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# THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE AND NEWS.

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## The Widow's Funeral.

It was a widow's funeral! Strangers and friends were mingling as they gathered around the narrow house. There was a peculiar solemnity, a heavy sadness, diffused through the whole group: not that strong grief, as when the ties of nature are rent asunder for none of her own family were there; it was a mourning, not so much for the loss of the living, as for the sorrows of the dead. She was a blighted woman! they said, as the pensive tones of her voice, and that melancholy smile, came so mournfully back to their remembrance, now silent and sealed in death. I drew near to see the corpse; it was that of a delicate woman, past sixty: her pale brow had a troubled aspect; the lines were faint, but they had been the work of many years; while a stronger line, in the lower part of the face, showed that the harrow had been held back, which otherwise might have riven deep its furrows in so delicate a fabric. There were many there who remembered her in her youth—the beauty of her time, “when many gazed upon her with hope, and all with pleasure.” a sweet flower, they said, transplanted from them just in her opening bloom: and none had a fairer prospect; every one thought it would be a summer sky; but, alas! it proved but a congregation of grim clouds, that poured its cold sleet on her bowed head. I soon learned her melancholy story. She was married before she was twenty, to the only one who could ever win her whole affections. He was a young physician, of an established reputation for talents and moral worth: he had a fine person, was elevated and gentlemanly in his bearing. The happy couple began their married life in one of the prettiest villages in New-England. Surrounded by an intelligent polished society, they found themselves in the possession of every enjoyment, and the dreams of fancy seemed no idle vision, when from the spontaneous flow of pleasure in each passing day, they were more than realized. But she had scarcely been a year in her new home, when a cloud would often steal over her fair countenance, and the tear in its large big drop, would be quickly chased away.

In a few years a little family gathered around her, and the clouds that once would flit away at the lightest breeze, had now settled down in a fixed gloom, although, as was very apparent, not without a constant struggle to throw it off, while there was scarce a suspicion of its real cause. Her husband was respected by the whole community, holding a high place in the public estimation, his standing firm to all eyes but one, and from the lips of that one, none new the worm that was gnawing at the root of all the prosperity and happiness of the house. Concealment at last had done all it could do; forbearance, watching, striving, to keep him up, standing between him and all the world, were no longer available; the raging passion had reached that point beyond which there is no control. Like the maddening river when its streams are all full, it suddenly bursts every barrier, breaking down all that lies in its way, sweeping the lowlands in one common ruin—so did the husband of this poor woman suddenly burst upon the public—his self respect, his property, his reputation, all, all broken down—his wife, and his interesting little family, engulfed in fearful wretchedness.

That degraded man had been in the daily habit, even before his marriage, of drinking ardent spirits. Alas in those days there were no checks, no beacons held up to warn of coming danger in that sea of rocks and whirlpools.

It grew and grew upon him, and not till it had sapped the whole structure, did it ever gain the complete mastery—when he fell never to rise. His fine house was taken by his creditors; the beautiful furniture, article by article, was by him all pawned away, and then the merciless passion took the necessaries. He was a wanderer in the streets, often falling in the highway, subject to insults and indignities which belong not to a man; his degradation was rapid, and his descent was fearful; he became loathsome and cruel, and this sweet delicate woman, of a spirit ever gentle, faithful in her duties, sensitive to all the purer enjoyments of life, fled

from a home robbed of every comfort, haunted daily with terrors, and frightful with dismal forebodings. She took her young children, and penniless sought an asylum among her early friends; and no one could forget how silent and unobtrusive were her griefs as she attempted to mingle herself again with the friends of happier days. Submitting to her fate as what was inevitable, she tried to be cheerful; but she was ever after a lone woman—“a stricken deer that had left the herd;” she was never again to be the moving spring of her own household, guiding and cherishing the young, ministering to the poor, delighting in hospitable deeds, with which once she used so gracefully to charm her guests; that raging volcano, from which she had sought to escape, had scathed forever all that was to her beautiful and lovely in life, and she stood like a blasted tree in a desert. Her poor miserable husband, once the dearest object to her heart, was, from being a vagabond on the earth, come to an untimely end, shorn of half his days; the grave closed upon him with sufferings too painful for the heart to bear, and with no ray of hope to alleviate its horrors—and from its everlasting stillness, there could come back no quietness to the living.

But the absorbing, living grief of her life, was her children, her three darling sons, whom she had nurtured with the tenderest affection through their infancy and childhood, and from whom, just in the forming of their characters, she must be separate; for in the entire wreck of the family, they must be divided off to those who could take them; and ever after in secret did she bewail her want of a home for them; for she never saw them but to hear some complaint of their unhappiness. True, they lived with good people, and all that was required of them was always to do right, always to do well. Alas! poor, frail, erring human nature! It is the plant in its native soil, luxuriating in a broad ground, throwing wide its exuberant branches, that throws out more freely and shoots upward with increasing vigor under the strong pruning, while the poor exotic stunts and withers away. It is not a mother alone that must feel for the sorrows of the young, in the time of their tenderest sensibilities, susceptible to pleasure from the slightest cause, and as easily tortured with misery, to have shame and want for their only inheritance. Proud and restive they may be—for the elements of man's nature are fine—honor and dignity are among his earliest attractions—and in his attempts to ascend to that higher region, he mistakes the way, the world meets him with her frowns and checks, and he recoiling in his agony, looks in vain for that home where the faults are sheltered, and the virtue though small, is sought out and cherished with an unwearied love till it grows and strengthens, and becomes a guide and blessing to its owner. Thus did this poor woman grieve over the crushed hopes and disappointed expectations of her sons. Not one of them was successful in life. She tried to help them; but she was too frail for such hard service, and she sunk away and left the world a lingering victim to a train of woes that comes not in the ordinary course of events—is not the appointment for man on the earth, but is the work alone of intemperance. Man has done it all—and who can measure its depths? Who can calculate the amount of misery in one single family? Who can trifle with its endless miseries? Let the manufacturer and vender of these ensnaring poisons, as they rejoice in their gains, ponder and tell.—*Journal Am. Temperance Union.*

## Intemperance the Idolatry of Britain.

BY W. R. BAKER ESQ.

“Now while Paul waited for them at Athens, his spirit was stirred in him when he saw the city wholly given to Idolatry.”—Acts xvii. 16.

From the time that the apostle Paul became a preacher of the faith he once attempted to destroy, his zeal for the glory of God, and the salvation of sinners was of the most unwearied and self-denying character. He determined to know nothing among men,

save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. He resolved to spend, and to be spent in the service of his divine Master. He counted not his life dear to him, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of the grace of God.†

The religion of the apostle was as unlike that of the mere spiritual sentimentalist as it possibly could be. He did not merely talk of the love of Christ, but demonstrated by his devotedness to the service of the Great Redeemer, that he was habitually influenced by the constraining power of that love. He did not merely talk of the value of souls, but his heart's desire, and prayer to Almighty God, for sinners, was, that they might be saved;\* and knowing, that there was no other name given under heaven, among men, whereby they could be saved, but the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, he was instant in season, and out of season, in exhibiting the glory and the grace of this all sufficient Saviour.

The apostle had received a commission, from the Great Head of the church, to preach among the Gentiles that gospel, by which alone they could be turned from dumb idols, to serve the living God. He was engaged in performing the arduous duties, involved in this commission, when he arrived at the city of Athens—a city, which, at the time it was visited by the apostle, was one of the most renowned for the taste, the learning, and the politeness of its inhabitants. Its architecture was of the most polished and magnificent order. Its philosophy was the theme of universal admiration. Every art and science which at that period, contributed to the comfort and refinement of mankind; was liberally patronized by its rich and prosperous population; and nothing of a temporal kind seemed to be wanting, to constitute it a city which the Lord had blessed. But there was one thing in which it was deficient; or rather, it was distinguished by one particular, which was like a foul blot upon a very lovely picture, or a disgusting ulcer upon a beautiful body. Athens was as much distinguished by its idolatry, as by its devotedness to art and science; and many of its most splendid edifices were as much the monuments of its folly, as of its genius, wealth and greatness. In the language of the sacred historian, *it was a city wholly given to idolatry*; and, on this account, the apostle's spirit was stirred within him. He not only mourned over its ignorance and impiety, but he felt himself most powerfully constrained to instruct its deluded inhabitants in the truths of the gospel—at once exposing the worthlessness of the gods, in whom they trusted, and preaching to them "Jesus, and the Resurrection."\*

But supposing that only one-half of the inhabitants of Athens had been idolaters, are we to imagine that the apostle would have been indifferent about the salvation of that half? Are we to imagine that he would have passed them by, with self-complacent derision, or with unfeeling contempt, like that with which the Levite is represented as treating his fellow-Jew, who had been robbed and beaten?† The apostle too well knew the value of a single soul, to suppose, that his sympathies were uncalled for—that his benevolent exertions were unnecessary, in short, that his work was done while one sinner remained to be converted to Christ, and to be blessed with the enjoyment of his favour.

Now, Athens, although it was a large and populous city, was not to be compared, as regards the number of its inhabitants, with the vast and teeming metropolis of the British empire. In the time of Demosthenes, its population is said to have been but one hundred and sixteen thousand. What then may we suppose would be the feelings of the apostle, were he now to witness the almost countless thousands who fill the squares and streets, the lanes, the alleys, and the courts of London; and who, if not idolaters by name, are, to an extent which cannot be contemplated by the Christian without horror, the victims of a far more debasing, irrational and loathsome idolatry, than was ever professed by the most deluded and ignorant Athenian?

The idolatry of Athens embodied itself in statues which were the noblest productions of human art; and in temples whose magnificence was at least calculated to expand and elevate, in some measure, the minds of those who beheld them. It is true that it gave a sanction to some forms of sensuality which are obnoxious to both the letter and spirit of our holy religion; but the idolatry to which multitudes around us are devoted, is associated with everything that is most horrifying in cruelty—most degrading in the prostitution of mental endowments—most impious in rebellion against God, and most vile and revolting in all those vices which are hostile to the true dignity and happiness of man.

Does the reader ask where this idolatry is to be found? Alas! it is possible to be so familiar with an evil, as to cease to regard it as such. By constantly gazing on deformity we may find it to become attractive; and by long-continued intercourse with vice, we may be led to esteem it virtue. And it is to be feared that many whose hearts are stirred within them to feel the deepest compassion for the heathen in distant lands, can look unmoved, upon that hideous mass of idolatry at home, which, while it is upheld by millions, and by the sacrifice of all that is noble and precious, is constantly hurrying its victims to the same doom which awaits the murderer, the blasphemer and the infidel.

*Intemperance is the idolatry of Britain*; and in London alone, there are, at this moment, far more who are wholly given up to this idolatry, than constituted the entire population of Athens, when its spiritual condition moved the compassion and the zeal of the great Apostle. *Strong drinks* have been our idols for ages; and so great is the veneration of the multitude for these idols, that for the sake of them, they will banish every affection for the Creator from their hearts, and sacrifice all that is most valuable with a degree of prodigality which was never surpassed by the most devoted worshipper of a Jupiter, a Baal, or a Kali. These are statements which, if true, ought surely to awaken the most intense anxieties of the Christian Professor. Let us then candidly examine into the truth of them, that, if found to be correct we may at once be led to inquire, by what means the evil may be removed and thus, its dreadful consequences be averted.

#### INTEMPERANCE POSSESSES ALL THE ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS OF IDOLATRY.

It arises from an unnatural craving, not merely for a creature, but for a purely human invention; and in addition to this, it is the violation of every law by which the Creator would have us govern both mind and body for his glory, and our own happiness. If an inordinate desire for those objects which in themselves, are lawful and necessary, be idolatry—if covetousness contains the elements of this dreadful sin, and that it does so, we have the plainest statements of the sacred Scriptures to assure us,\* can anything be more essentially idolatrous, than that homage which a man renders to intoxicating drink when he allows it to do violence to the laws of his physical constitution—to subvert the empire of reason, and to banish the love of God from his soul?† Shall an individual be chargeable with idolatry, because, while ignorant of the unseen but Omnipresent God, he invests the glowing sun with divine attributes, or bows himself down before the brightness of the silvery moon; and shall that man be judged free from idolatry who resigns his whole being to the influence of intoxicating drinks—who says, by the praises he heaps upon them—by the wealth he devotes to their service, and by the frequency with which he courts their favour, "Ye are my gods?"

It is not the picture, the statue, the altar, or the temple, which the idolater may reverence, that gives birth to the sin of idolatry. These things are but the visible signs of that alienation of the heart, from the living and true God, which preceded their existence. They are but the symbols of erroneous principles, and perverted affections; and the idolatry of the inner man has often subjugated every power and feeling and sentiment to itself, while its existence has been unattested by any statue or altar or temple, or priesthood.

But the idolatry of intemperance is not merely a sin of the heart—it is not merely the going forth of the soul after a creature, to the neglect of the Creator. The subject of this sin, is subject to it in body, soul and spirit; and wherever its votaries, exist in any number, and are permitted to follow out the suggestions of their depraved desires, they give the most substantial proofs of their devotion to their idols,—proofs, as obvious as any which demonstrated to the mind of the Apostle, that Athens was a city wholly given to idolatry.

*The Intemperance of Britain is distinguished by all the external characters, which have ever marked the most imposing or offensive forms of idolatry*

#### I.—IT IS DISTINGUISHED BY ITS TEMPLES.

These are now far more numerous than the sanctuaries of God:\*

\* "Drunkness is a flattering devil, a sweet poison, a pleasant sin; which whosoever hath, hath not himself;—which whosoever doth commit, committeth not a single sin, but becomes the centre, and the slave, of all manner of sin." St. Augustine.

