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TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

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No. 22

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

PLEDGE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

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

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MARY GARDNER'S WEDDING-DAY.

Merrily rang out the bells in the old church tower of the pleasant village of Lappington; the whole place was astir. Aged women sat at the doors of the low thatched cottages, enjoying the bright sunshine, and here and there the mothers of the little children, playing about the road, were standing in groups talking of what was going on; but as they spoke all at once, nothing could be made out, except the name of Mary Gardner, which went from mouth to mouth, from one end of the village to the other. The younger portion of the population was collected about the church and church-yard, where the old yew looked less gloomy than usual, and the bees seemed beside themselves with gladness, as they hummed among the branches of the tall lime-trees that grew by the wall of the rector's garden. All who were able had come out; for this was Mary Gardner's Wedding-day. Every one loved her, and though they felt sorry that she was so soon to leave them, they could not let her go without their kind and hearty wishes at parting. The miller had come up from the mill that looked so busy and clacked so noisily down by the river, to give the bride away; and the ringers, spirited young fellows, had agreed to ring her into church, as they said, as well as out of it; and thus it happened that on this bright May morning, the bells of the church at Lappington were ringing so merrily. Who was Mary Gardner?—She was an orphan: her father and mother, ordinary farm-laborers, both died before

she was two years old, and she had been brought up at the charge of an old lady who lived in the dark-red brick house, with curious twisted chimneys, and a double row of chestnut-trees leading up to the entrance, at the end of the village. The girl was of a quiet, contented disposition, and well repaid the kindness bestowed upon her. When of age to be useful, she was taught to rely upon her own exertions for support and independence, and passed through various grades of a servant's life, in the household of her benefactress, and at last, for her steadiness and good conduct, was chosen to assist the housekeeper, whose advancing years rendered her unequal to the duties of her office. In this way she learned everything connected with the proper comfort and management of a house, until about the time of her twentieth birthday, the old housekeeper died, and Mary was put into her place. Here her natural kindness of heart made her so careful to avoid giving offence, that some of the older servants, who had been looking forward to the housekeeper's situation, acknowledged that it could not have been in better hands. Three years afterwards the old lady died, leaving a small legacy to each of the servants, and two hundred and fifty pounds to her faithful housekeeper, who thus lost her home and her friend at the same time.

Mary was clever with her needle: she undertook the making of the mourning-dresses of the other servants, as the last act of kindness she might have in her power to show to them; and after the first depressing feeling of sorrow had gone off, considered that dress-making would afford her a very good living, and in the course of a few weeks, was comfortably established in a lodging in the chief street of the village.

The old house, where she had passed so many happy years, stood empty for six months, when one morning a party of workmen were seen busily engaged in repairing the antiquated building; masons, painters, carpenters, made the ancient walls echo again with their whistling, knocking, and hammering; and it was soon known in the village, that a family from a distant part of the country might shortly be expected to take possession. Among the plumbers, who came from a shop at a village about eight miles off, was a young man, said to be the best and steadiest workman of the company. The gossips of Lappington, now and then, whispered that he liked a glass of good ale a little too well, and was sometimes the worse for liquor, but he was such a light-hearted fellow, always singing at his work, so much liked by his companions, that no one would believe the reports, and set them down to the score of ill-nature. He was seen at church on the Sunday, and before many weeks were over, it was known that Philip Harris was the accepted lover of Mary Gardner. From this time he stayed at Lappington, instead of returning at the end of the week to the village where his master lived, and might be met in the evenings, walking arm in arm with Mary in the green lanes or across the meadows, both looking so happy that everybody agreed it would be a capital match.

Appearances, it is often said, are deceitful: Philip, though a good-natured and diligent workman, was fond of gay company, and had been accustomed to meet once a week at a

convivial club, composed chiefly of young men, who passed the evening in singing songs, smoking, and drinking. This they called enjoying life, but it was a queer sort of enjoyment; for on leaving the public-house late at night, they could scarcely stand or walk, and often staggered into horse ponds, or muddy ditches, from which they did not get out again without a great deal of trouble. And then, when they woke the next morning, instead of feeling fresh and ready for work, their heads ached, they had pains and twitches in every limb, and a nasty hot bitter taste in their throats, which made them miserable for the whole of the day; and this was enjoying life! Philip's happy disposition made him the leader of the club; he was foremost in all the fun and merriment. On first going to work at Lappington, he had walked over two or three times to the village where the club met, and contrived to get back to his work the next day without exciting any suspicion; but as soon as he became acquainted with Mary, he went no more to the meetings, and, except at times a glass of ale, gave up drinking altogether; it seemed that his love for her overcame every lower feeling. The repairs at the old house lasted nearly half a year, when Philip was sent to begin a similar job ten or twelve miles away in another direction. It was hard parting with Mary, but he came to see her as often as he could, scarcely ever missing a Sunday. So it went on for several months; at last the wedding-day was fixed, and on the morning with which our tale opens they were to be married.

It had been agreed that Philip should ride over in time to go with the party to church. What a pleasant scene was that in Mary's little parlor; the miller had put on his best suit—his new top-boots, and blue coat with bright buttons, and came up to give her away, accompanied by one of his daughters as bride's-maid. He had a kind and hearty word for everybody, and said that he felt as frolicsome as a school-boy. He declared that Mary looked prettier than ever in her wedding-dress, and when the bells all at once struck up their merry peal, he snapped his fingers and hummed a tune by way of chorus. The miller's cheerfulness was so contagious, as at first to prevent any one remarking, that the time fixed on for going to church was passed, by a quarter-of-an-hour. Mary became anxious and fancied that some accident had happened; the miller, however, laughed at her fears; and the bride's-maid whispered that on such an occasion a little impatience was excusable. Still Mary could not feel satisfied, as another quarter-of-an-hour went by without bringing Philip, the roses vanished from her cheek and gave place to a melancholy paleness. At last, just as the clerk came in from the church, to inquire as to the delay, the noise of a vehicle was heard at the end of the village street, and voices outside exclaimed eagerly—'here he is—here he is!' 'All right now,' said the clerk, 'better late than never;' but as he spoke, there came a strange discord of shouting and laughter, mingled with the rattle of wheels. What could it mean? Before the question could be answered, a chaise stopped at the door, four young men jumped out, and one of them, hurrying before the others, reeled into the room, where the party were waiting. It was Philip; but what a sight for a bride! He had a stupid grin on his face, and hiccuped and stammered in his attempts to speak; trying, however, to look grave and sober, but breaking out at times in a drinking-chorus, in which he was joined by his companions, who had staggered in after him. 'Come, ducky,' he managed to say at last to Mary, while he held by her chair to save himself from falling; 'come, ducky, a'n't you ready?' But the shock to her feelings was too great; the poor girl had fainted.—The miller's anger now broke out:—'Philip!' he exclaimed, 'how dare you show yourself in that state! Off with you, man; you are drunk,' and with the assistance of the clerk, he pushed the besotted young men out of the house. Philip

was too giddy and bewildered to offer any resistance; his companions bore him off with a jovial song, and in a few minutes drove off as rapidly as they had come.

Here was a disappointment: the whole village was in a state of consternation; who could have thought it? Still even those who had been in the secret of Philip's misdoings had too much respect for Mary to say, 'they thought how it would be.' Poor girl! she who a short hour before had been so happy in the prospect of her marriage, and receiving the congratulations of her friends! When she recovered from her swoon, the rector, who had heard of what had happened while waiting at the church, came in and endeavored to soothe her with the consolations most likely to be effectual at such a trying moment. But the bright sky, the green fields, the bees and flowers, everything seemed at once to have lost its charms for her. The miller in his honest indignation against the author of so much anguish, insisted that she should go and stay with his wife and daughters for a day or two; until, as he said, they saw the upshot.

Mary's native good sense, assisted by the generous sympathy of friends, enabled her in some degree to overcome the shock to her feelings. The sun was just dropping behind the low hills in the west, on the evening of the second day after the unhappy occurrence, as she left the miller's hospitable dwelling and crossed the meadows on her way homewards. Wishing to be alone, she declined the offer made by one of the young girls to accompany her. The path was one along which she had often walked leaning on Philip's arm, and the thought of this raised a strange conflict of emotions in her mind. Cruel as had been his conduct towards her, she felt that to do as her friends advised and reason prompted—break off the acquaintance—would be an effort almost too painful for her to bear.

Occupied with these reflections, she had sat some time in the deepening twilight of her little room, when a low knock came at the outer door; it opened at her reply, and Philip entered—but how different from the by-the-looking Philip of former days!

Her first impulse was to advance and meet him, but on second thoughts she sat still, while her lover approached with hesitating steps, as though conscious of deserving no better reception. For some moments neither spoke; at last, unable to bear the young man's mingled look of regret and self-reproach, Mary said in low tone—'Oh, Philip!'

'Mary,' he replied, 'I must have been mad to insult you with my presence at such a time; how you must hate me!'

'Hate you? no, Philip! I loved you too well for that. If it broke my heart I could not hate you; I would pity and pray for you.'

'Generous girl!' he exclaimed, attempting to take her hand which she drew back—'you will then forgive me?'

'Can you forgive yourself, Philip? Can we ever be the same to one another as we have been?'

'Why not? You surely wont cast me off for a frolic.—We have been drinking your health, and I, unfortunately, took a little too much. But there is no great harm done just for once: it was all in honor of you.'

'For once, Philip?' she rejoined, in a tone and with a look that let him understand she was not deceived, 'Were it only once? I disbelieved the reports of your being fond of drink, but the worst is now confirmed. A man does not become a drunkard all at once. I have had time to reflect, and however painful it may be to say it, we must cease to think of each other. No! I cannot marry a man who values his reason so lightly as to drown and debase it in strong drink.'

Philip hung down his head while Mary was speaking, and felt all the shame of his position. 'But you wont cast me off so,' he replied, again looking up. 'Try me: I'll

never touch liquor again. Oh, Mary! what a fool I was to risk so much happiness for drink! You know how I love you, and though I now despise myself, I love you more than ever. Give me some hope, some chance to right myself; try me: I will do anything for your sake."

There was a pause: though apparently calm, Mary's emotion prevented her speaking; she stood with her tearful eyes fixed on the face of the young man, who watched her with an eager look. At length she answered—"Philip, I did not expect so sore a trial; but let us no more deceive ourselves with false hopes. If you really love me, come to me at some future day, your own heart will tell you when, and give me some assurance that from this time you have tasted no intoxicating drink, and we may again be to each other as we were but a few days ago."

"Heaven bless you for that!" answered Philip, fetching a deep breath—"you have saved me. Had you cast me off, there is no telling what my desperation would have led to. But now I promise never to touch strong liquor of any sort again." He took Mary's hand, which this time was not refused, and was about to press her to his heart, but checking himself, as though the endeavor were to be a first step in his promised course of discipline, he uttered a hasty farewell, and hurried from the house. As the sound of his footsteps died away in the distance, a pang shot through Mary's heart, and the consciousness of having acted for the best was for a time too feeble to repress the tears that started to her eyes.

