

### The Spirit of old Connecticut.

The following from the Hartford *Fountain*, which we understand to be from the pen of Barnum has the right spirit in it. We feel sure that the next election will set the matter right in that State if the friends of the cause continue organised, laboring earnestly.

"Of course you quit this temperance business now and give it up. The election has gone against you, and now of course you will give over this Maine Law mania."

To such remarks are the friends of temperance obliged to listen at this time and to these remarks we reply—

"Yes, 'of course' we never are to speak in favor of temperance or the Maine law again;—*provided* you prove to us that the late election has dried the tears from the eyes of the inebriate's wife; has removed the anguish from the inebriate's daughter; has brought the sweet smile of innocence and hope to the inebriate's son, and has restored the inebriate himself to peace, health, industry and happiness.

"Of course we are satisfied, if the recent election has answered the prayers of the distressed father, mother, wife and child, which have gone up for the restoration of the deluded victim of the cup—if prostrated hopes have been revived—if crushed affections have been recalled to life—if crime, misery, vagrancy, disease and death, caused by the use of alcoholic beverages; have been displaced by virtue, tranquility and joy.

"Of course we 'give it up' if the late election has brought peace, prosperity and plenty to the drunkard's fire-side, and driven the tempter forever from the land, for that is what we have striven for, and when that is accomplished we are satisfied."

But if the late election has not completed this good work—if our taxes must still be paid to support the liquor traffic, in defraying the expenses of paupers and criminals made such by the traffic—if prisons and poor-houses are still to be crowded by the victims of alcohol, and men still be permitted to disgrace humanity by living on money wrung from shattered constitutions, pale and emaciated bodies, palsied intellects, and the scalding tears, "wrung by anguish from breaking hearts;" then, if we have one drop of the milk of human kindness left, or one emotion of conscience in our souls, we declare most emphatically that we do *not* give it up, but on the contrary we shall go on hoping, striving, pleading, imploring and working, with renewed energy and determination, and shall never desist until we have secured the enactment of a law which shall destroy a traffic more appalling in its enormities than any other course which ever visited this earth, but which every man, the inebriate and the trafficker themselves included, confess was never beneficial to any community, but is always productive of incalculable injury.

"Give it up!" When not a single defender of the iniquitous traffic can be found in any civilized community!

"Give it up!" When the liquor dealer himself acknowledges that it is a mean and demoralizing business, and that the only reason on earth why he does not abandon it forever; which may benefit instead of injuring the community, is because he can make more money by it!

"Give it up!" When thousands on thousands of the loftiest intellects and the most generous hearts in our community, are annually destroyed by this evil.

"Give it up!" When multitudes of poor broken hearted wives, and worse than fatherless children, are imploring the friends of temperance to persevere unto the end, and secure a triumph which shall restore to them their deluded and wretched husband and father, and bring joy and felicity to their now desolate hearthstone.

"Give it up!" When the drunkard himself is calling on us in his misery, and beseeching us from the depths of his inmost soul, to give him that shield which shall destroy the tempter, whose siren voice will otherwise ever seduce him to destruction!

No! no! no! a thousand times NO! We do not "give it up!" We dare not "give it up!" Deeply as we may cherish our old political associates and associations, and fervently as we may hope in due time to enjoy them again as heretofore, seriously as we may love our personal peace and tranquility, yet there are considerations of infinitely more importance than all of these combined, considerations which those who have hearts to feel cannot abandon, and therefore do we say, and we reverently call God to witness our promise, and to prosper us as we shall keep it, we will never "give up" that principle which even our enemies confess is right, and the establishment of which we know will spread bless-

ings broadcast throughout our land. We see nothing to dishearten, but on the contrary we see everything to encourage us. Political demagoguism, sordid avarice, and morbid appetite combined, may for the moment conquer, but every such opponent adds strength to our cause, day opens the eyes of many who have hitherto stood aloof, and every hour helps to dissipate the falsehoods circulated by the enemies of temperance.

