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The Mitchell



THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE AND NEWS.

Vol. XI.

NOVEMBER 15, 1845.

No. 22.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

TWELFTH VOLUME.

It has been matter of consideration with the Committee, whether any alteration in the present arrangement of our Paper, would contribute to the advancement of the cause, and increase the list of subscribers; but it was unanimously agreed that the TWELFTH VOLUME should be continued as the last, endeavouring, if possible, by a judicious selection of articles, and a punctual issue from the press, to retain all our old subscribers, and add a large number of new ones.

The circulation of the Paper during the year about to expire has increased, and we see no reason why, if the friends of the temperance cause will do their duty, it should not be still further augmented. Let the Committee of each society call a special meeting to obtain subscribers, and let the office-bearers head the list, when doubtless many of the members will follow, and a handsome order will be forwarded.

We regret exceedingly that our friends throughout the country do not correspond more frequently. It cannot surely be on account of paying postage, this would be a mere trifle from each society once or twice a year. We hope our friends will send us, from time to time, short accounts of interesting meetings; the forming of new societies; holding soirees, or any thing else suitable for our columns.

We have resolved on sending the next two numbers of the current volume to all new subscribers whose names are sent in good season; and to all our old subscribers, we will send the first number of the new volume.

The subscription will be as formerly, Two Shillings and Sixpence for the year, Payable in Advance, this is exclusive of Postage. We may remind our friends, that the Paper can be sent home to the mother country at the same rate; but those for the United States will be 4s 6d, in consequence of our having to pay 1d postage on each paper mailed.

To British subscribers, we observe, that by remitting 2s Stg., to Mr. T. C. Orr, 33, Buchanan Street, Glasgow, they will receive the paper for one year.

N. B.—All persons ordering should state the correct name of the Post Office to which they wish the paper mailed, and all orders, communications, and remittances, should be addressed to R. D. WADSWORTH, SECRETARY, COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS, MONTREAL, and the remittances for the coming year should be sent before the first of January, otherwise there may be great disappointment felt at not obtaining the first numbers.
Montreal, Nov. 15, 1845.

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SOMERVILLE HALL.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

Continued from Page 323.

The time of my departure for India was still unfixed, and we were all watching one evening with some anxiety the return of the messenger who brought our letters from the nearest town, when a servant from Somerville Hall galloped up to the door, and throwing the bridle over the neck of his horse, walked straight into the hall with a note for my brother.

Mr. Langton tore open the note, and having glanced over the first line, turned quickly to the servant, when they both walked out upon the lawn in front of the house. In a few moments I saw my brother's servant leading out his master's horse already saddled.

"He surely will not go," said Lucy, "without telling us what is the matter." And at the same instant he entered the room.

"I am going to ride over to the Hall," said my brother, in a tone of assumed composure. "Mr. Somerville has been taken suddenly ill, and I must not delay. You, Arthur, can ride after me, and bring back the tidings to Lucy, in case I should be detained."

I did so accordingly, and reached the entrance of the avenue as soon as my brother. We rode to the door in silence. Here we encountered the old housekeeper wringing her hands, and telling us every thing but what we wished to know.

"And Miss Somerville?"—I asked.
"My poor young mistress," said the woman, giving way to a fresh burst of grief, "she sits beside him like the ghost of what she was. She neither speaks, nor sheds a tear. The doctor says she must be got away; but she won't listen to any of us, sir."

And there, indeed, she was, too truly like the ghost of what she had been—immovable, and pale as marble; while, stretched upon his bed, lay the senseless form of her father, whose fixed and dead-like countenance she was watching with an earnestness which rendered her blind to every other object.

"He is not gone yet," she whispered, as soon as my brother had spoken to her. And again applying her fingers to his pulse, she repeated, "He is not gone yet."

My brother would have gently led her away; but she resisted his endeavours with an expression of countenance which at once let-

hado all farther interference. It was not a time or a place to apply to her for information; and all I could gather from the domestics was, that Mr. Somerville had that day appeared to be in his usual health. That after dinner, he and his daughter had been for some time in the library together, when they heard a frightful shriek, and hastening into the room, beheld their master leaning back in his chair, his countenance slightly distorted, and his whole appearance bearing every mark of approaching death. Medical assistance was immediately obtained; and, though the circumstances of the case afforded little ground for hope, a hint had been thrown out, that if in a few hours the vital spark should not become extinct, a favourable change might probably take place.

In such a situation, Miss Somerville could not be deserted by her friends; and my brother, with his accustomed kindness, remained at the Hall, while I returned to inform my sister, as far as I was able, of all which had occurred.

On the following morning I was early on my way to Somerville Hall; and, musing as I went upon the many circumstances under which I had traced that path, I happened to turn my attention towards the large building called by the country people "Ferguson's Factory." At the same moment I was struck with the fact, that it was not as usual pouring fourth its thick volume of smoke, to darken and pollute the air. My attention was afterwards attracted by groups of work-people in the village through which I passed, collected into little companies, and evidently talking over some momentous affair of general and individual interest.

Concluding it was the alarming illness of a common friend and benefactor, which very reasonably excited so universal a sensation, I passed on, without any inquiry, from one party to another, until stopped by an old woman whom I knew to have been dependant upon the bounty of Miss Somerville, and who now eagerly inquired of me, if I thought they knew at the Hall what had happened.

"What do you mean?" said I. "They must know it—they know it too well."

"What! that he is off out of the country, and all the works stopped, and nobody left to pay?"

A new idea now flashed upon me. It was but too probable, and but too true. I hastened on to find my brother, and desiring to speak with him alone, told him all I had heard and seen.

"Villain!" he exclaimed, as the whole truth by degrees presented itself. "We might have foreseen this; a child might have foreseen it. And yet none of us could step forward and rescue this old man from ruin."

A letter which Miss Somerville was able in the course of a few days to write to my sister, will throw farther light on this subject. It began with a description of her own situation, in her father's chamber at midnight, where he slumbered still insensible to all that was transpiring around him.

"I owe it," said the writer, "to his memory if he dies, to his character if he lives, to vindicate him from the charge which many will be too ready to bring against him—that of having been the victim of mere animal excitement. In the sight of God, I have no apology to offer; but; in that of man, it may surely be some extenuation of his fault, to say that he was goaded on to ruin by causes which he ceased at last to have sufficient moral power to resist."

"His connexion with Mr. Ferguson was, from its commencement, most disastrous. Some of money seemed to escape from his possession, without his being aware of their amount, and every new scheme increased, instead of redeeming, his past losses. Besides which, he never was calculated for business. It harrassed his mind, and destroyed his natural rest. He became irritable and apprehensive; while the false stimulus to which he had recourse served to give him nerve for the moment, and even inspired him with energy for new enterprise; so that he became at such times a pliant and willing instrument in the hands of a man who needed my father's credit and capital to prosecute his own schemes."

"It is difficult to understand how my father's honourable feeling should have been so far overcome by one who was altogether unworthy of his confidence, except that he always attached so much importance to ingenuity and enterprise, that they covered from his sight a multitude of sins. And as to my own influence, I had shown my deep-rooted dislike to this individual in a manner too decided and illjudged for my father to attribute it to anything

but prejudice. His ear was therefore closed against all I might have to say.

"In this manner his affairs went on, until they became almost too desperate for hope. One thing after another had failed; none prospered with him. But still he had credit, and, upon that, fresh schemes were undertaken; while his debts were increasing on every hand. By mere chance, I had myself become acquainted with these appalling facts, and you may be sure that I reasoned with him—that I pleaded and prayed he would make an honourable stand against the encroachment of fallacious hope, and, by giving up the remainder of his property, that he would leave us our integrity, at least, for the solace of old age. But unfortunately for my cause, the tempter was over at hand, and my father was growing imbecile; while his moral feeling was failing even faster than his bodily strength. I grew desperate at last, and threatened to expose our situation to the world, rather than we should go on deceiving every one around us, and many to their own loss. It was then, in an evil hour, they finally overcame me—my father, by his tears; while they bound me by a solemn vow, never, without his sanction, to communicate to any human being the real state of his affairs."

"You have often asked me why I did not marry. Here, then, you read the cause. I can, however, say with truth, that never have I been tempted but once to adopt this means of escape from the gathering storm which seemed threatening to overwhelm me. Once, I confess, I did, for a moment, allow myself to dream of the happiness of escaping to a foreign land, until the blast should have blown over. But, knowing that my reputed fortune was an object of consideration, I could not bear the idea that any man—especially the one who interested me most—should awake from his visions of wealth, to find he had married a poor and portionless wife."

"The darkest page of my history is yet to come. May reason last me to the end. I have not lived to my present age, and seen and felt what I have done, without having had many serious thoughts on the subject of religion; more especially, since I have seen that in my father's case, it was the only thing that could save him. Still I was dark—miserably dark on that subject myself; yet, as every thing earthly seemed to be receding from me, as one hold after another gave way, and friendship, all but yours, began to fail, I felt more than ever in my life, an awful and imperative call, to look into my real position with regard to time and eternity."

"I will not attempt to describe to you the state of mind which followed. I saw but too clearly what I might have been to my poor father. I felt what I was! Something, however, I imagined might yet be done. I carefully watched my opportunity—and, on that awful day, I had followed him into his study, for the purpose of appealing to his better feelings, and inducing him to render justice to others, and thus, if possible, obtain peace for his own mind, to which he had long been a stranger. I cannot repeat to you my words. But, if ever I spoke reasonably—if ever I spoke forcibly in my whole life—it was on that solemn occasion. For some time my father made no reply. His silence filled my mind with the dread of having offended him beyond forgiveness. I burst into tears, for it is a bitter thing for a daughter to reprove a father whom she loves. He was not insensible to my anguish; and, raising his eyes, I saw that a flood of light, like sunshine over a landscape, was diffusing its benign influence over every feature of his face. It was the welcome of a father's love; and, as he opened his arms to receive me, I fell upon his bosom, too happy to be sensible of any thing, but an unexpected thrill of gratitude and joy."

"My child," said he, in tones of the gentlest tenderness, "do with me what you will. From this hour we will begin a new life. You shall be to me my good angel. My affairs are in your hands. Render justice, if it be possible, to all."

"I closed my eyes, and remaining still folded in my father's arms, I silently offered thanks to the Father of mercies, for thus awakening us both to a new existence, which I solemnly resolved should be devoted to his service."

"While occupied with these reflections, I thought I felt my father's hold relax; and raising my head I saw that his own was drooping, while his hand dropped lifeless by his side. I scarcely know what followed. My cries brought in the domestics. Medical assistance was happily at hand, and the next thing I recollect was, that your husband and your brother, with their wonted kindness, came to my aid. Mr. Langton will tell you all the arrangements we have made together; for I consider the words

my father uttered a sufficient sanction for the measures I have thought right to adopt.

"One of my chief objects in writing this, is to impress upon you, and yours, the importance of attending to the claims of duty before it is *too late*. You see the consequences of my delay. A few years earlier, it is possible my father might have recovered himself, before his mental and moral strength were gone—a few years earlier, he might have retained his respectability before the world, and have lawfully enjoyed the comforts of our happy home—a few years earlier, he might have had sufficient energy to redeem the past, and to devote himself to the service of his God, and the good of his fellow men. What is his situation now? The pulse of life still beats in his veins; but senseless and child-like, he remains perfectly unconscious of what has passed, or what is passing around him. And I, upon whom this burden of responsibility has so long rested, have been trifling months and years away, until at last, when the anguish of awakened feeling roused me into action, it was my just punishment to find it was *too late*. This awful sentence seems now to be written on the walls of my solitary chamber—on my pillow—on my brow; and will it not be inscribed upon my father's tomb? Oh my he yet he permitted to experience, if but one hour of natural and collected thought—one hour of preparation for his final change—one hour of repentance for those errors which, through the weakness, the unfaithfulness, and the neglect of his only child, may yet be made the ground of his final sentence—the seal of his doom through all eternity."

The last and most earnest prayer of the afflicted daughter was not rejected. Her father lived to recover his powers of thought, though not of action—he lived to feel that she was indeed his good angel—the messenger of reproof, but also of correction. He lived to recover his understanding; but it was to find himself in an humble habitation, where a daughter's love had surrounded him with every comfort that was necessary for the remainder of his life. He lived to find that his hereditary home had passed into other hands, and that he was no longer the rightful owner of a noble mansion, and a wide domain. He lived to find that the man whom he had trusted with his confidence above all others, had wronged and deserted him. He lived to find, that while many friends had fallen away with his falling fortune, there were others whom adversity had bound more closely to his interests; and one, above all, who renounced together the indulgences and the follies of her youth, to live but for his happiness, and his support; reserving only for the comfort of his old age that small portion of the wealth she had been expected to inherit, which had been her mother's dowry.

