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# THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO

## TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE AND NEWS.

Vol. XI.

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### THE RISING TIDE.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

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It was a second-rate sort of house; and the one domestic who waited upon the old man, was yet too soundly asleep to hear their summons, for they knocked in a trembling and hesitating manner. At last they heard a slow step in the passage. One bolt was drawn away, and then another, and then the door was opened by the old man himself, who stood before them with an inquiring gaze, while he held in one hand a lighted candle, which had burned down into the socket.

Grace Dalton looked at her cousin. His lips moved—his voice faltered—he could not utter an articulate sound.

“Perhaps you will allow us to come in,” said Grace; “we have come to speak with you on very important business.”

“Business?” repeated the old man, as well he might, at that hour of the morning, and with such guests. He admitted them, however; and throwing open the door of his little sitting-room, it was easy to see that he had known no rest that night, for his table was covered with papers and account-books; and everything wore the appearance of solitary and anxious toil—that toil of mind, and labour of calculation, for which old age is so unfitted. Without betraying any curiosity, he motioned for his guests to be seated, and resumed his own chair, waiting patiently for them to begin the conversation.

They were both silent; while the quivering fingers of Grace Dalton played amongst her hair, and her open lips were pale as ashes. At last she spoke.

“I think, Sir, you are aware where your son spent last evening?”

“I know little of where he spends his evenings,” replied the father, “and it has become a matter of small importance to me.”

There was a real or assumed severity about old Kennedy, which drove most people away from him, and which might, possibly, have had its influence in estranging his son from the affections and

the duties of home. But now this apparent coldness, while it shocked the feelings of Grace Dalton, gave her nerve to proceed, and she actually related the whole account of the fatal catastrophe, exactly as it had been told to her, only pausing occasionally to ascertain whether she ought or ought not to proceed.

“Go on,” said old Kennedy, every time she stopped, in a deep-toned and sepulchral voice; but he never once looked up, nor changed his attitude, nor unclasped his hands, that were closely folded together, with his lips pressed upon them, and his elbows supported by the arms of his chair.

“Go on,” he repeated, until the whole had been told; when he simply asked—“And the body?”

“I have stationed six fishermen from the village,” said Falkland, “along the bay, and three beyond the crags; but they say it is impossible it should be found before the tide goes down. I shall then be on the beach myself, and see that nothing is neglected. In the mean time, if you would like Grace Dalton to remain with you, she will be most happy to render you any assistance in her power.”

“Who is Grace Dalton?”

“The young person who has accompanied me.”

“I would much rather be alone; and, perhaps, the sooner you both leave me, the better.”

There was no forcing their presence upon him after this remark; and the two cousins arose, and left the room, with that stealthy step with which we instinctively tread in the presence of affliction; the old man neither rising from his chair, nor offering them the common civilities of one who takes leave of departing guests.

They had not left the outer door, however, before their progress was arrested by the sound of deep groans from within. They paused; for it was not easy to leave an aged man, under such circumstances, alone. They paused; for pity, as well as horror, seemed to chain them to the spot; and now they discovered that those strange and awful sounds were the strong prayer of mortal agony—that prayer which is wrung out from the human soul by its necessity, not by its inclination or its hope.

“He did love him, then!” exclaimed Grace Dalton; clasping her hands together; “He did love him as a father ought to love a son! May blessings fall upon the head of that old man!”

As she said this, a flood of tears gushed from her eyes; they were the first she had shed on this melancholy occasion: for grief, that is mixed with horror, seldom causes tears; while, add but to the bitter tide one drop of gratitude or joy, and tears immediately become the natural relief of the over-burdened heart.

“Why, Grace,” said Falkland, as he led his cousin away from the house of mourning, lest by again yielding to her own emotion, she should be the cause of interruption or alarm to others—

“How is this? You are overwhelmed with gratitude, because a stern old man is melted into common feeling by the death of his son. For my part, I should have felt more pity for him had he received the first intelligence more like a father, and a Christian.”

“We cannot all feel alike,” said Grace, “nor make the same display of sorrow when we feel it. I confess, like you, I was shocked at the seeming apathy with which our intelligence was at first received. But those fearful groans, George, they surely tell of more than common grief.”

The gray dawn of the morning had by this time given place to the full light of day, though it was one of the darkest and the gloomiest of those which usher in the storms of winter. The stillness of the preceding night had occasionally been interrupted by a rushing wind, which now swelling into a strong gale, blew fiercely over earth and sea, sweeping across the bosom of the troubled ocean, and lashing the spray of the rising billows into one vast bed of foam. The tide was rolling out, but it retreated with an angry roar, as if unsatisfied with the work of destruction it had already accomplished.

All the distance from the village to the beach, was now scattered with groups of people, who, some of them from mere curiosity, and some from feelings of deeper interest, had left their homes, to hear if there were any tidings of the body, or to learn if any thing more remained to be told than the melancholy story which had already circulated from house to house, with the usual number of variations and additions. Amongst these groups was many a poor mother with her children clinging to her cloak, all looking anxiously towards the sea, and yet all afraid to behold the object of which they were in search. There were men blessing and comforting themselves that their sons were not as this prodigal, who would never more return to his father's house.—There were young women, who looked and looked again, and all the while kept close together, calling back to remembrance the kindness, the freedom, and the generous-heartedness of him who was lost; and there were old fishermen, telling of their own escapes, and wondering at, and settling, and unsettling again, the manner of the young man's death. And still the hoary deep rolled on, telling its dark secrets to none.

Falkland and his cousin approached the scene of interest from one point; his mother and sister, with their household attendants, from another. Way was respectfully made for all, and they stood together for some time without uttering a word, except to ask and tell in what manner old Kennedy had born the intelligence of his loss. All looked towards the sea; and Grace Dalton, though she trembled violently, dashed away her hair from her eyes, and looked more intently than any of the watchers there.

"See, see," said Mrs. Falkland, "there is old Kennedy himself—and alone."

And there indeed he stood, the aged father, leaning on his staff, with his white hair floating in the wind. He stood alone too, except for a faithful dog, that never left his side. He stood alone, for he had held no fellowship with others in the common avocations and interests of life, and therefore it was the necessary consequence, that in his grief they should hold none with him. Yet there was something almost more than human nature could endure, to see a father alone on such an occasion, and Grace Dalton left her aunt and cousins, and stealing quietly up to the ridge of high ground on which he had stationed himself, stooped down, and patted his dog, that she might at least be ready, if he should wish for any one to be near him.

Encouraged by having escaped a direct repulse, Grace ventured at last to stand nearer, and from a natural impulse upon which she acted almost unconsciously, she said, in so meek and quiet a voice, that it could not have offended any one, "Sir will you not lean upon me, the wind is very strong?"

"Lean upon you, child?" said old Kennedy; "why should I lean upon you?"

And he turned half away from her, to look again at the sea without interruption.

Perhaps it was well that he had not accepted the offered aid of his young companion; for the next moment she was shooting like an arrow across the sands, straight on to a crag of black rock, which was just beginning to stand out above the shallow waves, and beside which some of the fishermen were now seen to be gathering themselves into a group.

"What can be the matter with Grace?" said Mrs. Falkland, observing the strange movements of her niece. "She seems to have quite lost her senses with this melancholy affair. You were wrong in taking her with you, George. She would have been much better at home. She has no spirits for such scenes as these."

"You are mistaken in Grace, I assure you," said Falkland. "She was of the greatest possible use to me this morning, and, really behaved like a heroine. But see! They have found him; they have found him at last. I am sure that is the body."

It was true, as Falkland had said. The wretched man had not been washed by the waves to any great distance from the spot where he perished, probably owing to his dress having become entangled amongst the rocks; and there he lay stretched out upon the sand, one of his cold hands still clenching, with an iron grasp, the shred of Falkland's coat, which he had torn off when they separated for the last time.

Nothing now remained to be done, for it was impossible that a spark of life should remain; and, while all stood around, uttering their different exclamations of regret, Grace Dalton remained on her knees beside him, stooping down with her head so low, that she could have heard the faintest breath had it passed his lips; though her hair fell down and shaded her face, so that none could see in what manner she was holding her strange communion with the dead.

It seemed as if the girl had forgotten the natural timidity—her aunt said, the natural modesty—of her sex: for, on first reaching the spot where the body had been dragged out and laid upon the smooth sand, she had torn open the vest of the drowned man, and laid her hand upon his heart, to feel if there was yet a throb, or a sense of human feeling left. It was in vain. The fishermen smiled, with melancholy meaning in their looks, to see her fruitless efforts, and the foolish hopes which none but a dreamer like herself could have entertained for a moment, but still she knelt beside him, and not the ghastly countenance, from which other women turned away; nor the crowds that gathered round her, nor the spray of the sea foam, nor the fierce wind that came with splashing rain, and drove half the idle concourse back to the village—had power to raise her from that lowly posture, until a bier was brought, and the body was placed upon it, and carried away before her eyes. Then she suddenly recollected herself, and, silently meeting the reproof of her aunt, she wrapped herself round with a shawl, and walked the last of all the party, as they returned to Mrs. Falkland's dwelling.

Our nearest relatives are sometimes the last to understand the real state of our feelings. The rude fishermen on the beach had seen at once, by the behaviour of Grace Dalton, in what relation she had stood to the deceased; and they had regarded her affection with that respect which unsophisticated nature is not slow to render to real suffering. How little of this respect would have been shown by those in a higher sphere of life, who had undertaken the support and guardianship of the poor orphan—how little of this respect would they have shown, had they known that she had so far deviated from the principles carefully instilled into her mind, as to dare to love a man whose life and conduct were like those of Ralph Kennedy.

And why had she loved him? Perhaps simply for these reasons—because he had been kinder than any other human being ever was to her; because she was lonely, and he had been her friend; because she was despised, and he had shown her respect; because she was an orphan, and he had promised to protect her.

It needs little philosophy to account for the origin of love.—There are human beings who cannot exist, of and by, themselves. Their very being is a relative one; and the more they are shut out from sympathy, and kindly fellowship, and the mutual interchange of thought and feeling with others—the fewer channels they find for the outpourings of natural affection—the stronger will the tide of that affection be when it does burst forth, uniting, as it were, in one living stream, all the pent-up and sealed fountains which lay beneath the sterile surface of their desert life.

Bitterly would Mrs. Falkland have reproached her niece, had she known why, amongst that crowd of strangers, she had stood the first—why she had approached the nearest to that awful spectacle—why she had been the only one to endeavour to unclench that cold hand—why she alone had hoped against hope, that there might still be life. Happily for poor Grace, the strangeness of her conduct met with no farther censure than its absence of decorum deserved, and this was even pardoned in consideration of the childish weakness with which she was so often charged; for, like most persons in her situation, she had often to bear the blame of a fault, and its direct opposite, at the same time.

No extenuation, however, ought to be offered for the chief fault of which Grace Dalton was guilty—that of loving a dissipated and unprincipled man. She felt that she deserved no pity, and therefore she asked for none. She had her punishment within herself; and the perpetual sense of condemnation which she bore about with her, made her still more meek, and humble, and submissive under reproof, than she would otherwise have been. Nor did she regard the errors of Ralph Kennedy with more toleration, in her own mind, than the rest of the world evinced towards them. In proportion to the high estimate of what she believed to be his virtues, was her fear, her sorrow, her hatred of his vices. These, however, she never spoke of, except to himself. There were others to do that, she thought; and when so many voices were against him, there was the less need of her's.

Thus she was often thought to look with too lenient an eye, both upon his conduct, and that of her cousin George. The fact was, she loved her cousin because she believed that he loved Kennedy; and, had those who charged her with indifference to their vices, only followed her to the little chamber which she occupied alone—had they watched her there, when every other member of the household was wrapped in sleep, they might have seen such tears, and heard such prayers, as would have convinced them that vice in any form, but particularly in those she loved, was no matter of indifference to her.

There are strange contradictions in some of the popular modes of judging of human character—contradictions which, if they were to exist in religious society, would be laid hold of by the world, and exhibited to view, as proof of the unsubstantial nature of all such profession. Amongst these, there is none more striking, and certainly none more injurious to the well-being of society, than the habit of attributing to young men of gay and dissipated habits, an excess of generosity, and an absence of selfishness, which are considered as outweighing all their moral delinquencies.

Whether this false estimate of character is derived from the glowing and attractive descriptions of some of the popular heroes of ancient, as well as modern romance; or whether it is merely that mankind can accommodate their judgment to circumstances, so as to admire what it suits their inclination to imitate, it is not our business now to inquire. But it may not be foreign to the subject in hand, to tax the patience of the reader for a few moments so far as to ask, in what does the generosity and the disinterestedness of the characters alluded to, consist? Is it in their kind and consistent regard to the feelings of those by whom they are most beloved, and whom they profess to love in return? Is it in their self-denial—in the privations they undergo for the sake of promoting the happiness of others? Is it in the full and efficient returns they render for all the care and anxiety of which they are the cause? Is it in the abundant bestowment of their pecuniary means, to support the destitute, and to solace the afflicted? Is it in the faithfulness and punctuality with which they hold themselves ready at the call of duty to answer the demands of friendship and affection? Is it in the sacredness with which they fulfil every trust committed to their charge? Is it, in short, in their absence of self-love, and their disregard for self-gratification, in comparison with the gratification of their friends?