Six months passed away without bringing any news of Philip. He had not been seen at his usual place of work since the unhappy frolic which cost him so dear, nor had he once written to say what he was doing. The winter came and went; snowdrops and primroses showed their pale blossoms in the gardens and hedgerows; but still no tidings of Philip. Mary, it was observed, looked pale, and less cheerful than she used to be; and though persevering quietly in her business, and apparently reconciled to the disappointment of her hope, there were anxious moments when she thought of the evening on which she and Philip last met. About the middle of April, word was brought to Lappington of the death of Philip's late employer, and that a young man from the county-town was coming to take to the business. No one had heard the new-comer's name, and while Mary sat at her work one afternoon, thinking whether the change would bring her any intelligence of him whose memory was dearer to her than she would confess even to herself, a horse drawing a light spring-cart stopped opposite the window. On the side of the vehicle was written, Philip Harris, Plumber and Glazier; and a man whose back was towards her, had just alighted; he turned round—it was Philip. In the joy of her heart she ran to open the door, and then, not knowing under what circumstances they met, sat down in her little work-room, as Philip, who had come in, took what appeared to be a letter from his pocket, and placed it in her hands. It was a certificate signed by the chairman and secretary of the County Temperance Society, declaring that Philip had been a consistent member from the time he first joined, nearly twelve months before, and by his persevering endeavors had reclaimed several young men from drinking habits. He stood and watched her while she read—her breath came short—her cheek flushed—and when she raised her eyes to his, they were filled with tears, not of grief, but of the purest joy.

"Your own word would have been enough," she said as he clasped her in his arms. Their hearts rushed together, and in that embrace the great sorrow of their lives was forgotten.

Need we relate what followed? May was close at hand, and brought another wedding-day. The sun shone as brightly as in the former year, the bells rang as merrily, and the hum of the bees was not less gladsome. The miller was

there too, and as the happy pair drove off in the phaeton hired for the occasion, he turned to the sexton, and said in his hearty tone—"She deserves all he could do for her, and more. If a young fellow could not give up drink for a wife as good as she is good-looking, he ought never to have a wife at all."—*Family Economist*.

A DRUNKARD IN HIS OWN FLAMES.

[We copy the following appropriate reflections from the *Scottish Temperance Review*, on the tale entitled "The Artist," with an additional instance of a similar miserable end to another of our fellow creatures. The "Artist" appeared in our number of the 15th May.—ED. C. T. A.]

The end of the drunkard, whose history is delineated in the sketch "The Artist," cannot fail to appal and horrify the reflecting portion of the masses who uphold the drinking system; but whilst this opinion, formed on the occasion of the first reading, is not weakened by more mature consideration, there may be some so tenacious of the things that be, and so ignorant of the nature of alcoholic drinks, as to question the veracity and possibility of that which the writer has so feelingly described. It would be advisable, yea, it is imperative, that such persons should examine the question of the combustible nature of alcohol, even when it is received into the stomach of man; and in this examination they will receive appropriate aid from a work entitled "Cyclopedia of Domestic Medicine and Surgery," by Thomas Andrew, M.D., &c. From the conflicting views which that writer submits on the different intoxicating drinks, there is every reason to conclude that he has not subscribed to the abstinence pledge, and may rather be suspected of being at one with a distinguished M.D. in Glasgow, who, in a letter to Mr. Logan, commissioner of the League, states, "I feel an *utter distaste* to become an apostle of total abstinence principles." Under these circumstances the observations and testimonies submitted, under the designation—"Spontaneous Combustion of the Human Body," will not be regarded as special pleading, or a defence of the principles to the advocacy of which this *Review* is devoted. The author begins by saying—"That the human body has been in many instances spontaneously consumed, or partially consumed by combustion, no one who has read with ordinary attention the history of facts illustrative of that astonishing phenomenon, will attempt to deny. True, indeed, many of the cases first submitted to the public were of a questionable nature, and related by those scarcely competent to form a correct judgment on the subject; but year after year, there have been facts recorded by scientific and intelligent writers, which place the evidence of the case beyond a doubt." The author follows these statements with a long array of facts, which fully establish the principles laid down; and from these facts we crave attention to that one which has led us to designate this article, "A drunkard in his own flames." The author says that it was published by Mr. Devanar, in the first volume of the *London Medical and Surgical Journal* :—

"Thomas Wallace, a sailor, aged thirty-eight, who had for a long time used himself to drink a quantity of spirits, especially rum, was in a smuggling vessel in the month of November, 1806, which landed at Amberforth, in Wales, having several barrels of rum on board, which they managed to get on shore without discovery, and took them to an old house in the village; which they had previously taken for the purpose; when all was right, they began, as they termed it, to enjoy themselves; and to partake plentifully of their bounty. This man, who had been noted for the quantity he could take, (for according to his companions, his usual quantum was two quarts of spirits daily,) now took consi-

derably more than he had been accustomed to. He became exceedingly intoxicated, and lay in this state for such a length of time that his companions became alarmed, and sent for a surgeon from Cardigan; but he being from home himself, I and another apprentice attended for him. On our arrival, we found him in the state described. After ascertaining the beverage he had been taking, the best antidote we could think of was oil; this we agreed to administer, I officiating, whilst the other held the candle, it being late in the evening. As soon as the candle came in contact with the vapor arising from his body, to our great surprise it caught light, commencing about the face, and extending throughout the whole surface of the body, burning with a blue flame. We being greatly agitated, thinking that we had set him on fire, thought it best to depart, first having thrown a pail of water over him to extinguish it. This only added fuel to the fire, it burning with greater severity. On our return, we related to our master the circumstance, who at first could scarcely credit it. The next morning, he and myself went to see this unfortunate victim. Upon our arrival, we found only part of the being we went to see, for all the parts except the head, legs, and part of the arms, were consumed. The ashes which remained were black and greasy, and the room in which it lay had a peculiar offensive smell. His shirt, which was of flannel, was not burned, but charred; we ordered the remaining parts to be put in a shell. Two days afterwards, from curiosity, we again went to see if the remainder was burned, but found it as before. There was no inquest, his companions, as well as those people who had heard of it, being at that time very superstitious, and knowing him to be a very wicked man, reported that the devil had come and set him alight, and sent him alive to the shades below for his wickedness."

The superstition in this case may have been substantially correct, if there be a connection between the close of life on earth, and the beginning of life in eternity: "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness." And judging upon the circumstances brought before us in the above narrative, he who was the victim of intemperance may have passed through death, from the scene of wickedness on earth, to the abode of misery in the world to come. Who can read such an end to the career of an intelligent, immortal, and responsible being, without being appalled and horrified at the system by which it was produced, and which is waging at this moment an awfully successful warfare with the bodies and the souls of men. The system cannot stand the test of reason, revelation, or common sense. Yea, it is fitted to produce a most thorough-loathing, indignation, and hatred, which ought never to be laid aside or mitigated so long as a vestige remains to pollute the land, and degrade and destroy the people. "A drunkard in his own flames" forcibly suggests an anecdote which will enforce the moral which such a scene is fitted to teach. It is in substance as follows:—A woman was afflicted with a drunken husband, who was in the practice of demanding supper, as he returned late at night. He came home one night with a companion, and made his usual demand, never caring about the means which were to purchase it; the wife instantly prepared, and spread out the table, and that with so great composure and meekness as to impress the mind of her husband's companion to such a degree that he felt constrained to ask her how she could do it. Her reply was worthy of the woman and the christian, "I have no wish that my husband should have a hell here, and a hell hereafter."

It is to be feared that many drunkards have had to confess, when repentance was too late, that the miseries which they endured in time, were the beginning and the foretaste of the torments which they now undergo in eternity. Can this be thought of, without violent emotion, and a desire to renounce the drinking system for ever. If there is one who can do so, we would summon him to revise his judgment in this the

day of merciful visitation, lest in the day of account he should be found to be one whose obstinacy is pointed at in the awful warning administered by the great Teacher, sent from God: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

STRIKING FACTS RESPECTING CRIME.

The Autumnal Circuit Court of Justiciary was held in Glasgow in Sept., 1848. Bailie Robert Smith granted an order, which enabled us to gain ready admission to almost the whole of the trials. It was quite apparent from the evidence of a great many of the witnesses, that the drinking system was intimately associated with most of the offences. Even the somewhat involuntary averments of the publicans, and their brethren the pawnbrokers—always a numerous class on such occasions—were most explicit and conclusive. The number of prisoners who were tried before the judges was 88. Shortly after the proceedings of the court had terminated, we visited and conversed with 48 of the male prisoners, and 30 of the females; total, 78. It may be observed, in passing, that when collecting information from prisoners, it is a general rule with us to prevent them as far as possible, from becoming acquainted with the main object of our visit. 46 of the males stated, in the most distinct manner, that drinking and public-house company had not only led them from the paths of rectitude, but to the commission of the crimes for which they had been imprisoned. 26 of the females made a similar declaration. A mother for example, of twelve children, under sentence of transportation for ten years, said—'To tell the truth, sir, I was a heavy drinker. I went out to —, to see my brother on business. He gave me, to my cost, a large glass of spirits in the last cup o' tea. I returned to Glasgow by the railway, and felt my head rather giddy when I got to the station. When going down the High Street, I stert into —'s spirit cellar in Stirling Street, and paid five *baubees* for half a gill o' the best whisky. The first thing I recollected after drinking that half-gill of burning stuff—dear knows what was in it—was awaking in the police-office charged with the theft for which I have been convicted.' Another woman, the mother of seven children, under sentence of transportation too, said—'Indeed, sir, I was a very hard drinker; and had it not been for whisky, you would never have found me in this deplorable situation.' 'I never had it in my heart to steal,' said another; transport, 'if it had not been for that woeful thing—whisky.' 'Drink,' said an old woman of threescore years and ten, 'brought me to this disgraceful condition, and also into every crime for which I have been sent to prison.' 'Do you think,' inquired this grey-headed prisoner, 'that they will send me out of the country? I am sure it will kill me if they do.' She was sentenced to seven years' transportation, for the not very heinous offence of stealing a small potato measure about half-full of potatoes. We called on the individual, in St Enoch's Wynd, with whom old Mary lodged, and she stated that 'she was as quiet and harmless a body as a person could wish to live with, when free o' the wee drap drink.' Even a publican's wife told us, that 'old Mary was a real quiet honest woman, but very foolish in drink. I often told her with my own mouth that it would be her ruin some day. Indeed, sir, she was so fond of drink that she would go over the hills for it, if she thought she could get it.' This servant of the evil one, whose house was a perfect sink of pollution, seemed somewhat sorry for his old customer. This is only the second convict we have met with, in our prison visits, who had reached the advanced age of 70 years. The first one we conversed with was at Perth city jail, in July, 1847. That old woman said, with an earnestness which might have melted the hardest heart—

Whisky, sir, and nothing but whisky, has brought me to this of it.—*The Moral Statistics of Glasgow.*

WHAT BECOMES OF OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLARS?