† Col. iii. 5. \* In England and Wales there are one hundred thousand

and many of them, both in magnitude and splendour very far surpass the majority of those temples which have been erected to the honour of the Almighty.

Go through the length and breadth of all the chief cities of the land, and it will be found, that while many of our houses of prayer are of the humblest description—are often concealed in courts and alleys and are only to be seen at distant intervals, the places dedicated to the traffic in intoxicating drinks, are erected at the corner of almost every street, and, while towering far above every adjacent building, are often adorned with every embellishment, which ingenuity can devise, or wealth can purchase. Athens, it is true, exhibited a few imposing monuments of its idolatry. It had its temples which were sacred to Jupiter, to Neptune, to Ceres, and other imaginary deities, but especially to its own Minerva; and some of these were noble displays of its taste, and wealth and power; but London, alone, can boast of its 5000 temples, devoted to as gross, and humiliating an idolatry, as was ever chargeable upon the most enraptured worshipper of a Venus, or a Bacchus. Bacchus is indeed the god who is literally enshrined in many of those temples. The pictures and statues, by which they are ornamented, are the representations of his person, or the symbols of his worship; and were an ancient Greek or Roman to be introduced to some of them, he could by no possibility imagine them to be otherwise than sacred to that god, whose likeness he would see so lavishly, and attractively displayed.

## II—OUR IDOLATRY IS DISTINGUISHED BY ITS PRIESTHOOD.

The idolatry of Athens, like other pagan systems, was not without its priesthood, who furnished whatever was necessary for its service—who ministered in its temples, and at its altars, and who received the oblations of its credulous and deluded votaries. In like manner, intemperance is upheld by a *numerous and powerful* priesthood. Thousands upon thousands are engaged in its service, who, being like the shrine-makers of the Ephesian Diana, deeply interested in the perpetuity of their craft, denounce every attempt to awaken their infatuated supporters to a sense of their folly, as an act of impiety and sacrilege.

These priests and priestesses of the British Bacchus, may, at one time, be seen in vast establishments, preparing the insinuating liquor which is sacred to the drunken god, and by which their own mighty influence is upheld; and at another, arrayed in their gayest vestments, presiding in the temples which are devoted to his more public service, and assisting his worshippers to make their usual libations to his honour. Sometimes like the Bacchanalian priests of former ages, they are found bringing to their assistance the charms of music, and of dancing, aided by the ensnaring influence of the wretched and degraded courtesan; thus, by the most powerful enchantments, endeavouring to secure their dominion, over the enslaved and miserable devotees of their abominable idol.\*

Of the value set upon this priesthood, and of their hold on the affections of the people, some idea may be formed, from the enormous amount of the oblations with which they are endowed. At least fifty millions of pounds sterling per annum, are devoted to their support—an amount, in all probability, greater than was ever expended, in one year, in the maintenance of all the idolatrous superstitions of the ancient world; or than is, now, absorbed by the priesthood of every heathen nation under heaven. These priests and priestesses are also distinguished by an almost endless variety of gradations. Some of them, like the princely brewers,

\* In England and Wales at least a million persons are employed in making and selling strong drink. The number in Ireland and Scotland is much larger in proportion to the population. In Glasgow, in 1832, there was one spirit-dealer to every fourteen families. In Dumbarton, one to every, eleven and a-half families.

From Dr. Cleland's Statistics of Glasgow, it appears, that there were more people employed, in that city, in the preparation and sale of intoxicating liquors alone, than as bakers, confectioners, butchers, fishmongers, poultryers, grocers, victuallers, gardeners, fruiterers, and all classes employed in the preparation and sale of food.—Rep. on Drunkenness, p. 136, 137.

\* "I have visited," says Mr. Mark Moor, "most of the public-houses of the East end of London; and I suppose there are not less than twenty of those houses, where, at the back of the gin shops, there are what are called 'long rooms.' These long rooms will contain from 100 to 300 persons, and every evening almost those rooms are full of sailors and girls of the town, and a class of men, principally Jews, called crimps. I have been in those rooms at ten and eleven o'clock at night, and the whole company, perhaps 200 or 300 persons have been drinking and dancing, till the poor fellows are in a most dreadful state."

It is a very common practice for the girls to get various articles, such as laudanum, and other drugs, put into the liquor of the sailors, who thus become completely intoxicated. They are then robbed of every penny they possess. I have known instances of men being thus robbed of £30 £40, or £50, on these occasions.—Rep. on Drunkenness, p. 1.

and distillers of the metropolis, rank with the magnates of the land and though their occupation is to perpetuate a monstrous delusion, and, as far as their influence extends, to spread disease, and crime and poverty, and death, are permitted to share in the highest honours of the State. Others, such as waiters, bar-maids, and port-bays are engaged in the most menial offices, and, though infinitely less injurious to the world than their wealthier co-adjutors, and though quite as necessary to the completeness of their order, have no honour, and but little respect.

(To be continued.)

## ULTRAISM.

The following editorial article is from the columns of the *Boston Mercantile Journal*. It will not fail to commend itself to our readers. We hope that many who are so horrified at the ultraisms of the Temperance Reform, may be both comforted and instructed by its perusal.

A great deal has been said upon the subject of ultraism, lately. It has become fashionable to denounce it as an ill-favored and dangerous monster—to aim paragraphs at it from the newspaper press—to condemn it in private conversation—and endeavor to annihilate it by pamphlets and duodecimos. Indeed, it may not be too much to say that there are not a dozen men in the community, who would not be as willing to be stigmatised as pickpockets, as to be generally distinguished by the name of ultraists.

This may be all very well. Those who do not like ultraists, and who conscientiously believe that this class of men, are disorganizers—mad enthusiasts, whose labors will tend to evil rather than good, do well to oppose them. Yes, let them prosecute their work, even with an *ultra* zeal. But we do not entertain such a horror of ultraism as many of our fellow citizens—and, although we, perhaps, with justice can lay no claim to the character of ultraists ourselves, we are disposed to regard with charity, and even approbation, many who can.

What is an ultraist? Let us settle that point before we go further. The literal meaning of an ultraist, is, *one who goes beyond others*. But it is applied, in these times, and freely applied too, as a term of reproach, to those persons, who are eagerly desirous to press forward any cause, much more rapidly than public opinion, may deem necessary, expedient or proper. An ultraist is always in advance of public opinion. He pursues with wonderful energy and perseverance some object, which he believes will vastly benefit a portion of mankind, or haply the whole human race. And he may be prompted to this by the action of his reasoning powers, by the impulses of a high moral and religious principle, by an elevated sense of right, or a strong feeling of benevolence.

An ultraist never looks back—he never looks around—but always straight forward. He aims to establish some favorite principle or accomplish some daring object, and all his mental energies are concentrated for the accomplishment of that specific purpose. He disregards obstacles, and is, perhaps too apt to despise the weak, the timid, and wavering. Opposition only induces him to press forward with increased energy. Indeed, he will hardly be checked by the most formidable barriers which caution, or expediency may interpose. His real character is seldom truly interpreted by the great mass of mankind. By some he is for a time regarded as a fanatic, by some as a harmless visionary or enthusiast, and by others as a dangerous member of society, whose proper place is a lunatic asylum.—An ultraist is seldom understood, until success crowns his efforts—and then the man who was treated with ridicule and contempt, suddenly stands forth as a benefactor of mankind—and monuments are erected to his memory. A man can hardly be an ultraist unless he possesses *moral courage* enough to disregard the scoffs and sneers and censures of the world. Were it otherwise, ultraists would be far more numerous than they are at present.

Columbus was an ultraist. He had pondered much on subjects connected with Geography and science. He felt that the Indies could be approached by sailing in a westerly direction. This formed the subject of his conversation by day and of his dreams by night. He was derided by the many-headed monster as a visionary projector, as an ultraist, as a madman.

Our Pilgrim Ancestors were *ultraists*. They had views and opinions of their own, such as they believed were beneficial to society, and they would not forego them. They were ridiculed and persecuted. This they bore with fortitude for a time, but finally

abandoned their country, and fled to a savage wilderness, rather than abandon principles which they believed would conduce to the happiness of mankind.

Franklin was an ultraist. Even learned men amused themselves at his expense, and laughed at the idea of extracting lightning from the clouds, and regarded his experiments with a kite, as mere child's play.

Patrick Henry was an ultraist of the first water. His heart beat for freedom, and while others were fearful of offending the powers which governed this country, and talked about "going too fast and too far," he boldly avowed his determination to be free or to die.

Robert Fulton was an ultraist. He felt a conviction that the application of steam to propel vessels would be of immense benefit to mankind. To this *whim*, he sacrificed his property and even his reputation for wisdom and prudence; for at one time all persons regarded him as a visionary, as an ultraist, who saw things and results which others could not see; and his friends in vain urged him to quit these visionary pursuits, and turn his attention to other and more common place subjects.

John Howard was an ultraist. He had his hobby, and he rode it hard. He passed his whole life in endeavoring to persuade his fellow-men to be humane—to desist from punishing their fellow-beings for misfortune or to condemn them to dungeons and chains, through a fiend-like spirit of revenge. And his sanity was called in question—and he was laughed at for his pains.

Wilberforce was a distinguished ultraist.—He perceived at an early age the injustice and iniquities of the slave trade, and bent all his energies, for many years to annihilating the infamous traffic, and ameliorating the condition of the African race. But he was ridiculed and despised by the many—denounced as a fanatic and an ultraist—burnt in effigy, and insulted as he walked the streets, and threatened with assassination! In what estimation is his character held now?

The above men were all ultraists—and we could place before our readers a long list of names of ultraists, who are now eagerly pursuing, what they conceive to be most important objects—and whose conduct should entitle them at least to our respect—for their motives are undoubtedly pure—but it is unnecessary. Let us not despise these men because we cannot think precisely as they do, on subjects to which, perhaps, we have never directed particular attention.

We like ultraists. They should be treated with respect. They are *pioneers* in literature, science, morality and religion—without ultraists, the moral world would stand still—there would be no improvement—no one would step before his neighbour for the purpose of exploring unknown regions, or clearing a path which would lead to good. Let ultraist then be encouraged, instead of being despised and condemned. Let us examine their labors, listen to their arguments, and if we are convinced that they have struck out a right path, let us follow them, otherwise let us remain where we are. But let us not condemn those men, who are anxious to *press forward* in a good cause. On the contrary let us endeavor to surpass each other in efforts to improve and elevate the character of the humane race..

### The Gospel Misplaced and Misapplied.

On a late visit made to one of our large Penitentiaries, the party, after having been shown the prisoners, were introduced into the store room, and among other things were shown the kind of bread used by them. The Chaplain, taking up a "bannock of barley meal," remarked, "here is their bread—good and wholesome it is; had these persons now in prison never seen barley in any other shape than this the one-half of them never would have been here." This remark led one of the visitors to think of the total abstinence society, and to ask the Chaplain's opinion of that institution. The reply was, that it was not the thing that was wanted, that it would do no permanent good, and that the gospel only could cure the evil. As this opinion is not a singular one we shall make it the subject of a few remarks.

When the gospel is brought forward in opposition to tee-totalism it simply means that if men were genuine Christians they would regulate their use of intoxicating drink so correctly that they would not require to abstain from it. Now, while we freely admit that if all were under the full influence of Christianity there would be no necessity for tee-total societies, we strongly protest against the soundness of this conclusion, and the use made of it in the present state of the world. Many good Christians may be so convinced

that alcoholic drink is injurious to them both physically and spiritually, that they may become abstainers, and many more may do so for the purpose of inducing others to discontinue it. We are no more obliged to use these drinks because God's ancient people did so than we are to rub our faces with oil or to wear long beards and the man or minister who thinks he adds to his orthodoxy by using them is under a miserable mistake. It is more easy to conceive a Millennium without them than one with them. When Satan is bound in the bottomless pit, sure we are the church of Christ will not shed a tear although he take alcohol with him. It has long "tormented them that dwell on the face of the earth," and its moral character would point out this place as its proper residence, and Satan as a befitting companion. We therefore demur at any statement that implies the necessity or propriety of all Christians continuing moderate drinkers, believing, as we do, that in general they would be healthier men and happier Christians by becoming total abstainers. We do not, however, pursue this view of the subject. The gospel is generally introduced by the enemies of our cause not merely as something superior to tee-totalism, which we readily grant, but as something the prospective influence of which renders the other altogether unnecessary if not absolutely improper, interfering as it does with what is deemed the peculiar province of religion, and doing part of its work without its sanction. To see the absurdity of this apparently pious objection let us look at it a little more closely.

If we take the prisoners of a Penitentiary, for instance, how few of them are converts to the faith of the gospel, and must we withhold from them the inculcation of moral duty and all arguments in favour of virtue addressed to their reason and conscience until they become Christians? Unless we regard their confinement merely as a punishment, why put them there at all, or use any means to make them better men? Where would be the harm of reminding these victims of alcohol of the evil they had done themselves their families, and the community in consequence of using these liquors, and persuading them to their entire disuse after they are again restored to liberty? In reaching the climax of moderate drinking, which has qualified them for a prison, who can compute the amount of contamination which their example has shed around them! Few drinkers indulge in the solitary glass. Drunkenness is indebted to social feelings and customs for three-fourths of its votaries. A full-grown drunkard, who has been at the business for thirty or forty years, might reckon his apprentices and journeymen by the score, verifying the statement of scripture that one sinner destroys much good, and yet all this evil must be allowed to go on undiminished till his conversion, if we adopt the principle of these opponents of total abstinence. The statement made by these men implies that all unregenerated men must be alike vicious: and were it acted on, no parent would teach his child to abstain from lying, swearing, stealing, &c., but would calmly wait till the heart was renewed by the Spirit of all grace through the belief of the truth. It is a strange way of honouring the gospel to allow rational beings to bring disease on themselves, and sin on their souls, when a little warning, instruction, and example might lead them to more becoming conduct.