If there be any meaning in the words generosity, and good-heartedness, they would surely comprehend some of these points; and yet in all these, are the characters of the gay and the dissipated peculiarly deficient.

If we could, by any means of calculation, add together all the tears which such characters habitually and recklessly cause, all the hours of anxiety they inflict upon their near connexions, all the bickerings and disputes occasioned by their conduct between those who censure and those who defend them, all the wretched feeling they leave behind them whenever they go out, all the anguish which awaits their return, all the disappointment of those who trust them, and, finally, all the wretchedness attendant upon the full development of those vices, of which what the world calls gaiety is the natural and certain germ—if we could add all these together, we should behold a sum of human misery greater than ever was produced by absolute crime—by murder, theft, or any of those gross and desperate acts, against which public indignation is so justly and unanimously raised. If we could add all these together, we should see, operating through different channels, a mass of selfishness, with which that of the solitary miser bears no comparison.

(to be Continued.)

### New York State Temperance Convention.

Extract from a Report of the proceedings of the New York State Temperance Convention convened at Albany June 25th, 1845, to the People of the State of New York.

#### CITIZENS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

Your Legislature, at its last Annual Session, passed an act authorizing the legal voters of each township and city, within the State, except the city of New York, to determine by a direct ballot on the last Tuesday in April next, whether they will or will not permit the farther traffic in intoxicating liquor within the limits of their respective cities or townships. That act, beneficent in its object, and wise in its affirmative provisions, we ask you to sustain by your votes, and render its sphere of operations commensurate with the State.

We do not here address you in advocacy or vindication of the course of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors. If there be any whose understandings are not already with us on that point, whatever their appetites may say, we only ask them to contrast the present condition, moral and physical, of the pledged advocates of temperance, with that of their opposers. Be they poor or rich learned or ignorant, we care not; we ask every reflecting and humane citizen to consider the effects of total abstinence

on those who have embraced it, and for years faithfully followed its dictates. Go into the fields and the work-shops, where the champions of thorough temperance are found; look, then, into the grog-shops, the gutters, the poor-houses, the graves, where are clustered their old associates, the temperate drinkers of ten or twenty years ago. Contrast the two classes as they are, and no further argument can be needed—no other can be so effectual to prove the temperance Reformation to be the mightiest work of beneficence and blessing which human hands have ever wrought.

But the men who ten years ago were vehement opposers of total abstinence as ultra and fanatical, now tell you that temperance is an excellent thing; it is only to temperance Laws that they have any objection. They are willing we should preach temperance, since they have no power to prevent it; they object only to our demand that the traffic in intoxicating liquors shall no longer be permitted, legalized, sanctioned, by the authority of the State.

To this we answer, that chemistry, philosophy, statistics, and every impartial man's observation, have demonstrated that the traffic in intoxicating drinks is an enormous public injury and private wrong—that its effects and influences are evil, enormously evil—and that it should, therefore, be prohibited by law as plainly detrimental to the public weal. All the grounds of principle here involved, are already covered by our long standing laws against brothels and gambling-houses, the rightfulness and policy of which no man openly questions. If the selling of liquors be admitted an evil, then no good citizen can wish to be engaged in it. If it be but pronounced an evil by a majority of the community in which he lives, a good citizen can hardly wish to continue it there. And until the facts shall be so well known and public sentiment so far advanced that rumselling is decisively pronounced a public nuisance, the new Excise law does not interfere to forbid that traffic. We hold the new law, therefore, to be eminently wise, just, and democratic; and we do not see on what ground an advocate of popular sovereignty can oppose it. If the people choose to have liquor sold, they will have it under this law; if they desire that the traffic should cease, how can a good republican insist on its continuance? Each township or city judges for itself, and mainly bears the consequences of its own decision.

But this is only the first step. The law must be preserved and made general; it must then be carried thoroughly into effect. In every county, every township, every neighbourhood, periodicals, tracts, showing the horrible effects of the rum-traffic, must be placed in every family. Let the subject be discussed in churches in debating societies, in social gatherings, in personal interviews, until the people shall have been fully enlightened respecting the miseries and crimes which have their origin in the alcoholic poison. Let the public mind be fully prepared for an almost, if not quite, universal vote against licensing at the election next April. But should the first battle be lost in any town, let it be promptly renewed and repeated, until the desolating traffic is utterly banished from our State.

Meantime, as our opponents complain of the loss of property which the sudden cessation of Rumselling must occasion them, let them have notice at once, as we here give notice to all the city of New York inclusive, that Rumselling is to cease from and after April next, wherever the friends of temperance shall have power to arrest it. Let all who buy, lease, manufacture articles in their line have this notice distinctly before them, and act thereon if they think proper. If they choose to disregard it, let them not complain a year hence that they have been surprised and embarrassed by the stoppage of the Rum trade.

Friends of temperance! a most important duty is devolved on you; an eventful crisis is before you! your activity and devotion will secure everything; while supineness and indifference may cause the loss of ground not to be regained. Be faithful—act well your part, and the blessings of unborn millions shall hallow your memory.

By the Convention,

A. D. WILSON, President.

After the reading of the Address, Mr. Bartlett of Foughkeeps took the floor. He said this was ground as important as any occupied since we commenced the Temperance reformation. The address embraces all I have asked for. I said, if I had the power, I would put to death, not the rumseller, but the rumselling business, As Jesus Christ made a whip of small cords and drove the sellers out of the Temple, so would I whip these men out of their business and with the same spirit. And if the gentlemen will go home and put this address into the hands of the rumsellers and let them know with what spirit it was adopted, good will be accomplished.

Mr. Culver said, we love the new excise law because it puts the whole thing just where we want it. Under the old order of things, we voted for and against men, and they had their friends and political alliances. We now are to vote for and against Rum. He trusted we should soon see the Clergy no longer disfranchised, and that they would all come up on the right side with all their influence.

Rev. Mr. Ven Lone, of Poughkeepsie, said, we had now in this Address come to the great business of the Convention, and he hoped that we should have the door opened wide for every man fully to express his mind. Gentlemen object to hard terms. It is impossible for me to express the feelings of my heart in any other than the appropriate language. We must use certain terms if we would express certain feelings, for there are no other terms. I have been trying to prove for several successive Sunday evenings, that in Rumselling was included the charge of murder, and I must say murder, and I have done it in kindness. We may heap many epithets upon the man engaged in the business, though I think there is nothing so expressive as the simple one, Rumseller.

Mr. Chedsey said He was opposed to all denunciation and abuse. It did no good. He had heard very bitter things said against the old pledge, but if the old pledge had not been adopted, the new one never would have been. We took a history of rumsellers in our place for fifty years past, and we found that all but two had gone to a drunkard's grave. We have facts enough of this kind to carry to them to affect their hearts. We can lead an elephant by a hair, but we cannot drive. The address is just what we want.

Mr. Bradley thought this sin should be treated as all other sins are. What sympathy should we express for a horse thief, because of the breaking up of his business he was to suffer loss; or for a gambler? He related a story of a poor fellow who, when drunk, committed a crime and was sent to the State prison, while the man who sold him the rum was sent to the Legislature. He thought that rumselling should be made a state prison offence. Men do not look and see how the traffic affects them. A man in his neighbourhood who owned a large farm which was his idol, called him years ago a fanatic for talking so about the trade. I asked him if rumsellers did him no injury. "No," said he. "Suppos," said I, "one should plant himself by the side of your farm, would he do none?" "Not that I know of." "Would he not make three or four paupers whom you would have to support, or who would steal all you have?" He had not thought of that. But he thought of it then, and he has never called me a fanatic since, nor been in favor of the traffic.

Dr. Jewett of Boston, being loudly called upon for his opinions relating to the traffic, said, that he believed that had the strong ground been taken at first, it would have proved fatal to the cause. A man may have too much light, especially if he comes out of a cellar into a bright sunshine, and there is snow on the ground. It required the dark lantern of the old pledge for men to get used to it. The Saviour said, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but you cannot bear them now." But the day of teaching with milk is gone by. The first article I wrote on temperance was written twenty years ago, and I had discernment given me to say then and I feel proud of it, (there are some things of which we may be proud), that it was wrong to license one set of men to kill another. I have come to the State of New York to feel the pulse (speaking professionally) of the Empire State, and to look at its tongue, and I see that its case is not hopeless. I rejoice to see by the debates of to-day, which I have listened to with great attention, that there is a noble spirit here. Many of the Rumsellers of former days saw their guilt, and got out of the business, and such should be kind to those who are in. They who now pursue it know well enough what they are doing. I formerly met the rumsellers on the platform. Now I never see them there. I say to them, "Come go to the temperance meeting—you shall have your turn, as much time as you want to speak in." But they won't go. It is from a deep consciousness that they are wrong. The Rumsellers of 1845 are not the Rumsellers of 1825. A half-witted man was working among the stones, which lay thick and crabbed on a hill in Rhode Island when a neighbour asked him how they all came there, so ugly and so thick. He said, when the Lord cursed the earth with thorns and briars, he let Satan curse it with stones. So he took a large riddle full and riddled them on the earth. The small stones went through first very well; and, as he passed on, the next larger; but when he came over this place, the big and crabbed ones would

not go through, and Satan turning over his riddle emptied them all out here. We have been riddling through the Temperance riddle the rumsellers this twenty years, and a great many went through at first very easy; but it does seem to me that those we have now would not go through, and they have all been emptied out upon us. Some of our brethren are very willing to speak harshly of the business but not of the men. We do not do so in other things. If a man breaks into our house with false keys, we do not go about next day talking against false keys and house-breaking. The key is nothing without the man. It is the man, and not the key, who does the mischief. And so it is with the rum business. It would do no harm without the rumseller. We should, and if we would ever do any good, we must, call things by their right names, and tell our fellow-beings who are doing wrong, the whole truth. Father Hunt said last winter in Faneuil Hall, he had converted from the error of their ways about 200 rumsellers; but he had never converted one without first convincing him that he deserved from man a halter, and from God a hell. What if the Apostle Paul had said, Mr A—a, the man who was engaged in business not far off, had injured him considerably, he wished him no harm, &c., &c. That would not have been like Paul. No. He spoke out the truth. "Alexander, the copper-smith (no mistake about the man), hath done me much harm. The Lord reward him according to his deeds."

What is the use of our going about in an interminable conflict, gathering up the wrecks of this business? We must go to the fountain head, and stop it. The waters of desolation must not for ever flow over us, making awful wrecks of many of our best citizens. Your Legislature have given the people the power to stop it at the ballot box; and now depend upon it, there will be an awful storm of wrath gathered all over New York. All will be in favor of temperance; but we do not like temperance laws. O, let men do as they please—buy as they please, and sell as they please; and then depend on moral suasion to check and control them. We have got now what they do not like. We have long been doing for the rumsellers what the boys do at the bowling alleys. I hope you have none here. (Yes, plenty.) The little boys pick up the pins and set them all up, and the men praise them—nice little boys, you shall have some pennies; and then they roll away and knock them all down. Then it is, "pick them up again, nice boys." So we have been picking up the poor drunkards all over the land, just for the rumsellers to knock down again. And they knock them down as fast as we can pick them up, and get paid for doing it; while we have to feed, clothe, and take care of the poor fellows and their families. And I for one am tired of it, and we want you to join us in the Bay State in knocking down the trade; and we can do it. Public sentiment is with us and against the trade, and let us be bold and vigilant, mild but firm, and we shall do it.

The Address was unanimously adopted and ordered to be published.

### Temperance Societies.

The Duke of Wellington, in reference to some application made to him desiring the reduction in severity of the punishments administered in the British army, replied that no kind of punishment would be frequently inflicted if the soldiers would but abstain from drunkenness. If this stigma exists no longer in the intensity ascribed to it, mainly, we believe, is it owing to the successful exertions of those most admirable institutions—the Temperance Societies—institutions which bid fair to revolutionize the whole aspect of society in England.

We can well remember the time—and no doubt many others can do the same—when it was next to impossible to pass through the streets of the Metropolis without meeting, and not unfrequently being insulted by numerous wretched individuals who had "put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains." The outskirts of London, particularly in the neighbourhood of the docks, swarmed with poor creatures indulging in the extremes of intemperance, thus sacrificing health and peace in the first instance, and eventually suffering misery and death. In the present day few such instances present themselves to notice. It is true the evil-besetting sin of drunkenness is not wholly eradicated; but every one at all acquainted with the usages of society must be sensible that, though the monster has not yet been wholly killed, yet it has been severely scotched by the exertions of the Temperance Societies. Our seamen, whose providence and love of liquor were proverbial, are greatly changed; they abstain from

intoxicating draughts, and place their money in savings-banks to accumulate for a stormy day; and it has become a rare thing to see a drunken sailor. The mechanic no longer wastes his substance at the dram-shop or ale-house, and consequently his family are better clothed and fed, and he enjoys the pleasure of a comfortable home. Industry is more developed; social habits are produced by rational principles; the leisure hours are devoted to the cultivation of the mind; man rises in the scale of intellectual improvement; his morality and religion become based on a pure and stable foundation; and the tranquillity and happiness which the Creator designed for the work of his hands is far more widely diffused. Nor is it in England alone that these results have ensued. The good is spreading to every part of the habitable globe, even amongst those who have long been looked upon as mere barbarians.