We have remarked that, generally speaking, at present our Sunday scholars after the age of seventeen or eighteen leave our schools and places of worship altogether. There appears to be suddenly a mournful backsliding. Where are they? Where on the Lord's Day are those who have been from week to week the objects of our instruction and solicitude, to whom in public and in our secret retirement we have offered up before the Father of mercies sincere heartfelt prayers? We look into the school. They are not there. We look into the sanctuary. They are not there. We look into their homes. They are not there. Where are they? Go on the Lord's Day evening to the public-house, the spirit-vault, the beer-shops, the music-saloon, and there you will find them, with the newspaper for their bible, the landlord for their minister, and strong drink for their God. They have left the Sunday school, and they have entered another school—the school of vice; and the heavenly instructions of the former are awfully defaced by the sensuality and depravity of the latter. Sad, humiliating, heart-rending, are the results. Some, indeed, may, through the agency of remorse, be brought back into the right way, but many, many alas! are ruined for ever. They become the slaves of appetite, a burthen to their friends, and a curse to the world. Can we listen without deep concern to the statement that one out of every seven of our Sunday school scholars becomes a drunkard. This is given to us on statistical evidence; and it is believed by those who have looked more closely into the matter, that this proportion falls short of the reality. But this proportion, on the calculation that there are two millions and a half of Sunday scholars in the United Kingdom, and that each scholar remains ten years at school, gives us upwards of 35,000 drunkards furnished from our Sunday schools every year. Think on this, Sunday school teachers! And to bring the matter home, remember that your own class contains some marked out for destruction. And is this an inevitable state of things? Is this an absolute necessity? No; thanks to our heavenly Father, no. A preventive, simple, practical and efficacious, has been formed, the voluntary determination on the part of our Sunday scholars entirely to abstain from the strong drink which is the source of the evil; and, in order to carry out this purpose, the formation in every Sunday school of Abstinence Societies.—*From a Sermon by F. Howorth.*

OBLIGATIONS OF THE RECLAIMED, AND A LITTLE GOOD ADVICE TO THEM.

BY AN AMERICAN.

We not unfrequently hear it alleged that individuals who were once active and useful in the temperance cause, and who felt and could speak of its value from their experience of its blessed effects in reclaiming and elevating them, have since become lukewarm and indifferent, scarcely ever attending a temperance meeting, and avoiding every call for assistance to its objects.

We know of such instances ourselves. We know men who have been reclaimed from intemperance, and who were once a town charge and nuisance—who since their reform have prospered and accumulated property—and who now give the cold shoulder to the temperance movement. All they possess they owe to this reform. But for its redeeming influence some of them would have filled drunkards' graves ere this, and been buried at the public expense. But for this reform their children and widows might have been dependent

upon the charity of the world, instead of sharing with their living, redeemed, and prosperous husbands and fathers the comforts and joys of temperate and virtuous homes.

And yet owing all this to the temperance cause, they cannot afford to give any portion of their means to promote it; cannot spare time to attend its meetings; and, in fact, feel no interest in it, knowing little and caring nothing about the cause, even in their immediate neighborhoods. It grieves us to speak of these things. We feel pained at heart to know that men who owe everything to temperance influences can ever forget their obligations, their deep and eternal weight of indebtedness, but, alas! it is so.

It seems to us that every reclaimed inebriate who has been brought back to the path of temperance and prosperity, if he be a man with right views and feelings, must always delight to recognize his debt of gratitude to the cause and friends of temperance. To the end of life we should expect to hear him say, "The friends of temperance are my friends; the cause is my cause, and by the blessing of God, I will strive to extend its priceless benefits, and to multiply its triumphs."—*Bristol Temperance Herald.*

HOW THE LICENSE LAW IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK NOW STANDS.

As there are some, who seem to suppose, that there is now in the State of New York, no law in force against the sale of "intoxicating liquors," we present the following statement, in relation to the matter, taken from the *Syracuse Revueille*. In the Empire State ale and strong beer, and such malt liquors are put in the same category with brandy, and other distilled liquors, and as they should, and ultimately will be, in all other States of the Union:—

HOW THE MATTER STANDS.

Last Saturday evening the Common Council of Syracuse, held a Session at the City Hall, to hear arguments, if any should be offered, for and against the granting of licenses to Hotel keepers, and others, to sell intoxicating drinks. This question was brought before them by the application for a license from Mr. Philo N. Rust, one of the oldest taverners in the county, formerly well known as the keeper of the Syracuse House, who has recently taken a lease of the spacious building, recently called the Empire House, and has refitted it in splendid style.

At the close of the discussion, Alderman Durnford moved that a license be not granted to Mr. Rust, and his motion prevailed—no one of the Aldermen voted against it. Of course, we are given to understand, that it is the determination of our Common Council not to give their sanction to this accursed business, carried on in the most splendid Houses, any more than in the most squalid shanties.

How then does the matter now stand? The people ought to know.

The selling of intoxicating drinks is, by the statute law of this State, regarded as a penal offence. Against the penalties of the law, however, it is provided that a license given by the proper authorities, may protect one. Such a license may be given, if the authorities think fit, to Hotel keepers, Taverners, and Grocers, under certain restrictions, and on certain conditions. And whoever, without such a license, sells intoxicating liquors in a less quantity than five gallons: or who sells any quantity to be drunk, or *allows* any such liquors sold by him drunk upon his premises, is liable for every such offence, to a fine of twenty-five dollars.

Every person who has been licensed to keep a Hotel or tavern of any description, is required by law to put up, and keep up a sign, to that effect—and is subject to a fine if he neglect so to do.

Every person, not licensed, who opens his house as a hotel or tavern, and puts up a sign to that effect, is liable to a fine

of one dollar and twenty-five cents for every day that he continues so to violate the law; whether it be ascertained that he sells intoxicating liquor or not.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

We have observed in one or two temperance papers so called, and a number of circulars and religious papers, a tendency to question the utility of the Order of the Sons of Temperance. To inquire whether the cause is not retarded by their existence? Whether the existence of a division in a place is not a hindrance, rather than a help?

To all who raise these doubts honestly, we are ready honestly to reply; but we believe in most instances they are not honest, but are made in a Jesuitical spirit. They arise in many cases from selfishness. Men who formerly held some rank among the friends of the cause, finding themselves thrown in the shade by this new movement, instead of thanking God that the cause has new friends, are ready dog-in-the-manger-like, to allow no one to act.

We would ask the religious papers attention to the following statements, made by an opponent of religion. Boston has many more churches now than she had twenty years since. Boston is not so moral as she was then, therefore the churches have a bad influence and tend to demoralize the people. Is not this the same argument as is used against the Order?

The same may be said to the so-called Temperance papers, there are more Temperance societies of the kind these papers hold to, than there were some years since, there are more Temperance meetings held, and yet intemperance increases, therefore these meetings have a bad effect.

No, it is not so. God never allowed a well meant purpose to fail of accomplishing some good. No blow ever struck against the wrong falls without effect. Let these cavillers look at facts. Let these men without faith in God or man, examine the record, before they condemn their fellow men. Let them study cause and effect, and learn that the increase of intemperance comes rather from their own apathy, or bigotry, than the activity of the order. Let them ask themselves whether there is any principle in the order which makes those men who enter it less active than they were before.—Let them enquire whether a slothful or weak minded Temperance man has his faults increased by connection with the order.

It appears by the returns made the M. W. Scribo at the last annual session of the National Division, that there were 4398 subordinate divisions on this continent who hold weekly meetings, that these divisions contain 220,473 members, and that there are 35 Grand Divisions who hold quarterly sessions. Besides the Division meetings which are private, one or more public meetings are held each year by these Divisions, and several Grand Divisions employ agents to lecture throughout their states.—It also appears that the National Division has employed one or two of its officers, and the papers are filled with the accounts of large and enthusiastic meetings held by Bro. Philip S. White, S. F. Currey, D. N. Merritt, and a host of other speakers, who are members of the order.

There are also ten or more temperance papers supported by the order, who weekly send forth thousands of sheets to all parts of the country, bearing words of fiery indignation against the traffic, warm and earnest appeals to drinkers and sellers to quit their guilty courses, words of consolation and affection to the homes and hearts made desolate by this curse.

In view of these facts, will any man dare to assert, that the work is retarded by our order? Perhaps we might have better answered the query we commenced with, by putting another, what would become of the cause without the order?—*Washingtonian*.

A WORD TO BOYS.

Be Polite.—Study the graces; not the graces of the dancing master, of bowing and scraping; nor the infidel etiquette of Chesterfield, but benevolence, the graces of the heart, whatever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report. The true secret of politeness is, to please, to make happy—flowing from goodness of heart—a fountain of love. As you leave the family circle for retirement, say, good night: when you rise, say good morning. Do you meet or pass a friend in the street, bow grace-

fully, with the usual salutation. Wear a lunge on your neck—keep it well oiled, and above all, study Solomon and the Epistles of Paul.

Be Civil.—When the rich Quaker was asked the secret of his success in life, he answered, "Civility, friend, civility." Some people are uncivil, sour, sullen, morose, crabbed, crusty, haughty, really clownish and impudent. Run for your life! "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit! there is more hope of a fool than of him."

Be kind to everybody.—There is nothing like kindness, it sweetens everything. A single look of love, a smile, a grasp of the hand, has gained more friends than both wealth and learning.—"Charity suffereth long and is kind."

Never strike back.—That is, never render evil for evil. Some boys give eye for eye, tooth for tooth, blow for blow, kick for kick. Awful! Little boys, hark! What says Solomon? "Surely the churning of milk bringeth forth butter, and the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood; so the forcing of wrath bringeth forth strife." Repemence no man evil for evil; but overcome evil with good. "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you."

In reply to a Question, avoid the monosyllables yes and no, thus, "Is your father in good health?" instead of saying "Yes, sir," say "very good, sir, thank you."

Avoid Vulgar, common-place or slang phrases, such as "by jinks," "first-rate," "Pill bet," &c. Betting is not merely vulgar, but sinful, a species of gambling. Gentleman never bet.

Think before you speak.—Think twice, think what to speak, how to speak, when to speak, to whom to speak; and withhold your head, and look the person to whom you are speaking full in the face, with modest dignity and assurance. Some lads have a foolish, sheepish bashfulness, sheer off, hold down their heads and eyes, as if they were guilty of sheep-stealing! Never be ashamed to do right.—*N. Y. Dist. School Journal*.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG TEACHER.

Endeavor to introduce into your school the most perfect system at the beginning, and be very slow to admit any change which inexperienced people may think very good, unless its utility is obvious. Pay great attention to the order of your school, and to the manners of the children, and when they leave you, see that they retire with order and regularity.

I need not urge upon you to unite with this strict discipline great mildness, and perfect freedom from passion. I wish that you would introduce some religious exercises. Let the scriptures be daily read, in a reverential manner, by yourself or some good reader in the School. Be careful to teach every branch thoroughly. A school is lost when it gets the character of being showy and superficial.

Let me conclude with urging you to enter into the spirit of your occupation. Learn to love it. Try to carry into it a little enthusiasm. Let it not be your task, but your delight. Feel that Providence is honoring you in committing to you the charge of immortal minds. Study the character of your pupils, and the best modes of exciting and improving them. You have heart enough; fix it on this noble object.

And now, my dear friend, be of good courage. Bear up with calm, steady resolution, under the trials of life. Lift your eyes with gratitude and confidence to your Father in heaven, and he will never forsake you.—*Channing*.

Poetry.

FOR THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

On the morning of the 12th of Oct., 1849, a man was found dead in the deep hatch-way in front of the old Parliament House, in Montreal, into which he had stumbled during the dark and stormy night before, when in a state of intoxication. The writer went with the crowd, and looked upon the sad spectacle, and while beholding that ruined man, in the midst of those stately ruins around, had some peculiar emotions, which subsequently gave rise to the following

BALLAD.

The multitude were passing on,
Along the crowded street;

They hurried by the tow'ring walls,
Where fearful ruins meet,—
Where once our nobles sat within
The Legislators seat.

Just there, they ceased their rapid tread,
And stood as in a fright;
They gathered round the open steps,
And press'd to see the sight;
Wondering what had come to pass
Within the stormy night!

Down in the deep and dismal vault,
Beneath the tumbling stones,
A human being sadly lay,
With bruised or broken bones!
How long he'd lain, no one could tell,
For none had heard his groans.