The persons who use this argument should be able to show that the gospel is more likely to take effect on a tippler than a sober man, otherwise their logic goes for nothing, for it cannot be denied that the tee-totaller improves his worldly circumstances by his abstinence, and unless there is something on the other side, to counter balance this good, he is a gamer at the very outset. This they cannot do. The very opposite is the case, as might be argued in reason and proved by facts. The use of intoxicating drink, however moderately, never can advance the interests of the soul. It may be received with thanksgiving by those who know and obey the truth, but its tendency is neither to increase knowledge nor to promote obedience. The christian does not therefore need it for any spiritual purpose, and, viewed as a physical agent, we are ready to prove, by medical testimony, that in nine cases out of ten its effects are pernicious to a person in health. Tee-totalism, in the native influence either of its principles or practice, never can prevent a man from becoming religious—moderate drinking, as it is called, has sealed the ruin of millions who otherwise might have come to the knowledge of the truth and been saved eternally. Mr. Finney, the celebrated revivalist minister in America, in giving directions how to deal with careless sinners, says, in his lectures on revivals, "Be sure that the person is perfectly sober. It used to be more common than it is now for people to drink spirits every day and become more or less intoxicated. Precisely in proportion as they are so, they are rendered unfit to be approached on the subject of religion. If they have been drinking beer, or cider, or wine, so

that you may smell their breath, you may know there is but little chance of producing any lasting effect on them. I have had professors of religion bringing persons to me pretending they were under conviction, for you know that people in liquor are very fond of talking upon religion, but as soon as I came near them so as to smell their breath, I have asked, why do you bring this drunken man to me? Why, they say, he is not drunk, he has only drunk a little. Well, that little has made him a little drunk. The cases are exceedingly rare where a person has been truly convicted & no had any intoxicating liquors in him."

But we would ask the adherents of a moderate drinking gospel. Is there no possibility that tee-totalism may be approved by the religion of the Bible, and the very thing which the gospel itself would recommend in the circumstances of our country? If the abuse of these drinks has so far outrun their use that the magnitude of the one renders it visible to all, while the other can hardly be observed even by the partial eye of friends, does not reason, as well as religion, demand their condemnation. Where is the christian, who has got the heart of one, that will step forward and say, "I request for my sake these drinks may be continued and encouraged as heretofore;" and yet every christian who practically opposes tee-totalism in effect says so. Is it in accordance with the spirit of the gospel to remove disease?—tee-totalism does so. It effectually removes or at all events restrains, that diseased condition of the stomach, which causes the desire for drink; and it cuts off many streams of injury to the body, which the use of alcohol is sure to generate in a greater or less degree. Does it accord with the spirit of the gospel to cause reason to resume its rightful sway over man?—Tee-totalism does so. The man under the full influence of strong drink is an idiot for the time being. He has made himself so with his own hands. He is a more helpless being than the dumb brute; for he has divested himself of his reason, and he wants its instinct. The man *half-seas over* is just half an idiot. He may be very merry, and very amusing, and even sentimental; but so at times are some maniacs. We will not descend to the quarter-drunk, in case we touch the tender sensibilities of the respectable and the religious drinker; but we leave it with philosophy to say where the mental aberration ceases, and where it becomes rational exhilaration. Tee-totalism allows reason to sit on its throne; and not only so, but renders accessible to it those influences that are calculated to rectify and regulate its dictates. Is religion the enemy of ignorance, squalid poverty, quarrelling, and crime? So is tee-totalism. Its antagonist is the fruitful source of all these; and wherever its cooling streams flow, knowledge, competency, peace, and mutual confidence, spring up and adorn the scene. Does religion sanction the conduct of the man who avoids evil, flees from its appearance, denies himself even what is good in order to do good to others, and gives offence to none; the principles of total abstinence, shielded by this sanction, do the same. They neither oppose the gospel in any of its doctrines, nor retard any of its moral effects; and to affect to honour the gospel by stigmatising tee-totalism accords not either with the principles of Christianity or the dictates of reason.

It would be uncharitable for any one to say that the good men who urge this apparently pious reason for not becoming tee-totalers, do so for the purpose of excusing their ignorance or protecting their prejudices and practices; but it is both kind and christian to admonish them to a calm and candid consideration of the whole matter, that this be not the case. Human nature is very liable to self-deception, and deep-rooted prejudices will only yield to the stern dictates of duty reaching a conscience enlightened by the beams of truth, and ready at all hazards to follow its guidance.—*Scottish Temperance Journal*.

### Temperance Sermon.

There is a world of argument and persuasion in the following short sermon, which we extract from the forthcoming Temperance Almanac for 1845, a work, by the way, which ought to be in every temperance family:

"Why should the work cease?"—Neh. vi. 3.

Consider three things.

*It is a vast work.*—It designs the reformation, by kindness, of every drunkard;—the prevention, by total abstinence, of drunkenness in every sober man woman and child;—drying up the great fountains of pauperism and crime and premature death;—the removal of the greatest obstacles to the spread of the gospel;—a universal preparation for good morals, and undefiled religion.

*It is a good work.*—Good in its object; good in its means, and has done good unparalleled in any work of moral reform.

*It is an important work.*—Important to every poor drunkard and his family;—to every sober man and his family;—to the nation;—the church;—the world, beyond what tongue can tell or mind conceive.

*Why should it cease?*—Is its continuance unneeded? Is it beneath the notice of men of lofty minds and good hearts? Are its principles false? Is it fraught with evil? Is it at variance with the divine law, or with man's physical nature? Does it hurt the body? Does it injure the intellect? Does it wrong the soul? Does it disturb family peace—or social happiness—or public thrift? Is it a waste of time—of talent—of money? If not, Why should the work cease? Has enough been done? Has all been done which can be done? Are there no drunkards now perishing? Are there no children and youth, no husbands and fathers now entering the drunkard's path? Is every distillery broken up? Is every dram shop closed? Are none spreading snares and traps to ruin thousands? Has the work only begun? Is there a mighty task to be accomplished, before it can be completed? Do mercy and compassion point to thousands now entering the whirlpool, and cry Save, save? Then, Why should the work cease? Produce your cause:—Bring forth your strong reasons. We are too indolent to carry it on. Is that a reason? We are too self-indulgent. Is that a reason? We are too penurious. Is that a reason? Obstacles are too great to encounter. Have they ever proved to be so? We toil in vain. Was ever a cause more successful? It disturbs the order and peace of society. Does it more than rum? It promotes infidelity. Does it more than intemperance? The gospel will reform the world without it. Will it as quick as with it? God nowhere requires it. Does he not in his providence? Does he not say in his word, "Do good to all men as you have an opportunity." "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

I. Infer I. The sin and wickedness of all who cause the work to cease—all opposers—all moderate drinkers—all venders of intoxicating drinks—all indolent members of temperance societies—all ministers and Christians, and men of influence, who stand aloof from the work.

II. The shame on men who suffer the work to cease in their own neighbours, town, and villages.

III. The responsibility of temperance men. If the work ceases the tremendous result will lie at their door.

IV. The encouragement to go forward, without a parallel. Mercy, compassion, philanthropy, truth, patriotism, reason, religion, all bid us onward, onward, onward.

### PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

TEMPERANCE.—We observe in the *Cornwall Observer*, that the Rev. Mr. Clarke, the Canadian Matthew, lately administered the Temperance Pledge to upwards of 450 persons at St. Andrew's Church, Glengarry. We learn also that Mr. Clarke subscribed at the same time £25 towards the St. Andrew's School at that place. In acknowledgment of the Rev. Gentleman's kindness and attention to that place, the good people of Glengarry made him a magnificent present.—*Transcript*.

STIRLING.—The cause of temperance has for a considerable time past been retrograding here; but I am happy to communicate to you, and through you to the various societies and friends of the Union, that the tide is again turning in our favour.—We have at present a very efficient and willing Committee of twenty, who have divided the town into districts, and are leaving schedules at every house (publicans excepted,) which schedules are again called for, and if returned without being filled up, the distributors have an opportunity of reasoning with the parties on the subject, and we have no doubt but several who declined to subscribe our pledge will yet see it to be their duty to do so. By the above means we have added a considerable number to our roll of members, and by next month I may be enabled to give the gross number of enrolled tee-totalers in Stirling—as we are at present making up a new roll. We have got a few of what are termed the *middle classes* to join us, but the *upper classes* not only stand aloof, but, in general, pull the wrong way. On the occasion of our May Fair, we got up a very nice Soirée (ticket 6d. and no tea,) which was attended by about 300 persons, at

though no public intimation of the soirée was made—the tickets being all sold by members of Committee. The chair was filled by our president, Mr. Alexander Ferguson, manufacturer, and the speakers were Mr. Carmichael, of Alloa, Mr. McCulloch, teacher, Redding, and Mr. Colbert, Denny. The affair gave great satisfaction, as well to the audience as the Committee, for while the former was highly delighted with the proceedings of the evening, the latter were equally so on discovering that, instead of *gaining a loss* as on former occasions of the kind, the receipts exceeded the expenditure by something more than £1. We are in treaty for sermons or discourses on the subject of temperance with more than one minister of the gospel among the few that have adopted our principles, and will not fail from time to time to report progress. We still expect to raise something more towards the "Free Will-Offering."—Although we have at present only three dozen subscribers for the *Journal*, we expect to increase the number considerably.—*Scottish Temp. Journal.*

**LONDON TEMPERANCE PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.**—The Rev. Jabez Burns of London, delivered a lecture here on the 12th August, on the progress and present position of the temperance reformation, with observations on the advantages offered to teetotalers by the above society. He took a rapid view of the history of tee-totalism, and dwelt largely on its blessed effects in connection with religious revivals. In Cornwall alone no less than twenty thousand persons had been made sober by it—a great portion of whom had become members of Christian churches. After noticing the progress of the cause in Ireland, England, America, and the British dependencies abroad, and estimating the number of members at 8½ millions, viz.: 5 millions in Ireland, 2 in the United States and Canada, and 1 in England, Scotland, and Wales, he stated how much good might be done by each member giving one farthing a week for benevolent purposes—recommended the encouragement of benefit societies—spoke highly in favor of the Rechabite society—and brought into view the Provident Institution in connection with teetotalism.

This latter society has been in existence three years; has assured 1143 policies; paid annual premiums to the amount of £4805. To show how the working classes might be benefited, he instanced the case of a sculptor who was killed by a fall from the Royal Exchange, he had only paid three pounds and his wife received fifty, thus enabling her to do something for her family, in place of going into the poor-house. He recommended this institution to all teetotalers; and stated that he had no interest in it farther than having insured his life for £150. The impression made on the meeting appeared to be very favourable.—*Id.*

**OUR DOINGS AND DESIGNS.**—The past month has seen the commencement of a system of agitation in behalf of our cause, on a scale hitherto unexampled in the history of any benevolent institution. Our agents have been actively engaged in giving lectures, night after night, in our city and throughout the country. These have been generally well attended, and the happiest consequences are expected to result from them, in an increase of zeal on the part of our old friends, and increased strength to the cause in the addition of new members. Need we remind the various societies, who have given such solid proof of their interest in these efforts, of the necessity of making every exertion in their particular localities to give publicity to the meetings, provide suitable lecture rooms, and get as many as possible to attend them. Unless our efforts are met by a degree of interest and attention on the part of the societies visited, proportionate to their value, they will prove comparatively fruitless, and will give to the cause an aspect of hopelessness which will forbid such bold attempts in future. Let every tee-totaler feel his responsibility, and acquit himself so as to discharge his duty in a manner creditable to himself, and becoming the benevolent enterprise in which he has embarked. The present movement is intended to be one of experiment, introductory to an increase and continuance of well-doing during the whole of the incoming year, and we beg to remind all the societies already connected with us, that answers are expected from them immediately, relative to the part they intend taking in making 1845 a year of effort, by a system of operations which will indicate to the country that we are deeply in earnest in what we are doing, and are sustained and stimulated by a consciousness of the moral rectitude of our principles, and the happy results that attend their extension in the community. Should any feel disposed to withhold their aid, let them say so. What we want to know is, the probable extent of our respective means, that we may lay out our measures accordingly, and the sooner we know this the better.—*Id.*

We have much pleasure in calling the special attention of our religious friends throughout the country to Archdeacon Jeffrey's Appeal, about to be re-published in this city. We have seen nothing equal to it on the subject of which it treats. It is a clear, concise, and convincing statement of the argument from scripture in behalf of our measures, and a masterly refutation of what are called objections from the Bible against them. As a proof of the esteem in which this Tract is held by the friends of the total abstinence movement throughout the world,—and as an inducement to others to give it a candid perusal,—we may mention, that besides the number originally printed in Bombay, 3000 copies have been disposed of in this country;—it was also printed in the *Canada Temperance Advocate* for May last, and a copy transmitted, per post, to every minister and student of divinity, in connexion with the Free Church of Scotland, whose address could be procured.—*Id.*

**KILMARNOCK.**—The principles of total abstinence are progressing *acdashly* in this town. Within these two months past we have enrolled upwards of 100 members. Our principles have been ably and eloquently enforced of late upon the public mind by Dr. Ritchie of Edinburgh, Mr. Logan of Glasgow, Mr. Kemp of Edinburgh, and Mr. Henry Vincent; and it will be seen, from the numbers joining our ranks, that the services of these gentlemen have been productive of no small amount of good. To the two former named gentlemen, we would take this opportunity of returning our warmest thanks for their labours of love among us, as to their services we date the commencement of our present revival; and, from what we know of some of the surrounding villages which they visited, the most blessed results have followed their labours among them also. We look forward with strong hope to the effects which the lecturers whom the Union have engaged to send amongst us will produce; and we trust that the suggestion given them by the delegates at the late annual meeting, about some of these lecturers visiting families, two or three hours a-day, in the several places they may visit, will not have escaped their attention, as we are convinced that as much good may be done in that manner as may be effected by lecturing.—*Id.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**HOW FATHER MATHEW BECAME A TEE-TOTALER.**—For some time previous to the year 1838, William Martin, of Cork, now well known as the "father of Father Mathew," had repeatedly urged Mr. Mathew to give his influence to the Temperance Society, which had been formed in Cork, and of which G. W. Carr, Esq., and others were members. To these solicitations Mr. Mathew listened with his usual candor and politeness; but it was not until April of the year just mentioned, that the time appeared to have arrived for the commencement of the "apostle's" career. One Sunday evening, as Mr. Martin was seated with his family in the parlour, in Patrick Street, a messenger came from Father Mathew requesting Mr. Martin's company. On the arrival of the latter, Mr. Mathew said, "Mr. Martin, I have sent for you to help me in forming a Total Abstinence Society." "With all my heart," said Mr. Martin; "When shall we begin?" "To-morrow." The place and time of meeting were at once appointed, and the meeting was held accordingly, Father Mathew presiding. After the Rev. chairman had explained the object of the meeting, and various addresses had been delivered, Mr. Mathew signed the pledge, and about sixty others followed his example. During the meeting, the following incident occurred, which is interesting, as a curious omen of the Catholic spirit, which has ever since distinguished the labours of the great Irish Reformer. Hearing some whispers at the table, Mr. Mathew observed to Mr. Martin, who sat next to him, "What do you think they are saying?" "They say, here is a Catholic priest sitting between a presbyterian minister, and a member of the Society of Friends."