Hand in hand with Temperance Societies we shall find the Savings-banks; and it is a fact worthy of record, that the deposits in the latter have greatly increased since the establishment of the former; men will not spend their wages in pursuit of degradation, disgrace, and disease when their reason becomes satisfied of the baneful tendencies of excess, and their judgement convinced that habitual intoxication is actually progressive suicide. He is a coward and a fool who in the hour of difficulty, danger, or sorrow would fly to the bottle and drown his senses in temporary forgetfulness; the day of reckoning must and will come, and soul harrowing will be the remorse of the wretched creature who, with impaired faculties and destitute of a solitary hope, quits a world whose comforts he has so egregiously abused.

But better scenes are opening to us; mankind are becoming more enlightened. Temperance societies are every where extending the best of influences, and the hearts of all true lovers of their species and country must not only rejoice when contemplating the vast benefits of the future, but the hand will promptly use its most powerful exertions to aid a cause that promises goodwill and peace on earth.—*English Paper.*

### Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

Every twenty-sixth person in the State of New York is a *pauper*! In a new country, where provisions are abundant, and the demands for labour large, this is surely a strange state of things. And the expense of this pauperism, the Secretary of State tells us in a late report, is \$600,000. Add to this the lowest estimate of the amount expended in private relief of pauperism (400,000), and we have the round sum of *one million of dollars*!

Now suppose it were discovered and proved beyond cavil that the immense suffering and expense here contemplated, were occasioned by the sale of *bad meat*, in the cities and villages throughout the state. If the officers of justice were to come down upon these men at once as offenders against the State would any sane man question the propriety of the act?

But suppose the language of earnest entreaty and faithful admonition had been first employed with those vendors of putrescent carcasses, and employed in vain. Would any man question the propriety of invoking the civil arm for protection? And what would it avail to say—the buyers of this meat are *voluntary* in this matter? Suppose this to avail in exculpating the meat man from just censure, so far as injury is done to the buyer and consumer (though it is nowhere laid down in our Philosophy, that a man has a right to inflict injury upon his neighbour because the latter *consents* or even becomes a *party* to the injury.) But how does this affect the third party—the *tax-payer*? The injury inflicted upon the latter is quite distinct from that inflicted upon the former, and we are all too Dutch to comprehend how the fact of one man's consenting with the butcher to be supplied with bad meat, atones for the wrong of imposing an unnecessary burden upon a *third man*.

But is there anything analogous, in this supposed case, to the character and relations of the liquor seller? Aye, there is everything. It is well ascertained that *three-fourths* of the pauperism in this State is the consequence of intemperance. In almost every village of the State, men are engaged in selling and consuming "bad" drink—*poisoned* drink. The consequence is, bodies are enervated, diseases produced, brawls are created in which limbs are broken, and in various ways men are unfitted to support themselves and their families. They are sent to the Alms-house, or go begging from door to door for subsistence. *Three* men are thrown upon society for support, where otherwise but *one* would be. The officers of justice have not "made a descent" upon the

sellers of bad drink—as they would have done, as indeed they are in the habit of doing, upon the vendors of bad meat—as offenders against society. But for many years the tide of reprobation has been pouring in upon them—the physical, mental, moral and pecuniary injuries they were inflicting upon society, have been patiently and earnestly set before them. It has been shown, that their business has been carried on *at the expense of their neighbours*; not at their social expense only, but at their actual pecuniary expense. Now it avails nothing to say, that the consumer of bad drink is a voluntary agent. The dealers and drinkers have no more right combined than singly, to cast *thousands* of paupers upon the charities of the State; and if the State have no right to protect herself against this endless drain upon her resources—then she has no right to maintain her own prosperity or her own existence.

Now be it understood that our petition for the present Excise Law, was not based upon the idea that liquor selling and drinking are simple *immoralities* and therefore to be prevented, but, upon the idea, that they involve a wrong to the citizens of New York *as such*, and therefore they have a right and are under a solemn obligation as citizens, to put a stop to these fruitful sources of *crime, pauperism and taxation.*—*Safeguard.*

## PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

MR. DUNGAY'S REPORT.—JOHNSTOWN DISTRICT.

During the past month I have had the pleasure of addressing the intelligent and spirited inhabitants of the beautiful district of Johnstown. As I now leave this for another field of labour (the Home District,) I will furnish for the columns of the *Advocate*, a condensed account of my tour. I have travelled about four hundred miles, addressed nearly six thousand persons—delivered forty four lectures, received about four hundred names to the pledge—originated four societies, and re-organised several that were inefficient. I leave twice as much pledged on the financial list to support the cause the ensuing year, as I found there; and I leave the treasury, my expenses having been paid, richer than I found it. I have invariably met with a generous and hospitable reception, for which I return my grateful acknowledgements; I have found the friends of the cause in many places willing to make sacrifices of time and ease and money, to promote the advancement of the pledge, which is quite a novelty in this luxurious money loving age. In a word, I have found long heads, warm hearts, ready tongues, and liberal hands, busily and successfully employed in agitating the "tremendous" principle of total abstinence. In this delightful district many of the clergymen of different denominations, a few gentlemen of the legal profession, and almost all the leading physicians not only advocate the cause, but adopt the pledge.

At the semi-annual convention in Farmersville we had a magnificent demonstration, comporting with the purity and importance of the occasion. The hospitable villagers prepared an ample repast in a beautiful orchard. A platform was erected for the delegates, speakers, and singers, in front of which were seats tastefully arranged, and tables richly spread for the accommodation of those who can be cheerful and united without the assistance of the bowl. The business of the day was transacted in a spacious chapel, the doors of which had been kindly opened for our reception; I think I never attended a better convention, I believe all the societies belonging to the union, with two exceptions were represented, and well represented. We had plain, practical business men, blessed with good common sense at that convention. Important resolutions were presented and adopted; I will merely mention a few of them. It was resolved, that a memorial be presented to the Magistrates, praying them to assist in suppressing the ravages of intemperance, by diminishing the number of licensed

taverns. That a petition be prepared and presented to Parliament, at its next session, praying for a committee to be appointed, to enquire into the extent of the evils of intemperance. That a circular be written by some persons selected at each semi-annual meeting, to be published and circulated throughout the district by the executive committee. That a subscription be opened forth with, to provide means to purchase a tent, to be the joint property of the union, and to be used by the different societies on festive and other public occasions. That female and juvenile societies be formed, and bands of vocal and instrumental music be organised, whenever, and wherever practicable. That ministers of different denominations, be solicited to preach at least one temperance sermon during the ensuing year, and lecture whenever it suits their convenience. That temperance papers, temperance houses, and temperance shops, deserve the patronage of all the pledged and other friends of the temperance reformation. That a pleasure excursion from Brockville to Kingston, be got up under the auspices of the union, and that the proceeds be employed in advancing the cause throughout the district. That a Female committee be appointed to visit families, secure names to the pledge, and otherwise promote the good work. Several other important resolutions were presented and passed, but I have not time to enumerate them now. In this district I found the first society organised in the British dominions. It was formed seventeen years ago in Beverly by Dr. P Schofield, an able and liberal friend to the total abstinence movement. The Green-bush band deserves particular notice, for their admirable performances.

We had a splendid soiree in Brockville the other night. The large chapel was decorated with flowers and evergreens, the former characteristic of the beauty, the latter emblematic of the unperishable nature of the cause. The speeches were short and sweet, the viands excellent, and more abundant. Brockville is the metropolis of the temperance movement in this section of country.

I had the happiness to address the ladies in Brockville, and form a female temperance society. I have no doubt this institution will prove to be an invaluable acquisition to the great and glorious reform.

The gentlemanly Editor of the *Brockville Record*, allowed me free access to the columns of his widely circulated Journal. So I have availed myself of his kindness, and published my Journal weekly, which has had a tendency to excite the curiosity of some, and the zeal and benevolence of others.

The Rev. Messrs. Smart, Boyd, and Drummond, with Messrs. Brough, Andrew, Smart, Houghton, and several others whose names I do not now remember have assisted me in the performance of my arduous, but delightful task, for which I sincerely thank them. There are three or four good temperance houses in this district, one in Brockville kept by S. S. Clark, one in Bellamyville, kept by Mr. Lyman, and one in Lewisville, kept by Mr. Lewis. I had several important meetings, I have not time to describe here; the one at Smith's Falls went off admirably, and so did the first meeting in Farmersville.

Your's sincerely,

G. W. BUNGAY.

*Sherbrooke.*—At the Temperance meeting on Monday evening, 40 names were added to the pledge, and a vote of thanks unanimously given to Messrs. Wm. Walker, R. D. Morkill, and C. E. Stimson, Merchants of this Town, for having given assurance to the Society that, as soon as their present stock is exhausted, they will sell no more intoxicating liquors. As they have at present but a trifle on hand, Sherbrooke will soon have five stores and one grocery which have given up the liquor trade this season.

At the succeeding meeting 10 names were added to the pledge.

We are informed by the Secretary of the Clarendon and Bristol Total Abstinence Society, that an effort has been made to revive the cause in that quarter, and that a new organization under that title, has been formed, of which James King, Esq. is President. We trust it may prove efficient.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**A TRIAD OF OLD AUTHORS IN FAVOUR OF TEMPERANCE.**—“Temperance cannot be content with sober fare. Thus the prophet, foretelling a scarcity, shows who will first and most feel it: ‘Awake, ye drunkards—and weep, and howl all ye drinkers of wine; because of the new wine; for it is cut off from your mouths. If that fails, a drunkard is undone; but Elijah, and such as he, can be content, if the brook and the running water fail not.’—(*Brownrigg, Bishop of Exeter.*)—“The drinkers of water needed not to care when the wine was laid waste; they could live as well without it, as they had done,—it was no trouble to the Nazarites. The more delights we make necessary to our satisfaction, the more we expose ourselves to trouble and disappointment.”—(*Matthew Henry.*)—“What more foul common sin among us than drunkenness? And who can be ignorant, that if the importation of wine, and the use of all strong drink were forbid, it would both clean rid the possibility of committing that odious vice, and men might afterwards live happily and healthfully without the use of those intoxicating liquors.”—(*Milton.*)

**THE WORST WORK OF THE Grog-SHOP.**—We generally picture to ourselves the grog-shop surrounded with brutalized, hardened men, and we feel that in making these men curses to their families, the tipping house is the great pest-house of society. But there is a worse work to which the liquor-seller gives himself than this. It is converting woman into a drunkard, taking the once lovely female and feeding her for excitement with his accursed poison. He sees her stealing to his shop in the twilight or darkness of eve, with her little bottle, and coolly gives her her portion taking from her delicate hand the little change which she can poorly spare from her babes. Her husband knows nothing of the matter. He wonders why his wife is so often sick; so much in her bed; so indolent and in active. He sympathizes with her and grants her every indulgence. His neighbors know it all, and yet he is in the dark; perhaps, talks with the rum-seller and the cordial-maker about it. He knows and sees it, but yet says nothing—he sells on, takes the paltry price of domestic peace and love, until the deceived wretched man seizes her in the very store and discovers the source of all his woe. O if there is a being on earth that deserves universal execration, it is the man who will thus sell a wretched deluded wife and mother, the means of destruction. And yet, where is the village in which he is not to be found? People of America; shall he be licensed to do his work of death?—*Jour. Am. Tem. Union.*

**MORE MURDERS.**—It is truly a pitiful picture of human nature to see men endowed with reason celebrating the flight of time, that which brings them nearer to the judgement-seat of God, by following practices, the tendency of which is to shut them out of heaven. Were there no sin at all in these, the bodily evils to which the subject their votaries are so many and so serious, that this consideration alone, should make every observant and reflecting man stand for ever aloof from them. We read lately, in the public papers, that in Crieff two men had suddenly been summoned into the eternal world when in a state of intoxication, and the ink was hardly dry which recorded the sad event when another man, in the same town, put himself into their condition, and suffered the same fate. In Perth a young girl is roasted alive by her clothes catching fire, and her mother is found lying in the same room *dead drunk*, unconscious of the fact, and unable to move a limb in aid of her own child. In Lanark two victims have put themselves under the wheels of the British Juggernaut, one of them, we are told, had been at a rousp. It is not uncommon on these occasions to stimulate the buyers with whiskey; this custom, in all cases is nefarious; it comes nearest to pocket-picking of anything we know. We hope there were none distributed at the rousp referred to. If there were, we envy not the feelings of those who gave it. Beith has also contributed its quota of conscripts to supply the altar of Moloch. In all these places we have no doubt but many are preparing themselves for the same end, taking no

warning from the past, indulging in the fatal liquor even at the funeral of their companions, and despising the very means which God, in his kind providence and rich grace, has put within their reach for their deliverance. We mention these melancholy facts, for the sole purpose of stirring up all our friends to greater zeal and activity in the promotion of our principles. If we reflect aright, we will hear a voice from the graves of these murdered men, calling upon us to redouble our diligence that the drunkard may be arrested in his sinful career, and above all, that the young be entreated not to enter upon the inviting but deceitful path, which has its beginning in what is called moderate drinking.—*Scottish Temperance Journal.*

**MODERATE DRINKING MASTERS.**—The custom of providing intoxicating drinks as an article of refreshment at social entertainments, which has become almost extinct in the country towns of the Commonwealth, still prevails to a considerable extent in Boston. This is a fatal obstacle to the progress of our cause, and a fearful responsibility is incurred by those who place it in the path of this great reform. A caution to the young clerk to avoid the drinking saloons of the city, and the use of whisky punch in the society of dissipated young men, is perfectly powerless coming from the lips of the wealthy merchant whose social parties are supplied with wine. This truth is so clearly taught by plain common sense that gentlemen who drink wine, or provide it for their guests rarely lecture their sons or young gentlemen in their employment on maintaining the virtue of temperance. The wine cup must be banished from the tables of the influential and wealthy citizens of Boston, before any considerable advance can be made toward staying the progress of intemperance in the city.—*Extracts from Report of Mass. Tem. Union.*

**EIGHT REASONS WHY THE LICENSE QUESTION SHOULD BE REFERRED TO TOWNS.**—1. The people of the towns best know, whether they need in their limits, houses for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

2. They best know, what the amount of pauperism and crime is in their town, the fruit of such sale.

3. They best know, whether they are willing to pay the taxes and endure the suffering it occasions.

4. As they are obliged to support their pauperism and criminal expenses, it is right that they should have it in their power to provide against their existence.

