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### The Rum-seller's Vision.

Mr. James Farley has been a wholesale rum selling grocer for some thirty years; and while multitudes of those who have drank his rum have come to beggary—and, what is worse, to misery and death—he has from their rum accumulated a large property. Of the sad results of his business, he has often been told; nay, more, he has seen them with his own eyes, and his ears have heard the cries of woe that his rum have occasioned. Though he has never been with the philanthropist, to the hovels of the intemperate, to see and relieve the distresses of their miserable families, and has never read any of the tales of woe which have now and then obtruded themselves on his notice, in the papers of the day, but has studiously avoided them, still the results of his business have some times unavoidably stared him in the face, and then he has for the moment quailed. The home-thrust arguments of some faithful temperance man have sometimes too exceedingly troubled him. Yet he has gone on, year after year, heaping up wealth, knowing—yes, I say *knowing*—that it is at the fearful expense of the beggary, the woe, the ruin of his fellow-men. Wealth, and the honour that wealth brings, have so engrossed his heart that he goes on in spite of all the evil which he sees that he is scattering over the community.

It is true that he is not like the retailer—the *direct* agent in producing the evils of intemperance. He sometimes partially satisfies his conscience by this fact, and affects to despise the business of the retailer. But he knows that he supplies the retailer, and makes money by doing so; and he knows that he is accessory to all the woe produced by all the retailers to whom he sells.

One of the retailers who buys rum of Mr. Farley is Jim Galt. He is called Jim Galt, and not Mr. James Galt, because he is one of the despised dram-sellers, and not one of the wealthy and honourable wholesale dealers, like Mr. James Farley. So much for the difference between selling by the dram and by the hog-head. Among Jim Galt's customers once, was poor John Foster—a man, who, from being a respectable thriving mechanic, had become a miserable drunkard. His family consisted of a wife and six children. They lived in a dilapidated old house, hard by the splendid mansion of Mr. Farley. Mrs. Foster was in her childhood a school-mate of Mr. Farley. Betsey Case, for that was her name, was a universal favourite, and none was more fond of her than James Farley; and this fondness continued till riper years. And if she had so chosen she might have been the wife of the wealthy rum-seller, and the mistress of his mansion, instead of being the wife of the poor drunkard, (the victim of that rum-sellers business,) and the drudge, the slave, that tenanted his miserable hovel. But of the rival lovers, John Foster was the successful one. Years rolled on and brought to the happy pair all those joys which cluster around the virtuous fireside. But at length the spoiler came, and one of the agents in his ruin was he who so fondly gambolled with her in his childhood, and so warmly loved her in his youth; her misery was now uniting with the misery of a multitude of others to fill up his coffers.

One cold, stormy winter's night, Mr. Farley was sitting as usual in his cushioned chair before a cheerful fire, with all the comforts and luxuries of wealth about him. He had rolled out that day many hog-heads of 'liquid fire,' as he had done in the many days of the many years in which he had followed this lucrative but wretched business, deaf, to all the cries and groans of its victims. As he sat there thinking over, not the results of his business, (the rum-seller shuts these out of his thoughts as much as he can,) but his ill-gotten gains, Mrs. Foster appeared before him. She was by no means a welcome visitor, for as he knew that Foster bought rum principally of one of his customers, he felt guilty and ashamed in her presence. Here stood before him a palpable instance of the deadly evils of his business, and that, too, in the person of one whom he ardently loved, and he could not help feeling a little uncomfortable.

'Well, Betsey,' said he, turning his head a little one side to look at her, but not deigning to ask her to sit down, 'what do you want, to-night?'

'I came to ask your advice as a neighbor, Mr. Farley. My husband has just had another dreadful time of drinking, and I don't know what to do.' And she went on to tell one of those tales of woe which have been told by so many broken-hearted women wherever rum has been sold.

'Well, Betsey,' said he after hearing her through, 'I don't know what you can do better than to have him sent to the work-house.'

'That has been tried, Mr. Farley, and it did no good. He came out worse than he went in.'

'Can't the Washingtonians do any thing with your husband?' said he, hitching very uneasily in his chair.

'Jim Galt and his crew,' said she, 'have more influence with him than they have. The Washingtonians got him to sign the pledge once, but these worthless men tempted him to drink, and it was all over with him. If these dram-shops could be shut up, Mr. Farley, I believe my poor husband could be reformed.'

'Humph, thought he, if they *should* all be shut up it would spoil my business, its clear. And so many a wholesale rum-seller has thought, without saying so.

'These groggeries are bad places, it is true,' said he, 'but they will sell, and people must learn not to buy and drink—that's all.'

'But cannot these dram sellers be *learned* not to sell rum, just as the lottery dealers have been learned not to sell lottery tickets? Though I am but a plain woman, this, it seems to me, Mr. Farley, would be the best thing that can be done. And if the wives of the drunkards could have their way it would be done.'

'A little too fast, a little too fast Betsey. You must take things as they are,' replied the cold hearted rum-seller. 'You had better have your husband sent to the work-house that's the best way,' assuming an air of condescension. 'If you'll step into the kitchen, Betsey, Mrs. Farley will give you some cold bits for yourself and your children.' Mr. Farley now yawned and put himself into an attitude, as if for sleep. The disconsolate woman, seeing plainly that he wished her to retire, did so, and received the cold bits from the hand of the rum-sellers wife. Cold bits! cold indeed! And this is all that the cold-hearted rum-seller can give of comfort or aid to one whom his business has ruined! He has despoiled that happy home of its plenty and peace and joy, and sent there penury and woe. He has done there a demon's desolating work; and now he adds to all this injury the insult of his cold and pitiful charity! Verily the tender mercies of a rum-seller are cruel.

She went to her cheerless home—such a home as many a drunkard's family inhabits. A few flickering embers lay upon the hearth; all the wood she had was there. She threw herself upon her bed to await her husband's return—for whom she offered up, as was her wont, an earnest prayer for his present safety and his ultimate reformation. Composed by this renewal of her trust in God, this casting of her cares on Him whom she knew cared for her, though the purse-proud rum-seller did not, she fell asleep and dreamed the pleasing dream of her husband's reformation, which has since, through the efforts of the Washingtonians, proved a reality.

The rum-seller also fell asleep, in his cushioned chair, before his comfortable fire and dreamed. It was not however, like the dream of the poor despoiled woman—it was a painful *horrid* dream. He saw spread before him his ill-gotten gains—deeds, certificates of stock, notes &c. On all of these, as he took them up, one after another, were inscribed tales of woe, of every sort, showing the results of the rum that he had sold. 'Look them over'—said a voice, at which he trembled from head to foot—'Look them over. There you will find six murders, twelve suicides, fifty deaths by delirium tremens, more than two hundred by apoplexy, convulsions, fevers, consumption, &c., multitudes of cases of crime and pauperism, and misery of every variety—all the results of that horrid busi-

ness by which you have heaped up your wealth. Read—read—till your eyes are dim. And there will be more yet!" And he did read, and read, and read, and it seemed as if there was no end to the results of his unrighteous traffic. Every now and then he would try to turn his eyes away from this heart sickening record; but the moment he did so that same voice would say, "Read, read on!" and his eyes were fastened as by a spell. He read on, and on, till his eyes were tortured with pain, and grew stiff in their sockets, and his vision was lost. "Your earthly eyes," said the voice, "cannot read all; but when time shall be no longer, and eternity shall begin, you shall have eyes that shall read these results through never ending ages!"

The vision changed. Wherever he turned his eyes he beheld written, *Poverty, crime, fightings, murder, disease, convulsions, consumption, delirium tremens, insanity, death temporal, and death eternal.* As he looked about the walls and the furniture of the room, he saw these words every where, and if perchance he found a vacant spot to rest his eye, it was but for a moment. A hand appeared at once and wrote thereon some one of these appalling words. He left the room thinking to get rid of the vision, but in vain. The same hand inscribed with the rapidity of lightning on every wall, and beam, and board, and article of furniture and dress, on which he chanced to look, some of these results of his business. He sat down before a table loaded with bounty. *Beggary, starvation, disease, death,* greeted his eye in every luxury and dainty, and the voice said, "Eat, eat to your fill the price of the starvation of the victims of your business!" He went out into the open air, thinking that surely these visions would not haunt him; but he saw these same words on every post and board as far as his possessions extended, and even the leaves of the trees, and the waving grass under his feet, were transformed as if by magic into the same bitter language.

He returned to his house, to the same room where his vision began. As he looked about, the walls now bore no sad records of his business, and he felt the same relief that forgetfulness of the results of his traffic always brought him. But it was only for a moment. Another vision came. There now passed in review before him, mingling thick and fast, all the horrid scenes that his ruin had produced—scenes of debauchery, bloody fights, murders of men, women, and children; a drunkard dragging a woman by the hair, with her throat cut; another throwing a child out of a window; a woman, dead drunk, burning up by a slow fire; a man falling into the water, with oaths and curses upon his lips; multitudes dying of all sorts of diseases; a crowd of maniacs with disheveled hair and faces distorted with every variety of passion; men and women in convulsions, with purple faces, and eyes starting and glaring on him from their sockets, &c., &c. While these scenes appeared before him, there rang in his ears groans and sighs, and sobs, and shrieks, and cries of the distressed, the sick and the dying, mingled in horrid contrast with the obscene talk and loud laughter and varied curses of the insane and the drunken.

Another change came over the scene. Wherever his eye turned he saw blood in scattered spots and deep stains on the walls and furniture. Blood was on the table before him, on his books, his notes, certificates of stock and deeds, on his garments and on his hands: "Blood," said the same voice, in a low, hollow sepulchral tone, "blood, blood is on every thing you possess—your hands are stained with blood, the blood of your fellow-men, the blood of the murdered, the blood of the suicide, the blood wrung from the hearts of those whom you have made widows and orphans, for the sake of gain. There is only one way to wash out these stains. Repent and cease to do this great evil. Unless you do this, blood will be upon you and all that you have while life lasts; and when death shall come and take you away from your ill-gotten possessions, blood will be upon your soul, and you will hear the cries and groans and curses of the victims of your avarice, through the ages of eternity."

The poor man trembled with terror, and the violence of his feelings awoke him.

"It's nothing but a dream," said he, as he wiped the reeking sweat from his brow—and all recollection of it was soon drowned in thoughts of his wealth, his respectability, and his honor, and the next day found him in the counting-room, the same cruel cold-hearted, money-loving rum-seller as ever.

But though it was a dream, and though it may it never haunt him again in this life, beyond the grave, unless he repent, it will prove a reality, and his poor soul will be haunted with real visions of woe occasioned by him, of which this dream, horrible as it was, is but a faint representation.

## A Widow and her Five Sons.

There are few things which inspire me with feelings of gratitude to God more than those pleasing alterations which are effected in the experience of my fellow men, by the operations of that heaven-born system, the object and operations of which it is your study through the medium of your valuable Periodical, to lay before the World, and toward which by your permission, I will contribute my mite. My wish is to inform the readers of the Journal, of a very pleasing change which the introduction of our Principles into a Village about six miles from Lynn, has brought about, and which whilst it causes our hearts to swell with gratitude, to the great Originator of the Scheme, most powerfully declares the efficiency of our Principles, to rescue the most degraded from the thralldom of Intemperance. The little Narrative to which I have alluded, I shall designate a *Widow and Her five Sons.*

In a Village, on the Banks of the Ouse, known by the name of St. Mary Magdalen, which was proverbial through the surrounding country, for many miles (a short time since) for drunkenness and all its attendant evils, lives a widow woman, aged 75, this woman several years since, was deprived by death of her husband, and was left with a family of five Sons, and two Daughters, to press her way in this changing world: and for any thing I know Sir, she might have been as well off as poor people usually are, had not the demon of Strong Drink, made war upon her domestic happiness, and plunged her for many years in deepest sorrow. She had the gratification of seeing her children grow up to man's estate and being strong to labour, they could vie in the performance of any kind of work, to which they had been used, with any five brothers of the County, but then Sir, she had the grief to see them indulging in the free use (of what some people call) a good creature of God, and drunkenness, fighting, swearing, blasphemy, Sabbath breaking, total neglect of religious duties, on the part of three of them, and partial attendance upon the public worship of God, in a stupid half drunken state on the part of the other two, was the deplorable state in which they lived. The oldest whose name is Clare Leynington, is now 32 years of age, he is married, and has a family of four children, was a confirmed *Sot* for fifteen years.—the second brother whose name is William, is married and has four children, was a drunkard ten or eleven years, he is 39 years of age,—the third Brother, Martin, aged 28, was a drunkard fourteen or fifteen years, and was one of the most determined desperate fellows in the Country, he has frequently fought for money, and has had Ribs broken and the knuckles of one hand by fighting; three of his drunken Companions on one occasion were plunged into eternity in one of their drunken freaks, and he has stated in our meetings, that he has tried, and promised to amend his life, but all to no purpose, he saw no way of escape from his Sin, and he has by his unkindness been several times nearly the death of his poor old Mother. He too is married, and has one child,—James and Thomas the other two, are married, the one has three and the other two children, were for several years what may be termed occasional drunkards, and were following in the steps of their elder brethren, when totalism, *squanded liberty* for the Drunkard in their benighted Village. Martin the most desperate of the five brothers, who had not entered a place of Worship, above twice for ten years, ventured in to attend a Temperance Meeting, about thirteen months since, he listened, he felt keenly, he resolved, he signed; the next meeting, his brothers went, the three of them signed, sometime afterwards the other signed the Pledge of Abstinence from the Drunkard's drink. They have stood from that time to the present and true to their engagements, they have all sought and found true Religion. Four of them are now Members of the Wesleyan Society, and the other is a Member of the Baptist Church. The poor old woman, has by the instrumentality of one of her boys been led to seek the Salvation of her soul, and the widow's heart is gladdened by the mercy of God. They are all improved in health, comfort, respectability and usefulness; to God be all the praise. Teetotalism in this Village, has caused to be needed and assisted to build a Baptist and Primitive Methodist Chapel, and brought into Church—fellowship with the Wesleyans, Primitives, and Baptist Churches about sixty Persons, many of whom have been rescued from the Vortex of intemperance, among the rest are two men by the name of Gunton, drunkards for near thirty years, and who are now Teetotalers and Christians, the one a Wesleyan, the other a Baptist, these Sir, are some of the things which excite our gratitude to God, and make us determined to press the important subject, upon the attention of our fellow men, and

though we sometimes meet with individuals, who say very significantly, Teetotalism is not Christianity,—we cannot help thinking that they stand nearly related to each other—and that whilst we proceed in humble dependence upon God, to urge the Drunkard to sign the Pledge, and the Christian drinker to abstain for the benefit of his perishing brother, we are acting in perfect accordance with the spirit of the New Testament.—*English Temperance paper.*

### Whisky in the Far West.

The following terrific picture of the "DOINGS OF STRONG DRINK" among the Red Indians is extracted from Morleigh's "Life in the Far West."