"Well," said Mr. Martin, "is it not pleasant that there is one place where we can meet without distinction of creed, and unite in the one object of doing good?" "It is, indeed," rejoined Mr. Mathew, "and there is another place, too, where I hope we shall all unite in like manner."

Such was the origin of the Cork Total Abstinence Society, from which such extraordinary results have followed.—*Bristol Temperance Herald.*

**POOR JACK.**—An old sailor was last week sentenced to a month's

imprisonment for an assault and battery, committed while he was intoxicated. He said that during the spree he had spent eight hundred dollars, with which he had just been paid off from a national ship.—Poor Jack! He scarcely receives his money before he falls into the hands of contemptible landsharks, who pick his pockets, and fit him out for another three years' service. It is no wonder that in his desperation he commits assaults. A sense of wrong does not always wait to weigh where to strike; and we can hardly wonder that some old sailors consider landmen as their natural enemies.

A man has been fined \$200 in New Orleans for selling liquor to a slave. His license was also taken from him, and he is incapacitated for the trade in the State for ever. [Why are not freemen as much protected from liquor sellers as slaves?—Ed.]

In New Orleans, on the 24th ult., Bernard Delpech was found dead in his bed-room, sitting on a chair, apparently alive, a tumbler in one hand, and an empty porter bottle in the other, with three empty bottles beside him. It is needless to say what caused his death.

No liquor is allowed to be carried on board of the New York and Stonington line of steamboats by any of the stewards or waiters, on pain of dismissal.

**Good.**—The *Advisor* of Malaga informs us that two men were recently punished there on the public square for intoxication. The punishment consisted in their being compelled to swallow a large quantity of cold water.

One of the regulations on the Kingstown railway, Dublin, is the employing of no man unless he has taken the temperance pledge.

**QUESTIONABLE.**—The following appears in the paper as a part of market intelligence:—"Brandy is dull, and somewhat lower. A good business has been done in Rum!!"

**TIMELY REBUKE.**—We are glad to see that several of the leading Washingtonian papers are taking a decided stand against the bold and reckless spirit of infidelity that has in some places mounted the Temperance car. The *New England Cataract*, in speaking of the entertainment given at Boston in honor of W. K. Mitchell, says:

We understand some of the toasts were so awful that they would not or dare not, make them public. One was as follows: "Wm. K. Mitchell—the Saviour of the world." Against such disgusting blasphemy we, as Washingtonians, shall ever set our face; and against such Washingtonians all Christendom should be aroused. We cannot carry on a work like the one in which we are engaged without the aid of Christian influence.

The religious and Temperance community may be assured that Washingtonianism will be redeemed; and though correct editors and correct men, such as Hawkins, Gough and others, may for a season be cast out and reviled, they will gloriously stand and become triumphant. We only ask of the religious community not to take sudden offence at what they see or hear; and, through fear of supporting an Infidel concern, actually support vile intemperance. There is, we assure them, a better way.—*Journal American Temperance Union.*

**NIP OF SLING.**—"Give us a nip of sling," said a young catechumen in the school of rum-drinking, as he bristled up to the bar of a village grocery. "Give us a nip of sling, to wash down the 'tacetotal lecture,' we have just been hearing!" "Nip of sling," thought I, as I walked away, musing and trying to analyse the cognomen—how appropriate. "Sling" as a verb, means to *throw or cast out*. And so I thought his "sling" will soon "throw" the remnant of his money to the winds—if he has a family, it will "throw" them

1. into discouragement.
2. into wretchedness, and
3. upon the town.

It will probably "sling" himself

1. into idleness.
2. into debt.
3. into crime.
4. into the ditch.
5. into prison.
6. into a drunkard's grave, and
7. into a miserable eternity.

Thus musing, I felt constrained to warn the young man to "sling" his "nip" into the fire; and go and wash down his "tacetotal" lecture, with a hearty draught of "cold water practice."

## 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—*Macnigh's Translation.*

## PLEDGE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

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

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 1, 1844.

WHO IS IN FAULT?

We have learned from good authority, that the importation of spirituous liquors is much greater this season than in any previous year; and what is perhaps worse, that the quantity, enormous as it is, is bought up with avidity by the dealers, and speedily distributed into the thousands of little rivulets of pollution and destruction which curse the land. Neither are we left to discover this great importation by means of custom-house returns alone. Its effects are alas too abundantly visible around us. The crowded dram shops, where seller and customer are vying with each other in the race to destruction, and many other tokens indicate an immense consumption of these soul and body destroying drinks.

The writer of this article had occasion recently to be in a crowd, where a Minister of the gospel was preaching in the open air; and whichever way he turned, the smell of intoxicating drinks came from the lungs of some one near him with nearly as much strength and a vast deal more stench than from the bung-hole of a liquor cask. Oh that they who reduce their bodies to this state saw the ravages that their favorite potions are making in their vitals! Oh that they could know the still greater devastation which they are working in their souls! Oh that they could see legibly written, the results of their conduct and example upon their families and friends! They would surely then desist from giving their money for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not.

But if Canada be so deeply tainted with intemperance, and if the evil be increasing, as the foregoing considerations seem to indicate, whilst in other countries the people are casting the deadly thing from them and refusing longer to bear such an incubus. If this be the case, we say, who is in fault? There must be a grievous fault somewhere. At whose door does it lie?

Many may be inclined to say that the fault lies with the tectotals, alledging that they have not been sufficiently energetic and persevering, or perhaps that they have misdirected their efforts and omitted various means by which greater success might have been attained; and all this is doubtless in some degree true. But then it seems rather hard to lay the chief blame upon the only class of the community who are doing any thing to abate the evil. Arouse them to greater zeal and activity, and pray that they may be guided by greater wisdom, but blame them not for the abominations that are done in spite of them, and against which they alone lift up a consistent testimony.

A large class of superficial observers will say that the fault lies solely with the drinkers, without reflecting that man is the creature of circumstances, and that they who multiply temptations around the weak and erring are really more to blame than their victims. If this be not the case then was Satan more criminal than our first parents or any that he has tempted to sin.

Others, and amongst them many tectotals, will be inclined to



think that the distillers, importers and retailers, are the parties with whom the chief guilt lies, inasmuch as they are the agents or instruments by whom the evil is maintained and extended; they are the tempters, and they reap the profit, if profit there be, arising from this system of iniquity.

But in blaming the traffickers several circumstances are to be taken into account. For instance, they are, generally speaking, worldly persons who make no great pretensions to love for their fellow-men or willingness to practise self-denial, and, though they doubtless see many evils arising from their business, still they know it to be sanctioned and protected by the broad shield of the law,—they see it stamped with the approbation of millions of moderate drinkers, many of them amongst the most respectable classes of society, and not a few of them eminent for learning, wisdom and piety, who could not obtain their moderate supplies were there no traffic. They see themselves, notwithstanding their business—perhaps because of it—admitted to every station of honor, emolument or public confidence as readily as any other persons; and more than all, they find themselves welcomed into the fellowship of Christian churches whenever they choose to apply, although these churches are organized for the express purpose of advancing the kingdom of Christ, which their business is doing more than any other to retard, oppose and overthrow. If the consciences of rum-sellers are asleep, it must be confessed that many have assisted to lull and footh them into slumber, nay, we may say to administer opiates, and we think it somewhat vain to expect that distillers, grocers and tavern keepers, will set up a higher standard of purity and self denial than the churches of Christ.

Some may be inclined to lay the fault to the door of the Legislature and Civil Magistrate, and certainly their sanction lends much of its strength to the iniquitous system—but here again we may ask, if it be likely that houses of Parliament or civil governments will be more zealous for good morals than the church.

We are thus led to the conclusion, that the fault lies chiefly at the door of the church, and the watchmen who are set upon the towers of Zion. They see "a sword coming," but so far from warning the people against the evil in a decided and consistent manner they absolutely, in many cases, open the gates and welcome it into the citadel. We are also forced to record our conviction that so long as the church throws her broad mantle around the traffic in, and consumption of intoxicating drinks, so long will the efforts of temperance societies be comparatively fruitless. We still hope, however, in one promise, namely, that "when the enemy shall come in like a flood, the spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him?" The enemy is certainly upon us like a flood. Oh Lord lift up the standard against him quickly!

## EDUCATION.

### God in History.

The ruins of kingdoms! The relics of mighty empires that were! The overthrow or decay of the master works of man is, of all objects that enter the mind the most afflicting. The high wrought perfection of beauty and art seem born but to perish; and decay is seen and felt to be an inherent law of their being. But such is the nature of man that even while gazing upon the relics of unknown nations, which have survived all history, he forgets his own perishable nation in the spectacle of enduring greatness.

We know of no spectacle so well calculated to teach human humiliation, and convince us of the utter fragility of the proudest monuments of art, as the relics which remind us of vast populations that have perished from the earth, and the empire that have crumbled into ruins. We read upon their ruins of the past the fate of the present. We feel as if all the cities of men were built

on foundations beneath which the earthquake slept, and that we abide in the midst of the same doom which has already swallowed so much of the records of mortal magnificence. Under such emotions we look on all human power as foundationless, and view the proudest nations of the present as covered only with the mass of their desolation.

The Assyrian empire was once alike the terror and wonder of the world, and Babylon was perhaps never surpassed in power and gorgeous magnificence. But where is there even a relic of Babylon now, save on the faithful pages of Holy Writ? The very place of its existence is a matter of uncertainty and dispute. Alas! that the measurer of time should be doomed to oblivion; and that those who first divided the year into months, and invented the zodiac itself, should partake so sparingly of immortality as to be in the lapse of a few centuries, confounded with natural phenomena of mountain and valley.

Who can certainly show us the site of the tower that was reared against heaven?—Who were the builders of the pyramids that have excited so much the astonishment of modern nations?

Where is Rome, the irresistible monarch of the east, the terror of the world? Where are the proud edifices of her glory, the fame of which has reached even to our time in classic vividness? Alas, she too has faded away in sins and vices. Time has swept his unsparing scythe over her glories, and shorn this prince of its towering diadems.

"Her lonely columns stand sublime,  
Flinging their shadows far on high  
Like dials, which the wizard Time  
Has raised, to count his ages by."

Throughout the range of our Western wilds, down in Mexico, Yucatan, Bolivia, &c., travellers have been able to discover the most indisputable evidences of extinct races of men highly skilled in learning and the arts, of whom we have no earthly record, save the remains of their wonderful works which time has spared for our contemplation. On the very spot where forests rise in unbroken grandeur, and seem to have been explored only by their natural inhabitants, generation after generation has stood, has lived, has warred, grown old and passed away; and not only their names but their nation, their language have perished, and utter oblivion has closed over their once populous abodes. Who shall unravel to us the magnificent ruins of Mexico, Yucatan, and Bolivia, over which hangs the sublimest mystery, and which seem to have been *antiquities in the day of Pharaoh!* Who were the builders of those gorgeous temples, obelisks and palaces, now the ruins of a powerful and highly cultivated people, whose national existence was probably before that of Thebes or Rome, Carthage or Athens? Alas! there is none to tell the tale; all is conjecture, and our best information concerning them is derived only from uncertain analogy.

How forcibly do these wonderful revolutions, which overturn the master works of man, and utterly dissolve his boasted knowledge, remind us that *God is in them all!* Wherever the eye is turned to whatever quarter of the world the attention is directed, there lie the remains of more powerful, more advanced, and more highly skilled nations than ourselves, the almost obliterated records of the mighty past. How seemingly well founded was the delusion and indeed how current even now, that the discovery of Columbus first opened the way for a cultivated people in the 'new world.' And yet how great reason is there for the conclusion, that while the country of Ferdinand and Isabella was yet a stranger to the cultivated arts America teemed with power and grandeur; with cities and temples, pyramids and mounds, in comparison with which the buildings of Spain bear not the slightest resemblance, and before which the relics of the old world are shorn of their grandeur.