5. An expression of public sentiment in town meeting against the traffic, will do more to suppress it than any refusal of license by a board of excise.

6. A public town meeting for the discussion of the license question, could not fail to elicit great interest, and enlighten the public mind, and correct public sentiment, more than almost any other instrumentality.

7. Should one town grant the license and another refuse, the contrast between the two would soon be greatly in favor of the latter.

8. Where a town by a good majority, should refuse the license, the difficulty would be small of sustaining prosecutions against such as should, in defiance of the law, continue to sell.

[In Canada, having no Township Municipalities, the nearest approach to the measure above recommended, would be to leave the license question to District Councils, and Corporations of Cities.—Ed.]

**FLOATING GROGSHOPS.**—The Buffalo paper states that the best boats on Lake Erie rent out one saloon, a bare empty room, not too large to bury a man in, for one thousand dollars the season. Here may be seen the extent of the business the man has to do. One thousand dollars must be cleared before he has a cent for himself. This goes to the shareholders of the boat, often temperance and pious men. "Consoling," says the Editor, "to the passengers to know that there is a bar at which the pilot, during the darkness of the night, may quench his thirst." *Quere*—By what authority do the owners of the boat open this drunkenery? When no man on shore may keep tavern without license, has every man the liberty on the water; and this when the liberty there is attended with tenfold the danger and evil that belong to it on shore? It is time, when such appalling casualties are occurring, that these matters were looked into. Why was not the Swallow bill passed?—*Journal American Temperance Union.*

**AN AWFUL REBUKE.**—The Rev. Mr. ———, a minister of some distinction, took strong grounds against the cause of temperance. It was ultra, fanatical, against the Bible, a little wine was good for the stomach's sake, and the efforts of the friends and promo-

ters of temperance were treated with lightness and scorn. Many of his people were grieved, though others extolled and caressed him for his independent spirit and noble bearing, and often was he a guest at the house of the distiller, the rich vendor, and luxurious liver. But there was a day of retribution approaching. One Sabbath afternoon, while his reverence was delivering his elegant sermon, a noise was heard in the gallery. All eyes were turned to the place from whence it came. What a sight! Lo! there the minister's drunken son was acting out his folly for the amusement of the boys, and reeling to and fro, amid the fumes of his cups. The opposer of temperance was obliged to leave his pulpit, and lead home his drunken son, in presence of his people. If such an occurrence would not bring a man to his senses, we know not that anything would wake him from his delusions. It has been said that drunkennes in a family is often accompanied in the sober members with hostility to the temperance pledge. Is it so? And if so, why?—*Id.*

**DELANAV HOUSE.**—The noble Temperance Hotel built by Mr. Delavan, at Albany, is now open under the direction of Mr. Nathaniel Rodgers formerly of the Marlboro' in Boston; and we are bold to say, that few establishments in the world surpass it in magnificence, beauty, and whatever contributes to the comfort and happiness of the traveller. Its cost is said to have been \$130,000; and the expense of the furniture \$30,000. It has been well filled from the day of its opening, and we have no doubt many will make it a place of resort from all parts of the country.—*Id.*

**AWFUL EVENT.**—At Newburyport a man named Page keeps for sale Rum and Coffins; rum below, and coffins above. It is said that when men have been made drunk below, they have been carried up for sport, and put into the coffins above. A Mr. Horton was recently found dead in that chamber. He had left Haverhill with one hundred dollars in his pocket. When he was found, he had but twenty-seven. He was buried from the front of that rum shop. The hearse moved off without a friend to follow to the grave. And yet, said Page goes on selling coffins and rum. Can the good people of Newburyport tolerate such an outrage upon all that is decent and bearable in a Christian community.—*Id.*

## POETRY.

### The Tender Mercies of the Rumseller are Cruel.

He hath no mercy in his heart—why should we seek it there?  
Hath the hunter mercy on the fowl he taketh in the snare?  
Doth the serpent spare the bird beneath its fascinating gaze?  
Or the arch-tempter sympathise with the victim he betrays?

If kindness dwells beneath his breast, would he not pity now,  
When the cup hath set it's seal of shame upon the drunkard's brow,  
Yet should the erring one implore, what would the answer be,  
But the laughter of derision at his struggle to be free?

And the wife—the spirit-broken wife—whose tender strength must bear

The weight of all those galling bonds her partner loves to wear;  
Oh, what doth he who forged them, heed of her unceasing pain,  
As he daily adds another link to the corroding chain?

And the poor neglected children who are clam'ring to be fed,  
Whom his accursed trafficking is robbing of their bread,  
What cares he, if these children starve—what reck's he if they steal?  
'Though every glass their father drinks may cheat them of a meal.

He daily fareth sumptuously nor gives to them a thought,  
By whose disgrace and suffering, his costly food is bought;  
He sleepeth on a bed of down, no visions haunt him there,  
And he waketh in the morning with a brow devoid of care.

But there comes a whisper to his ear, it falls as faint and low  
As the light murmur of the woods when summer zephyrs blow;  
He laughs to scorn its warning tone, but starts in fear at length,  
When, like a mighty cataract, it speaketh in its strength.

It is the people's voice he hears and he shrinketh in dismay,  
For the sand on which he built his hopes their breath hath swept  
away;

It echoes from the mountain top to oceans rocky shore,  
And the doom it speaketh runneth thus:—"Thou shalt destroy no more."



## 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."—1 Cor. 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 SITTABLE WAYS WE WILL DISCOURTEGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY

MONTREAL, JULY 15, 1845.

## OBJECTIONS TO A CHRISTIAN'S JOINING TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

(Continued from page 203.)

"I know that individual Christians repudiate, yea shudder, at all this, [putting Temperance in the place of the Gospel]. But what matters this, so long as Societies, in which their individuality and their best energies are absorbed, thus offend. And offend thus, such Societies, employed in such a work, must. Man, as man, has never undertaken any moral work without coming into collision with the testimonies and ways of God."

[The repudiation of the language attributed to Temperance Societies does not exonerate from blame, if the main position be correct, which we think it is not. We know of no Christians whose best energies are absorbed in the Temperance cause; but we know of many professing Christians whose best energies appear to be absorbed in making or selling intoxicating drinks—for such our Tractarian appears to have no word of admonition; these with him will perhaps be lawful callings; but for a Christian to hold temperance meetings, and publish temperance papers is in his eyes a grievous sin.

In the latter clause of the sentence the ground is shifted, and it is plainly assumed that temperance societies are wholly composed of unregenerate men, and therefore must offend in attempting any moral reform. Whereas, as we have before said, the real good that is done by these societies is, we believe chiefly accomplished by the Christians found in them.]

"But I cannot admit, that the fact, that these fearful things have proceeded from Temperance Societies, is to be attributed to the circumstance of their containing unregenerate men. Christians have done, and said, and defended these things, when acting and speaking as friends of the Temperance cause. And this makes the matter sorrowful indeed. If things such as I have mentioned, proceeded only from the world, blindly seeking to regenerate itself, and make itself either fair to look on, or fit for God, they would sufficiently warn me against confederacy in that form in which they come; but when such things proceed from real Christians, men who say they know and preach the Gospel, they are mournful proofs to me of the way in which the light is lost in a wrong position; and warnings to me that we need to take great heed lest some favourite object of our own should make us unfaithful servants of God. It is possible to err very seriously through our zeal for something in itself commendable."

[Whilst the truth of the latter axiom is fully admitted, and also the fact, that even Christian teetotalers have sometimes forgotten themselves; we are still constrained to think, that Christians identifying themselves with, and promoting the Temperance cause, have been more in the path of duty than those who stood aloof. "By their fruits ye shall know them."]

"But fearful as such advocacy as that to which I have referred is, it is such advocacy only that will make "The Temperance Cause" prosper. Mark this. I believe most confidently that if false hopes and false promises (and as on God's part too) had not been held out, the Temperance mania had never spread as it has. Keep it within the narrow circle which some profess to prescribe to it, as merely a physical and social affair; and while you enforce it, preach the Gospel; and your Gospel will disgust and offend the natural heart a thousand times more than your Temperance

project will allure it. Honestly and fully tell men, that their Temperance cannot advance them one inch towards God, or towards heaven; that they are enemies still; still in peril of everlasting wrath; for that still, to be saved, they need another's blood, even Christ's, and the real spell of your "Temperance" influence is broken."

[Thus far our monitor has appeared as a kind friend, loving our object, and discharging a painful duty, in warning, us respecting our errors; but in the above paragraph something very like a cloven foot appears. The Tractarian calls the Temperance cause a mania—and of course they who support it must be mad. He also virtually affirms that it can never be successfully advocated except by falsehood. Now, in the greater part of instances, that have come under our notice, where hard names have been applied to the temperance cause, they have been used out of revenge for its interference with a beloved bottle or tankard; and though we would by no means insinuate anything of the kind in the present case; yet would we earnestly counsel our friend to examine what manner of spirit he is of.]

The positive assertion in the latter clause of the sentence is completely disproved by the experience of Temperance lecturers in this province, who for the most part have taken the precise ground which is here said to break the Temperance spell, and yet have been eminently successful. Indeed we might affirm that lecturers will meet with solid success, just in proportion as they take this ground; for no other will gain the confidence of ministers and Christians generally, amongst whom the strength of the Temperance cause lies.]

"Take away, I say, the false religious value which men attach to every restraint they achieve over their lusts, or every change they make in the sins they indulge, and you take the real lever out of the hand of Temperance Societies. For, whether their advocates always perceive and act on this or no, the secret of their power lies in this, that men do attach a religious value to their Temperance. And is this wonderful to any one who knows his own heart? The innate self-righteousness of fallen human nature renders it impossible that it should be otherwise. And in days like these, when man is so pre-eminently rejoicing in himself and in his ways, and when Satan is working so successfully, in matters of religion, on man's self-confidence and self-esteem, it indeed behoves God's servants to watch, lest they be found, in any wise, floating with the current."

[It is painful to find a controversialist so given to bare assertion. The whole of the above with respect to the self-righteousness of the human race, we admit to its fullest extent but we think the secret of the power of Temperance Societies lies not so much in self-righteousness, as in proclaiming a great Christian principle, viz. self-denial for the good of others. Their real lever is truth, though no doubt in accordance with poor sinful human nature, their supporters are very liable to err.]

Our opponent's strictures may, however, apply better to the Temperance Societies of some parts of Britain, where ministers and Christians generally wrapped themselves up in a mantle of fancied self-security, and Cain-like indifference to their brother's welfare, and left the whole management of the Temperance enterprise to unconverted men. Shame on such professors, say we! yet is not this just what our opponent wishes?]

"But, thirdly, I object, because another necessary result of the very constitution of Temperance Societies, is, that they confound "the flesh" and "the Spirit."

No distinction is more carefully drawn, or strongly insisted on by God, than that between *flesh* and *Spirit*. By the former I now mean unregenerate man. The New Testament distinctly affirms that no good fruit can be produced by the *flesh*—that regeneration must precede good works. Christians are said to be "created in Christ Jesus unto good works" their previous existence being described by the words; "dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. ii.) And accordingly the Gospel is preached to men in the flesh, that, behoving it and being regenerate, they may not only be saved from wrath, but also bring forth fruit unto holiness.

God, whether regarding man as liable to judgment, or as living in sin, sends him one and the same thing, even the Gospel of His grace. Consequently, the Gospel is as truly God's instrument for producing holiness, as for saving from judgment."

[The foregoing with the exception of the first sentence, are our precise sentiments, and it is difficult to oppose one who speaks so clearly of Divine truths.]

"Now, I ask, what is the Temperance which these Societies produce? Is it a holy thing, or is it not? If not, can its production be an object to engross the best energies of a Christian man? If it is a holy thing, then Temperance Societies boast of producing holiness from the flesh,—from unregenerate man! They boast of getting good fruit from the bad tree! Now is this an offence against the cross of Christ, or is it not? Is this "having no confidence in the flesh?" Is it gathering with Christ, or is it scattering abroad?"

If holiness, in the smallest degree, can be produced without regeneration—without personal connection, by faith, with Christ, then the flesh *does* profit—he atonement was needless—man is not corrupt—God is not true!"

