowls, and the last winter 900. His chief object is eggs, of which his fowls average about 100 each, annually. They are not confined, but are allowed to range at will. Their food is principally wheat screenings, with some corn, buckwheat and animal offal. He is also particular to allow them plenty of oyster shells, pounded, of which, especially during spring, or at the season when they lay most, they eat large quantities. The lime of the oyster-shell doubtless contributes to the formation of the shell of the egg, and perhaps, assists also in the digestion of the food.

He keeps the Polish or top-knot fowls, and the common country stock—prefers the former on account of their laying more steadily the first year, or two years—thinks there is not much difference in the black and spangled varieties of top knots. His general practice is not to keep fowls after the second year; as they do not lay so well after that age, they are regularly sold off, and the stock is kept up chiefly by purchase, though some chickens are raised; and it is only for the latter object that

cocks are kept, Mr. M. being satisfied that they are no benefit for the production of eggs for market.

Mr. Moses considers the manure of fowls of much importance, and takes care that it is all saved and applied to his crops. Under the building in which the fowls rest is a cellar, into which all the manure is put. In spring, just before planting time, the manure is worked over and mixed with plaster—sometimes with plaster and ash—in equal proportions—using enough of these articles to make the manure so dry as to pulverize thoroughly.

The domestic guano, of which Mr. M. sometimes uses the quantity of 300 bushels in a season, produces a powerful effect on the growth of Indian corn. His mode of applying it is, to drop a handful in each hill, which is then covered half an inch or more with earth, in order to prevent the seed from coming in immediate contact with the manure which, experience has shown, would prevent its germination. Mr. M. stated that he had tried this compost in comparison with good hog manure by applying each to corn in the same field, and on similar soil. On one part, half a shovelful of hog manure was put in a hill, and on the other part, a handful of the hen manure compost. The crop was best where the latter was used, and the succeeding crop (which was oats) shewed the same result in favor of the hen manure.

On another occasion he manured ten acres with the hen manure, which produced sixty bushels of corn to the acre. On a part of this piece he used the manure only on alternate rows, leaving the intermediate rows with no application. The ears were "more nubbin'" on the rows that had no manure. He planted pumpkins in a row that had no manure, and on another row that had the proportion given to the rest of the field. The row which had no manure produced no pumpkins of any value; the other produced fifty-one fair sized good pumpkins.

Mr. M. stated that his son was engaged with another person in the poultry trade, and that in the winter of 1849-'50 they sent between twenty and thirty tons to New York and Boston—*Albany Cultivator*.

To make the best Beef Hams.

Take away the hind part of a good fat animal, and make a cut all the way down into and the whole length of the bone, then cut out the bone, leaving the meat with one long cut in its centre—nearly resembling a split cylinder. Now lay it down in clean brine of good salt, that has been boiled and skimmed, and into which there has been dissolved a little sugar. Let it remain in this brine for about ten days at least; do not let it get too salt. Then lift it out and hang it on a hook, to drip for about three days. Take it down when all the brine has dripped out of it, and lay it upon a table. Have ready a small quantity of pepper and ground cloves. Rub the meat with the hand, both inside and out, with the mixture, and then have ready a ball of stout hempen cord or twine. Then roll the meat firmly round, making into a conical shape. After this, take the cord and commence at the thickest part of the meat, so roll it round, drawing firmly every coil, having each coil wrapped and drawn firmly round at one-fourth of an inch a part up to the top or small end. The cord must then be laid down on both sides opposite, in such a way that each lower coil of cord may be cut without loosening the coil above it. This roll of Beef is then the *ne plus ultra* of beef hams. It has but to be hung up for two or three days, and a slice of it (commencing at the lower part to cut) either boiled or fried, makes a dish fit to enchant an epicure. To cut it, the roll should be laid on a table, and with a large sharp knife, it should be cut in thin slices; and when enough for a meal is off, it should be hung up again. Hams should never be hung in a warm situation, but in a cool, airy place. The fat and lean in this kind of ham is beautifully mixed in every slice. The seasoning assimilates themselves with the meat, and have a peculiar and agreeable flavour. Let those who make their own beef hams, try this method, and if they ever forget or neglect to do it afterwards, although it is a little more troublesome than smoking the beef, we are no judges of human nature.—*Canadian Agriculturist*.