All these great relics of still greater nations, should they not teach us a lesson of humiliation, confirming as they do, the truth that *God is in history* which man cannot penetrate? If the historian tells us truly that a hundred thousand men, relieved every three months, were thirty years in erecting a single Egyptian pyramid, what conclusion may we not reasonably form of the antiquities of our own continent, which is almost by way of derision, one would suppose styled the "*new world!*"

### A Few of the Results of War.

We give below a table, displaying, as nearly as can be estimated, the cost of war, and the loss of human life thereby entailed. If these are not enough to harrow up the feelings of men even of the meanest intellect, and to excite in every breast hatred of that

system by which this misapplication of the produce of industry, and this horrible and atrocious butchery of mankind has been produced, then, indeed, do we relinquish all hope of ever improving the condition of present generations.

COST OF WAR.

The war of 1688 lasted nine years, and cost at the time	£36,000,000
Borrowed to support it, twenty millions: the interest on which, in one hundred and fifty-two years, at 3 1-2 per cent, amounts to	186,400,000
The war of the Spanish succession lasted eleven years, and cost	62,500,000
Borrowed to support it, thirty-two and a half millions: the interest in one hundred and twenty-seven years amounts to	114,462,500
The Spanish war, ending 1748, lasted nine years, and cost	54,000,000
Borrowed to support it, twenty-nine millions: the interest, in one hundred and two years amounts to	103,530,000
The war of 1756 lasted seven years, and cost	112,000,000
Borrowed to support it, sixty-millions: the interest, in seventy-seven years, amounts to	161,700,000
The American war lasted eight years, and cost	136,000,000
Borrowed to support it, one hundred and four millions, the interest, in sixty-five years, amounts to	236,600,000
The French revolutionary war lasted nine years, and cost	461,000,000
Borrowed to support it, two hundred and one millions: the interest, in thirty-eight years, amounts to	267,330,000
The war against Bonaparte lasted twelve years, and cost	1,159,000,000
Borrowed to support it, three hundred and eighty-eight millions: the interest, in twenty-five years, amounts to	339,500,000
	£3,383,022,500

NUMBERS MURDERED.

The numbers estimated of British alone slain or perished in the war ending in 1697	180,000
In the war which began in 1702	250,000
In the war which began in 1739	240,000
In the war which began in 1756	250,000
In the American war in 1775	200,000
In the French war, began in 1793	700,000
	1,820,000

Showing an expenditure of three thousand, three hundred, and eighty-three millions, twenty-two thousand five hundred pounds; with the loss of one million eight hundred and twenty thousand lives!

Return to Mr. J. C. Herrie's Motion of "Grants for the year ending April the 1st, 1841."

Army	£6,616,853	Army, outstand.	753,000
Navy	5,825,074	Navy "	1,421,068
Ordnance	1,892,558	Ordnance "	610,840
Canada	354,746	Canada "	154,997
China	173,442	China "	23,442
Miscellaneous	2,760,040	Miscellaneous	1,314,769

One year for war, &c. . . . . £22,900,129!

For Education thirty thousand pounds. What say you to this, English women and men? We were early taught that by men's fruits should we know them!

PARENT'S AND CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

To the Young People of Canada.

My dear young friends, you have most of you heard of *philosophy* which is a Greek word meaning *love of wisdom*, now it is very desirable that you should all be *lovers of wisdom*, and if you are, you will be little philosophers. Knowledge is nearly allied to wisdom and it has been well said that knowledge is power; for a man with

knowledge is able to do more than ten or twenty, or perhaps a hundred men without it, and you should earnestly desire to be possessed of this power; but remember knowledge increases the power to do evils as well as the power to do good, and therefore unless you study the Holy Scriptures, and receive religious instruction along with every branch of education, you are not sure but other kinds of knowledge may make you worse instead of better. It has always until lately been very hard for young people to get knowledge, because the books in which it was to be found were written in a way that children could not understand; but within a few years a number of books have been printed for the very purpose of conveying knowledge to children in a way that they could understand and like. Some of the finest of those books have been written by a gentleman named Abbot, and are called the Rollo Books, and it is my intention to give for some time a chapter or two of one of them named Rollo's Philosophy in every number of the *Advocate*,

I am, dear young friends, yours truly,

THE EDITOR.

THE ROLLO PHILOSOPHY.

CHAPTER I.

WATER.

In the yard behind the house where Rollo lived, there stood a pump, with a sort of trough before it, made of planks, which was intended to conduct the waste water into a large hole in the ground before it. Rollo often wondered where the water came from, which was brought up by working the pump; and also where it went to, down in the hole at the end of the trough. He looked into the nose of the pump, but found that he could see in but a very little way. He also put his head down close to the hole. It was a square hole, with plank sides. It looked quite dark down there, but he thought he could see some stones at the bottom.

The trough had only three sides; the part towards the hole was of course left open, so that the water might run off; and it was placed so as to be inclined towards the hole, in order that the water might run off more rapidly. Rollo had often tried to stop the water, by damming it up with stones; but, though he packed the stones as closely as he could, it would leak through, almost as fast as he could pump it in. At length Jonas, the boy who worked at his father's, told him that he would stop the water for him. So he took a measure, and measured the breadth of the side that was left open; then he went to the barn, and took a handsaw, and sawed off a piece of board, of exactly the right length to stop up the passage. The sides of the trough sloped towards each other a little, so that he could press it in tight; when it was fitted, Jonas pumped away, for some time, and Rollo was delighted to perceive that very little of the water escaped. The trough was soon filled with water, and it made Rollo quite a little pond.

Jonas looked around to the lower side of the board, and observed that there was quite a leak there after all. "However," said he, "I'll calk it for you."

"Calk it?" said Rollo. "What is that?"

"Stop up the cracks, as they do in ships," said Jonas. "When they build ships, they drive something into the cracks very tight indeed, to prevent the water's leaking in."

So Jonas went into the shed, and presently returned with a rag. He tore off a long strip from this rag, and laid it down in the water, just above the board, and with a pointed stick he crowded it in, under the board. Thus he stopped the leak almost entirely; and he told Rollo that, by pumping a little now and then, he could easily keep the pond full; and so he could sail his boats there as long as he liked. He told him he might call it the red sea, if he pleased; for it happened that the outside of the trough was painted red. "It will be a very pretty amusement for you, for one day," said Jonas; "but that will be the end of it."

"Why," said Rollo,—"what do you mean by that?"

"O," said Jonas, "you will get your clothes all wet and muddy, and your mother will not let you play there again."

"Ho!—no I shan't," said Rollo.

"Yes you will," said Jonas, turning around and walking back-

wards. "Boys no bigger than you always like to play in the water better than anything else; but they have not sense enough to be careful, and so they wet themselves all over. I am coming back in an hour, and I shall find you as wet as a fisherman."

Rollo said nothing; he was putting little stones upon one of his wooden blocks, which he had taken for a vessel, and there was in his mind a mingled feeling of pleasure at seeing what a cargo his ship would carry, and of vexation that Jonas should think that he could not take care of himself any better.

His mother was sitting, all this time, at the window of her chamber, sewing, and she happened to see and hear all that took place. She, however said nothing, but occasionally looked up to see how Rollo went on. After about half an hour, she observed that he seemed to give up sailing his ships, and was stooping down, and looking at something very intently. He had a small stick in his hand, and he appeared to be doing something with that, which arrested his attention. His mother watched him for some time in silence and at length said,

"Well, Rollo, what are you so much interested about?"

Rollo looked up with surprise; and, when he saw his mother sitting at the window, he said,

"O mother, only see how this water jumps up. I wish you would come down and see. Whenever I touch it very gently with this little stick, it jumps up to the stick."

"I am busy now," replied his mother, "and cannot come down; but you may bring up a little water to me, in a bowl, and show it to me here."

So Rollo went in, and got a bowl, and dipped up some of the water, and carried it very carefully up stairs to his mother. She told him that he must hold the bowl himself, for it was wet outside, and she would touch the water with the stick. She did so, and found that, whenever she touched it, the water would jump up, as Rollo termed it, to the stick, and rise in a little ridge all around it. But the ridge was very small indeed.

"What makes it do so, mother?" said Rollo.

"I don't know," said she.

"Dont you know, mother?" said he, with surprise. Rollo was always somewhat surprised to find any limits to his mother's knowledge.

"No," said she, "I don't know what makes it. I knew that it would do so, and I knew several other facts analogous to it. I knew what name the philosophers gave to them all; but I do not know of any cause for them."

"Analogous?" said Rollo, musing, and looking a little at a loss.

"Yes; that is, similar in their nature. For instance," said she, "look here,—all round the edge of the water in the bowl."

Rollo looked, and saw that there was a little ridge of water raised against the side of the bowl, exactly like that around the stick.

He asked his mother what the reason was of such a strange appearance.

She answered that she could not tell what the reason of it was. She could only tell what it was called. She said it was called *attraction*.

"What is *attraction*, mother?" said Rollo.

"Attraction is *drawing together*. Whenever two things tend to come together, each drawing the other, it is called *attraction*. The magnet attracts the little needle which you hold up towards it; that is, they tend to come together. But if you roll two balls toward one another upon the carpet, though they come together, they are not *attracted*, because neither of them has any influence on the other; they do not make each other move at all. You roll them together."

Rollo listened to all this very attentively, and then looked upon the bowl again. He did not exactly understand how his mother's explanation applied to the case of the water.

His mother saw that Rollo looked perplexed. "Don't you understand?" said she.

"Not about the water's jumping up," he replied.

"Why, water attracts any thing that is brought very near it,—very near indeed. So, when you bring the stick down close to the water, it rises up a little all around the stick, which you call jumping up."

"Well, what makes it attract?" said Rollo.

"I don't know," said his mother; "you must ask your father to-night, at tea; and perhaps he can tell you. He knows a great deal more about it than I do."

Rollo carried his bowl down stairs carefully, and poured back

the water into the Red Sea. When he had done so, he looked into the bowl, and found, as he might have expected, that it was wet still. Some of the water remained on the inside of the bowl, running around in drops, as he turned the bowl in his hands. He stopped to look at it. It seemed to him strange, though he had never thought of it before, that the water did not all go out, and leave the bowl dry.

Just then, Dorothy came out of the kitchen to the pump, with her pail in her hand, to pump some water. She saw Rollo standing still, and looking into his bowl with an appearance of great attention and said,

"Well, Rollo, what have you got now?"

Rollo did not answer; he was watching the little currents of water running round the inside of the bowl, as he turned it over and over.

"What are you looking at, Rollo?" she inquired again.

"O, I am looking at this bowl. See," said he, "I turn it up side down, and yet all the water does not run out."

"Why, yes it does," said she.

"No," said Rollo, "there is some left about the inside of the bowl. See," he continued, pointing, "how wet it is."

"Poh, it is only wet; all the water has gone out, only the bowl is wet a little inside," she replied, pumping away into her pail.

"But is not *wet*, water?" said Rollo.

"Yes," said Dorothy, "I suppose it is."

"Then all the water does not fall out of the bowl, when I turn it upside down," persisted Rollo.

"Why, you silly child, that's nothing, I tell you. It always does so."

"But why doesn't it all drop out?" said Rollo, as she took off her pail from the nose of the pump, and walked towards the house. "See," he continued, following her, with the bowl in his hands; "I hold it bottom upwards; why doesn't the water drop off,—all of it? Answer me that, Dorothy; answer me that."

But Dorothy paid no attention to his question. She went into the house, and shut the door. The truth was, she would have found it somewhat difficult to "answer him that," and she seemed to think it most prudent not to attempt it. Rollo soon got tired of philosophizing alone, and went to sailing ships again, determined to ask his father that night at supper.

At length the sun went down, the day drew near to its close, and Rollo found himself seated in the parlor ready for tea,—the setting sun shining beautifully in at the windows. His father came in, and they all took their seats at table; but Rollo had, for some time, no opportunity to bring forward the subject which interested him so much, for his father and mother were very busy talking about something else. Rollo would not interrupt them, but kept looking from time to time towards his father. His father at length observed him, and said,

"Rollo, have you got any thing to say to me?"

"Yes, sir," said Rollo; "I want to show you an experiment, and have you explain it to me."

Rollo then said he wanted to go out and get a bowl of water, and bring in to show his father what he meant, but his father, after hearing him describe it, said he thought he could show the experiment just as well with his cup of tea. So he brought down the spoon very slowly and carefully to the surface of the tea, and Rollo saw that the moment it touched, the tea immediately drew up around the spoon, just as the water had risen around his stick. "Yes, father," said he "that is the experiment, exactly. Now please to explain it to me, father."

"Why, it is one of the properties of water to be attracted by almost any substance which comes very near it. But I suppose you do not know what I mean by *property*."

"Yes, sir, I do," said Rollo, eagerly "it means houses, and lands and money."

Here Rollo made a great mistake. In fact, if he had not been so eager to show his knowledge, he might have perceived in a moment, that water could not have any houses, or lands, or money; and his father was speaking of the properties of *water*.

"That is one meaning," said his father. "When we are speaking of the property of *men*, we mean any thing that they possess. But when we speak of the properties of *things*, we mean something different. If I let the tongs drop upon the hearth, they do not break; they are strong. Strength is a property of the iron. So brittleness is a property of glass. If is a property of a magnet to attract iron. A property of any substance is a part of its nature, as the Creator has made it. Now, it is a property of water

—that is, it is a part of its nature—to attract almost any substance which comes very near it.”

“Mustn't it touch it, father?” said Rollo.