[Here is a question worthy of the schoolmen, when Aristotelian philosophy was in its zenith. Is temperance or sobriety in unconverted men a holy thing? And if not, should Christians labour to promote it? In other words, is it better that people should be sober, with all the usual fruits of sobriety, such as health, quiet prosperity, &c. even though unconverted; or be drunken, with all the usual fruits of drunkenness,—such as quarrelling, sickness, beggary, &c.; and should we abstain from all efforts to promote sobriety, except we be sure the persons acted upon are Christians. Paul's plan was,—“Cease to do evil, learn to do well.” The writer of this tract would have men learn to do well, and then cease to do evil. As this is not a theological publication, we shall not even attempt to enter into the merits of this question, but ask a question in return. Was the young man whom Jesus loved, as having kept the commandments from his youth up, no nearer the kingdom of God than a Nabal or an Elymas? that is, humanly speaking, no more likely to be converted?]

"I know many a warm friend of the Temperance movement will say, "We by no means attach a holy character to the reform we seek to produce in men's habits, we regard it as a physical or social advantage only, the removal of one great cause of sickness, weakness, misery and various fearful evils. Far be it from us to say that the Temperance man, because temperate, or abstinent, is a holy man."

To such individuals I reply, if you, as Christian people say this, you, as part and parcel of Temperance Societies, say far otherwise. And this may show you how you become identified, by thus yoking yourselves, with things most offensive to God, and even to your own consciences. That Temperance Societies, and Temperance advocates, are chargeable with confounding flesh and Spirit, and attributing the holy fruits of the latter to the former may be proved thus,—they are in the habit of quoting passages of the New Testament which speak of *Christian temperance* as if such passages spoke of the *temperance which their labours effect*. This is to confound a *fruit of the Spirit* with a *fruit of the flesh*. From believers, regenerate persons, God can expect, and does expect, holy and gracious virtues; He has given to such the true, the divine sap, and He watches for its verdure and its fruits. Among these fruits we read of "temperance in all things." But what a monstrous offence against the fundamental principles of redemption is it to catch at that word "temperance," so used by God, and apply it to something produced, confessedly, by the flesh! Man agrees, for certain considerations, to change, or, if you please, to abate his evil; his own will the law, and his own gain the end, of it all; and this is held up as the same thing as the precious fruits of the Spirit, brought forth by the regenerate children of God to His glory!"

[Here is a broad assertion, that whatever individual temperance men may do, temperance societies, with which they are identified, confound abstinence from intoxicating drinks with holiness or religion. Now, we simply deny the truth of this assertion, as far

as regards temperance societies in general. The proposition indeed should, we think, be reversed. Temperance societies do not take this ground, although ignorant individuals connected with them may; but the society is no more fairly responsible for what these men do than the Church at Samaria was for the blasphemous proposal of Simon Magus. We are quite willing to admit, however, that there has in many cases been a want of sufficient care to define our position, so as to prevent the possibility of mistakes in this matter, a neglect which we trust will be carefully remedied in future.

This writer says, that to apply the word Temperance to unregenerate man, is to attribute a fruit of the spirit to the flesh; but it does not appear to us that Paul always viewed it in this light, for when he speaks of those who contended in the Grecian races, he says they were "Temperate in all things." Perhaps, however, it may be asserted that they were all converted men. If not then the very words which our monitor uses to designate Scriptural temperance, are applied to *flesh*.]

(To be Continued.)

#### THE "BANNER" AND INDUCTION DINNERS.

We were in some respects deeply pained to see an angry article in the *Banner*, upon our notice, of the recent induction dinner at Toronto; but the pain was not on our own account. In witnessing for present truth, that is truth which is peculiarly called in question, we are prepared to expect violent opposition from any one whose conscience is touched thereby, rather than the gratitude which a faithful and friendly remonstrance should excite. It is true the Editor of the *Banner* manifests his soreness in the guise of defending certain ministers of the Gospel, whose conduct, we ventured to think, was, in the matter in question, somewhat incompatible with their sacred character—with their own previously avowed sentiments, and with the welfare of the community of which they are called to be teachers; but who does not see that if such conduct in ministers is likely to do harm; the editor of a religious paper must come in for at least an equal share of blame? In defending his company, therefore, the Editor of the *Banner* defends himself.

We have seen the unction with which this gentleman praises "excellent wines." And we have now a painful proof that he is fully as much at home in abusing temperance-men who dare to carry out their principles. We cannot say, however, that we expected anything else from the Editor of, we believe, the only religious paper in America which admits advertisements of intoxicating liquors. This most unseemly and inconsistent practice of promoting the cause of Christ in one column, and the cause of Satan in another—of advancing the interests of churches, and the interests of dram-shops in the same sheet, has been found so utterly repugnant to all good feeling, so Judas-like, that it has been given up by, as far as we know, every religious journal on this side the Atlantic, except the *Toronto Banner*. And even the religious papers of Britain, upon which it has long been a foul blot, and which only "see men as trees walking" in all matters connected with the temperance reformation, are beginning to awaken to its inconsistency, and to cast out the unclean thing. It is true, the *Banner* may plead that he has a secular department, but this affords no excuse whatever for the insertion therein of anything inconsistent with the religious department. If it did, he would be in duty bound to notify his religious readers in conspicuous characters where to stop, least by going on, they should find matter that was unsuitable for them—and unsuitable we contend it is to find temptations to buy strong drink in the shape of alluring advertisements insidiously inserted in the very paper which Christian men take to instruct themselves

and families; and that the object of such advertisements is to induce readers to buy the liquors cannot be denied.

We shall now deal with the article itself. The Editor thus speaks:—

"The libel says, that Dr. Burns—'is only newly come from a country, where intoxicating drinks are regarded as necessities of life;' and therefore he is compared only to Naaman who went into the House of Rimmon, not to worship, but to bow down, while Mr. Lillie is a complete worshipper.

"We feel almost ashamed to waste words on the writer of such miserable trash. But we are aware that there is both the inclination and the power, to some extent, to inflict injury on those who will not bow down to the God of Tee-totalism."

We did not compare Dr. Burns to Naaman, who only bowed down in the House of Rimmon, and Mr. Lillie to a complete worshipper as the Editor of the *Banner* might, if not blinded by wrath, have seen at a glance; but compared tee-totalers who went to public dinners to acquiesce in toasts without drinking, to one who bows down in an idol temple, without worshipping.

We cannot but think that the Editor of the *Banner* must regret inserting the above paragraph, in which an unworthy design is attributed to temperance men generally, and evidently more particularly to the conductors of the *Advocate*. Of actions we may, nay, we ought to form an opinion, but not of motives? Of the character and tendency of writings, the Editor of the *Banner* has as good a right to judge, as we have of the character and tendency of public dinners—but he cannot, in the nature of the case, judge of the inclination that prompted these writings. We should have at least as good a right to say, that it is an inclination for strong drink, that induces our contemporary to laud public dinners and "excellent wines," as he has to attribute to us a desire to inflict injury in writing articles; but should we so far forget ourselves, would he not have good reason to complain? Would he not pour forth another column of violent abuse sprinkled even more profusely with such choice phrases as "Montreal libeller," &c.? Judge not that ye be not judged. Do to others as ye would that they should do to you.

As to "the power to inflict injury" complained of by the *Banner*, it does not lie in exposing the consequences of an injurious action, but in doing the action itself. It is the power which the truth has had at all times in bringing error to light; and to exclaim against it is to imitate the house-maid, who had no objection to dust, but complained bitterly of the sun for shewing it. Happy are we to find that public opinion in Canada will not altogether tamely tolerate public sacrifices to what has been too long the Moloch of our idolatry—intemperance—or what is the same thing to the customs and usages from which intemperance springs, as waters spring from a fountain.

We shudder at the use made above of the term God of Tee-totalism, satisfied, that the phrase if used at all, can be applied to no being but Him, who, by his spirit said,—"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging." "Look not on the wine when it is red." "It is good neither to eat flesh nor drink wine, nor anything by which thy brother is made to stumble;"—the Being who has raised up the Temperance Reformation as a mighty and much needed engine, to overthrow the great system of intemperance which has its roots so deeply fixed in the drinking usages of society.

We again quote from the *Banner* :

"The immediate occasion of this ebullition was a dinner, which it is usual for congregations to give to the Presbytery, on the induction of their minister. The practice is both natural and attended with benefit. Ministers come in from the country to attend to this important duty, often from distant places. They must dine somewhere, and there is great propriety that they should do so in company with the newly-appointed minister, and such

of the congregation as may attend. Such meetings, when conducted with decorum and Christian propriety, are not only lawful, but calculated to do good in bringing so many members of the same Church into harmonious and friendly intercourse."

We find it difficult to believe that the above paragraph comes from a sincere friend and well-wisher of Scotch Presbyterianism, for if there be a foul blot resting upon the history of that system, it is the practice lauded above. No custom has given a greater handle to the scoffer and the worldling, than that of ordaining and inducting ministers with a drinking feast. No practice has more grieved the truly pious. No practice is more directly opposite to that of the Apostolic Churches. (See their manner of ordaining in Acts xiii. 2, 3.) And we are happy to say, no custom is going more rapidly out of date in the Scotch Presbyterian Church, or at least that part of it called Free. If it be such a valuable custom, why is the Free Church giving it up? Observe, however, we say nothing against the dinner, it is only the intoxicating drinks, the toast-drinking, and the tavern to which we object.

We shall return again to this article, which is particularly rich in affording matter for commentary.

Since writing the above, an excellent friend has furnished us with a review of the *Banner's* article which will appear in preference to any thing that we could say, in our next.

We have also received, but too late for insertion in this number, communications from the Rev. Mr. Lillie and Mr. Christie, of Toronto, strongly condemning our article on the Induction dinner and exculpating the parties engaged in it. These strictures will appear in our next.

#### THE PIPE AND THE GOSPEL.

A Methodist Minister met a man who professed great love to the Gospel, and an anxious desire to see it spread and prevail in the world, that all might know the Lord. The desire was commended; and Mr. A. enquired of his friend how he loved the Gospel, and what evidence he gave of his anxiety to see it prevail? "A man who loves the gospel is always willing to support it," said Mr. A. "and no doubt that is the case with you." "It is," replied his friend. "Then what do you give to support the cause of God?" "I give sixpence a quarter for my ticket," said he. "Sixpence a quarter; that is two shillings a year. And what besides?" "I always give to the quarterly collections," replied the man.—"How much do you give to the quarterly collections?" said the minister. "A penny a time, Sir," was the reply. "A penny—a time; that is fourpence in the year,—is there anything else?" "Yes," said he, "I always give to the Mission—to the sermon and the meeting." "That is very proper," said Mr. A., who had paper and pencil in his hand; "but what do you give at those services? For I wish to put down all you give to the cause of God." "A penny each time," said the man. "A penny each time; and those services come once a year: that is twopence a year, for the Missions. Is there anything else?" The reply was "No;" he knew of nothing else. The items were added up, when it was found that *two shillings and sixpence a year* was all that this individual gave to support the Gospel, although he professed to love it so dearly; and ever spoke of his desire to see it prosper in the world.

The conversation continued, and Mr. A. remarked, "You smoke tobacco, I see." "Yes, a little, Sir." "How much?"—"Sixpence a week I allow myself for it," said the man. "And sometimes more, I presume," rejoined his friend. "Not often, except I have to work all night, or something particular occurs, and then I allow myself another half ounce." "Well," said the minister, "you allow yourself sixpence a week for tobacco; that is your lowest calculation. There are fifty-two weeks in the year, consequently you expend twenty-six shillings per annum for this article alone. Now let us compare the two—the Gospel and the pipe—and we shall see which you love best. For the Gospel you give *two shillings and sixpence*, but for the pipe you give *one pound six shillings*. This shows which you love best; for you spend *ten times* as much for tobacco in one year, as you do

support the Gospel of Christ." The man was evidently ashamed when his strange inconsistencies were discovered and exposed; but like most others who are devoted to "the pipe," he began to apologize referring to his "stomach," &c., &c. One excuse was met after another, and at length his patience was overcome, and he began to complain, in a short time, however, his feelings calmed down, and Mr. A. reasoned with him so successfully, that he saw, and confessed his folly, expressing at the same time, a determination to pursue a different course for the future, so that his actions might justify his profession, and afford indubitable evidence of his desire to see the Gospel spread throughout the world—*Methodist New Connexion Magazine*.

We insert the foregoing excellent article for the purpose of reaching the consciences of Christian wine, beer or spirit drinkers. The comparison above is between the Gospel and tobacco, but how greatly would the contrast be increased, and how much more pointed would be the application had intoxicating drinks been selected.

