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# THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

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## The Favourite Child,

BY MRS. ELLIS.

It happens in many families, though rarely acknowledged by the parties concerned, that there is a favourite child; and what appears still more remarkable in such cases is, that the brothers and sisters of such children are sometimes so far influenced by the example of their parents, as willingly to contribute a more than just share even of their own favour and indulgence to the same object of tenderness and solicitude.

Thus it was in the family of Mrs. Vining, the widow of a wealthy merchant, whose youngest daughter, Isabel, had been born after her father's death. Whether from this circumstance, or from the extremely delicate constitution of the child, she became, from her earliest infancy, an object of intense interest and anxiety to her devoted mother, at the same time that she was most injudiciously made the pet and the plaything of the rest of the household. Nor was this the case with the servants alone, who might well be supposed to find their own interest in pampering her tastes, and humouring her wishes: but even with her brothers and sisters, she became also a sort of privileged being; and never was her infant voice on any occasion raised to the pitch of anger or distress, but succour and soothing were immediately brought from every quarter of the house; while the mother, incredulous as to the existence of any taint of evil in so sacred a mould, always persisted in believing that the child must have been a sufferer in one way or another; and was to any offender on whom her suspicions fell!

In this manner, the little Isabel advanced along the path of life, with feeble and uncertain steps; for, in addition to her constitutional delicacy, she had to contend with a will undisciplined, and with endless longings after personal gratification unchecked, unregulated, and consequently incapable of being gratified to their full extent.

It was no wonder that, under such circumstances, her mind, by nature more than commonly susceptible, received a melancholy bias, which never afterwards was overcome; for while her brothers and sisters were happy in their play, some fancied injury, some real disappointment, or some actual pain, would send her fretting to the side of her mother, to receive the never-failing caress, to lean her head upon her lap, and to wear away the remainder of the evening in a sort of vague and pensive musing, which often terminated in floods of causeless tears.

In what manner Mrs. Vining expected her daughter would be able to meet and combat with the difficulties of life, no one could imagine; and many were the sage exclamations of those visitors who administered bon-bons and flattery to the little darling, and went away, lifting up their hands with equal wonder and disapprobation at the blindness and folly of such a mother.

After all, poor Isabel grew up to be a more tolerable sort of girl than might have been expected. In spite of her natural share of selfishness, which had been so effectually fostered and cultivated, there was something winning in her looks and manners; and on the few occasions when she had been roused into acting for, and by herself, she had shown herself capable of high moral feeling.

These occasions, however, had been extremely rare, for

the greater portion of her life was spent in a kind of dreamy idleness, from which she was seldom roused, except by some awakening desire for personal gratification, some complaint of mental or bodily uneasiness, or some scheme for momentary amusement, which she was generally too languid or too indolent to carry into effect.

The consequence of all this was, that Isabel Vining arrived at the age of eighteen, a victim to dyspepsia, an amateur in medicine, a martyr to nervous maladies, and as elegantly discontented with life and all it had to offer, as any other young lady of her age could think becoming to her character and station. The worst of all was, that by this system of injudicious treatment, false taste had been created, unnatural cravings excited for bodily as well as mental stimulants, which under the names of cordials, tonics and restoratives, were but too plentifully supplied.

Isabel had not, like her sister, been permitted to go to school, though hers was a case in which school discipline might have been highly efficacious; she had not even been considered capable of enduring the usual process of mental instruction at home. Thus her education, even that inferior part which relates to the understanding and the memory, was as vague and irregular as could well be imagined. She was however, an extensive, though superficial reader; and those who conversed with her only for a short time, believed her to be a much better informed person than she really was.

We have said, that with all her disadvantages, Isabel was not absolutely disagreeable. So far from this, she generally attracted attention in company, by her easy and ladylike manners, and by a countenance which, perhaps, was less beautiful than interesting and expressive. Unsailed by any of those severe trials which put to the test the real principles upon which we act, she had not made the discovery herself, nor had any of her friends made it for her, that she was in reality selfish and unamiable; for while every one ministered to her gratification, she had only to express her gratitude, affect a little willingness to deny herself, and expatiate on her regret at being the cause of so much trouble, and all went on exactly as she wished—the trouble was incurred, the attempted self-denial was frustrated, and the kindness for which she expressed her gratitude was repeated and increased.

What a lesson do we learn by a sudden reverse of this order of things!—a lesson, perhaps the most severe that experience ever teaches; while at the same time, our dependence upon animal and selfish gratification, our irritability, impatience, and wounded feeling, when these are denied, shows us but too faithfully the living picture of those passions of which we believed ourselves incapable, simply because indulgence had hitherto lulled them to rest.

It was a fact by no means overlooked by the friends of Mrs. Vining, that while her daughter Isabel attracted more attention than her sisters, they were all respectably married before any one had ventured to make the same kind of proposal to her. It is said that every one, soon or late, however has her chance; her's came at last; and the proposal was from a spruce middle-aged man of business, who was looking out for a second wife.

"Astonishing!" exclaimed every one who heard of it. They would probably have been less surprised, had they known that Mr. Ainsworth was intimately acquainted with

Mrs. Vining's lawyer, who had assured him that the youngest daughter would have a double portion on her marriage, as well as another portion by no means inconsiderable at her mother's death. Their astonishment might also have been lessened, had they known that the spruce gentleman was simply in search of a wife, whose dowry might assist him in some speculations he was about to make; and that, had Isabel been from home, or indisposed, or otherwise unable to see him precisely at that time, he was not unprovided with other names on his list of eligible connexions.

It happened, perhaps unfortunately for her, that she was in better health and spirits than usual, and that the mother was looking older, and altogether more like breaking-up than Mr. Ainsworth had expected, when he made his formal visit, the purport of which, for the present, was explained to the mother alone.

Mrs. Vining had long been solicitous for her daughter's settlement in life. She knew that her own health was failing, and that Isabel must soon be left alone. Money, of itself, she was aware would not secure to her favourite that solicitude and tender care to which she had been accustomed; and consequently, she was the more anxious to commit her happiness to the keeping of one who would feel a personal interest in preserving it. Mr. Ainsworth was not all she could have wished, but in some respects he was preferable to a younger man. He had the advantage of having been tried in the married state, and was said to have been an excellent husband. He had daughters too, who were extremely active, and fond of domestic affairs, so that all such burdens would be taken off the hands of the young wife; and no doubt, if they were at all kind-hearted, they would esteem it a privilege to nurse her, and care for her, as she had been accustomed to be nursed and cared for beneath her mother's roof. At all events, Mr. Ainsworth assured her they would. From his account, they were the cleverest girls in the world, able to make all manner of good things; and he told with triumph of their jellies, and their cakes, their nostroums, and their cordials, until the mother's ears tingled with the tidings of what was in store for her beloved child.

Nothing, however, could induce this "child," who had now arrived at the age of eight and twenty without having once been thwarted in her will, to leave her mother's roof, or, in other words, to exchange a certain, for an uncertain good; and so much time was lost by the anxious lover in gaining favour with the mother alone, that he began to think how, in the meridian of this favour, he could make an honourable retreat—when the death of Mrs. Vining suddenly changed the whole aspect of affairs, plunging the unhappy daughter into a state of distress too absorbing for any one to share, or perhaps to wish to share with her.

Days and weeks—nay, even months—passed over, and Isabel found no consolation except in the attention of a favourite servant, to whose care her mother had committed her, and who knew but too well how to administer restoratives to her sinking frame.

At last however, the mourner began to be weary of her own grief, to wish for some change, and to think it rather odd that no one came to comfort her. She had no person in particular to blame, for her brothers and sisters wrote her kind letters, and paid her periodical visits; but she had actually gone so far as to succeed at last in persuading herself that the whole world was ungenerous to take so little notice of her grief, when one day, as she looked with a listless dreamy gaze from the window of her parlour, she saw the figure of Mr. Ainsworth, more brisk and spruce than ever, stepping across the street to the door of her house.

Unconsciously, Isabel actually ran up stairs to her own room, a thing she had never been known to do since the days of her childhood—looked in the glass, adjusted her hair, and wondered whether mourning was as becoming to her as colours.

It is scarcely necessary to say more as to the result of Mr. Ainsworth's visit. Loneliness, loss of personal kindness and the recent rupture of the bonds of kindred and affection, go farther than all personal attractions, to recommend the suitor who arrives under the auspicious influence of such circumstances. The consequences therefore, were that after the expiration of the usual term allotted for filial grief, Isabel Vining was led to the altar as a bride.

Mr. Ainsworth was an active, healthy, fair complexioned man, who looked much younger than he really was. He had small regular features, rather pretty than handsome, with quick, serviceable-looking eyes, that seemed to be constantly employed in finding out how much every thing they took note of would fetch in the market. Even on his wedding tour, which as usual made the circuit of the lakes, he had so many wordy battles with innkeepers and postillions, that Isabel began at last to wish she was at the end of her journey, in order to be released from this perpetual conflict. She did not then know that her bridegroom was far more in his element when obtaining anything he wanted at less than its real value, than in listening to her sentimental remarks, as they sauntered by the side of some grassy lake. This was nothing but child's play to Mr. Ainsworth—that was doing business.

The honey-moon came at last to its conclusion, and the bridal party reached their residence in town. The aspect of Mr. Ainsworth's house was respectable, and somewhat imposing; and the bride felt well pleased to think that here she would find a home. The season was late in the autumn and it was long after the close of day that she was first ushered into her husband's drawing-room. The impression was most favourable. Two well-dressed daughters received her with the utmost propriety; a handsome tea-equipage stood upon the table, and there were sundry preparations for something like a supper, in case the travellers should have dined early, or not have dined at all.

"I am sure I shall like all this extremely," said Isabel to herself, as she looked around upon her new home. "Draw round that sofa to the fire, give me a novel I have never read, and I shall be as happy as a queen."

