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THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE AND NEWS.

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Lazy Bill Smith.

CHAPTER I.

I don't say that Bill Smith was the laziest man that ever lived, but he was decidedly the laziest that I ever saw. And I will venture to say, further, that his name could not be found in all Peppercorbo. There was where he lived—there he lives now.

Well, Bill was a toper—for that man never existed who was too lazy to drink. Of course, he was not one of the real tear-down and drag-out sort; but then he drank hard, and was generally pretty boozey towards evening; for he was too lazy to get drunk very early in the day.

One evening, just about two years and three months ago, he was very drunk. The night was cold—the wind blew fiercely, and the light snow swept wildly over the ground, and added terror to the howlings of old Boreas. That night, Bill was full two miles from his own miserable hovel, snugly ensconced behind some old boxes and barrels, in one corner of a filthy rum shop. How he came there, so far from home, I do not know, but will guess, that he happened on board some farmer's waggon or sleigh that passed his house, and was too lazy to get out till the vehicle stopped at the little grocery. But at any rate, Bill was there, two full miles from home; the night was wild, and the rum seller wanted to shut up his groggery.

"Bill, you must clear out," said the rum-seller.

Bill made no answer.

"I say, Bill, you must clear out—go home."

Bill began to snore—he was sleepy, and tired to boot; he always was.

"Hallo, Bill—I say, come, crawl out and go home; 'tis most nine o'clock."

"Wait awhile;" said Bill, "don't be in a hurry—there's nothing gained by hurrying."

"But I must shut up, Bill, and go home. There's nothing doing here, and I can't afford the fire-wood."

Bill roused up a little—not much, but a little, and winked. Perhaps he would have said something, but just then the door opened, and a stranger walked in. He had rode a long distance, and, seeing a light in the "rummy," had called to inquire how far it was to a public house.

"Just two miles and a half," said old boozle, the rum-seller; "and her's a chap that's going c'enamost there—lives right on the road."

Bill roused up a little more; perhaps there was a chance to ride, and it would not do to lose it. After a little more ceremony, that may be imagined, and with a little assistance that Bill actually needed, the two got into the sleigh and rode off.

"I s'pose I live here," said Bill when the sleigh had got a few rods past his house. The stranger reigned up his nag, and Bill got out. He had begun to get sober, and would have thanked the gentleman for his ride, but he was really too lazy, and so he jostled back slowly to his own door, raised the latch, and went in.

CHAPTER II.

There was quite a stir in Peppercorbo the next day. A stranger had come to town, and it was pretty generally rumored that he was to deliver a temperance lecture in the village school-house. Here and there, little groups were gathered together, talking the matter over—for it was indeed something new to have a temperance lecture there; the oldest inhabitant couldn't remember the like of it. Bill's appetite, and an itching to ascertain who and what the stranger was, urged him as far as the tavern, where he arrived about noon. Of course he made one of the group there, who talked about the stranger and his business, though precious little did he do towards making up the conversation.

"Are you going to jine the new Pledge, Bill?" asked an old covey, as he entered the bar-room.

Bill didn't know exactly what answer to make, and so, true to his nature, made none at all.

"How is it, uncle Simon," continued the same voice, addressing another of the loungers, "are you goin' to jine the Thompsonians to night?—they say it's all the go down the city."

"The Thompsonians?" said uncle Simon; "I don't know—they allow steamin' it, I suppose."

Old Simon was the wit of the town, and of course this sally produced a laugh.

"Not a bit," answered a square-rigged, double-breasted fellow, who had stood in a corner of the room all the while. "I've seen 'em and heard 'em lecture too; but they don't hold to steamin' any way, as I know; nor they ant Thompsonians neither."

"What are they, Sam?" asked uncle Simon.

"They are Washingtonians," said Sam, "and they don't hold to drinkin' a drop of liquor—"

"Afore folks," added Simon, with emphasis; and here was another laugh.

Bill heard all this, but he took no part, even in the laugh, for he was too lazy. Towards night the company dispersed, the greater portion of them to meet again at the school-house. Bill got a chance to ride, and so went to the school-house too.

The lecturer was there, and in good time began his discourse. He dwelt long on the evil consequences of intemperance; and among other things, showed that it uniformly produced laziness—the worst kind of laziness—even a disregard of those duties, on the performance of which depends cleanliness, health and happiness.

Bill heard the whole, and winked. The others heard, and looked at Bill.

Presently the Pledge went round, beginning with uncle Simon who was the oldest man and the biggest toper in the house.

"I'll sign if Bill Smith will," said Simon; "and I too," said the next—and the next—and—

"But who is Bill Smith?" asked the stranger.

"There he sits," answered one, pointing to a seat near the door; for Bill had not got far into the house—he was too lazy.

The Pledge was carried to him, and he was requested to sign it.

"I can't," said Bill, "I'm tired."

"But you must," said the stranger, "here are three more waiting for you to sign."

"Don't you see I can't," answered Bill. "And, besides, 'tisn't best to hurry; there's nothing got by hurrying. I'm tired."

"Sign, Bill," said uncle Simon; "sign, Bill, and then make a speech."

The audience laughed—Bill looked sober; he was evidently thinking about something, and this required an effort. I suspect he was thinking of the lecture, and his own laziness. Presently he spoke.

"I s'pose I might sign it, and make a speech too," he said; "for though I'm a little lazy now-a-days, seeing there's nothing to do, I used to be as smart as any fellow in Peppercorbo."

"So you was," said Simon; "now sign the Thompsonians Society, Bill, and make a speech."

"I guess, on the whole, I had better wait," said Bill; "perhaps some other time will do as well."

But the stranger insisted, for full half an hour, and strange to say, Bill finally signed the Pledge.

"And now make a speech," was the cry from every part of the house. But Bill wouldn't make a speech that night, and the other toppers wouldn't sign the Pledge till the speech had been made.

"I'll come here next Tuesday night, and make a good long speech," said Bill with more energy than he had displayed for

months before; "if uncle Simon and the rest of you will com e and hear me."

"Agreed! agreed!" was heard from all parts of the house. And then the audience dispersed.

CHAPTER III.

'Tis strange what havoc intemperance will make of intellect and ambition. When William Smith was twenty-five years of age, he was considered the most industrious, intelligent and noble-hearted of all the young men in his native town. He was the pride of all the circle in which he moved, and bid fair to shine a bright ornament in the most respectable society. He married a wife, and for a time, lived happy. But the seeds of intemperance had been planted within him, and in ten years he had become "Lazy Bill."

But Smith went home that night, after the temperance meeting, and told his wife, with some effort, what he had done. "I've signed the total abstinence pledge, by thunder, Sally, but or miss, and next Tues lay night I'm going to preach." At first, his wife would not believe a word of it; but the next day, the indications of a change for the better were too strong to go unnoticed, and she admitted that "something must be in the wind." The signing of the Pledge dated from Wednesday, and on Friday, Bill did what he had not done before for two years; he worked all day—mending his windows, put new shingles on his roof, hauled firewood on his hand-sled, &c.; Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday, were similarly spent; and when the temperance meeting came, on Tuesday evening, he brushed up his old coat, took his wife by the arm, and trudged silently to the old school-house.

The audience had got there before him, for every one was anxious to hear what Lazy Bill could say on the subject of temperance. Old Simon had seated himself close to the desk, that he might have the better opportunity to play off his pranks, and exercise his powers of ridicule. But when Smith entered—looking so changed—so noble—so dignified, comparably; the old man crept away, abashed, and apparently astonished. "Can this be Lazy Bill?" he mentally asked; and the more he asked the question, the more he was puzzled to answer it. Pretty soon Smith commenced.

"Ten years ago, I was respectable, industrious and happy. I came into this neighbourhood, bought me a few acres of land, built me a small house, got married, and went to work. We used to have social parties in those times, and Sarah, there, (pointing to his wife,) and I used to attend them. Sarah learned to knit edging and toil stories, and I learned to drink wine. Very soon I began to find myself occasionally impatient for the time of the next party to arrive; and when it came, I was equally impatient to see the wine go round. Finally I drank to excess—even to intoxication—at one of these parties; and from that time, though for a while heartily ashamed of my conduct, I had less of self respect and more of the appetite for liquor. I began to visit the tavern, and the little rumshop down there at the other village, and with others of like inclinations and appetites. I spent my time in lounging about these grogeries—sitting, now in the sun, now in the shade, but never engaged in any more active business than whittling a pin-stick, or tpling a decanter of New England rum. I lost by degrees, all my ambition—became lazy and indolent, and you call me Lazy Bill. At first, my wife fretted and scolded at my changed conduct; but this only made it worse,—then she cried and entreated,—but this had the same effect, produced trouble, and I drank more rum to drown it. Drunkards are sure to find trouble enough when rum has become its only antidote. I drank—lost the little property I had accumulated—broke the heart of my wife, and finally became heedless of everything. So I lived along, till last Wednesday night. You know what we heard then, and I need not say that I was convinced that rum had made me Lazy Bill, and caused all my trouble. I signed the pledge, and till now I have kept it inviolate; and, God helping me, I will never drink another drop of liquor as long as I live. Already I begin to feel the fires of ambition again in my breast, and to imagine myself a man. My wife, there, is happier, and looks healthier; and my little boy smiles sweetly when I take him in my arms. In short, I am a new man, with new feelings and new hopes, and now I am going to lead a new life—again, if possible, my character, and my property, and be happy. And I want my old companions to go with me. Some of you promised to sign the Pledge if I would, and as nothing has befallen me to discourage that resolution, I hope you will come up here and redeem your promises."

There was a pause for some minutes. The audience seemed

paralyzed with astonishment. Old Simon had been seen to brush away something that had apparently escaped from between his eyelids, and all were looking to him for some movement that should break the spell of enchantment. Presently he rose, walked up silently to the desk, took up the pen, and put his name to the Pledge. Now the people seemed to breathe freer; and one by one every man, woman, and child in that house, followed his example.

CHAPTER IV.

Five or six months ago, I was passing through the little town of Peppercorbo, and recollecting some of the incidents related above, bethought me to ascertain whether Bill had kept his Pledge. I could not then recollect his surname, and was obliged to inquire for "Lazy Bill," as of old. Nobody knew him, or could tell where he lived. Finally, I called at a house, and interrogated the woman industriously for the whereabouts of "Lazy Bill;" but she knew nothing of him, and turned to go away. Just then an old gentleman passed the house.

"There's old uncle Simon Leighton," said the woman, "and he knows where your man lives if any body does." I hurried into the street, and soon overtaking uncle Simon, put to him the question, "Where does Lazy Bill live?"

"Lazy Bill?" said he, "I suppose you mean William Smith, the carriage-maker."

"That's his name," I replied, "though I did not know he was a carriage maker."

"He lives on the old spot," said Simon, "just where he has lived for twelve years; but he don't look much like 'Lazy Bill, now, I can tell you."

I hurried on, and soon came to the place where, two years before, I had dropped the miserable being, called "Lazy Bill," whom I had taken from the grocery of the village below, to pilot me to a hotel. The old hovel had been torn down, and on its site stood a pretty white cottage, surrounded with a garden of flowers, just withering from the effects of an autumn frost. Beyond was a large building, which, from the sounds proceeding from it, I judged to be the workshop of William Smith, the carriage-maker. Thither I bent my steps, and, on enquiring for Mr. Smith, was pointed to a noble-looking workman in the other end of the shop, whose manly bearing and healthy looking countenance, were evidence enough that the Pledge had remained unbroken. On my approach he recognised me, shook my hand heartily, and, throwing off his apron, invited me into his house. We walked in together, and there I found one of the prettiest and happiest families I had ever set eyes upon. The wife was all joy and contentment, the children were all animation and beauty. The oldest boy was at work in the shop, but on learning that it was "the stranger" who had called, he came in and appeared overjoyed to see me. Our meeting there was a glorious one; and never shall I forget the warm grasp of the hand that the father gave me, on taking my leave of him.

"Tell my old acquaintance at S——," said he, "that Lazy Bill is now one of the happiest fellows in Christendom; that his wife and children are gay as larks and lively as crickets; that his industry and his property have come back to him; and better than all, that not a drop of liquor is bought, or sold, or drunk in the little town of Peppercorbo."—*Torrent.*

Confessions of a Maniac.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

(Continued from Page 131.)

From this moment Emile watched her with more than a parent's tenderness. It was too evident that her situation demanded all his solicitude. Her appearance underwent a rapid change, though she was still unable to say that she felt any pain.

We sent for the most able physician of the day, and he candidly told us nothing could save her. Emile was incredulous. He sent for another, and then a third; but they all told the same truth. And we discovered at last, that Lillah had been concealing from us some of the symptoms of that insidious kind of consumption, that steals upon youth and beauty like the natural fading of a flower. Perhaps she did not understand it herself, for it was unlike her to deceive. Perhaps she would not believe in the fact they foretold—and no wonder—no wonder life was sweet, to one so circumstanced.

If I had never loved Emile before my sister's illness, I must have loved him then. All that was magnanimous in his nature

was called forth, to help him to endure this stroke; all that was generous in his heart, to comfort and support us both; all that was sterling in his principles, to exemplify the virtue of true Christian resignation; and all that was tender in his feelings to sooth, not only the object of his devoted affection, but even me.