In the first place, they are much more costly, and that not only when we compare the pipe smoker and whisky drinker, but when we compare the man who pays his five pounds, perhaps, for a box of cigars, with the fashionable consumers of liquors. As the proof of this, we may state that we have heard a highly respectable lady (whose husband was a Presbyterian elder, and who, of course, never permitted what is usually called intemperance,) declare that drink cost them as much as food; and this declaration was made with an air of complacency, as much as to say, that they regarded the claims of hospitality as paramount to their own interests. The declaration of this lady may appear startling, but we request all fashionable moderate drinking families to examine into the matter for themselves. 1st. There is probably the brewer's cart at the door every two or three days with beer for common use, besides the Leith ale and London porter for special occasions. 2nd. There is the Wine Merchant's bill for Port, Sherry or Madeira for lady visitors, and to enable people to bow to one another at dinner. 3rd. There is the liquor stand to be replenished with Cognac Brandy, Jamaica Rum, Hollands Gin, and Highland Whisky, to gratify those who want something stronger, as well as to make punch toddy, &c., in the evening. Put all these together with divers other compounds which may probably be added, and they will be found to amount to a large proportion of the whole household expenditure annually, and probably to ten or twenty times as much as all the contributions of every kind of the same persons, for the support of the Gospel.

In the second place, the use of intoxicating drinks is much more hurtful than tobacco. Filthy, useless, and in some degree hurtful as it is, tobacco does not tempt servants to subterranean orgies, does not transform kind husbands and fathers into demons, does not drag down the mothers of families to mutterable ruin, does not rob parents of their promising sons, and substitute heartless grovelling bloated sots in their stead. But intoxicating drinks performs all these feats many a time and oft.

In the last place, it is less inconsistent in the man who spends his money in tobacco in preference to the Gospel to wish well to the cause of Christ, than the man who spends it on intoxicating drinks. The former if he is doing nothing to build up Christ's kingdom, is doing very little as far as the pipe is concerned to pull it down, but the latter is encouraging the drinking customs of society, the true source of drunkenness and all its array of crime, disease and death, and therefore is labouring to erect barriers of the most formidable kind against the progress of Christ's kingdom, is assisting to put a stumbling-block in the way of the human race over which millions of souls have stumbled, are stumbling, and will we have every reason to fear, still continue to stumble—into hell.

It must, however, be said in conclusion, that it is not altogether fair to draw a comparison between the consumers of tobacco and the drinkers of intoxicating liquors, for the two practices generally meet in the same individual; and we may rest satisfied that when this very common coincidence occurs there will be very little means or inclination to support religion.

## EDUCATION.

### ROLLO PHILOSOPHY.

(Continued from page 206.)

That evening Jonas and Rollo tried the experiment. First they put about two teaspoonfuls of chalk into the tumbler. Then they poured in the vinegar. It immediately began to foam.

"Ah," said Rollo, "that's the effervescence."

"The what?" said Dorothy; for they were making this experiment upon the kitchen table, and Dorothy was standing by, looking on with great interest.

"The effervescence," said Rollo. "Miss Mary said there would be an effervescence, which would be occasioned by the little bubbles of choke damp, coming up from the chalk."

"Poh!" said Dorothy; "it's nothing but a little frothing."

"It isn't frothing," said Rollo, very seriously; "it isn't frothing, it is effervescence. Don't you think Miss Mary knows?"

"Jonas," said Rollo again after a short pause, "how many of these little bubbles will it take, do you think, to fill the tumbler full of choke damp?"

"I don't know," replied Jonas; we will wait a little while, and then try it."

"There, now Jonas," said Rollo, "we have not got any candle."

"O, I will roll up a piece of paper, and set the end on fire, and then dip it down into the tumbler, and that will do just as well."

"What are you going to do that for?" said Dorothy.

"Why, to see it go out," said Rollo.

"It won't go out, unless you put it away down into the vinegar," said Dorothy.

"Yes it will," said Rollo; we are only going to dip it down a little way, just into the choke damp, and it will go out."

"It won't go out, child," said Dorothy.

"Well, you'll see. Won't it go out, Jonas?"

"I don't know," said Jonas.

"Don't know!" said Rollo. "Why, you told me that choke damp would put out a blaze."

"Yes," said Jonas, "I am sure of that; but there are a great many ways of falling in trying experiments."

"Well," said Rollo, "that may be; but this will not fail, I know, for I can see the little bubbles of choke damp coming up."

By this time Jonas thought that the tumbler was filled with the gas, which was rising from the chalk and vinegar. So he rolled up a piece of paper, and set the end on fire, and, when it was well burning, he plunged the end of it into the tumbler. To Rollo's great disappointment and mortification, it continued to burn about as much as ever. The flame crept rapidly up the paper, and Jonas had soon to run with it across the floor and throw it into the fire, to avoid burning his fingers. Dorothy laughed aloud; Jonas smiled; and as for Rollo, he looked disappointed and vexed, and appeared to be overwhelmed with chagrin.

Dorothy continued to laugh at them, while Jonas went to the pump and washed out the tumbler. At length she said,—

"But come, Rollo, don't be so disconsolate. You look as if you had swallowed all the choke damp."

"Yes, Rollo," said Jonas, "we must keep good-natured even if our experiments do fail."

"Well," said Rollo, "I mean to ask Miss Mary again, and then we can do it, I know."

Rollo accordingly went, the next day, to ask Miss Mary about the cause of the failure. Miss Mary said that she could not think of any thing which was likely to be the cause, unless it was that they put too large a flame into the tumbler.

"Well," replied Rollo, "and what harm would that do? Won't the choke damp put out a large flame?"

"Yes," replied Miss Mary, "if it only fairly surrounds and covers it; but, then, if you put a large flame into a tumbler, it makes, the first instant, a great current of air, and so the choke damp might be blown out, and common air get in, and so keep the paper burning."

"How does it make a current of air?" asked Rollo.

"Why, the heat of the flame, when you first put the paper in," replied Miss Mary, "makes the air that is above it lighter; and the common air all around crowds in under it, in buoying it up; and by that means, if the flame is too large, common air is carried into the tumbler. You ought to make a very small flame, if you leave the top of the tumbler open."

"How can we make a small flame?" said Rollo.

"One good way," replied Miss Mary, "is to roll up some paper into a very small roll. I will show you how."

So Miss Mary took a piece of paper, and cut it into the proper shape with her scissors, and then rolled it up into a long and very slender roll; one end of it was not much larger than a large knitting-needle. She gave this to Rollo, and told him that, if he tried the experiment again, he must light the small end, and it would make a flame not so big as a pea.

Rollo explained to Jonas what Miss Mary had said, and they resolved on attempting the experiment again that evening. And they did so. Dorothy stood by watching the process, as she had done the evening before; but Rollo did not assert so confidently and positively what the result would be. He had learned moderation by the experience of the night before.

When all was ready, Jonas lighted the end of the slender roll in the lamp, and plunged it carefully into the tumbler. It went out immediately.

"There!" said Rollo, clapping his hands, "it goes out."

"Why, it is only because the wind blew it out."

"No, Dorothy," said Rollo, "there isn't any wind in the tumbler."

"Yes," replied Dorothy, "when you push it down, it makes a little wind, just enough to blow it out."

"Get another tumbler," said Jonas, "and let us see."

So Dorothy brought another tumbler, and Jonas put the burning end of the paper down into it, with about as rapid a motion as that with which he had put it before into the tumbler he had at first. The paper continued to burn.

"There," said he to Dorothy, "when I put it down into common air, it burns on the same as ever; so it can't be that the wind puts it out." Jonas repeated the experiment a number of times; the effect was always the same. Whenever he put it into the tumbler of common air, it burned on without any change; but whenever he put it into the choke damp, it immediately went out. Even Dorothy was satisfied that there was a difference in the kind of air contained in the two tumblers.

That evening, when Rollo gave his mother a full account of their attempts,—describing particularly their failure at first, and their subsequent successes,—his mother seemed much interested. When he had finished, she said,—

"Well, Rollo, I don't see but that you have learned two lessons in philosophy."

"Two lessons?" said Rollo.

"Yes," replied his mother. "The first is, that fire will not burn in choke damp; and the second is, that it requires nice attention and care to verify philosophical truths by experiment."

"Yes," said Rollo, "we missed the first time, just because we had too big a paper."

### Careless Words.

What power is there in the human voice? It has power to waken in the breast of man the best and holiest emotions; or, the vilest passions—passions which cause man's feelings to assimilate to those of the arch fiend—may be aroused by that faculty, speech, which is one of the principal attributes, distinguishing man from the brutes that perish. Man's chief fountains of joy spring from the capability which he has of uttering his desires and hopes, his sorrows and trials in the ear of his fellow man, and in receiving from him sympathy in trouble, and congratulation in the time of rejoicing.

Let him who has been wont to mingle freely with mankind, enjoying the sweets of society and the communings of friendship, be at once deprived of all human society, incarcerated in a prison's dark cell, and he will feel that being deprived of the sound of the human voice and having no one in whose ear to tell the story of his woe, is an aggravating potion in his cup of sorrow. Not to know from the tones of others that they sympathize with us, to be shut out from the hearing of man's voice, to be prevented from communing with those dear to us, is one of the greatest punishments that can be inflicted upon man.

Now, when the power of speech is so easily seen by all; to be one of Heaven's most valuable gifts to man, is it not strange that so few prize it as they ought, and that so many pervert it to base, unworthy purposes—to causing unhappiness, heart-burnings and heart-aches among those with whom they dwell? To the unlawful use of the tongue—to *careless words*—may be justly attributed the great majority of petty strifes, bickerings, jealousies, and other crimes even to the worst, such as revenge, rapine, murder and bloody war, which disgrace and destroy thousands of the once noble race of man.

Where is the individual who cannot speak from his own sad experience of the power of a word—a single thoughtless expression—in embittering all his pleasurable feelings, and causing him to weep in sadness and alone? Who cannot, in looking at his past life, recollect instances when a remark from another, upon a real or supposed defect in character or person, has caused the keenest pain, and as it were a crushing of the spirit? Though long years have passed since the withering remark was uttered, yet it is still remembered, and the time, place and circumstances, as distinctly as if it had been yesterday. Who has not seen difficulties commence, by a word hastily and angrily spoken, which have grown to mountain size and have separated chief friends? That which was uttered by one, renowned for wisdom, thousands of years ago, that "*Death and life are in the power of the tongue,*" is still full of truth, and many are living to-day who can with sorrow attest to its verity.

Doubtless many who are in the habit of using the tongue carelessly, thus causing bitter feelings which the heart of the wounded can only know, are in the habit of so doing from want of reflection—not really designing to grieve the feelings of others. However this may be, all ought to be careful how they let loose this "unruly member." It is much easier, even when excited by passion, to curb the tongue, than it is many times, to make good the evil done by giving loose to that member which "no man can tame."

Well would it be if all would strive—instead of barely keeping the tongue from evil—to make use of it in doing good, in uttering words of kindness and sympathy, in encouraging noble purposes in the minds of the young, in condemning profligacy, impurity and all sin, and in doing good as opportunity is given. Words are the great means of elevating mankind;—persuasion and right motives placed before individuals, exert an almost omnipotent influence in making men better. Words uttered in their influence, do not end with him who speaks them—do not affect the interests of time only, but reach far into the future. One of the best living writers for the young has said, in this connection, "Remember that every word you utter, wings its way to the throne of God, and is to affect the condition of your soul forever."

Beware, beware of careless words,

They have a fearful power,  
And jar upon the spirit's chords  
Through many a weary hour.

Though not designed to give us pain,  
Though but at random spoken;  
Remembrance brings them back again—  
The past's most bitter token.

They haunt us through the toilsome day,  
And through the lonely night,  
And rise to cloud the spirit's ray,  
When all beside is bright.

Though from the mind, and with the breath  
Which gave them they have flown,  
Yet wormwood, gall and even death,  
May dwell in every tone.

And burning tears can well attest  
A sentence lightly framed  
May linger, cankering in the breast  
At which it first was aimed

Oh, could my prayer indeed be heard—  
Might I the past live o'er,  
I'd guard against a careless word,  
E'en though I spoke no more.

## MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

HER SCHOOL DAYS.—(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 207.)

Her education was now in progress under private tuition, and before she was fifteen she had read the Latin poets, and amused herself in versifying Greek. The school days of the child are the trying period of her life, and it would be of use to our young readers to follow, with some minuteness, the history of Mary Lundie during these important years. It was thought best to send her away from home to complete her education, and when she was introduced to a distant boarding-school, her moral and intellectual superiority over those with whom she was now associated, made her at once an object of envy, and some of the sweetest traits of her character rendered her a chosen subject of those petty tricks of persecution of which such schools are too frequently the scene. How often are we pained to know that those domestic virtues which fill parents' hearts with joy and hope, are derided and despised among boys and girls away from home! The very feeling of attachment to home, the love of mother and sister, is made the subject of ridicule, so that the new comer in such a circle is ashamed or afraid, unless gifted with more moral courage than falls to the share of many, to discover that she has a heart in her bosom that beats in sympathy with those far away. Thus Mary Lundie, found in her room with her mother's miniature in her hand and a tear in her eye, was at once laughed at by her companions, shunned by many, annoyed by others, till it would not have been strange indeed if her spirit had yielded, and she had fled from a scene in which there was so little to love. But it was a good school for her heart. She had always been loved, and these first exhibitions of unkindness served to bring out and test new virtues, as she sought help from God to bear with patience the wrongs she endured, to forgive those who used her despitefully, to turn away wrath by a soft answer, and to disarm by love those who sought to make her unhappy. And she did triumph—not only over her own spirit, but at length over those who persecuted her, so that they learned to love the traits of character which they had heretofore despised.