Nor were the preparations in her chamber, or her dressing-room, less complete. Every thing in short, had been arranged in a style of modern elegance, far superior to that of her mother's ancient, but comfortable home. There wanted nothing but a larger fire in her dressing-room. Her favourite servant, who of course, had accompanied her, declared she could have held the whole between her finger and thumb. All else, however, was well, and Isabel went to sleep with a pleasant picture floating before her mental vision, of the handsome drawing-room the carpets, the curtains, the tea-equipage, and all the discoveries she hoped to make on the morrow, of treasures undiscovered, of which she could not but suppose a wealthier mine was yet behind the scenes.

On the following morning, the bride having breakfasted, as she always did, in her own room, descended at a late hour to join, as she supposed, the family circle; when, what was her astonishment on opening the door of the drawing-room, to find it unoccupied, and without a fire. The aspect of things too, was so entirely changed, that it was difficult to believe it to be the same apartment. Of the moveable ornaments, none were left; covers were drawn over the damask chairs and sofas; while calico sheets had been pinned up to protect the curtains, and one of larger dimensions spread upon the carpet on the floor.

Never did the silent fall of fresh deep snow look colder to the traveller on first peeping out of his inn-window, than did the aspect of this apartment to the wondering bride. She turned away from the door, but knew not where to go when her own maid appeared in time to relieve her difficulty.

There had been a meaning smile on the lips of this Abi-

gail all the morning—not a smile of absolute pleasure, but rather a smile of discovery, as if the gratification of having found things out, almost repaid her for having found them not altogether agreeable; and had not her mistress, from an habitual dread of the consequences of this smile, scrupulously avoided asking any questions, the mysteries of Mr. Ainsworth's menage might have been painted in pretty strong colours, even at this early stage of their development.

"The fire, ma'am, is in the dining-room to-day, such as it is," said Betsy; and she led the way down stairs, and threw open the door of a large and scantily-furnished room, where a homely carpet, of considerably smaller dimensions, left a border of bare boards all around it.

Isabel's heart sank within her. An old-fashioned mahogany table stood in the middle of the room, a sideboard at one end; the chairs were all in their places close up against the wall, and there was neither ottoman, sofa, nor stuffed arm-chair. The fire-place, that centre of attraction, which can send forth its welcome or its repulse as well as the most expressive human countenance—the fire-place was a little pinched-up, shallow receptacle, that would scarcely hold cinders enough to warm a bed. Betsy placed a seat beside it for her mistress. Neither of them spoke a word; and the maid, after inventing many excuses for remaining in the room, was compelled at last to take her departure, without having relieved her mind of its accumulating load.

Miss Ainsworth next made her appearance in due form. She was plainly dressed, had the pockets of her apron filled with keys, and looked extremely busy; but she sat down for a few minutes, evidently intent upon making herself agreeable. Isabel was too indolent, and therefore she was often considered too reserved, to converse, except when under the influence of mental or bodily stimulus; and Miss Ainsworth having discovered an unusual accumulation of dust upon the mantel-piece, was glad to make it an excuse for going out to scold the servant.

Poor Isabel! the blank desolation of that long morning was such, that she could not even betake herself to tears: she was, in fact too much confounded—too much appalled by her situation altogether; and she remained in the same position, fixed in a kind of stupor, until Betsy came back to ask her what she would like to take.

"What is there?" she asked of Betsy in her turn.

"Why ma'am," replied the maid, "that is more than I can tell you. There's the cold chicken, but Miss Ainsworth has got hold of that for dinner. And there's a few slices of ham that was left last night and some cold apple-pie. But whatever there is, it is locked up, and Miss Ainsworth has the key."

"You have nothing to do," said Isabel, "but tell her that you want to prepare me my luncheon; and bring me some wine as soon as you can, for I am dreadfully faint."

Miss Ainsworth, who was in reality a very reasonable sort of person, had no idea whatever of keeping any thing locked up from the now rightful mistress of the house. She came therefore on the first summons to offer up the keys of office and to request that Mrs. Ainsworth would freely express her wishes, whatever they might be. Isabel however was too indolent to take charge of the keys, and she replied by simply asking for something to eat—"the merest trifle in the world."

"I dare say you feel fatigued with your journey," observed Miss Ainsworth, "or I should hardly recommend you taking any thing before dinner. We always think it spoils the appetite."

"I will trouble you for a glass of wine then," said Isabel, somewhat pettishly.

Miss Ainsworth went to the sideboard, took out several decanters, dusted, and placed them on the table.

"Here is port," said she, "excellent cape wine, and our own raisin, and gooseberry."

"I never take any of them," said Isabel. "Have you neither sherry nor madeira?"

Miss Ainsworth looked a little surprised; but she found without much difficulty, a decanter of sherry, and, pouring out half a glass, sat down, and waited until Mrs. Ainsworth had drunk it; when she coolly asked her to take more; on her refusal, locked all up again safely in the sideboard.

Isabel had never felt herself so strangely circumstanced before. She had nothing to complain of, and nobody to blame yet she hastened to her own room, and, covered her face with her hands, gave way to a long and violent fit of weeping.

Mr. Ainsworth, the happy bridegroom, was all this while busy in his counting-house in the city, being eager, after so long an absence, to redeem the lost time; nor was it without considerable difficulty that he tore himself away from invoices, receipts and bales of goods, half an hour earlier than his usual time for returning home to dinner. He was a little surprised to find his bride in tears; but on second thoughts, this fact was easily accounted for, by his own protracted absence; and finding, after many apologies for the necessity of personal attention to his affairs in town, that she made an effort to put away her grief, he was the more confirmed in the flattering conclusions at which he had arrived. His own kindness, he thought, to say nothing of the approaching dinner, would set all right; and he descended, at the welcome sound of the bell, with the gentle Isabel leaning on his arm.

The first circumstance which struck the attention of the bride on casting a hasty glance over the table, was, that all the silver forks had been taken away, and that most of the other valuables, which had figured on the table the previous evening, had been removed; while a few old spoons, evidently of distant relationship, and two or three solitary cruets, remained in their stead. The dinner itself was a very nice, but a very small one: and Isabel could have fared tolerably well had her usual portion of porter or strong beer been placed beside her; but it is rather an awkward thing in so small a party, that every word can be heard, and especially if that party are water-drinkers only, for a delicate lady to ask for porter, and still worse for ale. Isabel had not the nerve to make this demand for herself, and nobody invited her to take more than a single glass of wine after the cloth had been removed.

Of course, she was peevish and fretful for the remainder of the evening; and so absorbed in self, as only to be reminded by some casual remark, that Mr. Ainsworth had a third daughter, an invalid, who never left her room. It immediately struck her as being high time her maternal duties should be so far fulfilled as to make the acquaintance, at least, of this young sufferer, who at the age of thirteen, was confined to her own apartment by hopeless and incurable lameness.

To this apartment, therefore, Isabel requested to be conducted, and she found there a poor sickly girl, pale and emaciated, whose temper was said to be so irritable, that she had been consigned almost entirely to the care of servants. "Nobody could do anything with her," was the frequent remark of her sisters, and Isabel began to think it was but too just; for neither on this, nor many other visits of duty which she afterwards made to the sick chamber could she succeed in attaining the least advance towards intimacy with its afflicted occupant. She tried sympathy, but the child looked at her with a vacant stare; she tried conversation, but scarcely elicited an answer in return; she tried presents, but they were received with evident suspicion, and something like contempt. "Perhaps," said Isabel to herself, "it is imbecility of mind. Perhaps the child is an idiot as well as a cripple, and they have concealed this fact from me."

Unaccustomed as she was to pursue any course of action where difficulties lay in her way, the matter was soon

given up, and this the more readily, that her own affairs were beginning to assume a very serious and alarming character.

Isabel was one of those interesting ladies who have a sort of romantic pride in never taking care of themselves. Perhaps we ought rather to say, she was too great an epicure in pleasure, to lay hold of, or secure it for herself. Her's was the true luxury of enjoyment, for it was the enjoyment of having all her wishes consulted and indulged without any effort of her own; and hitherto her system had succeeded to admiration. She had even ventured upon it so far as not to have any portion of her property settled upon herself. It was so much more gratifying to have abundance perpetually pressed into her hand, than to have it secured to her by law. Mr. Ainsworth thought so too; and he proposed a plan of allowing her a weekly supply for her own expenditure, which to him appeared munificent, and even to her almost enough. The fact was, she had no idea of the value of money. Every thing had hitherto been obtained for her without the trouble of calculation on her part, and therefore she imagined the sum proposed would go at least ten times as far as it really did.

(To be Continued.)

### Intemperance the Idolatry of Britain.

BY W. R. DAKER ESQ.

(Continued from page 323.)

#### III.—The Idolatry of Britain is Distinguished by its Numerous Rites, Ceremonies, and Symbols.

Some systems of Idolatry have been marked by their simplicity, and others by their elaborate, and complicated structure. The systems of ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome, were of the latter kind; and the idolatry of modern India resembles them; but where shall we look for a more varied form of Idolatry, or one more closely interwoven with all the affairs of civil life, than the intemperance of Britain.

The Symbols of it are to be found in almost every house. Even in the habitations of the professing followers of Christ, may sometimes be seen the carved, and pictorial representations of the God of this idolatry; while other signs of his influence are found, glittering in gold, and silver, and crystal, and china, on almost every table and sideboard of the land. The poor of the Christian church are too often grudging the few pence, which contribute to smooth their rough and thorny path:—the claims of a perishing world are altogether put aside, by multitudes who bear the Christian name, or are met, by the reluctant bestowment of a paltry shilling, while no expense is spared in showing their devotion to strong drink, by not only furnishing their houses with the drink itself, but with the most costly emblems of their devotion.