I have watched him sometimes in that sick room, and listened to the tones of his modulated voice, until I could not help wondering how it was with Lillah, that she could be so willing to die, and to leave the enjoyment of so much earthly happiness as she might have possessed with him.

She, poor girl, though day by day becoming weaker, was mercifully supported on her sick-bed by that holy faith which she had for a long time been cherishing in her meek and quiet soul.

For myself, it would be impossible to describe how my mind was tossed. Wave after wave seemed to roll over me. Sometimes I started with a shudder from strange calculations I had been almost unconsciously making, about Lillah's death. At other times, I am certain I would freely have given my life to save her; for what could I ever be to Emile, even when Lillah was in her grave?

It may be easily supposed that all this while I had an increased tendency to apply to those means of supporting my mental and bodily exertions, which the doctors had so strongly recommended; and having almost entirely lost my natural appetite for wholesome food, and being also kept in attendance upon my sister through the greater part of every night, the habit of recurring to such means for stimulus and support, increased rapidly upon me; until I was sometimes scarcely sensible of my actual situation, and certainly far from being so distressed as I otherwise should have been, at the prospect of a final separation from my sister.

There were times, however, when I felt but too keenly, that, by this separation, I should lose the only being upon earth who really loved me. There were times, when I watched the fever burning on her cheek, and wished it could be translated to my own, that she might live a happy peaceful life on earth, and that I might pass away and be forgotten.

Lillah was so beautiful too, in her illness—so filled with sweet thoughts for those around her, it must have been a heart harder than mine that could have withstood her inexpressible tenderness. She had always been lovely and attractive; but the progress of her disease, with the advancement of her religious experience, not only deepened the lines of her former beauty, but added a spiritual character to the expression of her countenance; so that we could not help feeling, as we sat beside her, as if in the presence of some purified being, about to be translated to its native sphere of peace, and joy, and love.

"Oh, take me with thee, sweet sister, to that better land to which thou art hastening!" was the language of my heart, as I bent over her, singing, as I often did, at her request, those favourite hymns which seemed to sooth her feverish moments; and then she used to fold her thin white hands upon her bosom, and fix, as if upon the gates of heaven, her clear blue eyes, now grown so large, that but for the shadow of their long dark lashes, they would have looked almost wild.

I know not how it was, but her glance became so penetrating, that sometimes, when she turned her eyes suddenly upon me, I used to start; and when I searched my heart to discover why, perhaps I had fallen into some strange reverie about her being gone, and Emile and I being left alone; and then I know a guilty blush used to rush into my face, for once or twice Lillah asked me the reason. Yet I will say, in justice to myself, that I was faithful to her both in heart and hand; and if ever these dark dreams came over me, it was only to be dismissed with as much horror, as she herself would have felt, had she known them.

I have said that Lillah was so beautiful, so gentle, and so kind, that it was our happiness to be near her; and hitherto she had suffered so little pain, that we would willingly have kept her on her sick-bed, rather than witness the breaking of the frail cord which bound her still to earth.

We could, however, no longer deceive ourselves with regard to the change that was taking place. Increase of fever was followed by increase of inflammation, and then came restlessness and ceaseless pain, and frequent wanderings of the mind, which still, however, kept in view the heavenly rest to which it was hastening; for all her delirium was only like a blessed dream, in which she beheld more vividly the wonder and the glory about to be revealed.

I never shall forget the anguish of Emile to see her suffer. It was, no doubt, the means of softening to him the stroke that was soon to fall; for he seemed as if he would rather part with her

for ever, than see her suffer for an hour. And yet, with all our tenderness, and all our solicitude, we could do nothing to help her. The hand of death was heavy upon her, it was fearful to see the frail victim quivering in his grasp.

At last there came a calm; a season of sweet peace. She spoke again in her own familiar tones, and asked to have the window opened, that she might feel the breeze, and see the sun shine in once more. Her pain had ceased. She smiled, and said she felt nothing; but it was an awful calm, and Emile and I kept silence, until we could hear the beating of our own hearts. She took our hands in hers, and fixing upon Emile a look of intense and holy love,—“I am passing away,” she said, “beloved friend of my soul. I know that to you the world will be more desolate when I am gone; but is it not a blessed thought, that when your labours here are ended, I shall be the first to welcome you to our Father's mansion in the skies?”

“My poor Flora,” said she, then turning to me, “with all your genius and all your talents, you will be very lonely. But Emile will comfort you. He will be all to you that he would have been to me. Will you not Emile? Promise me this, before I leave you.”

I felt his hand tremble violently as it touched mine. I looked into his face. A slight convulsion passed across his lips, which were as pale as ashes.

“I will be all to your sister,” said he, “that your husband can be.”

She looked at him again, and smiled; as much as to say, he had evaded her question. She tried to speak, but the tide of life was ebbing, and in a few moments she had ceased to breathe.

After a long and solemn pause, Emile knelt down beside the bed, and poured forth his soul in prayer. We were alone in the world—alone in the presence of the dead—alone in the sight of Heaven. How did I long, in that awful moment, to pour forth my spirit also, through the same channel—how did I long to come, like the prodigal, and to make confession that I was no longer worthy to be called my Father's child. How was it that I hardened myself at such a time, and allowed the day of visitation to pass by?

It was easy to discover that I was nothing new, or worse than nothing, to Emile. He was kind, but so distant; as if he thought I should presume upon my sister's dying request. It was a delicate subject to touch upon; for how could I explain to him that I had neither desire nor expectation that he should act upon my sister's wish. Yet I was determined to make the effort; for existence was heavy enough to me, without the burden of this thought.

“Emile” said I, once when we were spending a long dull evening together; “it is absolutely necessary that you and I should perfectly understand each other. Know, then, that I have no more desire than you, that you should act upon the sisterly suggestion of her, whose wish in almost any other case had been my law. I could not have said this to a man of common mind. You, I feel assured, will be able to understand my motives, and the price at which I would purchase your peace and mine. Besides, you are the only friend now left to me in the whole world, and I cannot afford to lose you for a scruple of delicacy. Do not, then, be afraid to be to me all that common kindness would dictate. Do not regard the inferences which may be drawn. As my father's friend, and my sister's husband, you owe me some consideration, and I have a right to claim it. As I said before, I have not another friend in the world. Do not forsake me because others have kindly wished for you and for me what we have never wished for ourselves.”

Emile held out his hand. He even pressed a brother's kiss upon my forehead.

“Thank you, Flora” said he, “I thank you a thousand times. I am neither so vain nor so presumptuous as to suppose that I could ever be to you what I have been to another; but I own I did fear that my attentions might have been misconstrued; and that you might, consequently, have been reduced to the painful necessity of treating me with coldness. I therefore determined that the pain and the coldness should both be mine; but it seems I was mistaken in my calculations, and that I should have been more delicate, had I been more kind.”

The day of my sister's funeral had been one of more than common sadness. Emile and I had walked together to the grave. We were the only mourners. The grass had scarcely grown over the turf where my father was laid when another white tablet was placed within the same enclosure, which seemed already widening with a cold welcome for us.

All things had been arranged by Emile with the greatest consideration for my feelings. There was one shock, however, which he could not avert; and it became his painful duty to tell me, that I must leave the parsonage house; the home where I had first been sensible of kindness; where my sister Lillah and I had played together in our childhood.

It had been entirely owing to the delicacy and solicitude of Emile, and to his representations of my sister's illness, that we had been allowed to remain there so long. But as there was no further plea for my continuance, and the clergyman who succeeded my father had politely expressed his desire to take possession, I necessarily prepared for a task, which seemed at the time to me more difficult than any of the melancholy duties I had lately been called to perform.

I was left with a very slender income; yet my wants were also proportionally small; for I was alone—alone without being bound by the ties of relationship or affection to any being upon earth, except one.

Emile was particularly anxious to consult my choice, as to the place of my future residence. Of course I preferred remaining in my native village, for where else could I go? The poor people here, I thought, will be kind to me, for the sake of former services; and every Sunday I shall hear him preach; and, perhaps, that will do me good.

There was one house in the village which seemed exactly suited to my circumstances, and only one. It had been lately built; was of red brick; and perfectly square; standing near the public road, from which it was separated by a row of white paling, and a little space of what the owner called garden ground, containing a bush of rosemary, a wallflower, and some coarse grass. The house was entered by three plain stone steps, exactly the width of the door, which was green, and narrow, and level with the wall. The passage, was narrow too, and straight through the house, opening at the other end by a similar door, into a continuation of the same enclosure, still called a garden, and at that time planted with potatoes. On each side of the narrow passage, were doors exactly opposite each other, leading into two square parlours, exactly alike, with the recesses beside the fire-places, filled up with cupboards, that were painted a bluish white. It was advertised as a convenient and elegant residence, and ranked next to the parsonage house, and the mansion of the squire.

I ought to have been satisfied; and yet, when I first went with Emile to see it, I felt so sick at heart, that I sat down and burst into tears.

He continued kindly repeating, that furniture made all the difference—that my harp could stand here; my sofa there—that this was a good light for painting, and that would be a snug corner for a winter's evening; and yet, with all his benevolent efforts, he could not reconcile me to my fate.

"It is of no consequence," said I at last. "It is but like the whole of my future life. The house is good enough for me. I only wish it was a grave."

Emile took up my words. He spoke to me kindly as a Christian friend ought to speak. He thought it was nothing but the natural grief of a daughter, and a sister, that weighed upon my soul. He did not then know the total estrangement of that soul from all the sources of consolation, by which he was sustained.

The day arrived on which I must actually take leave of the parsonage, as my home, for ever. Emile had busied himself, even with the arrangement of my furniture, so anxious was he to spare me any painful effort, and to make my new abode look capable of cheerfulness, and comfort; and I began almost to think, that when the curtains were let down, and a cheerful fire was blazing, the little parlour might not be altogether horrible; but of course, this could only be when he came to spend his evenings with me, as I doubted not he often would.

The day arrived when I was to leave the keys of all the doors of the parsonage behind me; to lock my last into my father's study; and to tread, for the last time in my life, along the passage to his chamber, where it seemed to me, that I still heard the light step of my sister Lillah.

If I were to study how to picture in one scene, all that imagination conjures up, and all that heart-warmed recollections embody in our national word—home, it would be a representation of that old parsonage, within and without; its carved oak, its deep recesses, its wide bow-windows, embowered in wreathing plants; and then the garden, with the beds of flowers that my father and Lillah loved so much; the green walk behind the yew-trees, leading to the church the old steeple, clothed with ivy, gleaming out amongst

the elms; and the path to the porch, on which my father never would allow a weed to grow—all enclosed together, like a tower of beauty, and shut in from the public road by a neatly-clipped hedge, through which the same gate, open ever to the needy and the poor, led both to the church and to the pastor's door. Oh, was it not a scene to wring the heart of a lonely wretch like me, as I stood outside the gate, leaning my arm upon it, looking towards my home, and knowing that I never more should call it mine!

I wished at that moment that I had chosen another land, another nation, for my residence. But then, how should I have seen Emile?—and to dwell near him; to see him every day; to hear him speak to me; to know when he was ill, or if any thing affected him in mind or body—were the only things that reconciled me to life.

My servant, who waited for me, and who held beneath her arm her own little store of worldly wealth, awoke me from my long reverie, by observing, in the language of her own simple thoughts, that we were leaving the door of the new house a long time open, and that perhaps some idle persons might be tempted to go in.

Happy girl! How I envied the heart that had nothing to trouble its repose, but the safety of another person's household goods.

(To be continued.)

John B. Gough.

We copy from that excellent temperance paper, the *White Mountain Torrent*, the following graphic editorial sketch of incidents in the life of Gough, the popular temperance advocate.

The eloquent young champion of temperance, now about thirty years of age, is a native of England. It is not our object at this time to detail particularly the history of one over whose life has passed the sunshine and the shade, but to sketch very briefly some incidents in his career of mournful interest in connection with his glorious rescue from the world's great foe. So prominent a place does he now hold in the public mind—with such affectionate solicitude is he regarded by the friends of humanity, that a few words in respect to him may not be inappropriate or unwelcome.

John B. Gough came to this country a penniless wanderer while yet a mere boy. His mother and sister soon joined him in New York, where they all passed many days and weeks in the most abject destitution. That mother soon passed away from her bitter lot—and was buried by stranger hands in Potter's Field. He and his sister were the only mourners—then friendless and homeless orphans. But many a time they strayed away to their mother's grave when there was no eye to see or to pity, and poured out their tears of affection over the resting place of their only earthly counsellor and guide. Unprotected and uncared for, John at length acquired habits of dissipation. The career of vice around him was too strong for his buoyant spirit. It swept on like a merciless tide and bore him down as it had multitudes before—as it is yet sweeping down the noblest among us.

