

net, instead of inquiring into its object or motive. Our statute book, the common law, and the divorce law, abound in precedents, and principles too, which refute so obvious a fallacy. We are surrounded by precedents and principles which allow acts under one set of circumstances, that they prohibit and punish under another set of circumstances. The manufacturer of gunpowder may make it in the country, but he cannot make it in the city; and the dealer in this article may store it in the former place but not in the latter. I believe all the States have licensed lotteries and the sale of lottery tickets; while, at the same time, they forbid the sale of tickets of unlicensed lotteries; and now, a few States, having awakened to a more adequate sense of their mischiefs, prohibit all lotteries and all sales of lottery tickets whatever. New York has incorporated such provision into her State constitution. For medical and scientific purposes, the physiologist describes the human form in words, and delineates it in pictures; and his books are found, without offence, on the shelves of the professional man and in public libraries; but if the self-same plates are put into obscene books, accompanied by such descriptions as may excite impure imaginations or corrupt the mind of youth, they may be lawfully seized and destroyed. The colubination of unmarried persons is one of the gravest moral offences; but the moment the marriage ceremony is performed, this impure relation is converted into one of the holiest on earth. Here is the same external state of life in both cases; yet the one is hallowed and the other punished because of their different object and motive. God discriminates in the same way. The fourth commandment in the decalogue says, 'Six days shalt thou labor!' but on the seventh, 'thou shalt not do any work.' Why cannot the objector meet this: with the exact logical formula of the liquor dealer's sophistry, say,—*Work is right, or it is not right: if right, why prohibit it at all, if not right, why command it at all!*

"Our justifying analogy is plain and complete. Intoxicating liquors, for certain purposes, medicinal and medicinal, are good, and may be used; but for the human organism, and to be taken as beverages, they concentrate all evil, and therefore should be abolished.

"I have heard it further alleged that the law is unequal, as between the rich and the poor: because the former can appeal and give bonds, the other cannot. But why is such an argument urged against the law, when, if it has aught of validity, it would overthrow every law of the land, of which bail is an incident. In all cases whatever, whether criminal or civil, where bail can be demanded, the rich man can give it, while the poor man may be unable to do so. If this be a hardship and an inequality, then it belongs not to this law, but grows out of the state of society, and is involved in the administration of all laws. The poor man cannot command the services of eminent counsel, as the rich one can, but is that a good reason why he should not be tried for the offences he may commit? This opportunity of poverty, the Maine law will lift, as a heavy burden, from the shoulders of the poor and it is, therefore emphatically, the poor man's friend. And hence I invoke the poor by every motive of self-interest as well as of duty, to unite the introducing a great public blessing, of which more than a common share will be their own."

AROUSE! AROUSE! THE CAUSE IS IN DANGER!!

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

SIR AND BROTHER,

While turning the pages of vol. II. No 26 of your truly valuable paper my eye caught the words "A peep behind the curtains—shalt we have the law." I quickly read the annexed letter from your Quebec correspondent; but, sir, you can but faintly

imagine my feelings when I saw by the concluding paragraph of that letter that there was little or no prospect of the "MAINE LIQUOR LAW BILL," passing the house of Parliament at this session.

Sir, is it true, that the wants and wishes of the people of Canada must thus be disregarded and their hopes which were but a short time ago so brilliant fade like the evanescent splendours of the rainbow? Must their voice, which has been heard from the rough romantic Gaspé to where Erie spreads its bosom to the sun, be hushed within the walls of the house of Parliament. Shall the foul and blood stained monster Intemperance be allowed to immolate upon his altar more of the inhabitants of our flourishing country? May Heaven forbid it!

I feel quite confident, sir, that there never was a bill which came before the house of Parliament, which was more called for than the "Maine Liquor Law Bill." The very drunkard, in his sober moments, says from his heart "give us the Maine Law." Gladly would he break the bond spell which binds him; but he knows not how—he feels his bondage and longs to be free.

