

THE PUBLIC INDIFFERENCE TO TEMPERANCE—
A LETTER FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

PARIS, October 19, 1853

DEAR SIR AND BR,—Although it has been some length of time since I wrote for your valuable paper, yet my silence was not caused by any lack of zeal in the noble cause of Temperance, which you so valiantly contend for. Is it not painfully humiliating to see with what silent indifference a large portion of the people of Canada treat the subject of Temperance. Is it not truly strange that any person, in whose heart burns the least spark of philanthropy or patriotism, can look with indifference upon the wide spread and growing evils of intemperance. I purpose in this letter to make a few laconic and general remarks upon the evils of intemperance:—

1st, *It destroys health.*—Alcohol when taken into our system never changes its nature. Nature has no power over it. It has no nutritious qualities, and therefore does not supply the waste which is constantly going on in the human body. Man in a state of health needs not alcohol any more than he needs arsenic or any other poison. Alcohol touches the human frame and it loses its vigor and its beauty. The star-like eye becomes dim, the rose of health which once bloomed upon the cheek is turned to the dark signal of premature grave.

2nd, *Alcohol pollutes the Soul.*—The mind of man as it comes from the hand of its Creator is adorned with a bright galaxy of virtues, but intemperance with its dark and blood stained hands destroys them. It rears up all the kind and lovely feelings of the heart, and transforms the once kind friend into a cruel, hard-hearted, and revengeful enemy.

3rd, *Intemperance destroys the physical energies of a nation.*—Luxury and intemperance produce effeminacy, and transmit to other generations imbecility and disease. For proof let us go back to the days of the Cæsars, and bring up the old Romans, whose iron sinews carried the conquering eagles over the world; compare them with the effeminate Italians of the present day, and the effect of intemperance is apparent. The victory over Antiochus, and the conquest of Asia, hoisted the flood-gates of intemperance, and poured upon Rome a mighty flood of corruption. Asia conquered by the armies of Rome, conquered Rome by its vices. Rome's iron foot trod down the nations, its force like a mighty earthquake shook the nations, yet it fell a victim to intemperance. Egypt, once so noble, the pride of nations and the glory of the world, has gone down to the dust by the weight of intemperance. The sun of her glory has set, and the dark cloud of intemperance broods over the land.

4th, *It causes insanity and poverty, and makes idiots and opens the gates of crime and suffering.*—Listen to the following facts: of the 600 now in the alms-house in New York City, not 50 were sober. In Salem, Massachusetts, 3,000 paupers were committed to the alms-house in one year, and 2,000 of these were brought there by intemperance. In Cincinnati seven-tenths of 1500 paupers in the alms-house were brought there by intemperance. Oh! how much of death and misery is here! Was there ever so dark a fiend let loose from Hell to gorge himself with human gore? But listen still. In one district of the peace loving city of Philadelphia in 1849, containing a population of 14,000, there were ten licensed taverns and 242 small groceries. And in 1844 and 45 there were 10,000 barrels of liquor sold in that ward in small quantities. The result was, that 400 sober men were made drunkards, and 260 families left destitute. In the city at large 100 coroners inquests were held, and 4000 persons sent to prison victims of intemperance.

Do not these facts speak in thunder tones to all, it is time for the people of this province to awake.

F. B. ROLPH.

DRUNKENNESS ON SHOW GROUNDS.

We noticed last year that our Toronto Agricultural Exhibition was disgraced by numerous booths, some within and others outside of the grounds, in which spiritous liquors were freely sold. Such a permission is a lasting disgrace to the managers of such shows. If men will drink, why can they not do so before they go to the grounds? Why pollute a place where children, ladies, and all classes go, with whiskey vending booths? The persons, like the Hon. Mr. Ferguson, "who would not deprive the thirsty man of a glass of grog!" would probably admit that liquor drinking to excess is an evil. Holidays, like these show days, are seen to beget excess. Temptation should be kept out of the way. We deeply regret such as the following remarks from old men like Adam Ferguson and Col. Thompson. There is not the smallest occasion for these nuisances on show grounds. Mr. Roblin's motion might not have carried, but it should have been put. The thing should be agitated until it is carried. It also shows how far temperance principles are from having accomplished the conversion of influential men to the truth of their utility. —[Ed. Sox.

SALE OF LIQUOR ON THE SHOW GROUNDS.

Mr J. P. ROBLIN begged leave to throw out a suggestion, that in future no liquor should be allowed to be sold on the grounds. If he did not get a pledge to that effect, he would move a resolution, and get a vote on it. He had seen four people lying on the ground in a state of beastly intoxication—an exhibition that ill harmonized with the occasion.

The Hon. ADAM FERGUSON said he was glad to hear that among the 20,000 people assembled, Mr. Roblin was only able to discover four persons intoxicated. He was a decided friend to temperance, but he would not go the length of preventing a thirsty man from getting a glass of grog, if he wanted it.

