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TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, NEWS, &c.

VOL. XV.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 15, 1849.

No. 24

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
 NOR WILL WE PROVIDE THEM AS AN ARTICLE OF ENTERTAIN-
 MENT, NOR FOR REASONS IN OUR EMPLOYMENT; AND THAT IN ALL
 PROBABLE WAYS WE WILL DISCOURTEGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT
 OUR COMMUNITY.

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ADDRESS

Delivered by Brother T. S. Brown, P.C.R., to the Independent Order of Rechabites, at the Rechabite Hall, Montreal. Thursday evening, December 6, 1849; by request of Union Tent I. O. of R.

WORTHY CHIEF RULER AND BROTHERS.—It is more common and gracious to commence an address with an apology; but I am, nevertheless, excusable in following an often beaten track, occupied as I daily am, from early morning till late night, the dry details of commercial business, I can be little fitted for a task now imposed upon me. The current of man's mind runs in grooves and channels. Once in the groove and all made straight for, we move on finely, but thrown out of the groove and impelled to smooth the way in another direction; staggered and confused we can only make fair progress onward, after time has been allowed to mark our course, remove the obstructions, and lie down upon the track. He whose leisure enables him to vote his mind to exalted sentiments, has only to call upon his thoughts and they rush forth like living flames, each one lighting and beautifying the other; but calling upon the thoughts of me in my position, is like calling spirits from the vasty deep, or, worse, it is like lighting a candle with bad matches, each of which goes out as quick as ignited, before you can touch the wick. In saying that I should be the speaker to-night, I presume our brethren were under the compulsion of "Hobson's choice." They did not take an address from me or none, and by the same rule all you present must submit to the infliction.

Brethren, the cause which induced the calling of this meeting, may be shortly explained. It has grieved the most earnest adherents of our beloved institution, to witness a falling off in that which once animated every member, and in that unity of action which promised great things for the temporal advancement of our society. Our numbers are not increasing, our Tents are not so much attended, inactive ourselves, we appear forgotten by the public, and what we deemed a noble organization, permanent and powerful for grand designs, appears to be dwindling away to trifling or insignificance. The truth is too evident, and you

have been called together this evening for a full consideration of these things, and, if possible, to devise measures which may animate our faith, renew our zeal, and urge us onward in the furtherance of that great cause to which we have vowed adherence. There is zeal among the Odd-fellows—and we are the same as Odd-fellows, except that we drink no wine; what are we but Temperance Odd-fellows? And there is animation in many other Societies. Is it possible there can be no spirit in an association unless the members first pour spirit down their throats?

Though temperance has been always valued and always commended in all time, Temperance Societies are a modern contrivance. It was not because men were becoming more temperate, that Temperance Societies were established in late years, or that a temperance reform commenced—but it was because intemperance was increasing frightfully from year to year, and men saw clearly that, unless arrested, the whole body politic would become demoralized, degenerated, and finally destroyed. The more intemperate, instead of producing anything for the benefit of society, were found to be only a profitless burden. The use of strong drinks was adding, annually, millions to the more desperate class, and it was plain that unless this evil were arrested, all would soon be overwhelmed in one general desolation; property neglected, run to ruin and waste, would cease to be productive; the untilled earth would cease to return her increase; want would become general; disease would follow want, and mankind relapsed into barbarism, civilization would disappear. Our fertile farms would become like the present deserts of Asia once teeming with population and fertility; and the great cities of our pride would be known only like the Ninevchs and Babylons of old by their ruins, where the fox looks from the window, and the night owl hoots to its fellow. Sober men were the salt of the earth, they alone preserved it against the corruptions of drinking usages.

It was not, I repeat, because men were becoming more temperate, that Temperance Societies were established. No, no, it was precisely the reverse, men would always get drunk, when liquor came in their way, and they had the money to buy; but there were not always taverns at every corner in the towns, and every half mile along the roads in the country; nor was small change so common in every body's pocket; nor was the credit system, by which men could run up tavern scores, so prevalent. Men might get drunk, though tipping, tipping all day long, was not the grievous offense; but drink was now everywhere provided in large quantities, or small quantities, with little money, or much money, or no money at all; and men were becoming habituated to spend every stray shilling and every vacant hour, in a drinking house, which rapidly caused pounds of hard earnings to go astray, and long months to become vacant. Nothing in the world could be procured so easily or so quickly as a glass of grog—it was everywhere at hand. It was in view of these frightful consequences, impending over the whole world, that serious men began to enquire whether they were not drinking rather too much, whether it was not possible to support life with three or four drams in a day, instead of a dozen, and whether it was not possible for poor people to work without rum. The last point was soon determined. What said these good men, to whom the beam in their own eye did not prevent from discerning the mote in their neighbors—No wonder that these people are so miserable—no wonder that there is ruin outside of the house and wretchedness within—no wonder that the wife is emaciated in her misery, or the children squallid in their rags—no wonder the farmer is compelled to sell his land, or the mechanic to sell his tools, or why many families called "genteel" are suffering in the most horrible privations of poverty! Why, these men drink rum and get drunk! Temperance was forced upon society not by choice but by necessity.

Then the great man made a compromise with King Alcohol—a sort of half and half bargain. On condition of being allowed to urge temperance upon the people, they consented to drink "moderately" themselves. The old monarch was only to withdraw a part of his forces from the swamps and low grounds, but was still to reign supreme in the high places. There should be no dinners without plenty of wine, and no balls for governors or great men to attend without champagne. The Temperance Societies formed at that time were not out and out, but only "moderate" reformers, and they quoted the Apostle "be temperate in all things," even to the swallowing of poison. In accordance they pledged themselves to drink "moderately," and some even went so far as to engage never to drink bad whiskey when they could get sound beer, or sour wine when they could get strong cider.

But, oh! how perverse is human nature. Men were admirably admonished but yet they went astray; wretchedness continued in every family, and the bailiffs were busy in every household. No exact scale could be established for "moderation." Everybody knew how to "gauge" his neighbor, but nobody learned to "gauge" himself; though something was gained in mathematics for a man sated with a glass and bottle of brandy, and no rule but "moderation," made the nearest approach to *perpetual motion* that was ever yet discovered.

Nevertheless, as no effort is entirely lost, something had been gained by the movement. Men, by enquiring whether drunkenness was absolutely necessary for the preservation of human life, property, and happiness, learned that sobriety might be, and learned, furthermore, that there could be no surety for sobriety, unless men, wishing to be sober, poured down their throats any portion of a liquid, that, to a certainty, unsobered them, and created a vile appetite for drink, that would only end with death. Thus led to the establishment of societies pledged to total abstinence from all that can intoxicate, and from that day the cause of temperance has gone on prospering and to prosper; and, perhaps, the organizations known as Rechabites and Sons of Temperance, which insure embodiment and combined action, are the final assurance that will give strength, steady activity, and permanent vitality to the beautiful spirit of this Temperance Reformation.

Men, too weak individually for the execution of great operations, have found success in the principle of association, through which almost miracles are accomplished. The individual man wears and sleeps—he grows old and he dies. While he sleeps, the evil one sows tares on his prepared ground, and when he dies they grow up to hide the labors of his hand; but the well ordered society never wears, never sleeps, and never dies, and where the spirit is good and the mind willing, there is perpetual youth, hope, vigor, and elasticity, which watches the prepared ground, nurtures the tender plants, and finally gather in the luxuriant harvest.

We have not only to build up—we must first break down. See yon woodman go forth to the forest. How grand and yet how beautiful, but profitless, are those ancient trees, striking their roots deep into the earth, and spreading their green branches wide abroad, towards the sky. They are felled—the furious fire rushes over them, and as it passes away we see only a broad blackened field of broken rugged waste, unseemly to the eye; but soon comes the husbandman, year after year, through sun and frost, through rain and storm, he labors to remove the rocks and stumps, and smooth the inequalities of the ground, till there is an expanse lovely to behold, verdant or golden with ripe grain, to make glad the heart of man, and herbage for his helper. So, brethren, when we assail those primeval wilds of ancient prejudices and error, or the antiquated customs of bygone times, our first assaults may appear to threaten nought but destruction and desolation—but after all is accomplished, when error is corrected and delusion has passed away, how beautiful and how beneficent appears the work of our hands. Much reform must commence with destruction. We demolish the hovel, before we build up the palace that could not stand on the same foundation, and so must we treat time-worn abuses in society.

The Independent Order of Rechabites was first established in America in the year 1842, seven years ago. What is seven years in the life of a man, and how much less in the life of an Institution? We have not emerged from infancy, and like the fabled Hercules who on his cradle strangled serpents, have, while yet in our swaddling clothes, strangled many serpents, and give fair promise that when arrived at age and manhood, we may exterminate the father of them all.