The Rites and Ceremonies of this Idolatry are too numerous to be detailed. They have mixed themselves up with all the most admired courtesies of public and private life; and, like the superstitions of paganism, have rendered themselves more or less necessary to the completeness of every ordinary transaction. Nay, they have become themselves the most hallowed usages of society; so that the man who refuses to observe them, is, by many, far more abhorred, than the man who blasphemes his Maker. We are no sooner brought into the world, than the event must be celebrated by intemperate drinking, if not by outrageous drunkenness; and, as if a God of infinite purity, and a god of the foulest sensuality, could be acceptably worshipped, at the same time, even the ordinances of our holy religion are frequently connected with the most shameful orgies.†

As we advance in our earthly career, we are required to stop at every stage of it, and to take a part in some rite or ceremony of our national Idolatry; until, at length, we come to be fully impressed with the delusive notion, by which millions before us have been deceived and ruined, namely, that we were chiefly sent into the world to drink—and die!

These drinking usages are not to be regarded as harmless customs, which in deference to those who lived before us, and by whom they were established, it would be unwise not to comply with, but as, at once, the most humiliating proofs of our national Idolatry, and the most powerful sources of the corruption and misery it involves. Alas! it would be well if those observances were confined to the open and avowed votaries of Bacchus. But this is not the case. The very ministers, who serve at the altar of the true God, and who are employed as teachers of the sublimest doctrines, and of the purest morality, do not hesitate to connect these ceremonies with their holiest duties, and to borrow the strange fire of unnatural excitement, from intoxicating drink, when they should be inflamed only by the love of Truth and Righteousness. From the infidel, who shamelessly exclaims, "There is no God," to the most renowned defenders of our holy faith—from the most unlettered rustic, to the gravest philosopher, and from the lowest hovel of squalid want and wretchedness, to the circle which surrounds the throne, there is not a rank which has not bowed to the influence of our national Idolatry, and observed the most senseless of its ceremonies. The consequence of all this is, that, in the language of Mr. Dunlop, "In the workshop, in the washing-green, in the manufactory, in the kitchen, in the parlour, in the lane, in the street, in the fields, on land, on water, at the market, in the church," and, we may add, in the senate, "sordid inebriation assails our nostrils and saddens our heart." "Men, young, old, and middle-aged, have their whole life been imbued with a deleterious and uncontrollable propensity to this vice. It tells upon their health, means, manners, and religious character, in the most affecting manner. Moral ruin glares us in the face; and a new revolting feature has lately presented itself in the avowed, open, shameless, inebriation of the female sex!" But, as if to fulfil the whole, and to add the acme and top-stone to this Satanic superstructure, many mere children are now far gone, in firm, and hardened habits of drunkenness. A perfection of ruin and sin unimagined until now, unparalleled hitherto, as regards childhood, and unmatched, in the most atrocious annals of the most flagitious nations.‡

common than for a baptism to be accompanied by rioting and drunkenness, though, on such an occasion, intemperance is far from being confined to the humbler ranks; and it is well known, that in Scotland, a communion service has long been considered, by many, a signal for intemperate drinking.

"The lads and lasses, blithly bent,  
To mind bath soul and body,  
Sit round the table, well content,  
And steer about the toddy."—Burns.

In like manner a confirmation, in the established church has too often, and particularly in the rural districts, given rise to scenes far more calculated to obliterate every holy impression from the mind of a youthful disciple, than to establish him in the faith and hope of the gospel.—See Dunlop's *Drinking Usages*, p. 56.

\* Mr. Dunlop's remarks apply to Scotland, but in the year 1833; 11,612 females were taken in charge, for drunkenness, by the police of the Metropolis. It is questionable whether so great a number of drunken women could be found in one year, in the population of the whole world, excluding that of Great Britain and Ireland.

† In Edinburgh, "after a short investigation, assisted by a town missionary, a list of 29 boys, from eleven to fifteen years of age, was discovered not only occasional drinkers, but notoriously given to inebriation. Young girls also were understood to indulge among the low gambling houses."—J. Dunlop, Esq.

† Among the lower orders, in this country, nothing is more

*Drinking "Usages" Powerful Causes of Intemperance.*

In these we do not include the practice of drinking intoxicating liquor, as a means of quenching thirst; or when taken under the erroneous impression of its being conducive to health and strength. For the "usages" alluded to, no other reason can be given, than that they are among the *time hallowed* customs of those particular classes of society in which they prevail.

In speaking of the "*finer and footings*," established among mechanics, Professor Edgar has made the following remarks, which will go far towards illustrating this subject:—

"The drinking customs of the mechanical classes, have been but too much overlooked, though they are subjects of much importance to the well-being of society. I believe them to be one of the sorest tyrannies ever practised over any class of men in the world. It is a deep concern of every one who loves his species, to protest against the proceeds of such footings and fines being applied to the purchase of strong drink, for it is a system demoralizing in its character; a system calculated to ruin the proper influence of the master over the man, and a system calculated to keep mechanics in a state of eternal degradation. There are very few individuals who are aware of the amount of these fines. Masters, themselves, are not aware of it, and it is only by an examination of the men, and their families, that I have found it out; for example, in foundries, a journeyman must pay 10s. 6d., on entering, whether the job is long or short; among carpenters, the fine varies from 10s. to 30s.: a young apprentice to a tailor is obliged to treat the whole shop, and 20s. are expected from him when his time is out; an apprentice to a sawyer is obliged to pay a guinea, to which each of the journeymen puts a shilling; a linen-lapper, after paying 20s. to 30s., on entering, is obliged to pay 2s. 6d. at the measuring of the first web; the coachmaker is obliged to pay 2s. 6d. for every new piece of work he gets; the cabinet-maker's apprentice pays 1s. when he puts on his apron, and when his time is out, he pays 10s. 6d. which is called washing him out; and if he continues in the shop, as a journeyman, he pays 10s. 6d. more, and that is called washing him in; he has to pay, besides, for every new piece of work he gets. If a child is born, the father must pay a footing, and the unfortunate wight who gets married is down for 10s. We must not forget the sums subscribed for tramps, and for the way-goose, and drunken bouts at the lighting of candles, amounting from 10s. to £8, and, in some cases, to £20. When you take this into the account, you need not be surprised to hear that a poor woman paid four guineas for her son in a rope-walk, and that another individual paid £9 for his son, in a cabinet-maker's establishment, every individual farthing of which was spent in drink. If the mechanic refuses to pay his footings or fines, his fellows will use various plans to force him; if a founder refuse to pay his fine, his moulds will be spread; if a carpenter refuse, his pockets will be glued; if a sawyer, a nail will be driven into his plank, and it will cost him, perhaps, 10s. to repair his saw: if a tailor refuse to pay his fine, his shoes will be hid, or a hole will be cut in his hat, or the arms of his coat sewed up; if it is no trifle for a man to have his coat stolen and sent *up the spout*, or to *my uncle's* as pawning is called, and, after the amount of the fine is drank, the pawnbroker's ticket is handed to him; it is no easy matter for an apprentice to bear continued refusals, to bear the shafts of ridicule; to be banished from the house as soon as the master turns his back, or to be put in Coventry, and driven from the society of his fellow-workmen. I know a man who refused to pay footings and fines for his son, and, seeing, at the end of the year that he received no protection from the journeymen, who ate the sole instruction in such cases, he was obliged to give way to the tyranny of custom."

Mr. Dunlop, Esq., has, already, very materially served

the cause of temperance, by exposing the drinking usages of North Britain, and, for some time past, he has been industriously labouring to collect information, relative to similar usages, in England and Ireland. *Ninety-eight* separate tracts are said to have been examined by this indefatigable philanthropist; and it is stated, that, in a work which is about to appear, he is prepared to show that, in the United Kingdom, there are no less than two HUNDRED AND NINETY-SEVEN occasions, when intoxicating liquor must be given, offered, and taken.\*

The following are the names, by which some of these absurd and dangerous usages are distinguished; viz.: "*footings, fines, entries, bean-feasts, brotherings, backings, club-drink, changing stations, pay-night-practices, allowance-pots, way-geese, remuneration-pints and drams, smuggling bribes, Smyrna-pints, Christmas-boozes, strong beer-act dues, drink-penalties, freedoms, wettings, tramp-drink, good-of-house liquor, birth-days, pitcher-laws*; and besides all these, we have drinking customs at *visits, marriages, courtships, baptisms, deaths, funerals, bargains, sales, holidays, &c. &c. &c.*

Amidst such a host of temptations to drinking, it is surely no wonder that we have become an intemperate people, and that the working classes, especially, have become, almost universally, the slaves of strong drink. Mere reasoning against such usages will have no more effect than shaking a feather at a giant. It behoves every patriot and Christian to aim a deadly blow at them all, by totally abstaining from these liquors, through whose deceitful but destructive influence such customs have been established.

### Death-bed of a Lady.

Her death was induced by excessive drinking, at a period long before the approach of the decay of age. We had not seen her for many months, and all the sympathies of nature were aroused, when we looked on a countenance once so lovely, now all emaciated and death-like. One of her friends apprised her of our presence. She opened her eyes and looked towards the writer: and what a look was hers! Her eyes were red, in consequence of the inflammatory influence of the excessive application of her favourite stimulant, and her stiffened eyelids were with difficulty upraised. "Pray for me," she uttered in a low tone. As we were exceedingly anxious to enter into conversation with her, if that were practicable, we immediately asked her how she felt. She replied, "very poorly." We enquired whether she thought she might yet recover. She replied, she did not know, and wished us to pray for her. Anxious to ascertain the state of her mind in circumstances so solemn, (as the shadows of death already indicated the approach of the grim monster) we proposed several questions, to which we received no reply. On the evening previous to that on which she died, when her friend happened to be out of the house, a neighbour, who heard her calling out loudly, entered to see what was wrong, and was asked for a drink. The drink used was milk mixed with whisky; but as there was none mixed, the neighbour referred to offered milk alone. "Put a little drop of the spirits into it," was the reply. "On such a subject she could vociferate loudly, or reason coolly; but the attempt of many pious visitors, to converse with her about the concerns of the soul, were uniformly failures. We saw her a few hours previous to her death, and her state of feeling regarding the solemn change in prospect was as callous as formerly. Her last request was for her long-loved beverage. At the closing scene, no bright hopes of an endless life illuminated and gladdened the soul of the dying sinner—no pious ejaculations escaped her lips—no fervent aspirations ascended to the God that hears the prayer of the penitent—no smile from Emmanuel dispelled the gloom of the vale of death, beset with terrors and begrimed with horrors—no voice from the throne of God proclaimed the cheering announcement, "Fear not, for I am with thee;" but she seemed to sink unconscious into "the blackness of darkness for ever."