Mr. ROBLIN said he had seen more than a hundred people worse of liquor; but when he spoke of the four men, he referred to one particular case. He begged to move a resolution to the effect he had stated.

Mr. BULL seconded the resolution. He believed that on such occasions as this a great deal of evil was caused by giving facilities for procuring intoxicating liquors. The number of drunken people he had seen during the last day or two, was a disgrace to the neigh. hood. He had been present at the Boston Jubilee where 300,000 persons were assembled, in addition to the ordin-

ary population of the city, and he had not seen there one-tenth of the number of drunken men he saw yesterday.

The Baron DELORTUILL said that the Boston people, if that was true, must have very hard heads, as, for one man alone, he had seen a bill for 6,000 bottles of champagne drunk on the occasion referred to. (Laughter.)

Col. THOMPSON would be sorry that a charge of drunkenness should be allowed to go forth uncontradicted against the yeomanry of that part of the country. It should be remembered that a great many of a class addicted to the use of ardent spirits were employed on the canal, and he was sure that it was among these that the instances of drunkenness referred to had been observed. He thought it was impossible for the Association to exercise a control over this. The matter should be left to Temperance Societies, or, if they chose, let the question be determined at the next election. If the country should be in favor of a prohibitory Liquor Law, then let it be enacted. If the majority of the people of Canada were of opinion that not a drop of liquor should be sold in the whole country, let a law be passed to that effect; but it only wasted time, and called forth unpleasant feelings to discuss the matter here.

Mr. ROBLIN, after what had been said, consented to withdraw his resolution.—North American.

Youths' Department.

Train up a Child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Proverbs, c. 22, v. 6.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE BOYS.

How lovely then bloomed all things round—
The streamlet babbling by,
Was music to the ravished ear,
Undented by a sigh.
Alas, for change!—how vanished now
Are those sweet earthly joys,
That floated past on pleasure's wing,
When you and I were boys

Where are the loved of other years,
Ah! here, where are they all?
The voices sweet that charmed our ears,
Are silent in the hall:
Our mother and our brother where,
Where Willie's gilded toys?
Sleeping all from worldly care,
Since you and I were boys.

Alas! how true—the times are changed,
The world indeed is cold—
The flowers are dead where once we ranged,
We, too, are growing old
But not so old, while mem'ry brings
Its sadness and its joys,
To cheer the heart that fondly clings
To times when we were boys.

YOUNG MEN, READ THIS!

A day or two since we learned from a gentleman of New York city, a few facts relative to Mr. BULLARD, who is now exhibiting here his Panorama of New York city, which at the time they were related very much interested us, and we have no doubt they will interest all who have struggled and are now struggling with poverty. Mr. Bullard is a native of the town of Howard, Steuben county, N. Y. His father was a farmer, and young Bullard remained at home and worked on the farm until he was 14 years of age, at which time his father declared he was "too lazy" to make a farmer. When he ought, (as the father thought) to be at work on the farm, he was cutting out of shingles the portrait of every boy and girl in the neighborhood. The father not being able to control the bent of the boy's mind, put him with Augustus A. Olmstead, Esq., of his native town, to learn the trade of sign painting. He remained with Mr. Olmstead seven years, till he became twenty-one years of age. After completing his trade with Mr. Olmstead, he painted some twenty portraits of different individuals living in Howard. For painting these portraits he received some \$25. With this amount of money he started for New York city.

He had expected to find the National Academy of Design open on Exhibition and to see the paintings, and become acquainted with the artists, and to find if possible some one to instruct him in his favorite art. He arrived there, and found the exhibition closed, which very much disappointed him. He roved around the great city a day or two, and was unable to find any artist to instruct or encourage him, and his purse becoming very low, he went to Hartford, Conn., in the vicinity of which place he had friends. He remained in Hartford one year, receiving instructions in his art from an artist by the name of Hewins. After leaving Mr. Hewins, he went into the country from Hartford, and painted portraits, and realized money enough to pay the debts he had contracted in Hartford for board, &c. During the year he was in Hartford, such was his extreme poverty, that he attended church but six times, because he had not clothes to wear that were suitable. After meeting with various reverses of fortune, he returned to Howard in 1841, and was married to Miss Angelina A. Olmstead, a daughter of the gentleman of whom he had learned the trade of a sign painter. From 1841 to 1843, he was in various parts of the Union, engaged in painting portraits. From 1843 to 1846, he was a resident of New York city, and at work at his art, receiving instructions, and continually improving, till now he is "at least" a prominent artist.

In 1846 he conceived the idea of painting his great work, the Panorama of New York city, and found a noo e-hearted Englishman, George Doel, who furnished the means to go on with the painting. Mr. Bullard, and from three to seven men, were engaged in this great work four years. Mr. Doel promptly paid the bills as they became due—in all \$15,000. The painting was completed on the 1st day of November, 1850.