In the meantime, and ere he had entirely bowed the loftiness of his youthful manhood to the tyrant sin, he married a beautiful girl. How radiant might life have been—what a union of bliss might have been theirs. But it was destined to be brief—a weary hour of bitterness and woe to that devoted young wife. Her burthened and trembling spirit sunk under the weight of accumulated, yet unuttered sorrow. She passed away from earth in the morning of her existence, leaving her young husband an erring sufferer—a forsaken outcast in the world, with its blight and its canker gathering upon his heart. With what poignant feeling has he since alluded to that hour of despairing grief when

"Sally his wife bowed her beautiful head."

The "Inebriates' Lament"—written by him since his reformation—mirrors his past degradation with painful vividness, and conceals a tone of suppressed melancholy such as is seldom breathed from human lips. With what affecting tenderness his memory clings to the image of his early love, while he commemorates the fidelity of her affection, and how long, unwearied but unavailing struggles to win him back to virtue. Nothing can be more tender or touching.

"She was an angel—my love and my guide—
Vainly to save me from ruin she tried,
Poor broken heart! it was well that she died."

Though the groveling slave of drunkenness, with a heart apparently seared to insensibility, the affection for his young wife still burned as a pure unchanging light in his bosom. She had been the idol of his life—and when she "bowed her beautiful head" in death, he clung to the remembrance of the departed one with undying fervor. Often, he tells us, he went to lie all night by her grave, breathing a broken prayer over the cold sleeper, and weeping himself into forgetfulness and slumber. And in the morning he would tear himself from the spot—wander away to a rum-shop, and there drown his sorrow in dissipation. Downward, and still downward, he passed on—sorrowing and drinking—flinging wadly away the bright rich flowers of his young heart on polluted shrines, and folding his eagle pinion over the dark dead sea of drunkenness.

But the ever watchful Parent whose eye traces even the sparrow's fall, had followed him in his career of sin, and now "bade him return." The messenger that spoke to him in love, bore the healing balm to his bruised spirit. Upon that desolate heart, over which the deadly sinism of intemperance had swept like a fiery blast, beamed again the light of returning hope, and the crushed flowers awoke anew into greenness and beauty. The poor outcast sufferer bowed himself on the "banks of deliverance," in penitent thankfulness to the great Father of Mercy who had thus remembered him in the "horrible pit." He stood up a disenthralled man, and pledged himself as a willing soldier in the great temperance reformation, and has ever since consecrated his efforts to that cause with an earnest devotion.

It is now about two years since John B. Gough became a reformed man. And what a marvellous work has been wrought in those two years. To how many a despairing and palsied heart during that time has his voice come like a commissioned word from above, bidding the sin sick one put on again the beautiful garment of temperance. How like a heavenly bow of crowning light they overspan the dark receding past.

On the second anniversary of his signing the pledge, he was greeted at the Tremont Temple, in Boston, by a crowded and enthusiastic audience. The following noble lines, breathed the spirit of a deep and earnest gratitude, written by W. B. Tappan, were sung by him on that occasion. They graphically picture the perilous wave over which he passed, and his early rescue from that "horrible shore" on which his trembling bark seemed ready to be driven.

SONG OF THE RESCUED.

I was toss'd by the winds on a treacherous wave;
Above me was peril, beneath me a grave;
The sky to my earnest enquiry, was dark;
The storm in a deluge came down on our bark;
How fearful! to drive on a horrible shore,
Where breakers of ruin eternally roar.

O, Mercy! to wreck in the morning of days—
To die when life dazzles with changeable rays—
To sink as the groveling and vile of the ship,
The rose on my cheek and the dew on my lip—
And fling as a bauble, my soul to the heaps,
That glisters and mock from the caves of the deeps.

O, no! for a STAR trembles out in the sky—
The shrieks of the ocean complainingly die—
The gales that I covet blow fresh from the shore,
Where breakers of ruin eternally roar;
Each sail presses homeward—all praises to THEE
Whose word in that hour hushed the tempest and sea.

Good from Nazareth

In a commercial treaty, lately concluded between Great Britain and the Sandwich Islands, we observe the following article:—

"His Majesty the King of the Hawaiian Islands, being anxious to suppress intemperance within his dominions, and with that view having taken measures to obtain the consent of the French Government to the abrogation of the Sixth Article of the treaty of the 17th of July, 1839, which admits the introduction of spirits and wines on payment of a duty of 5 per cent, hereby further agreed, that if His Majesty the King of the French should consent to the abrogation, or to any alteration, of the said Article, her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain will likewise consent so to alter the Sixth Article of the foregoing treaty as that it may

have precisely the same effect in what relates to intoxicating liquors, and that this additional Article shall be referred to the British Government for approval, to be afterwards appended to the Convention at present agreed to."

What a humiliating lesson does this voice from the half-civilized islands of the Pacific Ocean teach the nations of Europe,—more especially those of them who are thus implored no longer to send out the *Charge d'affaires* of death and hell, to destroy the subjects of King Camehameha! Might it not have been expected that the Christian politicians and philanthropists of England, France, and America, could have been the first to propose a measure so merciful, and to enforce its propriety on the minds of a people just emerging from the moral chaos of savage life, and the spiritual darkness of heathenism? Will not the deep blush of shame mantle the cheek of the foreign secretaries of Britain and France, when they read this article, and admit their names to it, as we trust they will; and, when they see the humane and wise policy of the Hawaiian ruler, may we not hope, that a ray from it may enter their own consciences, and suggest the propriety of imitating his preventive policy, in place of the penal measure which they have so long followed? Verily, the weak things of the world are, in this instance, confounding the things that are mighty.

These islands have been lately visited by an American flag ship, the *United States*, commanded by Commodore Jones; and during its stay, we are told that the conduct of the officers and crew was highly creditable, and calculated to advance the religion and morality of the islanders. Before leaving, the Commodore gave an address to the people from which the following is an extract. When will our countrymen deserve such commendation as is here given to the Hawaiians? and, when will our naval officers be so able and so disposed to give it?

"With regard to temperance, Hawaiians, you are in advance of all other Christian nations. Your rulers have been wise in time, in plucking up the evil before it had spread too far, and taken too deep root in your constitutions; and I may also say, in your affections. Hilo and Oahu are the only ports our ship has visited since she left the United States, where the dram-shop and the drunkard were not the first objects that strike the eye of man-of-war's-men, as they approach the shore! Ship's boats can seldom land in Europe or America, without the intoxicating and maddening draught being, in some cases, forced down the sailor's throat. And whenever a taste is taken, then there is no safeguard against drunkenness; and a drunken man is always a fool. When drunk, the man becomes a beast; a wild, frantic beast; and in that state, commits crime; perhaps kills a fellow man, his brother, his father, his wife, or his children; and the beast drunken man expiates his offence on the gallows, in the prison for life, or at the gangway. When free from the demon rum, and in the possession of reason, he stands a conscience-stricken, self-condemned culprit.

"Hawaiians, friends, countrymen, young and old, let me conjure you, one and all, never to enlist in the service of king alcohol; for he is the greatest tyrant; and the hardest taskmaster any man ever yet volunteered to serve. He requires all, every thing of his slaves—health, strength, wealth, honour, happiness and even life itself, when nothing else is left. And what he claims of his subjects he is sure to obtain. And what does he promise you in return for these great sacrifices? In life, nothing, nothing—empirically nothing. In death, your down is told in one short sentence uttered by the Saviour of the world when on earth—'Depart ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.'"

It might be worthy of consideration for the friends of Missions to determine, how far the happy state of these islands depends on the circumstance, that the Missionaries who brought the Gospel to them were Americans, and, as we believe, chiefly to totalers; and how little good may generally be expected from those who follow an opposite practice, among a people prone to gratify every fleshy lust.

A Good Samaritan.

In the summer of 1841, JOHN AUGUSTUS, a man in humble life, visited the Police Court in Boston, and, being very much interested in the case of a poor man, who, for the vice of drunkenness, had been sentenced to the House of Correction, stepped forward and offered to become bail for him. His proposal was accepted. He paid out of his own pocket the fees of court, amounting to a few dollars, and took the condemned man with him out of the

court room. He persuaded him to sign the pledge, furnished him with food and lodgings, and at last secured employment for him; and from henceforth the rescued drunkard became an industrious and sober citizen.

Mr. Augustus, inspired by the success of his first attempt, and impelled by the yearnings of his noble heart, continued his visits to the Police Court, and from August, in the year 1841, to February of the present year, has rescued from the jaws of the House of Correction, and from the fellowship of convicted felons, one hundred and seventy-six men and fifty-six women—in all, *two hundred and thirty-two human beings*—a large portion of whom, but for the vice of intemperance, would have enjoyed an unquestionable right to the general regard of society. Fortunately for this benevolent attempt to stand between the drunkard and the customary course of law, Mr. Augustus has preserved a careful record of every case in which he has interested himself, and he is thus enabled to furnish an intelligent account of a large portion of the persons who, by his means, have been saved from confinement in South Boston. Full three-fourths of the number, or about one hundred and seventy-five, are now temperate and orderly citizens, and are gaining a respectable livelihood. The amount of costs paid by Mr. Augustus for the release of these persons, is \$976 61. This amount has nearly all been paid back to him by the persons thus rescued. Of course, this amount of costs has been saved to the towns liable for it. It will be readily seen, however, that a much larger sum has been saved, by so many intemperate persons having become useful citizens, instead of being shut up in prison at the public charge. Within a few months, a number of the "merchant princes," and other eminent philanthropists, of Boston, have given Mr. Augustus a substantial testimonial of their respect for his unwearied and invaluable services. Previous to this liberal act, Mr. A. had relied upon his own scanty resources, and had found it exceedingly difficult to carry into effect his praiseworthy labors.—*Report on the Asylum for the Intemperate.*

Social Drinking in Scotland.

We were not a little surprised at reading the following extract from a letter from a gentleman who has recently returned from New York to Scotland, but our confidence in him relieves all disbelief in the statements. Truly there is a great work for the friends of temperance to do there.

"We have been here four months, and in a business point of view I like G—— very well, but my wife finds it difficult to accustom herself to many of the Scotch habits and customs, so unlike to our own in America; and I doubt if she will ever feel quite as much at home as in New York. In many respects the Scotch are half a century behind us, and in none more so than in the temperance cause, which has scarcely taken any hold of the people of this country. You will scarcely credit me when I tell you that whisky, as a constant beverage, is quite universal amongst all classes, not excepting the professedly moral and religious portion of the community, and a man who drinks nothing stronger than wine is quite a subject of conversation at their convivial entertainments, whilst any one adhering to cold water only, would be thought to be a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. At a dinner party which I attended a few days since, two Rev. Doctors of divinity of the Presbyterian Church were amongst the guests, and made themselves quite conspicuous by the quantity of wine and toddy which they drank; glass succeeding glass, until it was quite apparent, with one of them at least, that whilst the wine was in, the wit was out." Nor is it by any means a solitary case. I have met in society here quite a number of clergymen and of other men who stand high in the religious community, all of whom seem quite fond of their toddy, and go so far as to commend its use as a very good thing. One old person told me he thought 'cold water was very well, but that a wee drop o' something stronger to mix in it made it much better.'

"It is customary to introduce this favourite drink after dinner, when ladies often join in this refined and elevated recreation, and I have seen spirits again brought in after tea at a social entertainment, where the majority present were ladies. What should we think in America to see our ministers set such examples to their flocks, not merely tacitly sanctioning the use of strong drinks, but upholding their use as beneficial and salutary? Thank God, the day spring from on high has visited our land, and I trust the time is not distant when the influence of this glorious reformation shall

rest upon the hills and valleys of Scotland.—*Journal of American Temperance Union.*

A London Gin Palace.

There is not in all London a more melancholy and spirit-depressing sight than the area of one of the large gin-palaces on a wet night. There, the homeless and houseless miscreants of both sexes, whether they have money or not, resort in numbers for temporary shelter; aged women selling ballads and matches, capfuls, little beggar-boys and girls, slavering idiots, pic men, sandwich-men, apple and orange-women, shell-fishmongers huddled pell-mell, in draggled confusion. Never can human nature, one would imagine, take a more abject posture than is exhibited here; there is a character, an individuality, a family likeness, common to the whole race of sots; the pale, clayey, flaccid, clammy face, pinched in every feature; the weeping, ferret-like, lackluster eye, the unkempt hair, the slattern shawl, the untidy dress, the slipshod gait, too well betray the confirmed drunkard. The noises too, of the assembled toppers are hideous; appalling even when heard in an atmosphere of gin. Imprecations, execrations, oburgations, supplications, until at length the patience of the publican, and the last copper of his customers are exhausted, when, rushing from behind his counter, assisted by his shopkeeper, he expels, *à et armis*, the dilatory mob, dragging out by the heels or collars the miserable drunkards, to nestle, as best they may, outside the inhospitable door. Here, unobserved, may you contemplate the infinite varieties of men self-metamorphosed into beasts; soaker, tippler, toper, muddler, dram-drinker, beer-swiler, cordial-tippler, sot. Here you may behold the barefoot child, hungry, naked, clay-faced, hanging upon tip-toe that infernal bottle, which made it, and keeps it what it is, and with which, when filled, it creeps home to its brutal father, or infamous mother, the messenger of its own misery. Here the steady, respectable sot, the good customer, slides in, and flings down his throat the frequent dram; then, with an emphatic 'hah' of gratification, drops his money, nods to his friend, the landlord, and for a short interval departs. Here you may behold with pity, and as much superadded virtuous indignation as the inward contemplation of your own countenance may inspire, the flaunting Cyprian, in overdressed tawdriness, calling, in phumless voice, for a 'quarter of pleasant-drinking' gin, which she liberally shares with two or three gentlemen, who are being educated for the bar at the Central Criminal Court. You may contrast her short-lived hey-day of prosperous sin, with that row of miscreants seated by the wall, whose charms are fled, and whose voices are husky, while they implore you to treat them with a glass of ale, or supplicate for the coppers they see you receive in change from the bar-man; and who are only permitted that truly wretched place of rest, that they may beg for the benefit of the publican, and for his profit poison themselves with the aims of others.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

Grand Annual Tea-total Procession in Dublin.