"An incident puerile in the eyes of the world without, but capable of exciting a considerable sensation within a boarding-school, developed her character and purposes, in a way that turned the scale in her favor. The spirit of frolic, or the pleasantness of eating bread in secret, had tempted the young people to cast the cook (whose integrity they had means to turn aside) in their service, to purchase for them a variety of cakes, which were to be enjoyed in an upper chamber, when the seniors of the establishment supposed them to have retired to rest. One young lady, who had so far dared to judge for herself as not to join in any act of persecution against this lonely being, entreated her to engage in the scheme. She urged her by the motive, that if she did not, it would only render her more unpopular; that the rest expected, that if she did not, she would certainly betray them; that the cook would lose her place, &c. &c. In short, in the form of the tempter, she made it appear that the only amiable and safe mode was to follow the multitude to do evil. Mary was enabled steadily to resist, and was left alone in her chamber by the gentle girl who had urged her, and who was herself so convinced by her arguments, that she only joined the revellers above stairs, from the fear of sharing in Mary's persecution if she stayed with her. After the secret banquet was over, the same kind friend brought a portion of the spoil to the bed where Mary lay in tears. She urged her to accept of her dainties, she even pressed a bunch of grapes against her feverish lips, but she steadily declined to taste them. Her conduct excited great alarm in the little band, who saw a fair occasion afforded her for vengeance for all their wrongs, by a simple statement of the truth. But when some days passed, and the same quiet deportment was observed, neither threat nor insinuation exciting their fears, first one, then another, became convinced of their injustice and unkindness. Time after time she found notes of apology and overtures of reconciliation slipped into her work-box, and at length the most adverse threw down the weapons of their petty warfare, and sought her friendship;—thus verifying in their confined circle, the saying of the wise man, 'When a man's ways please the Lord, he causeth even his enemies to be at peace with him.'"

The holidays came, and Mary Lundie received the prize for lady-like deportment, and when another pupil received the music prize, which some had thought was due to Mary, she congratulated her rival and kissed her with such affectionate sincerity, that it was marked by the whole school, and from that time she was the general favourite of the school.

Here too, and in another school in London, in which she was afterwards placed, the power of her Christian example was felt by her companions, and she was thus enabled to exert a silent but not unseen influence, that restrained from evil and encouraged the young in that which was lovely and of good report. A friend writes to her mother:

"Mary shines among her school-fellows with meek radiance; she is humble but dignified; she has learned a great deal of that kind of experience which is absolutely necessary for getting through this world, and does not now speak of what she considered hardships, when she first went to school. She excites admiration, and the greatest interest in all our circle, yet seems to be quite insensible to it."

The time for her return home from school had now arrived, and her parents, thinking there might be some collections of art or other exhibitions not yet visited she might wish to see, or some purchases to make before she left London, sent her five pounds for this purpose, the whole of which she spent for herself, in buying tokens of love to give to every member of the family to whose bosom she was soon to be welcomed.

## HER FATHER'S DEATH.

She had just completed her seventeenth year, in the bloom of youth and beauty, when she returned from school in the great metropolis, and entered again the domestic circle in the quiet manse of Kelso, on the banks of the Teviot and Tweed. It was a great change, and it would have been only natural that one so attractive in person, and now so accomplished, should have desired a more conspicuous field for the display of her charms. But her charms seemed to fix every eye but her own. She sought to employ her talents and accomplishments in the instruction of her younger brothers and sister, and in the Sabbath school; and visits of kindness among the sick and the poor she found sources of pleasure far more congenial to her spirit, than those which attract the hearts of many thus gifted. "It would be worth living for," she says in a letter, "if we could benefit but one immortal soul." "There is far more peace and satisfaction in living to be useful than in anything else, if the action spring from that animating motive, love to Him who so much loves us." With cheerfulness of temper she combined great energy of character, so that she entered into every judicious scheme for doing good; and with readiness that made her presence doubly pleasant, she sought to promote the pleasures of others, at such times her countenance beaming with love and joy, being the index of her warm and sympathizing heart. Yet her deepest enjoyments were of the contemplative class; her views of eternal things being so clear that a shade of sober reflection, unusual to her years, was almost constantly upon her brow. "The banks of primroses, the groves, the woods, the rivers of her native place, gave zest to every other enjoyment," and in these scenes she delighted to dwell even when in memory only could she be among them. As she wrote, years after she was in other scenes, speaking of the hawthorn,

"O! in my happy childhood,  
How well I loved its flowers;  
I wandered through the wild wood,  
And sought its richest bowers.

Beside the waters meeting,  
The fairest Scotland knows,  
I gave it joyous greeting,  
And wreathed its blossomed snows."

In the midst of such scenes her first sorrow came. Mary had been absent a week, and was returning from an evening visit in Edinburgh, when the sad news came to her ear, that her fond father had been translated, in a moment, without time to take leave of one of those he loved, to a better world. "Her sympathizing and weeping friends would have hung around, and watched her in that long pang of woe, but she entreated to be left alone; and when after an interval, their solicitude brought them back, they found her still on her knees, with her arms extended on the bed. Her eyes were streaming, but her heart was deriving strength and consolation, even under that crushing blow, from Him who 'hath comforted his people, and will have mercy on his afflicted.'" Tranquilized and sustained by this divine strength, she returned to the house of mourning; and it was remarked by those who were spectators of that sorrowful return, that no loud cry or unseemly wailing attended the meeting of the bereaved ones; and that Mary's bearing was that of one long

tutored in the school of discipline. She was deeply afflicted, but she held her peace. A meek fellow-sufferer, she applied herself at once to sustain as a daughter, and to soothe as a sister, except when the flood swelled so high that it would not be restrained, and she fled to solitude, to cast her care on Him who cared for her."

"This affliction sets in relief some features that might otherwise not appear, and we certainly are drawn toward the subject with livelier interest when we discover this meek submission under a heavy blow, and a cordial confidence in Him who had ordered the trial. Thus sorrow renders loveliness more lovely.

"As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day."

After the death of her father the family is broken up, and Mary goes to Edinburgh among dear friends, and in the cultivated society of that classic city, and in the midst of its many sources of high intellectual improvement, she devoted herself to the acquisition of knowledge. Her opportunities were great, her talents rare, her thirst for knowledge ardent, and her improvements such as might be expected. Yet in the absorbing pursuits of knowledge into which she entered with so much ardor, the thoughts of her departed father often came with subduing power, and the affliction seems to have been permanently sanctified to her soul. Nearly a year after his death she writes:

"Has thus affliction given me an abiding sense of the instability of earthly joys, and made me long more for that purer delight, which is found in seeing the Lord face to face! Has it made me walk more circumspectly, and devote myself more completely to my God? Has it made me feel the value of that blood, which has washed away sin, and taken the sting from death! O, I thought at first that I could never make this world my home, nor forget how fast it must fade from my view; but sometimes I have forgotten this. How lovely heaven would appear, did I always think of it as my resting-place, and employ my thoughts on what would prepare me for going there!"

Again she writes in allusion to her father's death:

"Dear mama has lost what she cannot regain, and no wonder she feels sad; and when she looks at me she feels sadder still.—Yet surely, I, loving her as I do, better than anything in this world, ought to be a comfort and a help to her, and wish to be so. O God, I am ignorant; wilt thou make me holy? and let me walk softly, lest I lose the little spark of grace I trust thou kindled in me. I want to learn prompt obedience. When I was a little child, I never thought I knew as well as mama; but now I at times feel inclined to take my own way. Why should I be so proud? Let me learn humility; this is my best wisdom. How unlike the children of heaven are the thoughts that fill my heart! I want to glow with love to all, so that I shall forget myself, and be happy if I can, in any degree, make them so."

Her fondness for the beauty of nature has been mentioned.—"Last night," she writes, "we went to the high part of the road to see the English coast, which was sparkling in sunshine, while passing clouds cast deep shadows on parts of it. The cliffs stood out in beautiful relief, and the summit of Helvellyn appeared at a distance beyond Skiddaw. It was a scene never to be forgotten, and excites a longing to be a hermit on the side of one of those beautiful hills. But storm and mist shroud them sometimes and they are not often so lovely as they then were. Let them act on me as a similar scene did on James Montgomery, 'yonder summits far away,' &c., and 'beyond the tomb,' let me look for perfect peace."

## AGRICULTURE.

### THE REARING AND KEEPING OF STOCK.

From Professor Johnston's Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry.

1. *Keeping Stock for Manures.*—In Lincolnshire, the farmers keep stock for the manure which they supply. Raising corn crops is their first object, and they only keep stock to supply manure for these crops. They don't want to fatten their stock, and as the proportion of manure is dependent on the quantity of food eaten, it becomes evident that they should do precisely the reverse of what they should do if they wanted them to eat little food—that is instead of shutting them up in dark sheds, they should expose them in the open air, and give them as much exercise as

possible. In some cases a man is kept to exercise them regularly. Another thing that they should attend to is, to keep large animals, as they eat more than small animals, and hence give more manure.

2. *Fattening Stock.*—Suppose you wish to make your animals large and fat, you ought to give them some kind of food which contains a larger proportion of fatty matter than that on which the animal has been accustomed to live. Hence it is that in this case oil-cake is used, and thus oil-cake becomes valuable precisely in proportion to the quantity of oil it contains. What is a very important circumstance is, that there is more oil in the husk of grain than in the grain itself. Hence the surprising properties of bran in fattening animals, a circumstance that seems almost inexplicable to the practical man. The following is the Composition of Bran:

#### COMPOSITION OF BRAN.

Water,	-	-	-	-	13.1
Gluten,	-	-	-	-	19.3
Oil,	-	-	-	-	4.7
Little Starch,	-	-	-	-	55.6
Saline Matter,	-	-	-	-	7.3

100 lbs.

From this table you will see that Bran contains 5 per cent of oil; whilst wheat itself contains only from 2 to 4 per cent. This, then, is the secret of its fattening properties; and the same thing is applicable to most plants, namely, that the husk contains the greater proportion of oily substance—its purpose being to preserve the grain from the decay and other hurtful consequences that would ensue, if water were allowed to penetrate. Amongst the other kinds of grain, Indian corn has a large quantity of oil. In this country we don't grow this kind of grain; but in the United States, where its cultivation is very general, it is largely used for fattening animals. Oil cakes differ from each other, in the proportions in which oil is present, and you will see presently how the several kinds of oil-cake are applicable to various purposes.

3. *Young Stock.*—In rearing young stock a new kind of treatment comes into operation. The whole parts of the body require to be fed—not only the fat, but also the bone and muscle. Substances containing starch and oil will enable the animal to increase in muscle and fat; but they will not do for the bones. Hence, phosphates must be supplied in large quantities. If you feed your stock on sago, which contains scarcely anything else than starch, you do not give the animal the article necessary for muscle and bone. It is just the same thing when you give a child arrow-root alone—you cannot expect that it will increase in bone and muscle on such diet. A calf, in addition to sustaining food, requires an ample supply of all those substances necessary to its growth; and it is just in proportion to the quantities of these substances which a particular kind of food contains, that it is useful or otherwise. If you give it oil-cake, then oil-cake must contain all those substances. Now, among the various kinds of oil-cake there is a great difference in the proportion in which phosphates are present. Some have more phosphates—others less; and you saw a few minutes ago that one kind of oil-cake had more fatty matter than another. Thus you see the oil-cakes are of different value, according to the purpose to which they are devoted. One kind is of especial use in fattening cattle, another in feeding young stock.

There are one or two things, which puzzle the practical man that become apparent when viewed in the light of what has been brought out just now. You know that there are some old pasture lands which have gone on from time immemorial, without any manure being added to them. The farmers tell you that they have never known these lands to have been richer or more valuable than they are now, hence the practical man concludes that the addition of manure is unnecessary if the produce be eaten off by stock—that the droppings of the animals that are fed on the land are quite sufficient to maintain its fertility. But the reason of this continued richness of old pasture lands is chiefly this—that the animals when placed on them are full grown—they have already obtained their full supply of bone and muscle. They thus take from the land only the fat, returning to the soil the phosphates, saline substances, &c. The waste in their bodies requires, it is true, portions of these substances; but then this waste is returned in their manure to the soil, so that they give an equivalent for what they take from it. Thus fat is the only substance taken from the soil; and as this fat is drawn by the grass from the atmosphere, it is very clear why pastures get no poorer.

