

[ORIGINAL]  
DEATH OF MOORE.

IN COMPLIMENT OF AN "ODE" BY THE FOREST BARD

Canadian's, join the mourning throng,  
Where sorrow's tear is shed,  
Where gulls' chaunts the funeral song  
Of Erin's Poet, "dead"  
Not "dead" but gone where angels sing,  
O Moses and the Lamb,  
To touch the harp of golden string,  
And praise the great "FAM"

Mourn not his lays forgot, unstung,  
"The sweetest and the best,"  
Mourn not his harp in silence hung,  
For Moore is gone to rest,  
While ages roll, Avoca's vale  
Shall echo forth his praise  
And tuneful voices swell the gale,  
With Moore's melodious lays.

But mourn that ye no more may know,  
The fragrant flowers of song  
That once so sweetly bloomed below,  
To cheer your steps along;  
Yet midst your sorrow, bear in mind,  
As worthy your regard,  
That God, whose Providence is kind,  
Still leaves your FOREST BARD.

W. H. F.

COLBORNE, Sept 25, 1852.

For the Canadian Son of Temperance

OBSERVATIONS ON TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

BY D. CLINDINING, OF TORONTO DIVISION.

No. I.

O' Spirit of Wine! if thou hast no other name to be known by, let us call thee Devil!—*Oskalla.*

The appalling magnitude of the evils of intemperance, constitutes a theme upon which there can be no controversy. The extended desolation which it has produced in every land, is a lamentable proof of its pernicious power. It scourges society like a mortal pestilence, girdling the earth with the fruitful germs of crime, depravity, and tears. Every newspaper registers its melancholy results. It comes in contact with us in every street, a disgusting but mournful spectacle, as the the ragged and wretched celebrate reels blindly onward, smitten by intoxicating liquors, with an inveterate leprosy. We can read the details of the ruin scattered along its wake, in the voluminous catalogue of disasters and deaths of which it is the fiendish agent. We behold its degrading and demoralizing tendencies, in the fate of the inmates of our prisons and penitentiaries. We witness its inevitable effects in the anguish of its countless victims, whose crushed hopes and darkened prospects are the appropriate trophies of its victories over the peace and prosperity of mankind. We contemplate its effects in the blight and devastation which it spreads among unnumbered homes. Intemperance wages a ceaseless and exterminating war against domestic happiness. Its mighty energies are directed against the moral and religious welfare of society. Its devastating footsteps are associated with poverty and accompanied by wickedness. It extinguishes the noblest characteristics of humanity, and transforms the love of man for his offspring into indifference and neglect. It spreads a pall of gloom around the once happy bedside, and substitutes grief, misery, and gnawing want, for cheerfulness and plenty. It sits like a demon of despair on the heart of the drunkard's wife, and changes the innocent prattle of her young household into cries for food. It engulphs her early respects, enshrouds with a black eclipse her fond dreams of domestic bliss, for it effaces everything noble within the radius of its influence. It chases the smile from the lips of children, and chills the buoyant merriment of their youthful hearts. It insults humiliation and distress on every family whose hearth it has invaded. It debases the feelings, destroys the natural affections, blunts the sensibilities, wrecks the constitution. It entails upon mankind a frightful heritage of evil. It yearly reduces multitudes from the refinements of luxurious affluence, to a life of penury and shame. It is the foe

of religion, the enemy of respectability, the opponent of industry, the implacable adversary of every man's prosperity. It promotes quarrels, causes bloodshed, is the origin of violence, and the instigator of murder. Criminals arraigned in courts of justice, doomed felons on the scaffold, denounce it as the cause of their overthrow. It has hurried thousands into the perpetration of offences against the law, at the thought of the commission of which their sober reason would have revolted. It inflames the blood, excites the passions, develops bad propensities, debauches the mind, and stimulates every vicious quality into activity. It obliterates in its voracious all high-souled sentiments of self-respect, nourishing the growth of mean traits of character, and degrading an individual who would once have shrunk with manly horror from a low action, into the sneaking applicant for a glass of liquor. It deadens the emotion of shame. It bestows wounds and tattered clothes as the badges of its servitude. It rules its slaves with gralling inhumanity, inflicting hunger and thirst, bruised flesh and broken bones, and consigning its most ardent worshippers to the repose of a dunghill or the occupancy of a cell. It is a hideous deception, for it makes its advances with a friendly smile, but proves a relentless destroyer, and holds forth promises of enjoyment in order to pierce the heart with anguish. It is the parent of juvenile destitution and vagrancy, producing a progeny of young thieves and pickpockets, and filling houses of correction with precious delinquents. It shatters the nerves, causes diseases of the brain, occasions madness, and frequently closes the lives of its victims with the excruciating tortures of a horrid delirium. Its deleterious consequences infect the entire structure of society, diffusing moral poison throughout every artery, and causing each section of the social system to suffer keenly from the aggression of its remorseless fangs. Its wandishments have ensnared some member out of almost every domestic circle, and thrown a shadow over nearly every hearth. In short, it is the mainspring in the machinery of iniquity, and has no parallel among vices, no counterpart in the entire range of evils.