In 1844, five years ago last spring, the first Rechabite Tent was established in Montreal. A new broom sweeps clean, say the proverb—new fashions are always fascinating, and either from the novelty of the idea always captivating to the weak and thoughtless, or the existence of a better spirit; the Order rapidly increased, and three other tents were established in rapid succession. Everything promised a continued increase, when, suddenly, the love of many waxed cold, inert indifference succeeded to zealous propagandism. Brethren, the most active for a time no longer come near our tents after passing through the chairs of office. Few candidates applied for admission; the emigration from the city, consequent upon depression of business, further reduced our ranks, and many residents ceased to be members, by neglect in paying quarterly dues, till we are now, in the city of Montreal, reduced to the three Tents, numbering in all one hundred and ninety-one members good on the books. The two country tents of Philadelphia and Stanbridge, especially the former, are enlivened by a far better spirit. Many who have ceased to pay dues, have remained faithful to Rechabite engagements. But it is grievous to reflect, that a man may be good on the books, without being a good Rechabite, for, had all these members remembered their vows, and not looked back, after putting their hand to the plough, another spirit would to-day animate our Order, and I should not be called upon to deplore a falling away from that admirable enthusiasm which animated so many but a few years since.

By the general returns of our Order, published two years ago by the High Tent, it appears there were then twenty-six Districts, one hundred and ninety-one Tents, and 9000 Members, whose joint funds amounted to \$40,000. It extends to all parts of the American Union, and probably has gone on increasing in number, though I have no evidence to authorize me in saying that the increase has been in any way commensurate with the nobleness of our pretensions. At the same time, another Order called the Sons of Temperance established, upon an organization and laws nearly a transcript of our own, has become amazingly popular. Late on the field than ourselves, they already number over 200,000 members, and are rapidly organizing Divisions in almost every village of note in the United States, Upper Canada, and the townships.

Children of Rechab! does it not become us to enquire, why of two kindred organisations in the sacred cause of temperance, that under one name should be so popular, and that under another name, so much less so? Is there any thing repulsive in our name of Rechabites? It may be so, but for myself I like it, for I delight in commemorating the memory of that staunch old servant of the Most High, Jonadab the son of Rechab, who battled for the right near 3000 years ago, and whose children were blessed three centuries afterwards, for continuing faithful to the injunction, "drink no wine." Mahomet made this injunction a prohibition to their descendants and whole tribes of these people had to this day obeyed steadily the precept, "drink no wine." Suppose that we to-day only number, in America, 9000 true Rechabites. This is more than the remnant of 7000 who never bowed the knee to Baal; and what has that 7000 now become? Look abroad upon the earth's wide surface, and count the number of true believers. Has it not pleased Providence in the midst of grossness, darkness, and vile superstition, always to preserve a chosen race; few perhaps in numbers, but still sufficient to be the conservators of eternal truth, and become an active heaven to enlighten and regenerate the moral energies of mankind?

Children of Rechab! ours is an object magnificent in design, we reclaim the wanderer, we visit the sick, we protect the widow and orphan, and we bury the dead. We inculcate all virtues of observance, and who shall say that we may not be the chosen instruments in that great reform which shall convince all men that they may be healthy without poisonous stimulants, lively without fury, social without silliness, ardent without intoxication and able to support both the joys and sorrows of this world, without converting their brains into a hell by the maddening delirium of strong drink.

Are our numbers kept down by the too dues we are called upon to pay? By the general constitution of our Order, no candidate can be initiated for a less fee than fifteen shillings, and the dues for one year cannot be less than four dollars. Our City Tent, whether wisely or not, I pretend not to determine, have made them higher, but with the Sons of Temperance they are much less. I see by the rules of the Precinct Division which was lately sent to me, that the initiation fee is there fixed at ten shillings, and

the dues at three pence a week, or thirteen shillings a year, and I submit to your consideration, the propriety of examining how far it would be advisable to assimilate our conditions to these. I was told by a French Canadian that many of his countrymen after taking the pledge, would remain temperate, not from any love for the cause, but from *stinginess*. "When," said he "they become accustomed to save the small earnings that they now waste in drink, they will learn to put a higher value upon small sums which they will hoard up for other purposes." So with some who join our order, they look upon dues of six dollars for a whole year as a heavy tax; and yet before they joined, would have thought nothing of spending six dollars to get in, for one night's frolic, and ten dollars more for a doctor to get them out. Men who can never feel easy with a shilling in their pockets, till they go to a tavern and get it down their throats, are induced to join the Temperance Society, and then consider it a hardship to be pressed to pay half a dollar for one year's subscription to the *Temperance Advocate*. It is really too bad to have our good lessons in economy, turned only against ourselves, but so long as men are willing to go through the world with no shame, and no superfluity of conscience, we must just put up with it.

It is unjust for any one to say he has received nothing back for what he has paid towards our Rechabite funds, for, if a just man he has received much back, in the consciousness of contributing to a fund that has been always adequate to pay benefits promptly, to every brother entitled to relief, and which is now so flourishing (amounting to \$1700 in our city tents) and increasing. The outlay has been large, but is decreasing, so that no apprehension need be entertained for the future. Indeed, no benefit society can perform its functions at so low a charge to its members, as ours, for the condition of temperance preserves us from that dead weight of sickness and casualties produced by drunkenness, which bears so heavily upon all others. Our widows' and orphans' fund goes on increasing, because, thus far, there have been no calls upon it. The expense of working our Order has, hitherto, undoubtedly been too great, but this is incident to the beginning of all institutions, and may be much diminished hereafter. Our great item of expense is rent, which should cost us nothing. Some good citizen should ere this have given us a lot of ground. With the ground as a gift, we should soon devise means to erect a building. Our own surplus funds would be more safely invested in a building of our own, than on the property of any other institution or person. Many is the man who might five years ago have given us a building lot, without being poorer this day, for the revulsion of affairs may have left him without a lot for his own use or to give away; and many a man living will die possessed of more ground than he will want till deeds for in heaven or in the other place. He will leave a name more honorable than silver or gold, to his successors, whose memory is consecrated with a space of ground perpetually devoted to a resting-place for the Tents of Rechab. Why will not men remember that they have only a life-interest in their estates—that they are only stewards of the bounties of All Good; and that their highest happiness should consist in distributing to those in need, a portion of their own superfluities?

I have been asked to speak of the advantages of our Order.—As a benefit society, for reasons before given, it must be superior to all others in a pecuniary or economical point of view.

One of our advantages is, that our Tents, when met, are little parliaments, where parliamentary forms and rules of order are taught. We hear a great deal about the self-government we are to enjoy. Well, our Tents are primary schools for the science, and young men in them may learn to become good public debaters. Our Financial Secretary learns book-keeping, and the routine of public office which fits him for an Inspector General. Our Recording Secretary learns to manage the proceedings of any public meeting, and fits himself to become Provincial Secretary. And as to our Chief Ruler, when he learns to preside with dignity here, he is fit for Speaker of the Legislative Council, or may make a Governor whenever we get economical and prefer one home made to imported. I can speak with knowledge on this subject, and can assure any young man, that if he will assist for a few quarters in the working of one of our Tents, he will find it afterwards of essential service, when he interests himself or wishes to lead in the affairs of men.

But the greatest advantage of our Order is the safe refuge which our peaceful retreat affords to all who would fly from the Demon of strong drink, and the tyrannical persecution of the drinking usages of society. A man may resolve to drink no

more, and, left to himself, would ever remain strong in his resolution; but how can he advance this "whim" against the kind solicitations of a friend, or the fascinating insistings of a lovely woman? Dear thing! She wants a drop herself and would feel rebuked of sin if you joined not in the glass. It may be the first step to perdition, but who can refuse to follow when a lady leads the way: and where goes resolution now? To the dogs.

"Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to take away their brains." To sign the temperance pledge is something more formidable than a simple resolution, but loose again in the world, with temptations on every side, how shall man maintain the precept, touch not, taste not, handle not, the accursed thing? He tastes the forbidden cup—his vow is gone, and with it his self respect. "It is the first glass that makes the man drunk," says the Spaniard. The reformed inebriate returns to his old habits, and, as with him re-visited by the devils once cast out, the end of that man is worse than the first. Come, then, ye weary and desponding to the Tents of Rechab, and here ye shall find peace. But first know thyself. Satisfy yourself that you can courageously maintain the vow you are about to take—then apply for admission. A committee of our brethren will examine and report to the Tent your fitness to be admitted to the honor of our companionship. You will then come forward to be instructed in the obligations required, and if, after coolly and reflectively your adhesion is given, you do ought to bring dishonor upon the name you have chosen, mean and miserable must you be. No, no, the vow of a Rechabite is not a thing of air to be lightly tossed about to the wind. You feel that you are joined to a band of brothers who are mutually honored in the maintenance of your resolution, and mutually dishonored by your fall. You feel that they look after you, and care for you, and that a solemn compact binds you together, and you may plead this wherever you may be in society, whether to Beauty or to Brute, whatever may be the discourtesy, or whatever the offence, as the firm ground on which you stand when you repel the cup that is red, while announcing the manly determination, "We drink no wine."