Reader! do you drink the beverage of the drunkard, and say there is no danger of your becoming addicted to his vices; Read

\* The work alluded to is now published, in a handsome volume, price 2s.

this again, and mark its illustration of the proverb, "A prudent man foreseeth evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on and are punished."

### The Gleaner.

We quote the following from Williams' *Narrative of Missionary Enterprise*. This is perhaps the most popular, and altogether the best missionary work ever published; and we know that there are many who deservedly hold the author in great veneration, who yet either stand aloof from the abstinence movement, though favourable to it, or are actually hostile to it. To such we earnestly recommend the calm perusal of this extract. Mr. Williams saw the evil, and recommended the appropriate remedy. He acted on the conviction that drunkenness was to be removed, not by commending the moderate use of intoxicating drink, but by entire abstinence from them. This is the only rational method of attempting the cure. After being absent from his station nearly a year, Mr. Williams thus writes on his return to it:—

"On arriving at Raiatea, I was perfectly astounded at beholding the scenes of drunkenness which prevailed in my formerly flourishing station. There were scarcely a hundred people who had not disgraced themselves; and persons who had made a consistent profession of religion for years had been drawn into the vortex. Tho' son and successor of old Tamatoa was a very dissipated young man, and when he succeeded to the government, instead of following his father's good example, he sanctioned the introduction of ardent spirits. Encouraged by him, and taking advantage of my absence, a trading Captain brought a small cask on shore, and sold it to the natives. This revived their dormant appetite, and like pent-up waters, the disposition burst forth, and, with the impetuosity of a resistless torrent, carried the people before it, so that they appeared maddened with infatuation. I could scarcely imagine that they were the same persons with whom I had lived so long, and of whom I had thought so highly.

"As the small cask which had been imported was sufficient only to awaken the desire for more, they had actually prepared nearly twenty stills, which were in active operation when I arrived. A meeting was immediately called, which I was requested to attend, when resolutions were passed that all the stills should forthwith be destroyed. A new Judge was nominated, the laws were re-established, and persons selected to go round the island, and carry the resolutions into effect. In some districts these met with considerable opposition, but in others they succeeded without difficulty. The following week they were despatched again, when they destroyed several more; but in their last journey they were accompanied by the late excellent Mahara of Luahine, the favourite daughter of our good old King, who had come to Raiatea, with some respectable officers from her own island, for the purpose of completing the destruction of the stills. Thus they happily accomplished; for, on their return from their last circuit of the island, they reported that every still was demolished, and every still-house burnt to the ground. Some of the natives, however, determined to purchase ardent spirits from the ships; but the majority wished me to form a Temperance Society, with a view to its entire abolition; but, as I could not remain to superintend its operation, I did not think it advisable to accede to their request. This, however, has been effected since I left: and a letter just received from my formerly dissipated young chief, afforded me much satisfaction. It is dated Raiatea, April 30, 1839:—

DEAR FRIEND.—"Blessing on you, Mr. Williams, from the true God, through Jesus Christ, the King of Peace, the Saviour in whom alone we can be saved.

"This is my little communion to you. The spirit about which your thoughts were evil towards me, I have entirely done away with, because my heart is sick of that bad path, and I am now pressing towards the mark for the prize of my high calling." These are now my thoughts, that God may become my own God. This is really my wish. I am commending myself to God and to the word of his grace." &c., &c.

"Whether there be a real change of heart or not in this individual, I cannot say, but I am truly thankful—and in this feeling every friend of missions will participate—that the people, with their chief, have been brought to see their folly, and abandon the use of that which was unfitting them for earth and heaven, by rendering them poor, profligate, and miserable. The circumstanced under which the use of ardent spirits was abandoned at Tahiti were of the most interesting character. The evil had become so alarming that the Missionaries felt that something must be attempted, and

therefore determined to set the people an example, by abstaining entirely from the use of ardent spirits, and by forming Temperance Societies. These worked exceedingly well, especially at Papanu, the station occupied by our venerable and indefatigable brother, Mr. Davis. The beneficial results were so apparent to the natives themselves that all the inhabitants of the district agreed that no ardent spirits should be introduced into their settlement. Most of the people of the other districts, observing their prosperity, followed their example. At this time the parliament met; and, since they have been brought under the influence of Christianity, the representative form of government has been adopted. On this occasion and before the members proceeded to business, they sent a message to the Queen to know upon what principles they were to act. She returned a copy of the New Testament, saying, "Let the principles contained in that book be the foundation of all your proceedings;" and immediately they enacted a law to prohibit trading with any vessel which brought ardent spirits for sale; and now there is but one island in the group, Porapora, where these are allowed."—*Scottish Temperance Journal*.

### PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

No. 35 ECCLES STREET, DUBLIN, Sept. 19, 1844.—I am happy to tell you that the good Father Mathew continues his heaven-directed labor with untiring perseverance, and that our people receive him with warmth and affection wherever he goes. In this city he has a noble coadjutor in the person of the Rev. Dr. Spratt, who is most zealous in our cause. Since May last he has held ten open air meetings, on Sunday evenings—many, very many thousands of the people assembled at each of them; they were the largest and most enthusiastic meetings I ever saw; they were all held in the city and in its vicinity, and about 10,000 persons took the pledge at them. We have the people quite with us, and the wealthy classes all keep aloof still. Their hearts are too strong to be softened by the miseries of their poorer brethren.—Yet there is a growing improvement in the habits of these classes; they praise teetotalism although they have not the manliness or the virtue to adopt it. I hope, however, that the good conduct of the poor will yet work so beneficial a change in public opinion, as will bring the rich within our ranks. Co-operation on their part, and on the part of the clergy (who are generally quite as backward in the performance of their duties in this respect, as any other portion of society) would soon enable us to banish intoxicating drinks altogether out of the land. I wish you and all your co-workers in Canada God speed in your labors; it is a great and noble cause to be engaged in, and the blessing of Heaven will be with us, if we be faithful.—JAMES HAUGHTON.

WELLINGTON SQUARE, C. W. Oct. 13, 1844.—I have just terminated an engagement at Wellington Square, where I held a protracted temperance meeting. I found the Society asleep, the priests of Bacchus awake, and tilters just budding into teperhood. Several had died in that neighbourhood of delirium tremens, since I first lectured there. This place was somewhat noted for its opposition to the temperance cause. But the cause is revived, and many inebriates have been reclaimed, moderate drinkers reformed, and good old friends encouraged. I am credibly informed that the founder of this Society has withdrawn from the cause. I visited the place in compliance with the request of Mr. E. Moore, a liberal and staunch supporter of the temperance reformation.—G. W. BUNGAY.

WATERLOO, Oct. 23, 1844.—I am now engaged in a protracted temperance meeting in this place. The meetings have been numerously attended, and many signatures have been added to the pledge. Last night, a renegade from our ranks who was making preparations to open a slaughter-house in this beautiful and romantic village, marched into our meeting, and faced the assembly with a brow of brass, until the shot and shell of fact and argument, began to whiz about his ears when he dropped his head. He went home hurling anathemas against one of the oldest and most devoted friends of temperance in the district Gore. Two dens of drunkenness have been burned down here, and yet their proprietor has the hardihood to erect a third, who the person can be procured on short notice. There is a merchant's shop where the Lethan exhalation which flows from the putrid lake of liquid fire can be obtained; one of the man's customers tore his shirt to shreds when he attempted to thrust him out of his establishment the other day. Had his

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may be kind; all cannot be generous, but all may be useful.—  
Rev. W. Jay.

### An Endless Journey.

We are all travellers. All men have begun a journey which can never end. Awake or asleep, at home or abroad, all men are moving on with silent rapidity to the world of spirits and of eternal retribution. Time lingers not. Its swift current is bearing mortals onward in their endless journey. Their career is not interrupted by the river of death. It is crossed in a moment, and onward the travellers go down the track of interminable ages. And yet how few of the passing multitude who throng the great thoroughfare of this world, are duly affected or influenced by the momentous result which will attend them in all the course of their future being. The following which we quote will express the sentiment.

"It is a solemn thing to be always journeying, without a moment's cessation or rest, and at the same time to be moving on with great rapidity from our point of departure, without ever lessening, in the least, the distance between us and our point of destination. It is the journey of eternity. There is great rapidity in the revolution of the wheels of duration. Onward we are rolled with the most eager velocity. Each revolution tells with solemn interest upon the future before, without in the least lessening the distance in prospect. There are but two roads across the 'undiscovered country' to which we must soon take our departure. On the one or the other of these, we must journey through the endless cycles before us. On the one, 'our sun does not go down, neither does our moon withdraw itself. God is our everlasting light, and the days of our mourning are ended,' always in the focal center of infinite light and love, with that blissful center perpetually changing, only to enlarge our sphere of vision, and to increase our bliss. On the other, we endlessly journey on 'through the land of darkness as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness.' And now, reader, we are shaping our course for this journey. As our course is across the track of time, such to us, will be the journey of eternity."—*Evangelist.*

### Recipes for Repining.

Christian—Art thou poor? Do the cares of life press heavily upon thee? Seek thy poorer neighbor. Notice his almost shelterless hut—his tattered garb—his scanty meal—and observe with how little man can subsist. Return to thy *better* home, and be content.

