

which they could put the watchhouse was to store in it condemned spirits. At Bangor, since the Maine Liquor Law had passed, the expenses of pauperism had decreased 50 per cent. He was at a town called Albion when two men were tried for murder. After the trial the judge said the expenses of the trial had been 750 dollars, and to balance that there was only the profit on the sale of two quarts of whiskey. Again, the law was demanded for the sake of the dealers in the traffic; he was his neighbor; yet he had no sympathy, no mercy. Suppose he (Mr. G.) went into a public-house, and the man was acquainted with his history—knew what he had been, and what he was—knew that if he drank he should blast the happiness of his wife, of his father, of his sister, and bring ruin on his own soul; yet the public-house keeper would not refuse to let him drink if he could pay for it. He would rather trust himself in the hands of the bloodiest pirates than in that of the publicans of London. Another reason was, that they had no protection against the public-house keeper. His father might go into a public-house, might spend his money, drink till he died, and he had no protection against such a contingency. He might say to the keeper of it, "Please don't sell my father drink;" but the appeal would have no earthly effect. What protection had they? It was nonsense to appeal to the moral sense of men who had no moral sense. He believed in prevention, and that was what he had come there to recommend. In America they had felt that they could endure the liquor traffic no longer, and that was what they would have to resort to in England. He had never seen public opinion so rapidly forming on any subject as he had on this since he had been in this country. All great movements had a small beginning—thus was it with the Anti-Corn-Law League. Already the Queen had sanctioned the Maine Law in the colony of New Brunswick; and he hoped it would not be long before she would have to give her assent to it at home. As usual, Mr. Gough sat down amidst protracted cheering; and, as usual, during his address, which lasted nearly an hour and a-half, he was repeatedly interrupted by the most vehement and vociferous applause; whilst at times—whilst he told some tragic tale, the vast crowd before him was hushed and still, as to borrow a figure from Wordsworth:—

"A nun breathless with adoration."

We have said it was impossible to report Mr. Gough. The lecture on Thursday was a case in point. A brilliant audience had assembled in the Music-hall, in Store Street. Carriages drove up in numbers; female beauty and splendor gave the hall a fascinating air. Many of the men of the time were also there. The chair was taken by Dr. Carpenter, who drew a touching contrast between the bondage of the drunkard and that of the slave. The burden of Mr. Gough's oration was custom—the custom "more honored in the breach than the observance"—the custom which trains young men to drink till body and soul are alike destroyed. The lecture closed with a fearfully grand burst, such as Milton might have imagined, such as Martin might have drawn; and then the crowd dispersed, and the voice of the charmer was heard no more.

Pledge me not in Wine.

ORIGINAL.

Pledge me not in ruby wine,
Tell me not 'tis rich and rare,
Product of the graceful vine—
Cultur'd with the choicest care.
Rather tell me of the fountain,
Gurgling from the woody mountain,
Wat'ring hill and valley fair.

Tell me not how gayly sparkling,
Glowe the liquid poison red,—
Round the goblet cluster, darkling,
Hopes once fresh, now wither'd—dead.
Show me not the tankard glowing,
'Neath the surface deep, are flowing
Dregs of bitterness and dread.

Do not tell how, from its chalice,
Genius oft hath lit her fire:
Have not envy too—and malice
Kindled from its flames their ire?
But within the water streaming,
Clear as crystal, brightly beaming,
Dwelleth no such misery dire.

List the voice of inspiration,
"Look not on the wine when red,"
Hear the blessed invitation—
To the hearts with grief o'erspread.
Come, oh come, ye to the water,
Welcome every son and daughter,
Life receiving from the dead.

See you not, the serpent lurking,
In the wine cup's crimson sheen?
Doth the liquid madly working
All his dark designing screen?
Will you for the sake of fashion,
Bow beneath the yoke of passion,
And endure its torture keen?

Touch not—taste not—*deal not* in it,
'Tis a traffic all unblest;
Gold is bright, and wine may win it,
But 'twill canker in your breast.
Rather seek for richer treasures,
Purer—more enduring pleasure,
And a conscience all at rest.

Montreal, Oct. 1853.

EALA.

An Incident.

Says Mrs. Morris to me the other day as I was passing her door, "where is Mr. Morris do you know?" "I do not," I replied. Immediately raising her voice, and making gestures with great vehemence, she cried out, "Them rumsellers—(of which there are nearly half a score in our small village)—them devils get my husband down there, and between them all they rob him of every cent, and then send him home on all fours, like a brute, for me to take care of;" and she then added, "I have a good mind to go and burn them all up!" "Burn, good woman, burn?" said I, enquiringly "the wonder to me is, that all the drunkards' wives in the land have not combined to do this long ago, and demolish them all. But I am trying hard for ever to close up them infernal jaws. "O," said she, with uplifted hands, and agonized look, "when will the time be!"

On meeting the husband a day or two after—"Well John," said I, "Can't you resist the critter any how? You are quite a fair fellow when—" "Yes," said he, not waiting for the close of the sentence, "but when I drink, it makes me a perfect beast, I wish it was all out of the way, and out of the world!"

Who will not buckle on the harness still stronger, impelled by such scenes as this? Nor is this the first and only time,