Children of Rechab! our tents are the citadels of Temperance, and we are the disciplined army of the cause. While we maintain our positions, the cause is safe, when we abandon them, the enemy, unchecked by our defences, will triumph over the land, scattering and beating down the temperance people in shame and confusion. And what is this enemy of drunkenness that we are called upon to encounter? Why write about it or talk about it? why not call it at once by its true name, "Insanity." Call them by what name you please, or put what theories you please, the excitement of strong drink is temporary insanity, and "insanity" is only a prolonged excitement similar to that produced by strong drink. The moderately excited, and the moderately insane, are for the time the same being—the furiously excited and the furiously insane are the same being, both in the end become alike idiotic, from the wearing out of a brain over-exercised by the over action of an over heated imagination. He who becomes permanently insane by the act of Providence is sent to the madhouse as dangerous and unfit to manage his own affairs. He who inflicts temporary insanity upon himself, by the use of strong stimulants, though while under its influence equally dangerous and equally unfit to manage his own affairs is suffered to remain at large, till he commits some injury, or wastes, by degrees, his whole substance. It may not be complimentary to "fashionable society" but it is nevertheless true, that a Temperance man, one who tastes no wine, can sometimes perceive little difference between the manners and conversation of a party of gentlemen simply "glorious" after dinner, and the same number of lively madmen in the asylum. The delirium of drink, and the delirium of the madhouse are one thing, but the last is cheapest. If the excitement of strong drink is necessary to promote social intercourse, cordial feeling between men, or animation in society, why was not man created mad, and thus saved the expense of purchasing the artificial stimulant, and all the headaches, disease, and decrepitude that follow upon its use. No, brethren, man was created to be sober. The Almighty has created a sufficiency of delights and pleasures, for the natural enjoyment of man in this world, and he who vainly thinks them magnified by the exciting delirium of alcohol, sins against nature, and prepares for himself a bed of thorns to lacerate his flesh, and wrinkle in his soul so long as life endures. What a libel upon humanity and God-like man, to suppose that he requires maddening

stimulants to fit him for the enjoyment of a friend or of society! A Prince of old condemned by fate to choose one of three sins, murder, incest, or intoxication, chose the last, supposing it to be the least, but in its delirium committed both the others. There is too much madness in the world without drink.—we require sobriety to temper us for the rugged road of our daily existence.

Children of Reclab, a glorious destiny awaits us. A broad field spreads around, ripe, ready for the harvest; if the laborers be few, the greater will be their honor; they are worthy of their lure, and will be certain to reap a rich reward. The public mind is prepared for us, already has it learned a mournful lesson, in the hundreds of families and individuals coming forward into life with everything bright and beautiful around them, but wasted, ruined, sunk, and annihilated by the awful scourge of intemperance. Look to young men—look to families lost in the fathomless gulf of dissipation! And there has been consolation in the example of others, commencing life amid trouble, obstacles and perplexity, who by a resolute perseverance in sobriety, have risen to honor, affluence, and happiness. The experience of our own city needs but be related, to convince and confirm all, that he who devotes himself to the advocacy of Temperance is impelled by an impulse of the most exalted philanthropy. Who are the miserably half clad for the coming winter? we know them as they pass us on the street. Who wants food, who wants wood, who wants decent clothing?—those whose money has gone for drink. Let them count up what it has cost them in the last six months. Who are the drunkards of to-day? the moderate drinkers of ten years ago. Who will be the drunkards ten years hence? the moderate drinkers of to-day. Is there not a great work of reform before us?

And what are the prospects of our Order? what shall be our share, in the magnificent work that will assuredly be accomplished? That depends upon yourselves and the good Providence of Heaven. "Help yourselves, and Heaven will aid you," says the French proverb. Let us remember that we have promised to do all the good we can; let us foster a lively enthusiasm, let our mutual faith be warmed by those generous impulses, which, at the outset, five years ago, impelled you the fathers of our institution in Canada, to establish it among us. Let every Reclabite strive earnestly to add one more Reclabite to the roll of his Tent. Every man, however humble, is the centre of a small circle upon which he exerts an influence. Let these centres of circles be multiplied and established in every quarter, till one circle disappears and dissolves within the lines of another, and the whole community mingled in love, and purified in spirit, is bound together within one circle, the cherished hand of our Order, Truth, Fortitude, Temperance, and Justice.

THE PLEDGE WANTED.

(From the British Banner.)

Seldom have the services of Mr. Wakley, the celebrated Coroner for Middlesex, been employed on an occasion more affecting or suggestive than on Thursday last, when he was required to investigate the circumstances attending the death of Mr. Thomas Morton. The deceased, though a young man, was highly distinguished in the medical profession, and held the twofold office of Surgeon to the University College Hospital, and also to the Queen's Bench Prison; he was known among his friends as a man of superior mind, fine feelings, and great amiability; his home was graced by the presence of an estimable wife and a child; his pecuniary circumstances were so easy that he had talked with his friends of resigning his position of surgeon to the Hospital,—and yet, with all these means of happiness and enjoyment, the evidence adduced showed most clearly, that the unhappy man, by means of prussic acid, had terminated an existence which he felt to be an insupportable burden! But his most distressing suicide was not inexplicable. Scarcely any of his friends, indeed, seem to have suspected Mr. Morton of intemperance, but the very extraordinary evidence of Mr. Stedman, a surgeon, who had known the deceased for some years, left not a doubt as to the rock on which he split. Among the documents which this gentleman produced at the inquest, was a kind of diary of rules and reflections, penned by the deceased, at different periods during the last four or five months. From this affecting record the following are quotations:—

"Shun wine, beer, and spirits.

"To drink little or no beer or wine.

"No wine or beer.

"Pray morning, noon, and night, to be strong against the temptation.

"It is the system of, 'Well, one glass more,' which breaks a man down.

"Beer or wine makes a man heavy, bilious, bad tempered, violent, and, next day, feeble.

"Remember the happy lightness of a water drinker.

"I fail because I am not firm to resist temptation. Also, because I try myself and run into danger. When I fail it is my thoughtlessness and want of firmness, and being unmindful of the horrors. Also, by an opinion that I can stand a good deal of beer. The health, temper, and character of a beer drinker are undermined. One should never exceed a pint of beer a day. I am better on water. I never was so happy as on water, and so was Law.

"I have only to remember my dreadful sufferings the morning after taking so much beer or wine. How much more lively and active I am when I have been temperate!!! Everything is pleasant to me, and I get on."

All the numerous rules were of the same character, reiterating and enforcing, again and again, the relinquishment of his besetting, and, apparently, solitary vice. The last paper read by Mr. Stedman was the most important of all, as showing the operation of intoxicating fluids upon the unhappy gentleman's mind.

"Let me not forget my dreadful feelings (*delirium tremens*) after taking two or three pints of ale. Drink only water, and never exceed of beer one pint or one glass. When I fail, it is by thoughtlessness and want of firmness, also by an opinion that I can stand a good deal of beer. The health, temper, and character of a beer drinker are undermined. One should never exceed a pint of beer a day. I am better on water. I never was so happy as on water. Take plenty of exercise in the open air, and live on water.

"I have only to remember my dreadful sufferings the morning after taking so much beer or wine. Low suicidal feelings, despondent and gloomy thoughts, pulse 100 to 120, head dizzy, limbs tremulous, pains about heart, flatulence and eructations, incapacity for duty of any kind, temper irritable and overbearing, expansive habits, loss of time, forgetfulness of engagements, every thing in disorder, and all for what? *Because I choose to take two pints of ale or half a bottle of wine.*"

It is evident, from the above, that the subject of this distressing narrative was a man of very acute feelings; that his conscience was wounded, not decimated by sin; that he was thoroughly and painfully cognizant of his enthrallment and its effects—but, notwithstanding his superior mental powers, and even his aspirations after good,—for at his death an open Bible was found at his side—he yet lacked the virtuous firmness to resist his besetting temptation. It is plain, too, that his intemperance was not a matter of quantity. What many "moderate drinkers" imbibe daily, with impunity, was quite sufficient to produce in him "low suicidal feelings, despondent and gloomy thoughts." Mr. Erichsen, who examined the head of the deceased, deposed, that the condition of the brain was such as "is always found in persons of intemperate habits." As one small leak may disable or sink a noble ship, so the indulgence of one feeling may, either, or permanently close, a most valuable existence. Who can doubt, that the Total Abstinence Pledge would have been the preservation of Mr. Morton? Its ready adoption is the sure and only safeguard for that very numerous class of men, who, with every feeling of self-reproach, are yet unable, unassisted by some such preventive check, always to resist a temptation of perpetual recurrence, and to break through the fetters gradually forged, and at length rivetted by indulgence in a debasing habit. Whether or not, as the more rigid advocates of Temperance maintain, it be the duty of every well-wisher of his species to abstain entirely from any intoxicating beverage, there can be no question as to its propriety and urgent necessity in such cases as that of Mr. Morton.