It is true, Kate Somerville was a strict, an unflinching monitor; for she had the sorrowful experience of the past to teach her, that though benevolence, and kindly feeling, and all the virtues which adorn the social fellowship of life, may be practised in a more than ordinary manner; yet without religion, vice, even of the most repulsive nature, may creep in amongst them, and pollute the whole. Impressed with this conviction, she made her father the object of constant care; and as a parent guards a helpless child, so she watched over him in his weakness, with a solicitude which the dark past invested with a kind of fearful tenderness; yet, at the same time with a trembling hope, which the brightening future finally confirmed.

Such, then, was the fate of Somerville Hall. For many generations it had belonged to the family of that name. It was a situation peculiarly calculated for all that we combine in our ideas of earthly happiness; it was equally adapted for easy independence and rational enjoyment; and for being the centre of beneficial influence, of charity, and benevolence, to the surrounding neighbourhood.

It becomes a serious question: "Are there not other homes thus passing away from the hands of those who have long retained possession of their wealth, their influence, and their enjoyments? Are there not other daughters who see the same growing evil spreading its dark shadow around their hereditary hearth, casting dishonour upon the hoary head of age, and poisoning, with its deadly roots, all the sweet springs of domestic happiness, and do they still draw back—do they still refuse to stretch forth a helping hand, in time to stop the encroachments of this insidious but fatal foe?"

(Concluded.)

A PHYSICIAN'S DEFINITION OF THE HORRORS.

The blood, by its circulation, conveys to every part of the

body the nutritious matters of which it is composed, while each organ is endowed with the power of selecting from the common mass the materials both for its own nourishment, and for the performance of its peculiar functions and of returning to it the refuse materials which are no longer of use. The blood is thus a sort of common carrier, conveying from part to part that which is entrusted to it for common benefit. When obliged to carry spirit,—and it carries it so reluctantly, that some physicians have doubted whether spirits ever enters into the blood,—it presents it, as it does other commodities, to the several organs for their selection, but, as is well known, *they all decline it*. The head says, "My nerves are calmer, my thoughts are clearer, without it." The heart says, "My motions are more regular, my affections, are purer, without it. I have no occasion for it." The limbs say, "Our strength is firmer, our vigour is more durable, without it. We need it not," all say, "it cannot nourish us; it cannot sustain us. We will none of it." And at length, rejected by all except by those organs whose peculiar office it is to convey out of the blood its refuse and worthless parts, it is taken up by them, and thrown out of the body. How happy for man did reason conduct him to the same practical wisdom which is thus given by the Creator to the instinctive excitabilities of his animal faculties! But, unhappily, these several organs, although they may refuse what is unsuitable to them, cannot escape without suffering. Our carrier, the blood, inflamed by his burden, though he received it at first with reluctance, becomes the insolent pedler, insulting and abusing the customers who refuse his wares.

The office of the stomach, as is well known, is to digest the food, and to prepare its nutritious parts for absorption into the blood. This it does chiefly by means of the juices which are formed in its coats to be mixed with and dissolve the food. When these juices are in a healthy condition, the digestion is well performed: when they are unhealthy, we have flatulence, oppression, and a host of ills. Now, the stomach, in common with other parts of the body, is preserved in health by a proper state both of its nutrition and of its excitability. Whenever it is excited by an unnatural stimulus,—and we have abundant evidence that ardent spirits is an unnatural stimulus,—although the action may be increased for a short time, debility immediately follows, and the next portion of food is imperfectly digested. If this indigestion is at once met by a temporary abstinence from food, or by a judicious diet, it may be removed. But the sensations by which it is accompanied form a temptation to renewing the stimulus. Indeed, the digestion may for a time be improved by a daily repetition of the excitement. But, then, every such repetition exhausts a certain portion of the excitability; and this process cannot go on long before the powers of the stomach become so debilitated, that no food is properly digested, and there is an uneasiness which craves relief by some additional stimulus. It is this uneasiness, this gnawing sensation, that constitutes one of the greatest obstacles to breaking off the habit of taking spirit, whenever such a habit has commenced.

In consequence of the imperfect manner in which the food is digested, either a sufficient quantity of nutritive matter is not prepared to be absorbed into the blood, or it is absorbed in a crude state, and not well suited to the purposes of digestion. Thus all parts of the body suffer through the delinquency of the stomach. Several organs of the body exert an influence which physicians call sympathetic. The sympathies of the stomach are more extensive than any other part of the system; and hence, when this organ is disordered, a greater variety and extent of suffering than is produced by an equal extent of injury to any other part, is the consequence.

We come next to speak of the effect the use of spirit produces upon the liver. The principal duty of this organ is to aid in the process of digestion. As, in the performance of this office, its actions are associated with those of the stomach, so, many of the effects of disease are of a similar character.

There are, however, one or two particulars in which the effects are so different as to demand a separate, though concise consideration. The liver complaint and the jaundice are well known to be the frequent consequences of intemperance. But it seems not to be so well known, that a more moderate use of spirit produces a strong tendency to the same diseases. The liver is easily excited to extraordinary action, not only by what affects the stomach, but also by whatever powerfully stimulates the general system, and especially by strong emotions of the mind. When the excitement is moderate, such as is produced by a proper diet, then the effect upon this organ is salutary and healthful. But if, from any cause, the excitement becomes too great, it tends to disease; and the tendency increased with every repetition. These remarks may explain how it is, that any quantity of ardent spirit, however moderate, has an injurious effect upon the liver.

I shall notice one more class of the effects of ardent spirit, and this is its influence upon the brain and nervous system. It is here we have exhibited the phenomena of that most distressing of diseases *delirium tremens*. The tremblings, the watchfulness, which opium itself can scarcely conquer; the characteristic delirium, so full of fearful apprehensions that seem like the embodied representations of a guilty conscience,—all are the result of an undue excitement of the nervous system by ardent spirit; and all united constitute a measure of distress and anguish which is so forcibly expressed by the name given to this disease among sailors, soldiers, and artisans—THE HORRORS! The miserable victim is deprived of his understanding before he is sick, as if to show that the drunkard has out lived his probation, and he sinks to death without one moment's opportunity to profit by the alarm of his danger. Few men who use ardent spirit habitually are exempt from the danger of this most appalling disease. Some of the worst cases of it I have ever seen—and the number that I have seen is so great that my heart shudders at the recollection of them—have been of persons who had been rarely or never known to be intoxicated. Men have been taken down by this delirium who have regarded themselves, and been regarded by others, as temperate men! Not is this the only evil.

The nervous system is a nicely-adjusted structure, which superintends the operations of the whole living body. There are many degrees of derangement of which it is susceptible; all of which are of more or less importance, although they may not amount to so severe and fatal a disease as this of which we have spoken. Every glass of spirit that any man drinks does some violence to the delicacy of this complicated and beautiful system: and every repetition of the glass destroys the harmony of one of the thousand strings of which his life is composed. Wherefore I conclude with this advice to all, which I give as a physician and as a friend to my species—DRINK NO ARDENT SPIRIT.

TOBACCO AND DRINKING.

A few drops of the oil of tobacco, applied to the tongue of a dog, or a cat, will destroy its life. It is one of the most deadly and active poisons known, and acting directly upon the nervous system, enfeebling, deranging, or extinguishing the actions of life. (Essay on the influence of Tobacco, by R. D. Mussey.) Is it possible that the habitual use of an article of such actively poisonous properties, can promote health or indeed fail to exert an injurious influence upon health.

In the practice of smoking there is no small danger. It tends to produce huskiness of the mouth, which calls for some liquid. Water is insipid, as the nerves are in a half palsied state, from the influence of the tobacco smoke; hence, in order to be tasted, an article of pungent or stimulating character is resorted to, and hence the kindred habits of smoking and drinking. A leading member of the bar says, "in his own case, smoking produced a continual thirst for

stimulating drinks; and this tormenting thirst first led him into the habit of drinking ale, porter, brandy, and other kinds of spirits, even to the extent, at times, of partial intoxication." Chewing tobacco produces precisely the same effects.

It is sometimes urged that men occasionally live to an advanced age, who are habitual consumers of tobacco; true, and so do some men who habitually drink rum, and who occasionally get drunk; and does it thence follow that rum is harmless, or promotes long life? All that either fact proves, is that the poisonous influence is longer or more effectually resisted by some constitutions than by others. The man who can live long under the use of tobacco and rum, can live longer without them.

All will agree that the use of tobacco, by the reformed inebriate, is attended with extreme danger, for its stimulating the thirst, and urging him back to the use of fermented and distilled liquors. We say, then, to every man, you are but half reformed until you have abandoned the use of tobacco in every form, with the abandonment of all intoxicating liquors.

Doctor Sewall's plates of the stomach will show what a delicate organ it is; and ulcerations are caused by tobacco, which produces dyspepsia, vertigo, and not unfrequently insanity, as the keepers of our insane hospitals have testified. Indeed, it is well known that no insane person is allowed the use of this poison, in any hospital in our land.

The most accurate observers have considered that one in ten, of all the drunkards in our land, were made so by the use of tobacco. Can any friend of temperance, then, witness the increase of smoking, as he travels our country, without the most fearful apprehensions? Can any father set such an example before his son, with these solemn facts before him? Surely, no friend of temperance will do it.

RUSTIC LOGIC.

The following dialogue is said to have taken place recently, at Bromham, between an agricultural labourer and a Devoizes shoemaker on the subject of teetotalism:—

Laborer. I tell thee what, William, this hyre teetotalizm, is, arter all, nothin' but a hinvenshun o' the devil.

Shoemaker. Well, what a quar zart o' devil we ha' got then. I never avor hyr'd or know'd of his henterin' into the hearts o' men to make 'em sober. Showrlly he's turned crazy in his ould days.

Laborer. Ye may zay what ye loike, William, about work doan without drink, but I'm zure its all nonsense in my hopinion. Now, look'e hyre, William, if I war to cut my vinger wi' a knife it would bleed, would'nt it?

Shoemaker. Ees, to be zure it would.

Laborer. Hand if I war to cut your'n, it would bleed, would'nt it?

Shoemaker. Zartainly.

Laborer. Then we ha' got the same nature, haint we?

Shoemaker. To be zure we 'ave!

Laborer. Well, I can't do ma work without strong drink, and no more can't you.

Shoemaker. That sort o' logic wont do vor I, man. Zuppose we alter the case, we'll zoon zee whar ye'll be. Zuppose I cut ma vinger virst, it would bleed, would'nt it?

Laborer. In course it would.

Shoemaker. An' if I war to cut yourn, 't would bleed as well?

Laborer. Ees.

Shoemaker. Then your nature's the same as mine, isn't it?

Laborer. Isackly the same.

Shoemaker. Well, I ees, and do do without strong

drink, an' zo might you, if you war a mind to.—*The Wesleyan.*

LEGACIES AND DRINK.

It is a melancholy fact, that habits of dissipation and intemperance prevail so extensively among our working population. Not only are their earnings expended in strong drink, but money unexpectedly acquired, instead of being applied to useful purposes, is very often squandered, wasted, yea, worse than wasted, in the public-house and ginshop. The bounty of friends in the form of legacies is sometimes foolishly and madly made the means of pandering to a depraved and degrading appetite. The two following recent cases, selected from among numerous others of the same kind, will bear ample witness to the truth of this assertion:—

“A man, named Alfred Sawyer, a coal-porter, residing in Gravel-lane, Southwark, in passing along High street, Borough, in a state of intoxication, suddenly reeled and fell into the road, when a carrier's cart went over him, and fractured both his legs. Sawyer, within the last few days, has received a legacy of £100, and since that time, himself and wife have been continually intoxicated. After the accident, he would not allow himself to be taken to the hospital, saying he was a gentleman, and could afford to be nursed at home.”

“A man, named Thomas Pasfield, a porter, was brought before the Lord Mayor, charged with having cut his own throat in a fit of drunkenness, or rather of madness, the result of drunken habits. The prisoner, it appeared, had been left a legacy of £60 or £70 by a relative a short time ago, and had never been sober down to the time at which he made the attack upon his own life, on the 7th of last July. His female child, a poor half-starved wretched-looking creature, aged about four years, had been dragging out a miserable existence with him in tatters in a garret in the neighbourhood of Tower-street. The prisoner, upon being asked what account he could give of himself, replied that he had been completely unconscious of what had happened; that he had some disagreement with a female relation which put him out of sorts, and he took to drink to get rid of the trouble; but what further took place he really could not say. He was remanded for further examination.”

THE FRIENDS' YEARLY MEETING.

The subject of total abstinence came under consideration more than once, during the recent sittings of the Friends. On the sixth day, especially, the subject was more particularly discussed.

Some of the Friends expressed a desire that, considering the lamentable evils which flow from intemperance, the Yearly Meeting should advise its members against taking any part in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors; and some expressed their hope that trades of that kind would soon cease to be known amongst the Society. One Friend spoke of the ruin which, according to his own observations, had overwhelmed, in many instances, the families of such as traded in strong drinks, and, more especially, in ardent spirits. He had known Friends continue to pursue the occupation when pressed by their consciences to relinquish it, and, in one instance, some had persisted, until forced to yield, by the awful death of two travellers in their employ, who committed suicide.

