

Ought not the senses, the taste, the palate to be proppitated?—then the *is habit*, a potent antagonist—second only to time, for its weapons are always close at hand; as it must be admitted that the ease of access and facility of administering a stimulant or beverage from the various preparations of alcohol were in a great measure instrumental to its introduction, and have had a powerful influence in promoting the vast and appalling increase of consumption.

It is not a cardinal point to change this habit in the *natural way*! Far be it from me to arrest the progress of exertions in the pulpit—the diffusion of moral precepts, or to discourage the extension of societies for suppressing intemperance and conventions to abstain from ardent spirits. Our object is to urge these associations, and the community, especially the fairer and most estimable portion, whose influence and *handy works* will have commanding force, to exert all their physical energies for the diffusion of pleasant, mild, and innocent stimulants to suit the condition, taste and circumstances of all ranks and classes, throughout our whole country, and place these substitutes within their reach in the most alluring forms.

The substitutes we shall notice are the fermented liquors, such as wine, perry, cider, beer—and the milder stimulants and restoratives of tea, coffee, cocoa, chocolate, &c.

WINE. It is well known that in all countries where wine is produced in any abundance, the people are temperate, and consume little or no ardent spirit. Indeed it is said to be nauseous to a great portion of the population of wine countries.

It is an error to view a tax on that liquor as merely a tax on the rich. It is a prohibition of its use to the middling class of our citizens, and a condemnation of them to the poison of whiskey, which is desolating their houses. No nation is drunken where wine is cheap; and none sober, where the dearness of wine substitutes ardent spirits as the common beverage. It is, in truth, the only antidote to the bane of whiskey. Fix but the duty at the rate of other merchandize, and we can drink wine here as cheap as we do grog; and who will not prefer it? Its extended use will carry health and comfort to a much enlarged circle. Every one in easy circumstances (as the bulk of our citizens are) will prefer it to the poison to which they are now driven by their government. To confirm the position of the philosophic sage, we are enabled to adduce facts of recent occurrence.

As the following items have an important bearing on *rural economy*, it may be proper in this place to repeat the answer to the question frequently propounded.—Is there or is there not a necessity for

using ardent spirit in all of the labours of husbandry? To which I reply, that from the experience of 30 years, and the employment of eight months of labor, on an average each year, in the operations of Agriculture, Horticulture, and improvements on my estate at Brighton, some of them *heavy jobs*, such as ditching *bogs* and *marshes*, and reclaiming large tracts of wet meadow, I do not hesitate to declare my most solemn conviction, that that stimulant in any form, is by no means necessary!—that every farmer, and I may venture to include all classes of laborers, can command substitutes as cheap, and that will enable them to perform every description of labor, with as much energy and infinitely less detriment to their constitutions! It was my determination at first not to furnish spirit; but owing to the prevalent custom in the neighborhood, and the ungovernable state of labor, during the period of the long war in Europe, I was obliged to conform, and allow large quantities; and I say it with regret, almost bordering on self reproach. Had I have known the value of substitutes, since discovered, I think I should have remained firm to my first purpose; and thereby considerably increased the amount on the credit side of my bank account; and possibly the more important future account of some of the recipients.

BEER is unquestionably the prominent and most extensive substitute for spirits, especially with the laboring classes, and public breweries cannot be too much encouraged: for we find that in every town or village wherever established, or within their range, efforts highly beneficial.—But it should be taken into view that the brewing of malt liquors, to have them in any degree of perfection, is an art which few private families possess; requiring somewhat expensive utensils, and vaults of a temperature much more equal than is generally to be found in the shallow cellars in our country. Now it is well known that the saccharine substance extracted from malt, the all important constituent of Beer, is precisely the same as that from the sugar cane. The other extractive matter is principally a *mucilage* in which resides a great portion of the *leaven*, or fermenting principle and which renders malt beer so flatulent, and prone to acidity in the stomach, especially if small; and heating, and what is termed heady to most of those who do not labor or use severe exercise, if strong. From many experiments conducted with great care, in brewing with molasses and hops alone, I am decidedly of opinion, that it is no object for families to brew with malt, provided good molasses or sugar can be obtained. We believe that the reputation of molasses and hop beer has suffered materially from inattention and parsimony. The best hops have not in general been selected, nor has there been

molasses used in sufficient quantity to give the necessary body to the liquor.

Every family should brew two sorts of Beer, viz: No. 1, to represent mild ale or porter when bottled; and when drawn from the cask, *strong Beer*—to serve those engaged in severe labors, either in field or workshops. Not less than three gallons of good heavy molasses, and one pound and a quarter of first sort inspected hops, should be used to brew thirty gallons of such beer. No. 2, to contain two gallons of molasses, and one pound of hops of the same quality, and for a similar quantity of beer, this is to serve as a general beverage, and never should be made weaker. No. 1, having so great a body, it is sometimes difficult to get on a proper fermentation without a little *top yeast*, and leaving the bung out, a few days; but as soon as the fermentation has got so far as to work out of the bung a day or two, it should be driven in, and no air given except by a small vent to be opened only when the cask is in danger of bursting. No. 2, should have the bung driven in as soon as it is filled up, leaving 2 gallons, or about a pailful short, for a cask of 32 gallons, which will be plenty of room for it to work in; and if brewed in March will get perfectly fine in May, and keep sound through the season. If the beer is found too strong, water is always at hand to reduce it, and render the beverage much more pleasant than if put in at first.

A most delicious ale may be brewed with sugar in the same manner; but having mislaid my memoranda, I do not recollect the proportion it bears to molasses. I think distillers allow six or seven pounds of good brown sugar to produce as much spirit by distillation, as one gallon of molasses.

THE BUCKET.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood!
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood
and every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spread pond, and the mill that stood by it
The bridge, and the rock where the catarract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it.
And e'en on the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss covered vessel I hail as a treasure—
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell!
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it.
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from that loved situation,