Nor should it be for a moment forgotten by those who do not feel themselves called upon to abstain completely, that intoxicating drink is the huge, insatiate Moloch of this country, at whose shrine are yearly sacrificed millions of money and thousands of lives—whose victims include both sexes, all ranks, conditions, and ages—whose influence, often stealthy and secret, but ever withering and deadly, overshadows our land like a pestilential cloud, and contributes far more than ought else to perpetuate and increase the innumerable forms of human vice, degradation and misery. It blights the prospects and ruins the peace of many a

family—it robs fathers of sons, sons of fathers, wives of husbands, and makes miserable or desolate many a fondly cherished home—it takes away respect from friends, and nuns confidence in those otherwise most worthy of love and esteem—it lessens the Christian flock, and sometimes even scandalizes the pastor—it penetrates, weakens, and corrupts every corner of the social fabric, and, for all these reasons, a heartfelt, unmitigated, and unceasing hostility to its all pervading influence, is the duty of every man who deems himself a patriot, a philanthropist, or a Christian.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

There does not seem, at first sight, to have been any reason for such a crushing sense of misery as that which appears to have overwhelmed him, nor can one readily believe that he might not have exerted that small amount of self control which was necessary to make him virtuous and happy. He had a high degree of intellect; and his health, though slightly shattered, was not so broken as to preclude the exercise of his mental powers. His brain, on post mortem examination, was found to be healthy, with one exceptional portion (setting aside, of course, the congested veins consequent on his mode of death); but that peculiar appearance, the opacity of the arachnoid membrane [the cellular tissue between the *dura mater* and the *pia mater*], must have been, to the anatomists present, sufficient to account for all those mental phenomena which else were inexplicable. Mr. Ericlison said—"The condition of the brain which I described is always found in persons of intemperate habits." And yet this unhappy gentleman was never seen intoxicated; he was not known as an habitual drinker, nor would such a failing have been attributed to him, but on the evidence of his own most affecting confessions. Romaine sets forth mournful phases of human life, and with a bold hand lays bare the hidden springs of action; but we have never read anything—poem or tale—so melancholy as those rules, resolutions, and self-bewailings written by Mr. Morton. The earnest desire manifest in them to do well, with the incessant lapsing into evil—the virtuous determination, perpetually overpowered by the mastery of temptation—all this forms a humiliating picture, that leads to sorrowful comparisons of what human nature might become with firm will, and what it is with wavering purposes and feeble volitions. The evidence of his servants and friends—only one among them having "strong suspicions that the deceased had not been so temperate in his habits as he ought to have been"—proved the estimation in which he was held, and the character for sobriety and virtue that he had gained; and yet, lurking in secret, was that damning love of stimulants which has been the ruin of thousands, and which, at this moment, broods like some dreadful fate over thousands more. No debauchery, no midnight orgies, no vice, in the common acceptation of the word, disgraced this unhappy man—nothing but weakness against small temptations, and a facile yielding to the desire of the moment. It appears that a very little drink indeed was sufficient to upset his powers. Two or three pints of ale, or half a bottle of wine, which most men can take with perfect impunity, produced in him those symptoms of "low suicidal feelings, despondent and gloomy thoughts, pulse 100 to 120, head dizzy, limbs tremulous, pains about heart, incapacity for duty, temper irritable," &c., which led but too surely to self destruction. All was cast away—fame, place, fortune, friends, the love of his wife and young child—everything was staked on a paltry gratification, and life, with all its beauties, and all its pleasures, was lost for half a bottle of wine! It is a fearful subject to think of—more so because the instance is not a solitary one.

To men of Mr. Morton's temperament the abstinence pledge is of infinite service. Those who desire and strive after virtue, but require an extraneous power to strengthen their own weakness, are led by the Temperance Societies to the enjoyment of true liberty—for our vices are our worst tyrants, and we are often our own executioners through weakness, when the eternal and sympathy and fellowship would have saved us. Though we are no friends to coercive virtue, and would not force vows on any, yet we would gladly see men helped by any aid to guide themselves wisely, if too weak and irresolute to stand alone.

However true Mr. Stedman's opinion may be, that the deceased "had a monomania on the subject of drinking," this does not alter the facts. One act is so often the result of an effect caused by a previous act—which secondary effect the will can no longer

control—that in judging of men we ought to unravel the long skein of tangled causes, simple and complex, before we can precisely say what was the proximate cause of any particular result.

In any case we hope that this mournful event—one of the most melancholy that has ever been recorded in our columns—will prove a warning to many; and that from fear, if not from virtuous will, men may become more temperate than heretofore—so that we may lose that national character for excess in the use of stimulants which is a stigma on the name of England. We hope to see the day when the beer-shops shall be about one-third of their present number, and when the gin palaces shall be the silent and deserted monuments of a by-gone vice—or, better still, converted into workshops of industry, instead of being, as now, filled with unhappy wretches, to whom they are the portals to the madhouse or the grave. Take the strictest pledges, abstain even from social pleasures, cut out this horrid vice by the deep lying roots; do anything rather than make humanity, so divine as it is, worse than bestial; abstain from what is allowed, rather than swallow in the excess of what destroys health, virtue, reason, and manhood, more effectually than the foulest and deadliest of plagues ever inflicted on men.

TEETOTAL TRIUMPH.

At a temperance meeting in England, George Cruikshank Esq., the great humorist, and author of the *Bottle Pictures*, recently gave the following account of himself: I am ashamed to say that for many years I went on following the ordinary custom of drinking, till I fell into pecuniary difficulties. I had some money at a banker's; he fell into difficulties, took to drinking brandy-and-water, and ended by blowing out his brains. I lost my money, and in my distress applied to friends who aided me for a time, but themselves fell into difficulties, and I was forced to extricate myself by the most extraordinary exertions. In this strait I thought "the best thing I can do is to take to water," but still I went on for some time before I quite weaned myself from my old drinking habits. I went to take luncheon with my friend Dickens (who I am sorry to say is not a teetotaler); he asked me to take wine, but I told him I had taken to water, for, in my opinion, a man had better take a glass of prussic acid, than fall into the other habit of taking brandy-and-water, and I am happy to say that Charles Dickens quite agreed with me, that a man had better wipe himself out at once than extinguish himself by degrees, by the use of that soul-degrading and body-destroying enemy (cheers). However, I happily escaped myself; I left off drinking wine altogether, and became a total abstainer—became a healthier and stronger man, more capable of meeting the heavy responsibilities that were upon me, and for the following two years I had my life renewed, and all the elasticity of my school-boy's days came back to me. Domestic afflictions then came upon me, ending in death, and my spirits and health were crushed down. In this extremity I applied to my medical adviser. He said, "Medicine is of no use to you; you must drink wine again." I refused, and my medical friend called in some others of his profession; he told me they had had a consultation, and the result was, that all of them agreed it was necessary I should drink wine to restore my sinking constitution. I replied, "Doctor, I'll take your physic, but not your wine. Let me try every thing else first, and only when there is no other chance give me wine, because I feel there is a great principle at stake in this matter." I have said, and I believe that wine is unnecessary even as a medicine, and I do not wish to do a single act which would tend to weaken or destroy the weight and force of that conviction. And here I stand; I have not tasted the vile and destroying enemy, and I am almost restored to health, without having risked the violation of my principles (cheers). I call this a triumph; and I stand here as an evidence that wine is totally unnecessary, even as a medicine (cheers).

THE TEMPERANCE ARMY.

Tenor or Treble Solo, Allegro.

1. Lift up the Temp'-rance ban - ner high; In tri - umph let it
 2. O come, In - e - briate, come and sign, O come and sign with

wave; For see the Temp'-rance ar - my comes, They come a world to save.
 me; You on - ly need to sign the pledge, And it will set you free.

CHORUS.

For see, for see, the Temp'rance ar my comes, With ban - ners

For see, for see, the Temp'rance ar - - my comes, the Temp'-rance ar.my comes, With ban-ners

For see they come.

float-ing high. For see they come, the temp'rance army comes With ban-ners float-ing high.

float-ing high. For see they come, the temp'rance army comes, the temp'-rance ar my comes, With banners float-ing high.

For see they come.

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 15, 1849.

We beg to direct attention to the account of the suicide of Dr. Morton, in another page, and the remarks of the *Brit. Banner* and *London Morning Chronicle* upon it. It is a tragic event; and it seems to have startled the public in London by a warning so loud, that the thick wall of prejudice has not been able to shut it out. The warning is directed especially against the practice of moderate drinking, and seems as if almost intended to present an illustration of the truth of Temperance principles upon it. Long have the advocates of the Temperance reform declared that moderate drinking, as presently understood and practised, is both dangerous and hurtful. Their warnings have been little regarded by the public; and the cry is still, 'Let us drink on; so long as we are moderate we are safe; moderation is the guardian both of health and virtue.' But lo! the demon of intemperance selects a victim from the lists of the moderate themselves, and one of the most respectable of the class; and his terrible fate is held up as a beacon to warn others that are thoughtlessly following his example.

Dr. Morton bore the character of being a strictly temperate man. No doubt, those who were intimately acquainted with him must have known that, in secret, he was guilty to an extent of which others had no suspicion, nevertheless he maintained the character of being a sober man to the end. The honorable offices which he filled are the best evidence, both of the respectability of his character and his professional acquirements. Yet even while commanding universal esteem, and regarded as a successful and happy man by his acquaintance, the curse of intemperance was upon him; the hydra-headed monster had coiled around him, and was preparing to strike its victim.

It is to be observed that while he was a moderate drinker, he used chiefly, if not exclusively, those liquors which are the most fashionable, and thought to be the most salutary, *wine and beer*. Nor should it escape notice that he was aware of his danger; he knew the symptoms of his own case, and made many efforts to escape from his fearful peril. But it was all in vain; he could not restrain himself within the bounds he prescribed, nor resist temptation. Oh! what a state of mind is disclosed in these *memoranda!* principle struggling against tyrannous habit, and falling at every encounter; and causing thereby such upbraidings of conscience, and mental agonies, that death was preferred to life.

We hope all drinkers of wine and beer, in moderation, will ponder this case. To them it is full of instruction and warning. Even when enjoying the reputation of being moderate, they may be approaching, gradually but surely, the last stage, *delirium tremens*. Let them hear these extracts from Dr. M.'s note book, as the voice of one from the dead:—"It is the system of 'Well, one glass more,' which breaks a man down. Remember the happy lightness of a water drinker."

ANOTHER TESTIMONY.