Another proposal was, that Friends should be exhorted to abstain entirely from the use of intoxicating liquors. Thousands, it was remarked, of the Members of that religious Society had fallen a prey to the habit of drinking, and many had been seriously injured by it. The Meeting however refused to enforce total abstinence by a law, or even by advice, believing that the rule by which the interference of the collective authority with individual conduct must be measured,

could not safely be stretched so as to include the case under consideration; and that, if so, the remedy would be worse than the evil.

A third proposition was, that some advice should be issued in the general Epistle, or otherwise, on the subject of intemperance. This met with much encouragement, though it was remarked that it could not be grounded on the increase of that sin among Friends, as it is well known that the habit of drinking to excess had become less frequent.

The benefit of cherishing habits of self-restraint, in this and other gratifications, as well for the sake of their fellow creatures as themselves, was pointed out, and pressed upon the young men of the Society.

THE ONE GREAT OBSTACLE.

“Nor should I omit mentioning the Indian settlements founded by the Rev. Mr. Cockran at the lower extremity of the colony. He has provided schoolmasters for the native children, and built places of worship where he regularly officiates. He has constructed a windmill for the Indians, assists them in erecting their wooden-houses, and with his own hands sets them the example of industry. At the other extremity of the colony, M. Belcour, one of the Roman Catholic priests, with untiring zeal, conducts a location of Saulteaux Indians on a smaller scale: I wish I could add, that the improvement of the aborigines is commensurate to those beneficial cares. But unhappily, the experience of Canada, of the United States, of California, in short, of all parts of North America, where the experiment of ameliorating the character of the Indian tribes by civilization has been tried, is renewed at Red River. Nothing can overcome their insatiable desire for intoxicating liquors; and though they are here excluded from the use of spirits, and the settlers are fined when detected in supplying them with ale, yet, from the great extent of the colony, they too often contrive to gratify that debasing inclination to which they are ready to sacrifice everything they possess.”—*Simpson's Narrative of Discoveries in North America.*

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

ENGLAND.

Ross.—Four years have elapsed since the cold-water men of Ross made their first public demonstration, and the month of July again found them alive and active. It is now almost eight years since total abstinence was introduced into this town, then so notorious for its drunkenness; and, notwithstanding the opposition it has had to contend with, and the customs so peculiar to this ‘land of cider,’ it has effected an incalculable amount of good. Many of the most notorious drunkards have been reclaimed, and several who were in the habit of spending their Sundays in a low pot-house, may now be seen at the house of prayer. On the 28th July, a party of 80 embarked at the dock, in five pleasure-boats, and proceeded down the beautiful river Wye, to Goodrich Court, the castellated residence of Sir S. R. Moynick, when, through the kindness of the housekeeper, we were permitted to see the splendid and valuable collection of ancient armory, &c., at half the usual fee; after which we proceeded to the far-famed ruins of Goodrich Castle, where upwards of 100 took tea, and never do we remember witnessing a more happy party and such a novel sight. After tea, a public meeting was held, which was addressed by working men, who from experience could testify that all alcoholic drinks were unnecessary as a beverage. There was not less than 300 persons present, who seemed much interested, and everything went off well. J. W. F. COUNSELL, I.O.R.

CHELMSFORD.—June 16, nearly 700 teetotalers of the metropolis and suburbs were conveyed to Chelmsford, in 21 carriages of the Eastern Railway Company. They were clad in their best; their countenances were cheerful; and the numerous baskets and *et cetera* they carried with them, proved plainly that they meditated no serious act of self-denial. About half-past ten they reached the Chelmsford station, where they were welcomed by a large body of teetotalers, from various parts of Essex, with flying

colours, and a band of musicians. The united companies formed into a regular line, about 1200 strong, with numerous flags and banners, and proceeded through the principal portion of the town, and then back to Broomfield. Thousands were attracted by the procession and music, amongst whom the tea-totallers distributed a large quantity of appropriate tracts, not omitting the groups assembled round each public-house door, who, to say the truth, behaved more decorously than has been usual on such occasions. James Christy, Esq., of Broomfield, had generously offered the use of his grounds for this rural fete. There seemed to be no lack either of appetite or of provision, and the scene which presented itself was of a most animated and pleasing description. Dinner ended, the company began to amuse themselves in various ways. About three o'clock some hundreds had arrived on the ground who were not tea-totallers. Messrs. Teare, Whitaker, Green, Booth, Walters, Mildenhall, and others, therefore repaired to the shade of a large tree, and, by the singing of a hymn, a large company were attracted to the spot. After a brief address from Mr. Green, impressive speeches were delivered by Mr. Booth, Mr. Whitaker, and Mr. Teare, the audience greatly increasing, and listening with marked attention. Addresses were delivered on the grounds, by Messrs. Catton, Hill, Thompson, Johnson, Walters, and others, till about half-past seven o'clock, when the party began to wend its way to the railway station. At six o'clock, a meeting was also held in the Chelmsford Institute, filled to overflowing. The chair was taken by S. C. Hall, Esq., F.S.A., who had been a very attentive observer of the whole proceedings. Many, he said, were of the opinion that tea-totallers were dull, heavy persons; but it was evident, as his late friend Mr. T. Hood was accustomed to say, they could be 'merry and wise, without being merry and otherwise.' They had spent the day as joyously as any lover of strong drink would have done, and certainly far more rationally. They were now not to engage in what would be useful to themselves and others, and they would return home with the full knowledge that they had done nothing which could excite regret, which would promote headache or other bodily indisposition, or with which their friends and acquaintances could reproach them. Mr. Martin, of Cork, gave a brief account of the rise and progress of the tea-total movement in Ireland. On the 10th of April, 1838, he prevailed on Father Mathew to sign the total abstinence pledge; 57 persons then followed his example, and from that period the work had gone on, till the society now numbered over 5,000,000! Mr. T. Whitaker stated his obligations to tea-totalism; and said that having himself tasted its sweets, he was convinced that if all were acquainted with its true merits, it would be generally, if not universally, adopted. The chairman said, that in referring to the influence of strong drink in abridging the lives of men of great talent, he had intended to have referred to the case of the late lamented Thomas Campbell, the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope' and other celebrated poems. He had at one time given himself up to habits of intoxication, and finding his health greatly impaired by it, he made a vow that he would drink no more wine. He, however, took to the use of brandy, and again greatly injured himself. Then he vowed that he would take no more brandy, and he took to use porter. After suffering greatly from that practice, he vowed against porter. Finally, he took to the use of small beer and actually made himself drunk by drinking very large quantities of that beverage. He died, it was true, a sober man, but with a shattered constitution, and a heart broken by self-reproach! It was melancholy to reflect that a man so highly gifted, should be so brought down by the use of strong drink. Mr. Booth related some particulars of his experience, both as a lover of strong drink and as a total abstainer. He had often, while in his drinking career, been relieved by the benevolent, and advised by the religious, but was abandoned by both, because he was an incorrigible drunkard. Since he had become a tea-totaller, he had been restored to personal and domestic comfort. Mr. J. Teare referred to the evidence which had been produced before the Committee of the House of Commons, from which it appeared that intemperance was one of the most serious evils that afflicted the country. In olden times, the advocates of temperance were accustomed to attack drunkenness—the tea-totallers attacked strong drink; formerly, excess was attacked—now, any use of the liquor was denounced: once they attacked the effect—now, more philosophically, they attacked the cause. Let men call the use of strong drink by whatever name they might, still it could not be denied that it was the use of that drink which led to drunkenness and all its subsequent miseries.

INDIA.

A medical gentleman, lately arrived from the East Indies, in conversation with a member of the Executive Committee of the National Temperance Society, stated from his own personal observation, that the mortality in the hospitals of Calcutta was only 2 per cent. among total abstainers, while it was 10 per cent. among those who drank alcoholic liquors! This fact is peculiarly valuable at the present time, when the cholera is raging so extensively in India.

In a letter we have recently received from Mr. G. Drago, Aqueduct Serjeant, Poona, near Bombay, an encouraging statement is given of the progress of temperance in the Indian army. The society of H. M. 22nd regiment at Poona, numbers 100 members. This is immediately after a harassing campaign of nearly seven months in the southern Mahratta country. The following passage affords proof however of the fact, that the effects of strong drink are the same in all quarters of the world.

"A petition to government," says Mr. Drago, "is in course of preparation for signature, beseeching that some energetic measures may be adopted to prevent the awful desecration of the Sabbath, now common on the Island (Bombay). Hotels and taverns, where music and inducements of the most vicious kinds to intemperance are kept up through the whole of Sunday, are the chief resorts of 'sailors and soldiers upon leave,' and the most disgusting and demoralizing scenes are frequently enacted, disgraceful to the character of our nation. Many of these taverns are kept by Europeans, and have European musicians, &c.; and it may be readily conceived, how seriously this must injure the fair-fame of our Christian creed in a land of idolatry. Cannot a Brahmin, or a Parsee, who knows not the distinction between a real and nominal Christian, turn upon us and say, 'Would you propagate a faith that produces such results as these?'"

ARCOT.

Left Wing H. M. 57th Regimental Society.—On the march, the thermometer averaged 100° from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M. in tent, yet the tea-totallers marched with ease, pitching their tents and performing fatigue-duties in camp with alacrity and cheerfulness.

Major Rantoloph, the commanding officer, paid the hire of a bandy which went in advance every evening, in order to have coffee and biscuit in readiness on arrival of the wing in the morning. The society has a commodious reading and coffee-room inside barracks. Strength 80.

The half-yearly inspection took place on the 23rd ultimo, when Major-General, Sir E. K. Williams, K.C.B. and K.C.T. and S., commanding the centre division, visited our coffee-room; he was delighted with its appearance, and was pleased to express his approbation of the constitution, the publications on the reading table, and the object of the Association.

The Roman Catholics in the wing have formed a branch society, and opened a reading-room, where coffee, &c., are furnished to members. Strength 38.

SIAM.

In an interesting letter, dated Bangkok, from the Rev. J. Caswell to the Rev. J. Marsh, Corres. Secretary of American Temperance Union, the writer gives the following melancholy picture of the effects of strong drink on the Siamese people.

"Ten years since, a drunken man was a rare sight here, except among the Indo-Portuguese. But since then the enemy has come in like a flood, and now, drunken Siamese are exceedingly common,—so much so, that I much dread meeting a large company, even for the purpose of preaching the gospel to them, being almost sure to find a number in the different stages of intoxication; and I therefore fix my hour for preaching in the bazaar at 9 A. M., although I should be sure of having three or four times as many in the afternoon. There are thirty or more distilleries in the kingdom, all conducted by China men. The owners of these distilleries pay an immense sum of money to the King for the privilege they enjoy, and it is for their interest to make and sell as much as they can. Thus the evil is rapidly and constantly increasing."

There is, however, some hope. Mr. Caswell remarks—"All the mission families are frequently visited by priests and noblemen who might be easily interested in the subject of temperance, had we but the right means. The priests are forbidden the use of intoxicating drinks, but most of them spend but a short time in the priesthood, say from one to five years. Could they be thoroughly enlightened while in the priesthood, we might hope much from them when they leave it."

PERSIA.

GREAT EFFECTS OF DR. SEWALL'S PLATES.

Oroomiah, Persia.

Letter from Rev. A. H. Wright to the Cor. Sec.
of the American Temperance Union.

MY DEAR SIR.—In looking over some recent numbers of the Union, I noticed several communications from various parts of the world in relation to the drawings of the human stomach by Dr. Sewall, illustrating the pathology of Drunkenness. As those drawings, in their mammoth form, were sent to us a year or more ago, and have been standing in my room since that time, where they have been exhibited to large numbers of people, both Mussulmans and Christians, I have had a good opportunity to witness their effect upon observers, and would add my testimony to their usefulness.

You may be aware, that this province is one of the richest and most fertile in Persia, and abounds in vineyards, which furnish grapes, raisins, *doshap* (a syrup like molasses), *arak* (a kind of strong drink), and last, and by no means least, wine. Wine being abundant, it is of course cheap. Enough can be bought for two or three cents, to make several persons very happy, if not very drunk. It is used almost universally by the Christian population, and very many of the Mussulmans transgress the law of their own prophet, and drink, not only habitually, but to great excess. The Jews also do the same, and more on their sabbath than on any other day. As a consequence of this excessive use of wine, sickness, destitution, suffering and death, are common. In this state of things, one part of our missionary work is to set forth the evils of intemperance, and to urge upon the people the adoption of temperance principles, and to act upon them.

The mammoth plates have done, and are doing a good work. They are eloquent preachers of temperance, and in this distant land are useful missionaries. They are so large as to attract the attention of every one that comes into the room, and are so marked and distinct as to excite an interest. Persians from almost all parts of the country have seen them. Sometimes large companies have been called together, and seemed deeply interested in looking at them; and I have often noticed the countenance of some habitual drinker overcast with anxiety, as he observed the gradation of disease, ending in death; and in a multitude of cases they have exclaimed,—“I'll drink no more.” How many have acted out their resolution, the Searcher of hearts only knows.