But there is a great difference when the stock is young. The muscle and bones here require to be increased, so that gluten and phosphates are taken from the soil. No equivalent for these substances is returned to the soil, so that the effort of rearing young stock must be gradually to exhaust the soil—and experience has proved this to be the case. If, when you find that your soil has been exhausted from this cause, you break it up, and expect to raise oats on it, you will be disappointed; because the animals have been depriving it of the very same substances that oats require,

**Why the full-grown Animal requires food.**

I have said that when they are restless they did not increase so much in weight. This brings me to an important point. We have been talking of the various parts of the animals' body being built by the substances which they eat, but you might say—that when the bodies of animals are once built up, why give them any more food? This food is necessary, however, from the habits of motion with which animals are endowed. Every motion is attended by a waste of substance. We are perpetually moving and our bodies are perpetually wasting away. It is calculated that we change the substance of our bodies once every three years, so that this hand which I now hold up to you, is not the same I had three years ago. It is the same in external marks and form, but the substance which compose it are very different. You can understand how this is done without any great revolution of the system, by supposing that a man takes a brick from a building every day, and replaces another; in process of time the building becomes entirely new, and not composed of the same substance as before. The movements made by the body necessarily produce this constant removal of parts. These parts are discharged from the system, and other portions of matter take their place. I before shewed you that exercise rendered it necessary that a great quantity of starch should be introduced into the system to support internal combination, and I now also support this fact by another—that exercise renders it necessary that animals should take more of the other kinds of food also, in order to supply the waste of substance induced by the very exercise. You will see, therefore, how it is that the full grown animal requires a constant supply of food, and how also, in the rearing of stock, the greatest economy is secured by keeping the animals at rest in the dark, in warm roomy sheds. This waste of substance, then, must be made up by the food which the animal eats, and the portion devoted to this purpose may, therefore, be called the sustaining food. But if you want to add anything to the weight of the body, the animal must have an additional quantity of food; and in order to secure the various properties in the animal, different kinds of food must be used. If you desire simply to keep the animal in good condition, you must give it a due proportion of these substances—starch, to supply the respiratory organs—gluten and saline substances to keep up the flesh and bones—and fat, to lubricate the joints, and give the animal a sleeky skin. In this case, an extra supply of any of the kinds of food is not required; and the substance which combines the three in itself is the best. If you look at the composition of oats you will see that they, perhaps, better than any other grain unite a due proportion of all these substances, and therefore it is that they have been selected, in preference to any other as the staple article of their food. But suppose you wish to keep the animals for some other purpose—for their manures, in the first instance, as they do in Lincolnshire; or in the second place, for their beef; thirdly, for the veal of the young stock; or fourthly, for milk:—then you must adopt the food to these varied wants.

**NEWS.**

**UNITED STATES.**

**NEW RATES OF POSTAGE.**—The following are the rates of Postage under the new law, which went into operation July 1st:

*On Letters,*

Single letters, or any number of Pieces not exceeding half an ounce, 300 miles or less.....	5	cents.
If over 300 miles.....	10	“
Drop-letters (not mailed).....	2	“
For each additional half ounce or part thereof, add single postage.		

*On Newspapers.*

Newspapers of 1900 square inches, or less, by editors or publishers, from their office of publication, any distance not exceeding 30 miles.....	Free
Over 30 miles and not exceeding 100.....	1 cent.
Over 100 miles, and out of the State.....	1 ½ “
All sizes over 1900 square inches, postage the same as pamphlets.	

*On Magazines, Pamphlets, &c.*

Pamphlets, Magazines, and periodicals, any distance, for one ounce or less each copy.....	2 ½ “
Each additional ounce.....	1 “

*On Circulars.*

Quarto, post, single cap, or paper not larger than single cap, folded, directed, and unsealed, for every sheet, and distance.....	2 “
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The entire herd of short horned cattle of E. P. Prentice, Esq., of Albany, was sold in that city on Wednesday of last week.—The cows were sold from \$225 to \$100; heifers in proportion.—There was a great deal of interest attending the sale, which shows that the spirit for agriculture is wide awake in this State.

It is said that a first-rate man of war, of the present day, requires upwards of 70,000 cubic feet of timber, and 180,000 lbs. of hemp are used in the cordage. It is estimated that the extent of ground that the timber for a ninety gun ship would cover, would be fifty acres.

William Johnston, a merchant and ship-owner of Kircudbright, Scotland, has bequeathed £5500 sterling for the erection and endowment of a free school in that town—£2000 for the immediate erection of a building, and the remainder for the support of teachers. Such munificence in the cause of education, wherever found deserves to be recorded.

The Pittsburg Chronicle states that about fifteen hundred buildings are in the course of erection in the “burnt district.” The number already completed is supposed to be something over one hundred. By next autumn the greater portion of the burnt district will be rebuilt, and in most cases with good and substantial brick buildings.

A State Agricultural convention assembled at Columbus, O., last week. Ex-Governor Trimble, of Highland country, was President. Twenty-three counties were represented. It was determined to make an application to the Legislature for aid in support of the interests of agriculture. The convention had not adjourned at the latest advices.

A writer in the National Intelligencer recommends to the consideration of the Post Office department the English and French system of sending money by the post Office, “by which,” says the writer “any sum, from a shilling to fifty pounds, can be sent through the mail, by depositing with the postmaster the sum required to be transmitted, and taking a certificate of the deposit, which is redeemable at the post office of the town or city to which it is forwarded.

The affairs of Switzerland are now finally settled. The Grand Councils of Solcure, Argau, and Bernc, have almost unanimously ratified the convention concluded between their delegates and the commissioners of Lucerne, for the liberation of the prisoners captured by the latter canton. The ransom to be paid for such prisoners as do not belong to Lucerne will amount to £20,000. Letters from Zurich of the 7th state that the capital sentence pronounced against Dr. Steiges has been confirmed by the Supreme Grand Council, which alone can pardon him. The Governments of Zurich and Bernc had each sent one of their members to intercede in his favour.

**DISRUPTION OF THE GLASGOW NORMAL SEMINARY.**—The property of the Glasgow Normal Seminary having passed into the possession of the Established Church, in consequence of an arrangement between the Educational Committee of that body and the Government, the buildings of the institution were on Thursday week vacated by the masters, students, and scholars. The friends of the institution, in conjunction with the Educational Committee of the Free Church, having some time ago purchased grounds in Cowcaddens for the erection of a new Seminary, with suitable play-grounds, the buildings have already been commenced, and have made considerable progress; but in the meantime, a temporary wooden erection, of spacious dimensions, and rendered as commodious and comfortable as circumstances will admit of, was prepared for the reception of the various classes on their leaving the former buildings. To this temporary school-house, which



occupies part of the new property to be afterwards laid out as play-grounds, the institution removed in a body. The masters and mistresses of the Seminary, eleven in number, being members of the Free Church, adhere to the new institution without a single exception. The students in the Seminary, many of whom had entered notwithstanding the prospect of the present change, likewise left in a body, to the number of fifty-three, and proceeded to the temporary school-houses. The total attendance of students up till the previous day was fifth-four, so that there was only a single defection from their ranks. And as to the children, out of 700 attending the various classes, only five or six were absent, when, headed by their respective masters and mistresses, the whole marched to the new Seminary.

**MONTREAL PRICES CURRENT.—JULY 12.**

ASHES—Pots . . . 22s 9d a 23s	BEEF per 200 lbs.—
Pearlys . . . 23s 9d a 24s	Prime Mess . . . 38s 9d a 42s 6d
FLOUR—	Prime . . . . . 39s a 32s 6d
Canada Superfine 25s a 25s 6d	P. Mess per tierce 301 lbs. 65s
Do Fine . . . . . 23s a 25	PORK per 200 lbs.—
Do Middlings 17s 6d a 22s	Mess . . . . . 82s 6d
Do Pollards . . . 15s a 17s	Prime Mess 67s 6d 68s 6d
American Superfine . 26s a 27s	Prime . . . . . 58s 9d a 60s
INDIAN MEAL . . . . 17s a 17s 6d	BACON per lb. . . . . 1 1/2 a 6d
OATMEAL per brl. 121 lbs. . 20s	HAMS per lb. . . . . 5d a 6d
GRAIN—	BUTTER per lb. . . . . 5 1/2 a 6 1/2
Wheat, U. C. Best, per 60 lbs.	CHEESE, per 100 lbs.—
5s a 5s 4d	American . . . 25s a 30s
Do Middling . 4s 10d a 5s	GREASE BUTTER, per lb. 1d a 1 1/2
Do L. C. per mt. 4s 10 a 5s	LARD per lb. . . . . 5 1/2 a 6d
BARLEY . . . . . 2s 6d a 2s 9d	TALLOW per lb. . . . . 5d 5/2
OATS . . . . . 1s 6d 1s 9d	EXCHANGE—London 11 prem.
PEASE . . . . . 3s a 3s 4d	N. York . . . 2 do
	Canada W. 1/4 do

ASHES.—Both Pots and Pearlys remained, until the arrival of the *Acadia*, at the rates previously quoted, but with very little doing in either sort. There were some transactions in Pots at prices ranging from 22s 9d to 23s 1 1/2d—good bills bringing the latter price. They then receded: Pots were sold at 22s 7 1/2d to 22s 10 1/2d—23s continuing the price for heavy bills—and 1 1/2d was higher. The receipts have been light and they are to-day rather more in demand at the quotations.

FLOUR.—Several parcels of good brands changed hands about the date of last notice (27th ult.) at 21s 9d, and, more recently, shipping lots of “Beverley,” “Cobourg,” and other equally good brands, at 21s 6d, inspected and in shipping order, and 24s 3d un-inspected. The market became dull on the arrival of the *Acadia*, and several days passed without transactions: but owing to a decline in freights, and holders having slightly reduced their rates, there has lately been more activity. Transactions in good brands—such as “Port Hope,” “A. T. K.” “Kettleby,” “Hibernia,” “Pomona,” and others—may be noted at 21s to 21s 3d. More firmness marks the market to-day, so that the quotations take a higher range—24s to 24s 6d for good shipping brands.

WHEAT.—Is in demand, and very little offering. A parcel of rather inferior quality weighing about 57 lbs to the bushel, brought 5s 3d; really good samples would readily bring a higher price.

BARLEY AND OATS.—There is very little of arriving from Western Canada. The former is in request. Some parcels of Oats have changed hands at 1s 8d per minot of about 38 lbs.

PEASE.—Are wanted, but there are few or none offering. An advance on previous quotations would be obtained for good parcels.

PROVISIONS.—In no description is there any thing worthy of note.

EXCHANGE.—Has been in demand at advanced rates: Bank Bills, at 60 days, have been sold for the present packet, at 11 1/2 to 11 3/4 per cent premium; and Merchant's 90 days, at 10 to 10 1/2 per cent premium.

THOMAS M. TAYLOR, Broker.

**FOR SALE.**

**ANTI Bacchus,**  
 Temperance Tracts,  
 Unfermented Grape Juice for Sacramental Purposes.  
**R. D. WADSWORTH.**  
 Montreal, June 14, 1845.

**IMPORTANT AUCTION SALE.**

THE Subscribers being desirous of closing their business in the Western District, have resolved to sell at Auction, on Saturday, the 30th day of August next, at noon on the premises, the whole of their Valuable Property in the Town of Windsor, consisting of the following lots, viz. :—

1st. A Lot on Sandwich Street and Ferry Street, 162 by 85 feet, on which is erected a most convenient, well finished Brick Cottage, 1 1/2 stories high 12 1/2 x 32 1/2, with Brick Kitchen in rear, also, Ice House, and other out-buildings, Gardens, &c.

2nd. A corner Lot on North Side of Sandwich Street, and West of Ferry Street, 171 feet on the former, by 86 feet on the latter, on which are erected a two Story Brick Store, 50 by 28 feet, fitted up in the most commodious manner for a wholesale and retail Dry Goods, Grocery and Hardware business, with an excellent Brick paved Cellar, under the whole 10 feet high, admirably suited for curing Pork in bulk, also, Smoke Houses and other Buildings, and a neat one Story frame Building fitted up for a school and Meeting House.

3rd. The Water Lot front of last Lot, extends 164 feet on Water Street, running to the Channel of the River Detroit, with a Wharf extending the whole length of the Lot, at which the Largest Class Vessels can load; on which there is a Storehouse with wings, 2 1/2 Stories high, 86 by 50 feet; a Slaughter House 72 by 32; Coopers Shop, &c. &c.

4th A Lot on east side of Ferry-street, 120 feet by 95, with a one story frame Dwelling House, Carriage House, Stables, &c., and a well fenced Garden, conveniently situated to the above described Lots.

5th A village corner Lot, in the village of South Detroit, being Lot No. 36, according to the plan of said town.

This well known property forms a complete Establishment for carrying on a large general business to advantage, and from its geographical position, must always be unrivalled for some branches of business; such as curing provisions, in Bond, or otherwise, from American Cattle and Hogs, which may be obtained in any quantities, and of the best quality, from the rich adjoining States of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The packing Establishment is on the most approved principle, capable of slaughtering and curing 100 head of Cattle or 300 Hogs per day, fitted up with Steam-boilers, Kettles, Coolers, and every thing necessary for rendering Tallow, Lard, &c. &c. A most extensive Tanning business could also be carried on to much advantage, from the above facilities for Hides.

Two Steam Ferry Boats of a large class, ply constantly between Windsor and Detroit, one of which lands at the Wharf adjoining the Subscribers.

The Property is of increasing value, from various causes; amongst which, is the great probability that the termination of the Great Western, or Niagara and Detroit Rivers Rail-road, will be at Windsor, so as to connect the Boston and New York Railroads with the Detroit and Chicago, one which is now nearly completed.

The Property will be Sold in one Lot or separately, and possession given on 1st May next or earlier if required.

TERMS OF SALE.—One Fourth down, One Fourth at time of giving possession, and the rest in two equal Annual instalments, payable in one and two years, with interest from date of possession being given.

Any person desirous of obtaining further information on the subject, or proposing other terms, will please apply in time to the Subscribers.

Windsor, July 8, 1845.

J. & J. DOUGALL.

**TERMS OF ADVOCATE.**

1s. 6d. per copy from 1st May to 1st January, or ten copies for three dollars.

Apply, post paid, to

R. D. WADSWORTH, Rec. Sec.