The great annual and aggregate procession of the total abstinence societies of Dublin, which, for the last few years, has become the characteristic festivity of Easter Monday, took place on yesterday with all its wonted *eclat* and spirit-stirring display. The muster of the friends of temperance was strong, the bands were numerous and in good training, the banners floated gaily, the streets were thronged to excess by all classes of the population; and to complete the scene, which it was impossible for an Irishman to look on without pride and enthusiasm, the day was a lovely one, and heaven seemed to smile with an anticipated burst of summer on the hundreds of thousands of honest men they marshalled under their moral standard throughout the land.

The various societies which were to compose the procession, with their respective bands and leaders, rendezvoused at the Coburg Gardens, and at two o'clock the march commenced, each society taking its place according as it had been determined by ballot.

The route followed on the occasion commenced, as we have said, at the Coburg Gardens, and continued along the east side of Stephen's green; thence by the south side of Merrion square, where the bands halted in succession before the house of the Liberator; thence to Westland-row, Great Brunswick Street, D'Olier Street, Sackville Street, Cavendish-row, and North Frederick Street, Bolton Street, Capel Street, Parliament Street, Dame Street, and College-green, where the procession terminated.

according* as it had arrived, the whole having terminated a few minutes before four o'clock.

The number of persons who walked in the procession could, of course, be no criterion whereby to judge of the strength of the temperance cause in Dublin, as it is well known that the members prefer being spectators rather than performers on the occasion, and that but very small fractions of the several societies can be induced to join in the ranks of the procession, and sacrifice the general view which they may enjoy of the proceedings. The *ensemble* of the procession was, nevertheless very imposing; and the march of those sober and steady men to the sound of their own bands and their national music, with all their order and regularity, and with long columns of the "young hopes" of Ireland in their ranks, thus early marshalled in a cause holy and national, had something about it solemn as well as spirit-stirring. There were no drunkards to be seen. Two "tipsy" persons were all that we observed of that class among the myriads who crowded the streets, and their presence served as a wretched contrast to the sobriety whose triumph was celebrated in so glorious a moment. From the windows along the line of march bright eyes beamed with pleasure on the scene. Hilarity and order reigned throughout the day; and when all separated, as they met, in peace and regularity, the bands of the several societies, marching to their respective localities, caused the remotest streets to echo with the glorious and touching sounds of national harmony.—*Irish Paper.*

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

BRANFORD, April 15.—We held a meeting a short time after Mr. R. left us, and an able address was delivered by the Rev. Jacob Pattison, when a society was organized. Through the untiring labours of our Committee, our society is almost daily on the increase; we have established monthly meetings, and are determined to do all in our power to enhance the value of temperance. We number 36 members.—*W. HODGKINSON, Sec.*

SEYMOUR, West, April 20.—We have had a Temperance Society in Seymour, West, for the last four years, but I am sorry to say that our progress has been slow. We are surrounded by taverns in all directions, and much in want of lecturers, if any should be sent on this circuit by the Society we would be glad they would call and they may expect all the assistance in our power. We had a meeting on the fifteenth, addressed by the Rev. Mr. Young, when nine signed the pledge, and five subscribed for the *Advocate*.—*W. WEST.*

LANARK, April 25.—I am happy to state that another respectable store has ceased to traffic in intoxicating drinks. Thus Lanark village stores are cleansed from this desolating trade!!!—*JAMES DICK.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

TESTIMONY OF A MINISTER.—I have frequently thanked my Heavenly Father for the light given me and mine, on a subject of so much importance. I have often been the subject of scorn, because I refused to drink a glass of ale or cider. I have been persecuted for joining the temperance society; and not unfrequently have I been told I could not govern my appetite, else I should not have enrolled my name! Although such remarks are unpleasant, yet I consider it an honour to be reviled for doing well. I have often asked my opponent to inform me in what part of Scripture I am *commanded* to drink strong drink?—in what part of Scripture I am *blamed* for not drinking strong drink?—or in what part of Scripture I am *denounced* for drinking water, which is almost my only beverage? I prefer it to tea, or coffee. Ten or twelve years ago, I should have been ready to murmur at the providence of God, if I could have obtained another beverage; but I am very thankful that I am now better taught.—*JOSIAH LITTLE, Baptist Minister.*

CHARGE OF MURDER.—On Wednesday, the 18th ult., an occurrence of a most deplorable nature, resulting in the death of a parent by the hands of her son, took place at Kilsyth. It appears that a man, in a state of intoxication, proceeded on that morning to the house of his mother, which is approached by an "outside stair." On the landing place, a quarrel ensued between the mother and the son, in the excitement of which he threw or pushed his parent over the stair. She fell on her head, and was found insensible. The perpetrator of the deed was immediately apprehended, till the result of the injuries sustained by his mother should be ascertained. The unfortunate woman, however, never recovered; she lingered till Friday, when she expired. He has been committed to jail on the charge.—*Witness.*

SURE SIGN OF IMPROVEMENT.—The Guarantee Society have reduced their rates on Irish policies from fifteen shillings to ten shillings per cent.—thus placing them on the same level as English policies. The chief cause of this alteration has been the fact that the society has not lost a single penny on any of their Irish policies. This circumstance must be gratifying to every one who takes an interest in Irish affairs, as it speaks much for the great advance that has taken place in the Irish character. A few years back, every kind of assurance business in Ireland was considered very hazardous; now it is on a par with England.

GAME.—In ten years ending 1843, 41 game-keepers lost their lives; and that year 119 persons were convicted of offences against the Game laws, either at the Quarter or Petty Sessions in Buckinghamshire only.

SUICIDE BY RUM MURDER.—We copy the following from the *Morning Star*, which should be an effective lecture. They that have ears, let them hear.

Some two weeks since, a Mrs. Mace, residing in Nottingham, left her child, a girl two years old, and went to a store to buy liquor. In her absence, the clothes of her little girl took fire, and she was burnt in a dreadful manner. When found she was still living, though, horrible to relate, the cat and dog were devouring her roasted flesh, and had eaten a hole through to her entrails! Death kindly ended her sufferings in a few moments after she was found.

It is said that a deacon, by the name of Gove, I believe, is one of the selectmen who granted an inhuman rum-seller license to be the cause of this horrible transaction. His argument for granting licenses was, that rum-drinkers needed their rum as much as others need their tea and coffee! This is the third or fourth rum murder committed in that rum-cursed town during a few years past. And yet, I am told, another board of selectmen has just been chosen that will license rum selling. Humanity weeps at such depravity. Let the professors of religion in that town, who voted for such selectmen, know that God and the better portions of the community will hold them, and the murderous rum-seller who was licensed through their means, responsible for the rum murders in Nottingham. Let none pray for the prevalence of temperance, nor deplore the evils of intemperance, while they will vote for men who will license rum-selling.—*N. Y. Bran.*

Let every lady persuade one of her female friends to sign the temperance pledge, and the country would soon be clear of drunkenness.

Parents who put the cup to their children's lips should not wonder that they become drunkards.

If you wish your prospects in life darkened, be a drunkard, and soon they will be darkened indeed.

TEMPERANCE AMONG SEILORS.—The last number of the *Sailor's Magazine* has a statement which shows effects of temperance among seamen sufficiently admirable to encourage efforts in that direction. In 1812, 380 vessels and 602 lives were lost at sea; in 1843, the number lost was 401 vessels and 642 lives. During the year 1811, as far as we heard from, only 203 vessels and 105 lives have been lost. This exhibits a great decrease in the destruction of life and property, and is attributed to the increased sobriety of seamen.

This excellent Society, at a late meeting, resolved to increase the number of chaplains to preach the gospel to seamen both at home and abroad; and with as little delay as possible to station a chaplain in each of the five open ports in China.

GREAT FIRE AT PITTSBURGH.—MORE OF RUM.—Our correspondent at Pittsburgh writes us "that the great fire at Pittsburgh, by which the largest portion of the city was laid in ashes, was occasioned by a drunken washer-woman who lived on the premises where it commenced. Washing in a very windy day, she had

kindled a fire in an old wooden building. She was in the habit of drinking, and when the fire commenced, it spread so rapidly it could not be stopped. This information was communicated to me by the owner of the premises."

ARABIAN SODIETY.—"The Arabian" says Mike Bruu, "is sober in perfection." What the learned geographer wishes to be understood by the term *sober*, cannot well be comprehended, since the above declaration is followed by the intelligence that "spirited liquors, though forbidden by law, are not unknown in Arabia; a plant resembling hemp is often smoked, and is productive of intoxication." The law operating to prevent the erection of distilleries, with which our land was so recently encumbered, and of which many yet remain, may have saved the Arabian from the pest of more civilized countries; but there lurks in his pipe, the same demon which stalks over the whole earth, urging the human race to eat, or drink, or smoke some reason-destroying drug, whether it be alcohol, or tobacco, or opium, or any of the thousand other deleterious substances which different nations have sought out to produce misery, degradation and ruin.

UNIVERSALITY OF STIMULATING DRUGS.—It is believed that a portion of the people of every nation has adopted the habitual use of some poisonous drug. Those of Europe are the most numerous and destructive, and too well known to need to be specified. When the Spaniards arrived in Mexico, they found that people in the possession of their *pulque*, an intoxicating beverage which they produced from the *agave Americana*, or century plant. The English found the Indians of North America in the use of tobacco; and the natives of the Islands of the Pacific were described by the navigators as the victims of an artificial drink, which reduced those who used it to the lowest stage of misery and emaciation. The Asiatics are more or less addicted to opium and coffee; in short every quarter of the world is replete with self-inflicted misery, and woes voluntarily imposed by disobedience to the laws of nature.

TEMPERANCE IN SWEDEN.—A Frankfort (Germany) paper states that in all the domains of Sweden, there no longer exists any distillers of ardent spirits; and that a law has been made which orders that the name of any one who is intoxicated shall be posted in great letters upon the door of the church—and that the minister shall pray for him, and recommend him to the prayers of the faithful.

OUR NAVY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.—An interesting letter from the American Consul (C. Edwards Lester) to a friend in New York and published in the *Tribune*, gives a gratifying account of the condition, conduct and reputation of the American Squadron at that place last summer. He says:

"Commander Smith you may possibly know; he is from Boston, and is a true New-Englander. Every ship in his Squadron is in perfect order, and as neat as a Shaker kitchen. Every Officer and every man knows his place. Count Admiral de Vely told me, after examining the vessels, that he had never seen a squadron in such perfect order, nor such beautiful vessels. Our Naval vessels always excite universal admiration, but this squadron is what the Italians call *veramente un incanto*, and the Columbia is without doubt one of the most beautiful frigates in the world. You may judge of the perfect discipline of the fleet when I tell you that 1200 men came on shore, and not one broke his liberly, and only one got drunk. But the Temperance Reformation must take its share of the credit for this, for the flagship is a teetotal ship, and very little is drank in the other vessels.