Stand firm then, friends of temperance. Rejoice! the day of our deliverance is at hand. You know that our cause is just, and God will speed the right.

### Rum Eloquence.

The following speech, which we find in a Western paper, goes to the very bottom of such "hethenish abominashuns" as the Maine Law. It sounds marvellously like some effusions of the Portland rum "Expositor"—excepting, of course, the orthography, which looks a little *Bonseyish*, and is of a questionable character:—

*Feller Citizens*.—This is a great meeting. It is a spontaneous bustin out of feelin'.—It is a pertinashus bublin' and bilin' over of public endurance. What is this Maine Law, that is torn thro' the land like a rale rode or a megnetic penegriff broke loose? This, feller citizens, is what we've met this ere night to consider. What is it then, I ax yer agin? Why its about the onholiest thing ever skeered up in a free and onmitigated country. Its agin the constertoshun, its agin the nat'ral and inexplicable rits and parquishes of civilized man, and is calkerlated to onhang the instertoshuns of the hull world and the rest of mankind in general. This Maine Law is a heathenish abominashun of detershushun. Whar did it cum from?—Why, feller citizens, from all the larin' I have upon the subject, it was dug up about a year ago, in a little town called Mane, on the very outspirts and tip ened of this great illumious republican empire, and is now spreddin' over the land with the speed of a bullging on a down-hill track, with the cars onhitched, and accordin' to all acc-unts, its just the pisonest thing ever set agoin'. Feller citizens! paws and reflect on your ignominous siterashun, your penitenshous posishuns. Will you submit to have nothin' but cold water put down your free and independent throats, till they aint no better than town pumps, and your abominable rejons are big reservoirs? I know you won't. I see the old fire of liburtee sparklin' out from your noses. I see your bosoms swellin' with eternal indignashun commoshen, like the mountaneous billows of the specific oshun. Feller citizens, strike for your rites;

Strike till this orful foe conspires,  
Strike, for your liberty and sires,  
Strike, for your freedom to swaller just what kind of lickor you most admires;

And when you strike be shure you hit, and knock this com prehensive measure into the onmitigated shades of the future. It threatens to onderpin the very tenthook of humanity and sap the foundations of individoal generations, besides breakin' things in general. Feller citizens, will yer do it? Will you, echo repeats the cry, will you?

### BIRTHS.

Montreal—16th inst, Mrs S Smyth, of a son, 23d inst, Mrs B Hutchins, of a son. 24th inst, Mrs W H Fleet, of a son, 29th inst, Mrs W Carman, of a daughter.

Dundee, Scotland—29th ult, Mrs Chas D Chalmers, of a son.

Quebec—18th inst, Mrs W J Pickett, of a daughter.

St. Thomas—19th inst, Mrs William Gilmour, of a son.

Toronto—21st inst, Mrs (Capt) J H Lefroy, of a son.

### MARRIAGES.

Montreal—16th inst, by Rev Dr Leach, Mr Thomas Gordon, of London, C.W., to Amelia, fourth daughter of Mr J H Reynolds. 24th inst, by Rev John Cordner, Mr Alex Empey, to Louisa Frothingham, only daughter of Mr John Johnston.

Brockville, 16th inst, by Rev John Whyte, David Robertson, Esq, to Ruth Elizabeth, second daughter of Hon Judge Malloch.

Chambly—24th inst, by Rev J P White, Lieut, the Hon J J Bury, to Charlotte Theresa, only daughter of Thomas Austin, Esq.

St Laurent—24th inst, by the Rev R McGill, Ebenezer Muir, to Janet, youngest daughter of Mr Robert Boa.

### DEATHS.

Montreal—21st inst, Mr Robert Robinson, aged 61. 26th inst, Elizabeth Barnard, aged 33 years and 4 months, wife of Mr James Forster.

Hayville—14th inst, Mary, second surviving child of Dugald McLachlan, aged 2 years and 22 days.