Mussulmans true in their faith and practice, often exclaim in looking at the plates, “You see how wise our Prophet was, to make the use of wine unlawful to his followers.” The poor Nestorians especially, at this season of the year, are steeped in wine. They are oppressed by the Mussulmans, but more by intemperance. The friends of temperance have an immense work to do before they can say, “our work is done.” They need to gird up the loins of their minds and make ready for a long warfare.—Most truly yours.

A. H. WRIGHT.

HONG KONG

“A medical friend has just called, to whom I read my remarks respecting the state of health during this season and last. I am happy to say, he entirely concurs with them, and says the mortality this year (apart from the army) is not above the same rate in Europe; and as he has a large practice none can know better. Among the causes of sickness, he thinks intemperance holds a prominent place, and unfortunately his opinion is but too well-founded. The number of low tippling-houses is large, and spirits are very cheap. Every day people may be seen reeling about under a burning sun, scarce able to stand, and the result is all attributed to the climate. Parties of from 50 to 100, are occasionally allowed to land from the ships in the harbour, with leave of absence for two days, during which they are not an hour sober; and in all probability, the great mortality in the army has some connexion with the same cause.”—A letter from Hong Kong, descriptive of that colony, by a Resident.

“It appears from the above letter, that much sickness has prevailed, and indeed still exists in Hong Kong; though not to so great an extent. It also appears, that one of the chief causes of sickness—namely, intemperance, is in some degree removable, and the effects of this evil are so frightful in so hot a climate, that there can be no doubt strenuous exertions ought to be made to abate it. To this painful subject the attention of all who take an interest in the well-being of our colonial fellow-subjects, and especially of those invaluable societies formed in this country for

the promotion of temperance, is most earnestly requested. Surely, some means could be devised by them for the extension of their principles in that part of the world.”—Additional particulars respecting Hong Kong.

GERMANY.

[Extracts from a letter from the Rev. D. SELING, (the Father Mathew of Germany) to E. C. Delavan, Esq.]

“I have preached within eighteen months, besides before sundry assemblies in Protestant sections of the country, in sixty-four Catholic churches; in consequence of which, 20,000 men, over 20,000 women, and more than 20,000 scholars took the pledge of total abstinence from distilled ardent drinks, and with the prospect for these sixty-four parishes that there the aim of the societies may soon be entirely obtained. The number of societies in Germany increased within eighteen months, from 450 up to 730, and probably yet more, not including, in this estimate, Upper Silesia and Posna. In Upper Silesia, where the evil was not less great than formerly in Ireland, began about one year ago the father Stephen Bezuzaweki, first timidly, and with a view to try, as he writes to me, to follow my example; and his trial succeeded so well, that already 300,000 men and women have taken the pledge, partly through him, partly through other clergymen. By Upper Silesia has the Grand Dukedom of Posna been so electrized, that there the entire Catholic clergy rose for it, like one man, preaching from all pulpits the abstinence, and already 100,000 have given their pledge. The number of Catholic parishes visited by me has now increased to seventy, and where I have not merely preached, but also taken pledges from the people, and the number of those that took the pledge from me, amount to 70,000. In Hildesheim, grew the already established society from the number of 2000 members to 3100. I received then further invitations from fifteen pastors of sundry townships, and from the cities of Brunswick, Boeckeburg and Hameln. From Upper Silesia and Posna, we have most cheering news, as you may see by our April number of the Gazette. We have now 125 separate medical opinions, and a general one signed by 1055 German physicians, which receives still more names. The German Temperance Societies will hold their second General Convention in this year, probably at Berlin. The temperance cause becomes ever more universally and zealously advocated in Germany.”

We are indebted to a biographical notice of Mr. Seling, given to Mr. Delavan by Mr. Rolker, a German merchant of New York, for the following interesting particulars respecting the German Temperance Reformer:—

“Mr. Seling is now a man of nearly fifty years of age. He is the son of a farmer in the neighbourhood of Osnabruck, and was sent by his parents—who had not the means to give him an education—when very young, to his uncle in Holland. He received there a good education, and attended the counting-room of his uncle, until Napoleon's invasion, when he was obliged to join the army. He was kept, however, in the expedition-bureau of the General as a secretary, with the title of sergeant. After peace was restored, a place as Lieutenant was offered to him, which he refused, in order to study at a University, and to prepare himself to receive the orders as clergyman. He went to Munster, and studied there under the, afterwards, celebrated Professor Hermet, whose philosophical system in theology he still embraces. After finishing his regular course in theology, he received the orders as clergyman in the Catholic Diocese of Osnabruck, and was engaged as a teacher in the college of the city, where he first introduced the study of the Greek language. He remained as teacher about five years, when he was promoted to the place of chaplain in St. John's Church, which he still holds. In that capacity he profited of the opportunity to labour for the community at large, and in general. His aim was constantly the amelioration of the condition of the working-classes, and he established most successfully an association for flax-spinning, which gave employment to the poor, and principally to their children; besides that they were instilled with industrious habits. As soon as the temperance flag was raised, he became the zealous advocate of it, first, in the city of Osnabruck. His achievements are the more brilliant, as he lives in a community half Protestant, half Catholic, and he has won by his deportment the love and esteem of both persuasions; a task which but few have Christian love enough to solve. His activity, however, keeps pace with his enthusiasm, and his love for mankind is indeed exemplary. In Osnabruck, one has established his birth-day almost as a festival-day for all the citizens, which speaks best how much he is catemned and loved.”

MR. BUNGAY'S JOURNAL.

MIDDLE ROAD.—On my return from Oakville, the other day, I stopped and lectured to the members of the Middle Road Temperance Society. I met with a kind reception, and had the pleasure of addressing some of the most devoted and generous temperance men and women in Canada. I avail myself of this opportunity, to thank them a thousand times for the unmerited compliment, and unexpected, but not unappreciated present they gave me. This society, without much noise, pomp, or parade, has been steadily and almost constantly advancing, exerting a healthy and happy influence, and bringing into its ranks almost every family in the neighbourhood. Liquor is seldom used in the hay and harvest field, or at bees and raisings; and the tavern that cursed the community in that vicinity, a few years ago, is now occupied as a private dwelling.

WHITE'S SCHOOL-HOUSE.—Last winter, I organised a society for the promotion of temperance, in White's school-house, a few miles from Paris; at the close of my remarks about sixty persons appended their names to the pledge. Since that time the cause has progressed admirably, in that delightful part of the township. Much praise is due to Mr. Rykert and others, for the sacrifices they so cheerfully make to sustain the cause.

MUDGO HOLLOW.—The society at Mudgo Hollow, has accomplished a great amount of good; it has a Victoria man at the head of it. You may expect some interesting statements from that quarter, by and by.

SCOTLAND.—We have a good society in Scotland, but there are so many temptations to drink, that much unaccomplished work remains on hand. We intend to petition the Magistrates to assist us in suppressing the ravages of drunkenness, by diminishing the number of licensed taverns. At our last meeting I furnished some of the members with a printed copy of the pledge, and offered to give a beautiful medal to the individual who presents the longest list of names at our next meeting; nearly 100 names have already been obtained in that way. If the reader approves of the plan, let him go and do likewise.

BRANTFORD.—Is beautifully situated on the Grand River. In this pretty and busy town, there is an extraordinary amount of intemperance. You can seldom venture into the streets any day of the week, or any hour of the day, without seeing drunken Indians, blacks and whites reeling along the road—laying on the side walk, and lounging about the resorts of the intemperate. Last Monday a wretched woman, whose husband was out of town, was found dead in her lonely and sepulchral habitation; she had evidently rolled off the bed where she had been sleeping, with a bottle under her pillow; another bottle was found on the table, but the contents of both were soon consumed by some spectators who loved liquor, more than they feared death. I have been informed that another person died in a fit of *delirium tremens*, the same day. There are, however, some staunch temperance men here, who are willing to make sacrifices of time, ease and capital, to accelerate the advancement of the cause of total abstinence. Brantford embraces more than a mediocrity of intelligence, and it is really surprising, that so many intellectual and influential men stand aloof from the temperance movement.

I am now holding a protracted temperance meeting here, when my labours terminate, I will furnish particulars. On Wednesday evening, Mr Gemmel, from Montreal, addressed the meeting; his startling facts and appropriate appeals made an impression that will not be easily erased. He was followed by Mr. Talbot, and the writer. G. W. B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MURDERS.—Scarcely a week had passed after the public were made acquainted, through the trial of the parties implicated, with the details of a tragedy, whose origin was the *boal*; when another case, similar in kind, but more circumstantially fearful occurs, as if to deepen conviction of the insatiable appetite for blood, possessed by the great modern moloch—Alcohol. We refrain from giving the particulars of this event, on account of the tendency of a particular narration to warp the public mind, and thus endanger the due administration of justice, by those who may be called upon to sit in judgment as jurors, upon men charged with the deaths of their fellow beings. A general notice must therefore suffice. The case we allude to is that of a person named Andrew Ferguson, living, we believe, in York Point, who killed his wife on Thursday last by strangulation. He was arrested, pronounced guilty of wilful murder by the Coroner's Jury, and is now in Jail awaiting his trial for the offence. We learn that a habit of intoxication contracted by his wife led to disarrangements which ended in her death.—*New Brunswick Paper.*

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.—The following fact is an illustration of the progress of temperance principles. In Central New-York, at the recent session of a County Court, a number of those forming the Grand Jury were summoned to that duty for the first time, agreeably to an old custom, were to be "*docked*;" that is, compelled to call each for a bottle of wine to be drank by the Jurors. In this case there would have been a long sitting over the wine had not a majority voted that instead of wine they should regale themselves at the next Ice Cream Saloon, at the expense of the young jurors, and all return home sober.

DANGEROUS EFFECTS OF RUM.—The Hagerstown, Md., News, says that an intemperate man named M'Affee, living on the South Mountain, in Washington county, took home and deposited in his house, a few days ago, a jug of whisky, and two of his children, in the absence of the family, partook of it freely. On the return of the mother, she found her children in the agonies of death, foaming at the mouth, their faces horribly discolored and so bloated as almost to defy recognition, and in her presence they died an awful and premature death. The agony of the mother, says the News, may be imagined, but what were the feelings of the reckless father it would be difficult to conceive.

A CONTRAST.—THE SWISS, AND THE SCOTCH.—The Swiss, as I have repeatedly mentioned, are a hard-working and very plain set of people, individually possessing resources much inferior to those of regularly employed artisans in Scotland: but they enjoy greater comforts in consequence of their sobriety, and the thrift and industry of their families. After witnessing the temperate mode of living of the Swiss, I feel quite ashamed of my own country. A single fact will illustrate the contrast: throughout the great street of Berne, a mile in length, and densely populated, I did not see a single tavern, or spirit shop; I observed, certainly, that several of the cellars were used for the sale of wines (chiefly wholesale), but in none did I notice more than two or three persons seated. In the High Street of Edinburgh, from the Castle to Holyrood House, the same in length as the main street of Berne, and not unlike it in appearance, there are one hundred and fifty taverns, shops, or places of one kind or another in which spirituous liquors are sold; and in Rose Street, a much less populous thoroughfare, the number is forty-one.—*Chambers' Journal.*

LONGEVITY.—In New-Jersey there lives a coloured woman, formerly a slave, at the great age of one hundred and seventeen years. She made a public profession of religion six years ago, having been enlightened in the Scriptures by the teaching of a tract Missionary.

QUEEN CHRISTINA.—The famous Christina of Sweden tells us, amongst the recollections of her childhood, that she had an extreme dislike to beer and wine, and that the Queen Dowager, her mother, would not suffer her to drink water. She consequently suffered severely from thirst; and one day being detected in taking some rose-water from her mother's toilette, she was severely whipped, which had the effect of making her a confirmed water-drinker for the rest of her life.—*Mrs. Jameson's Female Sovereigns.*

A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE.—In an article on *Health and Preservation*, published in *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, J. H. Yocoman, Esq., M. D., says—"Let him (the working man), thoroughly ventilate his house, open the windows daily, and allow the pure breath of

heaven to drive out all that is noxious;—let him take his children, whenever practicable, to the parks, to the still unclosed land and sweet lanes, which are yet to be found within walking distance of London:—let those who have the means, avail themselves of the short and cheap trips, which railways and steamboats now afford; and they will be more invigorated in mind and body; they will become better members of society, than if this outlay of money and time had been *wasted in gin, beer, and tobacco.*"

A FALLING KINGDOM.—The following toast was given at a festival in Massachusetts.—"King Alcohol—Ho falls when his subjects attempt to support him, and they fall when he attempts to support them."