“What we call touching it, is only coming very near it,—so near that we cannot see the distance between.”

“Why, father,” said Rollo, “is there any distance between when it touches?”

“Yes,” said his father, “very often; that is, in what we commonly call touching. Let me see,” said he, thinking; and here he turned and looked around the room. Presently he said,

“Ah, I see now.”

So he rose from the table, and took down a book from a little mahogany book-shelf behind him, and held it with the front edge towards Rollo.

“There, Rollo,” said he, “do the leaves of this book touch one another?”

“Yes, sir,” said Rollo.

Then his father pressed the covers together as hard as he could; and this crowded the leaves into a narrower space, although they had appeared to touch before.

“There; now you see,” he continued, “that they are nearer than they were before, though then they seemed to touch. So, when you see any two things apparently touching one another, there may, after all, be a space between them.”

“I did not know that before,” said Rollo's mother.

“Yes,” said his father, “I believe it is so. Therefore, Rollo when I bring the spoon down to the water, at the instant that the water begins to rise up around it, it may be that there is a distance between, though I cannot perceive it.”

Rollo was not quite satisfied. He thought he could see the spoon actually touch, before the water moved. However, his father told him that it was one of the properties of water to attract and to be attracted by, almost all substances, when it came into apparent contact with them. This kind of attraction is called the *attraction of cohesion*.

“Cohesion?” said Rollo.

“Yes, the force with which the particles of the same or of different bodies are held together, is called, in general, *cohesion*. Though, if we wish to be precise, we call it *cohesion* only when speaking of the attraction which the particles of any one substance have for each other; and when we speak of the attraction which they have for the particles of other bodies, we call it *adhesion*.”

“And which is this?”

“Why, strictly it is adhesion; for it is between the tea, or rather the water of the tea, and the spoon. But, then, the particles of the drop itself which hangs down, are held together by cohesion. However, as the nature of the force, in the two cases, seems to be very nearly the same, it is generally all called the attraction of cohesion.”

“But why does it attract, father?” said Rollo.

“No one knows of any reason, except that the Creator made it so.”

“Does it do any good, father?”

“Yes,” said his father. “It seems to you to be a very little thing, and to have, perhaps, no very useful tendency; and yet, were it not for this property of water,—of being attracted in this manner, and at that particular distance,—the most dreadful consequences would result to all mankind.”

“Why, father!” said Rollo, in a tone of surprise; “what consequences?”

“I will tell you. But first I will tell you some of the smaller inconveniences we should have to bear, and then the more important ones. One difficulty would be that I could not write any more with ink.”

“Why not?” said Rollo.

His father then dipped his spoon a little way into the tea, as he would have dipped a pen into the inkstand, and taking it up, a little drop of tea hung at the tip of it, just like the ink in the pen. “There,” said he, “you see that is the way I take up my ink. Now, if the ink was not attracted to the pen so, it would not come up; my pen would come out of the inkstand as dry as it went in.”

“Would it?” said Rollo, with surprise. “But that is ink, and you were talking about water.”

“Yes,” said his father, “but it is just the same with ink. In fact, ink is only water colored very black.”

“Could not you get any in your pen?” said Rollo,—“not any at all?”

“No,” said his father; “unless it were attracted to the pen, it would not adhere to it at all. The pen would come out dry and clean, as it went in.”

“Why,” said Rollo, “how funny that would be! I should like to see such ink as that.”

“That is the way it would operate,” said his father, “undoubtedly; and if you were to dip your fingers in it, it would be just so; they would come out clean and dry. In fact, if I should throw it over your face and clothes, it would all fall off upon the ground, and leave you just as you were before.”

“Why, father!” said Rollo; and he laughed outright at the idea of his father's throwing ink all over him, and especially of its falling off in that manner. In fact, it was hard for him to believe that it was possible for such a thing to be.

“I cannot show you any ink that will act so: but I can show you another liquid that will. There are some liquids that do not thus attract other substances; and if you dip things into them, they come out clean and dry.”

“Are there, father?” said Rollo; “I never saw any.”

“I will show you one,” said his father “after the tea things are moved away from the table.”

## CHAPTER II.

### WATER.

Very soon after this, they rose from the table, and Dorothy came in, and began to take away the waiter and the cloth. Rollo put his chair back, and then went to a table at the back side of the room, and dipped the pen into an inkstand that was there. He saw the ink adhering to the pen, and was satisfied that unless it had been considerably attracted by the pen, it would all have fallen off at once, back into the inkstand.

While he was looking at this, his father, who had before gone out of the room, came back with a small and very short glass phial in his hands, which he put down upon a corner of the table. Rollo went up to look at it. His father did not tell him not to touch it without leave. His mother asked them to wait until she was ready to come in from the kitchen; and while she was gone, Rollo stood looking at the phial. It seemed to be full of something which was of a kind of greyish color. He asked his father if he might take it up. His father said that he might lift it up once gently, and then put it down again. He took it up carefully, by the neck of the phial, and then immediately put it down, saying,

“O, how heavy!”

In a short time, Rollo's father came to the table, bringing in his hand a saucer, a sheet of white paper, and a knitting needle; and sitting down, he said that he was going to wait until Rollo's mother was ready. He also asked her to bring a tea-spoon with her, when she should come.

In a few minutes she came with a tea-spoon; then Rollo's father took up the little phial, and said,

“This is mercury in this phial; or, as they call it sometimes, quicksilver.” So he uncorked it, and poured it out into the saucer. It came out in a fine stream, like melted lead, and fell into the saucer as if it was very heavy.

“The reason that I have brought this out to you, Rollo,” said his father, “is, that it differs from water in not having any apparent cohesion for most other substances;—so we can see, a little, by means of it, how water would appear, if water had none. Now, Rollo, go and get a pen, and dip it in, and see if you can take up a pen full, as if it were ink.”

So Rollo went to the table, and brought a clean pen, and dipped the point into the mercury; but, instead of the mercury's “jumping up,” as the water had done, the pen seemed to make a deep pit or depression all around itself in the mercury; and when he took the pen out, it was as dry as when it went in.

“Why, father,” said Rollo; “it don't seem to like the pen.”

“No,” said his father, “it likes itself better than it likes the pen. That is the difference between mercury and water. Water has the property of cohering, or adhering, pretty strongly to other substances; but mercury has the strongest attraction for itself. So, when you dip a pen into water, the water that is close around the pen, coheres more strongly to the pen than it does to the other water; and when you take the pen out, this small portion of water comes up with it. But when you put the pen into the mercury, the mercury that is close about the pen is more attracted by the other mercury than it is by the pen. So it recedes from the pen; it shrinks away from it, as it were; and when you take the pen out, none of the mercury comes.”

“Is that the way of it?” said Rollo.

“Yes, said his father; “and this simple difference in the cohe-

sive properties of water and mercury, gives rise to great differences in the phenomena that the two liquids exhibit."

While Rollo's father was saying this, he observed that Rollo was dipping the pen in and out of the mercury, and was not paying much attention to what he was saying. In fact, what he was saying was rather too difficult for Rollo to understand, without attending pretty closely.

"Put the pen down a minute, Rollo," said his father, "and listen to me; and presently you may try experiments."

So Rollo put the pen down at once, and looked up at his father.

"I want to tell you what great differences there are between water and mercury, arising out of this fact, that water coheres to other things, and mercury does not. It follows from it that, if you dip anything into water, the water rises around it, and spreads over its surface; and some water comes up with it, when you take it out. But if you dip anything in mercury, the mercury is depressed around it, instead of being raised, and it does not come up with it at all, when you take it out. For the same reason, if you pour out a little water upon a table, it spreads around upon it, and you cannot take it up again. If you pour out a little mercury, on the other hand, it does not adhere to the table, but rolls about in little balls, and you can take it up clean with a spoon."

"O, let me try, father," said Rollo.

"Presently," replied his father. "Another different result is, that if you pour water upon anything that has small pores or interstices, like sponge, or cloth, or earth, it penetrates to every part, and coheres to every part, and keeps it all wet. But mercury would remain in a mass at the top, if the pores were very small; and if they were large enough to allow it to penetrate at all, it would all run off below, leaving the whole dry."

"How?" said Rollo.

"Why, if you were to make a little heap of earth and gravel-stones, with a hollow place upon the top, and then pour water upon it, it would gradually soak in, as we call it; that is, it would diffuse itself all through the heap, and make it all wet. But if you were to pour mercury into the hollow, it would either remain there without going down at all, or else, if the spaces in the gravel were great enough to let it pass down, it would all run down together, entirely through, and would not cohere to the gravel at all."

"Where would it go to?" said Rollo.

"Down as low as it could get; and there you would find it, all together, or as much together, as it could be."

"Rollo's father then took up a little of the mercury, with the tea-spoon, though it was difficult to do it; for it cohered to itself so strongly, and had so little attraction for the silver, that it seemed to be actually repelled. This, however, was owing to the fact, that the silver was not perfectly bright and clean. Rollo had been handling it, and, though it looked clean, it was really covered with a very thin and invisible film of moisture from his fingers, which kept the mercury from coming into actual contact with the metal. At length, however, his father succeeded in taking up a small portion, and he then poured it out gently upon the sheet of paper; it rolled out like a sort of liquid ball. Rollo amused himself for some time in pushing it about, and dividing it into parts with the knitting needle. He observed that when he divided it into small parts these parts were always round, like little balls; his father called them *globules*. When he brought two of these globules together, they would instantly unite into one ball, perfectly round and bright; unless it was a pretty large one, and then it was flattened a little at the top. His father explained to him that the reason why the mercury always took that form, was because the particles attracted each other strongly, and consequently they were all drawn in from every side towards the centre; and from this resulted the globular form.

"Father," said Rollo, at length, "I think the reason why the mercury does not stick to the pen and to my fingers, like ink, is because it is so heavy. When you take the pen out, the mercury is so heavy that it falls directly back again."

"No," said his father, "that cannot be the reason, because that would prevent its spreading out over the paper, or upon the table, and cohering to that. It is true it is a great deal heavier than water, but that does not occasion these different effects. It is the nature of the substance, in not cohering to other substances. Now, there are some things that water does not cohere to."

"Are there?" said Rollo; "what?"

"Only substances, the feathers and fur of some animals, and some plants. Water rolls off from a cabbage leaf, just as mercury does from paper. So it does from feathers. A goose does not get

wet by floating on the pond; and a duck's head comes up from the mud as bright and dry as it went down."

"Yes, I have seen it, father," said Rollo.

"And so with the furs of animals that live in the water."

"Yes," said Rollo, "Jonas says that he has seen a water rat come up out of water as dry as mother's muff."

"And then, again," continued his father, "there are some substances that mercury will adhere to. For instance, if, instead of this sheet of paper, I had taken a sheet of perfectly clean and bright tin, and put a globule of mercury upon it, it would have spread itself out upon it, and wet it, as it were like water upon wood."

"But now, Rollo," continued his father, "I must go. You may play with this mercury a little while, and then your mother will put it away for me."

"Yes, but, father," said Rollo, "you were going to tell me of some terrible consequences which would come from there being no cohesion."

"Yes,—no cohesion between water and other substances," said his father rising, and standing by his chair, ready to go. "Well, I will tell you."

"First," said he, "we could never write with pen and ink; for if the water had no attraction for the pen, it would not come up from the inkstand; and then, if it had no attraction for the paper, it would not leave the pen and go to the paper when we move the pen along."

"Yes sir," said Rollo "you told me that before."

"Then, secondly," continued his father, "we could never wash any thing. Suppose, after you have been painting, some day, you wanted to wash off the paint that is left upon the saucer. You dip it into water. The water adheres to the paint and to the saucer, and when you rub it a little, the water and the paint move together, and fresh water poured on carries it all off. So, if the paint were upon a cloth, the water would penetrate among all the fibres of the cloth, and unite with the particles of paint there, and bring them out. But you could not wash anything out with mercury."

"Nor can you wash anything out with water, unless it is of such a nature that water has cohesion for it. For instance, you cannot wash out a spot of oil, because water and oil do not cohere. The water does not take hold of it, as it were. And so, if water had no cohesion for any thing but itself, nothing could be washed. Your hands would come out of it just as they went in. If it were poured upon clothes, it would all run off directly. You could not take it up with a sponge, or wet anything with it whatever."

"But, in the third place, the worst consequence of all would be this. The water is retained in the ground by the attraction between it and the particles of earth. If it were not for this, it would not remain up near the surface, but would all run down through the strata of earth to the lowest place it could get to, and leave the upper part of the ground entirely dry. After a heavy shower of rain, the earth would be as dry as before; a great part of the water would run off in little dribbling streams, like a stream of mercury; and the rest would go down through the ground at once, as a shower of shot would, through a heap of large stones. Of course all plants would die, the earth would be parched up, and men and animals famish. Were it not for this property of water to cohere to itself, and to adhere to other things, every plant and tree would wither and die for want of water in twenty-four hours, even if it were raining all the time."

"What! if it rained all the time?" said Rollo.

"Yes, every moment," said his father. "The rain would come down upon the plants and their roots, as this mercury would upon a quill top. It would roll off in globules, and not wet them at all."

Here Rollo's father began to move away, saying to Rollo that he had better observe carefully all the cases of cohesion that he might meet with, and he would tell him more about it some other time. He had, however, not gone far from the table before Rollo called him back, saying, in a voice of great interest and surprise,

"O father, see how bright your spoon is!"

His father turned round suddenly, and said, "Where?"

Rollo handed him the spoon. In the middle of the bowl, there was a large bright patch,—very bright indeed. He took it, looked at it a moment, and said, in a low tone, as if he were talking to himself,

"Why!—how foolish I was! How foolish I was!"