The Government of the United States lately sent out an expedition to explore the course of the River Jordan, and the shores of the Dead Sea. The command was intrusted to Lieut. Lynch, whose interesting report now lies before us. He states, in some introductory explanations, that, in preparing for the enterprise, he was "particular in selecting young, muscular, native-born Americans, of sober habits, from each of whom he exacted a pledge to

abstain from all intoxicating drinks;" and adds, "To this stipulation, under Providence, is principally to be ascribed their final recovery from the extreme prostration, consequent on the severe privations, and great exposure, to which they were unavoidably subjected."

Acting upon our principle, Lieut. Lynch successfully accomplished his perilous undertaking, with the loss of only one man, out of the sixteen. Two persons only had been previously known to have attempted the navigation of this mysterious sea, Costigan and Molyneux, and both of them died of fevers contracted by breathing the unwholesome vapors, which arise from it. Lieut. Lynch's party were also affected more or less in a similar way, but only one of them died; and, perhaps, his death is to be ascribed as much to a violent sirocco, of three days' continuance, at the time when his sickness was at the crisis, as to any other cause. The cold-water drinkers, therefore, have triumphed, when all others have failed! what a signal proof of the safety of this rule of conduct, and of the fallacy of the old adage, that intoxicating liquors are necessary to qualify men to bear unusual fatigue and exposure, and enable them to resist the influence of an unwholesome climate.

IMPROVEMENT.

The usual Government notice has lately been issued respecting the lease of the Canteen, attached to the Barracks in Montreal, and we are glad to perceive that the following auspicious improvement is to be introduced:—"It must be distinctly understood that the prohibition as to the sale of Ardent Spirits, in the said Canteen, will be strictly enforced." This is as it should be; and we now call upon the city Fathers to imitate the example which the military authorities have thus set before them. If it is inconsistent to open a Canteen at the Barrack-gate, where the soldier may have all the means of getting drunk supplied to his hand, and then to punish him for availing himself of these means, and getting drunk accordingly; it is no less inconsistent in the rulers of our city to have taverns opened, under their authority, at the corner of every street, where the idle and vicious shall constantly meet with temptations, and then to punish them for yielding to these temptations. This is first to lay the snare, and then punish the idle loafer for stumbling into it.

We cheerfully give insertion to the letter of our correspondent, respecting the progress of the Canada East Tribe of Rechabites. We look upon these brethren as co-laborers in a common cause. Their pledge is that of total abstinence. Their fees and usages are well adapted to a rural population, as far as we are able to judge respecting them; and, it must be admitted in their behalf, that they are doing good. The *Advocate* will freely insert short articles respecting the progress of this order of Temperance friends; and we have reason to know that they design promoting the circulation of this paper, as an assistant in the great moral reformation in which they are honorably engaged. Thus we shall aid each other.

THE ILLUSTRATED FAMILY CHRISTIAN ALMANAC FOR 1850.—By the American Tract Society, New-York.

The great success that has attended this publication since its first issue by the American Tract Society of Boston, in 1821, is presumptive evidence in its favor. Its circulation for that year was 14,000, and it periodically increased, until in 1827 its publication was transferred to the American Tract Society at New York, which issued in that year 71,000 copies, and about an equal

or greater number every year until 1818, when it rose to 129,000, and for 1819 to 192,000. As it has thus rapidly advanced in public favor, so also has it progressed with the improvement in the art of printing, and it is now a beautiful specimen of what has been attained in the art in the United States, both as to the quality of the engravings and typography. It contains four different calendars, one each for Boston, New York, Baltimore, and Charleston, thus making it adapted for the whole country, instead of having to issue several editions adapted to different localities, as they were in the habit of doing previous to 1811, when they found it impracticable to do so (for in 1831 the number of editions had risen to twenty-two), without causing a large pecuniary loss. It contains also a large amount of valuable statistical information; eleven beautifully executed wood engravings, and a large number of short interesting paragraphs, moral and religious, affording a profitable source of reflection. We quote the following paragraph on reading, suggesting at the same time, that the almanac now before us is eminently suitable for the purpose, and we would recommend every family to have one or more in their possession, to keep within their reach. —

READING.—Make it a rule to read a little every day, even if it be but a single sentence. A short paragraph will often afford you a profitable source of reflection for a whole day. For this purpose keep some valuable book or paper always within your reach, so that you may lay your hand on it at any moment when you are about the house. We know a large family that has made itself intimately acquainted with history, probably more than any other family in the United States, by the practice of having one of the children, each one taking a week by turns, read every morning while the rest were at breakfast.

For sale at the Bible Depository, St. Joseph Street, Price 6d.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COWANSVILLE, December 1, 1849.

SIR,—I have often heard the inferior accommodation of *Temperance Public Houses* made the pretext, and given as the reason by Temperance men, for their stopping at, and patronizing, liquor-selling places of public entertainment. Whether this reason, even supposing it to be correct, is a sufficient justification for encouraging, and actually supporting with our countenance and our money, what we condemn as being a very great evil in our judgment and conscience, I am not now going to discuss, but will take it for granted, that, (as far as professed Temperance men are concerned at least,) it is not the absence of the poison-full decanter that renders the accommodation of a Temperance House less comfortable, or inferior to that furnished by a house "*licensed to sell spirits and ale*." Neither will I stop to express all my astonishment that civilized Governments will, and actually do, sell for so many dollars per year, the right to gradually, though certainly, ruin thousands of human beings annually. On these points, if you will, you may hear from me on some future occasion.

My present purpose is to tell my brethren in the good work of Temperance, with whom I have labored and sympathized for the last fifteen years, and also my "*brethren of the mystic tie*" of the "*House of Rechab*," that I have found something worthy of their attention. As I was travelling through the Eastern Townships a short time since, my direction led me through Granby Village, where I stopped for the night at the *Union House*, kept by Mr. David Wallingford. I had heard much said of Mr. Wallingford's polite attention to his guests, of the superior accommodations furnished by his commodious house, and of the peculiar qualifications of his good lady, Mrs. W., for tempting the appe-

lite, by her superior ability in matters pertaining to the table, and to that kind of *table talk* which is always the most acceptable, after a long ride in the fresh air. All this, Brethren, I had heard, but the best of all I had not yet heard. I had not heard that Mr. Wallingford's house was a "*TEMPERANCE HOUSE*." I was attracted by no glaring display of Temperance on a "*sign board*" on the outside of the house, but I found on entering, that I was in the house of a Temperance man and a Rechabite.

I have no motive, Mr. Editor, but the advancement of human happiness in these few remarks, and I now say, without fear of contradiction from any *Temperance man* that will make the experiment, that Mr. Wallingford's house is not second to any Public House in this country; to my taste, it is decidedly superior to what are called the best City Hotels.

Now, Sir, if I am correct, and I only ask any one to make the experiment for himself, what is the *duty* of Temperance men?—In my humble opinion it is their duty as well as interest to support and patronize their own houses. Such a house is a great instrument in the promotion of Temperance principles, and the man who patronizes the Rumseller, at the expense of such a house must be very ignorant of the nature of his pledge, or have but little regard for consistency and moral rectitude. I was pleased to see that Mr. Wallingford's *Rechabite House* is also the "*Stage House*," and I must add that my selfish feelings were gratified on finding when I went to see, (which I always do) how my pony was faring, that he had been washed perfectly clean from the immense quantity of mud of which he was the bearer to the stable.

In conclusion I would say to my co-workers in the cause of Temperance, and so far in the cause of humanity, that the Temperance cause wants its *organs* like other causes, and that none are more important than Temperance Houses of a character such as that now kept in Granby by Mr. Wallingford, and that such may become more numerous is the prayer of, Mr. Editor,

Your humble servant,

P.

MONTREAL, December 4, 1849.

SIR,—Having for several years taken a deep interest in the Temperance cause, I have often lamented the seeming apathy with which the female portion of the community regard it, but never did their indifference appear so unaccountable as on a late occasion. After listening to an address delivered in St. James Street Chapel, which could not fail to convince any rational being of the fearful evils of intemperance, and whilst full of hope that numbers would sign the pledge, I was most painfully convinced the worthy speaker had wasted his eloquence, and that whilst his sallies of wit had elicited sweet smiles from rosy lips, and caused bright eyes to sparkle, yet his sound reasoning met with little or no response; it is true, the gentlemen did not go forward and sign the pledge, but if not misinformed, the greater number present were total abstainers. It seems to me that surely there is a fault somewhere. The females of Canada are not lower in intellect than those of Great Britain. Their suffering from drunken fathers—brothers, husbands or sons not less acute than those similarly afflicted in other countries. Then, wherefore is it that, unlike the females of other lands, the women of Montreal, (generally speaking), withhold their influence from the noblest cause (save the gospel), that ever engaged the attention of men?

Is it not a fact, that females are the greatest sufferers from intemperance, and can no means be found to arouse them, and enlist their energies on the side of Temperance? I cannot suppose that the "*Lords of Creation*" think so meanly of us as to despise

femine effort. Yet I would remind those among them who know aught of the long struggle in Great Britain for "Negro Emancipation," that *there* the females lent efficient aid. Not only with words of persuasive eloquence did they plead the cause of the oppressed, but thousands relinquished the use of every article produced by negro slavery; and here I would say, that physical bondage in its worst form cannot produce such appalling calamities as are endured by the slaves of Alcohol. The negro slave may be (and many of them are) "Heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ." The more degraded slave of strong *Drink*, whilst life drags on, gives shame and anguish of heart to all connected with him, and is *distinctly* told by the Everlasting God of truth, that he *shall not* "inherit the kingdom of God." Is it not peculiarly the province of women to do good.