Mr. Morleigh, having heard that there was to be a meeting of Indians, to receive an annual payment from an agent of the United States' Government, determined to be present. He arrives at the establishment of a Monsieur Grignon, where he meets with a large party of Indians going to the "Payment," headed by Osh Cosh, chief of the Menomenees. Here a rude entertainment was given, which being over, Osh Cosh signified his intention of making a speech.

"Profound silence being observed, he stood up before the red embers of the fire, dropped his blanket from his shoulders round his loins, and raising his right hand spoke in a deep, yet clear and somewhat sonorous voice, without stopping, for at least half an hour, my friend, the bluff Frenchman, interpreting what he said to me from time to time. The speech, from first to last, was in the declamatory style, and against whisky. He said he had seen many barrels lying in the reeds, waiting to be broached when the payment was made; but he would set his face against any such underhand proceedings. Fire-water (iscodiywab) was the secret poison—the knife with which the Shemookmen (the American, or long knife) destroyed his young men. He would set his face against this fire-water: he would tell the agent (or money-carrier) that he would rather see all his money thrown into the river than lose a single warrior by drunkenness and brawling. He then reverted to what occurred at the last payment: 'a man, goaded to madness with fire-water, killed two women, and fired at a man; the band to which the women belonged rose to a man, and rushed upon the drunken madman; what they did you all witnessed, and, I shame to say, I witnessed also,' said the chief. 'They threw him on the great council fire, and he was burnt. The white men fled—the pale faces were filled with fear; it is not right they should bring away such evil reports. I am resolved to preserve order in the camp, and set my face against the whisky-traders.'

The speech of Osh Cosh met with a loud and approving grunt; but we shall see how his tee-total principles were acted upon. Paddling in canoes up Wolf River, the party including our voyager, reaches the place of assemblage. The first thing that occurs is a meeting of all the traders in front of a large round wigwam, styled the Council Lodge, and here "one and all signed a paper, of mutual agreement, not to sell whisky to the Indians till the payment has been made, and then they may all start fair. Osh Cosh and the Grignon are the prime movers of this good measure and the better to carry it into effect, all the whisky barrels are to be stored in the bush at the other-side of the river, and every drop seized on this, or the Indian side, is to be thrown into the river."

Several days were spent in preliminary business, such as taking down names, settling qualifications, and other matters, while hunting and gambling go on among the more unconcerned spectators. Osh Cosh's excise laws are, till this stage of affairs, pretty rigorously enforced. "A negro barber from the bay has been detected selling whisky to the Indians; in his lodge he had several barrels of whisky concealed, and the appointed mixed force of traders and sage Indians, who have endeavoured most laudably to keep the peace and prevent the sale of whisky, have seized upon this nigger's illicit store of the baneful fire-water, and the barrels having been rolled up in front of the Council Lodge, the agent and Osh Cosh are called on to decide as to its fate. Meantime the nigger goes about exciting the pestilent half-breeds and profligate Indians to rescue his whisky, using the most abusive language, saying he will get up a big fight for his whisky, wishing he had his bowie knife, and, in short, provoking some hardy pioneer to thrash him."

Several other seizures are made in gallant style; but the regulators of morals are not proof against the temptation of so much liquor. "In the midst of their seizures they could not help *tasting*, and from *tasting* went on to *swigging*, from *swigging* to *tippling*, and at last they cut a most ludicrous figure, march-

ing about from lodge to lodge, and from tent to tent, in quest of whisky, inveighing against the fire-water, while they were hardly able to stand; indeed the major who commanded seemed to think he commanded a regiment, instead of a dozen boys-traders in red and gray night-caps, and some half-dozen old Indians in blankets; he carried his cudgel like a pike; 'It looks well, at least said my uncle Toby.' Frequently halting his men in front of the Council Lodge, he would inspect them with great severity, give them speeches upon military discipline, read what he called the order of the day, which was the old declaration of independence; then putting himself at their head, march round the whisky barrels as if they were the trophies or spoils of war, followed by a mob of drunken half-breeds and whooping Indians. But at last the whisky was given up, and I saw the poor major flat as a flounder, his occupation gone, his band dispersed, and in a hoarse voice he exclaimed against the ingratitude of the traders, who had not rewarded him for his zeal even with a letter of thanks."

Next morning was pay-day. "The whole village was up and stirring; flags and streamers were hoisted in front of the traders' lodges. While the Indians and their squaws surrounded the Council Lodge in groups, the squaws for once dressed in all their finery, and the young men vying with each other who could show most vermilion, yellow ochre and indigo on their cheeks, and feathers—red, horse, and moose hair—on their heads, wampum and beads, bracelets and gorgets, round their arms and necks. The sun shone out gloriously, and the *coup d'œil* was most enlivening; several Indians had brought up their horses, and rode about at a break-neck rate over the stumps and logs. The Council Lodge had been metamorphosed into a pay office; a door opened on each side, through which the Indians were to pass, and receive their pay from the agents at a long counter, upon which the contents of the money-box, some twenty-seven thousand dollars, were shoved up in goodly rows. Some of the traders, especially the Grignons, beset the door of egress, and as every Indian passed out, received the amount he owed for goods received on time. Thus it frequently happened that an Indian came away from the lodge as empty handed as he entered it, the squaws alone hesitating, and frequently refusing to part with the dollars at once.

The moment the last dollar was paid, down went the American flag, and the agent and his men rushed to their boat, plied their oars, and plied off from the scene of action. Then the whisky sellers took the field. The young Indians clubbed together, and bought barrels of fire-water, knocked in their heads with their clubs and tomahawks, and helped their friends all round to bowls and cups of the spirit, above proof real fire-water.

The result may be anticipated; the whole village became a scene of riot and debauchery. I retreated to my friendly trader's lodge, and found him expostulating with a few young Indians upon the folly and wickedness of getting drunk. Indeed, this good man's words and example seemed to have considerable effect on his hearers; he begged of them to quit the village, bag and baggage, now they were paid. Several followed his advice at once, and others began to remove the mats, &c., from their lodges; while the Indians who lived in his vicinity lodged their money for safe keeping in his hands. One old trapper actually deposited forty dollars with him, but would not go home—no, he preferred plunging in the midst of the riot and revelry. Next morning I hardly knew him, as he sneaked up, all covered with dirt and blood, to ask for his bundle.

That evening the rain came down in torrents. My host stood at the door of his lodge, and endeavoured to prevail on the Indians to pass on, and go home, but their drunken friends soon found them out. They came with kettles and cans full of whisky, which they insisted we should taste. My host obstinately refused, and the result was that a good deal of whisky was spilt, the Indians forcing cans of it against our lips, while we evaded the torrent; this was the most disagreeable part of the entertainment.

At night we barricaded the door with empty barrels and logs, but the Indians still came begging for money to buy more whisky, and the rain entered the roof and sides of our lodge. My blanket was saturated; and at midnight I sat up, finding it impossible to close an eye amidst the wild howling, terrific shouts, screams, love and war songs, of the drunken savages without. As my host observed, it was worse than bedlam brook loose—it was like hell upon earth. Crowds of unhappy children crawled round our own lodge, crying bitterly; some of them contrived to creep into the empty barrels at our door, and that barrier was broken down before morning with a loud crash.

The grey morning dawned heavily upon the Wolf River. As I went forth and looked around, not a third of the tents, lodges,

and wigwams were standing; all was misery and wretchedness. The ground was covered with drunken savages, stripped of their finery, torn and tangled with filth and briars. The half-breed whisky-sellers plied their vile vocation, determined to sell every drop of liquor they brought to the ground. All the respectable traders had huddled up their goods and retreated, or prepared to start away in canoes. I was not a little surprised to see the old squaws gliding about with rifles, war-clubs, and tomahawks, under their arms, in fact they are the only efficient police, carrying off their husbands' weapons before a carouse, to prevent bloodshed if possible."

### A Picture of Misery.

Mary Egan was complained of as a common drunkard. The testimony of constable Whipple disclosed a sad scene in the drunkard's home.—He had been called to the house repeatedly; and on one occasion he found Mary perfectly mad with liquor—one of her children, but ten years old, lying on the floor dead drunk, two others partially intoxicated; covered with bruises, and gory with blood from wounds inflicted on each other. Your honor, said Whipple, the scenery there is sometimes shocking. In one of her drunken fits, Mary fell against the post of a trundle bedstead and knocked out her left eye.

The Court found her guilty, and sentenced her to three months in the house of correction.—*Boston Times.*

So works the system of rum-selling—poor Mary goes to the house of correction, while the man who supplied her and her children with poison goes on to prepare other victims for the clutches of the law. And is it right for the law thus to punish the effect and uphold the cause? We say naught against the sentence.—Mary Egan may be morally insane. The rum-seller may have made her an animal—may have deprived her of moral power, and consigned her to the control of that insane appetite which his liquor uniformly tends to engender. Moral suasion may have no place among her incentives to action, so long as temptation presents itself, and the means of indulgence are at hand. It is possible that nothing short of physical restraint can keep her sober. The law, therefore, puts her under guard, and closes the iron bolt upon her.

But what becomes of the tempter? Every rum-seller is a tempter—he can't help it. The more choice he is of his customers, the better are those whom he marks for his victims. Mary Egan was once as sober as the best of them. The business of rum-selling is an evil, and every rum-seller is a tempter. What is to be done with the tempter?

Says some one—"Use moral suasion. Persuade him to abandon his business. Reason with him—plead with him." Very good, as far as it goes. But will rum-sellers, as a class, abandon their business while they can make money by it? Will moral suasion reach their consciences while their pockets are being filled with dishonest gain? Have they not been long and patiently plied with moral suasion? Have they not been pointed, time and again, to the thirty thousand graves which every year they dig?—To the ten times ten thousand wretches which people our almshouses, stript, degraded, ruined, by their trade? To alike number of malefactors consigned by them to dungeons, iron bars, and manacles? Has not the wife in anguish cried at their doors—"Give me back my husband?"—Has not the stricken mother supplicated them to rob her not of her son—her dependence, her hope? Have not legions of children, starving and in rags, beset their dwellings, and stretched forth their little hands, and implored the rum-seller to loosen his death grasp on their father and their protector? And has not all this "moral suasion" been lost, or repelled with insult and reproach? Have such men hearts to be reached with sympathy? Have they consciences to be penetrated by truth? Tell us not of "moral suasion" for rum-sellers—for men who now sell strong drink in this noon day of light. Moral suasion has done its office, and sifted their ranks of all who possessed the ordinary sympathies and sensibilities of human nature. Those who are left are hirelings—mercenary tools, who have sold themselves to the old adversary for the pieces of silver. So long as the silver is forthcoming, so long will they do their master's work—so long will they continue to curse the earth, and convert it into a hell.

After the years of endurance and labor spent on the rum traffic, we are entitled to the conclusion that the men who now sell rum can only be starved out or whipped out. And we maintain that this assertion is not uncharitable.—Their profits must be taken away, or the whip of public scorn must be applied to their back,

or the stubborn lash of law must be laid on.—We go for all these measures, and as much "moral suasion" as any one may choose to mingle with them. The urgency of the case calls for every remedy that can be used. To talk of law in this relation is unpopular. But, on the other hand, is it not preposterous to build dungeons for the poor drunkard, and pile up statute on statute enacting penalties for his misconduct, and, at the same time, to throw the cloak of protection and privilege on the drunkard maker? If law is out of place on this subject then let the victim go free as well as the perfidious wretch that ensnares him. If it will not do to restrain the tiger what justice is there in chaining his prey? Why must the rabid beast enjoy liberty, while fetters are made for the poor maniac that he has bitten?

We believe the time is not far distant when men will see clearly and correctly on this subject. The cloud of dust that has darkened the moral atmosphere is fast disappearing. We shall not be wanting in efforts to aid its dissipation.

### Poor Law Commissioners Report on the Stationary Condition of Great Britain.

This important document contains some valuable information and statements in reference to the question of total abstinence, which for some time past we have been anxious to transfer to our columns. At present we can only find room for the following striking testimony to the soundness and excellence of our principles, and the great practical importance of their adoption by both masters and men.

EVIDENCE OF WM. FAIRBAIRN, ESQ. OF MANCHESTER, ENGINEER.—What number of workmen do you employ? About 680 in Manchester, and between 400 and 500 in London. What are their habits in respect to sobriety? I may mention that I strictly prohibit in my work the use of beer or fermented liquors of any sort, also of tobacco: I enforce the prohibition of fermented liquors so strongly, that if I found any man transgressing the rules in that respect, I would instantly discharge him, without allowing him time to put on his coat.—Have you any peculiar grounds for adopting the course? No; but, as respects myself, I wish to have an orderly set of workmen: and in the next place, I am decidedly of opinion that it is better for the men themselves and for their families.—Are you aware that it is a prevalent opinion that strong drink is necessary as a stimulus for the performance of labor? I am aware that that was formerly a prevalent opinion amongst both employers and labourers? But it is now very generally abandoned: there are nevertheless, some foundries in which there is drinking throughout the works, all day long. It is observable, however, of the men employed as workmen, that they do not *their work so well, their perceptions are clouded, and they are stupefied and heavy.* I have provided water for the use of my men engaged in every department of the work. In summer time, the men employed in the hardest work, such as the strikers to the heavy forges, drink water very copiously. In general the men who drink water, are really more active, and do more work, and are more healthy, than the workmen who drink fermented liquors. I observed on a late journey to Constantinople, that the boatmen or rowers to the Caizue, who are perhaps the first rowers in the world, drank nothing but water—and they drink it profusely during the hot months of the summer: they are in my opinion the first men in Europe as regards their physical development and they are all water drinkers; they may take a little sherbet, but in other respects are what we call in this country teetotalers.—You may be aware that it is a prevalent notion that pre-eminently good workmen are great drunkards? It certainly was so formerly, and in some places may be so still; but a very great change and great improvement is in progress—a higher moral feeling has taken place among them than formerly. Then the very clever and the very drunken workmen are becoming less identified? Much less, and they are less in demand; for the drunken workmen can never be depended on."

### PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—This society is entering upon a course of vigorous exertion in the West of Scotland, having wisely secured the finews of war by the contribution of nearly £1000 to a year of special effort. Next, they have secured the services of several men of talent and eloquence to give lectures in all our

towns and villages, the comploment of advocates being made up by the voluntary and gratuitous labours of a number of well known and esteemed supporters of the Society in the West of Scotland; and thirdly, meetings are arranged at nearly one hundred places for the remainder of the year. We cannot withhold our opinion that efforts so great and disinterested for an object which all must allow to be good and necessary, "the suppression of intemperance," deserve success, and that the duty of the public is at least to give their attendance at these meetings, and their respectful and candid attention to the arguments which may be laid before them. The first of the series of lectures in Glasgow was given in the Rev. Dr. Eadie's Church, Cambridge Street, on Monday evening last, to a crowded audience, by Mr. Edward Grubb, of the Royal College, Belfast. The lecture was replete with philosophical argument and interesting illustration, rivetting the attention and eliciting the approval of the hearers to its termination.—*Renfrewshire Reformer*.

**TEETOTALISM.**—On the evening of Monday last, Edward Grubb, Esq., of the Belfast College, delivered a lecture on abstinence from intoxicating liquors, in the Secession Church, Paisley.—The chair was occupied by C. J. Kennedy, who opened the meeting with prayer. The talented Lecturer handled his subject in a masterly manner, displaying considerable originality of thought and mode of illustration. At the conclusion of the lecture Mr. Grubb intimated that a series of lectures would be delivered in Paisley during the next three months by a number of gentlemen, and bespoke, for them and for himself on his next visit, the attendance of those present, and their candid consideration of the statements made in favor of the principles of entire abstinence from all that intoxicates. Dr. Richmond, in moving a vote of thanks to the Lecturer, referred to the bath movement, and urged upon the members of the Total Abstinence Society the propriety of their assisting in the establishment of public baths, as being the means of promoting not only the comforts of those that availed themselves of their advantages, but also because the establishment of such baths would materially assist in promoting the great object that teetotalers had in view. (Applause.) The large church was filled with a most attentive audience, principally composed of working men. We understand the second lecture of the course will be delivered on Tuesday evening first, by Mr. W. Logan of the Glasgow City Mission.—*Id.*

**SCOTLAND.**—At the last annual conference of the Scottish Temperance Union, an interesting report was presented of their proceedings during the past year. Among other information we learn, that during that time they have issued *forty thousand Journals, two hundred and sixty thousand tracts*, with a large lot of almanacs, temperance letter paper, and a variety of other publications. It appears also that *seven thousand nine hundred and sixty-five* have joined the society. Amongst various suggestions for promoting this cause during the ensuing year, they propose that an effort be made to get the temperance subject introduced into schools, and presented to the minds of children, as other branches of education. A more extensive system of visitation connected with the circulation of tracts, and employment of a considerable number of lecturers, and also the improvement of coffee-houses. The report further states that there is on the part of the people generally, a greater willingness to hear statements in support of our cause, than at any former period. It is determined that the year 1845 shall be signalized as a year of extraordinary effort, and be termed the *effort year*: numerous regulations were proposed and adopted for calling public attention to the subject of temperance, throughout the whole of Scotland. We sincerely hope that their labors will be abundantly blessed, and that the friends of temperance in this country will be stimulated to follow their example.—*Journal Ann. Temp. Union*.

**THE ELECTION. THE ELECTION.**—We hope every lover of his country will spare no pains to spread abroad at the present time the principles of temperance, and boldly oppose the use of intoxicating liquors for the abominable purpose of blinding the judgments of voters at the polls. Accounts from all parts of the country have thus far been very encouraging. Never have mass meetings throughout our land exhibited so little drunkenness as at the present season. We bless God for it. But the coming month will be one in which there will be great interests at stake. We can have but little of the public ear. We must fall back upon what we have done, hold fast if we can, and rejoice if we get safe out of the whirlpool in which we may be enveloped. Where temperance meetings can be sustained, let them be. They will check the evil we deprecate. Let ministers lift up their voice of warning and voice of entreaty every Sabbath. Great excitement in

the public mind will do us little harm, if we stand firm to our posts.—*Id.*

**NOTES OF A TRAVELLER.**—In a more recent journey through the great State of New York, at the extreme and its centre, at its fashionable watering places, and at the Falls of Niagara, nature's great specimen of wonders, and at all these places long and full tables were arranged from one end to the other of magnificent halls, where hundreds were seated at dinner, I frequently cast a look through the multitude without seeing a single glass holding any other beverage than water, nature's drink, and the only drink with which man can slake his thirst; and the instance was rare, very rare, to find a person who dared to brave public opinion so far as to place a bottle of wine or porter at his side; and the custom of drinking health and exchanging civilities, I was pleased to see, is becoming fashionable by a glass of water, in place of any of the poisonous mixtures of alcohol, wines, &c. Now contemplate for a moment this delightful change, which began with the early temperance movements, and its maturity hastened by Hawkins and others, who have so gloriously come to the rescue and worked without flinching or tiring, nothing but the love of God and the cause to urge them onward.

Now, to complete the cap-stone, to put the finish upon this God-like edifice we invite the moderate drinker, moving in the circles of fashion, to abstain, that his nerves may be made steady, that his mind may be tranquil, and his reason unimpaired—to give this last touch to this glorious work, destined to shed light and reason to subsequent generations in the bosom of time.—*Mercantile Journal*.

**A TEETOTAL TOWN.**—The village of Bloomingburg, Fayette county, Ohio, containing several hundred inhabitants, with several churches, stores, mechanics' shops, and taverns, contains not in itself, nor is there in its neighbourhood, a *dram shop*, groggery grocery, tavern, or any other place, where intoxicating drinks can be had as a beverage. This must be a peaceful and prosperous place, and well deserving its name of *Blooming-burgh*. If the glorious cause of temperance continues its onward and successful course there will be many such towns in our country.

**NOBLE ACT OF AN AMERICAN HOUSE.**—From the following letter we learn that when the license at Maui, in Lahaina, S. I., was recently set up at auction, it was bid in by an American house, at the large sum of \$1,310, and bought in for the noble purpose of laying it under the table, and suffering no sale of liquor in that place for one year. We suppose it embraced the whole trade of the place, and that the individual making the purchase could farm out licenses to others, and thus, if he felt disposed, make money on this bid. The act was a noble one, and speaks well for this American house.

*Letter from Peck & Co., dealers in Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Groceries, Bills of Exchange, &c., at Maui, to L. D. Cook, Esq., of Sag Harbor.*

DEAR SIR,—Herewith, we send a list of ships at this port since June. A large number of ships are now due, among which is a number from your port. The *Ontario* and *Bayard* have sailed to day. Since the restoration of the Island by Great Britain there has been no local news of importance. France not having acknowledged their independence, the Government feel bound to adhere to a former treaty with that government, and countenance the traffic in ardent spirits. One license only was to be granted for this island, which was sold at auction this day, and we were the purchasers at \$1,310, and should have paid as high as \$2,000, rather than have had it fall into other hands. Our object is to lay it upon the shelf, and, if possible, suppress the sale of it at this Island. Nine tenths of the difficulty that masters of ships have with their crews at this port, originate from the groggeries; the last year there have been licensed ten houses, but after the first of next month (April,) we hope and trust a sailor will not be able to procure a glass of liquor at this port.

We remain, Very truly,

PECK & Co.

Maui, Sandwich Islands, 20th March.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**WORK FOR FATHER MATHEW.**—In a letter from England to the *Emancipator*, Prof. Wright gives this picture of the prevalent beer drinking habits of England, which though humorously told, affords much occasion for sorrow. England may be said to live under beercraft. In this let me not be misunderstood to speak dis-

respectfully of the noble brewers, many of whom write *sir* before and *bart*, after their names. They are all honorable persons, I hope and trust; but the craft to which they were born or bred, does, I am sure, cost England immeasurable woe. O that I had the eye of a prophet and could say that there was visible in the dimmest distance of the future, any thorough relief. As it is, sanguine hope, without seeing anything, guesses that deliverance must come, somehow and at some time or other. Till the beercraft is removed—till the people get the clear heads and strong hearts which pure water gives—in vain you aim at reform. Suppose you abolish the taxes and tithes, and give England a cheap government, and free church and full suffrage, to what will it amount so far as the masses are concerned? Precisely to more beer and consequences of beer! I may be mistaken; truly I have found warm and zealous promoters of thorough temperance, but they seem to be regarded as the maddest of fanatics. Nine men out of ten among the labouring classes, so far as I have been able to observe, and I have been quite inquisitive, have not the slightest barrier between themselves and stupidity and drunkenness, but their inability to get enough of beer. It is their undoubted creed that beer is a blessing, and one of their deepest sorrows that their wages will not allow them to get plenty of it, with a drop or two of gin by the way of luxury. Look at poor Chartism, befogged in beer! fighting as often as any way against itself, and selling to its worst enemies even the little suffrage it commands! If the masses of England could be roused to enter upon the career so gloriously begun by those of Ireland, they would soon take a position which would settle many of the knottiest questions of politics, and political evils would be swept away like the meshes of the spider. The state and the church would then take their places as servants of the people—not masters. Yet with all this, which to an American mind is so evident, staring them in the face, there are plenty of sincere philanthropists here, enemies of slavery, of corn laws, of church tyranny, of a vampyre aristocracy, who will pity you for not drinking wine with them! who will raise the cup of Circe to their own lips, and then lament the oppression and degradation of England's poor! Put the brewers of England in the same condition with her feudal castles and monasteries, and her poor will soon take care of the other vampyres.—*N. Y. Eb.*

**TEMPERANCE AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.**—It will be recollected that one of the objects of the great French missionary enterprise at the Sandwich Islands, which was carried on by sword and cannon, was the propagation, not of the gospel, but of fourth-proof brandy. A solemn treaty was entered into, guaranteeing to his most Christian Majesty, the King of the French, his heirs and assigns, the privilege of introducing as much of this missionary instrumentality as there was room for. This treaty is still un repealed, and France stands before the world, the only governmental grog-seller on the globe. Recently, the usual license for the island of Maui, to which but one is granted by the Government, was sold at auction; and we are happy to say that a mercantile firm at Lahaina, originally from this country, have done themselves the great honor of purchasing it at a great sacrifice, for the sole purpose of suppressing the sale of ardent spirits on the island. They paid \$1310 for it, and had made up their minds to give \$2000, rather than to have it fall into the hands of those who would make use of it. Ninetenths, these gentlemen say, of all the difficulties that masters of ships have with their crews originate at the grog shops; and their determination is that not a drop shall be sold on the Island during the year.—*ib.*

**MORE FRENCH AGGRESSION.**—By a letter in the Missionary Herald from Rev. Mr. Walker, missionary in the Gaboon River, West Africa, we learn that the French have obtained the cession of King Glass's dominions, in which the mission is situated, by a most unwarrantable procedure. For a considerable time, the French, who had obtained a lot and erected some buildings, had been urging the natives to place themselves under the protection of the French government, but without success. On the night of the 27th of March, the captain of a French merchant vessel came ashore to King Glass, bringing with him a jug of brandy. He pled the King and another influential man in the government, with the brandy till both were intoxicated. He then presented them a paper which purposed to be a friendly letter from Louis Philippe, and induced them to sign their names to it. To the surprise and grief of the King and all his subjects, he found the next morning, that he had unknowingly signed a treaty by which he had surrendered his dominions to the French government. Great excitement was produced among the natives, who met in council, and assured the French commander that the King had

no authority thus to cede away his dominions. They in vain attempted by remonstrances to regain possession of the fraudulent treaty. The missionaries were in doubt what would be the ultimate result of this whole transaction. But it illustrates the cupidity of those who thus by fraud attempted to gain that which they could not by honest means. We hope the time will come when governments will be constrained to be honest as well as individuals.—*ib.*

**FRUITS OF REPEAL.**—The repealers in the Green Isle seem about to furnish an illustration of the old adage, that it is an ill wind that blows no good. Whatever may be thought of the repeal movement, some of the measures to which they resort to promote it, are undeniably good.—Among these is a late one, to unite in a pledge of total abstinence from excisable articles, at least from ardent spirits and tobacco, until the union is repealed. The plan was proposed by the son of O'Connell, and is said to have originated with Father Mathew—that worthy gentleman thinking it a very good contrivance for bringing into the Temperance ranks some who would not take the pledge for its own sake. As the repeal feeling is well nigh universal, it is to be hoped that this net will receive all, and that the repeal will be delayed long enough to establish the pledgers in their good habits of total abstinence.—Some such repeal, on this side the water, would not be without its benefits.—*New-York Evangelist.*

**THE FACT AND THE CAUSE.**—The Lowell Washingtonian says—It is a fact that within a short period, six or eight of our most extensive liquor dealers have abandoned the traffic and why? Because the friends of temperance have fixed a stigma upon it. Because he who sells liquor without a license is looked upon as a man who is guilty of a gross violation of law, and does not demean himself like a good citizen. All know that there are unprincipled men enough in every community who are willing to engage in this traffic, provided they can do so without suffering the penalties of law. But these same men will willingly get out of it when they find they cannot continue in it, without subjecting themselves to heavy pecuniary losses and the just indignation and censure of a virtuous and temperance community. Such is the operation of legal suasion in this city and country. Few are engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors in this region, who have a very high regard for their reputation. The business has passed and is fast passing into the hands of unprincipled men—men who glory in their shame and make a boast of their ill-gotten gains—But these men can be made to abandon their business. Just put the legal screws upon them and they will back out, for they love money and don't like to pay it away in fines—they love liberty, and do not like to be confined within prison walls.—*Journal Am. Tem. Union.*