I looked upon his stiffened corse,
My heart within me bled;
He was, indeed, a fellow-man,
Though motionless and dead:
Cold lay his body on the rocks,
His spirit sure had fled!

I looked upon the ruined walls,
'Then on the ruined man!
I thought what fierce and dreadful flames,
Throughout that building ran,
When hideous shouts, and fiendish breath
Did seem the fire to fan!

And then I thought how human hands
Had kindled up the flame
Within the nobler structure man,
Which blazed through all his frame,
And raved and raged in fierceness wild,
Till to his end he came.

Ho ye who keep the burning drink,
For those who onward pass,
Look here, and view your dreadful work,
Then say, "alas! alas!
We filled for him the madd'ning cup
We gave the fatal glass!

'Mid storm and rain we turned him out,
To wander on his way;
We'd got his cash; he'd got our rum,
Why should he longer stay?
And for his soul we had no care,
Though hellish demons slay!"

But no; ye dare not come and look.
Upon the drunkard dead;
Lest sure, by many standing round
It should in truth be said,
"Here come the men who did the deed,
The curse be on their head."

And when the last great day shall come,
When God's loud trumpet sound,
To call the millions to his bar,
Who sleep beneath the ground,
To hear their doom for deeds they've done,
Where then will *you* be found?

All ye who stand in wonder round,
Those direful ruins read;
Look on these desolations sad,
'Then ask who took the lead,
In burning house, or killing man?
Who's done the foulest deed?

The house was reared by human hands
Out of the marble stone;
The man was shaped by wiser skill;
God's workmanship alone!
And he, when moulded into form,
All nature's works outshone.

Ye magistrates and rulers great
Who license men to sell
The spirit that the body kills,
And fits the soul for hell;
Tho' evil that ye let them do,
Wh. a pen, or tongue can tell!

Ye drinking men, come, take a look,
See where your footsteps tend!
O dash the poison quick away,
"Your crooked ways amend,"
Or else you'll sink beneath the curse,
And meet a dreadful end!

I turned away with anguish deep,
I got a lesson there,
Which, while health and life remains,
I'll publish ev'rywhere;
The Temperance cause I'll ever plead,
And for it lift my prayer!

I'll take the drunkard by the hand,
In kindness and in love;
I'll draw him from the haunts of vice,
And bid him look above;
I'll guide him in the safest way,
His feet no more shall rove.

And I'll proclaim eternal war
'Gainst brandy, rum, and gin;
Tho' trade is ruinous indeed,
'Tis full of shame and sin;
'Tis death to those who drink or sell,—
A quenchless flame within!

Press on, ye temp'rance friends, press on,
The vict'ry you will gain,
And then you'll shout the glorious news—
King Alcohol is slain!
Then virtue, temperance, truth and love
O'er all the earth shall reign!

Philipsburgh, October, 1849.

J. F.

PAY THE PRINTER.

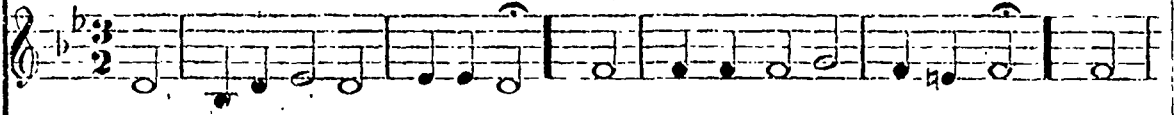
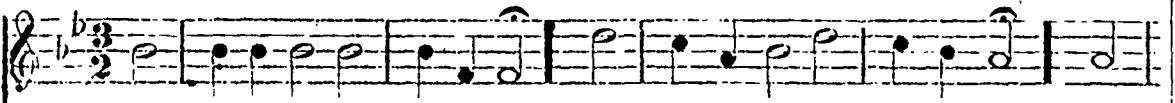
[We commend the following lines to those of our subscribers who are in arrears. They may think a few dollars can be of no great importance to us, but when hundreds of them seem to think thus, it becomes a serious matter.]

ORIGINAL "LONG TIME AGO."

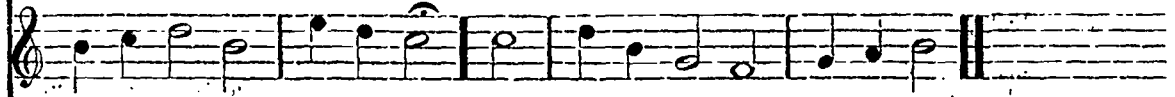
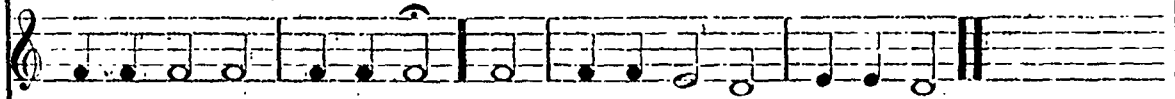
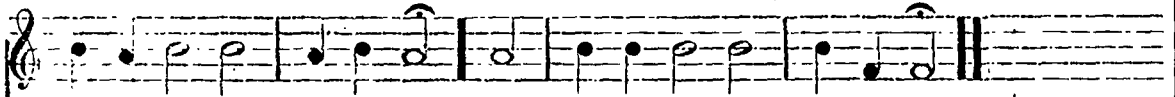
Here comes winter, here comes winter,
Storms of hail—and snow—and sleet—
Pay the Printer, pay the Printer,
Let him warm his hands and feet
Here comes winter, here comes winter,
Whitening every hill and dale;
Pay the Printer, pay the Printer,
Send your money by the mail.
Pay the Printer, pay the Printer,
All remember his just due,
In cold winter, in cold winter,
He wants cash as well as you.

Merry winter, merry winter,
It will be if all do right,
Pay the Printer, pay the Printer,
Do the thing that is polite.
Happy winter, happy winter,
Hark the jingling of the bells;
To the Printer, to the Printer,
What sad tales their music tells!
Ah! poor Printer!—ah! poor Printer!—
Your subscribers frolic all
In the winter, in the winter,
But ne'er think of you at all!

HEBRON.—L. M.



How bright the page whose ev - 'ry thought Was kin - dled at the shrine of truth; How



dark, the works with poi - son fraught, To taint the foun - tam of our youth.



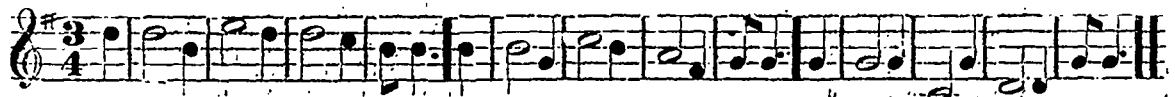
How mounts the souls with rushing wing,
When wakes the poet's magic strain;
But if the "sparkling bowl" he sing,
Those soaring pinions droop again.

How music cheers the weary heart,
'To trouble's wave, it whispers peace,
But when it acts the syren's part,
In vain the captive seeks release.

How potent art, with wondrous skill,
Bids forms of beauty bless our eyes!
But ah! she often lures to ill,
Till baleful passions, all arise.

How fair the path which upward leads,
'Tis virtue's sweet and pleasant way,
Our guide each humble pilgrim leads,
And cheers him onward, day by day.

CATCH.—A GLASS, A GLASS, BUT NOT OF SHERRY.



A glass, a glass, but not of Sherry, For we with-out it can be mer-ry; Cold Wa-ter makes us hap-py—ve-ry.

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 15, 1849.

OUR PRESENT CONDITION.

Benevolent efforts often seem to have their seasons, like the natural world; a time of activity, succeeded by indifference—like winter following autumn. It cannot be gainsayed, we fear, that in this city at least, the winter of temperance now reigns; no public meetings—no visits of an agent from door to door, disseminating information, orally and by publications—nothing, indeed, but the issues of the *Temperance Advocate*, seems to break its chill and gloom. From the United States we hear, as from afar, of the vigorous efforts making by temperance men to put down the licensing system; of the faithful testimonies of ecclesiastical bodies in favor of the cause; of crowded lecture rooms; of Father Mathew's triumphs: from the Lower Provinces, our friend Mr. Kellogg returns, encouraged with his success: from Scotland—yes, from toddy-drinking Scotland—the glorious tidings come, that her most spiritual-minded and active ministers are putting themselves at the head of the warfare against all that can intoxicate: even from Sweden and Lapland, news refreshing as from a far country, reach us, of the blessed results of total abstinence. But, alas! in this land, at least in this city and neighboring parts, there is little encouraging to record save the already chronicled success of the Rev. Mr. Chimney; and against that we have to put the increased drinking from the visit of the Cholera.

As we have said, there is an ebb and flow in men's zeal, and it is to be earnestly hoped that the tide will soon turn—that the spring season will come without delay, and that our frozen sensibilities will warm and burst forth in vigorous effort—the pulpit, the platform, and the press, speaking aloud, and individual labors of love accompanying and reaping the harvest. Let it be our prayer that God may revive this cause among us—a cause which is His own, a handmaid of the Gospel, and, in former days here, and now in other places, owned and blessed of Him.

THE WINTER CAMPAIGN.

We would call the attention of our readers to the fact, that the season is again at hand when the friends of the temperance cause, as well as that of other similar efforts, must be up and doing. In the summer season both the agriculturist, the merchant, and the mechanic, must give so much diligence, each in his sphere of labor, as to leave little or no room for any thing else. In the winter season, however, when the labor of the one is all but entirely suspended, and that of the other two so much diminished as to give time for other efforts, we hope the temperance cause will receive its due share. It cannot be doubted that the past year has been one of little progress; on the contrary, we fear many who bade fair to be ornaments to our cause and blessings to the neighborhoods in which they reside, have, either from injudicious advice from those who should have known better, or from the revival of a depraved appetite, gone back, and walk no more with us. Not a few of these, no doubt, have gone to give an account at the bar of God; but with those who are alive and remain, let the tectotaler act the part of the good Samaritan, let there be no waiting for the removal of this and the other obstacles, but in kindness and love take every opportunity to do all the good he can. We would caution the tectotaler not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, ever remembering,

"let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." The drunkard is your brother man; and though he may have fallen, yet if he had been placed in other circumstances perhaps it would not have been so; and though a tippler or drunkard, from the force of circumstances or the want of that counsel and advice you yourself enjoyed, may, nevertheless, possess those intellectual powers which alone distinguish man from man, in an intellectual point of view. Let none say they have no influence, but let all exert what influence they have, bearing in mind that we are only responsible for what we have. Let the different societies throughout the country meet at once, and arrange for weekly or monthly meetings. Let men of good character and attainments be engaged to speak at the meetings; and it might be well, for the purpose of systematic effort, to get a programme of subjects drawn up, and have the time, place and subject, well circumscribed before the time appointed. This would, no doubt, have the effect of bringing out the public more generally, and also of securing to them better entertainment. Without attempting to dictate to others in this matter, we would here subjoin a list of subjects which was drawn up for last winter's campaign in this city, and may be of some use either in furnishing or suggesting subjects. It will be observed that they are suited not only to call out the ministerial talent, but also the learned and intelligent of all grades of the community. If this plan is adopted and suitable subjects selected, it will be of great service, not only in gaining many to our society, but strengthening and encouraging many of our weak members, and inducing them to put forth more vigorous measures for the promotion of the cause:—

1. The Temperance Reformation of the nineteenth century different, not only in degree, but in kind, from previous attempts to suppress intemperance, inasmuch as they sought to cure the effects of the disease, while we seek to remove its cause.
2. The injurious effects of drinking customs upon society being the chief root whence intemperance springs, all attempts effectually to prevent or remove its bitter fruits must necessarily prove vain, whilst the root continues in vigor.
3. The injurious effects upon the church and upon society of the drinking usages which now prevail.
4. The principles of abstinence from intoxicating drinks as a beverage, the only one on which an effectual reformation can be founded, being not yet recognized by the churches generally, renders the formation of temperance societies distinct from the churches a necessary, though, it is hoped, a temporary expedient.
5. In the rising generation lies the chief hope of the temperance cause, and therefore, not only should juvenile temperance societies be encouraged, but efforts should be made in every part of the country to secure the services of common school or other teachers, who are themselves total abstainers from alcoholic drinks.
6. Intoxicating drinks unnecessary and injurious to persons in health. The medicinal use should at least be as rare and as carefully regulated as that of other medicines.
7. Alcohol, the intoxicating principle in fermented and distilled liquors at irreconcilable war with the healthy action of the vital organs, and especially the stomach and brain.