Ye that wish well to the blessed cause of Temperance, give but your influence and it must needs prosper.

L. CAMPBELL.

CANADA EAST TRIBE OF RECHABITES.

Some information has occasionally appeared in your excellent *Temperance Advocate*, respecting the progress of the Canada East Tribe of Rechabites. I propose in this communication to furnish your readers with further particulars, which are gathered partly from personal knowledge, and partly from the Quarterly Report of the Grand Tent, which met at Charleston Village, Hatley, on Tuesday, Nov. 13, 1849. At this meeting of the Grand Tribe, thirty-two Subordinate Tents were reported, most of them in a prosperous condition. With the exception of four, all these tents are located in the Eastern Townships. The four are in the State of Vermont—united for the sake of convenience with the Canada East Grand Tribe, which has an union with the Vermont Rechabites, and, therefore, these Vermonters are still on 2 with their brethren. The thirty-two tents embraced in the Canada East Tribe have reported 1195 members in good standing. But, it is to be remarked, that this number does not give a just estimate of the strength of these Rechabite Tents. A great many members had not paid their monthly dues, and, therefore, were not returned. I should think there are not less than 1400 substantial Temperance men united in these tents. In every voluntary association, causes of difference and discontent will arise. They cannot always be avoided. Great prudence, forbearance, and charity, are necessary. For some causes not specified, more than a hundred were "honorably discharged." Some of these may unite with other tents, for they have not withdrawn from any opposition to the principles of Rechabism; but it is probable that circumstances have arisen in their respective localities not exactly to their mind. During the quarter, only 23 were expelled for violation of the covenant, so that the members of the tribe are generally steadfast to their pledge of total abstinence. The next meeting of the Grand Tent is appointed to take place at Dunham, Missisquoi County, on the 2nd Tuesday of February next, at 10 o'clock A. M., at which time and place, the Grand Union Tent is appointed to meet.—The Grand Tent adopted an address to the Subordinate Tents and brethren of the Tribe. If you have room to spare, it may be useful to publish it, as the general sentiments and advice it contains, may be useful to other Temperance bodies working together, or separately, in different parts of Canada. It is as follows:—

DEAR BRETHREN.—Again the members of the Grand Tent have been permitted by a kind Providence to assemble under circumstances peculiarly cheering. In looking over the brief history

of the Institution—the unfavorable aspects under which Rechabism, at first assumed a stand among the great doctrines of Reform—the difficulties, jealousies and prejudices to be surmounted; compared with the present popular standing, the almost universal and growing pro-verity of our order—we see much in which all good Rechabites must heartily rejoice. Rapid as had been the increase of our Tents, the returns of the present Quarter realize more than our fondest hopes, and indicate, in no mistakable terms, that the sympathy of the wise and good is being strongly elicited in our favor. Men who, at first, viewed us with jealousy or distrust—men of all sects and of every shade of opinion, begin now to unite cordially in the common admission, that, judged by its fruits, Rechabism is worthy of all countenance and support. That though not a religious institution, it is based upon the broad principle of Christian Benevolence, and grows necessarily out of the injunction, "Do good to all men;" and that, to impose a check upon the waywardness of youth, and the headstrong follies of mature age; to reform the fallen and degraded; to elevate their affections above grovelling sensuality, lead them along the paths of sobriety and peace—is, at least, some assimilation to the character of Hun who loved to alleviate miseries, and who scrupled not to eat with publicans and sinners. Men are saying: "If Rechabism holds not a religious character, it seems like John the Baptist, a Messenger sent before Christ's coming, to prepare the way and make her path straight."

Brethren: Such being generally the sympathy which the better portion of the public entertain for our principles, we see no reason "without the Tent," to fear for the ultimate and complete triumph of Rechabism. Nor need we fear our enemies; for, armed as we are with a righteous cause, no power can prevail against us. If therefore, as has been affirmed, we are doomed to a defeat; to bask for a moment in the noon-day of prosperity—a meteor-life—to be followed by a dark night of misery and ruin; it is not in the world around, but *within our own ranks*, that we must look for a development of the evil. It is only when we contemplate as a possible contingency, that a wrong spirit may creep into our Tents, that we tremble for the cause we love. God avert the evil day! and yet the fact is palpable—Rechabism may be wounded in the house of its friends.

Brethren: We have maintained before the world, that our beloved order holds a great advantage over societies whose objects are the same as ours:—that it contains within itself such a consolidation of influences—such an embodiment of conservative elements, as will ensure the perpetuity of its organized existence. With us rests the power to verify the truth of our assumption. In our own hands is the weal of the institution we have nourished; and upon the lives we lead as Rechabites, its very existence is depending. If we would conduce in all things to the best good of our Society, let us ever act with an eye single to its advancement. Let us be ready at all times to sacrifice, with a magnanimity worthy of our principles, either personal or local feeling to the general good of the cause; and let no plurality of interests be known among Rechabites. Within the Tent let all the forms and ceremonies, so happily adapted to preserve an interest in the business and meetings of the Order, be strictly observed. In all matters of difference which necessarily must arise in the Tents, let us accord due respect to the opinions of our Brethren,—and let us exercise that kind, forbearing and fraternal spirit which ever engenders the most perfect harmony and good will. Firm and manly in the maintenance of our opinions, let obstinacy never rebel against the majority. And extravagant or ruinous as we may deem any measure of our Tent, let us stand by the ship to the last; and not like the moral coward, *give up* at the first appearance of danger.

A few words may comprise our whole duty: Under no circumstance let us lose sight of the glorious end, to gain which we are struggling. Let all good Rechabites remember their identity of interest. Let them be always united; and let the fruits of their union be such as the Psalmist contemplates: "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

In closing this letter of information, I would earnestly beg of temperance men, by whatever name they are called, to avail themselves of the winter leisure, and winter roads, in order to promote the temperance cause. The business of making drunkards is a bad business. It is lamentable that some, otherwise respectable, persons should be engaged in it. Our work is to

make men sober, and persuade all to abstain from strong drink. In this way, by example, by advice, by agitation, by persuasion, we may also reach the conscience of the parties engaged in the horrid traffic. Their heart is too generally in their pocket; but if by any lawful means, the traffic can be ended, the results must be beneficial to the country. We must work—work—work. Drunkenness and drinking must prevail, unless the friends of temperance work.

WILLIAM SCOTT.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

We take the following extract from an excellent address, delivered recently before the "Sons" in Cobourg, signed W. A., which we find in our contemporary, the *Provincialist* of the 26th ult. We omit the first and last parts, having more especially a local bearing, and which we hope has had its legitimate effect upon those who heard it:—

Of the origin of the order of the Sons of Temperance, it is unnecessary to say any thing; you are all aware of its origin; that it was the result of united perseverance and intense application of gigantic minds, thoroughly imbued with the noble and God-like spirit, the amelioration of the condition of mankind. The names of Oliver, Bale, Snow, McKeller, Swenarton, Sands, McKibbin, Weaver and Johnston, will be embalmed upon the brightest page of memory and cherished with the liveliest emotions of gratitude by unborn millions. The Bard will yet arise who will transmit their fame in undying numbers to the latest generation. Volumes might be written upon the devotion, the self-sacrificing spirit of these disinterested philanthropists, but this duty must devolve upon abler pens, and we confine ourselves to noticing the blessings we enjoy as the result of their labours.

Thorough organization is a feature of our order, standing out in bold relief, and constituting the foundation stone, the basis of the "Pyramid," whose superstructure is built up by the successive layers of Philanthropy, Patriotism, Christianity, Morality, and Sociability, and cemented together by Love, Fidelity, Forbearance, and Brotherly Kindness.

And further, the universal experience of past ages prove beyond a shadow of doubt, that thorough organization, concert of action, is the only method of successfully accomplishing important undertakings,—for however zealous and enthusiastic individuals may be in advocating and advancing an enterprise, their individual efforts will be comparatively unavailing; they will be like the separate links of a chain, while disconnected they are useless, but united they form a perfect chain, ready for use. So by a concentration of effort, great results are brought about, mighty victories achieved. But it is unnecessary to enlarge upon this self-evident truth, acknowledged by common consent, so much so that it has long since passed into a proverb, and the whole truth expressed in three comprehensive words—"union is strength."

The next prominent feature of our Order we come to notice is Philanthropy—a deep-rooted and heartfelt desire to live not alone for ourselves, but to contribute as far as lies within our power to the elevation of man in the scale of being, morally, mentally and physically, and how can this important end be more successfully accomplished than by working for his release and redemption from the iron grasp of the demon, Intemperance, who entwines his deadly coils with such relentless fury around his devoted victims—dulling their sensibilities, obliterating their perception of justice, virtue, and morality, dimming the brilliancy of their intellects, and throwing over them the dark and gloomy pall of mental night. His devastating influence is not only seen and felt in reducing and sinking man low in the depths of moral torpidity, and increasing the density of that darkness gathering around his intellect, and casting a sombrous hue on all around, but it also saps the very foundation of the physical system, destroying its healthful tone, and throwing wide open the flood-gates through which disease effects an easy and unobstructed entrance. Here then is an ample field for the exercise of unbounded philanthropy.