What a lesson here is for every young man—is there a young man in our city who has felt the tears of poverty rolling down his cheeks, who, when he has become faugued with the labors of the day, has set down in his room by the side of his desk, and rested his head upon his hand, and there under the lid of his desk were his board bills, and others too numerous to mention,

unpaid, and he has at those times felt almost discouraged, and said to himself, it is no use to try? If, we say, there is such one, he will be encouraged by reading this, and glory in the success of Mr. Bullard. Is there not a good deal of difference in Mr. Bullard's feelings now, when he is receiving his two hundred dollars a day from persons who go to look at his Panorama, and when he was at Hartford, and could not attend church because he had not clothes that were decent? So it is in this world, "God helps those who help themselves."

We say to Mr. Bullard as the converted Heathen said to one of our missionaries, go on, go on, go on.

Since writing the above it occurs to us that we some time since read the life of Mr. Bullard, in the American Biographical Sketch Book, of self-made men.—Rochester Daily Herald.

THE INTOLERANT CHARACTER OF POPERY.

The English and Canadian papers have for some time been filled with an account of the treatment of the bodies of dead Protestants in Spain. These astounding truths in reference to the black intolerance of Roman priestcraft, bad as was the opinion of the British public of its tyranny, have taken thinking men by surprise. It is well known that Spain was saved from complete subjugation by Napoleon, through the exertions of British troops, under Wellington, and that she has always been more or less indebted to England for favors. Moreover, that she is now indebted to England in sums that she can never pay. Yet such has been the black bigotry of her priesthood, acting under orders from Rome, that not only the common rights of sepulture, but even the ground wherein to bury the protestant dead of England, until this year, have been refused to the people of Britain. Lately the bare right of one burial place has been conceded, and this under stipulations of the most ignominious kind; under pledges that no ceremony shall be observed in burying, and no church erected on the ground conceded!! Heretofore no protestant could be buried in Spain, unless below high-water mark in the ocean, or under the common dunghheap, and many have been thus buried!! And had they the power, every Catholic country on earth, or country in which they could get the upper hand, would be in the same situation as respects protestantism. Burnings of heretics, persecutions of Galileo and bloody Inquisitions, would darken the sun of freedom again. This is the vile and hypocritical priesthood who cry out for toleration in Britain for separate schools and for enlarged privileges in Ireland and the United States!! and who in Protestant countries are allowed the same privileges with the dominant church. Punk thus takes off this intolerance of Spain:—

THE BURIAL OF A BRITISH PROTESTANT IN SPAIN.

Not a knell gave out any funeral note,
As his corpse, to the shingles, we hurried;
And below water-mark, we had bare leave got
That our countryman's bones should be buried.

We buried him dog like, on that mean site,
The tide on the point of heaving;
As the wretched Spaniards' bigot spite
With contempt intensely burning.

No useless coffin enclosing his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud that bound him!
For he lay where he scarce would remain long at rest,
With the ocean washing round him.

None at all were the prayers we read,
And we felt more of rage than sorrow,
As we thought on the brutes who insult us when dead,
And doubt pay us alive what they borrow.

We thought as we followed his shelly bed,
And smoothed down his pebbly pillow,
That the crabs and the lobsters would crawl o'er his head,
And we wish our feet on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of our spirit as gone!
Our guns might to atoms have brayed them,
Yet we've let the rascals in this way go on
Treating those very Britons who made them.

But half of our shameful job was done,
When the waves roared the hour of retiring,
And we knew the distance we should have to run,
To divert a rabble admiring.

Sharply and quickly we laid him down,
'Mid the jeers of the monks, young and hoary,
And we said unless Spain is compelled to atone,
All a humbug is Old England's glory!

Their doctrine is no toleration of any kind to protestants! They view all other religions but their own as off-shoots from hell. Take another example of their bigotry in the following. Any religion allowing of such a thing is a hundredfold worse than the old heathen idolatry:—

THE BODY OF PAGANINI.

It may be recollected that the celebrated violinist, Paganini, died at Nice about 14 years ago, and that the bishop refused to allow him to be interred in the consecrated ground, on account of his having died without receiving the sacraments. His executors had the body removed to a private place, and commenced legal proceedings. The Court of Nice having decided against them, they appealed to the Archbishop of Genoa, which reversed the judgment of the lower court, and ordered the remains of Paganini to be interred in the cemetery. The Episcopal Court of Nice appealed against this decision to the Court of Turin, which has since confirmed it. Now, as three appeals are allowed in ecclesiastical matters, the Court of Nice has applied for the last resort to a tribunal of judges to be appointed by the Holy See; and there the matter rests for the present.