The Blackberry—Its Uses.

We quote the following from the *American Farmer's Encyclopedia*. This shrub, which is used by the chance passenger plucking its fruit, possesses, however, several advantages which

deserve our attention. Its long branches can, in case of need, be employed as cord.

"The berries have a desiccative and astringent virtue, and are a most appropriate remedy for the gums and inflammation of the tongue.

"The flowers as well as the berries of the bramble were ignorantly considered by the ancients as remedies against the most dangerous serpents. They are diuretic, and the juice pressed out of the tendrils or young shoots, and afterwards reduced to the consistency of honey by standing in the sun, is, adds the above author, a singularly efficacious medicine, taken inwardly, or applied outwardly, for all diseases of the mouth and eyes, as well as for the quinsy.

"But Pliny has lost his celebrity as a medical authority, as he ever had any, and modern blackberries have also lost this virtue.

"Boorhavo affirms that the roots taken out of the earth in February or March, and boiled with honey, are an excellent remedy against the dropsy.

"Syrup of blackberries picked when only red, is cooling and astringent in common purgings or fluxes. The bruised leaves, stalks, and unripe fruit, applied outwardly, are said to cure ringworm.

"Dr. Harris, in his report to the Massachusetts Legislature, upon destructive insects, says that this plant, and its near relation, the raspberry, suffer from borers that live in the pith of the stems—a fact which does not appear to be generally known. The borer is a species of *Saperda*, and finishes its transformation towards the end of July, laying its eggs early in August, one by one, on the stems of the blackberry, and raspberry, near a leaf or small twig. The grubs proceeding from these eggs, burrow directly into the pith, which they consume as they proceed, so that the stem for several inches is completely deprived of its pith, consequently withers and dies before the end of summer. In Europe, one of these slender *Saperdas* attack the hazel nut bush, and another the pear tree, in a similar manner. All the species are readily propagated both by seeds and layers, and are wonderfully improved by culture."

Good Properties and Virtues of Milk.

An experienced physiologist and chemist declares milk to be a most perfect diet. There is probably nothing better adapted to our sustenance, containing card casein, which is necessary for the development and formation of muscle—butter for the production of an adequate supply of fat—sugar to feed the respiration, and thereby to add warmth to the body, the phosphate of lime and magnesia, the peroxide of iron, the chlorides of potassium and soda, with the free soda, required to give solidity and strength to the bone—together with the same saline particles so essentially necessary for other parts of the body. It contains lactin, or the acid of milk, which chemists inform us is the acid of gastric juice, so requisite for the proper dissolving of our food in the stomach; it is therefore obvious, that milk should be chemically correct in all its constituents, and that its beneficial effects on the constitution should not be neutralized by adulteration. It is, Dr. Fyfe properly says, the true type of all food. How necessary, therefore, it is that it should be pure, otherwise, this wonderful and wise provision of Providence will be a curse rather than a blessing.—*Ec.*

Cure for a Bellowed Horse.

"Some weeks since, being overtaken by a severe thunder storm on my way home, I took refuge under a shelter where were assembled a great gentleman from the same salise. One of the gentlemen thus addressed me. "Why do you not cure your horse of the bellows?"

"For the very reason that I cannot," I said.

"Well, stranger," said he, "when I am at home I cure all such cases, and warrant them, at ten dollars a head; but, as I am a long way from home, and your horse is a valuable one, I will tell you how you can cure him effectually in a few days. In the first place," said he, "give your horse salt in his water for three mornings in succession; after that, pound up a piece of blue stone about the size of a chinquapin, and mix it with wet meal; give him the same for ten consecutive mornings, feeding him rather lightly for

those ten days; and if he is not well at the end of ten days I will give you my hand."

I have tried the remedy, and it has wrought a perfect cure; and I now give it to the readers of the *Enquirer*, that they may save their horses and their ten dollars too.