In taking a retrospective view of the past, we see that physical strength, the warrior, the poet, the statesman and the philosopher, have been successively dined, and millions have bowed the obsequious knee, and rendered to each in their turn due homage, but the time is yet to be, and that not far distant when goodness

will command and receive that homage heretofore rendered only to greatness, regardless of the consequences produced by that greatness. As a prelude to the consummation of this desirable object, I would point you to the reception in the neighboring states of the magnanimous philanthropist, Father Matthew.

Why that long line, drawn up in battle array, their shield and armour being the *white collar*, and their breast plates symbolic of love, purity and fidelity. Why that prolonged enthusiastic shout of joy, sent up simultaneously by so many thousand happy beings making the very welkin ring? Why all this joy and hilarity? Were they assembled to pay their devotions to some King or ruler, or to welcome some military Chieftain, returning with the laurels of many victories? Ah, no; no such object induced them to congregate; they had assembled simply to welcome a stranger, Ireland's benefactor, Father Matthew, the apostle of temperance. No brilliant military achievement, no daring exploits decked the crown of glory upon his brow. But silently, yet zealously, and with untiring assiduity, he has labored to redeem Ireland from the deadly grasp of the demon Intemperance, who has long held despotic sway over her sons—in other words, it was for goodness, not simply for greatness, that he was thus honored. And right well did he merit it; for long after Tyrants, Despots and Chieftains, renowned only for the numbers slain under their command, shall have been consigned to the shades of oblivion, will the name of Father Matthew be held in grateful remembrance.

And this brings us to the next feature of our order, that is, patriotism, love of our country and our country's prosperity and welfare. Some may be ready to ask what there is in our Society that indicates a love of country? In answer to this question I would ask, who it is would be the more capable of repelling the invader, should our shores be invaded by an enemy, the sober man in possession of his reason and judgment, or the inebriate, or even the moderate drinker, whose mind is impaired and bewildered by drinking?

Some may think it a stretch of the imagination to suppose that any serious calamity could befall a nation in consequence of indulgence in intoxicating drinks, but I will appeal to history to settle this point. Transport yourselves, in imagination, back through the long mist of years, and behold the once proud city of Babylon, mistress of the then known world, view her magnificent temples, her lofty domes, her towering spires and steeples, her ponderous gates, her huge works of architecture, her impenetrable walls, surely you would be ready to exclaim, so much grandeur and magnificence could never decay. In a few short years again behold that city! What now greets your vision? There in solemn grandeur stand the bare and desolate walls; while all around lay scattered, in wild confusion, the earthly remains of the once gay multitude. And what is the eloquence those ruins, those bleaching bones speak? Oh, there lurks the demon intemperance exulting over his success in being able in one short night to destroy what had taken years of hard toil, and exhausted countless coffers of gold to accomplish. You will remember the patriotism and devotion that characterized this people; they were celebrating one of their national feasts, and that very night over flowing bowls swore eternal resistance to the enemy then besieging their city, they considered every bottle of wine they drank, a seal of their doom to irretrievable ruin. King, lords and citizens being in a state of inebriety, the besieging army effected an entrance, and slew them all.—And from the ruins of ancient Babylon we should learn a lesson, to shun the rock on which they split, and as lovers of our country and our country's welfare, shun as we would the deadly opus, the destroyer, not only of domestic peace and happiness, but also of nations.

This brings us to the next feature of our order—Christianity. Though it does not follow as a consequence, because men become Sons of Temperance, they therefore become Christians, but it is an admitted fact, that no man can become a Christian while under the influence of liquor; besides, the habitual use of ardent spirits has a tendency to blunt his moral perceptions, to destroy his love and reverence for the supreme ruler of the universe, while the inebriated victim bows and worships at the shrine of the God Bacchus. This is man's besetting sin, the most powerful weapon the arch fiend of perdition wields in his eternal warfare against the human family. This is the sin over which the church and pious men shed in my bitter tears, and the greatest obstacle to the spread of the Gospel. Who then can fail to see in our glorious order the handmaid of Christianity?

We have now arrived at the apex of the Pyramid, that is—Sociability. We are created social beings, and endowed by our Creator with certain propensities which instinctively impel us to association. It is one of nature's laws that participation enhances our enjoyment, and also alleviates our sorrows, and cold, hard-hearted, insensible indeed, must be that being who lives only for self, whose whole being is wound up in the gratification of his own selfish desires. He is a stranger to those higher and more ennobling sentiments and emotions that swell the breast of him, the chords of whose heart vibrate in unison with, and sympathy for others. This then is another distinguishing feature of our Order. Here we throw aside all petty animosities, all political differences, all sectarian prejudices, and meet on the broad platform of Temperance, without distinction of country, politics or religion, and extend to each other a "Brother's hand and a Brother's welcome." Here then we have the pyramid completed, though somewhat roughly put together, owing to the unskilfulness of the artist; yet with a copious supply of love, fidelity, forbearance and brotherly kindness as cement; we have an edifice symbolical of our Order, in point of beauty, symmetry, design and durability diametrically surpassing the world renowned Pyramids of Egypt—for while the latter are already yielding to time's destructive influence, and are crumbling to dust, our glorious Order will flourish in unending luxuriance as long as there remains a worshipper of the god, Bacchus to be redeemed from his infatuation.

ONONDAGA CO. N. Y. SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

A report of a delegated Convention of the Sons of Temperance held at Syracuse, Oct. 25, has been sent us for insertion. Representatives were present from eight divisions. A committee was appointed from each to report resolutions. A series was presented, discussed and voted. Among them were the following:

Whereas the vice of Intemperance, resulting from the sale of intoxicating drinks, prevails around us to an alarming and increasing extent, and the means employed to suppress this deadly evil, having hitherto, either from partial use or other inappropriateness, proved insufficient to cope with the many phases of this evil: Therefore.

Resolved, That this Convention urge upon the various Divisions of this County, the duty of assuming and using all their rights as citizens, whereby the strongholds of the vice of Intemperance may be successfully attacked.

Resolved, That every citizen should attend the primary meetings of his own political party, to secure the nomination of such men as will exert their whole influence towards the entire suppression of the liquor traffic.

Resolved, That we will not support any candidates for office, unless they will faithfully carry out our principles as temperance men.

Resolved, That it is inconsistent with temperance principles and harmful to our cause, that temperance men should patronize in any form those persons who are in any way engaged in the liquor traffic, and we pledge ourselves to sustain temperance traders as far as practicable.

Resolved, That as a means of presenting the principles of our common cause prominently before the attention of our fellow citizens, it is desirable that lectures and addresses should be delivered throughout the county.

Resolved, That there is, within the organization of the Sons of Temperance, a large fund of talent available for this purpose, and we appoint a committee to correspond with the Divisions, to receive their nominations for this service, and appoint the circuit to be followed by such lecturers, and we do pledge ourselves and our respective Divisions, to provide accommodation for such lecturers, and exert our influence to bring together an audience on each occasion.—*Journal Am. Temp. Union.*

Agriculture.

EXPERIMENTS ON POTATOES.

We have been familiar with this valuable root from our childhood, but the disease that has destroyed it to so great an extent, for a few years past, has induced us to collect many varieties, and cultivate them on the same land, managing them all in the same manner, to learn their comparative hardiness against the disease, as well as their quality, productiveness, &c.

In a trial of fifty varieties we learn some important facts; but further experience is necessary to come to satisfactory conclusions on some points, for results vary from year to year. Last year the Peach Blows yielded more than the Long Reds: this year the latter were the most productive. In some cases we had the same potato from different sources, and the product, side by side, varied twenty-five per cent, showing a modification, by culture, soil, or other circumstances, that seem to produce a permanent effect on the seed, or planted tubers.

Some varieties rot much, others not any. Yet some of those that have not rotted with us, have been affected with others. We think no kind is perfectly exempt from disease, under predisposing causes, such as wet land, warm, wet weather, &c., though some are proof against it under favorable circumstances.

To have a wider range for selection and experiment, we have raised, the present season, new varieties from seed, which was collected from different sections, and was the product of potatoes from various parts of the world. So great was the variety, that in raising from about two hundred plants, nearly every one was distinct in appearance. This shows the effects of mixing many kinds together, and that potatoes will not generally produce the same from seed. In some cases we raised a quart from a single seed, planted the last of April, and some of the tubers were medial size, showing the great facility with which new kinds may be produced. More on the subject by and by.—*N. E. Farmer.*

EVERGREENS FOR ORNAMENT.

In setting ornamental trees, evergreens are generally too much neglected, so that where we see beautiful scenery in summer, after the season of the "scar and yellow leaf," nothing remains but the monotonous scene of leafless trees, and the hoarse winds perform a dirge among the naked branches.

By interspersing evergreens among other trees for ornament, there is a greater variety and a more pleasing landscape in summer, and in the cold season, the scene is checkered, with something fresh and lively, with darkgreen foliage, beautifully contrasted with the white mantle that wraps the earth, breaking the sameness often seen in white snow, white houses, and white fences.

Boston Common, for want of evergreens, is robbed of all its beauty and splendor, when stern Winter lays his icy hand upon it. As some trees are decaying on that beautiful summer spot, we advise the trial of evergreens in their place; and the change of crops, by species so various, will give the advantage of rotation in favor of success.