"The impression created in the Mediterranean by Com. Smith's squadron, will be infinitely more to our credit than any other that has recently entered it; for generally the Italians at least have supposed our seamen were a fighting and *drank n' set* of fellows. The squadron remained twelve days, and it was a season of festivity.—*Jour. Am. T. U.*

RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE RICH.—In a speech delivered in Boston, Duncan Moses Grant said, "It is an appalling fact that with all our Sabbath and day schools, crime among the young is on the increase, as the records of our courts and prisons will satisfy the most credulous; and why is it so? the truth must be spoken; humanity and religion demand it. I answer, then, because so many men of wealth withhold, by their example and influence, proper sympathy in the temperance reform; may more, even make money in a way injurious to society, and not only continue in a traffic known to be wrong, but rent buildings used for gambling and dissipation. O, the rich then rests the fearful responsibility of such a state of things, and to them I appeal for a remedy! They may give liberally (and certainly no city does more in the way of

charity than ours,) yet that will avail but little to stem the current of vice setting in upon us at the present time. We want some thing better than money—their example and influence, openly, on the side of suffering humanity, and then we may hope that our city will continue to be what it has been, remarkable for a proper observance of the Sabbath, and respect to the institutions of our fathers, on which so much depends.—*Jour. Am. T. U.*

HORRID RESULTS OF INTEMPERANCE.—The last month seems to us to have teemed with more horrid results of intemperance, in various parts of our country, than any within our recollection. To record them all, murders, suicides, fires, shipwrecks, steamboat and railroad disasters, is impossible; and when recorded, they are read with about as much indifference as police reports. It is amazing that the people sit so quietly under the rum traffic, and still more so that any beings claiming to be human, can be found to carry it on. Blood must be shed much more copiously, and all the foundations of domestic bliss and public tranquility broken up before the people will rise and drive this traffic from the land. One of the most shocking events connected with the trade has occurred at Hanover, Plymouth Co., Mass., the murder of three men by a rumseller, not induced by his rum, but by his rifle. On St. Patrick's day, 17th of March, a company of Irishmen went to the house of one Seth Perry to procure spirits, the only place within ten or fifteen miles, where it could be obtained. From some cause a scuffle took place between a drunken man, Bates, who was in the house, and one of the Irishmen, when Perry took a double barreled gun and shot the Irishman, and afterward, with the other barrel, shot a brother of the murdered man, both through or near the heart. He then procured another loaded musket, and deliberately shot another man, who was running off, through the jaw. On searching the house after the event there were found seven muskets, all of which were loaded except the two discharged at the men.—There was also a most plentiful supply of spirits, casks, ccs, &c., barrels and bottles and runlets of rum, brandy, wine, &c. The multitude gathered to witness the spectacle, could hardly be repressed from burning the house, and were only restrained by having the barrels and bottles put out, which they broke to pieces as fast as they came in reach. An indignation meeting was called at Faneuil Hall, Boston, where the voice of Messrs. Grant, Kellogg, Hunt, Russell and Father Taylor were nobly raised against this traffic in sorrow, blood and death, and a series of spirited resolutions were adopted, denouncing it as it should be denounced by all good men.—*Id.*

AN ADMISSION.—Many persons give it as a reason why they will not sign the pledge, "I can leave off drinking just as well without signing the pledge as with;" thus unwittingly acknowledging that they do drink, else, how could they leave off? also, that they do not intend to leave off drinking at present, for they talk of their ability to leave off when they have a mind to. The truth is, they can neither leave off drinking nor sign the pledge, until they become very different persons from what they now are. Their ability is as good as that of the rinner who says, "I can repent when I have a mind to," and no better.—*Id.*

NEW SECRET SOCIETIES.—The rumsellers in Massachusetts are forming themselves into secret societies, called lodges, for the better enjoyment of the privileges which God has given them. One has been established at Plymouth with a sign which shall be revealed to each member, but shall be kept a secret and no member shall reveal it.—*Id.*

TEMPERANCE TRIUMPH.—The citizens of Augusta, Main, by a vote of three to one, have decided that the selectmen of the town shall appoint two men to sell alcoholic liquors for mechanical and medical purposes only, and that these persons shall keep a record of all they sell, the individuals to whom sold, the quantities delivered, and the purposes used for. The profits shall go to the town—a reasonable compensation being allowed to the sellers for their trouble.—*Id.*

LICENSES IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The County Commissioners for the county of Franklin at a recent session, decided, unanimously, that in their opinion, the *public good* did not require the granting of any licenses for the sale of *intoxicating drinks* as a beverage. It is said to be understood that no licenses will be granted except for Temperance Houses—as long as the present board remain in office. This is excellent, and "little Franklin" can no longer be pointed at as the Rum County. In reference to this movement in Franklin, the *Hampshire Gazette* says:

"The same is true of the Board of Commissioners of our own good Temperance County of Hampshire. The rum trade finds no favour here. We not only refuse the rummies license, but

if they are known to proceed in defiance of the law and a virtuous public sentiment, they are promptly summoned to answer to the Commonwealth. No man dares to sell grog publicly in this County."

In regard to Hamilton County the Commissioners refuse licenses except where the applicant is approved by the Selectmen of the town where the applicant resides. This is wrong, for in many cases where the community are decidedly opposed to the traffic—licenses have been granted because approved by three or four men.

INTOXICATING LIQUORS—The following is the annual cost of these liquors in the countries named:—France, £52,777,777; Great Britain, £39,692,487; Sweden, £13,500,000; Prussia, £10,000,000; United States, £3,002,416. This calculation, however, shows only a partial result. It does not give the expense incurred in upholding prisons, police, asylums, work-houses, &c., which are rendered necessary by habits of drunkenness. Taking these into account, the annual cost of intoxication in Great Britain is carefully estimated at one hundred millions annually—a sum large enough to relieve the distresses of the poor and unemployed, and which actually doubles the Government revenue!—*Scotch Paper*.

On the forenoon of Sabbath the 19th current, the body of a female was observed, by some boys, lying in the sea, at a place called the West Sands, about a mile to the westward of Arbroath. When taken out, the body was found to be that of a woman named Falconer, the wife of a blacksmith in the town. At this time, life was scarcely extinct; but, although means of restoration were immediately applied, death speedily ensued. The poor woman had been of temperate and industrious habits, but had sustained a long course of ill treatment from her husband, who was a confirmed drunkard. On the Saturday preceding her death, he had been taken off the streets by the Police, and carried home in a state of brutal intoxication, and, in a fit of desperation, his wife left her home that afternoon, and had closed her earthly sufferings by plunging into the sea. As if to exemplify the extent to which drunkenness can harden the feelings, the unnatural husband refused to allow the dead body of his wife, and mother of his five children, to enter his house. It was deposited at the Police Office, until the burial.—*Dundee Warder*.

DRINK'S DOINGS.—On Monday morning the inhabitants of the town of Ulverston were thrown into a state of great consternation and alarm by a report that an itinerant razor grinder, who is an inhabitant of that town, had murdered his wife in the most brutal and barbarous manner. On inquiry, the melancholy rumour was found out to be too true. On Friday night last, the husband returned home in a state of intoxication, and a quarrel ensued between him and his wife, which at length terminated with blows. The enraged man eventually seized a poker, and struck her a formidable blow with it on the head, which completely shattered her skull, and must, it is supposed, have produced instant death. Not satisfied with what he had done, the enraged murderer commenced kicking the head of his victim, with such violence as to force one of her jaws entirely out of its place; he next brutally kicked her on various parts of her body, which he dreadfully mutilated. He next stripped the dead body entirely naked, and threw it down stairs, after which he burnt the whole of her clothing. Having done this, he left the house, and went to his wife's sister, and coolly told her he was afraid his wife was dead. In the meantime, his two children (a boy and a girl) awoke, and the neighbours, who had heard the noise, were first alarmed by the screams of the boy, that his father had murdered his mother. The wretched man was secured, and a coroner's inquest was held on Monday upon the remains of the unfortunate woman, but we have not heard the result of the inquiry.—*Carlisle Journal*.

CRY OF THE VICTIMS.—An affecting proof of the oft-asserted tendency of intemperance to misery and crime, was recently afforded in a petition of the prisoners on Blackwell's Island, to the Legislature of this State, praying for the passage of the bill suppressing the traffic in ardent spirits. The petition was signed by nearly all the wretched inmates, most of whom owe their degradation and suffering to the cause they here deprecate; and among them were the signatures of Babe, the pirate, and James E. Eager, both now under sentence of death, who attribute their crime to the influence of intoxicating drinks. Setting aside the moral considerations connected with the traffic, as a matter of economy, what urgent reasons there are for the law in question. It is stated that 1060 persons were committed at the Upper Police Office in

New-York, during the months of February and March, for causes originating in intemperance. A like proportion exists in all other cases. Surely, the demand of the people to be protected against such a burden as this, and the prodigious pauper tax it occasions, is reasonable, and ought not to be resisted.—*Journal of the Am. Tem. Union*.

POETRY.

Scripture Illustration of Drunkenness. No. 1.

The Death of Elah.

I KINGS CHAP. XVI.

The steeds are harnessed to the car,
The spearmen in array;
Is it to worship or to war,
The King goes forth to-day?

The host is camped by Gilbothon,
At Bethel is the shrine;
But Elah is to Tirzah gone,
To drown his cares in wine.

A thousand torches throw their glare,
A thousand goblets gleam,
A thousand guests are waiting there,
To banquet with the King.

To-night with pomp of chivalry,
The feast doth Arza dight;
And Israel's monarch deigns to be
His vassal's guest, to-night.

Speeds on the feast, within, around;
The flaggons flow amain;
The symbols clash, the trumpets sound,
Wakes high the festal strain.

The reeling nobles raise the shout,
"The King! the King all hail!"
The monarch pours libations out
To Ashtaroth, or Baal.

What reck's he that Hunan's son
Denounced Ahijah's line,
Oh tell it not in Askelon,
The King is drunk with wine.

No warder wakes on Tirzah's walls,
Her gates stand open wide;
The war steeds slumber in their stalls,
The shields are thrown aside.

Uncalled, a chief is passing on,
Unchallenged midst the crowd;
A jagger glances by the throne—
The King lies in his blood.

Oh, Arza, up and guard thy lord,
Cry reason, lift the spear—
Oh, Princes, Nobles, draw the sword;
Ye stand in doubt and fear.

The wine-cup triumphs, Elah dies,
The drunkard's doom is won;
Baasha's heir unshrouded lies,
And Zimri mounts the throne.

Again the brazen trumpets sound,
Again the minstrels sing;
The knee is bent, the shout goes round,
God save our lord the King.

Maryville, Nichol.

G. P.

CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

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

PLEDGE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

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

MONTREAL, MAY 15, 1845.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

LAZY BILL SMITH.—This graphic tale appeared in the *Advocate* a few years ago, but several friends have expressed a wish to Mr. Wadsworth during his late tour that it should be again inserted on account of its close application to many persons and places in Canada. To many of our present subscribers it will be entirely new.

CONFESSIONS OF A MANIAC.—Continued.

JOHN B. GOUGH.—A brief memoir of this remarkable man whom Providence has raised up to such an extraordinary degree of usefulness in the United States, seems to be called for.

GOOD FROM NAZARETH.—A most interesting account of the Sandwich Islands.

A GOOD SAMARITAN.—One of the noblest examples of self denying benevolence on record.

SOCIAL DRINKING IN SCOTLAND.—The true state of the case as seen by a stranger.

A LONDON GIN PALACE.—One of the most melancholy spectacles in the world, graphically described.

Grand Annual Tea-total Procession in Dublin.

PROGRESS

MISCELLANEOUS.—Deeply Interesting.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS OF DRUNKENNESS, No. 1.—We take this opportunity of acknowledging our obligations to G. P. for the many beautiful copies of verses with which he has furnished the *Advocate*.

EDITORIAL

INFANT TRAINING.—A subject of incalculable importance yet almost entirely neglected.

PROGRESS OF SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE.—The concluding notice of a singularly able article from the *Edinburgh Review*. This article has opened up new views and excited a deep interest in many parts of the world. We particularly request the attention of all who take an interest in the educational institutions of Canada to this extract.

NEWS.—PRICE CURRENT, &c. &c.

At last meeting of the Provincial Committee of the Montreal Temperance Society, a letter from Mr. Dello, of Napanee, was read, requesting the opinion of the Committee upon a question which had caused some trouble in the Midland District Temperance Society, in view of which the following resolutions were, after due deliberation, adopted:—

1st. That the Office-bearers and Committee of a Society, have generally a perfect right to introduce business and vote at the meetings of that Society; and we see nothing to exclude them in Articles 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 10, of the Constitution of the Society in question.

2nd. That where a Convention of Delegates from various Societies is desired, they should meet as such, and appoint their own Office-bearers, without reference to any other Society.

THE SALE OF ARSENIC BY DRUGGISTS.

Suicides and murders are so frequently caused by arsenic, which is generally dispensed for the alleged purpose of destroying rats, that I think there ought to be some legislative enactment to prevent the sale of poison for such uses. No inconvenience would be caused to the public by such a law, as rats are easily exterminated by throwing unslacked lime into the holes of the vermin.—*Writer in London Times.*

What care is exercised by society and by government to keep the public from being poisoned in one form, at the same time that even greater pains are taken to ensure their being poisoned in another. Surely, if arsenic, which does not poison one in a hundred thousand of the population, be an object of such anxious watchfulness; alcohol which probably poisons one in a hundred, should be watched with a thousand times the solicitude. But alas, for the consistency of human nature, the very extent of alcohol's ravages makes them to be looked upon as a matter of course—nay, like mighty conquerors, who are glorious because they have slain their thousands, the destruction of any single individual of whom would have involved the guilt of murder—alcohol seems to derive a respectability from the very extent to which it is permitted to damage society.

But let us adopt the argument of the paragraph. Arsenic is sold to destroy rats, but great abuse arises therefrom, and rats can be destroyed another way, therefore the sale should be prohibited. Alcohol is sold to make people strong, healthy, and happy, but great abuse grows out of this sale, and people may be strong, healthy, and happy without it. So far the parallel is correct, but there are three points in which a much better case can be made out for the sale of arsenic, than for the sale of spirits.

1st. The object of the one is lawful, viz., to destroy vermin, but the object of the other to seek for health, strength, and happiness in stimulation, is not lawful.

2nd. The arsenic accomplishes what it professes to do, it kills the rats; the alcohol does not give the health, strength, and happiness which it promises, but rather sickness, weakness and disease.