CUTTING BUSHES.—Are there any bushes growing along your fences? If there are, recollect they are so many evidences of slovenly farming; and should be removed. Therefore seize every spare moment and cut them down below the surface of the earth, and on the crown of every bush thus removed, throw a handful of salt. Two or three such operations will insure their destruction.

FENCES.—Examine the fences which enclose your fields—do it yourself, and have every weak place made strong. Failing pasture tempt stock to break in and destroy. Care in this regard may save you from vexation and loss hereafter.

SOMETHING TO BE REMEMBERED.—No farm can continue to produce grain-growing crops on a greater surface than one-third of its cultivated extent, for many successive years, without diminishing scales of produce; that is to say, a farm of 50 acres in the clear, and under cultivation, cannot sustain a larger amount of growing crops than 17 acres; or a farm of 100 acres in the clear and under cultivation, not more than 34 acres, producing at the same time high averages, and preserving the fertility of the land undiminished.—*Miss's Lectures.*

News

LECTURE OF THE HON. P. S. WHITE.—We heard this gentleman deliver an Address on the subject of Temperance, at the City Hall, on Monday evening last. For a period of two hours he held the undivided attention of the audience, amounting to upwards of four hundred; and except during the occasionally spontaneous bursts of applause, an impressive and solemn silence was observed, such was the powerful and all-absorbing effect of his oratory. Mr. White is gifted with a most pleasing and captivating manner, and places the subject before his hearers in a novel, clear and comprehensive view. We have never observed any lecturer who so completely controlled the feelings and engrossed the attention of his auditory as Mr. White, for they were compelled to weep and laugh from the mere effect of his forcible and natural elocution.—*Hamilton Gazette.*

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—The Rev. Father Chiniquy has been, this week, delivering a series of eloquent discourses, in the French Churches of Amherstburg and Sandwich, in the cause of temperance. We regret much that we cannot give even an outline of the several addresses delivered by this estimable orator.—We must be content to say that, whilst he elucidated his subject by a reference to the medical science, showing the pernicious effects resulting from the constant use of ardent spirits, upon the human system, the Rev. Father strengthened his appeal to the good sense and reason of his audience, by arousing their patriotism and their zeal for religion. We have been told that upwards of 350 have already received the Temperance Pledge in this Township, and at Amherstburg over 1000.—*Canada Oak.*

TAX SONS AND THE ODD-FELLOWS.—Thursday the 5th instant, Thorold dunned her gayest attire, and even the ships on the canal caught the enthusiasm, and hoisted the national colours in honor of a profession and public meeting of the *Sons of Temperance* and the *Odd-Fellows*. The meeting was large, and the arrangements generally good; a brass band, and a good amateur choir, enlivened the festivity and considerably added to the enjoyment. D. P. Haynes, Esq., occupied the chair, and the meeting was addressed by Mr. Lamb, the Rev. Mr. Ryerson, the *London Sailor*, and Mr. Hillton. These manifestations of social unity have the best effect, and deserve to be sustained. They tend to break down those distinctions and walls of separation which too frequently keep good men apart from each other. In these two bodies of men assembled together we recognize a powerful instrumentality of union for good. No man is rejected here because of his creed or his politics; men of all churches or of no church; men of all politics or no politics, meet on the same platform, to promote brotherly love and kindness.

MR. J. B. GOUGH IN WORCESTER.—Mr. Gough having recently returned to his rural homestead in Boylston,—(Boylston Centre,

being his post office address,—from long and successful labors at the South-West intimated some days ago, to some of his friends, a willingness to deliver in Worcester, during his intended few months' respite from itinerant toil, four or five free lectures upon the subject of Temperance. Upon this fact being made known to them by Mr. Jones, the City Marshal, the Mayor and Aldermen promptly, and commendably granted for that purpose, the free use of the City Hall, all duly prepared and lighted, on as many and on such evenings, as may be most convenient for Mr. Gough thus, and there to favor the city with his very liberally proffered, and very gladly accepted addresses. The people of Worcester, with this exception of here and there a lawless rum, wine, or beer seller, will be rejoiced at the announcement of such a "good time coming," and will doubtless be on hand, in large masses, for its enjoyment when it actually makes its advent. These lectures will probably be delivered sometime during the month of July, of which subsequent and timely notice will be given.