PETITIONS.—According to the 36th Report of the Select Committee on Public Petitions, there are now before the House of Commons, 367 temperance petitions signed by 191,925 persons.

PERIODICALS.—There are in England alone, two weekly and fifteen monthly publications, devoted specifically to the advocacy of true temperance.

EXCISE.—There is a decrease in the receipts of the excise department of the revenue, for the quarter ending July 5th 1845, over that of 1844, amounting to £149,908.

GIN—STARTLING IF TRUE!—The following statement is said to be grounded on official documents. "There is an increase in the consumption of gin, during the last twelve months, of 500,000 gals. The total quantity of proof-spirit distilled in the whole of the United Kingdom, amounts to nearly a gallon a head to each individual, comprehending men, women, and children."

The *Morning Herald* stated that not a single drunken person was seen in Dublin, amidst the excitement attendant on Mr. O'Connell's levee.

The St. John Total Abstinence Society (Newfoundland), numbers about 3000 members.

"POISONING."—It appears to be a singular contradiction, in the institutions of a Christian country, that the Sabbath, universally appropriated to the worship of God, should be set apart, in an especial manner, for the poisoning of the people! Can such a contradiction have its origin in Christian love or political degeneracy? Are not six days in the week enough for the degradation of the Haman family? Why is the seventh appropriated to the *exclusive business* of slaughter? *Useful* labour is on that day prohibited by law. No person is permitted to traffic, or even to instruct others in knowledge. The Schools and Colleges are all closed. Universal silence reigns everywhere but in the "Poisoning shop," where the clinking of glasses announces the immolation of victims, even in the vicinity of the church, where the hymn of praise ascends to the throne of heaven! To call this an *inconsistency*, is too mild a term—is it not a barbarism? Is it not worse than the havoc of Vandals and Goths, amidst the temples of the Pagan gods of Rome? On what plea can it be justified? Certainly not the public good. Still less can it be said to promote the interest of those concerned in it, as a general interest having as much regard to reputation as to profit. Mankind live for esteem, as for estate. How little does even estate profit, unaccompanied by public respect? How many men who have accumulated wealth at the sacrifice of character, would give when too late, their tens of thousands for reputation? It is a false notion that riches is the greatest good. The experience of mankind denounces the fallacy of the conception. To the human heart nothing is so sweet as fame, reputation, honour, public applause, or private esteem. Take these away from any well formed mind, and life becomes a burden, a weary load, a loathsome weed, which the deluded possessor is but too often tempted to shuffle off in despair. Men may *talk* of wealth, as the greatest good, but they *always feel* that reputation is infinitely more precious, when for want of it they cast life away. Communities have character to lose, as well as individuals. Let us not become reckless of public approbation. Can we as a community, aspire to a good name, and yet authorise our "poison shops," to murder their deluded victims on the Sabbath day? Let the leaders of society, whose reputation is involved in the question—answer it!—*New York Organ.*

SHERIDAN IN THE GUTTER.—"Raise me—lift me up if you can," said a prostrate drunken man in the mud, one morning early, to Sheridan. The reply of the great orator was condescending and charitable—"I find I cannot lift you up my friend, but in the absence of that ability, I will lie down with you."
 [The man then lay down with Sheridan.]

Rum Sellers! Please read the following from the *Norwich Total Abstinence.*

Died, in Norwich, Conn., on the 19th Sep., of *delirium tremens*, Mr. Sylvanus Livermore, aged 45 years.

We feel called upon to give more than a passing notice to the melancholy death of Mr. L. His case is a peculiar one, and we feel at liberty in commenting upon it. Until his death he was, when free from the influences of intoxicating drinks, an industrious man, kind and obliging,—a faithful husband and an affectionate father; and previous to his becoming addicted to habits of intemperance, he sustained a good character and a fair reputation in society. But in an evil hour he had fallen, made shipwreck of his fortune, and more than shipwreck of his character, and has lived for many years past the miserable life of a drunkard. In March last, however, he determined to abandon his cups and pursue habits of temperance. This was a happy day for himself, and it kindled new hopes in the bosom of his family, and diffused joy and gladness in the domestic circle. And to this good resolution he strictly adhered until within ten or twelve days' previous to his death, when he obtained a quantity of rum; or other spirits, drank to intoxication, and continued in a state of drunkenness till his death. Mr. L. generally procured his liquor at the establishment of Mr. Francis W. Bushnell, our second city sheriff. Those acquainted with the nature of his disease, can faintly imagine the horrible condition in which he died; to those unacquainted with it, not the slightest conception could be formed from any description of ours. At times, even to his latest gasp, he would exclaim, in frightful accents, "*Put Bushnell out of the room! Put Bushnell out of the room!*" The poor man was tormented even to his dying moments by the fancied presence of him who had administered the fatal draught. A virtuous, amiable wife, and several children, are left to mourn the awful death of a husband and a father, and the hopes which they had indulged, that he would forsake the cup and pursue habits of sobriety, have been scattered to the winds, through the agency of Francis W. Bushnell.

POETRY.

"ASK ME NO MORE."

A Song of Temperance.

BY J. A. SHEA.

Ask me no more! I hate the bowl!

Glories have perished in its wave—

High aspirations of the soul,

Which God for nobler purpose gave—

Genius of heav'n-invited wing,

And humbler talent born to fame,

Have poison'd their immortal spring

By mingling it with liquid flame.

Ask me no more! would *Friendship* guide

My steps to yonder precipice,

Where boils the black, sulphureous tide

Down in the fathomless abyss?

Will Love, with ripe and sinless lip,

If I would at her shrine adore,

Tell me that I the draught must sip?

Love is no traitor! ask no more.

Ask me no more! I never sought

Thro' bowers to Bacchus consecrate,

Those pure ethereal fields of thought

Where high and classic honors wait.

'Tis not by drowning Reason's wing

It soars to such ambitious height;

Not thus I sought Castalia's spring—

I've ceas'd to be such Neophyte.

Remember how the masters plied,

At Sparta's feasts their slaves with wine,

That Sparta's youth should see how died

Within them all was deemed divine:

How he the Macedonian king,

Yea, king of the unbounded world,

Was by the wine cup, like a thing

Of crime, to death impulsive hur'd!

Then ask no more; my banner's up
 E'en in the hottest of the field
 And he who spurns the damning cup
 Bears, ev'n as I, a charmed shield.
 Wine for the coward—blood-red wine—
 Fill it to trembling fullness up!
 But now and henceforth over mine
 The vigor of the crystal cup!

SONG OF THE INEBRIATE'S FRIEND.

O, speak to him kindly,
 Thy brother is he;
 Though wandering blindly,
 He'll listen to thee!
 O, tell him that peace with her halcyon train,
 Will surely return to his bosom again;
 If he'll banish for ever the treacherous bowl,
 That lures on to death, both body and soul!
 O, speak to him kindly,
 When reason is calm;
 Thy words falling mildly,
 Will comfort like balm
 Tell him friendship is waiting to greet him even now;
 And honor is twining a wreath for his brow!
 Tell him piety calls him to enter her way,
 Leading up to the mansions of heavenly day!

CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

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

PLEDGE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

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

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 15, 1845.

FRANTIC DRINKERS.

The confession of Mr. J. B. Gough, which has been printed in all the newspapers, contains a lesson of all-important import to a class which I will here call "frantic" drinkers. I take it for granted that Mr. Gough had been one of these, and, therefore, see nothing wonderful or mysterious in his misfortune. He might or he might not have been "drugged," but there is no necessity for supposing that any drug worse than alcohol was instrumental.

He went with a stranger to take a glass of soda-water, and into that glass, without his knowledge, was put, I doubt not, a strong dose of brandy instead of syrup. Suppose this swallowed, and the story is plain. He felt uneasy (as all of a peculiar temperament do, when alcohol commences its action upon their system), there was a queer sensation about his stomach, and to put it "to rights," he thought of a glass of brandy, which immediately produced delirium, and he went roaming about drinking, probably from place to place, without exciting any particular attention in a city of strangers, till nature became exhausted, and he instinctively sought a place of repose.

The stomach of a "frantic" drinker appears to be furnished with a distilling apparatus, which immediately decomposes his "liquor," sending the pure alcohol to his toes and finger ends, and to his brain, and leaving the watery particles behind; while the stomach of the "soaker,"—the man who can "stand his liquor," being unfurnished with this apparatus, his drink remains combined as swallowed, and passes through his veins, or the pores of

his body, in regular proportions, "half and half," or whatever may be his regular standard of mixture.

The "frantic" drinker has frequently very little real appetite for strong liquor, and no "hankering," except when his system is somewhat impregnated with it. He calls for his glass and swallows it at a draught, shudders perceptibly, and makes a slight grimace—he cannot support it for half an hour like a "soaker," because the taste is really unpleasant to his palate—as in swallowing a dose of salts, he wishes the task over, but no sooner does the demon of drink enter within him, than he becomes suddenly such a sociable and agreeable fellow, that he is irresistibly permitted to invite in seven other demons worse than himself, that is, if the glasses which follow are any worse than the first. But alas for the subject on which they act—the "frantic" drinker. With the second or third glass he is perfectly delirious—as complete a maniac as the wildest in a mad-house. He calls for glass after glass in quick succession, he knows not that he does drink them, or that he has drunk them, any more than if his throat was a tin tunnel. Indeed, so far from enjoying any gratification, he appears to labour as though he thought his stomach filled with thirsty guests, who cannot be satisfied with his utmost endeavours to keep them in full supply.

The North American Indians are "frantic" drinkers, and behold their fate! when the demon gets among them! I have seen them come in from the wilds where they had not, for a few years, even seen alcoholic drinks. When the first proffered glass was offered, they would merely touch it with their lips out of compliment, while a shudder passed over their frame, and features; but before night you might see these same men, ravenous as wolves for meat, pouring whisky down their throats without regard to time or quantity. If you inquired from one the cause of this furious, (or, perhaps, in your own mind, *useless*) drinking, he would most correctly answer "to make drunk come." It is quite possible that others besides Indians drink with the same intent, but they are not quite so candid in acknowledging it.

The "frantic" drinker is a man-defying and God-defying spirit; though in the last respect, except so far as concerns the question of insanity, he only differs in degree from the "moderate" drinker and the "soaker."

It is in man-defying that he appears most conspicuous among his fellows. His continued or periodical outbreaks against the rules of decorum, cause him to be distrusted or shunned even in his lucid moments, by friends and society, for the same reason that they would shun or avoid a person subject to occasional fits of uncontrollable ferocious madness. The "moderate" drinker abhors his presence, for he cannot endure to see, what, with proper economy, should be, in his opinion, a weeks allowance of poisonous spirit, swallowed down in a few minutes, whereby all its (to him) pleasant effects are lost. The grog-seller looks upon his entrance with distrust, for, though he may be considered in the light of a wholesale customer, he becomes violent *too soon*, and may drive away other "good customers," by creating *too much* noise, amidst the quiet good order and regularity for which all grog-shops are, in all places, proverbial. (?)

Again, the "frantic" drinker puts at defiance all rules of those valuable conlaves known as "social" drinkers, who, meeting early for the "feast of reason, and the flow of soul," spend their evenings in song singing, story telling, and "making drunk come" *by degrees*, while "reason," which was to be feasted, quits the premises, and then souls may, for all the possessors know to the contrary, have quitted their bodies. How can these intellectual assemblies endure a "frantic" among them, who, though a decent

follow in other respects, sets all order at defiance by getting drunk *too quickly*?

If an outcast from this society; what mercy can the "frantic" expect from the "soakers"?—those men of "discretion in their liquor," who after soaking all day till, if twisted or wrung, in like manner, grog would drip from them like water from a wet blanket, sit all the evening sip, sipping, and calculate effects so exactly, that real "drunk" only comes at bed time. Can they endure a madman whose presence invariably disturbs the harmonious working of this delightful system.

Even the "moderate" drinker can say to the sailor enjoying his "quid," the Dutchman his "pipe," or the "soaker" his diuted poison, "If you are willing to sell your soul for *such* a mess of pottage, you should be your own judge of the cost;" but no man can excuse the "frantic" drinker, nor should they, for he cannot even pretend to any of the usual excuses of others.

He cannot say that liquor ever does him good, for he feels its bad effects: from the first taste. He can never experience the modified excitement of the "moderate," the continued titillations of the "soaker," or the jovial hilarity of the "social." He drinks at first wantonly, then furiously, then unwittingly, and awakens from his insane trance, merely to know the money price by an examination of his pockets, but without the slightest consciousness of having experienced even one moment of value received.

Nor let the "frantic," however much he may envy the supposed delights of those who "bear their liquor discreetly," imagine that he can ever by *practice* attain their distinguished celebrity. No, no, it is the law of his nature, (whatever may be theirs), that strong drink must produce madness—full, active insanity, temporary in duration, but complete in its effects; and "apprentice" himself to the art of simple drunkenness as he will, instead of advancing towards his end, all hope will be destroyed. Every fresh attempt, instead of strengthening his "discretion," will only increase the tendency to more hideous loss of reason.