**SABBATH MOVEMENT.**—The more we contemplate it, the more do we hail the Sabbath movement as doing great things for temperance. The vast travel on the line of railroads and the business on the canals and at public depots, offered great temptations to the rumseller. His business on that day seemed most important of any in the week; for, as idle loungers had more leisure to drink and less need of clear heads and firm limbs, they gave themselves up to degrees of inebriety which were often exceedingly shameful. In the cities, too, Sabbath rumselling was a great nuisance. The trade acknowledged that one fifth of their whole profits for the week, was gathered in on that day. But the tide is turning.—Railroad speed is rendering Sabbath travelling needless and unprofitable. More than 700 miles of railroad in the United States now rest on the Sabbath; and soon as the Post Office department, now suffering a blight from the Almighty, shall learn righteousness and yield up the practice of sending the mail on the Sabbath, scarce an engine will be fired up on this day, appointed for universal rest. In New York State, more than 1200 captains of canal boats have signed petitions that the locks may not be opened on the Sabbath. More than 18 out of 20 of the boatmen who have seen the petitions, have signed, the same, and all the forwarders from New York to Buffalo. In Pennsylvania, a large number of boats have long ceased running; and in New York, Boston and other cities, our municipal authorities, are coming promptly up to the execution of the laws which prohibit the promiscuous sale, on this day, of intoxicating drinks. Surely when all things are thus conspiring to aid the temperance reformation, its friends should take courage and renew their strength, and press onward in the conflict to their sure and glorious victory.—*ib.*

**TEMPERANCE AND CRIME.**—We held a conversation a day or two ago with one of our most active police magistrates, and in the course of it, the subject of prosecutions and commitments for what are known as criminal cases came up. He told us that he

had kept a record, and since the first of March last, he had sat in judgment on 160 cases, and out of the whole of them, there were but 12 which could not be traced to the grog-shop. It turned out, too, that the grog-shops were of the lowest character. And from them came most of the cases—they are sent to the jail or the almshouse, and for them the citizens of Baltimore and the county have to pay a heavy tax.—*Baltimore Sun.*

**A GOOD REFLECTION.**—When I saw the people to-day flocking to the churches, I could not help asking, is this the city of a hundred grog-shops, are all these people in favor of the perpetuation of these grog-shops? If not why are they tolerated?—*Mr. French's speech at New Haven.*

**EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE IN A RESPECTABLE FAMILY.**—On Thursday, July 4th, Mr. S. Johnson, a salesman in Billingsgate, went home from the market at his usual dinner hour; no dinner, however, was provided, and Mrs. J. was in a state of intoxication. As a natural consequence, the husband began to remonstrate with his wife upon her highly improper conduct. While he was speaking, his drink-inflamed wife snatched up a table-knife, and thrust the blade through his head, just between the nape of his neck and the skull. The wounded sufferer was carried at once to Guy's Hospital, where he now lies with slight hopes of recovering, while his miserable partner is lying in prison. *Females! come forward and wash your hands of all "part and lot" in the support of the drinking customs which cause and perpetuate such acts and scenes as this.—English paper.*

## POETRY.

We ask for the following a careful reading by the rumseller:—

### I'll not forsake him now.

The hour of midnight has arrived,  
And louder howls the storm;  
In vain I've watched, this wintry night,  
For that dear cherished form:  
He comes not back—I've watched in vain—  
My broken spirits bow;  
Though he has left me destitute,  
I'll not forsake him now.

A few short years have passed away  
Since, in my youthful pride,  
I stood beside the sacred shrine,  
And I was called his bride,  
The flowers that bloomed around me then,  
Are seen no longer now;  
But though I've trod a thorny path,  
I'll not forsake him now.

I shared his joys in prosperous hours,  
When all was bright and fair,  
And since the cloud of darkness lowers,  
His poverty I'll share;  
And like a guardian angel stand,  
To calm the inebriate's brow;  
Though he's despised by former friends,  
I'll not forsake him now.

But my poor suffering children—  
For them I weep, I sigh;  
Their father is a drunkard now,  
He does not heed their cry.  
I will perform a mother's part,  
And sooth each aching brow;  
Though they are scorned on his account,  
I'll not forsake him now.

For hope still lingers in my heart,  
And smooths life's rugged way—  
The time may come when he'll reform,  
And cast the bowl away.  
God speed the time! when it arrives,  
'Twill calm my throbbing brow,  
Though I am shunned because of him,  
I'll not forsake him now!

—*Jour. Am. Temp. Union*

## CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

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

### PLEDGE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

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

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 15, 1844.

### Suitable Ways No. 1.

The exertions made to promote the Temperance cause in Canada have been eminently successful; many whose indiscretion and intemperance had reduced them to beggary and rendered them the offscouring of society, have signed the total abstinence pledge, and are now able to take care of themselves and their families; they own their Mills, Shops, Factories, Stores, Farms, and Dwelling-houses. They are useful members of our literary, scientific, agricultural, educational and charitable institutions; every night and morning hundreds of reformed drunkards lay the sacrifice of broken and contrite hearts on the altar of family devotion, they encourage the benevolent operations of the day, and are found in our Sabbath Schools and Churches. Such happy results ought to encourage us *not* to tack ship and steer a different course, *not* to dismantle our gallant vessel and throw Chart and Compass over-board, *not* to compromise with the privateers out of courtesy, *not* to furl our sails because we have a fair wind, a smooth sea and an unclouded sun, but to nail our flag to the mast, keep a watch on deck, good men at the helm, and with sounding lead and line, and an eye fixed on the guiding star of truth, go on our way rejoicing.

I do not conceive the temperance ship is in danger of foundering at sea or running ashore, or that there are any symptoms of mutiny on board, or that the working hands are anxious to become passengers; but there is a little difference of opinion about the management of the ship, and as I have been two years before the mast and more, I ask permission to suggest a few thoughts on the questions at issue. If the *Advocate* be accessible I will write two or three communications for its columns, and endeavor to prove that to alter, amend or abridge the well tried pledge; to compromise with half-hearted friends who have endorsed the moderation principle—to lease or rent buildings to be used as Taverns, Breweries or Distilleries—to sell grain to those who will convert it into whisky—to grant licences or sign recommendations for licenses—to make and vend intoxicating drink.—to asperse the motives or oppose the exertions of uncompromising tee-totalers—to patronise Rum Taverns and Rum Groceries in preference to those managed on temperance principles—to encourage intemperate school teachers or preachers who drink—to allow infractions of the pledge to pass unnoticed—to make, sell, use or give away intoxicating drinks—are *not suitable ways* to promote the advancement of the temperance reformation. That to sign the pledge and keep it inviolate, and urge others to copy our example in this respect—to attend, as punctually as possible, private and public meetings to advance the cause—to patronise constantly, and pay for promptly, temperance publications—to contribute cheerfully, liberally and judiciously, to the funds of the Society—to be willing to sacrifice ease and time, as well as capital, to forward temperance, to contrive plans and carry them into execution



for the suppression of drunkenness, to encourage temperance stores and temperance houses of entertainment—to allow no intoxicating drinks to be used on our premises or by persons in our employment, to petition Parliament in a respectful manner on all suitable occasions—to distribute temperance documents—secure names to the pledge—organise societies—agitate the question, avow attachment to the cause at home and abroad, in the stage and on the steamboat, in the drawing room and the railroad car, in the workshop and in the field, and last but not least, to pray for the prosperity of total abstinence, are suitable ways to ensure the triumph of our magnanimous cause.

With regard to petitioning Parliament, I will avail myself of this opportunity to state that in my humble opinion, it is the bounden duty of teetotalers to petition immediately, those who enact and those who enforce our laws, to examine the wide map of moral desolation, physical degradation, and mental alienation occasioned by intemperance; to see the deserted hearth and the crowded cell, the hovel of the purchaser and the palace of the vender of rum. Let us call on our Legislators in the name of every argument that can move the intellect, in the name of every appeal that can approach the hearts, in the name of every hope that points to Heaven, in the name of orphans who beg, and wives and widows who weep, in the names of the victims who suffer, and the taxed who support them; in the name of charity and christianity, in the name of humanity and Heaven, to erase from our statute books the foul stain which gives unmerited dignity, importance and respectability, to the abominable traffic in intoxicating drinks. Let every Township and District Union, and every Society and every individual Member take this subject into consideration, and employ forthwith all laudable measures for the suppression of intemperance.

J. W. BUNGAY.

Beech-Woods, October 1, 1844.

#### SIGNS OF IMPROVEMENT.

We have often had occasion to lament the apathy of the Christian public of Britain with respect to the temperance reformation; and we have, therefore, much pleasure in extracting the following paragraphs which indicate the commencement of an awakening. The first is from the pen of a widely known and much venerated writer:—

*The keeping open Public Houses.*—Public houses are the curse of Scotland. I never see a sign, "Licensed to sell spirits," without thinking it is a license to ruin souls. They are the yawning avenues to poverty and rags in this life, and as another has said, "the short cut to hell." Is it to be tamely borne in this land of light and reformation, that these pest-houses and dens of iniquity—these men-traps for precious souls—shall be open on the Sabbath—nay, that they shall be enriched and kept afloat by this unholy traffic, many of them declaring that they could not keep up their shop if it were not for the Sabbath day? Surely we may well say, "Cursed is the gain made on that day." Poor wretched man! Do you not know that every penny that rings upon your counter on that day, will eat your flesh as if it were fire—that every drop of liquid poison swallowed in your gas-lit palaces will only serve to kindle up the flame of "the fire that is not quenched."—*McCheyne's Memoirs.*

The second is an extract from the *London Christian Witness*, the organ of English Congregationalists:—

The *American Temperance Union* presents to the Christian philosopher a momentous theme of meditation. In spite of all the extravagance which has occasionally mingled with the movement, it is, beyond dispute, one of the most magnificent moral confederacies that the world has yet witnessed. Fools alone will laugh at it, and only he who is something more than a fool will lift a finger in opposition to it. This great cause is now in the third stage of its career: the first was "temper-

ance," when wine was allowed; the second was "total abstinence;" the third Washingtonianism. Nearly 200,000 persons in the States, within a recent date, have been rescued from intemperance. The success of the cause is already such as to sustain *thirty newspapers!* And so far has public opinion come round, that it is supported by nearly all the papers, both religious and secular, throughout the union. A large portion of Members of Congress, six Governors of States, and "the great body of the ministers of the gospel," hold in their hand "the banner of abstinence from intoxicating drink." In the city of New York, during the past year, upwards of 4,000 seamen joined the cause, making now a total of 16,000 enrolled sailors. In Brooklyn, 900 joined during the past winter; in Charleston, 1,200 signed, and twenty-two out of the twenty-four pilots in that city were staunch members of the Society. On the lakes and canals, the cause has spread with a rapidity beyond calculation, especially on Lake Erie, where there was scarce a seaman left who had not signed the pledge. The American navy, too, has yielded to "the voice of the charmer." Hundreds of officers and seamen in the navy yards of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston, are active members of the body. While the *Brandy-wine* frigate lay at a foreign port, some English officers remarked to her noble commodore, "Your vessel has been misnamed; her officers drink neither brandy nor wine." The Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, in the course of an admirable speech, bore the following testimony:—"The temperance reformation," says he, "has changed the very face of nature. No man can travel through New England and fail to see that the very landscape has been transformed by its power. Every one now remarks the increased beauty of New England fields; the gardens are more elegant; the barn-yards are neater; the very grass is greener than it was twenty years ago. What has caused...? It is because the farmers of New England have thrown from their shoulders a tremendous burden of taxation. When we first began to preach temperance, how did we cipher all over New England to show what wonders would be accomplished with the money then expended upon intoxicating drinks. And this has all been made real. The farmer has saved what he used to drink. The mechanic and day-labourer can now command comforts they then did not possess. The farmer now spends what he used to drink in improving his farm, in increasing the productivity of his fields; and thus has the very face of nature been transformed beneath the power of this temperance reformation, beneath the progress of this simple idea. The country has been growing rich under its operation. Cargoes that used to be sunk through the carelessness of drunken captains and seamen, now come into the treasury of the merchant; and the country is thus become commercially wealthy in the results of this great reform."

This question merits infinitely more attention than has yet been bestowed upon it by the Christians of Great Britain. Drunkenness is the parent of half our poverty, and of more than half our crime!

The third is from the proceedings of the Commission of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland:—

#### Report on the State of Religion.

Mr. Macfarlane read the report on the State of religion in Scotland. It stated the opinion of the Committee to be, that there existed throughout the country a great amount of spiritual deadness—a degree of insensibility to matters of eternity, as compared with the things of time, much to be deplored. This had been growing upon the people for a long period, and might be traced in a great measure to the want of *faithfulness* on the part of their spiritual teachers—to the want of due discipline in the Church, which had thereby, and from other causes, declined, till the testimony which she raised against the Wickedness of the land, was weak and ineffectual. The Report then more particularly refers to the state of the Church, and the errors to which she is liable, or into which she has fallen, and next to society, showing as above, first its character generally, and then the particular vices, such as Sabbath desecration, intemperance, &c. indulged in, and to what extent; and, after giving a few practical suggestions, concludes with an earnest appeal of the Committee to the ministers of the Free Church, to use the means God has put into their hands to evangelise the nation, and to take for their encouragement the earnest of success which had already crowned their labours.

Dr. Burns said, though not a member of Commission, he might be excused for testifying his approval of the very excellent Report

they had just heard read: he would particularly refer to that portion of it which referred to intemperance, and the approval given to the Temperance Societies, which had done so much to destroy this great social curse. The American pulpits had united to put down the evil, and had all but achieved a victory, and he was pleased that the matter had been brought before the ministers of the Free Church, in connection with the Report. Twenty years ago the condition of the United States was well fitted to excite tears and lamentations. The vice of intemperance was rampant, but the Presbyterians united with the Methodists and other religious bodies to stop its progress. They adopted first the pledge of abstinence from ardent spirits, but finding that other intoxicating liquors to the amount of fifty in number were in use—they went a step farther, and total abstinence became the order of the day, and now the American churches can bear witness to the benefit of it. In the temperance agitation in America, the national character had developed itself; there was a tendency to run into extremes in this matter, and to make that a test of church membership which was only a matter of Christian expediency. This had partially occurred, but the majority of the churches held the principle in its true light. In regard to Canada, her most distinguished ministers were abstainers, and he believed that those friendly to the Deputation, were so to a man.