POLICE REPORTS.

We deem it due to our readers to account for the absence from our columns, since the month of June last, of the Police Report. Notwithstanding repeated applications at head quarters, we have not been able to obtain the information we were accustomed to furnish, and which gave us such a good index of the morals of this city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A letter from J. A., Perth, enclosing £2, has been received.

REV. L. TAYLOR.

In our last we gave some notice of an important Tea Meeting that was held in the basement story of the Wesleyan Chapel, Great St. James Street, on the 25th ult., at which the Rev. L. Taylor was the principal speaker. We recur to the same, on the present occasion, for the purpose of fulfilling a promise made at the close of said remarks, for the reasons then given. We do not attempt a verbatim report of the Rev. Gentleman's speech, but simply record some of the more striking passages :—

In speaking of those who contributed to keep up the evil, he read the testimony of a far-seeing and correctly judging christian man, long before temperance societies were in existence. It covers the whole ground that these societies have found it necessary, upwards of half a century later, to assume ; and he, the speaker, would not dare to use language so strong himself as that which this good man, who was entitled to respect and attention at their hands, had used. He referred to the following extract from Mr. Wesley's sermon on the love of money :—

"Neither may ye gain, by hurting our neighbor in his body. Therefore we may not sell any thing which tends to impair health. Such is eminently all that liquid fire, commonly called drams or spirituous liquors. It is true, these may have a place in medicine ; they may be of use, in some bodily disorders : (although there would rarely be occasion for them, were it not for the unskillfulness of the practitioners.) Therefore such as prepare and sell them *only for this end*, may keep their conscience clear. But who are they, who prepare and sell them *only for this end*? Do you know ten such distillers in England? Then excuse these. But all who sell them in the common way, to any that will buy, are poisoners general. They murder his Majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither do their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell, like sheep : and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who then would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them : the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves ; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Flood, blood is there : the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, O thou man of blood, though thou art 'clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day ;' canst thou hope to deliver down the fields of blood, to the third generation? Not so ; for there is a God in heaven ; therefore thy name shall be rooted out. Like is those whom thou hast destroyed, body and soul, 'thy memorial shall perish with thee.'"

On this part of his subject the speaker was very plain and very faithful, and although the makers and vendors are chief contributors, yet they are not the only ones, for all who are in the habit, as the lecturer observed, of using intoxicating drinks was a contributor, from the lady who sips her single glass of wine, to the Highland Minister who allowed about sixteen glasses of whisky a-day without passing "the boon o' motheration." All are countenancing the use and leading others into the temptation. The moderate man contributes his quota to fastening the gape of habit upon all. Besides, there is no doctrine more clearly laid down in scripture than that man is in some sense his brother's keeper, and that we are to love our neighbors as ourselves. We are not only to do no harm to our neighbor, but to do him good—and, therefore, were alcohol even a good article of diet, it should be given up if it be doing harm to others.

Here the Lecturer introduced the following extract from a speech of Governor Briggs of Massachusetts, delivered at Albany :—

At a certain town meeting in Pennsylvania, the question came up whether any persons should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, and physician, strange as it may now appear, all favored it. One man only spoke against it, because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when all at once there arose from one corner of the room, a miserable female. She was thin and clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment of silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called on all to look upon her.

"Yes!" she said, look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience, declare its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage in health, is excess. Look upon me. You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in the town. You all know, too, I had one of the best—the most devoted of husbands. You all know I had fine, noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder churchyard ; all—every one of them filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe—excess alone ought to be avoided ; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you," pointing with her shred of a finger to the Priest, Deacon, and Doctor, "as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and prospects, with dismay and horror ;—I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin—I tried to ward off the blow, I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell—in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed ; but the odds were against me. The Minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God ; the Deacon (*who sits under the pulpit there*, and took our farm to pay his rum bills,) sold them the poison ; the Doctor said that a little was good, and excess ought to be avoided. My poor husband, and my dear boys, fell into the snare, and they could not escape, and, one after another, were conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time—my sand has almost run—I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—your poor house—to warn you all—to warn you, Deacon!—to warn you, false teacher of God's word!" And with her arms high flung, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch—she exclaimed :

"I shall soon stand before the Judgment Seat of God—I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all!"

The miserable female vanished—a dead silence pervaded the assembly—the Priest, Deacon and Physician hung their heads—and when the president of the meeting put the question,

"Shall any Licenses be granted for the sale of Spirituous Liquors?" the response was unanimous—"NO!"

In depicting the characteristics of King Alcohol's soldiers, especially the external marks by which the old staggers are so well known, he gave the following as the Covenant into which they may be said to enter ; or the oath of allegiance which the King administers to all his soldiers at an advanced period of the service. At first sight, its provisions and arguments may seem exaggerated, and the picture overdrawn, but, on consideration, all must admit, that it is true to the life, and not one whit more taken for granted, than has been proved in too many instances :—

DEVOTEE OF BACCHUS RENEWING HIS COVENANT.

O thou precious drop from the ocean of strong and intoxicating perfume, thou art all in all to me, yea more than all the

world beside; all things, temporal and spiritual, cast in the scale with thee are found wanting. I therefore, without reserve, devote my little all to thee—self, soul, body, wealth, fame, friends, children, wife, religion, bible, and God. I have had a name among the living, and have much respected my character; but to thee, oh precious drop, I sacrifice my good name, and count character as a thing of nought, for thy sake. I have had a prospect of a goodly portion of the things of this world, but at thy call I give them up, at thy shrine I sacrifice them all. I have children, lovely and promising; but I had rather see them illiterate and naked, and even droop and die with hunger, oh thou my all! than forsake thee. I have a wife, loving and beloved, of heaven's choicest earthly blessings dearest; yet I would rather break her heart, and see her pine away with hunger and grief, or when I am gone, die a lost drunkard's widow, than forsake thee, oh thou best beloved of my soul. I once followed the dictates of Nature's first law, self-preservation; I regarded the welfare of my body and the salvation of my soul, but now I am willing my body should perish and descend in disgrace to a drunkard's grave, and my soul into hell, rather than forsake thee, oh thou soul of my delights. I once took that book as my guide which says, no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. I heard the voice of the spirit saying, this is the way, walk ye in it; I followed the dictates of that word and spirit, and found the way pleasantness, and all its paths peace. But now I neglect and reject them all because they speak against thee, and therefore I count them my foes; and because the ways of that spirit are not as thy ways, oh thou spirit of Alcohol! for thou art my God, I am determined to follow the dictates of that appetite which a taste of thee has created, from the shallows to the depths, to shame, to poverty, to wretchedness, to ruin; if so thou leadest me, O my Lord and Master! for I am thy truly devoted servant,

DRAM DRINKER.

The above oath was taken down in the Town of Common Observation, Downhill Street, on the road to ruin.

The perusal of this vow produced a thrilling effect; and the speaker continued:—

General Alcohol keeps his soldiers hard at work. It is no unusual thing for him to make them drill all night till they are so exhausted that they cannot even walk. They also receive in his service many wounds and bruises, black eyes and broken heads; yet they are all ready at any time to cry, hurrah for the General, whose colors they bear. The appetite at this stage is inexorable as death. The victim must feed himself with poison. He indeed clanks his chains, but he is in the iron grasp of a giant. His murdered conscience sounds the tocsin. Every thing grows blacker and blacker around him, with only a gulph of fire in the future. The man is defaced and ruined; he knows not where he is going, nor cares. He looks back on a drunkard's life of misery and disease. He sees around him venomous snakes and slimy reptiles. The fiery wave of the future comes on—the breakers of eternity sound in his ear. He reels off the precipice of time into the presence of that Creator who said no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God. It is estimated that there are 60,000 so perishing, annually, in Great Britain alone. Is it not time to attempt something to tear down the flag of alcohol, thus stained with the tears and blood of perishing millions.

NOW IS THE TIME

For the friends of the cause to exert themselves to increase the circulation of the *Advocate*, and secure a sufficient number of paying subscribers as will insure us against loss. We ask no profit on the *Advocate*; all that is over after paying the usual

expenses of the paper, we appropriate to the liquidation of the debt of the Montreal Committee; but unless the friends exert themselves, and keep on the alert, the enemy will come in—they will become indifferent and the paper will, as a consequence, cease to exist. The teetotal press can only look for support from the teetotaler.

CURE FOR DELIRIUM TREMENS.

We have to thank "one who could take a little and who can let it alone," for his remarks on the above subject, but as we consider our pages will be better occupied with matter calculated to prevent this awful disease, than in giving examples of cure, we must decline inserting his communication.

Will the Editor of the *Telegraph*, St. Johns, N.B., send us his paper for December 4, 1848, and number following, for the same year?

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. R. D. Wadsworth is now on a tour in the Gore, Talbot, and Niagara Districts, and we hope our friends in these places will avail themselves of his visit to send us long lists of names as subscribers to the *Advocate*, and that those who may be in arrears for the past or present volume will, at the same time, hand him the amount.

Mr. Grafton will wait on our friends in a portion of the Eastern Province, for the same purpose, and we have no doubt will be well received.

SCOBIE & BALFOUR'S CANADIAN ALMANAC FOR 1850

Contains a large amount of valuable information. The map of Canada West will be found very useful for reference. There is also a copy of the Tariff; a list of the clergy of all denominations, in both sections of the Province; abstracts of late Provincial Acts; statistics of the Province, with remarks thereon, and details regarding all the public offices both of this and the Lower Provinces, &c., &c.

We think this publication is well worthy of the very general support which we believe, it receives. The above work is for sale at R & A. Miller's, price 73d each copy, when retailed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Silver-creek Mills, Malahide, Oct. 29, 1849.

In giving some account of the progress of the cause amongst us, permit me to inform you, that during last Spring we had two meetings on the Lake Shore, in Peter Wooley's settlement. At the first, O. Wheaton, Joel Lewis, and the writer, spoke to the company, which rewarded us by close attention, and so encouraged us as to induce the appointment of a second meeting in about a month after, at which J. Lewis, W. E. Murray and myself took part. At the close of this meeting the pledge was taken round, when 21 admitted their names. We immediately organized a society, when P. Wooley, was elected President; ——— Tappan, V. P.; and W. Egbert, Secretary; they now number 50, in good standing.