3rd. Nothing is destroyed to produce arsenic, but the food of the poor is annihilated in untold quantities to produce alcohol.

We learn from Mr. Brooke, of Sherbrooke, that the temperance friends in that quarter have succeeded in obtaining the assistance of an eminent temperance lecturer from Boston, who has been the means of giving a fresh start to the temperance cause in that capital of the eastern townships. The gentleman's name is Cole, and his style is described as graphic, striking, and original.

We perceive that the fame of the celebrated anti-temperance speeches delivered in our parliament last winter, has reached the British newspapers. The House which cheered them is emphatically designated the *Lower House*.

EDUCATION.

INFANT TRAINING.

It is far more criminal to neglect a child's education than to starve it to death. To put off the commencement of its schooling till the close of infancy is an act of barbarism. To attend exclu-

ively to its intellect, and neglect its heart and affections, is a symptom of infatuation truly lamentable in a professing Christian, and even inconsistent with mere worldly prudence. These are truisms which it is absolutely fatiguing to repeat, and yet the world seems little the better for their being generally known. All great truths are apt to grow trite, but they must be insisted on till the opposite fallacies be abandoned. It is well for us that our fortunes and destiny are controlled and regulated by our Heavenly Father, who continually educes good from evil, and leads us by devious and ill understood ways, to that which he has predestined for us; for did he leave us to reap the consequences of our mistakes, and folios, and culpable neglects, we would soon land ourselves in hopeless misery. In nothing is this more clearly seen than in the matter of education. Governments have overlooked it; Churches have turned it into an engine for propagating party spirit; parents have neglected their pious charge, or delegated it to they cared not whom; professional teachers have looked upon their vocation as a degrading drudgery, and plied their monotonous task heartlessly for a livelihood; the system universally pursued has been the most jejune, tedious, and ineffective imaginable, and the majority have scarcely mastered the rudiments of even that—but God has foreseen and provided for man's deficiencies; He has made the world a seminary of learning, and life's duration our school time; and under his tuition millions are continually being made wise unto salvation, whom the negligence, the ignorance, or the positive vice of their human instructors would naturally have ruined. It is primarily in God's grace, therefore, that our expectations centre. Men's most feasible schemes have been seldom consistently earned through, and, in spite of our fond anticipations, the future will probably be little more than a repetition of the past. Were our hopes based on what man is to do, they would be exceedingly meagre and cheerless.

But because we do not place our trust in man or his institutions, we are not to cease from agitating for reforms. God, who has foreordained all things, nevertheless calls upon us to work, and promises to bless our efforts. And in nothing are efforts more needed than in the work of infant education. In nothing have men hitherto done less, or to so little purpose. In nothing external to ourselves does so heavy a responsibility rest upon us. In nothing are we more positively insured that a blessing will follow.

There are several vulgar fallacies that hinder parents and guardians from seeing the value of moral training, and the necessity of beginning it early. There are, for instance, two aspects in which education is viewed, very dissimilar in themselves, yet both alike calculated to deteriorate its character and render it ineffective. The first is, looking on it as a mere engine for making good readers, penmen, and calculators, or correct draughtsmen, skilful musicians, clever engineers, and profound adepts in logic and mathematics. The second is, conceiving it to be in its highest sense, a means of communicating scripture rote knowledge through the memory to the intellect. He who views education in either of these aspects misunderstands its true object. "The true end of a school," says a distinguished writer, "is to awaken the soul of the pupil, to bring his understanding, conscience, and heart, into earnest, vigorous action, on religious and moral truth, to excite and cherish in him spiritual life. Inward life, force, activity, this it must be our aim to call forth and build up in all our teachings of the young. The office of education is to call forth power of every kind, power of thought, affection, will, and outward action; power to observe, to reason, to judge, to contrive; power to adopt good ends firmly, and to pursue them efficiently; power to govern ourselves, and to influence others; power to gain and spread happiness. The intellect was created, not to receive passively a few words, dates, facts, but to be active for the acquisition of truth. Education is the germ of all other improvements."

Looking at education in this light, we see at once that it must not be confounded with mere school exercises and formula; that it is chiefly valuable as it is moral; that it commences at life's dawn, and goes on without interruption to its close; that it will not be put off till we mean it to begin; that it takes anything it comes in contact with for a teacher, and often seizes upon the most unwholesome food readiest; that if we do not provide a channel for it, it will find one for itself.

It is from forgetting this, that parents suffer the moral training of their children to remain very much a matter of chance, and defer the commencement of their regular school instruction till they are six or seven years old. Both practices are most pernicious. In the first place there cannot be a more lamentable delusion than to imagine that children will learn to do right when they grow up,

although they are permitted in the meantime to do wrong, or that they will come in time to be obedient, affectionate, and good-natured, although at present they are idle, saucy, malicious, and peevish. Parents who cannot be at the trouble to train their children properly, ought not to be surprised when they turn out ill. And, in the second place, when children are permitted to run about wild for several years before being sent to school, how is it expected that they will ever become thoroughly reconciled to the restraint and decorum necessary there?

The period at which almost all children's tempers are warped and broken, and their moral sentiments cooled, enfeebled, and vitiated, is immediately after they learn to walk and speak, and before they are sent to the reading school. In early infancy the mind is very susceptible of impressions; the natural affections are lively, powerful, undisguised; there is no suspicion of guile, no reserve, no stubborn self-conceited stolidity. But four or five years afterwards the case is altered. One who had known them before would scarcely think them the same beings. There is now a dogged intractability about them, a love of mischief, a downright aversion to industrious application, and a disposition to receive with incredulity, apathy, or ridicule, truths which they would formerly have drank in with delight. The poetry of their nature has been all dissipated. How is this? Because during these four or five years they have been undergoing an ordeal of the most pernicious kind. Even their parents have possibly been contaminating them; but, at all events, their keepers and playmates, who in ordinary cases are rather their tormentors, have been effectually inoculating them with their own vices. The mother's especial care is usually extended but to the first two years, and its natural effect is the most unbounded filial affection. The mind of the infant is docile and plastic. When healthy and not petted it is exceedingly ready to receive good impressions. Never is it so amiable as at that period when it begins to reciprocate the kindness its innocent playfulness calls forth in all. But as it becomes older it is left to grow wild. Its mother is perhaps necessarily occupied with other duties, and commits it to others, or leaves it to itself. It is thus exposed to all passing influences, which are for the most part pernicious ones; and its temper and character alter with its altered circumstances. Look at it a few years afterwards when it is sent to the parish school to learn to read. It scarcely appears the same being. Its mind is now occupied by a new set of notions. It has learned by bitter experience to separate between its own interests and those of others. The cold chilly atmosphere in which it has been living has contracted and shrivelled its finer sentiments, and forced its animal propensities into an undue development, which a lifetime of correct discipline will scarcely curb. It is timid, yet impudent; lazy, yet active in mischief; stupid, yet ingenious in deceit; apathetic, yet sensitive. It is unreasonable, frivolous, wilful, averse to being instructed, in many respects the reverse of what it was formerly. Its education, then, has not been standing still. It has been learning lessons every day, lessons of pride, distrust, disorder, falsehood, and crime.

How is this to be remedied? By commencing children's systematic education sooner. By withdrawing them from evil influences, and carefully habituating them to act practically on those principles which are universally approved. By giving them, were it nothing more, keepers of a higher cast, more motherly, affectionate, and enlightened, and playmates more select, orderly, and sympathising. By taking them up where their mothers usually leave them, and carrying on their moral and intellectual nurture and admonition somewhat as she would have done it, had circumstances permitted, until they are ready to commence that course of ruder school discipline which is to fit them for their every day occupations in the world.—*Border Watch*.

A FINE TRUTH FINELY SPOKEN.—It is difficult to conceive anything more beautiful than the reply given by one in affliction, when he was asked how he bore it so well. "It lightens the stroke," said he, "to draw near to Him who handles the rod."

MORAL INFLUENCE.—Away among the Alleghanies, there is a spring so small that a single ox in a summer's day could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many thousand cultivated farms; and bearing on is bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and away, some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the tributaries of that ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roar and roar, till the angel with one foot on the sea and the other on the

land shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear that time shall be no longer. So with *moral influence*. It is a rill—a rivulet—a river—an ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity.—*Spaulding.*

WANT OF BATHS IN ENGLAND.

We are every day vaunting our civilization and refinement, but in the matter of baths most certainly we are greatly behind our continental neighbours. From an early age public baths were known in Paris. St. Sigebert, according to Bolandus, built baths for the carions of his church, and furnished them with firewood. And Adrian I. recommended the clergy of each parish to proceed in procession to the bath every Thursday. In the time of Louis XI. it was the custom of the master of the house to have baths ready for such guests as he invited to dinner or supper. And in Turkey, the usage of the bath and of ablutions is ordered by the law of the prophet. "The Koran" prescribes five prayers daily, and before each the devout Turk washes his face, his hands, and his feet. The bath in Turkey is the necessary complement of the mosque. In Egypt and India also, every town of any importance has its public baths. The custom, indeed, has penetrated through Southern Russia, down to Abo and Helsingfors. Even the lowest Russian serf, or Finnish fisherman, takes his weekly bath, and enjoys for some moments at least repose and luxury. In Vienna there is a splendid establishment of public baths at the Ferdinand's Brucke, and cheaper and humbler baths in different quarters of the city. In modern Paris, the public baths are innumerable, and vary in price from six to thirty sous. The Bains Vigier, near the Pont Royal, contain 140 separate baths in a floating vessel, which have made its owner proprietor of the Chateau Grand Mason, member of the chamber of deputies, and M. le Baron Vigier. But notwithstanding theory and practice—notwithstanding its agreeable and salutary effects in the restoration of health, and the cure and prevention of several diseases—notwithstanding the precepts of Asclepiades and Galen, in ancient and Brodie, Bright, and Chambers, in modern times, the use of the bath has never become common in England. But it is hoped that the days of ignorance are now passed away; and the poor mechanic finding a public bath provided for him at a cheap rate will avail himself of it largely, not alone for the purpose of cleanliness, but as a means of repairing that exhaustion, and of refreshing those spirits broken down by long continued and harassing toil. The success of such establishments among the working mechanics must promote their growth among all other classes, and we hope ere another year has passed, to find warm bathing as universally adapted as in France. The moment the practice becomes general, the price must adjust itself to suit the fortunes of the great mass of the community.—*Morning Chronicle.*

Praying Mothers.

Praying mothers and prayerless mothers stand in painful and melancholy contrast to each other. The praying mother can be, though the prayerless mother, as such, cannot be fitted for the solemn duties of training up her children for life in this world, and immortality in the world to come. God has committed a most important trust to mothers. The mother gives birth to a little being who is destined for immortality. She gives him his first impressions. She stamps on his mind his first ideas. She guides his young footsteps up towards manhood. Upon her conduct—her instructions—her prayers—her example may, and often does, depend the happiness, the usefulness, and the eternal salvation of the soul of her child. If his mother prays, he most likely will learn to pray. If his mother is a prayerless woman, he will be likely to grow up and live a life of prayerlessness, and die without hope. And when such a child is called to his account at the judgment day, it may appear that he has lost his soul because he had a prayerless mother. Comparatively few mothers have any just conception of the solemn business they are doing, while training up their children for a future world.—*Ec.*

EFFECTS OF THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.—Two centuries ago a salad was not to be bought in the markets of London for money; a cabbage-stock and carrot, was unknown; apples were scarce, and never used, save in the crude and unnutritious state. Sir Walter Raleigh and Admiral Drake might have bought half-a-dozen oranges for the Queen's table, but the community had never seen the golden fruit of the Hesperides. At the present time we buy this delicious fruit at the rate of two for a penny in the streets of London; and, through the blessing of sugar, we are

never at a loss for a meal for our children when we have an apple. It is little more than a century since the great bulk of the community lived upon salt provisions through the winter. Agriculture had made so little progress that there were no green crops, no such staple as the turnip, not merely to keep cattle alive, but to fatten them; and so little hay was made that it was always an object to save it for the use of the stock that must be maintained till the spring. The cattle which now supply us with fresh animal food throughout the winter, in our grandfather's days would have all been slaughtered and salted down at Michaelmas; there was no more fresh meat until the spring. In Sydenham and Morison's times, and even considerably later than these, among the grand causes for which the assistance of medical men was sought, were the scurvy and intermittent fever. The faculty would starve now did they depend on either one or other of these diseases. The deaths of the members of the community was then the source of the professional income: now, it is their births.—*Dr. Willis.*

SINGING IN SCHOOLS.—Several reports have been made of the good effects of teaching singing in our public schools, and we have never doubted but that physically and morally it produces the very best effect. A great sensation has recently been produced in Switzerland, by an attempt to give a new direction to popular singing. Coarse, vulgar, and sometimes obscene ballads were constantly heard on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, until a Saxon gentleman proposed to teach the "Million singing gratis." A revolution has been forthwith produced, and the concerts of the human voice alone have cleared all living on the borders of the Lake, and it was no uncommon affair to see 4,000 singers accompanying each other in perfect harmony, singing a hymn of Luther's composing, simple, grave and noble, and with prodigious effect—particularly those songs of a patriotic character. A great moral revolution in Switzerland has been produced by this simple, peaceable and agreeable method of practising the human voice.—*Id.*

A WORD OF ADVICE.—When your minister calls to make you a friendly visit, receive him without ceremony. His time is precious, and he cannot well afford to wait for you to change your dress, perform your toilet, and put things to rights. He calls to see you, not your clothes. And do not weary him with your apologies. He would much prefer to hear you speak of your moral concerns. And if you invite him to sit at your table, give him precisely such food as your family would have if he had not visited you. And improve your time while he is with you, in conversation upon such subjects as tend to increase your knowledge and your happiness. Preachers are men, and they know that people have their affairs to see to; and if your minister finds that you put yourself out on his account, he will perhaps call no more, lest by so doing he should put you to some inconvenience.