The Report having been approved of, the Commission adjourned on the 11th of September.

The fourth appears in a widely circulated paper published in London; we do not envy the feelings of wine drinking ministers in reading it:—

**TEE-TOTAL MISSIONARIES.**—Extract from a letter in the *Non-conformist* newspaper of April 10th, signed "C. Rattary, Missionary," and dated "Demerara, Feb. 2d, 1844;":—"My own opinion is, that no man who will not abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors should be sent out as a missionary; and I know that most of my brethren in this part of the world are of the same mind. Our convictions are so strong on this view of the subject, that the arrival of a drinker, however moderate, to become one of our number, would be deemed a curse rather than a blessing, unless he at once and forever abandon the use of strong drink. And if there be in this colony one missionary who does conform to the drinking usages of society, there are at least ten nonconformists to whom only the conversion of such a one to total abstinence would be greater cause of joy than his departure from the country, never to return. At each of our stations there are hundreds of staunch teetotallers. At the one with which I am most intimately acquainted, there is not, so far as I am aware, a single member of the church who uses any kind of intoxicating drink, unless it be strictly for medical purposes. The influence of our temperance meetings, and the temperate habits of our people, are creating a marked difference between the church-going and the chapel-going people throughout the country. In this part of the missionary field, the missionaries generally are, though men of peace, long ago committed to a perpetual war with the drinking usages of society."

**HOPE FOR SCOTLAND.**—Dr. Chalmers says there is hope for the ecclesiastical redemption of Scotland if the people will only give up the use of snuff. The inhabitants of the isle of Islay alone use annually \$30,000 worth. Let them sacrifice this, and they can sustain their churches. We wonder whether the Doctor has looked after the whisky;—whether the Montreal memorial on the subject of using intoxicating liquors ever came to his knowledge. We understand it was somehow shut out from the General Assembly, where it was to have been read. Two millions sterling without doubt are used by the Free Church for strong drinks. O that she were wise! When she gives up snuff, tobacco and whisky, then indeed she will be worthy the appellation of the Free Church of Scotland.—*American Temperance Union.*

With reference to the above paragraph we may state that the memorial to the Free Church, which was published in our 16th May number, and kindly copied into the *Journal of the American Temperance Union*, has, so far as we know, obtained no publicity on the other side of the Atlantic. Nay, although accompanied by a thousand dollars as a free will offering to the Free Church of Scotland by the memorialists, it was not even presented to that body. The reason assigned for this neglect by Dr. Cunningham, to whom it was intrusted, is, that he mislaid it among his papers

and did not find it until the General Assembly had broken up, after which no suitable opportunity for its presentation occurred. He has, we understand, transmitted it to Dr. Burns to make what use of it he may see fit, promising, at the same time, hearty co-operation. We have good hope that Dr. Burns will yet make it the basis of some effective action.

## EDUCATION.

### WAR.

No body sees a battle. The common soldier fires away amidst a smoke-mist, or hurries on to the charge in a crowd which hides everything from him. The officer is too anxious about the performance of what he is specially charged with, to mind what others are doing. The commander cannot be present everywhere, and see every wood, water-course, or ravine, in which his orders are carried into execution: he learns from reports how the work goes on. It is well; for a battle is one of those jobs which men do without daring to look upon. Over miles of country, at every field-fence, in every gorge of a valley or entry into a wood, there is murder committing—wholesale, continuous, reciprocal murder. The human form—God's image—is mutilated, deformed, lacerated, in every possible way, and with every variety of torture. The wounded are jolted off in carts to the rear, their bared nerves brushed into maddening pain at every stone or rut; or the flight and pursuit trample over them, leaving them to writhe and roar without assistance—and fever, and thirst, the most enduring of painful sensations, possess them entirely. Thirst too has seized upon the yet able-bodied soldier, who with bloodshot eyes and tongue lolling out plies his trade—blaspheming, killing with savage delight, callous when the brains of his best-loved comrade are spattered over him.

The battle-field is if possible, a more painful object of contemplation than the combatants.—They are in their vocation, earning their bread—what will not men do for a shilling a day? But their work is carried on amid the fields, gardens, and homesteads of men unused to war. They who are able have fled before the coming storm, and left their homes, with all that habit and happy associations have made precious, to bear its brunt. The poor, the aged, the sick, are left in the hurry, to be killed by stray shots, or beaten down as the charge and counter charge go over them. The ripening grain is trampled down; the garden is trodden into a black mud; the fruit-trees, bending beneath their luscious load, are shattered by the cannon-shot. Churches and private dwellings are used as fortresses, and ruined in the conflict.—Barns and stack-yards catch fire, and the conflagration spreads on all sides. At night the steed is stabled beside the altar; and the weary homicides of the day complete the wrecking of houses to make their lairs for slumber. The fires of the bivouac complete what the fires kindled by the battle have left unconsumed. The surviving soldiers march on to act the same scenes over again elsewhere; and the remnant of the scattered inhabitants return to find the mangled bodies of those they had loved, amid the blackened ruins of their homes—to mourn with more agonizing grief over the missing, of whose fate they are uncertain—to feel themselves bankrupts of the world's stores, and look from their children to the desolate fields and garners, and think of famine, the pestilence engendered by the rotting bodies of half-buried myriads of slain.

The soldier marches on and on, inflicting and suffering as before. War is a continuance of battles—an epidemic striding from place to place, more horrible than the typhus, pestilence, or cholera which not unfrequently follow in its train. The siege is an aggravation of the battle. The peaceful inhabitants of the beleaguered town are cooped up, and cannot fly the place of conflict. The mutual injuries, inflicted by assailant and assailed, are aggravated—their wrath is more frenzied; then come the storm and the capture, and the riot and lustful excess of the victor soldiery, striving to quench the drunkenness of blood in the drunkenness of wine. The eccentric movements of war—the marching and countermarching—often repeat the blow on districts slowly recovering from the first. Between destruction and the wasteful consumption of the soldiery, poverty pervades the land. Hopeless of the future, hardened by the scenes of which he is a daily witness, perhaps goaded by revenge, the peasant becomes a plunderer and assassin. The horrible cruelties perpetrated by the Spanish

peasantry on the French soldiers who fell into their power, were the necessary consequences of war. The families of the upper classes are dispersed; The discipline of the family circle is removed; a habit of living in the day for the gay—of drowning the thoughts of the morrow in transient and illicit pleasure—is engendered. The waste and desolation which a battle spreads over the battlefield, is as nothing when compared with the moral blight which war diffuses through all ranks of society, in the country which is the scene of war.

The exhaustion caused by war is not confined to the people among whom the fighting takes place. The invaders must have their ranks, thinned by every battle, incessantly recruited. The military chest is a constant drain on the treasures of the nation which sends the invading army. It is in preserving its homes undestroyed and the remnants of its family-circles uncontaminated, and in avoiding the actual view of the agonies of the dying, that the belligerent country which is not the scene of war has any advantage over that which is: but this advantage is almost counterbalanced by the chronic panic—the incessant apprehension which haunts its inhabitants, that the chances of war may bring all its horrors to their gates.

The madness is catching: two nations may begin a war, but it never ends with two. Some infringement of the rights of neutrals involves a third and a fourth in the contest. The exhaustion of the country which was at first the scene of war tempts to a renewal of hostilities with renewed vigour on a virgin field. The ocean becomes as unsafe as the land. The battlefield and the siege find their counterparts in naval actions; and the seas are swept by privateers, the licensed pirates—the “salt-water thieves,” who serve a state for winking at their pillage. The natural channels of industry are dammed up, and artificial ones created. An unhealthy and temporary stimulus is given to the industry of one country by the paralyzed industry of others. New forms and methods of business are introduced by the necessities of convoys; the merchant's speculations must rest upon totally new combinations.—Classes are called into existence who have an interest in perpetuating war: all the agents of belligerent diplomacy, from the ambassador-extraordinary to the spy—the lenders of money to governments and purveyors—the speculators in the plundering expeditions of privateers—soldiers of fortune, who have no longer a country.

Now is the war-interest an obstacle to the return of peace. With every new nation sucked into the vortex of hostilities the ulterior aim of the war has been changed. The object for which it was begun, from a principal, sinks into a secondary, or is altogether forgotten. As interest, temper, or intrigue breaks up old alliances and forms new combinations, new objects keep still emerging. Men forget what they are fighting for, and fight on merely to conquer a peace. Civilians, overburdened with taxes, become seditious clamourers for peace. Soldiers, sick of unceasing butchery, long at last for peace, and play into the hands of foreign diplomatists—as Napoleon's Generals sold him to the Allied Sovereigns, and their country with him. Armies, recruited from any quarter, have lost all sense of national honour. The objectless war is huddled up by an ignominious peace, wished for because men are tired and sickened of fighting, and brought about by treachery and falsehood.

Peace brings with it a momentary gleam of gladness, which quickly subsides in the sense of exhaustion that pervades all nations. The demand for the industry artificially created by war ceases with war. Other branches of industry revive slowly. The cost of war is less than half-defrayed; the debts incurred to carry it on press heavily on impoverished nations. The war-interest is beggared and disintegrated. Men's habits have been unsettled—they cannot at once settle down into the new order of things. The first years of a general peace succeeding a general war are years of bankruptcy and privation—of starving and rioting among the poorer classes, of fraud and political profligacy among the higher.

Such is war, with its sufferings and consequent sorrows. Such is war in Christian and civilized Europe—war in an age and country in which most has been done to subject it to regular laws, and to alleviate its horrors by the moral self-control and refinement of its agents.—Whitewash it as we will, it still remains full of dead men's bones and rottenness within. And they who trust most to it will be sure to feel most severely that it is an engine the direction and efficacy of which defy calculation—which is as apt to recoil upon those who explode it as to carry destruction into the ranks of their adversaries.—*Spectator*.

### Education of the Higher Classes.

Are the rich better cared for? What advantage does the child receive from its educated parents? Its clothing is finer, its food more delicate; but during those six precious years when the brain is acquiring the bent which may form the character through life, it is consigned to the nursery, to the companionship of uneducated and misjudging, perhaps vicious, at any rate, uninterested persons; shut out even more than the children of the poor, from the experience of life, with no conversation to stimulate the young brain to further development; no principles instilled; no curiosity gratified. A dull routine of lessons is perhaps carried on taxing the tender organ beyond its powers, thus inducing instead of preventing disease, while the inquisitiveness, which seems the very instinct of childhood, and the attempt to reason on what is propounded, are sternly repressed; obedience, not self management, is enforced, and the child grows up, notwithstanding the show of learning or accomplishments, with an unregulated mind, ignorant of man's best knowledge, motives, and dependent on circumstances. The boy is then to be sent forth into a world full of difficulties, to sink or swim; to make a character for himself if he can. As well might troops begin to make their muskets when the enemy is in sight.—*Rev. J. Barlow, M. A.*

### Wealth of China.

It is calculated, that the Chinese empire contains at least half as much wealth and industry as the remainder of the globe. The great body of the people are much wealthier, and more advanced in knowledge than the inhabitants of any other Asiatic country, and the advantages which their soil and climate give them in the production of valuable articles of export, and the effective demand which their wealth and taste for luxury create for the products of other countries, are such as to render them capable of becoming better customers, than the same number of people in the far larger half of Europe and America.—*From Capt. Fidding's Chinese Olio and Table-Talk.*

### Boxing.

Two blackguards, stripped to the waists, and surrounded by their seconds and “bottle holders,” are put in the midst of a ring formed by blacklegs and noblemen, to pummel and bruise each other out of any vestige of human shape. The most noted of these bruisers—the one who is able to thrash all his fellows in the noble game, is called the champion of England. In what estimation this sport is held appears from the fact, that a few years ago, Gully, one of the most notorious of these prize-fighters, was chosen a member of Parliament. At one of these encounters, between Tom Cribb and Molyneux, a negro, when the prize of victory was the “championship,” after a battle of thirty nine minutes, the poor black was carried senseless out of the ring, and the whole kingdom resounded with the praises of the victor. His engraved portrait appeared in all the print-shops; songs were indited in his honour, and his exploit was heralded in all the newspapers. And at this disgraceful scene Lord Yarmouth, a senator, a diplomatist, and a statesman, was present, and, we believe, was one of the “backers.”—*North American Review.*

**USE OF THE FLESH BRUSH.**—How many are there who keep a number of grooms to curry their horses, who would add ten years to their comfortable existence, if they would employ one of them to curry themselves with a flesh brush night and morning!—*Sinclair's Code of Health.*

**NEWSPAPERS.**—Upon each London morning paper of the first class there are employed an editor and sub-editor—from ten or twelve, or even fourteen, regular reporters, at salaries from four to six guineas each per week—from thirty to thirty-five compositors in the printing-office—several readers, who correct the proofs as they come from the compositors—a certain number of men and boys to attend the printing-machine, and take off the papers as they fall from the cylinders—a publisher and a sub-publisher—besides a number of clerks in the office to receive advertisements and keep the accounts, with various other individuals engaged in the performance of subordinate duties. The salary of an editor varies from £600 to £1000 per annum, and that of a sub-editor, £400 to £600. The largest item in the expenditure is that charged under the head of reporting, which generally amounts to upwards of £3000 per annum. In fact, the salaries paid weekly to editors, reporters, and others upon the establishment do not fall

short of £180; and if to this be added the expenses of occasional reporting, the cost of foreign newspapers and private correspondence, the sums paid for expresses and various other items which it is unnecessary to enumerate, the total weekly expenditure can scarcely be estimated under £250; or £13,000 per annum. The duty of the principal editor commences with the publication of the evening papers, the leading articles of which he has to read—that, if necessary he may refute or support their statements and arguments. He generally remains at his post until a late hour, prepared to write comments on the foreign journals as they arrive (a duty in which he is generally assisted by the sub-editor), and also direct attention in a leading article to any topic of public interest. During the sitting of Parliament he is frequently obliged to remain at the office of the paper until two or three o'clock in the morning; and such is the energy with which the metropolitan press is directed, that it is not uncommon to see a leading article of nearly a column in length, written on a subject which had been debated in the House of Commons until a late hour in the morning. The promptitude of execution which this pre-supposes is wonderful, and can only be the effect of habit invigorated by the impulse peculiar to the occasion.—*Encyclopædia Britannica.*