In May last, I was invited to visit the 12th Concession of Dorchester, and engaged to go, provided suitable efforts were made to get up a meeting. I kept my promise, and the friends there did not forget theirs, for I had the pleasure of addressing a full house,

and many outside. I appointed a second meeting one month after. In about a week after the first meeting, a man came to the mill in which I am engaged, with the view of persuading me not to fulfill my second engagement, urging as a reason, that I never could do anything there in the way of getting up a Society, as they were all hard drinkers. I replied that that was not a good reason for the course he was advising me to take, and that I took quite the opposite view, for if they were all sober men I could do them no good; but if they were as he represented, it was just the place for the Temperance Lecturer. "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." I discovered afterwards that this man loved his own butlers, and was actually afraid, if the reformation went on, he would have to take them alone. I fulfilled my appointment, strong in the resolution to do what I could to aid the good cause. We had a large meeting, at the close the pledge was again carried round, when 32 signed. A Society was then formed, and the following officers appointed, viz., A. Kennedy, President; E. Cook, V. P.; and P. Whalley, Secretary. They now number 50 members. It is encouraging to note that the meetings of this Society are kept up; the Vice President giving occasional lectures in the absence of others.

It may not be out of place to add, that I make these efforts as a thank-offering for the exertions of the teetotalers in my own behalf. I was not content to spend my own time and money, but induced others to take part with me. I hope the scales have fallen from off many eyes, and that I now see it to be my duty to engage briskly in the Temperance cause. Oh that Temperance men would feel right on this subject, and not be led astray with the infidel delusion, "Am I my brother's keeper?" oh for a willing mind and right disposition, so that we might bring all to the safe path.

JONAS WILTON.

Mr. Robert C. Struthers, of Murray, under date November 1st, in forwarding some subscribers for 1850, says:—

I am sorry that my efforts in behalf of your excellent paper meet with such limited success, and I feel much astonished and chagrined at the apathy manifested by Temperance men in neither supporting by their subscriptions, nor advocating the claims of so valuable an assistant to the cause of Temperance as the *Advocate*. I am perfectly satisfied that if Temperance men act so inconsistently with themselves as to allow it to die, the cause of Temperance will suffer a loss which it may never recover, especially in the backwoods, where Temperance lecturers depend chiefly upon it for Temperance statistics to form material for successfully combating the "slaves of Old King Alcohol," and pressing the claims of Total Abstinence upon the community. I am happy to inform you that the cause advances steadily and serenely in this neighborhood. Time will not allow me to transcribe the report at present, but from it I see that there were eleven public meetings and two committee meetings held during the past year; that the number in the society is 149; and as we have an old and tried friend of Temperance at the head of affairs for the next year, we trust that the ball of Temperance will be kept rolling. Our officers for the ensuing year are Charles Werdin, President, Thomas Pake, Vice-President, Robert C. Struthers, Corresponding Secretary, Cornelius Montgomery, Recording Secretary, James C. Pake, Treasurer, and a committee of eighteen, nine male and nine females, with power to add to their number.

Williamstown, Glengarry, Nov. 5, 1849.

On the 4th ult., a Division of the Sons of Temperance, under

the name of the Glengarry Division, No. 15, was organized here, under charter from the Grand Division of Canada West. It has already 32 members initiated, and is likely to conduce, in an eminent degree, to the success of the Temperance cause in this quarter of the country. Several of the brethren from Fort Covington, in the United States, paid a friendly visit to this Division on the 27th ult. and performed the ceremony of initiation for the instruction of the junior brethren here. In the evening, the Division, with their honored visitors, marched in procession to the house used as a Free Church, where brother J. C. Spencer, Esq., D. G. W. P., Fort Covington, delivered an eloquent and impressive address on the evils arising from the use of intoxicating drinks, the benefits of total abstinence, and the origin, progress, and prospects of the Order of the Sons of Temperance.—The audience was numerous and attentive. The brethren wore the Regalia of the Order, and the splendid language of the officers from Fort Covington added much to the grandeur and interest of the scene.

The Division hospitably entertained their visitors at the house of Mr. John Durrey, and the evening was spent with the greatest harmony and good feeling.

Mr. John Durrey, one of the "Sons," has recently opened a Temperance House in Williamstown. He has good accommodations; and he is hereby recommended to the patronage of the travelling community. THOS. S. RUSSELL, R. S.

MENTAL INTOXICATION—INSANITY.—It is well known, that the constant use of alcohol results in inflammation of the stomach or ~~brain~~. The mental constitution is similarly affected by unnatural stimulants of the mind. The body sympathizes with the unhealthy action of the mind, and disease affecting both often succeeds the intoxication which exciting romances and tales induce. The records of insane asylums show, that many a patient has had the seeds of madness sown by indulging the taste for "light reading." Dr. Stokes, of Mount Hope Institute for the insane, states that several cases of insanity can be assigned to no other cause than excessive novel-reading. Nothing is more likely to induce this disease, than the education which fosters sentiment instead of cherishing real feeling; which awakens and strengthens the imagination without warming the heart. Who has not met with persons whose heads have been "turned" in this way—Quixotes, male or female, who are better fitted for the dreams and visions of cloud-land, than for the sober duties of a real responsible existence in a sin-stricken, but a redeemed world? *Total abstinence from the means of intoxication, is the only safe principle for readers as well as drinkers.* If men who make and sell bad books, as well as the manufacturers and vendors of intoxicating drinks, should find a retreat in the asylum with their victims, the world would not be the sufferer.—*The Gasket.*

Agriculture.

ADDRESS ON AGRICULTURE.

BY PROFESSOR F. EMMONS, M.D.

I know of no business or profession which has so much to do with the deep and profound principles of science, and which at the same time has made such shifts to get along without them, as Agriculture.

This fact, that it can get along without the direct aid of the principles of science is one cause that it has advanced so slowly, and that, considering its great age, it is so much behind other arts and professions. In this respect it furnishes a very curious example of the mutual dependence of the sciences and arts upon each other, for progress and advancement.

Famines have depopulated whole districts, and millions of the human race have died of starvation, and yet we have no evidence that all this suffering, and all the evils necessarily connected with them, have ever operated to the improvement of Agriculture or have been instrumental in causing two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before. The agricultural world has jog-

ged along as if nothing had happened, and as if nothing could be done to save man from these wide spreading calamities.— When, however, the mind has been awakened by the light of science; when discoveries are an unceasing which, if they illuminate only a small part of his field of labor, it usually happens that an impulse is given to his dormant powers, which propels him forward in a career of improvement. What, therefore, calamity fails to produce—what the strongest incentives fails to do, is in truth effected by agency the least expected, the gentle light of discovery, beaming from a kindred department of knowledge. The same things happen in morals. Earthquakes swallow up their thousands, and their continual shocks day by day startle the living, but they have never created or even improved the religious sentiment: their frequent alarms, and the exposure to such imminent dangers and continual sufferings have produced rather a recklessness of conduct, than a life of religion and charity.

It is not my purpose to stop here and inquire into the cause of such seeming anomalies in the human constitution: it is sufficient to allude to the facts. I pass on to say that agriculture had made only a feeble effort to improve its mechanical modes of tillage until the period when chemistry had so far advanced that it was an established truth that its principles stood in very intimate relationship to it. So Botany and Geology, which had been cultivated as independent systems, about the same time with chemistry, began also to be studied in their relations to other sciences; and hence these, together with physiology and other collateral branches, implanted clearer views of the wants of agriculture, as well as to furnish striking illustrations of the true nature and import of the principles which lie at the foundation of its system. It is true that practical agriculture is not deeply interested in questions relating to life in the abstract of essence; but certainly much more so to those powers which modify or control its developments. These powers belong to the deep and profound inquiries which in later times, are destined to achieve triumphs for her of still more dreaded character than the world has yet witnessed. It is the peculiar province of the science to improve the outward condition of men. Literature had attained its highest state of excellence and yet men were not discontented in hovels, nor with straw beds nor coarse food spread out on rough boards. Literature was brilliant as well as solid in Queen Elizabeth's day, and yet laboring men were more poorly fed and cared for than cattle in the period in which we are permitted to live. Times have therefore changed; the necessities of men have increased—the value of time is felt—the supremacy of mind is acknowledged—the schemes of life are of a more exalted character—the destiny of the race begins to assume its importance; and now awakened from slumber, man tames the wildest elements, and compels them to speed his progress towards a universal dominion over the powers of matter. Light paints for him pictures true to life: lightning hears his commands. He imprisons the steam, and compels it to roll his car over mountains and through valleys, and transport his products to the most distant parts, over water and over land. The mind once aroused turns it-self to find where it may still have something more to do. Agriculture could not be overlooked—the art which makes all other arts possible, and which, perfected, is civilization itself.—Agriculture is civilization, and hence its progress is linked with the highest destiny of the race. But regarded in a subordinate light, and in following out the practical requirements of the age, that of drawing from the earth greater supplies of bread, it was soon found that it might be overtaxed. Such a result could not fail to open the whole field of inquiry relating to production and exhaustion, and the relation in which they stood to each other. From exhaustion originated the analysis of productions in which are locked up the elements they have drawn from this storehouse: the first leads to a knowledge of what, and how much the soil contains; the latter of what, and how much has been taken from it. So also the fact is brought out by inference, what must be returned, to maintain it at least in its present state of fertility, or increase it to an indefinite extent.

The state of agricultural knowledge at this time is characterized by an accumulation of facts which are unclassified and unarranged. They are like the brick and stone piled before and around the site of a great edifice about to be founded, and which are ready to be arranged in the walls of a spacious building.—Many of these facts, it is true, have a definite signification, or in other words their relations are well known, but a great majority of them have no known allocation, although they clearly belong

to the edifice. So, to keep the simile, I may with truth remark, that the master builder is yet to be found, whose sagacity and skill is equal to the task of putting together the discordant parts, and to construct from them a symmetrical whole.

Notwithstanding the illustration I have employed to show the view which I entertain of the state of agricultural science, it is still true that it requires only a moderate amount of information of chemistry and the collateral sciences to understand many of the applications of the principles upon which the practice of husbandry is based. When I speak, therefore, of the accumulation of facts, I mean to be understood that it is their relation to the system, and not to the meaning they may have as individual facts. For example, the good effects of draining may be explained on philosophical principles, though the theory of agriculture is yet to be put into form and shape. Draining operates beneficially in many ways; it may merely remove superfluous water by the construction of artificial underground channels, or it may, in addition to this, carry off water charged with astringent salts, which are poisonous to the more valuable plants. In either case the principal result upon which the good effect depends, is the permanent elevation of the temperature of the soil. Surface constantly bathed in water, and which are supplied with this element from living springs, cannot attain the temperature required for the better grasses, cereals or esculents, so long as it is in this condition. Evaporation, as you well know is a source of cold; vapor cannot be formed without heat; and hence the heat, instead of being expended in the elevation of the temperature of the earth, as it is in a dry place, is wholly taken up by vaporous water and carried off. The principles of draining, then, are perfectly understood, and this is the case with many other agricultural practices.

The practice of hoeing or stirring the soil, is far more general than draining, but the principles upon which the practice is founded are not so well understood. Generally farmers supposed that the object is to kill the weeds: so far it is good; but the effect of hoeing, when all the weeds are already extirpated, is followed by the most decided advantage to the crop; hence something more than the destruction of the weeds comes to pass. One result undoubtedly arises from the absorbent powers of a fresh surface. Nutritive matters, such as carbonic acid, ammonia dissolved in atmospheric air, are readily taken up in this state of the surface; but in an old and indurated surface alone it is effectual in promoting absorption and decomposition of the most active bodies. The perfect combustion of vegetable and animal matter takes place first upon the surface, upon which they rest. An impure ash exposed to heat, though just elevated above redness, undergoes a perfect combustion in contact with platinum foil, while that part of the ash above the surface is still impure or unburned. So the power of the surface condenses the nutritive gases and chemical changes take place there, more energetically than elsewhere. The surface of a leaf has a surface action, and becomes the seat of chemical combination through its chemical powers; for surface action is at first all physical action, and precedes that of decomposition. What is here termed surface action may not be readily apprehended; it is undoubtedly analogous to the action of platinum black, or platinum sponge in igniting hydrogen. If a jet is thrown upon it, it takes fire, and has long been used as a means for producing instantaneous light and combustion. The earth acts upon the gases when light, porous and fresh, as platinum sponge on hydrogen gas. Whatever way we may choose to explain in the good effects of hoeing, there is no doubt that a fresh surface is frequently required if we desire a rapid and vigorous growth.