A MELANCHOLY CASE.—The *Wilmington (Delaware) Gazette*, states that Professor Ansley, a young man of fine acquirements, whose classical attainments are well attested in a work entitled 'Elements of Literature, or an Introduction to the Study of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres,' published in 1849, by Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, died in that city on Monday last, after being found in an almost frozen condition in an old house, with a bottle of whisky by his side. He recently held the position of Professor in St. Mary's College at Wilmington, from which he was removed on account of his inebriate habits. He continued, however, his course of dissipation, until he was reduced to a condition of utter destitution—houseless and homeless, friendless and penniless—he was driven to the extreme of starvation, wandering about, seeking shelter wherever chance directed him.

THE CHEROKEES AND TEMPERANCE.—The Cherokee people have presented a memorial to the Legislature of the State of Arkansas, asking for the enactment of efficient laws for the suppression of the sale of intoxicating drinks by the citizens of Arkansas to the citizens of Indian nations on their borders. It states that no inebriating liquor is manufactured among the Cherokees, and that the quantities used by the Indians come from abroad, and chiefly through the State of Arkansas.

Sons of Temperance.

The following is the form of application for a Charter of a Division of the Sons of Temperance, and must be signed by at least eight persons, of good standing in the community. If the applicants reside in Canada East, application may be made to Mr. J. C. Becket, Great St. James street, Montreal.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.

The undersigned inhabitants of _____ (Date.) believing the Order of the Sons of Temperance to be well calculated to extend the blessings of Total Abstinence, and promote the general welfare of mankind, respectfully petition the Grand Division of the _____ of _____ to grant them a Charter to open a new Division, to be called the _____ Division, No. _____ Sons of Temperance, of the _____ of _____ to be located in _____ and under your jurisdiction.

We pledge ourselves, individually and collectively, to be governed by the rules and usages of said Grand Division, and also by those of the National Division.

Enclosed is the Charter Fee, £1 5s. Books, 5s.

It must, also, be stated whether the applicants are members of the Order, or not—if they are, of what Division.

HOWARD DIVISION, No. 1, Sons of Temperance, meet every Tuesday evening in the Rooms over Mr Becket's Office, 22 Great St. James street, opposite the Wesleyan Chapel.

I. O. of R.

Form of application for a Charter of a Tent of the Order of Rechabites, which must be signed by at least ten persons of respectability. Application may be made in Montreal to Robert Irwin, McGill-street.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.

(Date.)

Sir - We, the undersigned, being desirous of uniting with the Independent Order of Rechabites, respectfully request the Montreal District to grant us a Charter to open a new Tent, to be called _____ Tent, No. _____ I. O. R., to be located in _____, and under your jurisdiction.

We bind ourselves, individually and collectively to be governed by the Constitution of the Order, and General Laws of the District. Enclosed is the Charter Fee, £1 5 0

SAMARITAN TENT, No. 45, meets every Monday evening in the Rooms over Mr Becker's Office, 22 Great St. James street, opposite the Wesleyan Chapel.

UNION TENT, No. 96, meets every Thursday evening in the Rechabite Hall, Great St. James street, over R. Weir's Paper Warehouse.

PRESEVERANCE TENT, No. 107, meets every Tuesday evening, in the Rechabite Hall.

MONTREAL DISTRICT TENT, meet on the 2d Friday in each month, in the Rechabite Hall.

Hours of Meeting—8 o'clock.

U. D. of R.

WORK TENT, No. 2, United Daughters of Rechab, meet every Monday afternoon, in the Rechabite Hall, Great St. James' Street. Mrs. Irwin, McGill Street, will give information to ladies who may desire to join.

ROSE BANK NURSERIES.