**SABBATH SCHOOL CLOTHING SOCIETY.**—I have already told you that we commenced local Sabbath schools. I had an elder, who was a person of great benevolence, but not so judicious and discriminating in this instance as I would have liked. But when I instituted the Sabbath school system, it was reported to me that he was devising, and had gone a considerable length in forming, a local Sabbath School Clothing Society for the parish of St. John's. Says I to him, Sir, your society will blast our Sabbath schools enterprise. I wish to have 1200 scholars,—do you mean to clothe all these? No, said he, only the most necessitous. Well, said I, but all the rest will wait their turn to be clothed, and we shall get no more than a fraction. My object is, that they should come with the clothes they have on; so do not embarrass us with your society. I accordingly got the society knocked on the head. I went into a school in a close in the Salt-market when it was in its initial state. The children collected together were a parcel of young savages. They were in perfect rags, because we insisted on their coming with the clothes they had. They did come; and many of them were mere savages,—in clothing, in appearance, in everything. Well, but there was a man of piety, who had realized a considerable fortune in the South American trade,—he is now in his grave,—that man took charge of the boys,—invited the parents also to attend. I went back to them about a quarter of a year afterwards. The parents had, in the mean time, been thrown upon their own resources; but they were operated upon by a desire that their children should appear as respectable as possible, and I never witnessed a more beautiful exhibition,—the children had undergone a complete transformation,—their docility and their harmonised manners perfectly delighted me. I was satisfied that the Clothing Society would have blasted all that. Only a fraction of them would have come in for clothes,—the others would have waited their turn; and we should have mixed together the two elements of clothes giving and instruction. It was far better that the parents did the thing themselves; and it proved that there was a single desire among them for instruction.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

## PARENTS AND CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

### Nip Vice in the Bud.

It is much easier destroying noxious weeds and poisonous shrubs by taking them when they first appear above ground, than after they have had time to strike their roots deep into the soil and to grow to strength and maturity. So also, it is much easier subduing and training a wild, or a ferocious animal, by commencing with it young. In like manner, those vices, of which human beings are liable to be guilty, are much more easily overcome and destroyed, if we attack them in their infancy, than if they be allowed to acquire growth and strength. Where vice is indulged, it rapidly acquires strength, and becomes more and more unmanageable, until it assumes the attitude of a fixed habit, and is as natural as the motion of the lungs. Then it is about as difficult to cure, or destroy it, as for the Ethiopian to change his skin, or the leopard his spots. An indulged unholy desire, if unrebuked and unchecked, will be clamorous for gratification; and once gratified, will seek it yet again, until lust conceived has brought

forth sin, and sin finished, has brought forth death. How noble was it in the little boy, George Washington, when tempted to deny having cut his father's cherry tree, he ingeniously replied, "I cannot tell a lie! Father, you know I cannot tell a lie. I did cut it." This was nipping vice in the bud. It is for want of this frank acknowledgment of the truth, when first tempted to deviate from it, that men become deceivers, and liars, and perjured persons.

I knew a man, who, when a child of six years, was set upon, and abused, by a lad of twice his years and twice his strength, and who was so much irritated by his provocation, that he attempted, for the first time in his life, to swear. But he was so much ashamed and conscience-smitten, when he thought of what he had done, that he never swore afterwards. This same man, when a lad of fourteen or fifteen, stayed home from meeting one Sabbath, under pretence of ill-health. After the family were all gone to the Sanctuary he went, in company with one or two others, to a wood more than a mile from home to crack nuts. As his friends returned from the house of God before he got back from his Sabbath-breaking excursion, he was questioned in regard to his absence. He did not, like Washington when thus tempted, tell the truth, but pretended that he had been to visit a sick man, who lived in the direction he had been. For these two faults, Sabbath-breaking and lying, he was visited by the merited rebukes of an accusing conscience, which, by the aid of God's grace, have prevented, in a good measure, a repetition of either of these offences. I will give one more illustration of our subject from this same man's history. When about seventeen years old, on the evening of a *training* day, two young men, strangers to him, were wrestling, apparently with about equal strength and skill. A stranger standing by, said, "I bet five dollars against one, that this man can throw that one in a quarter of a minute." Agreed," said the above named lad. Here, thought he, is a good chance to win five dollars. The game went on, and he was beaten and lost his dollar. That was the first and last of his gambling. Shortly after this last occurrence, this youth professed religion, and ultimately studied for the ministry, and has now been a successful minister of the gospel for eighteen years. In the incidents recited from this man's history, we not only see the importance of nipping vice in the bud, but we also see illustrations of two cardinal doctrines of the Bible, namely that human nature is prone to sin as the sparks are to fly upwards, and that God exerts a mighty influence over the human mind to counteract its evil tendencies.

There are multitudes of mankind, who, for not crushing the viper, sin, in the egg, find their hearts become a den of venomous reptiles, which are not easily restrained or destroyed. How many have regretted, on a dying bed, that they had not conquered their vicious inclinations when they first discovered themselves! That vast army of murderers, and pirates, and robbers, and whoremongers, and prostitutes, and gamblers, and Sabbath-breakers, and swearers, and those who were disobedient to parents, and drunkards, and covetous persons, and liars, and thieves, who will not be admitted within the gates of the New Jerusalem, will look back to the beginning of their vicious courses, and deeply regret that they had not destroyed the giant, vice, at its birth. They will trace their eternal ruin to their cherishing and encouraging a depraved inclination, instead of resisting it, and looking to God for grace to overcome it.—*Mother's Magazine.*

### Nursery Lessons.

Mamma called to Edward one day, who was playing in an adjoining room and told him to bring her a bottle which was lying on the dressing table in her room. Edward obeyed immediately, and very soon after, his little footsteps were heard rapidly returning down the stairs—at the same instant, a loud crash made mamma start from her seat. Edward was standing on the stairs looking very much disconcerted; the Cologne bottle had been precipitated to the bottom, broken in pieces, and the contents spilled on the floor.

"Mamma, it was an accident," said the frightened little boy.  
"Yes, I am sure it was," said his mother, "and you know I never punish for accidents; but let me see, have you got anything in your hand?"

The color rose to poor Edward's cheeks as he held out his hands, in one of which was his top, and his lash firmly grasped in the other.

Edward had been often told to lay aside his play-toys when he was sent off a message, and he was quite conscious that this acci-

dent had been caused by his neglecting to do so; but as he seemed sorry, Mamma forgave him.

Edward was not the only person who felt sorry and humbled by this little circumstance. Alas, how many times have we to reproach ourselves for negligence far more deplorable! How frequently do we make what concerns the glory of God subservient to our own childish cares and engagements! An occasion presents itself for doing something for our Heavenly Master—a visit of charity—a message of mercy to be conveyed to the dying, fellow-sinner; we obey, but our hands are so full, our thoughts are pre-occupied, we have not *laid aside* our worldly cares and anxieties before entering upon duties which ought to have our whole thoughts—our undivided attention; and as might be expected, we fail, not only in communicating benefit to others; but in receiving it ourselves.

One of my little boys came to my room one day where I was confined by illness, in an unusual state of excitement. He stood before me with his tiny hand stretched out in the attitude of an orator, but for some time seemed incapable of giving utterance to what he was most anxious to communicate. I felt alarmed, and begged he would tell me what had happened; at length, with cheeks glowing with holy indignation, he told me of an attempt having been made by some person to draw a picture of Jesus. His nurse had sent him a book in which this picture was, and had told him who it was intended to represent.

I was not surprised at the impression made upon the mind of my child, as this had been the first time he had ever seen one of those profane pictures; they had hitherto been carefully excluded from our nursery, as I had always held such things in much abhorrence.

We tell our children, as soon as they are able to understand us, of that Saviour, Jesus—with whom we endeavor to associate in their minds everything that is lovely, everything that is engaging, everything that would call forth their tenderest regard and highest admiration; and shall we suffer those early impressions to be effaced by placing before them such gross misrepresentations as are constantly to be seen in books which are expressly intended for their perusal?

The finest portrait that the art of man could produce must fail to give us any just idea of the "fairest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely"—even the attempt to do so I have always considered as presumptuous, if not sinful.

The pictures that the youthful imagination forms are always pleasing. With them worth and excellence are associated with beauty and loveliness; and could we expect it to be otherwise? I once showed to one of my children a likeness of a dear friend of whom he had often heard me speak in the most exalted terms. I evidently saw that he was much disappointed; after remaining for some time silent, he said, "Mamma, I thought ——— was prettier." I was sorry I had shown it to him; but the effect it produced assisted to establish me in the opinion I had already formed.

I would humbly suggest this subject to mothers as one not unworthy of their attention. They can recollect the erroneous impressions made upon their own minds by the Bible pictures of ignorant and unskilful artists—and shall they allow their children to suffer from an evil which it is in their power to remedy?

Two dear little boys were once told by their Mamma that "He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." They heard this for the first time with much surprise and pleasure. They had each a penny, and their Mamma reminded them that on the following Sunday they would have an opportunity of giving them if they were so disposed, for a very useful object. The dear children both took out their pennies and with that beautiful simplicity so frequently manifested in young children, began to brighten them with much ardor, frequently appealing to their Mamma, "If they were bright enough to give to God." God loveth a cheerful giver. We have, in this little story, a beautiful exemplification of it. Even when we give of our abundance are our offerings made in this way?—*Mother's Magazine.*

### My Mother's Grave.

It was a lovely twilight hour. I had wandered far with a friend, regardless of time or distance. We had watched the setting sun, and been looking long at the beautifully coloured clouds, and tried in vain to compare them to some of the works of man. We had talked of the past and present, and painted for ourselves a happy future. We at last approached the village

grave yard; she immediately spoke of her Mother's grave, and wished me to go with her to that sacred spot. I did so; and while we were leaning over that grave, she spoke of her childhood; for it was then that a loved Mother was snatched from her. She spoke of the many bitter tears she shed, how she longed to feel the kind hand of her Mother, and to hear her soothing words, "And oh," said she, "when you and other children hastened from the play ground to your Mother with your little childish troubles, and left me alone, my heart was ready to break, and I often retired to some sequestered spot to weep alone.

Alas! I was allowed to roam where, and with whom I would, and on my return, no Mother's kiss greeted me—no maternal arms were opened for my reception. I did not then rejoice that she was an angel in heaven; but only wept that I could never again experience a Mother's love.

Years, long years have rolled over me, and I have mingled with the thoughtless and the gay; but in my hours of mirth I have seen my Mother's piercing eye fixed on me, telling me not to place my heart on earthly vanities. Often have I heard unkind words spoken to an indulgent Mother; it always makes my blood chill in my veins, for then my Mother's grave would come up before me, and I would think if I only had a Mother, how every wish should be obeyed. Oh how I have longed, when troubles have come upon me, to lie down and rest beside her. I wish I knew that she was my guardian angel, and that she longed to have me come to her arms in heaven. Do you suppose my sister is there? Oh! you cannot remember her as I do, with her golden ringlets dancing in the wind, as we wandered over hill and valley, to find the spring flowers. She was all loveliness and beauty,—there was not a tree around us under whose branches we had not reposed—not a flower which had not formed a part of our bouquet; but she too died, and in her dying struggles uttered such cries, and called on me, in such tones that for many a weary month they haunted my waking and sleeping hours. It seemed to me that my heart would break when they sent me to communicate the sad tidings of her death to some of her friends. Then if my Mother had not been in this grave yard, I could have thrown myself upon her bosom, and my grief had been assuaged. But now, I am glad that she is an angel in heaven, my proud spirit is humbled by coming to her grave; here I can forgive all injuries done me, I can see her pointing to the wretched, bidding me bind up their broken spirits—and tell them of a Saviour's love."

The darkness was coming on, and we hastened home. My friend is now far, far away from her mother's grave, she may never again on that sacred spot hold imaginary converse with her departed mother. But I know that in the still evening hour, when she wanders forth alone and nought is heard save the sighing wind among the trees, she thinks of the sweet retreat, where her mother lies, and her spirit pines to meet her in that world where the voice of mourning is not heard.—*Dew Drop.*

### The Beer Trial.

#### DIALOGUE BETWEEN WILLIAM AND JAMES.

Wm.—I saw you this morning, James, go into a shop where was advertised Albany cream ale, and buy a glass. I did not expect you would do that, as you belong to the Temperance Society.

James.—I'm none of your tea-totalers, I tell you William. I signed the ardent spirit pledge, and I'm stuck to that up to any of you. But I like good cider and ale. Mother says it purifies the blood, and then it braces me up, and makes me feel so nice and strong here (*laying his hand on his stomach*).

Wm.—You think it purifies the blood do you? Have you ever read the famous beer trial, and do you know how your precious Albany cream ale is made? If you have not, I can lend it to you; the reading of it may make you think that there is something gets into the blood which might as well be kept out.

James.—Beer trial, what is that? never heard on't.

Wm.—Why, the trial of Mr. Delavan, who was sued by the Albany brewers, who brew your favorite cream ale, for saying that they made it out of such filthy water, that no dog nor horse would drink it. Water that was thick as cream—the reason, I suppose, it is called cream ale.

James.—None of your talking so. I don't believe a word on it. I asked why they called it cream ale, and they said it was because the foam looked yellow, like cream.

Wm.—I should think it would look green instead of yellow, for the top of the pond was green; but there was enough in the pond under the green cover to give the yellow tinge.

James.—Now, William, I won't bear it. I say the ale is good ale. None of your nonsense.

Wm.—Well, James, read for yourself. If you are pleased to drink beer made out of a pond which is the receptacle of the wash of slaughter-houses and grave yards, and where are thrown all manner of dead beasts, you may; I say,

"Water, pure water, pure water for me."

But every one to his liking, as my Latin book says, *de gustibus non disputandum*.

James.—Well, William, if it is as you say, I'll drink no more cream ale. Let me see the trial.

Wm.—Here it is. Read it through; But mind now, don't take your hand off your stomach, for you will want something to brace you up better than cream ale, before you get through.

### The Victory.

SAM AND BOB.

Sam.—Halloa, Bob! where are you going, all dressed up so?  
Bob.—Going? why, I am going to the Juvenile Temperance Meeting: come, won't you go?