Art thou suffering from disease? Revolve in thy mind whether there are not those about thee whose distresses are greater than thine; and if none such are personally known, think of the wretched condition of many who have sickened upon the waste desert, without friends, without medicine, without food;—think of those and repine not.

Art thou traduced by enemies? Remember that One infinitely better than thou was not only evil spoken of, but suffered persecutions of various kinds, and finally died in an ignominious manner by the hands of wicked men.

Do friends prove false-hearted? Know that there is One who sticketh closer than a brother; and that, if even thy father and thy mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up.

Are poverty, sickness, persecutions, in fine, all the 'ills that flesh is heir to,' thy portion? Consider that thou hast a treasure which the glittering, gaudy world cannot purchase—a conscience void of offense—sweet communion with God—and an exhilarating hope of ere long passing to that blissful land where "the wicked cease from troubling," and "the weary be at rest;"—where joys perpetual and unalloyed will be thine.—*Morning Star.*

## PARENTS AND CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

### THE ROLLO PHILOSOPHY.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### THE THREE DIFFICULTIES.

The next morning, Rollo was going across the yard towards the pump, carrying a paper boat, which he was going to sail in his sea, when Jonas met him.

"Ah, Jonas," said he, "you did some good by making that sea for me yesterday. I've learned all about water by means of it."

"What, all about water?" said Jonas.

"Why,—not quite all, perhaps; but all about cohesion, at any rate."

"Yes, I read about cohesion once in a book, and, if you have learned all about it, you have learned a great deal. However, boys generally learn all about a thing a great deal quicker when they are as big as you, than when they grow older."

Rollo saw that Jonas said this with a sort of sly look; and in fact he had so often laughed at him for vanity and self-conceit, whenever he exhibited these foibles, that he knew now that he was really ridiculing his pretension to have understood completely a difficult philosophical subject so easily. He looked a little ashamed; but Jonas presently relieved him by saying that he was going to drive the cow to pasture, and asking Rollo to go with him, and tell him what he had learned by the way.

Rollo asked his mother's leave, and then they went along, Rollo having first put his paper boat down by the side of the pump. As they walked along, Jonas asked Rollo to tell him what he had learned about the attraction of cohesion; and so Rollo repeated, as well as he could, his father's conversation. He told him that the particles of water cohered to each other, and adhered to almost all other substances, whenever they came in contact with them. On the whole, he gave the substance of the information which he had received, pretty correctly; though, as usual with beginners in all studies, he spoke far too confidently, and made his assertions in too general and unlimited a manner.

"Very well," said Jonas; "I read something about it in a book once, and I should like to have you answer me some questions I thought of."

"Well, I will," said Rollo.

"If you can," said Jonas.

"O, I think I can," said Rollo, "for father explained it all to me, perfectly."

"The first question is the *dropping* question," said Jonas. "When I try to drop any medicine from a phial, after it gets a going, it drops well enough; but at first it won't run easily. It acts just as you say the mercury does. It keeps back in the phial, and heaps up at the edge, and does not want to go along over the glass."

"O, that is because the glass is dry," said Rollo, readily. "You must wet it with your finger, and then it will run. That is the way my mother does."

"Yes, but why don't it run of itself?" rejoined Jonas, "and wet its own way? If there is an attraction between the glass and the water, why don't the water move right along over it?"

"I don't know," said Rollo, shaking his head seriously. "I mean to ask my father."

"The next question is the drying question. If you wet a piece of board, and then leave it a little while, when you come back, the water is all gone."

"Yes, it has dried up," said Rollo.

"Yes, but it must have gone away somewhere," said Jonas.

"No," said Rollo, "it has dried up; it has not gone away."

"Why, yes," replied Jonas, "it must have gone away somewhere. You see, when I leave the board, the water is there; and when I come again, it is not there: of course it must be gone."

"It is all gone to nothing," said Rollo.

"Ho!" said Jonas, "I know better than that myself. I don't think you answer the second question any better than the first."

"Why, I don't see any question about it," said Rollo. "It hasn't anything to do with cohesion."

"Why, if there is an attraction between the water and the board, why doesn't it keep them together?"

Rollo insisted that the water all dried up "to nothing," as he termed it; and yet he was not very well satisfied with his explanation himself; but he was very unwilling to admit that he could not answer any of Jonas' questions.

"Well, what is the third question, Jonas?" said he.

"The third is about the water balls. I can make water globules just like the mercury globules."

"Can you?" said Rollo; "on what?"

"On water itself."

"O Jonas!" said Rollo; "with a tone of great incredulity.

"I can," said Jonas. "I have seen them a hundred times, when I was playing in the water. If you spatter the water when the sun shines on it so that you can see clearly, you will see little

balls about as big as shot, rolling about in all directions, growing smaller and smaller, until they become only a little point, and then they vanish."

"They are bubbles," said Rollo.

"No," said Jonas; "there are little bubbles too, but they look very different from the water balls."

Rollo said that he wished Jonas would show him some, and Jonas promised to try and see if he could make them as soon as he should get back to the pump.

He did so, and he succeeded very well. Rollo saw the little globules very distinctly. They were different in their form from the bubbles; and then, besides, they rolled away very swiftly over the water, while the bubbles floated very slowly, or remained nearly at rest.

"Now," said Jonas, "if the particles of water attract one another, why don't these little globules spread right out, at once, all over the surface?"

"Or sink in?" said Rollo.

"Yes," said Jonas.

"I don't know," said Rollo; and he terminated the discussion in the usual way, by saying, "I mean to ask my father." Jonas then went off to his work, and Rollo continued for some time at the pump, amusing himself with making these water globules. At length, he got tired, and his paper boat, after floating a short time, got gradually soaked through, and lay down upon her side, half submerged, like a vessel water-logged, as the sailors say. Rollo then went in the house to find his father.

His father had gone away; but he found his mother at work in the parlor. She called him to come and read to her; for, as Rollo did not go to school now, he used to read to his mother, and have some lessons besides, every day. After finishing the reading lesson, he concluded to propose Jonas' questions to his mother.

She heard them with a good deal of interest, and said she could not answer but one of them.

"Which is that?" said Rollo.

"The second,—the *drying* question, as you call it. Get your chair, and come and sit down here, and I will give you a little lecture upon evaporation."

So Rollo got his chair, and took his seat opposite to his mother, and she began her lecture in the following words:—

"Your father explained to you that, when water is spilled upon wood, there is an attraction between the wood and the water, so that it adheres to the wood; and, in fact, that there is a similar attraction between water and almost all solid substances."

"Yes, mother," said Rollo.

"Now, there is another substance which also has a very peculiar attraction for water, and this attraction produces very singular effects,—very singular effects indeed."

"What substance is it?" said Rollo.

"The air," replied his mother.

"The air?"

"Yes, the air," which is all about us in the room, and out of doors. It is very thin; but you can feel it when you move your hand back and forth,—so."

Here Rollo's mother moved her hand back and forth rapidly, and Rollo did the same. He could distinctly feel the impulse of the air upon his hand.

"Now, this air has a strong attraction for water, and when any water is lying upon a board, and the air is over it, the air gradually takes it up."

"Takes it up?—why, how, mother?"

"It attracts it, and the particles of water rise up, one after the other, and mingle with the air, and float away."

"We cannot see them, for they are very small, and they rise very gradually; and they make no difference in the appearance of the air, when they have mingled with it. It is something like sugar dissolving in a cup of warm water. The water has an attraction for the sugar, and takes the particles off from it gradually, and floats them away, until all the sugar is diffused equally over the whole cup of water. So the air takes up the water. This is what we call *drying*. It is the water going off into the air, because the air has a stronger attraction for it than the solid substance it rests upon. But oil will not dry up in that way. If you pour oil upon a board, and leave it for months, when you come back, you will find it oily still. This is because there is a stronger attraction between the oil and the board, than there is between the oil and the air."

"Will anything else evaporate besides water?" said Rollo.

"Let me think," said she. "There is oil,—that will not: What other liquids are there?"

"Milk," said Rollo.

"Milk contains a great deal of water; I believe a large part of its substance is of watery particles, and these will evaporate, leaving the rest. It is generally the case that when water has anything mixed with it, or dissolved in it, if you expose it to the air, the water will evaporate, and leave the other substances dry."

"There is ink," said Rollo.

"Yes," said his mother, "that is a very good example. It consists, you see, of a black colouring matter, dissolved in water; and the water will evaporate, and leave all the black part on the paper."

"Then, it seems, nothing will dry up but water," said Rollo.

"I don't think of anything."

"Then I have learned one thing, haven't I?" said he.

"No, you have not learned yet that nothing will evaporate but water, from such reasoning as this. It would be very poor induction."

"Induction?" said Rollo. "What is *induction*?"

"Why, when we say a thing is always true because it is true in all the cases we have known, that is *induction*."

"Is that a good argument?" said Rollo.

"Yes, sometimes; but we cannot establish a general truth in that way, unless we have taken a great deal of pains to get all the facts we can possibly collect. It would not be safe at all for us to judge from the very few liquids that we happen to think of just now. Boys are very apt to make false inductions."

"How?" said Rollo.

"O, in a thousand ways. Once I took you out in the fields to get some strawberries. I told you I knew a place where they were very thick and large. You went with me, and, as soon as we got into the field a little way, and you happened, for a few moments, at first, to find them few and small, you said, 'O mother, this isn't a good field at all.'"

"Was that a false induction?" said Rollo.

"Yes: from a very few particulars, you came to a general conclusion, and your conclusion was wrong; for we afterwards found them very large and very plentiful. To have made a sound induction, you ought to have waited till you had gone over the field in various directions; and if you found them few and small wherever you went, then you might properly have supposed it to have been a poor field for strawberries."

"Why, then, mother, I should have known; for I should have seen the field all over."