IMPORTANCE OF FIRESIDE EDUCATION.—The fireside is a secondary of infinite importance. It is important, because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in the woof of childhood, gives form and colour to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honours of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth.

THE PHENOMENA OF THE BRAIN.—One of the most inconceivable things in the nature of the brain is, that the organ of sensation should itself be insensible. To cut the brain gives no pain, yet in the brain alone resides the power of feeling pain in any other part of the body. If the nerve which leads to it from the injured part be divided, we become instantly unconscious of suffering. It is only by communication with the brain that any sensation is produced, yet the organ itself is insensible. But there is a circumstance more wonderful still. The brain itself may be removed, may be cut away down to the *corpus callosum*, without destroying life. The animal lives and performs all those functions which are necessary to simple vitality, but has no longer a mind; it cannot think or reason; it requires that the food should be pushed into its stomach; once there, it is digested, and the animal will even thrive and grow fat. We infer, therefore, that the part of the brain called the convolutions, is simply intended for the exercise of the intellectual faculties, whether of the low degree called instinct, or of that exalted kind bestowed on man, the gift of reason.—*Wigan on the quality of the Mind.*

AGRICULTURE.

(Continued from Page 142.)

Animals are kept for another important use besides that of manufacturing food—for the conversion, namely, of straw, roots, and green herbage, into manure for the corn-fields. And here start up new questions. What is the chemical difference between animal and vegetable manures? What change does the grass or straw undergo in passing through the body of the animal? Why is the dung of animals of one kind richer than that of animals of another kind? Why is it of unequal richness in different animals of the same kind, or when fed upon different kinds of food? And if we can explain these things, can we also control them? There is a strictly scientific economy in the manufacture of beef or cheese, can any such economy be established in the manufacture and use of animal manures?

Our space does not permit us even to allude to the extended chemical enquiries, both in the laboratory and in the field, to which these questions have already led, and are still leading. The results of them prove, that on this most practical branch, clear principles are also attainable, and that something of the dignity of science may be imparted even to these more humble labours of the cultivator of the soil.

We have already said, that animal and vegetable life seem to play into each other's hands; that dead and living forms of matter pass incessantly into each other in one unbroken round of change. Could we, in our limited space, follow the decaying plant and animal through all those changes which the subject of animal manures suggests to us—could we trace their course from the time when their several parts either sink into the soil or escape into the air, till they again assume new forms of life—we should not only see more clearly and beautifully still how closely and indissolubly all forms of life and of organized matter are knit together, but be convinced also that the whole adjustment of animal and vegetable being, the necessary connexion of air, soil, plant, and animal, is the conception of *one mind only*, and must be regulated and controlled by *one Almighty and All-bounteous hand*.

But we have stated more than enough to show the importance especially of chemical science to the progress of agriculture—how much it has already done, how much, if properly encouraged, it may yet perform. The numerous trains of research to which we have alluded, have added largely both to our theoretical and to our practical knowledge; and it has become necessary to embody this knowledge in books devoted especially to the subject of scientific agriculture. This has been done in Germany, France, England, Holland, Sweden, and the United States of America, by the works of which the titles are prefixed to the present article. The number of these works, and the names of their authors, may be regarded as an indication both of the actual advance of our knowledge, and of its value to the art of culture; while the numerous translations, reprints, and editions through which those of Liebig, Mulder, and Johnston, have already passed show how satisfied the agricultural body must be in all parts of the world, as to the importance of possessing and applying that knowledge.

It is of little importance, indeed, that such knowledge is in our possession, unless it be also widely diffused. Information is proverbially slow in spreading itself among the agricultural classes. As a body, they frequent the bypaths and outfields of society. The rumours that pass along the highways are less frequently heard by them, and the sounds of advancing knowledge often die away before they can reach their secluded ears. Men who know little are also most obstinately wedded to old opinions; and the practices of their forefathers are not easily given up in remote places, where the influence of numbers is unfehl, and where the example and the ridicule of the better informed are equally unknown. Accustomed almost solely to hardy exercise, our rural population also read but little. To them, books of any size are literally dead things. Small seeds of knowledge must be sown among them, if we would see it shoot up and ripen into an ear.

Those who are connected with agriculture are not inferior in natural intelligence to any other class of the community. And yet it is not denied, that both owners and tenants, as a body, possess less of that acquired knowledge which specially relates to the art by which they live, than those who hold the same station in reference to any of our great manufacturing arts. This is to be ascribed to the small value hitherto placed upon any other than practical instruction in reference to agriculture, and to the con-

sequent absence of nearly all public provision for acquiring it. Notwithstanding the acknowledged importance of the art of culture, no regular course of instruction in connexion with it is given in the English or Irish universities. There is indeed a Professor of rural economy at Oxford, but there is no Class, and therefore only occasional lectures. In the universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen there are Chairs of agriculture; but even in Scotland no provision has yet been made for a *systematic* agricultural education. The Edinburgh Chair is, however, numerously attended, and has the advantage of an illustrative Museum.

Three duties, therefore, appear to be mainly incumbent upon the agricultural branch of our population at the present time:—to promote the diffusion of existing knowledge in reference to the art of culture—to encourage and aid in enlarging the bounds of that knowledge—and to remove every obstacle which may interfere with its application to the improvement of the soil.

How may existing knowledge be best and most effectually diffused? The means adopted must be suited to the several grades, in age and station, to which it is desirable to impart it. The great mass of the agricultural population can only be reached at present through the primary school—those of the great educational societies in the southern half of the island, and the parish and private schools in the north. For these schools small elementary works must be provided. Mr. Johnston's *Catechism* for the scientific, and a similar small treatise on the practical part, would suffice for this early instruction. Such school training would not only convey much positive information, likely to be useful in their after life, but would also arm the young against the prejudices of the old, and would familiarize them with those new words and phrases which the grown up farmers find it so difficult to understand and to recollect. It is a recommendation of this method, that it requires no new machinery to bring it into operation, and that a little preliminary training in the Normal school will fully qualify the teacher for carrying it on. If he be an intelligent man, indeed, the schoolmaster, with the aid of one or two books, may readily become his own instructor; for the experience of the Irish National Normal schools has been, that of all men the schoolmasters are the most easily taught. The eagerness with which the Scottish schoolmasters have already taken up the subject, shows that they are neither less apt to learn, nor less patriotic than their Irish brethren. Among the teachers of elementary schools in England, we have heard of comparatively little movement having yet been made.

As to the boys, there seems now no doubt of the possibility of giving them important agricultural instruction at a very early age, and without at all interfering with the usual course of instruction in our elementary schools. Upon this subject we were not without our doubts, until at a public meeting, where we chanced to be present, upon the subject of agricultural education, held in Glasgow in August last, and presided over by the Lord President of our Supreme Court, we had the pleasure of hearing from Mr. Skilling an account of the system of instruction adopted at the national model farm of Glasnevin; in which the Irish Commissioners have incorporated agricultural with the more usual branches of elementary instruction; and of witnessing the examination of some very young boys from the national school of Larne, in the county of Antrim. At this meeting our doubts were wholly removed; and we are delighted to learn, that since it was held the influence of numerous proprietors has been successfully exercised in causing agricultural instructions to be introduced into their own parish schools.

But for the grown-up youth some higher instruction ought to be provided. It is not unreasonable to expect that our grammar schools, high schools, and academies should connect some portion of agricultural knowledge with the other branches they have hitherto been accustomed to teach. Yet in the grammar and free schools of England, we fear that no such introduction of new subjects is likely to take place, until they have first found their way into the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, of which universities the head masters at least are usually graduates. In Scotland, we believe there are fewer obstacles to such a measure. In the Scotch universities, a certain amount of natural knowledge is taught to all who graduate in arts—a taste for chemistry is also widely diffused among the people; so that the attempts which have already been made to introduce scientific agriculture into some of the country academies, are likely, we hope, to meet with some encouragement and success. Every country gentleman ought to obtain at school some elementary knowledge upon those subjects which bear so closely upon the improvement of the land;

and it is both the duty and the interest of those in whom the direction of our higher schools is vested, to see that the necessary means for imparting such knowledge are everywhere provided.

It may be doubted, however, whether a full measure of special instruction is to be expected by the sons of our proprietors and larger tenants, in any of our existing schools and colleges. In England and Ireland this opinion has long been gaining ground, and efforts are now making, with a fair prospect of success, for the establishment of agricultural colleges in both kingdoms. The college at Cirencester, now in progress, and which Lord Bathurst has so warmly supported, promises to supply to Gloucester, and the neighbouring counties, a complete agricultural education; and other colleges, on a similar scale, will no doubt spring up hereafter in other parts of the kingdom. In Ireland, the project of a national college, under the auspices of the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society, has been for some time entertained; and in the mean time, the north of Ireland is deriving an almost inappreciable benefit from the silent and unobtrusive, but most efficient labours of the unendowed agricultural school at Templemore. In Scotland also, such a college has been projected; and though there is a peculiarity in the educational system of Scotland, which may render such an institution less urgent than in the sister kingdom, it may be doubted if the landed interest could in any way more profitably invest a sum of twenty or thirty thousand pounds, than in the establishment of a special school of learning, which would do so much to develop the latent resources, and thus to increase the market value of the land.

Such higher institutions as these would also, in some measure, provide for the second thing most to be desired on behalf of agriculture—the further elucidation, namely, of all those branches of chemical and other science which bear so closely on the more difficult departments of rural economy. The investigations required for this purpose cannot be prosecuted with sufficient energy by individual means; they must be aided and promoted by those who are to derive the chief benefit from the discoveries to which such investigations are sure to lead. In the laboratory of an agricultural college such trains of research would form part of the usual analytical labours, and the cost of time and money would be defrayed from the general funds of the institution.—*Ed. Review.*

RATS TURNED TO USEFUL PURPOSES.—The French have embarked in a curious enterprise for the destruction of rats, operations having already commenced at the Royal Library in Rue Richelieu. In the short space of three days more than 1200 rats were taken, and the purposes to which the bodies are converted are these:—The skin is prepared with much care, and proves of great value as a fur. The carcass, properly speaking, is sent to a melting house at Grenelle, where it is boiled for the sake of the grease, which is found to be an excellent material for the manufacture of candles. The flesh that remains of the animal is sold for the nutriment of birds, ducks, and pigs. The leg and thigh bones, moreover, which are described as being as fine as ivory, are employed in the manufacture of ear and tooth picks, so that not a particle of it is wasted.

Effects of Draining on the Temperature of the Soil.

One of the most important results of draining, in its effects on vegetation, is that of raising the temperature of the soil. The evaporation of water causes the abstraction of an immense quantity of heat from the land and the operation of draining prevents heat being carried off in an exact ratio with the rapidity with which the water is removed. Everybody knows how much more plants thrive in a warm temperature than a cold one, and one of the first lessons gained in practical chemistry is a knowledge of the fact, that heat is a powerful agent in promoting chemical action. Every farmer who is acquainted with Epsom salts, is aware that hot water will dissolve a much larger quantity than cold water. Such is precisely the case in raising the temperature of the soil. With every additional degree of heat to which the soil is raised, a new magazine of salts, which have been perhaps locked up in the earth, or been accumulating for ages, is rendered soluble, and available for the food of plants. As the temperature of the earth is only affected, by draining, down to the depth of the drain; and as in shallow draining, the cold, wet stratum of earth below, very soon, by conduction, absorbs a portion of the increased heat from above; it appears to be desirable to drain four or even five feet deep wherever a sufficient outfall can be procured.

Potatoes.

Potatoes were first known in England about the year 1586. For nearly a century they were cultivated only in gardens as a curious exotic, furnishing an expensive luxury for the tables of none but the richest people in the kingdom. The plant, which has now become the principal means of saving the lowest and poorest class in Great Britain from starvation, by supplying them with a cheap and abundant article of food, was at one time so rare, that, as it appears from an account of the household expenses of Ann, wife of James I., the price of potatoes was rated at 1s per pound.

Recipe for Making Good Bread.

James Roche, long celebrated in Baltimore as a baker of excellent bread, having retired from business, has furnished the Baltimore American with the following recipe for making good bread, with a request that it should be published for the information of the public:

“Take an earthen vessel larger at the top than the bottom, and in it put one pint of milk warm water, one and a half pounds of flour, and set it away, (in winter it should be in a warm place,) until it rises and falls again, which will be in from three to five hours; (it may be at night if it be wanted in the morning,) then put two large spoons full of salt into two quarts of water, and mix it well with the above rising; then put it in nine pounds of flour and work your dough well, and set it by until it becomes light. Then make it out in loaves.