THE SUBSCRIBER has upwards of 200,000 young FRUIT TREES in various stages of forwardness, comprising all the best varieties of APPLES, PEARS, PLUMS, CHERRIES, PEACHES, NECTARINES, APRICOTS and QUINCES; a portion of the four first kinds being on Dwarf Stocks. He has taken great pains in propagating, so as to be able to warrant what he sells as true to their names, and in healthy thrifty condition. He is also particular to have them taken up and packed very carefully, so that they may be sent, with perfect safety, to any distance, and he is happy to learn, from many quarters, that the parcels he has already sent to various parts of Upper and Lower Canada, and the United States, have turned out well.

He also propagates, extensively, for sale, the newest and best kinds of GRAPE VINES, GOOSEBERRIES, RASPBERRIES, STRAWBERRIES, and CURRANTS;

TOGETHER WITH

A general assortment of ORNAMENTAL TREES and FLOWERING SHRUBS, comprising a rich variety of named ROSES and TREE PEONIES.

—ALSO,—

A very extensive assortment of BULBOUS ROOTS, comprising about 150 choice named kinds of TULIPS, and a fine variety of HYACINTHS, besides LILIES, NARCISSUS, JONQUILS, IRISES, &c. &c.; together with a general assortment of HERBACEOUS PLANTS.

The whole will be disposed of at very moderate prices for Cash.

Orders, accompanied by remittances, will meet the most prompt and careful attention, and any of the kinds above mentioned, except the Bulbous Roots, can be forwarded to any part of Canada. Orders may either be sent to the Subscriber, or to JOHN DOUGALL, Witness Office, Montreal, Agent for the Nurseries

JAMES DOUGALL,
Windsor, Canada West.

TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

THE PROPRIETOR of the EAGLE HOTEL, takes the opportunity of informing his Friends, Customers, and Public, that he is determined to OPEN a TEMPERANCE HOTEL, on the FIRST of MAY next, where all ACCOMMODATIONS will be afforded his Customers that ever has been before, except Strong Drink. He trusts that he shall not lose his Old Friends and Customers by the way; but that he shall gain Customers by the Temperance People who visit this city for pleasure or business—as he is determined to have his House kept better than it ever was before.

FRANCIS DUCLOS,

Montreal, April 14, 1851.

TEMPERANCE HOUSE,

King-street, Chatham, C.W.

KEPT BY

TRAXLER & PATTON.

N.B.—Good stabling, and a careful Hostler always in attendance. Messrs. T. & P. will do all in their power to Accommodate the Public who may favor them with their Patronage. Chatham, C.W., April 10, 1851.

PRINTING TYPES

ARE NOW SOLD AT

BRUCE'S NEW-YORK TYPE-FOUNDRY,

At the following very low prices, for approved six months' notes:—

	Roman,	Title, &c.	Shaded, &c.
Pica, per lb.	30 cts.	52 cts.	90 cts.
Small Pica,	32	56	95
Long Primor,	34	60	100
Bourgeois,	37	66	108
Brevier,	42	74	120
Minion,	48	84	132
Nonpareil,	58	100	150
Agats,	72	120	160
Pearl,	108	160	220
Diamond,	160	250	300

A liberal discount for cash in hand at the date of the Invoice. There are now on the shelves, ready for sale, in various sized fonts—

70,000 lb. Roman and Italic type
40,000 lb. Fancy type.
4,000 lb. Script and Running-hand.
5,000 lb. German.
5,000 lb. Ornaments.
15,000 ft. Type-metal Rule.
15,000 ft. Brass Rule.

Presses, Cases, Cases, Wood T, ps, Ink, &c., furnished at the lowest manufacturers' prices, either for cash or credit.

A large number of new-fonts have been added to the Foundry during the past year, among which is a complete assortment of Germans, both plain and ornamental.

Specimen Books are freely given to all Printing Offices.

Printers of Newspapers who choose to publish this advertisement, including this note, three times before the 1st of August, 1851, and send us one of the papers, will be paid for it in Type when they purchase from me, of my own manufactures, selected from my specimens, five times the amount of their bill.

GEORGE BRUCE,
13 Chambers Street, New York.

THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE is printed and published on 1st and 15th of every month, at 2s. 6d. per annum—Agents receiving one copy gratis—by J. C. BECKETT, Office, 22, Great St. James-St.; Residence, Brunswick-St., Beaver Hall, Montreal.