



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

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THERE IS A STREAM OF DEATH.

There is a stream whose waters glide
Hurl'd by the great high way of life;
Temptations gleam from out the tide—
Temptations throng on every side,
And every passing breeze is rife
With a wide pervading subtle spell,
Whose resistless power no tongue can tell.

The songs of mirth and revelry
Are heard in the bowers of pleasure there,
Ah! few would dream that ought could be
But joy, where all appears so fair.
Yet deep beneath that gilded wave,
In many a dark and noisome cave,
The spirits that bring destruction, swarm
And monsters grim of every form.
Bright is the flow of its bounding wave,
Yet dark below lies the victim's grave,
And the realms of blackness and despair;
And few who drink
At that treacherous brink
Escape from the fiends who revel there.

Once, wandering by that fatal shore,
I saw a youth approach the brink;
He came, as myriads had before,
Drawn by the dark, resistless power,
The deadly damning wave to drink.

Ho! wanderer from life's great highway,
Say, whither wouldst thou go?
Seest thou not thou art wide astray?
Heedst thou not the rushing wave below?
He only smiled then drank again!
Again and yet again!
Till madness seized upon his brain!
O, who could tell his phrenzy wild,
As one enchained to earth he stood:—
Shuddered and, wept and grimly smiled,
Yet quaffed again the boiling flood.
And none could stay his eager hand,
"More! more!" he cried at every breath;
The tempter did at his elbow stand
Urging him on to death!
And soon he died—Ah! soon he died.
Thus thousands are dying, thousands have died,
The tempter and the tempted lie side by side.

Approach thou not that fatal stream,
O, traveller on life's great highway!
Wilt thou madly taste and fondly deem
Thyself more strong—more wise than they?
In the day thou thinkest thyself secure,
Thou too mayest fall to rise no more!
—Utica Teetotaler. WARWICK.

A STATE LET LOOSE.

We sometimes ask ourselves this question,—
"Suppose that all temperance societies and total
abstainers in, and out of, the order of Sons, and
other associations, and Christian churches, were,
simultaneously, to relax all their efforts to reclaim
men from drunkenness, and join themselves in the
general drinking *melée*;—in other words, by their
open example encourage the drinking usages of
society;—in addition to this, let the license laws
be so relaxed that, for a mere trifle, every man in
the community could get a license to sell intoxi-
cating drinks to his followers;—what would be the
result of such a state of things on society? The
answer would be: All countries would become
what California has been,—the abodes of gam-
bling, prostitution, profanity, murder, and robbery.

THE PRESENT, PAST, AND FUTURE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Providence has cast our lot in the most remark-
able spot on earth. Compared with any other
locality in the known world, San Francisco is *sur-*
generis, in her physical and moral developments.
The rapidity with which a mighty metropolis has
sprung into existence, is the wonder and admiration
of the nations, and is without a precedent in ancient
or modern times. The energy and enterprize of
her people, by which this mighty achievement has
been effected, are without a parallel elsewhere.
The recklessness, intemperance, depravity and folly
of a portion of our citizens, and the sterling integ-
rity, uncompromising virtue, high moral worth and
practical excellence of another portion, are equally
remarkable, and stand out in bold relief, as charac-
teristic features of our community. But, as in-
temperance and vagabondism are more noisy and
obtrusive than the opposite qualities, they have
given us a character abroad, which, though true
of the baser sort, is by no means just in relation
to a large portion of our population.

We seem to have no middle class, like other
communities. The viciously inclined rush at once
into the depths of dissipation and immorality, and
glory in their shame; while those who are able to
withstand the fashions and temptations which
surround them, have clothed themselves in the
panoply of high resolve, and are safe under the
banner of "Touch not, taste not, handle not."

There is no middle ground: every man, here, is
either an honest man or a knave, a virtuous man
or a villain, a sober man or a drunkard, a christian
man or a practical atheist, a pure man or dripping
with pollution. In *this*, our city is remarkable.
There are, to be sure, degrees in the developments
and manifestations of the real character of the
individuals comprising these two classes; but the
distinctions are so obvious, as seen in every day
life, that a careful observer will find no difficulty
in classifying them correctly.

The overt exhibition of the *virtues* and *vices* in
character, depends much upon the natural temper-
ament and early education. Some are more ardent
and daring than others, and w^hatever they attempt,
whether for good or evil, is carried to the highest
point of virtue or the lowest depths of vice; and
the choice is generally decided by the character
formed, and the bias given, in childhood.

But we must hasten to a consideration of the
Past, that we may the better understand the
Present, and calculate for the Future of this re-
markable city.

When we left New York, in '49, the last ac-
counts from this coast were dated in April or May
of that year, by which we were informed that San
Francisco was a hamlet of some fifty houses, all
told, big and little, including tents, that one half
of them were vacant, their owners having gone to
the mines; and that the balance, with a very few
exceptions, were rum-selling and gambling estab-
lishments, kept for the accommodation of, and
sustained by the immigrants who were arriving by
sea, and flocking to the interior; but who generally
remained here long enough to be pretty thoroughly
robbed of whatever loose funds they might have
about them.

We came by ship and arrived at this port in

business men were here, and almost all of them
were engaged in gambling or rum-selling, and in
drinking freely. Some, who would scorn to sell it
were using it daily, under the advice of physicians
or quacks, as a preventive to the diseases of the
country. Many of these physicians followed their
own prescriptions, and have gone, with their
victims, to their final account with the sins of
murder and suicide upon their heads. Some yet
linger, while others have reformed.