Such is the constitution of the human brain, that whatever destroys its equilibrium for a time, weakens it forever. The lunatic may be restored to reason in the quiet of an asylum, but we expect not thereafter to find in him the same strength of mind that he possessed before. So, though it may please Providence to restore, as by a miracle, the "frantic" drinker to his right mind, after he has voluntarily produced upon himself the deadliest insanity, his mind is weakened by each operation, and his end is an early grave, or the mad-house, unless, as a more marked exhibition of depravity, he is suffered to move for years, a more deplorable object to himself and friends—an idiot at large.

To those who have been always temperate, there may not be much meaning in this article, but it will be appreciated at whatever value it may possess by those who have watched the progress of alcohol upon the temperament of a certain class who consume a large proportion of all the spirituous liquors that are drunk. It is written for the eye of the numerous class which it describes, and should it cause one man to pause in his insane career before it be too late, the labour is a thousand times repaid.

X. Y. Z.

To the Editor of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*.

MONTREAL, Nov. 4, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—As it is not likely that I will visit the Western country this winter, as in former years, allow me to address a word of advice to our numerous friends throughout the Province. Dear Brethren, the season for agitation is approaching—gladly, did circumstances permit, would I contribute my mite by means of public advocacy, to the great and benevolent enterprise in which

you have the honour and pleasure to be heartily engaged. Remember our watchword is *onward*; the enemy has been fortifying himself in every possible way against your first onset, but let the attack be made with spirit, true moral courage—and his defences will yield; tavern bars and saloons will be demolished; the strong walls of custom will totter to their fall; and the ancient capital of old King Alcohol will fall into our hands. Seriously, let your plans be *soon* and *well laid*; secure the best speakers; lay aside all petty jealousies and differences; circulate the Prospectus of your *organ*, the *Canada Temperance Advocate*, and procure as many subscribers as possible. Draw the sword, and cast the scabbard away—the eyes of many are upon you—the poor and the wretched are waiting for help. You know where your strength lies—in Truth. Truth is mighty and shall prevail. And above all, let the Throne of Grace be witness to your constant cries for succour,—the Almighty's arm will then be bared, and your triumph is complete.

I am, Your fellow-labourer,

R. D. WADSWORTH.

ON SUBSCRIBING.

MONTREAL, Nov. 7, 1845.

DEAR BRETHREN,—Can you not be as devoted and zealous in a good cause, as your adversaries are in a bad one? Is not the consideration that you are labouring for the welfare of the race, as powerful an inducement for you to act, as the fact, that they are labouring for the ruin of the race, is for your foes? If some will sacrifice fame and fortune, body and soul, to intemperance, have we not a right to expect that you will sacrifice something to tee-totalism? If the slave of alcoholic drinks will surrender, in tribute to his tyrant, all he has and is, are you not bound to do something in order to redeem him? If the poor drunkard will expend 1½d for a glass of liquor, several times in the course of a single day, will you not expend a similar sum twice a month, for a temperance paper? If he will treat his friend, on every occasion, to a glass, should you not treat yours occasionally to a copy of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*? Answer these queries to thy conscience.

A TEE-TOTALER.

TALBOT DISTRICT.

I have just concluded a short engagement in the Talbot District, the particulars of which I will furnish for some future number of the *Advocate*. At present, I have only time to give an account of one of the strangest meetings I ever attended:—An arbitrary and ill-natured rumseller, who has been vowing vengeance against me for a long time, because of an article which appeared in the columns of your paper about two years ago, attended one of my meetings. The moment I concluded my remarks, the infuriated man arose and declared in a rude manner, and in a loud voice, that I was a liar. When he commenced speaking, a gang of fellows who had been standing outside, and who understood the signal, came staggering into the school-house to assist the angry landlord. These misguided young men had primed themselves for the occasion at a logging bee that day, where a professor of religion supplied them with whisky. One of these heroes rushed forward and struck me, but split the desk, and almost broke his knuckles with the blow; the blow was repeated, and the non-resisting desk received it, but the third blow reached my face. I did not wish to receive a pulpit-pounding, so I left the desk, just in time to receive a blow in my breast, and another in my side, to say nothing of a brutal and cowardly kick. By this time a stout man seized the assailant, who, in company

EDUCATION.

ROLLO PHILOSOPHY.

FIRE IN THE PASTURE.

with two or three peace-makers, and the stovepipe, tumbled down. The ladies screamed and cried for help. As Napoleon left his soldiers on their retreat from the ruins of Moscow, so did the landlord leave his customers when they fell fighting on the plains of Middleton. I left an appointment for the next week, and the gallant gin-seller was amongst my hearers: but his conduct at the first meeting appeared so odious in the estimation of those who were present, that they would not permit him to speak publicly. He promised never to interrupt another temperance meeting.

A short time afterwards I held a meeting in his own neighbourhood, when he again assailed me. I told him if he could prove the incorrectness of the aforementioned statement, I would make the amende honourable; my proposals were met with a sneer. This unhappy man abuses every lecturer, and assails every person who endeavours to promote temperance. He would not permit us to hold our meeting in the school-house, so we were kindly allowed to meet on a lot owned by a gentleman who is erecting a large building in the place. I got out a warrant for the young man who committed the assault. He afterwards signed a written acknowledgment, and paid the costs, and went home determining never again to be caught in such a scrape. He was a professor of religion, until led astray by some drunkards at the corners. I hope the reader will not suppose the landlord, who figures so conspicuously in this article, is a fair specimen of the inhabitants of that part of the country, for many of them are distinguished for sobriety and Christian courtesy.

G. W. BUNGA.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

As we presume our readers will be glad to hear something in relation to the health of Mr. Gough; we give the following extract of a letter, from Mr. Morse, his intimate friend:—

MOUNT PLEASANT, ROXBURY, Oct. 25, 1845.

* * * * * "Your letter of the 15th came at the time when friend Gough was not expected to live one hour, and that is the reason that your request for the books was overlooked.

"In regard to friend G.'s health, I will say that it was in a very dangerous state last week. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, we did not expect he would live from one moment to another. We thought that soon his spirit would take its flight. But an All-wise Providence has in its great mercy ordered it otherwise. He is now on the gaining order. His physician says that if he keeps still for a few days, he will get along. He still is confined to his bed, and does not sit up longer than to have his bed made.

"We have hopes that in the course of a few weeks we shall see him able to go out. The friends are very kind to him, especially Dec. Grant, who comes every other day to see him. He acts towards him like a father. He has letters coming daily, full of sympathy, and kindness, and these seem to cheer him up, when he feels desponding. Mr. and Mrs. Gough both wish to be remembered to you, and thank you for your kindness.

"Yours truly, Cyrus E. Morse."

PROSPECTUS OF TWELFTH VOLUME.

(See First Page.)

We had intended to print and distribute amongst our friends the PROSPECTUS of the New Volume, but finding that postage would be charged, we judged it best to avoid incurring such an expense. We earnestly request our Subscribers to be prompt in remitting, and to do all they can to enlarge the number of regular readers. As a motive to exertion, we may state the fact, that the receipts for the current volume fall short of the disbursements about £20, so that we require a large addition to our present list to prevent loss on the Twelfth Volume.

A few days after Rollo's father gave him the instructions on the subject of combustion which are contained in the last chapter, Rollo saw Jonas going across the yard about the middle of the afternoon, with a lantern in his hand. Of course Rollo called out to him with the usual question in such cases,—

"Where are you going, Jonas?"

"I'm going out into the pasture to set some heaps on fire."

"Well," said Rollo, "and I'll go too."

Rollo ran into the parlor to ask his mother if he might go too. He happened to meet his father just coming in at the front door. He accordingly asked him instead.

"Yes," said his father, "but I'm rather afraid to have the heaps set on fire this afternoon. I am afraid that the fire will run."

"Run?" repeated Rollo.

"Yes," replied his father, "Tell Jonas he must be very careful not to let the fire get away from him."

Rollo ran off in pursuit of Jonas. When he got to the back yard again, he saw Jonas going down the lane, almost out of sight.

"Jonas!" said Rollo, calling out as loud as he could, "Jonas!"

So saying, he ran off after him. He clambered over the great gate which led into the lane, because he thought that he could climb over it quicker than open it. As soon as he reached the ground on the other side, he ran on, calling out,—

"Jonas! Jonas!"

But Jonas did not seem to hear him. At any rate, he did not stop. On the contrary, Rollo was himself stopped, by hearing a voice behind him, as if near the house, calling,—

"Rollo! Rollo!"

Rollo turned to see who it was. It was his cousin James, who was running towards him with all speed. Rollo waited for him to come up. James tried to open the gate, but could not.

"Climb over," said Rollo.

So James climbed over, and soon reached the place where Rollo was standing, and the two boys walked on together. James said that he had come to play with Rollo that afternoon. Rollo said that he was very glad, and he told James that he and Jonas were going to make some fires in the pasture.

The heaps which Jonas was going to set on fire, were heaps of decayed wood, consisting of old stumps, logs, and roots, and other rubbish which he had gathered up from the ground and piled up in the pasture some weeks before. By being left in heaps, so that the sun and air had free access to them, they had become thoroughly dry, and were all ready to burn with a touch. There were not a great many of the heaps, for it was only a small part of the pasture which had such logs and stumps left in it. The place was on the side of a deep dell, with a brook flowing through the middle of it at the bottom. Rollo and James crossed the brook upon a log, and then ascended the steep side of the hill, among the heaps which Jonas was burning.

Jonas had set two heaps on fire, and was just putting a burning brand into the third. Rollo and James wanted Jonas to let them set the heaps on fire. He told them that they might; and the boys accordingly went to work, taking brands from the heaps which were already burning, and carrying them to the others. The heaps were not only very dry, but quite hot, on account of the influence of the rays of the sun beating upon them; and, besides this, there was a fresh breeze blowing, which made the fires burn up very fiercely. The fires which had been first made soon became so hot, that the boys could not get near them to take any brands from them.

Thus they went along from heap to heap, setting them on fire, only Jonas succeeded in setting them on fire much faster than James and Rollo. Jonas looked around at them at one time, and he found them endeavouring to kindle a fire at a large heap which had been built up around a tall stump. The stump was twice as high as Rollo's head. Rollo and James were kneeling down upon the ground, and blowing the end of the brand, by which they were trying to kindle the fire. But they did not succeed. Instead of that, the wind blew the smoke into their faces.

"Make the fire on the windward side," said Jonas.

"Which is the windward side?" said James.

"The side that the wind blows against," replied Jonas.

"Yes," said Rollo, speaking to James, "we have got our fire on the wrong side. Let us move it round on the other side, and the wind will blow it for us."

So they took up their brands, and put them upon the other side of the heap. The wind fanned them a little, but did not make them blaze.

"Just put some dry pieces on," said Jonas, "and leave them. As soon as they get heated a little, they'll blaze."

The boys followed Jonas's direction, and, after putting a few dry pieces upon the smoking brands, they left this heap, and went to another; though they had first to go back to one which was on fire, and get some more brands.

"How do you set them on fire so fast, Jonas?" said Rollo.

"Why, I don't stop to watch them," said Jonas, "to see them burn. I put a brand down upon the windy side of the heap and then cover it with dry pieces, and leave it, and let it burn up in its own time. It will burn as soon as it has time to get heated."

"Yes, James," said Rollo; "my father explained it to me. When wood gets heated above a certain point of heat, it takes fire. Sulphur takes fire before it gets heated so hot."

"O Jonas," said Rollo, "why didn't you pile up this heap?"

Rollo had come to a place where there was a long log lying upon the ground, broken to pieces and decayed, and near it several fragments of roots and stumps scattered around.

"O, come away, come away from there, Rollo," said Jonas; "there is a wasp's nest there."

Rollo and James ran off back towards Jonas.

"A wasp's nest?" said James.

"Yes," said Jonas, "I began to pile up that wood, and heard a buzzing under the log; and I looked down, and saw some wasps buzzing about a hole. We must burn up the wasp's nest."

"Well," said Rollo, "come and do it now."

Jonas was coming to burn up the wasp's nest; but, as he was passing along towards it, his attention was suddenly arrested at seeing that the flames from one of the fires were beginning to spread rapidly upon the ground. There was quite a large circle in the grass, which had been burned over and blackened, and, at the outer edges of it, the flames were still spreading rapidly,—driven by the wind.

"Look! look!" said Jonas; "our fire is running."

"Yes," said James; "it is burning up all the grass."

Jonas ran to the edge of the circle, and began trampling upon the flames, to put them out. The flames were very light, for the grass was thin, and so the fire was easily extinguished at any one spot; but, while Jonas was putting it out in one place, it was spreading in another, and he could not put it out so perfectly but that it would flame up and begin to spread again when he went to another place. James and Rollo stood by somewhat frightened, and not knowing what to do,

"We must get some water," said Rollo, "from the brook. I'll go and get a pail."