"What!" said Rollo. "What! What is it?"

"I might have known better than that," said his father, still musing.

"What is it, father!" said Rollo, eagerly.

"Why, I might have known that the mercury would have united with the silver; but I did not think of it. You see, Rollo, that here is a spot that the mercury has 'wet,' as you call it. Silver is one of those substances that the mercury has an attraction for; and it has united with it, and I don't know how we shall get it off.

"However," he continued, "it will do to illustrate what I have been saying. If you put a little mercury upon this spot, you will find that it will cohere now, and will spread all over it, like water upon a board."

Rollo tried the experiment. He rolled a little globule of mercury into the spoon, and, the moment it touched the bright spot, it spread all over it at once and, when he turned the spoon over again, it did not fall off. His father then rubbed it off as well as he could, but it only made the spot larger and brighter.

"Father," said Rollo, "I think you had better rub the mercury over all your spoons."

His father smiled, and said he would probably think differently when he should come to see it the next morning. But he gave Rollo a small piece of money which he told him he could brighten all over in the same way if he wished.

"Why not the spoon?" said Rollo.

"Why, to-morrow morning," said his father, "all this brilliancy will be gone, and the silver will look tarnished and dull."

"Then how can you get it bright again?" asked Rollo.

"I do not know," said his father; "I must ask some chemist."

It turned out that this was not necessary; for, in the morning, Rollo's mother rubbed the dull spot off, with a little whiting. But mercury ought to be used very carefully; for, if the little globules get upon any thing that is of silver, as, for example, a spoon, a watch, a thimble, or a pencil-case, they immediately combine with the silver, producing spots which it is sometimes troublesome to remove. The kind of attraction, however, between the silver and the mercury, is thought by the philosophers to be of a different kind from that between water and glass, for example, although, in most respects, it is of a nature very similar.

### Is Alcohol Beneficial to Society.

#### A Dialogue between Charles Easy and Wm. Wisdom.

Charles Easy.—I say, you temperance folks, Mr. Wisdom, are very wise. You are like the men who think no good can come out of wars, often the very best remedies for a diseased state of society; no good can come from a storm or whirlwind. I admit there are some evils flowing from alcohol; and where is the good unaccompanied with evil? But there is vastly more of good flowing from it than evil.

Mr. Wisdom.—Pray, what good, Mr. Charles Easy, comes out of alcohol? You perfectly astound me; I thought it was evil, and only evil and that continually.

Charles.—Ah! Mr. Wisdom, you are not so wise as you thought you was, and I think you will yet have to change your name. I went the other evening to your temperance meeting, and upon my word, I thought you were all the greatest pack of fools I ever saw, and slanderers too; for you all belied King Alcohol most abominably.

Mr. Wisdom.—How so, Mr. Easy?

Charles.—How so? why all your speakers told the most outrageous lies about him, and made him the very personification of all evil.

Mr. Wisdom.—Well, Mr. Easy I think they were about right, and shall continue to think so, until you convince me to the contrary. Pray, what good has he done.

Charles.—Good, Mr. Wisdom? Is not that good which clothes and feeds, and warms above a hundred thousand families; enabling some to live in magnificent mansions, and some to own beautiful horses, with splendid carriages, and to educate their children in the highest style? Look at farmer Billings, what would all his wheat and barley and apples have been to him, without the aid of alcohol? Look at our neighbor, Mr. Smith, who owns the great distillery, and lives in the greatest ease and comfort. Look at Charles William's father, see what a mint of money he has made by retailing alcohol! Has it not been a good thing to all these?

Mr. Wisdom.—The business, you mean, Mr. Easy, that has brought them money, and you may say the same of highway robbery. But does that prove robbery to be a good thing?

Charles.—Well, Mr. William Wisdom, I can prove to you that

alcohol is good. What would our doctors do without it? It is the very basis of all their medicines.

Mr. Wisdom.—We always except the medical use, Mr. Easy, when we talk against alcohol.

Charles.—Well, the manufacturers, Mr. Wisdom?

Mr. Wisdom.—We do not go against the manufacturer's use, Mr. Easy.

Charles.—Please, then, Mr. Wisdom, to be more, wise when you speak against alcohol. According to your own concessions, it is one of the most useful things in medicine and the arts. And so it is in the regulation of society. It is the base of all true republicanism. It brings all men down to a common level, the most desirable state of human society. Who does not remember what a haughty aristocrat old Mr. B. was. He was as rich as Cræsus, and scarce would condescend to look at the poor about him. Now see how alcohol has brought him down. His property is gone to his real benefactors, the distillers and importers, and vendors; and his chosen companions are the ragged drunkards that hang around the grog-shops. Why, alcohol will even bring men down to a level with the animal creation, and will bring back, I believe, the primitive state of society.

Let alcohol rule and we shall have no need of schools. What does Mr. Joe Thompson care about schools for his children? They say, out by Beer Lake, they never have a school but three months in the year, and only half the children go then; and those who never go are as likely as those who do. Nor is this all, but we shall have no need of meeting-houses and ministers. Men who drink alcohol care nothing about these things. They are just as happy without them as with them. Now, what a saving this would be to the nation? And if alcohol was to bear rule, I do not believe there would be any call for the support of Missionaries, and Bible, Tract and education Societies, and my word for it, your Temperance Societies would all go by the board; and here would be a mighty saving of time to you temperance gentlemen. You might all keep about your proper business, instead of running around the country, as you now do, to attend Temperance meetings. Now, Mr. Wisdom, if I have not proved my point you may call me as hard a name as I before called you.

Mr. Wisdom.—I think, Mr. Charles Easy, you truly deserve it, and so I shall leave you—remembering the advice of Solomon about answering certain gentlemen of your cloth. So adieu!

### The Monster of Many Names.

#### A Dialogue between two School-fellows, Charles and William.

Charles.—I have heard it said, William, that our language, is of all others the most difficult for foreigners to learn. Can you account for it?

William.—I cannot, indeed, unless it is because there are so many words which signify the same thing. For instance, when a fellow feels a little out of sorts, and thinks it is because he is dry, he goes to the store and calls for his bitters, black strap, sling, four o'clock, &c., the liquor-sellers all understand him—he wants some strong drink.

C.—You are right; but the terms you mention are rather out of date, I believe. They have got an entire new list of names for that thing now-a-days. But this only increases the difficulty I referred to.

W.—Yes; and some of them are very appropriate.

C.—Some I think, call it Samson.

W.—Samson! I suppose that's because it's so strong; is it not?

C.—Yes; but that is not the only reason. Samson, you know, deceived the people about his strength, and it was a long while before they found out where it lay. Besides this, Samson was a great manslayer, but where Samson slew his thousands, strong drink has slain its tens of thousands.

W.—I have heard of a certain Quaker who called it Pharaoh; for I perceive, said he, it will not let the people go.

C.—You remind me of a sailor I saw the other day. Jack was already "half seas over," when he went into Smith's and called for an ounce of old tangle-legs. Thinks I, what is that? So I kept my eye on the scales, but Smith understood him; so he gave him a glass, you see, and off he went. But, dear me, I guess it was tangle-legs! First he went this way, and then that, zigzag like a Virginia fence, till his legs got into a complete tangle and down he went.

W.—You see old Pharaoh had got hold of him, and by tangling his legs he wouldn't let him go. But that's not the worst of

it; go home with that fellow, if he's got any, and you'll find everything else in a tangle. I guess you don't catch me in that snarl.

C.—They say the travelling community call it *oats*. Is that true?

W.—*Oats*! what, for men? I guess they *wet* them, then.

C.—Why, I know of a store that's got no other sign but "*oats* for horses." But mind you, they don't mean *four-legged* horses; for everybody knows that *they* are not very partial to *oats* from the *wine* measure.

W.—Ah, I know what store you mean. I was down there the other day, and saw this all acted out. A young sort of a buck came driving up, all of a lather, jumped out of his gig, and said he must have some *oats* to help him over the hill. The old mare—she called, too. But he replied, "hold your tongue, there; there's nothing here for you; it is my turn now." So I watched him; and thinks I, I guess you'll not go any faster for such *oats* as these. But I was mistaken. Crack went the whip, and away flew the poor creature over hill and dale, like a sheet of lightning.

C.—Well, William, so much for the *oats*; now, did you ever hear this thing called *pig*?

W.—*Pig! pig!* I have heard of the *striped pig* affair out there at old *Dedham*. But I guess they little thought, when they made choice of that word, how appropriate it was; for this liquor business, you know, is rather a *swinish* concern throughout.

C.—I ask your pardon. Who ever heard of a *drunken hog*? I am inclined to believe it a *base imposition* on the pig community. What do you think?

W.—Well, I guess they think something so, for, when uncle Jim went out to feed his hogs last night, he undertook to clean the trough a little, you know; but he lost his balance (his legs being a little tangled about this time of day,) and over he went, without ceremony, into madam Piggy's dining room. To excuse his rudeness, he exclaimed, "Don't you be concerned. I am as good as the best of you." To which the whole family replied, "*Doubted! doubted!*" and away they scampered.

C.—To conclude, William, did you ever hear this thing called *hard-ware*?

W.—*Hard-ware!* Yes; and true enough, it is hard, *all* hard, and *nothing* but hard. It is hard for the consumer, hard for the vender, hard for the neighborhood, town, county and state. And he that can deal in such kind of hard-ware as this, must be a hard, *hard* customer. And if I am not mistaken, he gives every worthy person occasion to *think* hard of him; more especially the poor drunkard's household, where nothing is so plenty as *hard looks, hard words, hard knocks, and hard, hard times!*

## AGRICULTURE.

### Of the Inorganic Constituents of Plants.

The perfect development of a plant, is dependent on the presence of alkalis or alkaline earths; for when these substances are totally wanting its growth will be arrested, and when they are only deficient it must be impeded.

In order to apply these remarks, let us compare two kinds of trees, the wood of which contains unequal quantities of alkaline bases, and we shall find one of these grows luxuriantly in several soils upon which the others are scarcely able to vegetate. For example, 10,000 parts of oak-wood yield 250 parts of ashes, the same quantity of fir-wood only 83, of linden-wood 300, of rye 440, and of the herb of the potatoe-plant 1500.\*

Firs and pines find a sufficient quantity of alkalis in granitic and barren sandy soils in which oaks will not grow; and wheat thrives in soils favourable for the linden-tree, because the bases which are necessary to bring it to complete maturity, exist there in sufficient quantity. The accuracy of these conclusions, so highly important to agriculture and to the cultivation of forests, can be proved by the most evident facts.

All kinds of grasses, the *Equisetaceæ*, for example, contain in the outer parts of their leaves and stalk a large quantity of silicic acid and potash. The proportion of this salt does not vary perceptibly in the soil of corn-fields, because it is again conveyed to them as manure in the form of putrifying straw. But this is not the case in a meadow, and hence we never find a luxuriant crop

of grass on sandy and calcareous soils, which contain little potash, evidently because one of the constituents indispensable to the growth of the plants is wanting. Soils formed from basalt, grauwacke, and porphyry, are, *cæteris paribus*, the best for meadow-land, on account of the quantity of potash which enters into their composition. The potash abstracted by the plants is restored during the annual irrigation. The potash contained in the soil itself is inexhaustible in comparison with the quantity removed by plants. But when we increase the crop of grass in a meadow by means of gypsum, we remove a greater quantity of potash with the hay than can under the same circumstances be restored. Hence it happens that, after the lapse of several years, the crops of grass on the meadows manured with gypsum diminish, owing to the deficiency of potash. But if the meadow be strewed from time to time with wood ashes, even with the luxuriant ashes which have been used by soap-boilers, (in Germany much soap is made from the ashes of wood,) then the grass thrives as luxuriantly as before. The ashes are only a means of restoring the potash.

A harvest of grain is obtained every thirty or forty years from the soil of the Luneburg heath, by strewing it with the ashes of the heath-plants (*Erica vulgaris*) which grows on it. These plants during the long period just mentioned collect the potash and soda, which are conveyed to them by rain-water; and it is by means of these alkalis that oats, barley, and rye, to which they are indispensable, are enabled to grow on this sandy heath.

The wood-cutters in the vicinity of Heidelberg have the privilege of cultivating the soil for their own use, after felling the trees used for making tan. Before sowing the land thus obtained, the branches, roots, and leaves, are in every case burned, and the ashes used as a manure, which is quite indispensable for the growth of the grain. The soil itself upon which the oats grow in this district consists of sandstone; and although the trees find in it a quantity of alkaline earths sufficient for their own sustenance, yet in its ordinary condition it is incapable of producing grain.

The most decisive proof of the use of strong manure was obtained at Bingen (a town on the Rhine,) where the produce and development of vines were highly increased by manuring them with such substances as shavings of horn, &c.; but after some years the formation of the wood and leaves decreased to the great loss of the possessor, to such a degree that he has long had cause to regret his departure from the usual methods. By the manure employed by him, the vines had been too much hastened in their growth; in two or three years they had exhausted the potash in formation of their fruit, leaves, and wood, so that none remained for the future crops, his manure not having contained any potash.

There are vineyards on the Rhine the plants of which are above a hundred years old, and all of these have been cultivated by manuring them with cow-dung, a manure containing a large proportion of potash, although very little nitrogen. All the potash, in fact, which is contained in the food consumed by a cow is again immediately discharged in its excrements.

The experience of a proprietor of land in the vicinity of Gottingen offers a most remarkable example of the incapability of a soil to produce wheat or grasses in general, when it fails in any one of the materials necessary to their growth. In order to obtain potash, he planted his whole land with worm-wood, the ashes of which are well known to contain a large proportion of the carbonate of that alkali. The consequence was, that he rendered his land quite incapable of bearing grain for many years, in consequence of having entirely deprived the soil of its potash.