Sam.—Go! I go to a Temperance Meeting? I should like to see myself in such a place.

Bob.—Why, you need not be in such a rage about it; you could not go to a better place. What's that you have in your mouth?—a segar, as true as I live. Well, you are indeed a fair sample of an embryo gentleman.

Sam.—May be, you don't like it; for my part, I mean to do just as I please: and father says I may go with him to the next trotting match. You know that bay colt father calls mine!—why I've got him so that he can trot a mile in two forty!

Bob.—Well, you are a precious genius, indeed! a perfect specimen of a portion of the rising generation; a regular horse-jockey in perspective. Two forty! what do you mean by two forty?

Sam.—Ha, ha! what a green one you are! Why don't you go to the tavern with your father, as I do, and then you'll learn what it is. The last time I was there I took a smasher? I see, father take one, and I guess I've as good a right as he to take one.

Bob.—A smasher! I must confess myself equally at a loss to define smasher, without it means a drink. If it is so, it certainly is a smasher. When a man gets drunk, he certainly is in a smashing condition, and smashes his own windows; falls down and smashes his nose; and after abusing his wife, winds up by smashing the crockery.

Sam.—Oh, but it is only the old rummer that does that; you don't catch this child being an old rummer, I tell you.

Bob.—Recollect Sam, the old rummer was once a boy like you and doubtless thought as little of being a drunkard as you do now. His father perhaps set him the same example as your's does you, and saw his error when too late; and reaped the bitter fruit of his error by seeing his son grow up a drunkard. In many cases, both father and son have become drunkards.

Sam.—Why Bob, you'd make a first rate temperance preacher. There is a good deal of truth, though, in what you say; but it hurries my time some, I tell you.

Bob.—I mean to hurry your time. I want you to join our Society. I think it would gladden your mother's heart, and perhaps influence your father too, as you are an only son, and a great favorite.

Sam.—I tell you what I'll do; I will go home and tell father he may sell the colt, and that I'm determined not to be either a drunkard or a horse-jockey. I recollect the other night my mother asked me to go to a temperance meeting with her; and father swore at her and called her a fool, and told her to let the boy alone; and I saw the tears in her eyes; and she wiped them away with her apron; and sister Jane told me how nice all the little girls were dressed, and how pretty all the boys, Oliver Vail, Abel Conklin, and John Handy, sung. I am off. I'll join. Hurrah!

### Root Beer and Temperance Bitters.

A Dialogue between Charles Merrill and William Strobel.

Wm.—Charles, let us take a glass of root beer, they say it's real nice for purifying the blood.

Charles.—Nice for what?

Wm.—To purify our blood.

Charles.—That's medicine, is it not? I hope you don't think I am sick. My blood don't want purifying.

Wm.—O, I suppose that is only said to induce people to drink it.

Charles.—Well, I'll have none of that stuff. Good cold water is the best drink for me. Drink your root beer and Albany ale, and all that stuff, and I guess your blood will want purifying. There is a shop that advertises Temperance bitters; I suppose that is cold water, a pretty bitter drink for these rum-sellers. If I thought that was what they mean I would go and buy some. I would encourage that.

Wm.—Now you are too hard upon these men who want to give us something cool and refreshing. They know that people must have something besides clear cold water. Root beer strengthens the stomach, and temperance bitters sharpen the appetite.

Charles.—Pooh! nonsense, William; depend upon it, it is a contrivance of the old deceiver. I remember a story of the Sandwich Islanders; when they were offered some rum, they would not touch it; some gin, they would not touch that; next they had given them some beer, and were told that would not make drunk come; they looked at it and smelt it, but they said they knew not what was in it; but they knew what was in cold water, and that that could do them no hurt. So I say of your root beer and temperance bitters. I like the old song, "Cold water, cold water for me." So fare you well.

## AGRICULTURE.

### On the Origin and Assimilation of Nitrogen.

(Continued from page 303.)

Animal manure, in as far as regards the assimilation of nitrogen, acts only by the formation of ammonia. One hundred parts of wheat grown on a soil manured with cow-dung (a manure containing the smallest quantity of nitrogen,) afforded only 11.95 parts of gluten, and 64.34 parts of amylin, or starch; whilst the same quantity, grown on a soil manured with human urine, yielded the maximum of gluten, namely 35.1 per cent. Putrified urine contains nitrogen in the forms of carbonate, phosphate, and lactate of ammonia, and in no other form than that of ammoniacal salts.

"Putrid urine is employed in Flanders as a manure with the best results. During the putrefaction of urine, ammoniacal salts are formed in large quantity, it may be said exclusively: for under the influence of heat and moisture, urea, the most prominent ingredient of the urine, is converted into carbonate of ammonia. The barren soil on the coast of Peru is rendered fertile by means of a manure called *Guano*, which is collected from several islands in the South Sea. It is sufficient to add a small quantity of guano to a soil, which consists only of sand and clay, in order to procure the richest crop of maize. The soil itself does not contain the smallest particle of organic matter, and the manure employed is formed only of *urate, phosphate, oxalate, and carbonate of ammonia*, together with a few earthy salts.

Ammonia, therefore, must have yielded the nitrogen to these plants. Gluten is obtained not only from corn, but also from grapes and other plants; but that extracted from the grapes is called vegetable albumen, although it is identical in composition and properties with the ordinary gluten.

It is ammonia which yields nitrogen to the vegetable albumen, the principal constituent of plants; and it must be ammonia which forms the red and blue colouring matters of flowers. Nitrogen is not present to wild plants in any other form capable of assimilation. Ammonia, by its transformation furnishes nitric acid to the tobacco plant, sun-flower, *Chenopodium*, and *Basago officinaris*, when the grow in a soil completely free from nitric. Nitrates are necessary constituents of these plants, which thrive only where ammonia is present in large quantities, and when they are also subject to the influence of the direct rays of the sun, an influence necessary to effect the disengagement within their stem and leaves of the oxygen, which shall unite with the ammonia to form nitric acid.

The solid excrements of animals contain comparatively very little nitrogen, but this could not be otherwise. The food taken by animals supports them only in so far as it offers elements for assimilation to the various organs which they may require for their increase or renewal. Corn, grass, and all plants, without exception, contain azotised substances. The quantity of food

which animals take for their nourishment, diminishes or increases in the same proportion as it contains more or less of the substances containing nitrogen. A horse may be kept alive by feeding it with potatoes, which contain a very small quantity of nitrogen; but life thus supported is a gradual starvation; the animal increases neither in size nor strength, and sinks under every exertion. The quantity of rice which an Indian eats astonishes the European; but the fact that rice contains less nitrogen than any other kind of grain at once explains the circumstance.

Now, as it is evident that the nitrogen of the plants and seeds used by animals as food must be employed in the process of assimilation, it is natural to expect that the excrements of these animals will be deprived of it in proportion to the perfect digestion of the food, and can only contain it when mixed with secretions from the liver and intestines. Under all circumstances, they must contain less nitrogen than the food. When, therefore, a field is manured with animal excrements, a smaller quantity of matter containing nitrogen is added to it than has been taken from it in the form of grass, herbs, or seeds. By means of manure, an addition only is made to the nourishment which the air supplies.

In a scientific point of view, it should be the care of the agriculturist so to employ all the substances containing a large proportion of nitrogen which his farm affords in the form of animal excrements, that they shall serve as nutriment to his own plants. This will not be the case unless those substances are properly distributed upon his land. A heap of manure lying unemployed upon his land would serve him no more than his neighbours. The nitrogen in it would escape as carbonate of ammonia into the atmosphere, and a mere carbonaceous residue of decayed plants would, after some years, be found in its place.

All animal excrements emit carbonic acid and ammonia, as long as nitrogen exists in them. In every stage of their putrefaction an escape of ammonia from them may be induced by mixing them with a potash ley; the ammonia being apparent to the senses by a peculiar smell, and by the dense white vapour which arises when a solid body moistened with an acid is brought near it. This ammonia evolved from manure is imbibed by the soil either in solution in water, or in the gaseous form, and plants thus receive a larger supply of nitrogen than is afforded to them by the atmosphere.

But it is much less the quantity of ammonia, yielded to a soil by animal excrements, than the form in which it is presented by them, that causes their great influence on its fertility. Wild plants obtain more nitrogen from the atmosphere in the form of ammonia than they require for their growth, for the water which evaporates through their leaves and blossoms, emits, after some time, a putrid smell, a peculiarity possessed only by such bodies as contain nitrogen. Cultivated plants receive the same quantity of nitrogen from the atmosphere as trees, shrubs, and other wild plants; but this is not sufficient for the purpose of agriculture. Agriculture differs essentially from the cultivation of forests, inasmuch as its principal object consists in the production of nitrogen under any form capable of assimilation; whilst the object of forest culture is confined principally to the production of carbon. All the various means of culture are subservient to these two main purposes. A part only of the carbonate of ammonia, which is conveyed by rain to the soil is received by plants, because a certain quantity of it is volatilised with the vapour of water; only that portion of it can be assimilated which sinks deeply into the soil, or which is conveyed directly to the leaves by dew, or is absorbed from the air along with the carbonic acid.

Liquid animal excrements, such as the urine with which the solid excrements are impregnated, contain the greatest part of their ammonia in the state of salts, in a form, therefore, in which it has completely lost its volatility; when presented in this condition, not the smallest portion of the ammonia is lost to the plants; it is all dissolved by water, and imbibed by their roots. The evident influence of gypsum upon the growth of grasses—the striking fertility and luxuriance of a meadow upon which it is strewed—depends only upon its fixing in the soil the ammonia of the atmosphere, which would otherwise be volatilised, with the water which evaporates. The carbonate of ammonia contained in rain-water is decomposed by gypsum, in precisely the same manner as in the manufacture of sal-ammoniac. Soluble sulphate of ammonia and carbonate of lime are formed: and this salt of ammonia possessing no volatility is consequently retained in the soil. All the gypsum gradually disappears, but its action upon the carbonate of ammonia continues as long as a trace of it exists.

The beneficial influence of gypsum and of many other salts has been compared to that of aromatics, which increase the activity of

the human stomach and intestines, and give a tone to the whole system. But plants contain no nerves; we know of no substance capable of exciting them to intoxication and madness, or of lulling them to sleep and repose. No substance can possibly cause their leaves to appropriate a greater quantity of carbon from the atmosphere, when the other constituents which the seeds, roots, and leaves require for their growth are wanting. The favourable action of small quantities of aromatics upon man, when mixed with his food, is undeniable; but aromatics are given to plants without food to be digested, and still they flourish with greater luxuriance.

It is quite evident, therefore, that the common view concerning the influence of certain salts upon the growth of plants evinces only ignorance of its cause.

The action of gypsum or chloride of calcium really consists in their giving a fixed condition to the nitrogen—or ammonia which is brought into the soil, and which is indispensable for the nutrition of plants.

In order to form a conception of the effect of gypsum, it may be sufficient to remark that 110 lbs. of burned gypsum fixes as much ammonia in the soil as 6880 lbs. of horse's urine would yield to it, even on the supposition that all the nitrogen of the urea and hippuric acid were absorbed by the plants without the smallest loss, in the form of carbonate of ammonia. If we admit with Boussingault that the nitrogen in grass amounts to 1.100 of its weight, then every pound of nitrogen which we add increases the produce of the meadow 100 lbs., and this increased produce of 100 lbs. is effected by the aid of a little more than 4 lbs. of gypsum.

Water is absolutely necessary to effect the decomposition of the gypsum, on account of its difficult solubility, (one part of gypsum requires 400 parts of water for solution,) and also to assist in the absorption of the sulphate of ammonia by the plants: hence it happens, that the influence of gypsum is not observable on dry fields and meadows. In such it would be advisable to employ a salt of more easy solubility, such as chloride of calcium.

The decomposition of gypsum by carbonate of ammonia does not take place instantaneously; on the contrary, it proceeds very gradually, and this explains why the action of the gypsum lasts for several years.

The advantage of manuring fields with burned clay, and the fertility of ferruginous soils, which have been considered as facts so incomprehensible, may be explained in an equally simple manner. They have been ascribed to the great attraction for water, exerted by dry clay and ferruginous earth; but common dry arable land possesses this property in as great a degree: and besides, what influence can be ascribed to a hundred pounds of water spread over an acre of land, in a condition in which it cannot be serviceable either by the roots or leaves? The true cause is this:—

The oxides of iron and alumina are distinguished from all other metallic oxides by their power of forming solid compounds with ammonia. The precipitates obtained by the addition of ammonia to salts of alumina or iron are true salts, in which the ammonia is contained as a base. Minerals containing alumina or oxide of iron also possess, in an eminent degree, the remarkable property of attracting ammonia from the atmosphere and of retaining it. *Vauquelin, whilst engaged in the trial of a criminal case, discovered that all rust of iron contains a certain quantity of ammonia. Chevalier afterwards found that ammonia is a constituent of all minerals containing iron; that even hematite, a mineral which is not at all porous, contains one per cent of it. Bouis showed also, that the peculiar odour observed on moistening minerals containing alumina, is partly owing to their exhaling ammonia. Indeed, gypsum and some varieties of alumina, pipe-clay for example, emit so much ammonia, when moistened with caustic potash, that even after they have been exposed for two days, reddened litmus paper held over them becomes blue. Soils, therefore, which contain oxides of iron, and burned clay, must absorb ammonia, an action which is favoured by their porous condition; they further prevent the escape of the ammonia once absorbed by their chemical properties. Such soils, in fact, act precisely as a mineral acid would do, if extensively spread over their surface; with this difference, that the acid would penetrate the ground, enter into combination with lime, alumina, and other bases, and thus lose, in a few hours, its property of absorbing ammonia from the atmosphere. The addition of burned clay to soils has also a secondary influence; it renders the soil porous, and, therefore, more permeable to air and moisture.*

The ammonia absorbed by the clay or ferruginous oxides is

separated by every shower of rain, and conveyed in solution to the soil.