One of the most beautiful of all evergreens is too much neglected. It is the hemlock, of a rich, dark green; and when its young shoots, of a lighter shade, start late in spring, they form a most pleasing contrast with the darker hue of a previous growth; and then it is the most beautiful of all evergreens. The hemlock flourishes on various soils, from wet swamps to the dry mountain top.

MANURE FOR YOUNG TREES.

The best manure for young trees is a mixture of peat mud and stable manure. This mud retains moisture better than any kind of manure we use, and is particularly useful when trees are first transplanted. It is not too late yet to dig peat mud and haul it out to freeze and thaw. In some meadows it is easier to dig it when the frost is in than at any time, on account of the mire.

It is well to prepare peat mud a whole year before it is used in the holes where trees are set, but when it is to be placed on the surface around the trees to deepen the soil, it needs not to be very mature, and it may be dug at any time when most convenient.

STRAWBERRIES,

Instead of being suffered to "run wild," in the beds, should be planted in drills, and kept so. This arrangement greatly facilitates the cultivation, and secures an appearance of system and neatness not attainable in any other way. Frequent hoeing is as beneficial to this crop, as it is to corn. On both strawberries and tomatoes, lime produces a most excellent effect. When systematically applied, it tends to restrict or diminish the development of haulm and prinoate that of the fruit. This fact is well understood by most practical gardeners.

LIQUID MANURE.

The *Ohio Cultivator* says that a grape vine at a hotel in that State, but three years old, has climbed to the second story, and has extended its branches round the corners of the building to a distance of 20 or 30 feet, nearly the whole bearing full clusters of fruit. The only unusual treatment it has received, was a watering every day with dish water, and occasionally with soap suds.

News.

CANADA.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—About 5 o'clock on Monday evening, a gentleman on board the Longueuil ferry boat "Ste. Helene", saw a small boat upset near the small island. Several persons were noticed clinging to the side of the boat, and one was noticed to sink. Capt. Lesperance lost no time in making to the boat, and happily arrived in time to save three persons. From what we have been able to learn, it appears that a sergeant, a corporal, and two privates of the 71st Regt., a detachment of which is now stationed at the island, were proceeding to that place with about £100, to pay the men, when a squall overtook the boat and upset it. The money has been lost, and one of the men, a private named Don, of the 71st regiment lost his life. Great praise is awarded to Capt. Lesperance for his humane conduct on the occasion.—*Montreal Herald*.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—On Monday night last, while James Lane and William Blessing were walking arm-in-arm home with a Mr. Short, across the Kingston Mill bridge, Short, who at the time was intoxicated, having stumbled on entering upon the bridge, swung Lane against the railing on the north side, which being entirely rotten, gave way, when the unfortunate man, together with half the railing of the whole bridge on that side of it, were precipitated to the bottom of the lock, poor Lane being killed almost immediately, for though, in a very short time, search was made, the water, which was only 3 or 4 feet deep, being let off from the lock, when found, he was quite dead. The verdict of the jury was, that the deceased came to his death accidentally, but that *that death was caused by the inferior state of the railing of the bridge.* The whole of the Kingston Mill bridge, but especially the railing along the sides of it, has been for a long time altogether insecure; and it is more surprising that twenty lives, of man and beast, have not been lost there in the course of the present year, than that there should have been but one. In fact, had not Short been jerked back by Blessing, who had hold of his other arm, he too would have gone over, and doubtless been also killed.—*Kingston Chronicle*.

UNITED STATES.

THE HOG AND CATTLE TRADE OF THE WEST.—The Louisville, Ky., *Journal*, of the 2d ult. says:—We learn from one of our pork merchants, that there are 12,000 hogs in the pens. Yesterday, nearly 2,500 head were killed. The weather still continues too warm for extensive operations. There is a great loss to packers, as, besides what is consumed by the animals, it keeps their hands unemployed, some of whom receive as high as \$1 per day. We notice a sale of 1,000 head, averaging 225 lbs., at \$2.50 net, deliverable by the 28th instant. The *Terre Haute (La.) Courier*, of the 17th ult. says:—Business in the pork line has commenced in Terre Haute. Several thousand hogs have been purchased and bargained for within a few days, at about the following rates: Hogs weighing from 150 to 175, \$1.50; ditto 175 to 200, \$1.75; ditto 200 to 250, \$2; ditto 250 and upwards, \$2.25. We suppose these are about the average rates at present. Several of the large establishments in this place are now ready for business, and will commence slaughtering and packing as soon as the weather will permit. The arrangements, we believe, are upon an extensive scale this season—more so than usual.

LUMBER FOR CALIFORNIA.—A correspondent of the *Boston Chronotype* says:—"Down Easters are all now engaged in the California rush. Some ten or a dozen large vessels have been loading, mostly with lumber, in Bangor and vicinity. Two cargoes of 5,000,000 feet are now lying at this place prepared for that market.—The market in Boston is entirely cleared of dry lumber, which is on the march for the land of Gold."

"A LONG PULL, AND A STRONG PULL." &c.—At the recent cattle show, in Claremont, N. H., the township of Craydon, fifteen miles distant, sent in a team of eighty yoke of oxen attached to a

huge waggon containing a fine band of music and a load of sturdy farmers.

"WHO HATH REDNESS OF EYES?"—This interrogative portion of divine Scripture is illustrated by an anecdote, related with most effective dryness by a friend of ours. An elderly gentleman, accustomed to "indulge," entered the bar-room of an inn in a pleasant city on the Hudson, where sat a grave friend boasting his toes by the fire. Lifting up a pair of green spectacles upon his forehead, rubbing his inflamed eyes, and calling for hot brandy toddy, he seated himself by the grate; and as he did so he remarked to Uncle Broad Brim that "his eyes were getting weaker and weaker, and that spectacles didn't seem to do 'em any good." "I'll tell thee "friend," replied the Quaker, "what I think. I think if there was to wear *thy spectacles over thy mouth* for a few months, thy eyes would get sound again."—*Tennessee Organ*.

BIRTHS.

Montreal—1st inst, Mrs Dr Hall, of a daughter.
Chicago, Illinois—30th October, Mrs F F Brackader, recently of Montreal, of a son.
Hamilton—5th inst, Mrs Alexander Hamilton, of a daughter.
Randolph Hill, Strathgairn, Scotland—13th ult, Mrs Weir, of a son.
South Georgetown—19th ult, the wife of the Rev Mr Muir, of a daughter.
Sherbrooke—16th ult, Mrs Wm Lawson, of a daughter. 2d instant, Mrs Hayward, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Montreal—25th ult, by the Rev W A Adamson, Mr John Conroy, of Syracuse, to Mary Nelson, of this city. 6th inst, by the same, Mr Richard Sandilands, of Bytown, to Catherine King, of this city. 3th inst, by the Rev John Jenkins, George B Pearson, formerly of New-York, to Celma, eldest daughter of Mr B Waudby, of this city.
Bytown—11th ult, by the Rev Edmund Shepherd, Corporal Goudie, to Ellen Stephens.
Clark's Mills—2nd ult, by the Rev Paul Shirley, Mr Thomas Shirley, to Margaret A Pringle, both of Nanapanee.
Cobourg—17th ult, by the Rev T Smith, Mr Edward Beckett, of Toronto, to Agnes Chewins.
Compton—20th ult, by the Rev J Green, Mr Levi Henry, of Hatley, to L W Couch, of Compton.
Stanstead—26th ult, by the Rev R V Holt, Mr Abner Blake, to Celestia Elliott.

DEATHS.

Montreal—17th ult, Mr Henry Dean, aged 74 years. 30th ult, Ann Coppell, wife of Mr Thomas J Telfer, aged 23 years. 2nd inst, Mr John M'Nair, aged 32 years. 6th inst, Alexander Wilson, of consumption. 7th inst, Mr Joseph Plimsoth, late of Plymouth, England, aged 67 years. 8th inst, Robert, eldest son of Mr Edward Prentice, aged 36 years.
Sherbrooke—25th ult, Dr Moses Nichols, aged 63 years.

MONTREAL WITNESS,

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IS PUBLISHED every MONDAY AFTERNOON, at Two DOLLARS PER ANNUM to Subscribers, who pay at the time of ordering the paper, or remit at the commencement of their subscription year, provided that amount be sent direct to the office without deduction of agency or commission, and if by mail, post paid; but the price will be two dollars and a-half to all who neglect to comply with these terms.

Local agents who remit to the extent of twenty dollars in the course of a year, will be entitled to a copy gratis.

Advertisements, not inconsistent with the character of the paper, will be inserted on the usual terms.

All communications to be addressed, post paid, to JOHN DOW GALL, Proprietor, *Montreal Witness*.

PUBLIC TEMPERANCE HALL.

DURHAM, ORNSTOWN, COUNTY BEAUFORT.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, to the Public in general, that a Public Hall has been opened, and will be rented for Public, Private, and Social Assemblies, Meetings and Entertainments, and every facility which can be afforded will be given. The Hall is adapted for Lectures, Concerts, &c., &c., and can be had upon application to Mr. McNaughton or any of the Committee of Management.

The arrangements must be conducted upon STRICTLY TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES, and according to the Rules, copies of which will be found in the Hall.

Durham, Ormstown, 21st November, 1849.