The leaves and small branches of trees contain the most potash; and the quantity of them which is annually taken from a wood, for the purpose of being employed as litter,† contain more of that alkali than all the old wood which is cut down. The bark and foliage of oaks, for example, contain from 6 to 9 per cent. of this alkali; the needles of firs and pines, 8 per cent.

† It would be of importance to examine what alkalis are contained in the ashes of the sea-shore plants which grow in the humid hollows of downs, and especially in those of the millet-grass. If potash is not found in them, it must certainly be replaced by soda as in the "*Salsola*," or by lime as in the "*Plumbaginæ*."

‡ [This refers to a custom some time since very prevalent in Germany, although now discontinued. The leaves and small twigs of trees were gleaned from the forests by poor people, for the purpose of being used as a litter for their cattle. The trees, however, were found to suffer so much in consequence, that their removal is now strictly prohibited. The cause of the injury was that stated in the text.—Ed.]

With every 2650 lbs. of firwood which are yearly removed from an acre of forest, only from 0.114 to 0.53 lbs. of alkalis are abstracted from the soil, calculating the ashes at 0.83 per cent. The moss, however, which covers the ground, and of which the ashes are known to contain so much alkali, continues uninterrupted in its growth, and retains that potash on the surface, which would otherwise so easily penetrate with the rain through the sandy soil. By its decay, an abundant provision of alkalis is supplied to the roots of the trees, and a fresh supply is rendered unnecessary.

The supposition of alkalis, metallic oxides, or inorganic matter in general, being produced by plants, is entirely refuted by these well-authenticated facts.

It is thought very remarkable, that those plants of the grass tribe, the seeds of which furnish food for man, follow him like the domestic animals. But saline plants seek the sea-shore or saline springs, but the *Chenopodium* the dunghill from similar causes. Saline plants require common salt, and the plants which grow only on dunghills need ammonia and nitrates, and they are attracted whither these can be found, just as the dung-fly is to animal excrements. So likewise none of our corn-plants can bear perfect seeds, that is, seeds yielding flour, without a large supply of phosphate of magnesia and ammonia, substances which they require for their maturity. And hence, these plants grow only in a soil where these three constituents are found combined, and no soil is richer in them than those where men and animals dwell together; where the urine and excrements of these are found corn-plants appear, because their seeds cannot attain maturity unless supplied with the constituents of those matters.

## NEWS.

**O'CONNELL AND REPEAL.**—O'Connell has retired to his mountain home at Derrynane to find a seasonable respite in rural sports. He had decided that the Clontarf meeting should not be held. The threatened "impeachment" was to be father considered of. O'Connell proposed to travel through England prior to the meeting of Parliament, "state the facts to the English people, and then leave them to act for themselves."

It is said, in quarters likely to be well informed, that Sir Robert Peel meditates a decided legislative measure in regard to the systems of tenure of land in Ireland. The nature of his project has not transpired.

**THE OVERLAND MAIL.**—The most prominent feature in the intelligence is, that a treaty had been concluded between the United States and the Celestial Empire, based upon the same principles as dictated that between England and China—in which America will enjoy all the advantages which Great Britain, by her arms, secured, after an immense outlay of blood and treasure.

It is very commonly rumored in the city, that it is the intention of Government to exclude from the Court, and from the ministerial parties, all the foreign Ministers or Charges d'Affaires, whose Governments have not faithfully fulfilled their engagements with their creditors in this country. Such a proceeding would place the United States Representative in a very embarrassing and unenviable position.

Sir Andrew Agnew, together with other friends of the Sabbath, has addressed a letter to Lord Aberdeen, in which it is requested that the movements of the Queen may be made so as not to cause any breach of that holy day. It will probably be regarded. The Queen is expected to visit the Isle of Wright, after her visit to Scotland.

The Queen's visit to Scotland is exciting much interest in that country, the following is one of the incidents recorded.

"The Queen and Lady Glenlyon went into a cottage and had some bread and milk." Another version makes the "cottage" a "hut," and varies the incidents—"The gudewife was spinning, and the Queen sat down and conversed with her very affably for some time. The inmates did not know the rank of their visitors, and in accordance with the custom, they put a bottle and glass on the table, and asked them to taste the mountain-dew." We are not told whether the visitors did taste the whisky.

**FREE CHURCH ZEAL.**—Our brethren of the Scottish Free Church are manifesting a zeal and energy in promoting the gospel, altogether new. Among the recent enterprises adopted, is building of a beautiful and convenient yacht, of thirty-seven tons, for the purpose of carrying ministers of the Free Church on oc-

casional visits to the destitute parishes among the Highlands. From the nature of the country, there are many of these places which are very difficult of access by land, but can readily be reached by water.—*Evangelist.*

**THE FRENCH AND SLAVERY.**—The following passage, from the statement of Mr. Richardson, will show how "French civilization has abolished slavery" in Algiers:—

"Many black slaves, believing that they could escape slavery, have fled from their masters to serve among the Zouaves, or native troops; but the Minister of War has always given orders to send them back to their Masters. Mons. Leblanc de Trebois relates a case of a couple of slaves who fled from Ab-del-Kader, believing they should find Algiers *la terre de la liberté*, but who were restored by Marshal Vallee to the Emir, and these wretched fugitives were afterwards butchered by their enraged masters.

"In Oran, slaves are bought and sold, and are beaten and maimed at the absolute command of their masters, unrestrained by the French laws or authority."

**RUSSIAN SERFS.**—Brooks says, the serfs in Russia are between thirty and forty millions in number. For his house and patch of land, the serf pays his proprietor in labour, which takes about one half of his time, leaving him only the other half to support his own family. Sometimes a princely proprietor will have hundreds of serfs on his estates. This numerous class of Russians have little means of education, and are usually very ignorant and degraded.

**UNITED STATES AND THE SLAVE TRADE.**—The London papers loudly and most righteously complain of the insincerity manifested by our Government in carrying out the treaties for the suppression of the slave trade. The stars and stripes of our free country are still employed to screen from British vigilance vessels loaded with slaves. A letter was recently addressed to our Minister, Mr. Everett, in which it was stated "that American shipping is employed in transporting to the coast of Africa merchandise, equipments, and other articles necessary for slave-trade operations." It appears also that it is a custom for slave-dealers to purchase a vessel from Americans, with a stipulation that a voyage or two shall be made to the slave-coast under the sanction of the American flag, before the transfer of the vessel is publicly made to the real owner. In other words, the flag of America is to be used as a protection to slave merchandise until money enough is made by the horrible traffic to purchase the vessel.—*Evangelist.*

**SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN BALTIMORE.**—There was a very large and beautiful procession of the Protestant Sabbath Schools of Baltimore and vicinity last week, in which, by actual count, they were 6211 children of both sexes, and 93 teachers. It is spoken of as one of the most delightful moral spectacles ever witnessed. The several schools were ranged under tastefully decorated banners. The procession was one hour and a half passing a given point, and marched to the Washington Monument Square, where addresses were made, hymns sung, and prayers offered. Who that anticipate a quarter of a century, does not exult and take courage at what this great and benevolent institution of Sabbath Schools is doing in the midst of us.

**POPULAR INTERPRETATION OF THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.**—"Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." (or consecrate to religious duties.) Except you peruse some one or more of the following WORKS OF NECESSITY as your worldly employment, viz :

Shaving and hair dressing. Keeping a livery stable, or driving a cab or hack. Attending a drug, medicine, and soda water establishment. Taking toll on a bridge or turnpike. Keeping a public house, and attending the bar. Driving a coach or stage belonging to a mail contractor, or are connected with the post office. Are a conductor, engineer, ticket-vender, or otherwise connected with a railroad company. Are employed at a ferry.—Are engaged in printing and publishing a daily newspaper, or in supplying families with milk, bread or other provisions. Are a physician, and have an extensive practice. Drive a baggage or freight waggon, and divers others like employments.

A true bill has been found in Baltimore against the Rev. C. T. Torrey, charged with enticing away slaves.

It is estimated that the present Mormon war will cost the State of Illinois \$20,000. The aggregate expense incurred during the year will not be less than \$50,000.

A newspaper is to be established at Willamette, in the Oregon territory, the materials for which are to be shipped at New-York to the care of Messrs, Ladd & Co., Oahu, Sandwich Islands.



The people subscribed \$645 for this purpose, and the Hudson Bay Company have increased it to \$800.

Rev. Alexander McNab, A. M., has been appointed President of Victoria College, Canada, in place of Rev. Dr. Ryerson, supposed to be in view of Dr. Ryerson's intended visit to England.

The Douay Bible, illustrated edition, published by Mr. Dunnigan, of this city, meets with a rapid sale throughout the Union. The work has been highly recommended by Bishop Hughes.—*Evangelist*.

The manufacture of stoves in Troy, it is estimated, will reach \$200,000 this year.

Judgment was given in the U. S. District Court at Philadelphia, on Monday of last week, against Mr. Hale of N. Y. city, for \$2000—forty penalties of \$50 each, for carrying letters out of the mail. The case is to go up to the Supreme Court of the United States.

**SERIOUS SOCIETY IN ENGLAND.**—Although, in general, there is more ceremony in society than is usual with us, it never becomes troublesome, and being in keeping with the usages of society generally, is not out of place. Precedence in age or office is rigidly observed. Office claims more respect than age; the President and Secretary of the Conference being as commonly addressed by their titles as the Bishops among us. Young persons are less obstructive and more attentive than in America. Breakfast-parties at ten o'clock are very common, and afford opportunities of less ceremonious and more agreeable intercourse than at dinner; the ladies remaining all the while in the room. Those which I attended concluded with prayer by some aged minister, and with (what I had thought antiquated) subscribing names in the ladies' albums. The tone of conversation was generally lively and pleasant; the dinner-talk being varied by discussions on political, religious, and social topics—not often heavy, and always good-humoured. The junior members of the family would listen to the conversation of the nearest group, and hardly ever spoke, except to cry "Hear, hear!" when some especially good thing was saying. There is one feature in which these parties differed from any we have in similar circles at home, and which recalled to my mind my early visits to New-York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, when sparkling wines graced the table and circulated freely even among Methodist preachers. So it is still in England. It sometimes required a little nerve to decline the request of the lady whose guest you were, to "have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you," especially when, according to usage, you should have made the request of her. After the ladies retire the cloth is removed, and the wine moves round the table freely. I do not recollect ever to have preached a sermon in England without being offered a glass of wine afterwards in the vestry. Wine was frequently distributed in Conference during its active session. The Temperance movement has not taken hold of our brethren in England; and they see wine-drinking not as we do now, but as we did twenty years ago.—*Dr. Dublin's Observations in Europe*.

[The above statement easily accounts for the awful extent to which the vice of intemperance rages in Britain.—*Ed. C. T. A.*]

**TEMPERANCE AND THE WELSH.**—The Welsh Benevolent Society is to hold its anniversary on Friday evening next, and in making the preparations, the Society has had the good sense and good principle to exclude wine from the table, and substitute in its place the "cup which cheers, but not inebriates." This is very much to their credit; and our hope is, that the New-England Society will not be behind it in good works.—*New-York Evangelist*.

**SICKNESS IN ILLINOIS.**—A correspondent informs us that there has been an unusual degree of sickness the present autumn in many portions of Illinois, and many deaths in the region of his residence. He mentions the loss which the Presbytery of Alton has sustained in the death of Rev. Mr. WHITTAKER, of Upper Alton. He left Lane Seminary only two years since, and had been eminently successful in aiding his brethren in the revivals which were enjoyed the last winter among the churches of his Presbytery.

The elections throughout the Province are nearly over, but it is not easy to tell from the statements of the public papers, what is to be the final result. In Montreal, two members favourable to the present administration, have been returned. We regret to add, that much disgraceful rioting and confusion attended the election.

A very severe storm took place lately on the Lakes, which has caused very extensive damage and loss of life.

**Monies Received on Account of**  
*Advocate*.—R. Grey, R. Reid, E. McGillivray, Bytown, 5s; U. Seymour, Madoc, (arrcars), 7s; Sundrie, Montreal, £1 8s 1½d. Consignments. U. Seymour, Madoc, £1 18s 0d.

MONTREAL PRICES CURRENT.—Nov 1.	
ASHES—Pot . . . . .	24s 6d
Pearl . . . . .	24s 9d
FLOUR—Fine . . . . .	24s to 25s
WHEAT . . . . .	4s 9d to 5s
PEASE . . . . .	3s per minot.
OAT-MEAL . . . . .	8s 0d per cwt.
PORK—Mess . . . . .	\$13½
P. Mess . . . . .	\$11
Primo . . . . .	\$ 9½
LARD . . . . .	4d a 5d p. lb
BEEF—P. Mess tierce	\$9 a \$10
Do bbls . . . . .	\$6
Primo . . . . .	\$4½
TALLOW . . . . .	5½d
BUTTER—Salt . . . . .	6d
CHEESE . . . . .	3d a 5½d
EXCHANGE—London	1½ prem.
N. York . . . . .	2
Canada W. . . . .	par

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

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

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

**THOMAS C. ORR,**  
GENERAL AGENT, SHIP AND INSURANCE BROKER,  
No. 20 St. Enoch Square,  
GLASGOW,

**OFFERS** his services for the receiving and Shipping of Goods to Canada, and for the Sale of Produce.  
THOMAS C. ORR will be happy also to engage Passages by first class vessels, for persons coming to Canada. And those desirous to bring out their friends can purchase Drafts for that purpose from Mr. JAMES R. ORR, of Montreal, who will give all information, if by letter, post-paid.  
November 1, 1844.

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

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