"No, a watering-pot," said James; "a watering-pot will be best. Let's go and get a watering-pot."

"No," said Jonas; "we must whip it out with bushes. I'll cut some bushes. Come down here with me."

So Jonas ran down to the bank of the brook, where there were a number of low fir-trees growing. Now, the leaves of the fir-trees are very small and slender, but they stand very thick upon the branches, so that they make a very thick and heavy foliage. Jonas cut off a branch of the fir-tree, and gave it to Rollo. Then he cut off another for James, and another larger for himself, and armed with these, the boys hastened back to the fire.

They began to whip and brush the little line of flame, and they found that they could put it out very easily. Every blow which Jonas struck, extinguished a line of the fire as long as his branch. Rollo and James threshed the ground with great vigor, too, and they put out a great deal of the fire. In fact, they soon extinguished all the flames which were creeping up the side of the hill from this first fire, except at one end, where it had got into some thistles, which Jonas had mowed down some time before, and which were now lying upon the ground dry and warm, and so thick that they made quite a hot fire. Rollo was whipping upon these thistles, when Jonas said,—

"Stop, Rollo; it is no use to whip such a hot fire as that; it is only wasting your strength."

"Then we can't stop it," said Rollo.

"Yes," said Jonas; "wait until it has come over the thistles,

and burned them up, and then it will come to the thin grass beyond, and there we can whip it out."

So the boys stopped to rest while the thistles were burning, surveying in the mean time, the large space which had been burned over, and which looked scorched and blackened.

"Now, all that grass is spoiled," said Rollo.

"O, no," said Jonas; "it hasn't hurt the grass. It has only burned the dry tops and the weeds. The roots of the grass are all safe, and the ashes left by the fire will make them grow all the better next summer."

"Then, Jonas, let's burn the ground all over."

"No," said Jonas; "if so large a surface gets on fire, we can't stop it, till it runs into the fence, and sets that on fire,—or else gets over into the other field."

So saying, Jonas pointed to a large level field or pasture over the fence, where the grass and weeds were much higher than where they were. The grass and weeds in this other field extended back some distance to a piece of woods; and Jonas said that, if the fire got into the woods, he could not tell how far it would go, or what mischief it would do. "So you see we must be sure and not let the fire get away from us," said he.

Just then, Jonas saw that the fire was beginning to spread from another of the heaps; and he went to it to watch it. He said he was going to let it run a little way before he put it out, for he knew that if a piece of the ground around the heap was once burned over, the fire would not spread again from the heap.

So he waited, and, when the circle from that heap had become as large as he wished, he and the boys whipped it out; and then they went back to the first fire, which was now getting beyond the thistles, so that they whipped that out too. Rollo and James felt much relieved, now that they perceived that, by the aid of their fir-branches, they had the fires so entirely under their control.

About this time, Rollo saw his father coming through the trees, on the other side of the brook. His father had been a little afraid that Jonas would get into difficulty with his fires, and had come out to see. He found, however, that Jonas knew how to manage the business. He took a branch, and began to help the three boys to whip the fires, as fast as they spread beyond the limits which they concluded to allow them.

"I didn't know that the grass would burn so before," said Rollo.

"It will not," said his father, "unless it is both hot and windy. This is an illustration of what I explained to you the other day. When grass is heated above a certain point, it takes fire. Now, when one blade of grass is burning, it does not usually produce heat enough to raise the next one to such a degree of heat that it will take fire; but this afternoon it will; for now the heat of one little tuft burning is enough to heat the next one sufficiently to cause it to take fire, because it is already partly heated by the sun."

"And the wind helps," said Rollo.

"Yes," replied his father, "the wind helps in two ways. It blows up the grass that is burning, and makes a greater fire of it, and then it blows the hot air and flame against the grass next to it. Thus it makes the heat greater, and at the same time drives it against the fresh grass. I presume this fire would not spread at all if there was no wind. You see, in fact, that it does not spread much in any direction, except where the wind blows it."

"And if there was a wind, and yet the grass was not hot, would it spread then?"

"No," said his father, "I presume not. For instance, in the evening, when the ground and grass are cool, I don't think the fire would run on the ground. That is, I don't think the heat of one row of blades would heat the next row enough to make them take fire, unless they were partly heated by the sun beforehand."

"I should like to try it some windy evening," said Rollo.

"There would be the dew in the evening also, which would tend to prevent the fire's running."

By this time, all the heaps had been set on fire, and the circle of fire which spread out from each one had been whipped out; so that there was now not much danger that the fire would spread, and Mr. Holiday went away. Jonas, however, said that he must stay and watch the heaps, and Rollo and James concluded to stay with him. But, after a short time, they became tired of poking the embers, and so Rollo proposed to James to go with him, and help him to make some charcoal.

"I have learned how they make charcoal," said Rollo.

"Well," said James, "I'll go; but what good will charcoal do us?"

"Why, we can make gunpowder out of it," said Bbba.

"Well," said James, "I should like to make some gunpowder very much."

So the boys went away towards the house, to get the wood to make their charcoal.

THE TWO NURSERIES.

Visit the nursery, in which a company of little ones are left to the unrestrained impulse of their wild nature—nothing meets the eye but a scene of disorder; nothing falls upon the ear but discordant cries of impatience and distress on the one hand and of boisterous pleasure on the other. The voice of the nurse first commanding, next imploring better behaviour, dies on the air without producing the smallest effect, and if the mother of the family happens to enter, the utmost stretch of her authority produces only a moment's pause. She is a woman of the world, who thinks little of her domestic duties, and is destitute of all notions of discipline, both in the restraint of herself, and in the government of her children. The consequence is "confusion worse confounded," not merely at the present time, but during all the subsequent stages of an unhappy family history.

Enter another nursery, still more populous it may be, where the Christian mother who has herself submitted to the regulation of divine grace, and knows the secret of the authority of love, is accustomed to exercise her genial and resistless sway. All is contentment, ease and quiet happiness among the children who are capable of speaking and thinking, while even the infant seems charmed into silence. The school-room, in which the same mother, or some able representative, conducts the great affair of early education, presents a spectacle of ready obedience, happy industry, and at least equal enjoyment under a new phase. By what means are these effects produced? By Christian discipline; not without a small measure of severity when required, and the steady maintenance of the rights of government, but characterized throughout by all the tenderness of love and kindness—instruction and example, the meanwhile, going on together hand in hand. What again is the general result? A peaceful stability in the tie between parent and child, during the whole course of their joint lives; an orderly development both of faculty and duty in the growing members of the family; harmony throughout the fire-side circle; and above all, hearts well prepared by parental care and cultivation, for the reception of the grace of God.

THE SEED AND THE FIRST FRUITS.

A gentleman of Boston was stopping for a few days in a mining town among the mountains, observed the groups of children who wandered about on the Sabbath, and inquired of the foreman of the works, why he did not open a Sunday-school. He replied, that it seemed almost a hopeless effort. There were none who could teach, they had no books, &c., and the prospect of success was very discouraging.

The gentleman protested against any such notions, and urged his friend to commence at once, and he did. On the first Sabbath a goodly number assembled. There were none who could sing, and this opened the way for a singing school. The Boston friend, on his return home, proposed to the Sunday school with which he was connected, that they should send their library to the mountain school, and obtain a new one for themselves. To this they cordially consented, and it was forthwith despatched. By the time it arrived the school had become quite organized, and the parents were so much interested, that regular religious services were soon called for and obtained. Public worship is regularly observed, and the foreman recently informed his Boston friend, that he now passed every morning eight praying families in that village, when a few months since there was but one! That the manner and habits of the whole village were entirely changed, and that the order, and thrift and comfort of the population were obviously and wonderfully improved.

AGRICULTURE.

CULTIVATION OF COTTAGE ALLOTMENTS.

The following is a short account of the system I consider best

adapted for the most profitable cultivation of 1 acre of land, to suit the cottager:—Divide the land into three equal parts containing 53½ perches each. Separate these portions by small alleys of such a size as will permit a wheelbarrow to pass along with manure, and also for weeding the crops, or applying liquid manure to them. The liquid manure to be collected in a well-constructed tank suited to the cottage. One portion, or 53½ perches, should be planted with early Potatoes, to be succeeded by Turnips, Broccoli, Savoys, Lettuce, and Mangold Wurzel transplanted. The second division should be planted with Potatoes, in April, for the next summer's supply. The subdivisions of the third, or remaining portion, should be as follows:—20 perches planted with early Wellington and Battersea Cabbages, to be succeeded by transplanted Swedes; 2 with Carrots; 4 with Parsnips; 3 with Beans; 3 with Peas; 1 with Onions; ¼ of a perch with Leeks, Lettuce, &c.; 2 perches sown with various small seeds, as Broccoli, early York, Lettuce, and Savoys, to afford a supply of plants to fill vacancies that may occur: 4 perches sown with Swedes, which when thinned, will give a supply of plants for dibbling after the 20 perches of early Cabbages; 4 perches sown with Mangold Wurzel for transplanting, after the early Potatoes mentioned in the first division. Ten perches should be sown with Wheat, which will supply the family with nice bread and hot cake for Christmas. The Mangolds, Swedes, and Cabbage strippings will afford excellent feeding for pigs, and will produce excellent pork when properly attended to. There should also be planted, either as standards or espaliers, 12 dwarf Apple-trees, 4 Plum-trees, 4 Pear-trees, 4 dozen of Gooseberry-bushes, and 4 dozen of Currant-trees. By adopting this system, the cottager and his family will enjoy the sweets and comforts of their labour. The three portions into which the land is divided can undergo alternate changes or rotations of cropping, and one of them should be trenched each succeeding year.—*Daniel Regan, Practical Land Steward. Abridged from the Dublin Farmer's Gazette.*

IMPORTANT TESTIMONY.

To the Editor of the *Bristol Temperance Herald.*

Cross Bush House, near Arundel,
Sept. 13th, 1845.

Sir,—Thinking that nothing confirms truth equal to testimony, I send you one in addition to the number already before the public.

For nearly eight years I have been firm to the teetotal cause, and am more and more convinced of its being in perfect accordance with Truth and Science. Previous to my being a teetotaler I scarcely ever knew what the enjoyment of health was; whereas, almost ever since I discontinued intoxicating drinks, I scarcely ever suffer a pain, and I shall ever have cause to be thankful to a merciful Providence for having led me to sign, and giving me strength to keep the pledge, which I trust I shall be able to do through my pilgrimage on earth, notwithstanding the conflicting opinions, from ignorance, prejudice, and self interest, which all teetotalers have to contend against, but more particularly those of the faculty.

Of course, I never remunerate my servants or labourers with beer. I have just finished my second hay-making this season, at which times I always give the men 3s., and the women 1s. 3d. per day, coffee, bread and cheese, seed and plum-cake at 4 o'clock, at which time it would rejoice your heart to see the assembled group, although, perhaps, not a pledged teetotaler there save myself. It is customary with employers in this neighbourhood who are not teetotalers to give the men 2s. 6d. and the women 1s. per day, the latter one pint and the former two pints of beer at lunch-time, but I can assure you I have never as yet found during the hay-harvest, for the last seven seasons, any difficulty in obtaining any number of hands that I might require. I would also add, that no beer has been taken into the field, to my knowledge, neither do I find that my hay-making is longer about than my neighbours, who give beer. Perhaps, by the by, my coffee tends to bridle the tongues of my work-people, and the work is attended to; whereas, beer sometimes makes that unruly member rather unpleasant to "the ears polite," a pugilistic attitude is assumed, and the masters' work neglected. The eyes of my work-people are attending to the work, and not attracted to the gate to see if there is any hopes of the arrival of the long-expected "lowance keg."

Now, having tried both systems of hay-making, I claim the right of an opinion, and would conclude by advising every farmer or other person who may live to see and employ harvesters next

year, deliberately to weigh the two systems with an unprejudiced mind, and should he be led to adopt the temperance system. I am fully convinced he would never return to the absurd, and health-destroying system so generally adopted.

To those who feel doubtful as to whether or not the system can be carried out, I would advise a perusal of "Advice to Farmers," and "A word to the Farmers."

My labourers are perfectly satisfied, and always express their gratitude, and say they feel more refreshed from my coffee than other's beer. Though unaccustomed to hard manual labour, I always took my part with the others, and that with much greater pleasure and less fatigue than when I was a beer-drinker.

I am, yours respectfully,
George Hills Surgeon.

FARM WORK FOR WINTER.

In Maine the winters are long, and it is an object to delay till that season such kinds of business as will suffer least by delay. Many farmers neglect to thrash their grain till winter, and if proper care has been taken to destroy vermin, to break up their nests and expose them to the warfare of cats, grain may be kept without much loss till the commencement of winter. But the sooner it is thrashed after fall work is done the more grain will be saved. It is decidedly wrong to suffer any kind of English grain to remain on the straw till mid-winter.