Against this monstrous vice I propose to make a few observations, in a series of brief articles. The subject will command the sympathies of the philanthropic. Every one whose bosom can expand with generous and elevating impulses for the distress of the innocent, and the misery of the deluded victims of intemperance, will feel prompted to turn with abhorrence from a stimulant whose grasp is destruction. The hearts of the humane will swell with indignation while contemplating the iron-banded slavery which enthralled so vast a multitude, and burn with the holy and lofty desire to check its desolating progress.

No effectual blow can be levelled at intemperance, until society becomes awakened to an enlarged sense of the evil with which it has to wrestle. Moderate drinking must be stigmatized as disreputable, inasmuch as its effects are injurious to the public, before there will be any diminution to the ravages of intoxication. The number of drunkards is annually augmented by a formidable array of recruits. Whence is this vast accession of strength derived? From the ranks of the moderate drinkers. When logical argument and impassioned pictures of unquestioned but terrible truths, finally prevail over present prejudices, and succeed in shutting off this fountain of supply, drunkenness will cease. Let the polished shafts of public opinion be directed against even the restricted use of alcoholic beverages, and the stronghold of the enemy will be demolished. The voice of the community, when uttered with emphasis and determination, has hitherto been sufficiently powerful to remove many glaring iniquities. The deep-toned thunders of that voice will eventually prove equally invincible on behalf of Total Abstinence, and pronounce against intoxicating liquors an irrevocable sentence of excommunication from respectable society. But the only means of securing this alliance with public opinion, is by agitation and discussion. Temperance flour-

ishes under investigation. It is a cause which addresses itself to the understanding, and appeals to the highest attributes of man's intellectual nature. The Total abstinence movement is yet in its infancy, and it will require time to attain the mature strength necessary to conquer the gigantic evil, which has been extending its fibres and entwining its roots around the usages of society during more than five thousand years. No sudden assault of light cavalry will dislodge an enemy so strongly posted behind the entrenchments of inveterate custom. Thus far, however, the progress of the cause has been commensurate with the short period of its existence. Its organization is assuming that earnest and effective character calculated to achieve success. The juvenile associations, flourishing in every city, town and village on the continent, and embracing hundreds of thousands of members, is an auxiliary movement of the most important and promising nature. The indissoluble connection between moderate drinking and drunkenness is beginning to be comprehended.

At every onward step that Total Abstinence accomplishes, it dries whole rivulets of tears, brightens the countenances of the miserable, and restores hundreds of wretched outcasts to the dignity of manhood.

JUGGERNAUT.—The idol Juggernaut is probably the coarsest image in India. The figure does not extend below the loins; it has no hands, but two stumps in the place of arms, on which the priests at times fasten hands of gold. The priests perhaps mortified that the object of their adoration should be so hideous, attempt to account for it in the following manner.—“Some thousands of years ago, Maharaja applied to a celebrated manufacturer of gods, to make a new idol.—This application was granted, on condition that the Maharaja should be very patient, and not interrupt the work, as it could never be completed if any attempt was made to see the process. The caution was not duly attended to. The prince endeavored to see what progress had been made, and it became necessary that he should be satisfied with the imperfect image. When two moons occur in A'shad, (part of June and July,) which is said to happen about once in about seventeen years, a new idol is made. A nimble tree is sought for in the forest, on which no crow or carrion bird was ever perched; it is known to the initiated by certain signs! This is prepared into a proper form by common carpenters, and is then intrusted to certain priests, who are protected from all intrusion—the process is a great mystery. One man is selected to take out of the old idol a small box, containing the spirit, which is conveyed inside the new, the man who does this is always removed from this world before the end of the year.”—The head clerk of Pur, himself a Hindoo, says, that this box contains a small quantity of quicksilver, said to be the spirit of the god. As the process of renewing the body of the idol is rather an expensive one, the ceremony costing from \$2,500 to \$3,000, it is quite likely may not again take place. Dr Scudder says that it is supposed that 2,000,000 persons visit Juggernaut yearly and that 10,000 of them die annually. Others think that if all that die at Pur and upon the road, and all that sink on the road home, were included, the number would be nearer 20,000. This does not include those who suffer and die by diseases brought home by the pilgrims. If we remember that this awful mortality, both of the pilgrims and the people among whom they journey, has been going on for hundreds of years, we can form a feeble estimate of the mass of misery which this horrible pilgrimage produces.

He who hunts two hares leaves one and loses the other

One is scarcely sensible to fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres.

It is better to sow the young heart with generous thoughts and deed than a field with corn, since the heart's harvest is perpetual.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting, from our own impatience.

It is an extraordinary fact that those who get to high words generally use low language.

He is a true gentleman who adds most manhood to his gentility.