Powdered charcoal possesses a similar action, but surpasses all other substances in the power which it possesses of condensing ammonia within its pores, particularly when it has been previously heated to redness. Charcoal absorbs 90 times its volume of ammoniacal gas, which may be again separated by simply moistening it with water. (De Saussure.) Decayed wood approaches very nearly to charcoal in this power; decayed oak wood absorbs 72 times its volume, after having been completely dried under the air-pump. We have here an easy and satisfactory means of explaining still further the properties of humus, or wood in a decaying state. It is not only a slow and source of carbonic acid, but it is also a means by which the necessary nitrogen is conveyed to plants.

Nitrogen is found in lichens, which grow on basaltic rocks. Our fields produce more of it than we have given them as manure, and it exists in all kinds of soils and minerals which were never in contact with organic substances. The nitrogen in these cases could only have been extracted from the atmosphere.

We find the nitrogen in the atmosphere in rain water and in all kinds of soils, in the form of ammonia, as a product of the decay and putrefaction of preceding generations of animals and vegetables. We find likewise that the proportion of azotised matters in plants is augmented by giving a larger supply of ammonia conveyed in the form of animal manure.

No conclusion can then have a better foundation than this, that it is the ammonia of the atmosphere which furnishes nitrogen to plants.

Carbonic acid, water ammonia, contain the elements necessary for the support of animals and vegetables. The same substances are the ultimate products of the chemical processes of decay and putrefaction. All the innumerable products of vitality resume, after death, the original from which they sprung. And thus death—the complete dissolution of an existing generation—becomes the source of life for a new one.

## NEWS.

**PEACE OF EUROPE.**—The prospects of continued peace among the European powers are much more favorable than at the last advices. The war between France and Morocco has been terminated, and a treaty of peace has been signed, the terms, of the Prince de Joinville having been unconditionally accepted by the Moors. This victory of the Prince has awakened great enthusiasm in France, and his return will be attended with many popular demonstrations. As to the difficulties between England and France, growing out of the Tahiti affair, there is now no probability that they will occasion hostilities.—Sir Robert Peel stated in Parliament that there was no reason to doubt that the assurances they have received relative to the proceedings taken by the French in Morocco and on the African coast will be strictly fulfilled; and that with regard to the difficulties at Tahiti, the requisitions of England would be substantially complied with by France. That is, Bruat, the infamous French officer by whom the outrages were committed, is to be recalled, and a compensation of 25,000 francs to be made to Mr. Pritchard by the French government. The result does not appear to be satisfactory to the friends of the mission in England; but the event which is to keep the two most powerful nations on the globe from the horrors of war, is to be rejoiced in.

**LIBERATION OF O'CONNELL.**—Another most important item is that the decision of the Irish Court by which Mr. O'Connell was sentenced to imprisonment, has been unconditionally reversed in the House of Lords, although most of the Justices, both of England and Ireland, delivered opinions in its favor. The sentiments of the House appear to have been chiefly influenced by the clear and decided opinions of Lords Denman, Cottenham and Campbell. Lord Brougham in the face of his former life and principles voted for the confirmation of the sentence.

Of the eleven counts which compose the monster indictment they pronounced more than half to be either informal or bad. Four of the counts they held to be informal by the finding of the jury, and two to be radically bad. The bad counts are the sixth and seventh, which charge the monster meetings, and form the gist of the offence.

When the event became known, Ireland was thrown into a state of indescribable excitement. "O'Connell is free," was uttered

by thousands of voices, as the people danced about in almost frantic joy. At Dublin the same scene was exhibited, but upon a more extensive scale. At night, tar barrels were lighted in many parts of the city, and had it not been for the interference of some of its leaders, a general illumination would have taken place. O'Connell is said to have received the intelligence of his release without betraying the least emotion of surprise. Great numbers of his friends waited upon him to offer him their congratulations.

He, leaning upon two of his sons, left the prison on foot, and proceeded, accompanied by an immense assemblage to his house, where he shortly addressed the crowds who were assembled in front of the house, thanking them for their peaceful conduct during his incarceration, urging them to a continuance of the same conduct and promising them that they should shortly have what they have been long striving for—Repeal.

On Saturday, according to arrangement, there was a grand demonstration, in the form of a triumphal procession, in which the whole of the trades of Dublin took part.—*N. Y. Ev.*

A public banquet was to be given to O'Connell on the 13th. **THE QUEEN.**—Her Majesty accompanied by her husband, has gone on a second trip to Scotland. She was greeted with great enthusiasm on her way. The young Prince has been christened with the name of Alfred Ernest Albert. The occasion was one of great pomp, the Archbishop performing the rite and the Duke of Cambridge as one of the god-fathers. The Queen's promised visit to Ireland has been indefinitely postponed.—*Id.*

**PARLIAMENT.**—Parliament was prorogued by royal commission on the 5th. The Queen's speech was read by the Lord Chancellor, but contains, nothing worth notice. Before the next meeting some important elections are to take place.—*Id.*

A Liverpool paper states that a large number of Calvinistic Methodists, (a thousand or more) from Carnarvon and Anglesey, are preparing to emigrate to this country, with a view of forming a community on the banks of the Mississippi.—*Id.*

The national schools in England have increased during the last four years from 6778 to 10,087, and the number of scholars for whom accommodation is provided from 587,911 to 875,194, or at the rate of more than 71,000 a year.—*Id.*

Last year the revenue received upon strong spirits in England was £3,025,233; ditto, in Scotland, £1,025,529; and in Ireland (thanks to Father Mathew) only £352,462.—*Id.*

**STATE OF THINGS AT TAHITI.**—A letter from Tahiti gives an account of some proceedings between the French and the natives in that Island up to the middle of April;

A battle was fought at Taiarabu on the 24th of March. The French took a native married woman and ran away with her to the fort they were building at Taiarabu. The woman screamed, and call her husband to rescue her; her husband and seven more natives immediately took up their clubs and guns and ran into the fort, where there were 20 soldiers, and took the fort from them and killed all the French soldiers that was there. The next morning the French left the Embuscade, that was at anchor near there and went and fell upon the natives, but were completely routed by them. The Tahitians were decidedly the conquerors in that battle. About three weeks after, the Governor went with two more ships of war, the frigate Cranie, and the steamer, and fired all along the coast till they got to Mahaena, the place where the natives were. Captain Henry endeavoured to persuade the Governor not to go, but he would go, and said he went to retrieve the honor of France. Captain Henry took them up the back of the native fort, by a by path-way about three miles along, and fired into the fort on the natives from off the hill at the back of the fort. While the Tahitians were scrambling up the mountains to them, the ships fired grape shot on them and killed several. The French suffered a great loss, though they will not own it. Four of their officers were killed in the last battle. Pomare was waiting patiently for the news from England. The natives were determined not to go back to their stations till they heard from England. All the missionaries, except four, had been constrained to leave the Island in consequence of the distressing state of affairs.

A letter from China says, at Canton the populace was quite unruly. An arrow as a wind van had been placed on the top of the United State's flag, and great umbrage had been taken at this by the Chinese. On the 6th of May, Mr. Foster, the American Consul, had caused it to be taken down. While doing this, a riot commenced among the rabble, which was with difficulty suppressed. On the 17th, the mob broke into the American factory and endeavoured to pull down the United State's flag. They were resisted, and a Chinese man was shot.



The reports from Affghanistan are conflicting. Dost Mahomed appears to be exerting himself to the utmost to strengthen his position.

**THE DIET OF SWEDEN.**—The great Diet of Sweden has been for some time in session, and will continue probably during most of the next year. At present it is occupied with unimportant matters; those relating to reform, both in church and state, will soon be discussed. Great changes are expected to flow from this meeting, which will do much to promote the cause of freedom and religion in Northern Europe. There are four distinct Houses in session—the Diet of Nobles, of Clergy, of Citizens, and of Peasants. Before any measure can become a law, it must pass all. The Diet of Citizens recently passed a bill proposing extensive parliamentary reforms, by a large majority. The Diet of Peasants concurred in it; but it has been recently rejected by the Diet of Nobles by an overwhelming majority, and will probably share the same fate in that of the Clergy. The old story of the people against the aristocracy. We shall watch its proceedings with interest.—*Ib.*

**COLORED MEN IN OFFICE.**—The Chief Justice of Dominica Glanville, is a mulatto; Sharp, the Attorney General of Barbadoes, is a mulatto; Garraway, Judge of the Court of Appeals in Barbadoes is a mulatto; the Governor of Nevis is a mulatto; thirty two editors of newspapers in the British West India colonies are negroes and mulattoes; twenty-one magistrates are mulattoes; in all the Legislative Councils and Houses of Representative there are no less than seventy-two mulattoes and two negroes, making laws for their former masters, the whites. Two-thirds of the army or garrison in these colonies is already composed of African soldiers, commanded by white officers. The church is also abundantly supplied with black and mulatto clergymen; the jurymen are almost composed of negroes and mulattoes.—*Da Costa's Facts for the People.*

The island of St. Domingo contains more than 400,000 inhabitants—all of whom are thrown open by the recently adopted constitution, to free religious instruction. The revolution has given entire liberty to every man to think and speak on religious matters as he will.—*Ib.*

**SABBATH ANECDOTE.**—A vessel was detained at Cleveland, Ohio, several days by contrary winds. The wind shifting on the Sabbath the captain gave orders for sailing. Not a hand obeyed. All had signed a pledge not to leave port on Sabbath. The captain was enraged and at once discharged the crew, and went on shore to ship a new one. He asked the first man he met if he wished to ship. "Not to-day, Sir" was the reply. "Why not?" said the captain. "I cannot do business on the Sabbath," said the sailor. Not one could the captain get to ship with him on that day, and on Monday he re-entered his old crew.—*N. Y. E.*

**RAILROAD TO CANADA.**—It appears that a serious project is on foot to build a railroad from Boston to Canada, through Bennington, Vt., and that Thomas H. Perkins has subscribed \$60,000, Abbott Lawrence \$20,000, and that the amount of cost, whatever it may be, will be taken up by wealthy capitalists.—*N. Y. E.*

The great temple at Nauvoo is rapidly progressing, a great portion of the population being employed upon it. The leaders prophesy the appearance of Joe to consecrate and dedicate it to the Lord and to hasten this event, the poor Mormons are exerting themselves to the utmost.—*N. Y. E.*

A Wolf hunt was advertised by the Mormon huters to take place in the vicinity of Nauvoo, it being generally understood as a mere pretext for assembling a band of armed ruffians to attack the peaceable Mormons. Governor Ford however turned the tables upon them by calling out the military to meet at the same place, for the purpose of apprehending the murderers of Joe Smith and his brother. Some of these miscreants have escaped to Missouri.

A very extensive fire has occurred in London, Canada West.

**MONTREAL PRICES CURRENT.—Oct 15.**

ASHES—Pot . . . . . 25s 3d	BEEF—P. Mess tierce \$9 a	\$10
Pearl . . . . . 25s 3d	Do obls . . . . .	\$6
FLOUR—Fine . . . . . 24s to 25s	Prime . . . . .	\$4 1/2
WHEAT— . . . . . 4s 9d to 5s	TALLOW— . . . . .	5 1/2
PEASE— . . . . . 3s per minat.	BUTTER—Salt . . . . .	6d
OAT-MEAL . . . . . 8s 0d per cwt.	CHEESE— . . . . . 3d a	5 1/2d
PORK—Moss . . . . . \$13 1/2	EXCHANGE—London 1 1/2 prem.	
P. Mess . . . . . \$11	N. York . . . . . 2	
Prime . . . . . \$ 9 1/2	Canada W. . . . . par	
LARD . . . . . 4d a 5d p. lb		

**Monies Received on Account of**  
*Advocate.*—Sergeant-Major Smith, 43d Regt., Toronto, 1s 8d Sundries, Montreal, 18s 4d.  
*Special Effort Fund.*—W. Miller & Co., £2 10s; Mrs. Wilkes, £1; Perth Society, £1 3s. Amount before reported, £415 10s. Total, £420 5s.  
*Consignments.*—W. A. Schofield, Beverly, 10s.

**FOR SALE,**  
**FOUR Tons very Superior American CHEESE.**  
**DWIGHT P. JANES.**  
 Corner of St. Paul and McGill Streets.  
 Montreal, Oct 15, 1844.

**TEMPERANCE HOTEL.**  
 THE Subscriber begs to tender his sincere thanks to his customers for the support they have given him, and also to inform them, and the public in general, that he has removed to No. 228 South end of St. Paul Street, where he has excellent accommodations for several Boarders and Travellers, and where he hopes, as his house will be conducted on strict tee-total principles, to share the patronage of friends to the cause.  
 Montreal, May 1, 1844. **H. MEYER.**

**DOUGALL, REDPATH & CO.,** are receiving a very fine stock of Dry Goods for the Fall Trade. They have also a large supply of Teas on the best terms, Dry Groceries, Sugars, Fish, Salt, Oils, &c., constantly on hand.  
 Montreal, Sept. 2, 1844.

**JAMES R. ORR,**  
 IMPORTER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
**BEGS** to inform his friends, that he removes on the 1st of May, to **AULDJO'S BUILDING,** (next to **TOBIN & MORISON'S**) **St. Peter Street.** By the first vessels, he expects a very general assortment of New Goods, selected with great care in the British markets.  
 Montreal, April 1, 1844.

**TEMPERANCE WORKS.**  
 THE following are on hand, and will be disposed of on easy terms: Bacchus, Anti-Bacchus, Temperance Rhymes, Idolatry of Britain, Tales, Wine Question settled, and Tracts.  
**R. D. WADSWORTH, Rec. Sec.**  
**M. T. S.**  
 Montreal, October 1, 1844.

**TERMS OF ADVOCATE,**  
*Two shillings and sixpence currency per annum, payable strictly in advance.*  
 The above rate is exclusive of postage. When sent by Mail in the Province, the postage will be a halfpenny on each number, payable by the Subscriber. To Britain it goes post free, and the rate of subscription is 2s. stg.  
 It is hoped the cheapness of the above publication (2s. 6d. for a volume of 384 pages) and the various and important objects to which it is devoted, will recommend it to general patronage, especially in a country so much in want of popular Literature as Canada.

Individuals or Societies procuring and remitting subscriptions for ten copies, will be furnished with one gratis, and so on for every additional ten subscriptions.  
 All communications to be addressed (post paid) to **Mr. R. D. WADSWORTH, Rec. Sec. Montreal Temperance Society.**  
 Montreal, Sept. 2, 1844.