Indian corn may remain on the cob till you want to use it, if you keep the rats and mice away: and this may be done when the corn barn is properly constructed. Corn is better for remaining on the cob on account of the richness in it, till the cob becomes dry; and afterward it keeps better on account of the circulation of the air among the ears; no kind of grain being so good when kept close through the summer. Merchants who store up grain or shelled corn are obliged to overhaul it occasionally to guard it from must.

Cold dry weather in December is favourable to the thrasher, and he will find the grain to come off easier than in a wet September. Where grain raising is the principal business of the farm, machines are used to much advantage, instead of the simple flail. But if a farmer has not grain enough to pay the keeping of a machine of his own, he will make no great saving by hiring or borrowing. He will do better to thrash his grain with a common flail, as this may be done when he has much leisure.

An important branch of winter business is the procuring of a supply of wood for your own family. And if you live near enough to a market to make it an object to sell wood, winter is the time for hauling it as well as for cutting. You will do better to sell wood where you have woodland enough than to let it become old in the forest. Frequent cutting, it is now agreed, is better than to go into a lot and pick out single trees, thinning your forest and crushing the undergrowth. Cut clean and let all the young sprouts have an equal chance. Some lots may be cut off as often as once in twenty years. After the second cutting, when the stumps are not more than 25 years old, the sprouts from the stump will be vigorous and thrifty, and you may count on a more rapid growth, by at least one half, than after clearing a lot of overgrown trees from the land. People in Maine begin to fear a scarcity of wood, and as peat is not abundant here, and pit coal is not plenty, the forests should be cherished for a future supply of fuel. But this should be done by cutting often, rather than by nursing up the old trees.—*Maine Cultivator.*

We find in an old paper the following good advice to Dairy Maids:—"In churning for butter always have an open space for the air to have free access to the cream. If you stop up the orifice, as it is customary, to prevent the cream splashing out, you may churn hours in vain! Butter is produced by the union of oxygen with the cream, and more butter will be made, and quicker, and of a finer flavor, if you have your churn sufficiently open, than if you have not aperture of proper size. One experiment will convince you of this."

NEWS.

The average number of wrecks of British merchant ships in a year is 600: The average sum lost about \$12,000,000. The average of lives lost the lamentable number of 1560.

The number of emigrants to the United States for the current year, it is supposed, will exceed 100,000.

The most splendid boats on the Hudson are carrying passengers between New York and Albany for 25 and 50 cents.

ATTEMPT TO SCUTTLE A VESSEL.—The Steamboat Penobscot, from Bangor, arrived this morning, brought up six sailors under the charge of U. S. Marshall, Paris, of Maine, charged with attempting to scuttle the Irish bark Champlain, on her passage from St. John to Cork. The C. put into Machias, with 93 cots of water in her hold, where the men were imprisoned some time. They were finally brought to this city for the purpose of being sent to England in the steamer of the 16th for trial. The English Consul at Eastport accompanied Marshal Paris to this city.—*Boston Traveller.*

THE COLONIAL RAILWAY.—We are glad to notice that this project is receiving increased attention and favor in this Province. The measures already adopted by the Provisional Board in London, leave no doubt of their intention to prosecute it to its completion at the earliest possible period, in the event of its receiving sufficient encouragement from the Colonial Legislatures. As far as our own Province is concerned, we hope that it will be extended to the full. We conceive that the benefits of the work would be so abundant, and so identified with the general interests, that our Legislature would be fully justified in granting a considerable sum of money to the Company yearly, for several years to come, as a bonus, to encourage them to the inception of the work.—*New Brunswick Paper.*

ENGLAND.—The Bishop of Exeter has hinted to some of the railroad companies that he shall put in force the statute which forbids clergymen from "dealing for gain or profit," against those who engage in railroad speculation.

ANOTHER ROYAL TRAVELLER.—The eldest son of the Imam of Muscat had arrived in England—moved by a desire to acquaint himself with English institutions and to inspect works of art and science, with a view to their gradual introduction among the Muscatters. His royal highness carries about with him a name of no very formidable length and sound—Said Hissal Ben Said.

THE UNION MEETING IN LIVERPOOL.—The preliminary meeting on the subject of Union, was held in Liverpool last month. It was arranged that a general and public meeting of persons friendly to that object should be held in London, in the month of May or June, next year. The proceedings in Liverpool were very satisfactory to the originators of the Conference, who are now sanguine in their hopes of removing many jealousies, and of establishing friendly feelings in their place. Of the clergy of the Establishment, twelve or thirteen joined the Conference, or expressed their approbation of its objects, which will be fully developed and explained at the public meeting.

FLOODS.—Several parts of England have been visited by very heavy and disastrous inundations. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Shields, and neighbouring ports, great damage was done to the shipping, &c., by the rapid rising of the Tyne.

IRELAND.—Railway enterprise is becoming daily more and more conspicuous in Ireland. New projects are constantly ushered forth, some of them of immense magnitude. From the Giant's Causeway to the Cove of Cork—from the Hill of Howth to the Wilds of Conemara—lines are announced, which, if carried into operation, would afford a continued and profitable employment for Irish labourers.

The intelligence regarding the Irish potato crop is very melancholy; it is feared there will be no seed for next season.

FRANCE.—A report was current that an expedition was to be dispatched against Madagascar, under the command of the Prince de Joinville.

Unfavourable accounts seem to have been received from Algeria.

SPAIN.—If the Madrid papers are to be believed, the great question of the Queen's marriage is decided; she is to have for her spouse Prince Ferdinand, of Saxe Coburg, a brother or cousin of Prince Albert. Her sister is to become the bride of one of the French Princes. This arrangement is said to have been agreed on the late visit of Queen Victoria to King Louis Philippe, at Eu. The Cabinet of Vienna is said to have given its consent.

SLAVERS CAPTURED.—It is stated that from January to May, 1845, there were captured and brought into Sierra Leone and condemned, 19 vessels engaged in the Slave-Trade, all under the Spanish and Brazilian flags. One had 421—another 70, and a third 312 slaves on board.

MONTREAL PRICES CURRENT.—Nov. 12.

(From Circular of Mr. T. M. Taylor.)

ASHES—Pots. 21s 6d a 21s 9d	PEARLS - per mt. 3s 10d a 4s 0d
Pears 22s 6d a 22s 9d	BEER per 200 lbs.—
Flour—	Primo Mess (do) 43s 9d a 46s 3d
Canada Superfine (per brl. 196	Primo - - (do) - - 35s a 37s 6d
lbs.) - - 35s 0d a 35s 7½d	P. Mess per tierce 304 lb. —
Do Fine (do) 33s 9d a 34s 9d	Pork per 200 lbs.—
Do Mid. (do) 26s 3d a 30s 0d	Mess - - 38s 9d a 91s 3d
Do Pollards (do) 23s 9d a 25s 0d	Primo Mess 76s 3d a 81s 3d
American Superfine (do) 35s 0d	Primo - - 66s 3d a 71s 3d
a 36s 0d	BACON per lb. - - - 4½d a 6d
INDIAN MEAL - - - - - None.	HAMS per lb. - - - - 6d a 7d
OATMEAL per brl. 224 lbs. None.	BUTTER per lb. - - - 8d a 8½d
GRAIN—	CHEESE, per 100 lbs.—
Wheat, U. C. Best, (per 60 lbs.)	American - - 30s a 40s
6s 10d a 7s 1d	GREASE BUTTER, per lb. None.
Do Mid. (do) 6s 0d a 6s 9d	LARD per lb. - - - 6d a 6½d
Do U. C. per mt. None.—	TALLOW per lb. - - - 5d 5½d
BARLEY - - (do) - - - None.	EXCHANGE—London 10 prem.
OATS - - - (do) - - - None.	N. York 8½ a 9½ do
	C. W. - - 2 do

MONTREAL, 29th November, 1845,

ASHES.—Have declined since last notice, and cannot to day be quoted over 21s. 6d. a 21s. 9d. for Pots, and 22s. 6d. a 22s. 9d. for Pearls. Early in the fortnight there were transactions to a moderate extent at 22s. for Pots, and 23s. for Pearls, but there being now little freight for them, with a heavy stock in the market, they are dull.

Flour.—before the arrival of the *Great Western* on the 31st ult., the market was active at slightly advanced prices; 31s. 6d. was paid for ordinary brands of "fine," and 32s. for fancy brands and for "extra fine," uninspected from the wharf. The advices then received gave a further advance: "Fine" was placed at 32s., "extra fine" at 42s. 6d., and "superfine" at 33s.; best shipping brands reaching 32s. 6d. "fine," and 33s. 6d. "superfine." Since the arrival of the *Caledonia* on the 5th inst. prices again improved, and the quantity arriving being considerable, the market was for a day or two rather active. "Fine" brought 34s. 3d. a 34s. 9d. — even 35s. for some fancy brands, — and at the same figure several parcels of "superfine" changed hands.

A Bill of Lading for 1000 brls. fancy brands was placed at 36s. Currency per brl. at 6s. Sterling freight by an A 1 Ship to London, and a larger parcel of several brands "fine," was taken per Bill of Lading, at 35s. 6d. Currency, and 5s. 3d. Sterling freight to Liverpool.

During the past few days the market has been dull, good brands of "fine" selling at 34s. 6d. which is the present quotation.

GRAIN.—The transactions in Wheat during the fortnight have been heavy. Before the arrival of the *Caledonia* several lots of red were taken at 6s. 6½d. a 6s. 7d. and white at 6s. 9d. a 6s. 11d. Afterwards, a good parcel of red *cribbled* was placed at 7s. 3d. per bushel, f. o. b. 11s. 3d. Sterling freight; red afloat and in store 6s. 9d. a 7s., white 7s. a 7s. 3d. There has since been a slight decline owing to the largeness of the quantity arriving, and the best samples of white have been placed at 6s. 11d. a 7s. 1d. per bushel of 60 lbs. To day the market is to be noted dull.

PEAS.—Have been in active request—about 1200' minuts have changed hands at 4s. per minot, f. o. b.

Provisions.—Are without any material change. A lot of 500 brls. Mess Pork, New York Inspection, has been sold at \$17½ cash, and 200 brls. Montreal Inspection at \$18. Butter has been taken for shipment at 8½d. per lb.

Freights.—Most of the Ships now in port are filled up at 13s. a 15s. per quarter for grain, and 6s. 6d. a 7s. 6d. for Flour; those still open are offering at somewhat lower rates. Ashes have been shipped at 50s. a 52s. 6d. per cwt, and Butter at 3s. per keg.

Exchange.—Has declined considerably; the rates now are—Bank bill, 60 days, 10 per cent, Merchants' bills, 90 days, 8½ a 9½ per cent. premium.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

MONTREAL WITNESS,

Weekly Review, and Family Newspaper.

THE want of a general Religious and Literary Newspaper, devoted to the best interests of the people, temporal as well as spiritual, being extensively felt in Canada; the undersigned, with the assistance of literary friends of various Evangelical denominations, has been induced to undertake the publication of such a paper.

This Journal is intended to be a faithful WITNESS FOR THE TRUTH IN LOVE, devoted more particularly to such subjects as Christian Union—Missions—Education—the Efforts of Religious and Benevolent Societies—Public and Social Improvements—Immigration—Cheap Postage—and, generally, the development of the resources of the country. It will be divided into four Departments, viz:—

THE REVIEW;

Being a condensed view of the character and contents of the best works that issue from the Press, on both sides of the Atlantic.

THE WITNESS;

Consisting of Editorial and other original matter; together with important leading articles from the journals of Great Britain and the United States.

THE NEWS;

Being a general Summary of News, and more particularly of such events as occur in, or concern Canada; including Parliamentary Intelligence, Prices Current, Review of the Markets, Shipping Lists, &c. &c. &c.

THE MISCELLANY;

Consisting of Poetry—Instructive Tales—Religious Extracts—Popular Information on the Arts and Sciences, especially Agriculture and Horticulture—and Miscellaneous paragraphs.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be excluded, except a few of general importance; and party politics and sectarian discussions will be avoided.

The whole will be printed with the best new Type, on a sheet of excellent Paper, in a form suitable for binding; and published every *Monday Evening* after the first January next.

TERMS.—Three Dollars and a half per Annum; or, if paid in advance, Three Dollars, exclusive of postage.

Post Masters, Country Merchants, or others who obtain five or more subscribers, and remit the money in advance, will be allowed twenty per cent discount from the credit price.

All orders, remittances, and communications, to be addressed (post paid) "to the Editors of the MONTREAL WITNESS."

Deeply feeling the importance of this undertaking, the undersigned earnestly and respectfully requests the countenance and co-operation of the public.

JOHN DOUGALL,

PROPRIETOR.

Montreal, Oct. 15, 1845.

THE PUBLISHING OFFICE of the CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE, is removed to the Commercial Buildings, St. Paul Street, opposite the Custom House; where a Pledge Book is kept, and the business of the Provincial Committee of the Montreal Temperance Society transacted.

R. D. WADSWORTH,
Secretary Provincial Committee.