"No, you would in fact, have actually *seen* only a small part of all the strawberries, and places for strawberries, in the whole field. But, after seeing a considerable part of it, you might, perhaps, have safely inferred that the rest would correspond. This would have been induction, that is, inferring a general conclusion from a knowledge of a small number of particulars."

"But I should not be perfectly sure."

"No, we can never be perfectly sure in induction, even when we are most careful and cautious, and therefore we must take great pains not to judge hastily. There is no way by which people make more mistakes than by coming to general conclusions from too small a number of facts. But we are getting away from evaporation. Let us see; where did we leave off?"

Rollo did not remember exactly, and so his mother began anew upon another part of the subject. It was very well that she did not allow him to come to the conclusion that no liquids could be evaporated except water, just because the few that he happened to think of could not; for there are several liquids, entirely different from water, which evaporate, and some of them more rapidly and readily than water itself.

### Cider Dialogue.

John (reading).—Ale and beer sold here.

I made my sign a little wider,  
To let you know I sold good cider.

Elmira.—Ha! ha! ha! now I call that an effort of the muse or rather of a musc sprung, not like Venus from the foam of the sea, but from the scum of an Albany beer vat, or a yankee cider barrel. Where did you find such a valuable item of information?

John.—O, in a paper. But don't you think it is very decent, considering? Wider and cider do go together very handsomely, now don't they?

*Martha.*—O very, very indeed. Good rhymes are fine things; listen—

Foolish flies, there hides a spider;  
Girls and boys, beware of cider!  
Spiders kill, cider will.

*Elmira.*—There, isn't that doggerel as good as yours, with rather more sense as a foundation? Mr. Delavan made us sick of ale and beer, and my word for it, *cider* will have to "work" hard, to work itself clear of the prejudices that are mingled with it in many minds.

*John.*—Cider? prejudices in cider? I've heard of mustard-seed in cider to keep it sweet, and brandy in it to make it strong, and various other matters I have heard of, but this is a new ingredient to mix with apple juice.

*Martha.*—Well, then, we don't mingle them, we that have our prejudices against cider, pour very little down our own throats to see how they agree. But our opinions are not prejudices; we know what *cider* is, and are determined that the "wider" signs shall be wide of this place.

*John.*—Now I can go temperance until you come to *cider*. I tell you, you're carrying it too far, too far altogether. Now I am willing to give up the rum and brandy; and wine that's good costs rather too much, but I tell you good *cider*, such as that man sells, is good; I don't want to give that up, I know."

*Elmira.*—Well, you are a benevolent fellow, willing to give up what you don't love, and holding on heart and hand, to what you do. Go ask the man who happens to think his glass of rum just about as comfortable and a good deal better tasted than your pint of *cider*, to give it up, and see what he will tell you.

*Martha.*—Yes, and I can't help thinking that your fingers, clinging so tightly to that same mug arc, at the same time around some poor fellow's wind-pipe, and he is dying because you won't let go.

*John.*—You're cracked! I choking a man by holding on to the *cider*-mug! I suppose you mean I encourage people to drink rum by drinking a little *cider* now and then?

*Martha.*—Exactly; and you encourage them to drink a good deal of *cider* by your little *now and then*. Go and ask the wives and children of intemperate men which form they would rather see the evil spirit come in, a rum keg or a *cider* barrel, and you will find out some secrets of your temperance drink.

*John.*—Well, *cider* never hurt me, and I'll not leave it off.

*Elmira.*—Neither did rum, so don't leave that off. But must we prove that *cider* hurts you before you will give it up? Go it so. Give us a chance to prove it, give it up three months and then tell us how you feel. If you don't find yourself better, drink from the bung-hole instead of the tap.

*John.*—It's no business for girls, at any rate, to be preaching temperance.

*Martha.*—O no, but it is girls' business to have life embittered by the consequences of intemperance. I tell you our sex has followed this last long enough, and now, with light and earnest hearts, we have begun to resist early, and mean to continue as long as we live. The young man that has not benevolence enough toward his fellows, nor wisdom enough on his own account, to avoid every form of intoxicating drink, will find that we know exactly how to value his head and his heart.

*John.*—Well, I never thought much about it;—I will make a serious business of the question. Good bye.

## AGRICULTURE.

### Green, Skim, Cream and other Cheeses,

Green cheese is made by steeping in milk two parts of sage with one of marigold leaves and a little parsley, all well bruised, and then mixing it with the curd which is preparing for the press. It may be mixed irregularly or fancifully, according to the pleasure of the maker. The management is in other respects the same as for common cheese. Green cheese are chiefly made in Wiltshire.

Skim cheese is chiefly made in the county of Suffolk, whence it is sometimes called Suffolk cheese. The curd is broken in the whey, which is poured off as soon as the former has subsided; the remaining whey, together with the curd, being thrown into a coarse strainer, and exposed for cooling, is then pressed as closely as possible. It is afterwards put into a vat and pressed for a few

minutes, to extract the remaining whey. The curd being thus drained from the whey, is taken out again, broken as finely as possible, salted, and submitted to the press. The other operations do not materially vary from those adopted in the cheese-making districts, but they are more easily performed on the curd of skim milk, as it is more readily coagulated and separated from the whey and requires less subsequent care and pressing than that of milk and cream united. The Suffolk cheese forms, in general, part of every ship's stores, because it resists the effects of warm climates better than others; but it is characterised by "a heavy hardness, and indigestible quality." A better kind is made in Dorsetshire, although the only perceptible difference in management consists in the rennet and the milk being put together cooler; for having the milk hot, and immediately applying the rennet, the whey drains so quickly as to impoverish the cheese, and render it tough.

Cream cheese is generally made in August or September, the milk being at that time richer and better than at other periods of the year. Cream cheeses are more liable than the poorer sorts to accidents, from their being chilled or frozen before they become hard; for when frost once penetrates a cheese, it destroys every good quality, and either makes it become insipid or ill tasted, or generates putrefaction. Hence this kind of cheese should always be kept in a warm situation, and be particularly preserved from the frost, until it has sweetened well; otherwise all the advantage of its rich quality will be completely lost. Cream cheese is, however, in general only wanted for immediate use; and that kind commonly so called is, in fact, little less than thick sweet cream dried, and put into a small cheese vat, about an inch and a half in depth, having holes in the bottom to allow any whey that may exude to pass, and having rushes, or the long grass of Indian corn so disposed around the cheese as to admit of its being turned without being handled. It is thus that the celebrated Bath and York cream cheeses are made when composed; but the greater part of those commonly sold are in part composed of milk.

New cheese, as it is commonly termed in London, is an early summer cheese, which is made of new milk, and about one-third of warm water. When the whey is removed, the curd is carefully kept entire, and spread upon a cloth to the thickness of less than an inch. It is then very gently pressed for a few hours only, and when removed from the vat, is covered with cloth, and placed in a warm situation, as it requires to be brought forward immediately.

These (viz. Gloucester, Hilton, Wiltshire, Dunlop, and the others above enumerated) are the kinds of British cheese that are in most general esteem; the other sorts, together with foreign cheeses, are both too numerous, too uninteresting to the generality of dairy-men to admit of detail. The process of making cheese is much more difficult than that of making butter; and the quality depends as much perhaps on the mode of performing that operation as on the richness of the milk. The temperature at which the milk is kept before it is formed into cheese, and that at which it is coagulated or turned into curds, are objects of the greatest importance in the management of a cheese dairy; the former ought not to exceed 55, or to be under 50 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer; and for the latter it should be at 90 to 95. If the milk is kept warmer than 55 it will not throw up the cream so well as at the lower degree; it is also subject to get sour, and give a bad taste to the cheese; and if it is allowed to be much colder than that, it becomes difficult to separate the curd from the whey, and the cheese made from it will be soft and insipid. If the curd is coagulated too, it becomes tough; much of the butyraceous matter will go on with the whey; and the cheese will be hard and tasteless. The thermometer should therefore be employed in every dairy; and, although the servants may at first be prejudiced against it, yet its evident utility, and great simplicity will eventually recon- cile them to its use.

The greatest care should be taken thoroughly to extract every particle of whey from the curd; for no cheese will keep well while any whey remains, and if any part becomes sour the whole will acquire a disagreeable flavour. Similar effects are produced by the use of an immoderate quantity of rennet. It is also apt to fill the cheese with small vesicles or holes; and this sad imperfection of the cheese will also be produced if it is allowed to remain too long on one side.

Sometimes it happens that cheese will hove or swell, either from mere accident or from inattention in some part of the process. Mr. Holland attributes it partly to the cows being fed on clover. He also thinks that the cracking of cheese is occasioned by the use of lime on the pasture; but these observations have not been

corroborated by general experience. To prevent and also to stop this hoiving, it has been recommended to lay the cheeses in a moderately cool, dry place, and regularly to turn them. Whenever any one becomes considerably swollen, it will be requisite to prick it deeply with a large awl or pin on both sides, and particularly where it is most elevated, and to repeat this as often as may be necessary.