There is probably no substance in use as a manure which so frequently disappoints the farmer, as plaster. In the first place, it may operate far more effectually than is expected, and again, it may have no effect whatever; and finally, when it has operated very beneficially for a time, it ceases to do so. This is what is called plaster sickness. Now these facts ought to be explained. On what principle does plaster ever promote vegetation? Leibig says that it is by the absorption of ammonia; sulphate of ammonia being the product of change. Were this always true, I can see in it reasons why it should always benefit crops. Sulphate of ammonia always benefits crops. But there is another reason why plaster is useful. Its sulphur is wanting in the nitrogenous bodies—the protean compounds. It may, too, operate well in virtue of its lime which is an element of the highest importance to vegetables. There may be therefore three reasons why plaster promotes vegetation—the supply of ammonia for nitrogen-

ous bodies, the supply of sulphur for the same, and finally, the supply of lime. But why it should cease to do good, is a question that has been answered only hypothetically. We may suppose that in the first place the soil requires, at the time, no additional matter which plaster itself can furnish; it is in this case a negative. When it ceases to do good at the end of a few years, it may be from exhaustion, that is, the soil originally light may be deprived of phosphoric acid, of chlorine, of magnesia, or soluble silica and the alkalis particularly, at a much earlier period than if plaster had not been used. It has aided in the removal of a much larger quantity of inorganic matter, different from itself, in less time than if it had not been employed. If a crop is increased one third, it has taken up one third more of the potash of the soil than would have been obtained without it. If this be true, we may see that the further use of plaster will be worse than useless.

There is nothing plainer than this, that every element which is found in a plant, in analysis, is necessary to its constitution, and is liable to be removed in a series of cropping. This leads to the necessity of supplying it directly, but what element or elements may be wanting can be known for a certainty only by analysis. In plaster sickness, therefore, our remedies need not be hypothetical, if we pursue the method proposed; analysis will reveal the cause of plaster sickness, and probably any other sickness which follows from constant cultivation.—*Farmer and Mechanic.*

CORN TOPS FOR CATTLE.

Those farmers who are in the practice of topping their corn will find it to their advantage to let milk cows have a good supply while they are green. By throwing out a good supply of the tops now, the fall feed will hold out better, and as much hay may be saved in this way as by drying the stalks and putting them into the barn.

At this season cattle eat the butts clean, and no part is wasted, but when they are dry, not one half is eaten. The juices are gone and cattle care but little for anything but the leaves. By throwing them to cows as soon as they are cut, the whole labor of drying, and tying, and picking, and housing is saved.

Some farmers complain that when they throw out stalks to their cows in pasture they are unwilling to eat anything else, and hang around the place where the tops are thrown waiting for more.

This trouble may always be avoided by having a set time for feeding. Let the stalks be strewn around in a certain place in the pasture early in the morning, and let the cows see nothing more of them through the day. Then they will go off and feed on grass as usual, not expecting anything else till another day.

It is easier to save the fall feed in a good condition till late in the fall, than it is to save the tops in a good condition to increase the milk of the cows.

AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT.—A member of the Agricultural Society of Brest, lately sowed some wheat, without preparatory ploughing or digging, and covered it with fresh straw, after having walked over it to press the grain down. The product is said to have been superior in quantity and quality to wheat raised in the ordinary way from the same amount of seed, and the soil was of the worst kind. The same experiment, with wheat and other grains, has often been tried before, and with apparently similar results; but the result has never proved sufficiently advantageous to induce farmers to abandon the established mode of cultivation.—*American paper.*

MEALS.—In the Eastern and Northern portions of the United States, it is a common practice to sow broadcast, a mixture of peas and oats, which, ripening together, are mown and saved as provender; and very strong and excellent food for horses does this *Mesta*—as it is called—afford. The seed are threshed out and fed separately from the stems and straw which last make good fodder. The pea generally chosen for this crop, is the green pea from Canada, which ripens about the same time with the oats; whilst growing the oats act the part of supporters. Peas and oats are often ground together as food for fattening cattle, and are considered valuable, though not perhaps so as unmixed Indian meal. Forty bushels of peas and oats per acre is reckoned a large crop. The common proportions sown are one-fourth peas and three-fourths oats, but some farmers sow at the rate of one third peas and two-thirds oats.—*Philadelphia Model American Courier.*

A SEASONABLE CAUTION.—As the grain threshing season is now at hand, it may be deemed necessary advice to caution those who have the charge of threshing machines to be careful in the use of them. Not a season passes over, in which we are not called upon to record some painful accident by the recklessness with which they are sometimes attended. Only last week, a man by the name of James Hall, in Queen Anne's county, Maryland, had his right hand torn off while feeding a threshing machine, and to save his life his arm had to be amputated near the shoulder. An admonition like this should not be disregarded.—*Germanstown Telegraph.*

News.

RIOT.—On Sunday afternoon last, the Quebec Suburbs was the scene of much riot, confusion and bloodshed. It appears that one of those pugnacious juvenile fights which are too common between boys of different schools, or different neighborhoods, took place. In course of time, parties arrived at more years, but void of discretion, took part in it, and the fight became general. The police came to the rescue, but not until two or three hours had been spent fighting, and much mischief had been done. The ringleaders are in custody. At a later period the same evening, after a drinking bout, the fight became renewed, and with more serious results. We regret to hear that Sergeant O'Brien, a very efficient Police officer, has been dangerously wounded. Many of the rioters have been apprehended, and the Police are on the track of others.—*Montreal Herald of Tuesday.*

LAUDABLE.—We understand that the Hatters and Furriers have unanimously agreed to close their respective places of business at 7 o'clock, p.m. during the winter, commencing on Monday evening next, the 13th inst. Customers will please remember this, and facilitate such a desirable arrangement, by making their purchases before six o'clock.—*Pilot.*

MURDER AT SHEFFIELD.—On Friday last, we understand a murder was committed in the township of Sheffield on a person of the name of George Townsend, who was shot in the course of a drunken quarrel. Two persons were arrested on the Coroner's warrant and sent to Kingston in charge of only one constable; but on reaching the neighborhood of the town, the prisoners escaped from the custody of the constable, and have not since been heard of. Their names are John and Thomas Kennedy.—The Sheriff has offered a reward of £50 for their apprehension.—*Kingston News.*

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.—On Tuesday last, an examination of the Dundas Common School, under the tutorship of Mr. Calder, took place, in presence of P. Thornton, Esq., District Superintendent, and a few others. The number of scholars usually in attendance, we are told, ranges from 125 to 140; of these about 65 are well advanced in the principal branches of an English education, and the remaining portion in the juvenile departments. 30 are free. The class was submitted to a close examination by their teacher, and also by Mr. Thornton, at the close of which the latter expressed himself greatly pleased with the proceedings of the day, but regretted that so few were in attendance. He exhorted the scholars to be diligent in the acquirement of knowledge, urging on them the growing importance of education; and concluded by expressing his regret that the services of so able a teacher as Mr. Calder were not better appreciated.—*Dundas Warder.*

ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—We regret to learn that an accident attended with the loss of human life occurred on board the ill-fated steamer *Comet*, on her last trip up from Montreal. The casualty occurred on Sunday morning at a very early hour; by some accident, the cause of which it was difficult to ascertain, a large quantity of steam escaped from the boiler, scalding two men to death, and a third in a very serious manner. The name of one of the men killed is Mathew Nolan, and he was one of the firemen of the boat, the names of the other two injured we have been unable to learn. An inquest was held by Mr. Coroner Duggan on one of the bodies shortly after the arrival of the boat, in this city on Sunday morning, and a verdict recorded in accordance with the facts. It is but right to state that no blame whatever attaches to the officers of the *Comet*, who were all at their posts at the time this melancholy accident took place.—*Toronto Globe.*

CREDITABLE.—At the recent Perth Assizes there were but two civil suits tried, and not one criminal case in a district containing

thirty thousand souls. This speaks well for the morality of the Bathurst District.—*Transcript.*

ENTERPRISING.—The propeller *Genesee Chief* has been purchased for \$18,000, by some gentlemen from Montreal, who are to despatch her to San Francisco during the present season.—*Globe.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE MURDER AT CLAPHAM.—Monday, a coroner's inquest was held at the Two Brewers, Clapham Rise, to enquire into the circumstances attend int up in the deaths of Mary Weston, aged 35, and Mary Elizabeth Weston, her daughter, aged 18 months, who were murdered by James Weston on Saturday morning. The coroner and jury were engaged for five hours in the investigation. The coroner having summed up the evidence, the jury, after about ten minutes' deliberation, returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" in both cases against James Weston, husband of the elder deceased.

THE CONVICT QUESTION.—It is said that an intimation has been given by Lord Grey to parties interested in emigration to the Cape of Good Hope that the plan of sending convicts to that colony has been withdrawn. Some definite announcement to this effect was required, since the unsettled state of the question was calculated to interfere injuriously with the proceedings of merchants and others in this country connected with the trade of the place.

UNITED STATES.

INLAND SHIP BUILDING.—The *St. Louis Renelle* says a full rigged schooner has been built at Mineral Point, Wisconsin, and transported thence across the country forty miles, to Galena, where she was launched. She sails direct for San Francisco, via Chagres and Panama, the design being to draw her on a truck across the Isthmus. She will reach St. Louis about the middle of November.

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.—The *Syracuse Star* says that the Central "Medical College," recently established in that city, is about to share the honors with the Geneva Medical College, in giving to females an opportunity for studying the profession. Mrs. Gleason, of Glen Haven Water Cure, Mrs. Davis, of Mount Morris, and Miss Mary M. Taylor of Buffalo, have made application to the trustees and faculty, for permission to attend the course of lectures to be given this winter.

BOOK TRADE IN CINCINNATI.—The *Cincinnati Gazette* puts down the aggregate amount of the book trade branch of industry in Cincinnati, at about one million of dollars per year.—The *Gazette* says that the business is not by any means confined to the sale of books made elsewhere, but is composed in a very considerable degree, of books manufactured throughout at home. There are about thirty booksellers in the city, three stereotyping establishments, and fifteen power presses running principally on book work, one of which is employed constantly in German publications. Six of the power presses are driven by water in one establishment, the others generally by steam. The entire number of power presses in the city, book, news, and job, is 25. The number of binderies is ten.

VERMONT FRUIT GROWERS' CONVENTION.—The Fruit Growers' Convention—a new notion in our State—was held last week at Montpelier. The object is, to promote the growth and improvement of fruit in the State. President Wheeler of Burlington, was appointed President of the meeting. A State Horticultural Society was organized, and Chauncey Goodrich, of Burlington, elected President of the Society. There were exhibited about sixty varieties of apples, and specimens of pears.—*St. Johnsbury Caledonian.*

ARRIVAL OF THE "CAMBRIA."