Here we found old acquaintances, who were
PILOTS, TEMPERANCE men, and TEMPERANCE advo-
cates at home, MAKING DRUNKARDS BY THE SCORE,
under the RIDICULOUS PRETEXT that no one could
succeed in business of any kind unless rum-selling
were connected with it. (This is a common Cana-
dian excuse.) Those men, and all such men,
without a solitary exception, HAVE FAILED; and
almost every one of them has passed through the
hands of the CITY SEXTON to an ignominious grave.
Here we found men, said to be worth their hun-
dreds of thousands, and who were then doing an
extensive and lucrative business, but who have
since gone to the DRUNKEN PAUPER'S GRAVE. Here
we found hosts of men, and mostly YOUNG MEN,
many of them bred to the learned professions,
spending their leisure hours in the GAMBLING DENS
and CROGGERIES; but where are they now? They
are not to be found in the land of the living. The
CALIFORNIA TIPLERS of four years ago, except
the few who have been reformed, have gone to
meet the drunkard's awful doom. Many of them
have suffered a violent death at the hands of the
duelist or the assassin. Some have COMMITTED
SUICIDE; some have been drowned; many have
fallen by *delirium tremens*, the cholera and other
diseases; and a few are shut up in our prisons and
insane hospital.

TWO GENERATIONS of moderate drinkers have
ripened into drunkenness within the last four years,
and most of them have met the drunkard's cata-
strophe—and the few who remain of those
generations, are on their last year's probation.
While there is life, there is hope: therefore we will
try to save them.

Since our arrival here, we have followed to the
DRUNKARD'S GRAVE, the diseased and bloated
carelessness of some of the MOST BRILLIANT and
TALENTED YOUNG MEN WE EVER KNEW; LAWYERS,
DOCTORS, ARTISTS, ARTIZANS, &c., &c., men who
might have filled the highest stations with credit
to themselves and honor to the State, but for the
damning liquor traffic.

Look back to the far off homes which these
young men left, in search of wealth, which they
dreamed of acquiring here and returning to enjoy
it with their loved ones beyond the mountains.

There you will see affliction more cruel than
death, bereavement which knows no hope, destitu-
tion and shame, instead of promised and expected
affluence, honour and happiness; the sorrowful
countenance, the deep drawn sigh, the broken
heart, the mother, the sister, and the young wife,
clad in sackcloth and refusing to be comforted.
All, all is hopeless. No cheering anticipation of
a future joyous meeting with lost ones, dearer than
life. The drunken, dissolute son, brother and
husband, has gone to his final account, and the

rest a thousand fold beyond the power of language
to describe, and you will not approach the reality,
the woes resulting from California drunkenness are
beyond conception, and the long ages of eternity
can alone unfold them—and all these woes are the
offspring of the *legalized liquor traffic*. But the
end is not yet.

Thousands of our citizens, men of the finest
talents, men fitted by nature and education for
high and noble enterprise, men who might adorn
the highest stations in the State and nation, some
of whom notwithstanding their debaucheries, are
now occupying high official positions, are floating
upon the stream of intemperance, which like a
mighty river of liquid fire, is bearing them
down, down, down, to the yawning gulf below.
And all this to sustain the murdering, damning
rum traffic.

And yet our COMMON COUNCIL, (NOW LIKE TORON-
TO) fold their arms and look coolly on. And
instead of suppressing and annihilating this monster
curse, are LEGALISING ITS PERPETUITY; and our
State government are leagued with the rum-sellers,
in their conspiracy against suffering humanity!

Itethinks if all the sighs and groans which have
been caused by the legalized sale of intoxicating
drinks, could be accumulated in one sad moan; and
if all the wailings of lost drunkards, could reach
their ears from the drunkard's perdition; and if all
the haggard ghosts of the legally murdered victims
of the rum traffic, who are buried out of sight
within our city limits, could appear in our council
chambers and legislative halls—that these mani-
festations might induce the necessary legislative action
for expunging from our code, all traces of the
infamous rum license system, and secure more
stringent prohibitory enactments than have yet
been dreamed of in other States.

But until our LAW-MAKERS SHALL BE SOBER MEN,
we have little hope; they will still gloat over the
havoc of human hopes, and human life, and human
hearts, which they themselves have caused, and
Nero-like, rejoice in the destruction of their own
hands.

But what of the future of our City and State?
What are the signs of the times? and what are the
means in operation for our redemption?

We have no means of calculating for the
Future but from the Past and Present.

Since our commencement as an order in this
State, we have continually made progress. Our
numbers have steadily increased, public sentiment
has been moulded, the tone of the public has been
wonderfully changed, men of power and public
influence are flocking to our standard, and it is now
regarded an honor to any man to be numbered
amongst us. (So it should be in Canada.)

There has never been a time when we were
making such rapid strides, and achieving such
conquests, as at present. The very mountains seem
to be on fire. The fountains of the great deep are
being broken up; enthusiasm and hope and expecta-
tions are on tip toe. New friends are coming to
the rescue, new associations are being multiplied.
The WASHINGTONIANS, the FOXES, the DAUGHTERS,
the TEETALERS, the CADERS, have buckled on their