The person making bread will observe that runny and new flour will require one-fourth more salt than old and dry flour. The water also should be tempered according to the weather, in spring and fall it should only be milk warm; in hot weather cold, and in winter warm.”

AGRICULTURAL EXTRACTS.

SOD DRAINING.—A mode of draining peculiarly adapted to bog is, having formed the drains to the depth of three or three and a-half feet, and tapering downwards, so as not to be more than two or three inches wide at the bottom, the surface sod is cut in the form of a blunt wedge, but so large that when dried and put into the drain, and trodden on, its lower end cannot be forced nearer than six or seven inches of the bottom. Sometimes shoulder drains are formed; in this case the drain is eight or nine inches wide at the bottom when two and a-half feet deep. In this case, the sod is made to rest upon the shoulder left about nine inches above the bottom. Drains so formed have been found acting after thirty or forty years.

GREEN-FOOD FLAVOURS.—If it be true, as it evidently is, that the quantity of milk produced depends especially upon the absolute quantity of nutritive food consumed, it is not so with the quality of the fluid. It is undeniably, that the milk of spring and summer, formed upon green and succulent food, is much more palatable than that of the winter season; the butter is also much finer and better-flavoured. The green herbs of our pastures undoubtedly contain volatile principles which are dissipated and lost in the processes of drying and fermentation which they undergo in their conversion into hay. If chemistry be powerless in seizing such principles, it still informs us of the possibility of introducing a variety of articles into the food of cows which have the property of communicating those qualities which we prize in milk. In all grazing countries certain vegetables are pointed out as giving, in the vulgar opinion, a particular aroma to the flavour of milk.

WEIGHT OF CATTLE.—The usual mode of ascertaining the weight of cattle by admeasurement is the following:—“Measure the girth close behind the shoulder, and the length from the fore part of the shoulder-blade along the back to the bone at the tail, which is in a vertical line with the buttock, both in feet. Multiply the square of the girth, expressed in feet, by five times the length, and divide the product by 21; the quotient is the weight nearly of the four quarters, in imperial stones of 14 lbs. avoirdupois. For example, if the girth be 6½ feet and the length 5½ feet, we shall have 6½ multiplied by 6½, making 42½, and 5½ multiplied by 5, making 26½; then 42 multiplied by 26, making 1109.16 and this divided by 21, gives 52.45th stones nearly, or 52 stones 11 lbs. It is to be observed, however, that in very fat cattle the four quarters will be about one-twentieth more, while in those in a very lean state they will be about one-twentieth less, than the weight obtained by the rule. The four quarters are little more than half the weight

of the living animal; the skin weighing about the eighteenth part, and the tallow about the twelfth part of the whole."

NEWS.

An extraordinary excitement has manifested itself all over England, Scotland, and the North of Ireland, against the increased grant proposed by Sir Robert Peel for the education of Roman Catholic Priests at Maynooth College. Such a storm has not been raised against a Government measure since Sir James Graham's Education Bill was defeated. There is little doubt, however, that Government will carry the measure in both houses.

There have been of late an unusual number of atrocious murders in Britain, by which the public mind has been filled with horror. In particular a case of poisoning by a Physician in the North of England, and another of the same kind by a wealthy man, named Tawell, who had been a Quaker, and was forward in supporting various benevolent efforts, have attracted much attention.

Several serious conflicts between poachers and game keepers in Britain have attracted much attention to the game laws, which are beginning to be generally condemned by the press. In one case at least, the owner of extensive estates, has dismissed all his game-keepers.

Civil war has actually broken out in Switzerland, several free companies having organised in the Protestant Cantons, and invaded the Roman Catholic Canton of Lucerne, for the purpose of expelling the Jesuits. These free companies were defeated by the organised troops of the State, and the number of killed on both sides is variously estimated at from 600 to 2300 persons. They who take the sword shall perish by the sword.

TURKEY.—The Turkish Sultan has recently issued an order to his ministers in reference to education, and the establishment of a "vast hospital" for the empire in which he says: "Inasmuch as to realize the object of my desires, it is essential, and above all things, necessary, to cause ignorance to cease, to do which is a source of merit both in this and the future life. The first care incumbent upon you will be to organize public instruction, and to found, everywhere necessary, schools to diffuse instruction and propagate light." In conclusion, he says, "The ministers must occupy themselves immediately on this point, as soon as possible, with zeal and perseverance, to apply their labours to the erection of other establishments of public utility of the same nature, of which the necessity may become evident, and address to me from time to time, reports on the subject. May the Most High God grant us his assistance, and facilitate the realization of our plans."

MEXICO AND TEXAS.—The Mexican Secretary of War had, at the last advices, transmitted to each of the foreign Ministers represented there, a formal protest against the annexation of Texas to this country, and alleging it to be a just cause of war. There have been rumours that Mexico had declared war; but they appear to be premature, though a general and intense indignation appears to be felt at the act of our government.

Meanwhile, Texas exhibits an unlooked for reluctance to enter into the alliance proffered to her. Whether it is merely fighting shy, and exhibiting a coyness to induce a more vigorous wooing, or whether the Republic is opening her eyes to her true and best interests, cannot yet be told; but it is true that just at the arrival of our Commissioner in Texas, Dr. Smith, the Texan Secretary of State, suddenly left that country, and is now in New-York, expecting to sail for England on the 1st of May, having avoided Washington on his route hither. The annexationists at the South are manifesting great alarm at this secret mission.—*New York Evangelist.*

REPORT ON THE SWALLOW.—The Committee of the N. Y. Senate, appointed to investigate the *Swallow* case, have reported. They say that though there is no direct evidence that she was racing at the time of the disaster, yet as she had run ahead nearly two miles of the *Rochester* and *Express*, she must have been surpassing her usual rate. The report condemns the disreputable practices used to obtain patronage for the various boats; also the improper strife and competition; condemns the use and retailing of ardent spirits on vessels; condemns all undue influences to crowd multitudes on any boat; recommends an extension of all liabilities for acts of negligence or want of skill over all proprietors; that no person be allowed as master unless experienced as a pilot, and familiar with the river.

There was no evidence of carelessness in the captain; he was in his cabin at the time. Cause—gross carelessness at the helm. *Id.*

The butchers of Mobile have unanimously "resolved, that Sunday, the 13th of April shall be the last Sunday on which they will hold market or sell any meats." They say that "the constant exertion of physical powers, and the sacrifice of domestic and social comforts, show the necessity of rest one day in the week."

The charge at the public washing-house in Liverpool for the use of a tub six hours with the necessary quantity of warm water and soap, and drying of the clothes afterwards, is 1d. There were 395,220 articles washed in that establishment last year, being an increase from the preceding year of 74,038. The charge for baths is 1d. for a cold washing-house bath, 2d. for a warm do.; and at these rates all expences have been covered.

A great fire has occurred in Toronto.

MONTREAL PRICES CURRENT.—May 15.

ASHES—Pot 23s 6d	LARD 5d a 6d p. lb
Pearl 21s 6d	BEEF—P. Meas tierce . . . \$13
FLOUR—Fine 23s a 24s	Do obls \$8
Do. American . . . 26s a 27s	Prime \$6
WHEAT 4s 9d	TALLOW— 5 1/2d
PEASE 3s 3d per minot	BUTTER—Salt 6 1/2d a 7d
OAT-MEAL 8s 0d per cwt.	CHEESE— 3s a 5 1/2d
FORK—Mess \$16	EXCHANGE—London 1 1/2 prem.
P. Meas \$14	N. York 2 do
Prime \$12	Canada W. 1/4 do

Ashes and Flour are less firm since the Mail arrived. Prices, generally speaking, are somewhat nominal.

Monies Received on Account of

Advocate.—R. Ralston, Sorcl, 2s 6d; W. West, Seymour, 19s; J. Gould and Co., Portage du Fort, 15s; Rev. J. F. Wilson, Gananoque, 11s 10 1/2d; Andrew Macalister, Pansley, per Miss Richmond, £1 4s 6d; J. Dick, Lanark, 5s; Sundries, Montreal, £1 4s 2d.

LIST OF DEBTS DUE FOR THE ADVOCATE.

The following list needs some explanation:—

1st. Necessity compels the Provincial Committee of the Montreal Temperance Society to ask for the payment of arrears; and without intending to hurt the feelings of any one, this means appears the simplest, and best adapted to let societies know what they, or individuals in their vicinity, owe for the *Advocate*.

2nd. Some of the following debts are one, two, or three years old, and we can scarcely expect, that in all instances, the parties who are bound for them will pay them—seeing that they may be dead, removed, unable, or unwilling. But it was suggested by a gentleman from Canada West, who, whilst in town, acted as a member of Committee, that each place would probably make a collection equal to the amount owed, and remit it.

3rd. There may be some inaccuracies in the list, but if so, we shall gladly receive the correct amounts.

Names of Places where parties live who are indebted to the Montreal Temperance Society for Canada Temperance Advocate, 7, 8, & 9 Vol.

Asphodel, £1 11s 0d; Aylmer, C. W., 2s 6d; Arnprior, 3s; Aylmer, C. E., 15s; Abbotsford, 15s; Aldboro', 5s; Bath, 19s 6d; Blanchard, 18s 6d; Barric, £2 18s 4d; Bedford, £1 5s; Brockville, 5s; Bytown, £1 15s 0d; Barnston, £1 4s 0d; Bolton Outlet, 10s; Berthier, 10s; Beamsville, 10s; Belleville, 4s 9d; Brighton, £1 5s 0d; Barton, £1 0s 0d; Burford, £1 10s; Colborne, £1 6s 0d; Concession, 5s 9d; Chatham, C. E., £3 2s 2d; Clark's Mills, 3s 6d; Cold Water, 2s 9d; Carlton Place, 9s; Cornwall, £12 10s 0d; Chelsea, £1 15s 0d; Clarendon, £1 0s 0d; Chambly, 10s; Chngacousey, 11s 1d; Clarendon, 12s; Dunville, 7s 6d; Danville, 3s 6d; Deerham, 3s 4d; Demorestville, 6s; Durham, 15s; Fredericksburgh, 8s 6d; Fort

Eric, 3s 6d; Farmersville, 6s; Floss, 14s 4d; Granby, £2 7s 10d; Grimsby, 4s; Gananoque, £1 10 9d; Gloucester, £1 5; Gosfield, 5s; Goderich, £1 10 01; Hamilton, £7 7s 6d; Haldamand, £2 15s 01; Huntingdon, £13 9s 91; Indian Lands, 9s 4d; Ingersoll, 10s; Kingston, 10s; Long Island, £1 15s 0d; Lochaber, 3s 6d; L'Original' 18s; Lunark, £1 15s 01; L'Prairie, 13s; Lochiel, 15s; Luncester, 15s; London, £2 5s 01; Mount Pleasant, 11s 3d; Madoc, 10s 6d; Melbourne, 18s 8d; Middleton, 2s; Merrickville, £1 16s; Maitland, 3s; Manningville, 15s; Murray, 15s; Matilda, £1 13 4d; Napance, £8 9s; Newboro', 15s; New Carlisle, Bay Chaleurs, 10s; New Ireland, 8s 3d; Oakville, £2 14s 5d; Oshbruck, £3 10s 0d; Oxford, £1 0s 01; Odelltown, £1 0s 0d; Portage, 13s 9d; P'cton, 9s; Pickering, 6s; Perth, 3s; Pakenham, 3s; Port Talbot, 1s 8d; Port Burwell, 1s 8d; Port Colborne, 1s 8d; Paris, 15s; Percy, 3s 6d; Quebec, £23 0s 11d; Ramnauy, £1 10s 01; Rainham, 5s; South Cowar, 3s; St. Armands, £1 10s 0d; Streetsville, 3s 6d; South Crosby, 5s 6d; St. Johns, £1 5s 01; Stanbridge, 12s; Stanstead, £1 6s 01; St. Thomas, £3 9s 01; Sydenham, 1s; Smithville, 5s; St. Nicholas, 5s; St. Hyacintho, 5s; Sparta, 1s; St. Andrews, C. E., 9s; St. Catherine's, 7s 6d; Stukely, 6s 8d; Shefford, 3s 4d; Tarce Rivers, £2 4s 9d; Vankleock Hill, £1 15s 01; Vittoria, 3s 4d; Whitby, £6 15s 01; Wellington, £1 11s 3d; Waterloo, C. E., 10s; Wilton, 3s; Walsingham, 1s 8d; Walpole, 10s; West Famboro', 8s; Williamburgh, 3s 6d; Warwick, £3 10s 0d; Williams-town, 5s; Yonge's Mills, 6s.—Total £165 5s 9d.

Consignments of Temperance Tracts, Medals, &c. &c., may be found at the following places,—the gentlemen whose names are given, have kindly consented to act as Consignees to our Committee:—

Aldboro', *John M'Dougall*,
Amherstburgh, *P. Taylor & Co*
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Montreal, April 18, 1845.

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