New York, Nov. 12.

Letters from Vienna state that a Russian courier had arrived there with the intelligence that the Czar would not press for the extradition of the Hungarian refugees.

Some 60 vessels were wrecked on the East Coast, during the late equinoctial gales, attended with loss of life.

Queen Dowager Adelaide is ill, and not expected to recover.

A memorial to Lord Palmerston, urging the Foreign Secretary to use every means in his power to put a stop to the barbarities of Haynau, and to restore to Hungary a Constitutional Government, has been put in circulation.

Lola Montez has stabbed her new husband, who had left her. A fire occurred in London on the evening of the 23rd, in the drug store of Bays, Brothers & Co, which were consumed, and about thirteen other buildings were much damaged. The loss is represented as being very great.

FRANCE.—The Council of Ministers which was held on Wednesday, and at which the President of the Republic was present, was one of considerable importance. The letter of M. D. Falloux was discussed, and the Ministers agreed that it amounted to his resignation.

BROKERS' CIRCULAR.

Montreal, Friday, 9th Nov., 1849.

FLOUR.—The business of the week has been unimportant, at prices within the range of our quotations, viz; 20s to 21s 3d. "Fine," unless of first-rate quality, is totally unsaleable.

GRAIN &c.—**Wheat.**—The only samples of U. C. Mixed offering have been of middling quality, and found buyers at 1s. 4d.—really good would be saleable at 4s. 6d. Lower Canada Red is offered at 4s. 6d. per minim, buyers offering 4s. 3d. **Pras.**—Considerable; sales have taken place at 2s. 3d. to 2s. 5d. per minim; the latter price as however not to-day procurable. **Provisions.**—The sales of Beef are so entirely retail in character, as not to be worth noticing. **Miss Pork,** has advanced. Sales of uninspected have taken place at 65s, and of inspected at 67s. 6d. Prime Mess is asked for and saleable at 52s. 6d. Prime is not so much in demand, and was yesterday offered at 40s., the best offer being 37s. 6d.

BUTTER.—Small sales at 5½d. to 7½d. There is a fair stock now in market.

ASHES.—Have been active at irregular prices. Pots have been sold during the week at 33s. to 36s. 3d, and Pearls 32s. to 32s. 7½d. The stock of both kinds is very light.

FREIGHTS.—No tonnage offering.

EXCHANGE.—The transactions since our last have been very trifling; Bank being heavy at 12 per cent. prem.

STOCKS.—**Montreal Bank.**—Offering during the week at 10 and 10½, but without sales. **City Bank.**—In active demand at 40 discount, without sellers. **Bank British North America.**—Offered at 20 discount, without takers. **Banque du Peuple.**—Asked for at 35 discount—without sellers. **Upper Canada Bank and Commercial Bank.**—Nominal as quoted—No sales. **Montreal Mining Consols.**—Sales to some extent have taken place at 13s. to 13s. 3d. cash, and at 15s. per Share on time. The higher cash rate is not to day procurable—but they are still readily saleable at 15s. on time. **Quebec Mining Company.**—Nominal at 11s. per Share, but without sales during the week. **Montreal Telegraph Company.**—Without sales—3 premium offered. In other Stocks, nothing to notice.

Montreal, Monday, 12th Nov., 1849.

There were some transactions on Saturday, both in flour and ashes, but without establishing any variation from the quotations above given.

BIRTHS.

Montreal—26th ult, Mrs James Clarke, of a son. 3rd inst, Mrs A Hubbard, of a daughter. 4th inst, Mrs W R Scott, of a daughter. Kemptville—19th ult, Mrs (Rev) James Cooper, of a daughter. Perth—27th ult, the wife of Dr Wilson, of a son. 29th ult, the wife of T M Radenhurst, Esq, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Montreal—6th inst, by the Rev Mr Bond, Mr George M'iver, to Sophronia Maria, daughter of Mr Zeno B Clark. By the Rev Mr M'loud, Alexander Reaume, of Newark, to Ann Stringer, eldest daughter of the late Nathaniel Stringer. 8th inst, by the Rev J Girwood, Mr John Bond, second son of Robert Bond, Esq, farmer, parish of St Laurent, to Miss Marion, youngest daughter of the late Robert Hishop, Esq, farmer, St Rose.

Brantford—31st ult, John Ferris, Esq, to Emily, youngest daughter of R R Bown, Esq.

Quebec—30th ult, by the Rev R Palmer, Edward E W Hurd, Esq, Barrister-at-law, to Lucy Anne, eldest daughter of Thomas Saunders, Esq, Clerk of the Peace for the Wellington District.

Niagara—6th inst, by the Rev Thomas Cox, Captain Thomas Walter Jones, Provincial Dragoons, to Helen Hamilton, niece of the late Hon Wm Dickson, of Woodlawn, Niagara.

Perth—25th ult, by the Rev M. Duncan, Mr J S Coombs, druggist, to Miss Ann Miller McLean, 20th ult, Mr Joseph Paulow, to Miss Ann O'Donnell, 30th ult, Mr John Paulow, to Miss Christiana McCoy, 23rd ult, by the Rev Wm Bain, Mr John Robertson, of Elmley, to Miss Jane McLaren, of Drummond, 20th ult, by the same, Mr Robert Thomson, of Drummond, to Miss Isabel Miller.

Quebec—6th inst, Mr William Charman, to Miss Elizabeth Brown, Toronto—31st ult, by the Rev J Davidson, Mr George Burgin, baker, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr Joseph Carbert.

DEATHS.

Greenock, Scotland—9th ult, the Rev Wm Auld, aged 75 years; for many years Minister of the Relief Congregation.

Grimsby—23th ult, Mary Olivia, wife of Mr Walter Summers, and second daughter of the late Lieut-Col Henry Nelles, aged 29 years.

New Orleans—13th ult, of yellow fever, Peter Ferguson, son of the late David Ferguson, Dundee, Scotland, aged 23 years.

Perth—27th ult, James, infant son of Dr Wilson.

Quebec—4th inst, Margaret Emma, youngest daughter of W A Leggo, aged three years. Herbert James, youngest son of C H Gates, Esq, aged 2 years and three months. 6th inst, of consumption, Isabella Downes, second daughter of the late Wm Duncan Downes, ship-builder, aged 25 years. Miss Bridget Murphy, wife of Mr F Murphy, stevedore, Diamond Harbor.

Springfield, Mass.—On his way to Halifax, N S, Wm S Black, Esq, of the firm of Hutchinson, Black & Co, Toronto.

Storrington, CW—8th inst, Mrs Samuel Sloan, aged 63 years.

Williamstown, CW—3d inst, Mrs Catherine McKay, widow of the late Mr Daniel Campbell, aged 79 years.

Wolford, CW—31st ult, Theodoros, youngest daughter of the late Mr Robert Lovell, of Montreal, and wife of Mr Wm Meikle, of Wolford, aged 25 years.

J. PARADIS'

IMPROVED THRASHING MACHINE.

If Time and Labor saved by B. P. PAIGE & Co.'s Machine are Money Earned, much more is it the case with PARADIS' IMPROVED THRASHING MACHINE. This he is willing to Test, by a Fair Trial, for any Amount PAIGE & Co. may think fit to Stake, or Mill against Mill.

The Machine offered by the Subscriber is not only capable of performing all the work which PAIGE & Co.'s professes to accomplish, but is much more powerful, by which two Small Horses are enabled to perform more Work, and, by his Improvements, does the Work more thoroughly.

Persons desirous of supplying themselves with the above economical Machine, will please call at St Joseph, near Mountain Street, St Joseph Suburbs, when the Manufacturer will explain other advantages of his Mills, which cannot fail to recommend them to general use. Should any person be influenced by the statement that B. P. PAIGE & Co. are sole Patentees of these Mills, I am willing to guarantee that Purchasers of my Mill will not be troubled by their pretence to any such exclusive right, otherwise it is no sine.

JOSEPH PARADIS.

Montreal, September 5, 1849.

UNION HOTEL, GRANBY VILLAGE.

The Proprietor of this Hotel tenders his thanks to the Public for the liberal patronage he has received since establishing the above House; and would say to all his former customers, and friends, and the Public generally, that ten years experience has convinced him that the use of Alcoholic drinks as a beverage, is injurious, therefore he intends to carry on his Hotel in future, on *Temperance Principles*.

Henceforth no intoxicating drinks will be sold on or about the premises; but the more substantial he will at all times furnish; he will spare no pains to furnish his Table with the best the country affords.

Soda, Sarsaparilla, and Temperance Drinks of all kinds, will be kept constantly on hand.

His Barns and Stables will be furnished with the best of Hay and Oats; and he flatters himself that by strict attention to the comfort of his guests, he shall retain all his former customers, and the Temperance Public in general.

DAVID WALLINGFORD.

Granby Village, August 31, 1849.

TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the Members and Friends of Temperance Societies, the Public in general, and the Sons of Temperance, that he has opened a House on Front Street, nearly opposite the Victoria Buildings, BELLEVILLE, C. W., for the accommodation of Travellers and others, who wish a comfortable, quiet, and sufficiently commodious HOTEL, when visiting the Town.

Good Stabling for Horses—Sheds for Teams—and proper Attendance.

BENJAMIN PASHLEY.

Belleville, Aug. 22, 1849.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

SIXTEENTH VOLUME.

In announcing our intention to continue the *Advocate* for another year, we feel it incumbent upon us to thank the friends and promoters of this good cause for their support during the past year. There are still a good many subscriptions to come in, but we cannot doubt that every one who has continued to receive the paper till this time, will faithfully pay up before the close of the present volume.

We have no change to announce in the future conduct of the *Advocate*. As heretofore, it will be the uncompromising defender of our cause, and will faithfully note its progress throughout the world, wherever the standard of Temperance has been raised, as well as in these Provinces, whether that progress be effected through the instrumentality of the Rechabites, the Sons of Temperance, or the ordinary Temperance Societies. We have no object to gain beyond the advancement of the cause of total abstinence, and to this every other consideration shall be made to yield.

In consequence of the dilatoriness with which our credit subscriptions have come in during the past year, and the number still due, laying us under heavy pecuniary responsibilities, and the uncertainty always attending the collecting of arrears, we have resolved upon sending no papers after the close of the present year, *unless paid for in advance; except in the case of those who may find it more convenient to unite, in any one place, in companies of five or more, and send in their orders through one individual.* We do not mean that that individual should be held absolutely responsible for the payment of these subscriptions, but simply that he shall be expected to do what he can for their collection, and remit to us without delay. To all such we will send one copy gratis. By the way, we think it very important to suggest here, that such friends of the cause throughout the country as are storekeepers, could render essential service, by taking the names of such of their customers as may feel inclined, as subscribers, receiving the pay in produce, and transmitting us the amount in cash, when they make their semi-annual visits to their respective markets with their produce. In this way many who do not now read the *Advocate*, would no doubt gladly do so, could they enjoy this convenience. We hope our friends will take the hint.

It will be observed that we have, during the past year, added a further attraction to the *Advocate*, by inserting in each number a page of music. We intend to continue this during the next volume. This of itself will be worth more than the whole price of the *Advocate* to the subscribers, and we hope that there will be such additional support accorded as will enable the Publisher to add yet further attraction, which it is his design to do.

The *Advocate* is published on the 1st and 15th of every month at 2s. 6d. per annum, payable in advance. As formerly, all orders and remittances to be forwarded to J. C. BAKER, Printer, St. Paul Street, Montreal.