

igated, and just conclusions be adopted. In this new county (Ontario) numbers are directing attention to it. Last Tuesday evening, the 13th instant, the Rev. S. R. Ward, a colored brother, delivered an able lecture, at the Congregational Church, to a full audience, on the Maine Law. At the same place, the Rev. Mr. Thornton has kindly consented to deliver a lecture on the same subject, on the 30th instant, that being the monthly meeting of the Whitby Branch of the Township Association for the Suppression of Intemperance. At the *Ontario Reporter* printing office, also, ten thousand copies of the Maine Liquor Law is about to be printed for circulation, with a preface, by the Rev. Mr. Thornton. It will thus be seen that there is some excitement in this quarter no less than in others. What the result will be, it is not for me to state.

Without attempting to discuss this question, that being superfluous, from able articles by the editor in previous numbers of the *Advocate*, we are yet anxious in these brief *jottings* to call attention to the point, and to urge the readers of this rapidly extending and popular publication to give the subject their close attention, and thus to be prepared to take their part in the discussion of the measures that may hereafter be called for.

"Agitate! agitate!! agitate!!!" we say, to use the words of the late Daniel O'Connell. The subject of Temperance, in all its bearings, deserves it; and such agitation, judiciously, kindly, and earnestly prosecuted, will yield good fruit for the interests of humanity. Let public meetings be more frequently held; let the pledge be pressed upon all, old and young, male and female. Then enquire of the pledged, and those not pledged, shall we adopt the main features of the Maine Law, and put down, to a very great extent, a traffic so fruitful of evil, and so detrimental to the welfare of every community? The Legislature interferes with reference to *smuggling, lotteries, poisons, &c.*; why not with the manufacture and sale of liquors containing a deadly poison, bewitching in its influence, and pernicious in its effects? The people should speak on this subject, and their voice will prevail. It is absurd to abuse and find fault with the Government, and speak contemptibly of law-makers, as I have heard some do. The fault is with the people. In a free country, such as ours, they have power. Let them use it. Let their moral influence be brought to bear on this subject, and noble triumphs will be achieved.

J. T. B.

Whitby, April 17, 1852.

Streams from Temperance Springs.

The season of navigation has now fairly opened. The steamers are quietly traversing our great inland seas. The vessels of all sizes are spreading their sails to the pleasant breezes. There is danger on the deep, on the lake, on the river. May the God of providence preserve human life.

Disasters have frequently happened on our inland waters. Reader, has it ever occurred to you that most accidents on sea as on land—on the lake as on the river, are more or less connected with the use of strong drink. And, how disgusting it is, to have those "bars" opened on the various boats navigating our waters. In the *Michigan Christian Advocate* we have some valuable information, given by a correspondent of that paper. The whole is worth reading, as proving the safety of temperance vessels. The letter is entitled *Capt. Ward's Boats and Rum*.

I suppose most of my readers are aware that the Wards are among the heaviest steamboat owners of the lakes. I do not know the exact number of their boats, but I think it cannot be less than twelve, some of which are among the most expensive and most

magnificent ever yet built. The distance travelled by all their boats in a single season, cannot be less than two hundred thousand miles; and the number of passengers who, from their commencement, have travelled on them, must be millions. Yet it is said that they have never had a boat lost, and that no passenger has ever lost his life on one of them.

It is certainly a remarkable thing, that while the lives lost on the lakes in the last ten years, are more than one thousand, not one has gone to his death from the Ward's steamboats.

I was sometime since in company with Capt. Ward, Sen., and I asked the old gentleman how we were to account for his wonderful success, and escape from the accidents so common to lake navigation?

"Well," said he "in the first place, we mean to have no other than staunch boats; but a still more important consideration is, we will not have a 'hand' on our boats who gambles or *drinks rum*! —I have had them tell me," he continued, "that, when their labor was not required on the boat, their time was their own; and it was nothing to me what they did. I told them it *was* my business; and tho' they might be at leisure, they had no business to go below and waste their strength and senses by drinking and gambling—thus rendering themselves unfit for the faithful discharge of their duties when required. And if you are determined to exercise any such right, you must do it on some other boat than mine. And it is our adherence to this rule" said he, "to which more than any other reason, I attribute our success in escaping the dangers we so often have to encounter."

Such is true policy in conducting their own business. Some of their boats keep liquor for the passengers, but their servants must not drink the poison. It is very considerate if they give their passengers stuff that unfits men for business, to keep their boat hands sober, to take care of them. I trust the time is not distant when they will see that true policy, and much more principle, demands that the damning evil should be banished from their boats altogether.

Many a fearful catastrophe has occurred on the lakes, a satisfactory cause for which has never been suggested. Who knows in those cases, how much rum had to do with them? How came glass demijohns of spirits of turpentine to be placed around the flues of the noble Erie?—Would sober men have been so reckless? No plausible reason has ever been given why the Griffith should be on fire beyond hope, before any body saw it. We all remember the long discussion about the "water jackets;" but who can ever tell if the fire would not have been discovered in season to be extinguished, had somebody had nothing stronger than "water in his jacket?"

I admit this is too horrible a matter to justify a joke; but do not men make a life-long joke of rum? They joke at its dangers—at the fears of those who shun it—and at the death of howling horror that often overtakes its devotees. But travellers have a right to demand that drunken engineers, firemen, pilots, and stage drivers, shall not joke with their lives. There is no joking in the Maine law?

So it seems, almost every temperance writer now-a-days begins and ends with the "*Maine Law*." It argues well for the tendency of public sentiment. We often advocated the principle of prohibition—so did others years ago. But the principle wanted a cognomen, a comprehensive epithet, a name that included every thing in a word. The Maine Law, that is it—No joking. The *Temperance Telegraph* has a short good article on the subject.

One would fancy, from the great outcry against the Liquor Bill and the nature of the arguments that are brought to bear upon it, by its adversaries, that it is a part of our religion to drink intoxicating drinks if not to get drunk, and that drunkenness is a Divinely appointed means of getting rid of all who have not strength of mind enough (to use a stereotyped but unphilosophical expression) to resist the cravings of appetite, or who are unfortunate enough to be placed in circumstances of peculiar peril. We frequently have such expressions as the following from persons who maintain their right—in other words, their christian privilege to drink wine—"I abominate the drunkard as much as you do, and I would punish him by close confinement." They (drunkards) deserve to suffer for their crimes; the sooner they are removed out of the way the better." This is *not* the way the Teetotalers think and reason. They don't hate the drunkard. They look upon him with an eye of sympathy. They not only pity his case but seek to raise him up—to resuscitate him. Instead of giving him up as lost, and rejoic-