The youth of our country plead for the Maine law. As things now are, they are assailed by temptation on every hand. They meet the poisonous cup in the social circle, and around it, are thrown the false colours of hilarity and mirth. The poisonous dart of the monster Intemperance is wreathed with flowers which briefly serve to make it more fatal. Here let me remark, that too often the "cup which utereth like a serpent" is borne to the lips of the youth by parental hands. We read with thrilling emotions of the heathen mother, who in spiritual blindness, stands by the river Ganges and casts her offspring into the yielding wave. Onward rolls the dark current, and no sound is heard but the cries of suffering innocence. But what better are those who cast their offspring upon the river of Intemperance which has borne away into forgetfulness so many of the sons of earth. Can any parent, with human feelings, look at the rosy cheeks, the bright and star-like eyes of his child, and watch the lofty and time overleaping intellect in its unfolding, and then give it that which will sink it to the disreputable grave of a drunkard? Parents answer. The "Maine Law" is the great desideratum, and I am quite confident that the Temperance men of Canada will not hold their peace till it is obtained. Although we may have to struggle hard, yet, ours is a glorious warfare. We fight not for the bloody wreath of laurels which deck the brow of the warrior, but we fight to free our country from the despotic power of Intemperance. The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty, to the pulling down of the strong holds (*Distillery and Taverns*) of iniquity. Then, onward Brethren, to the fight! Let the tricoloured flag of our Order be unfurled upon the pure breeze of Canada, and on its silken folds may we ever behold the noble trio of "Love, Purity and Fidelity"

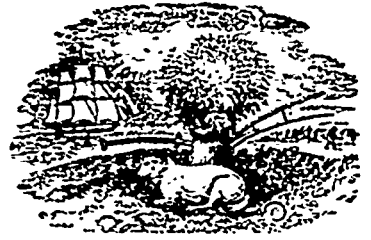
The tears of a drunkard's wife as she mourns in hopeless solitude, shut out from the comforts of life, plead for the Maine law. Shall they plead in vain. When we view the wrongs of Intemperance in every department of society, and hear the call of the people for the Maine Law, and see with what studied indifference our Legislators treat the subject, we feel to exclaim, "O! ye angels of the third heavens bear on your pure and stainless wings to heaven's metropolis the tears and prayers of suffering innocents—regress with pens of living light our groans and vows, brood o'er the darkness of our fallen world, till man shall learn to feel for his fellow men."

There is no time for slumbering, let all who love the cause of Temperance awake, and stand to their posts till the foe shall be vanquished, and earth's millions shall join in the shout of victory, and exclaim, the accuser of our brethren is cast down

Yours in L. P. & F.,

F. B. ROLF.

Oroon, Nov. 7th, 1852.



Agriculture.

[ORIGINAL.]

SONG OF THE FARM.

Ye chilly winds of Autumn howl around
The farmer's home, his home of thrift;
We soon shall hear the merry sleighbells ringing sound,
And mingle with the snow's wild drift.

Hark the axeman's stroke in the forest far,
Reechoes on the drowsy air;
Crash goes the tree with thundering jar,
The winter's fire to warm prepare.

Heap high the wood on the family hearth,
And the chilly winds may howl outside;
The snow clad fields may rest till spring gives birth,
Again to nature's budding side.

Have back ere bright, crack goes the rattling whip,
And merrily whistles the farmer's son;
While the milk maid homeward with lightsome trip,
Lies with her milk pails, dressed in blue home spun.

The favorite cows, old cherry and spotty, are there,
And Sally goes home with a blooming check;
The rich drowsy pig and supper prepare,
While trusty old Toby lies sleeping so sleek.

The fat loving herds to the farm yard come,
And seek for food in more the pastures dry;
And the bleating sheep have ceased to roam,
To graze the hills, or the dying grasses try.

The forests are still, no sound do they know,
Save the wood-pecker tapping the tree;
The red squirrel chattering on the beech bough,
Or the browned forest leaves, as they flee.

C. M. D.

REMARKS ON THE SEASON.—The weather since the 13th instant has been very reasonable—part of the time dry and sunny. We had some beautiful Indian Summer days from the 15th to the 20th, with fine clear moon light nights. The roads were considerably dried up. Winds generally westerly. A few heavy gales have occurred on Lake Erie and Ontario—no sail found shelter at one time in Whitchy harbor. In the neighborhood of Toronto there has been some snow; to the north snow has fallen at Parrie. Ice however has skinned the water, and the weather has been at times reasonably cool. The farmers are bringing into this market large quantities of pork, which sells very readily at an average of \$5 per 100 lbs. Some very large hogs bring \$6 per 100 lbs. Wheat is also coming in freely; Hay and Oats are in high demand, the former readily bringing \$14 per ton. The prospect of the provision market is good, owing to the number of men that must be employed on the railroads, and the money market being plentiful. Poultry is bringing high prices, also butter. It has been said we have six months winter in Canada, but it is a lie, for up to this time we have not seen in this country what one would call a winter day, and farmers could work all the fall in the fields. Our winter is now just setting in, and it will last until the end of March with intermissions of occasional fine open warm weather. Success to the farmers—may they have happy homes—good prices, and smiling wives and families.

Since writing the above we had a damp snow storm from the east, the snow melting as soon as it fell. Some of the Boats are still running on the lake.