**FARM-YARD MANURE.**—I was once a Devonshire farmer, and thought they were many clever and experienced men among us who knew almost everything, but my experience since has convinced me they were deficient in many things, and nothing more so than the slovenly way they managed their farm-yard manure. It is not unusual now to see the litter from the stable thrown out at the window, and the eaves of a long roof allowed to drip upon it, or to be wheeled out into the yard, and there exposed to the winter rains, the drainage of which frequently runs into a road or ditch; if a meadow happens to lay below, it is not sufficient to be of any use, but sinks away in the bottom of the gutters. Throughout all the winter, it is thrown up in great heaps, and the essential qualities that are not pressed out by its own weight, are generally allowed to fly off in evaporation by overheating. Every scientific man must admit that this method is decisively wrong, and is aware what is lost by such an injudicious process. The best constructed farm-yard and management of manure I ever saw, is Mr. Spooner's, the late elected M. P. for Birmingham. His gentleman has a farm from 150 to 200 acres, situated near the city of Worcester, in the highest state of cultivation, on which he grows the most luxuriant crops, without having expended a shilling for manure for many years (with the exception of a trifling sum for those lately-introduced novelties by way of experiment), but has sold much farm-yard manure to his neighbours not knowing how to dispose of it on the farm. Although he does not possess an acre of watered meadow, he has generally hay for sale; this may appear rather strange, but not more strange than true. In the centre of his farm-yard is the manure pit, or eight feet deep, covered by a roof, and surrounded by a drain well, so as to prevent the possibility of any water getting into it. It is the same form as the yard but leaving sufficient room for a carriage-way betwixt it and the buildings. It is entered by an inclined plane wide enough to back in a cart, opposite the approach to the yard. Into this pit the dung from the stables and cow-house is promiscuously thrown; in the middle of the side contiguous to the latter is a well and a pump, which receives the drainage therefrom and the stables, which is pumped up and spread over the manure by a sluice. The surplus liquid that is not absorbed is drawn off by means of a drain into a receiving well in the stack-yard, where it is pumped up into the liquid manure-cart, and drawn out on the mowing ground as soon as the grass is cut, until such time as it is laid up again; in the spring it is otherwise disposed of, on headlands and heaps of soil. Liquid and solid manure, prepared in the way above described, preserve all its nutritious qualities; the one is not diluted with water, and the other not suffered to deteriorate by over-heating, and is of treble the value of that made in the common manure.—*Correspondent Western Times.*

#### Manuring of Seeds by Steeping in Saline Solutions.

The attention of Scotch agriculturists was first directed to this subject by Professor Johnson's paper in the January number of the *Journal of Agriculture*, and by a notice of Mr. Campbell's experiments in the *Transactions of the Highland Society*, appended to the same number. These statements, particularly the latter produce considerable sensation; and many farmers purchased small quantities of the salt and applied them as directed, for the purpose of feeding their way towards a more extensive use of the steepers.

Feeling considerable interest in anything that promises to add to the resources of the cultivator of the soil we have visited a good many of the localities where steeped seeds were sown, and shall continue to visit them at intervals during the summer, keeping a record of the progress and appearance of the experimental plots. It is only after harvest, when the actual weights have been arrived at, that we can speak with certainty concerning these important trials; yet occasional notices of the appearance of these experiments will prove interesting to our readers, and, we trust, influence others at a distance to send us statements on the same subject.

Up to the present time, we have been unable to perceive the slightest difference between the appearance in colour, vigour, or

advancement of the braid from steeped seeds, and that from unsteeped seed. The weather which for a month has been unusually cold and dry, will no doubt account for this. The braid from steeped seeds is decidedly thinner in plant. This may be owing to some of the seeds not having vegetated; but we would rather attribute it to the circumstance that a smaller allowance of seed per acre was sown, to afford room for growth and til-  
 lering.

Without anticipating the results of these experiments we shall now notice some mistaken notions and exaggerated expectations that are abroad, and which, be the result as it may, cannot be too speedily checked and rectified. It is a general expectation with many that these steepers are to render all manure unnecessary. Mr. Campbell says—"The discovery of a process by which the cereal and other graminaceous seeds might be obtained in extraordinary abundance, without the use of manures, is certainly a great desideratum. Now this desideratum, however strange it may appear, I have good grounds for considering I have attained." And again in his circular he says—"In this discovery is actually realized the boast of science, which some years ago prophetically asserted, that the time would soon come when one might carry in his pocket matter sufficient to manure an acre of land." Nothing can be more fallacious or unwarranted than the conclusion, that a small quantity of a saline solution absorbed by a seed can substitute, or come in the place of manure. If the steep does anything at all, it is to enable the plant to draw more largely on the air, and on the soil. So far as it draws more largely on the air, there is manifest profit and advantage. The air is common property—the air cannot be exhausted, but it is not so with the soil! and just by as much as the steeping enables the seed to draw more largely from the soil, by so much is the soil impoverished, and rendered less fit to minister to any succeeding crop. Should it turn out that the same steepers give to the plants, greater development and feeding powers, it will be a great point gained; a power, however that will require to be used cautiously, and with discrimination. By steeping, a saving of seed will be effected, and a larger crop secured from land in good condition, or that has great resources; but the farmer must not dream of the same thing on poor land, far less the continuance of successive good crops with the use of no manure but the steepers. In favourable circumstances, then, it may not be altogether chimerical to talk of carrying in one's pocket the salt necessary to steep seeds for an acre of land, but to those sanguine persons who would combine a continuance of the practice with the use of no other manure we would give the old caution, "take care lest the pocket that carried out the manure proves capacious enough to carry back the crop."

When next we notice the progress of these experiments, we shall show, by tabular statements, how large a quantity of inorganic matter which can come from no source but the soil, is carried off in crops, and lost to the land, unless restored or replaced in the shape of manure.—*Scottish Farmer.*

#### NEWS.

The King of the French has paid a visit to Queen Victoria at Windsor. All was of course cordiality, magnificence and enthusiasm.

The Grand Duchess Olga is to be married to Prince George of Cambridge. This is regarded as the result of the journey of the Emperor of Russia to England, and as the commencement of a more intimate alliance between Russia and England. The Prince Royal of Hanover having no family, it is known that the Duke of Cambridge is heir presumptive to the crown of Hanover.

Lady Heytesbury, the lady of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland died on the 6th inst.

The lady of Mr. Pritchard, late British Consul at Tahiti, landed in Cove on the 3rd inst.

On the 8th inst., Dr. Symons who was opposed by the Puseyites, was elected Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, by a majority of 882 to 183.

One hundred shares in the Thames Tunnel, which originally cost £5,000, were sold a few days ago for £30, in London.

Six miles of atmospheric railway, from the Dartmouth Arms to Croymond, will, it is expected, be ready in May next. The engineer is Mr. Cubitt, and the object is, by a double line, to test the

principle more satisfactorily than it has yet been tested on the Kingston and Dulkey line.

It is said that the Grand Junction Railway Company are about to build a bridge over the Mersey, at Runcorn Gap, and construct a line of railway from thence to Liverpool, forming a much shorter route between Birmingham and Liverpool.

It is consolatory to find that the Post Office, the great accumulation of pennies, has advanced £32,000 on the year, and no less than £40,000 on the quarter.

A "New Free Church in England" has just sprung up in Exeter. It is announced that it is an Episcopal establishment, which will, however, allow of no Bishop to its concerns. Two Church of England clergymen, named Shore and Bulteel, are promoters of this scheme.

Mr. O'Connell has addressed a long epistle from his retreat at Derrynane to the Repeal Association, in which he dwells emphatically upon the federal project, and hints his partiality for it in contradiction to repeal.

There are forty projected lines of railway, extending over a distance of 2173 miles, and involving an estimated expenditure of £3,695,000.

Sir John Herschell, Bart. is the President elect for the next meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which is to be held at Cambridge.

Professor Liebig, of Giessen, the celebrated agricultural chemist, had the freedom of the city of Edinburgh conferred upon him on Tuesday last.

The English have sent several ships to Africa on a new enterprise, that of discovering some rich veins of copper, lead, iron and gold. Each ship carried a practical chemist.

**IRELAND.**—Lord Heytesbury, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, has publicly stated that he shall recommend conciliatory measures for Ireland.

The Irish Repeal rent for the nineteen weeks ending with 2d instant, amounted to £27,673, being an average of £1356 per week. The highest week was that ending June 17, when it amounted to £3330.

From an article in the French *Journal des Debats*, referring to the despatch of Capt. Bruat, from Tahiti, it seems clear that the French Government are determined to remove him from a command and a position for which he appears completely unfitted.

The Holy Synod of St. Petersburg had notified to the Catholic missionaries in Georgia to quit the empire, unless they choose to become naturalized Russians, and to cease in future all intercourse with the Holy See.

The slave trade to the Brazils has greatly diminished since 1839. In that year 33,299 slaves were smuggled; in 1840 14,910; in 1841 8370; and in 1842 8891.

Letters from Naples state that they expect another eruption of Vesuvius. The crater is full of lava, and the fountains and springs no longer give their usual supply of water.

**Dr. Wolff.**—We rejoice to learn by the late English news, that this intrepid philanthropist has been heard from, and that the fears entertained for his safety were groundless. It will be recollected that he went to the Kingdom of Bokhara, in quest of two English officers who were imprisoned by the barbarous Amcer, and who have since been murdered by him. Dr. Wolff was arrested, thrown into prison, and threatened with a similar fate. But he writes that he has been presented with a horse, and is soon to set out for Persia, on his way homeward.

A treaty has been concluded between France and Morocco.

The vessel having on board the Roman Catholic bishop, the nuns and others, which sailed some time ago from Brest for the Sandwich Islands, had not arrived at the date of the last accounts. Rumors prevailed in the South Seas that she had foundered off Cape Horn.

Next year there will be an exhibition at Vienna of the products of Austrian industry. The government has created an order of merit for the occasion, to be conferred on those manufacturers who chiefly distinguish themselves.

**SPAIN.**—General Narvaez was still pursuing his system of reform and economy. He intended to suppress all the military inspections—a measure which would be productive of the saving of considerable expense. Preparations were making for the opening of the session, to which it was intended to give the greatest éclat. The drawing up of the speech from the throne was to be intrusted to M. Martinez de la Rosa.

**INTOLERANCE IN SWITZERLAND.**—Religious differences at present run high in Switzerland, and have created ill blood between the two neighboring cantons of Friburg and Vaud. Both border on

the Lake Morat, but Friburg claims its old privilege of an exclusive right of fishery therein. The right was never enforced till now, but Friburg sends all the Vaudois fisherman she can catch to prison. Vaud retaliates by seizing the anglers of Friburg, pleading that an exclusive right to fishing is a relic of feudalism, long since abolished. Meantime there is an army of fishermen in *quod* on both sides, and a world of hubbub in consequence.

The Pacha of Egypt has evinced high displeasure at the disrespect shown to him by the British Government, in sending out a person of no higher authority, to regulate the terms of the projected treaty, in respect to the route to India across the Isthmus of Suez, than Post Office clerk; and intelligence has arrived that Mr. Bourne has made no progress whatever in his business, which at the date of the last accounts, was at a complete stand still.

King Otho of Greece, opened the session of the Chambers, in person, on the 19th of September. His speech was conciliatory in tone, and promised useful measures.

The Papal government has rejected the proposition of an English company to construct a railroad between Civita Vecchia and Rome.

**ITALY AND THE POPE.**—The latest accounts from Rome represent that city to have been in a feverish state—the Pontiff refusing to concede any thing to the wishes of the people. How long the Papal government will be able to hold out in resistance to the popular desire for a change in the aspect of things, it is not easy to decide. The indications are that the people are determined to achieve a revolution of some sort, and to lessen their burdens. The Papal government is sixty-seven millions of dollars in debt, and that debt increases at the rate of a million of dollars a year. The Papal government is in poor credit, and it is not easy for it to effect a loan. We have been informed on good authority that the church property, is all under heavy mortgages, and that capitalists refuse to make loans for the benefit of the See of Rome.

**TAHITI.**—The outrages of the French upon the helpless Tahitians still continue. An English ship, the *Hazard*, lately arrived there, with despatches to the English Consul. While Lieut. Rose, the commander, went ashore to deliver his packages, he was ordered by some French officers to present himself before the French Admiral. On refusing to do this, or anything else which should acknowledge the French authority at the Islands, he was taken on board the barge in which these French officers were, and taken to the Admiral's quarters. Lieut. Rose took off his sword, and presented it to his captors in token of his being taken prisoner. After a long consultation, his sword was returned to him, and he allowed to go aboard his own vessel. He demanded an apology or explanation, but was peremptorily refused. "No communication was allowed with the shore," was the order. Lieut. Rose, has been dispatched home by his superior to make a representation of the circumstances to the British Government, and has now arrived. Queen Pomare and her husband were on board the *Basilek*. Upwards of a hundred Europeans had, it is stated, enlisted under the Tahitian banner, and among them some gunners' mates.—*New York Evangelist*.

Fortifications, covering 250 acres, are about being commenced on the eastern side of St. Johns, New-Brunswick.

The Right Rev. H. U. Onderdonk, D. D., Bishop of Pennsylvania, has been deposed from his See and suspended from the holy ministry at the recent Episcopal Convention of the United States. This, it appears from what has been allowed to transpire, is just another instance, added to the millions that have already occurred, of the extreme danger of tampering with strong drink.

**LICENSES IN MASSACHUSETTS.**—It is left to the people of each county, in Massachusetts, to decide by vote whether the sale of intoxicating liquors shall be tolerated within its bounds. Every county in the State but one having refused to grant licenses, the traffic has been carried on to some extent in defiance of the law. We are glad to see that in some places these culprits have been arrested in their business. A number of them have been tried and convicted in Worcester, some severely fined, and others yet to be sentenced. This is right, on every ground. If the law exist, it should be enforced, whatever it is: but being one of the most righteous laws ever enacted, and reflecting high and lasting honor upon the people that could pass it, its enforcement is a matter of rejoicing to every friend of virtue, of whatever State or country.—*Evangelist*.

**ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT.**—We see it stated in several papers, that an organized opposition to slavery has been begun in Western Virginia. This is hailed as an evidence that the spirit of freedom is at work in the slave States. An account is given also of a similar movement in Delaware. The *Religious Herald*



states that a public anti-slavery meeting was recently held at Wilmington, the largest town in the State. "The attendance was good, and the speakers were listened to with great attention. After a full and bold exposure of the iniquity of the system, the following resolutions were proposed and adopted with but one or two dissenting voices:—

1. Resolved,—That slavery ought to be abolished in Delaware at the next session of its Legislature.

2. Resolved,—That we will vote for no candidate for office, unless he is in favor of such abolition.

**EXPLOSION OF THE LUCY WALKER.—60 TO 80 KILLED AND WOUNDED!**—The steamboat *Lucy Walker*, Capt. Vann, left this place for New Orleans yesterday, crowded with passengers.—When about four or five miles below New-Albany, and just before sunset, some part of her machinery got out of order, and the engine was stopped in order to repair it. While engaged in making the necessary repairs, the water in the boiler got too low; and about five minutes after the engine ceased working, her three boilers exploded with tremendous violence, and horrible and terrific effect. The explosion was upwards, and that part of the boat above the boilers was blown into a thousand pieces. The U. S. snag-boat Gopher, Capt. L. B. Dunham, was about two hundred yards distant at the time of the explosion. Captain Dunham was immediately on the spot, rescuing those in the water, and with his crew rendering all the aid in his power. The *Lucy Walker* was in the middle of the river, and such was the force of the explosion, that part of the boiler and boat were thrown on shore. Just after the explosion, the air was filled with human beings and fragments of human beings. One man was blown up fifty yards, and fell with such force as to go entirely through the deck of the boat. Another was cut entirely in two by a piece of the boiler.—*Louisville Courier*.

Northern Texas is fast filling up, emigrants are pouring into that section more rapidly than any other portion of the Republic. Four hundred families from Missouri and Illinois have lately settled on the upper Trinity; they are the old pioneers of the Western States, are well armed and prepared to defend themselves against Mexicans or Indians.

The recent Presidential election in the United States, has it is believed gone in favour of the Democratic candidate Polk.

**PROVINCE OF CANADA.**—The elections have terminated; and Parliament is summoned to meet for the despatch of business on the 28th November.

Another severe storm has occurred on the lakes causing much damage.

**Monies Received on Account of**

*Advocate*.—J. Keenan, Three Rivers, 1s. 8d.; Mrs. Mortimer, Thornhill, 1s. 8d.; J. Beatty, Keswick, 1s. 8d.; John Elliot, Vienna, 7s. 6d.; Sergt. Boyle, Corp. Vanzant, Sergt. Major Smith, 82nd. Regt. Toronto, 5s.; W. S. Kennedy, James Wilson, junr. W. Francisco, Vienna, 7s. 6d.; Sundries, Montreal, £1 & 8d. *Donations*.—R. Houghton, Esq. Dublin, £1. Sterling. A Friend per. D. P. James, £1.

*Penny Subscription Cards*.—Master James Gardiner, Hope, 8s. 11d.; Miss White, Hope, 7s. 6d.; Mrs James Lowes, Hope, 5s.

**MONTREAL PRICES CURRENT.—Nov 1.**

ASHES—Pot . . . . . 23s a 23s 6d	BEEF—P. Mess tiercc \$9 a \$10
Pearl . . . . . 23s 6d a 24s	Do obls . . . . . \$6
FLOUR—Fine . . . . . 23s 9d a 25s	Prime . . . . . \$4
WHEAT . . . . . 4s 7d	TALLOW . . . . . 54d
PEASE 2s 6d a 2s 9d per. <i>minut.</i>	BUTTER—Salt . . . . . 6d a 7d
OAT-MEAL . . . . . 8s. 0d per. <i>cwt.</i>	CHEESE . . . . . 3d a 54d
PORK—Mess . . . . . \$13½	EXCHANGE—London 1½ prem.
P. Mess . . . . . \$11	N. York . . . . . 2
Prime . . . . . \$ 9½	Canada W. . . . . par
LARD . . . . . 4d a 5d p. lb	

Great complaint is made of the quality of the flour received from Canada, it having proved worse than in any previous year. Three-fifths of the shipments since the middle of June last, arrived in bad condition, being more or less heated and sour. The damaged article sold at prices varying from 21s. to 23s. per barrel, being a loss to shippers of 5s to 7s 6d per barrel. On the other hand the character of Canadian butter stands much higher in the British Market than formerly, and the article is enquired after at advancing prices.

**EARLY SHOP SHUTTING.**

THE Public are respectfully informed, that on, and after the FIFTEENTH instant, (Friday next,) the RETAIL DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENTS in this city, will be CLOSED at SEVEN o'clock, P. M., so to continue until the 15th March. Montreal, Nov. 11, 1844.

**FOR SALE,**

FOUR Tons very Superior American CHEESE,

DWIGHT P. JANES.

Corner of St. Paul and M<sup>c</sup>Gill Streets.

Montreal, Oct 15, 1844.

**TEMPERANCE HOTEL,**

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

Montreal, May 1, 1844.

H. MEYER.

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

Montreal, Sept. 2, 1844.

**THOMAS C. ORR,**

GENERAL AGENT, SHIP AND INSURANCE BROKER,

No. 20 St. Enoch Square,

GLASGOW,

OFFERS his services for the receiving and Shipping of Goods to Canada, and for the Sale of Produce.

THOMAS C. ORR will be happy also to engage Passages by first class vessels, for persons coming to Canada. And those desirous to bring out their friends can purchase Drafts for that purpose from Mr. JAMES R. ORR, of Montreal, who will give all information, if by letter, post-paid.

November 1, 1844.

**JAMES R. ORR,**

IMPORTER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

BEGS to inform his friends, that he removes on the 1st of May, to AULDJO'S BUILDING, (next to TOMIN & MURISON'S) St. Peter Street. By the first vessels, he expects a very general assortment of New Goods, selected with great care in the British markets.

Montreal, April 1, 1844.

**TEMPERANCE WORKS.**

THE following are on hand, and will be disposed of on easy terms: Bacchus, Anti-Bacchus, Temperance Rhymes, Idolatry of Britain, Tales, Wine Question settled, and Tracts.

R. D. WADSWORTH, Rec. Sec.  
M. T. S.

Montreal, October 1, 1844.