

Canada Temperance Advocate.

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor do any thing by which thy brother is made to stumble, or to fall, or is weakened."—Rom. xiv. 21—*Macnight's Translation.*

PLEDGE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO AGREE, THAT WE WILL NOT USE INTOXICATING LIQUORS AS A BEVERAGE, NOR TRAFFIC IN THEM; THAT WE WILL NOT PROVIDE THEM AS AN ARTICLE OF ENTERTAINMENT, NOR FOR PERSONS IN OUR EMPLOYMENT; AND THAT IN ALL SUITABLE WAYS WE WILL DISCOURTEGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 1, 1847.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

The wise man says, "Lest he ponder the path of life her ways are moveable." The words are written with reference to a particular form of sin, but may be applied, most aptly, to the evil of intemperance. Ways are indeed "moveable." If we escape temptation on one path she besets us on another, and no means is left untried to induce men to turn aside after the destroyer. Either directly by his own suggestions or through his emissaries, he will use, as one of his "ways," the habits which are too much connected with the close of one year and the beginning of another. Nothing can be more rational than the cheerful acknowledgement of God's goodness during the time that is past, and more particularly during a year which must include many instances of it. Let us see that our mode of acknowledgement is both rational and cheerful, and thus happy ourselves, we shall be the cause of happiness to others.

In the best and highest sense we wish to all our readers a happy New Year.

HYDRO-BACCHUS.

Turning over Blackwood for July 1844, we find the following, which is worth reading, as being a specimen of the mode in which some of those who are not "the Bacchus-hating herd" choose to try to persuade themselves that they are in the right. We suppose the numerous readers of this long popular periodical have a greater liking for the mysteries of the professor—editor's *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, than for our faith, which abjures and questions the propriety of, even in fancy, performing such rites. Such a faith, in their eyes, is of course frenzy. We have introduced a few remarks, but as the whole of this anacreontic ode is given, any one who prefers it without note or comment, may leave them unread and have the tale unbroken.

Great Homer sings how once of old
The Thracian women met to hold
To "Bacchus, ever young and fair,"
Mysterious rites with solemn care.
For now the summer's glowing face
Had look'd upon the hills of Thrace;
And laden vines foretold the pride
Of foaming vats at Autumn tide.
There, while the glad some Evos shout
Through Nysa's knolls rang wildly out,
While cymbal clang, and blare of horn,
O'er the broad Hellespont were borne;

It is the greater pity, that the women chose or were employed to perform these rites to "Bacchus, ever young and fair." Happily now we have not very many of them who would so condescend. Bacchus probably knew his power lay in enlisting them on his side, and as long as he was able to persuade them that by his assis-

tance they would remain, as the poet calls him, "ever young and fair," he did possess power; but nowadays, when it is known that neither youth nor fairness can continue long with the "Bacchi plenus or plena," his influence is discarded. How happy that it is so since it would auger but ill for the cause of temperance, if the mothers and wives of the present day still thought it necessary to rear their children by libations to Bacchus.

No small noise the ladies would appear to have made in their mysterious rites, solemn as they were; and this part of the effect of the performance seems to remain in as great force now as ever. We find they disturbed an ancient lawgiver, for

The sounds, career'ing far and near,
Struck sudden on Lycurgus' ear—
Edoma's grim black-bearded lord,
Who still the Bacchic rites abhor'd,
And curs'd the god whose power divine
Lent heaven's own fire to generous wine.
Ere yet th' inspired devotees
Had half-perform'd their mysteries,
Furious he rush'd amidst the band,
And whirled an ox-goad in his hand.
Full many a dame on earth lay low
Beneath the tyrant's savage blow;
The rest, far scattering in affright,
Sought refuge from his rage in flight.

We presume the half performance of the mysteries means the performers being half tipsy, and neither knowing that their safety consisted in flight nor able to get their limbs in motion, fell under the stroke of the ox-goad. The laws of Lycurgus have often been spoken of as stern, and this punishment seems severe enough; but really if there was a case in which severity was necessary, it must be when the springs of physical and moral food are poisoned, and surely we may say this is done if women are foremost in such performances. The thinking Lycurgus saw evil afflicting society, and traced much of it to drunkenness, and in this manner tried to drive it away by punishing those who might be considered priestesses of this so-called God, but real demon. We, also, seek to disturb his devotees, but with a different weapon; we bring nothing more lethal than the tongue or the pen of truth, and we do it, knowing that our disturbance of the devotion tends to life and not to death. Any other mode of attacking the mischief we refuse. The ox-goad style had only a temporary triumph.

But the fell king enjoy'd not long
The triumph of his impious wrong:
The vengeance of the god soon found him,
And in a rocky dungeon bound him.
There, sightless, chain'd, in woful tones
He pour'd his unavailing groans,
Mingled with all the blasts that shriek
Round Athos' thunder-riven peak.
O Thracian king! how vain the ire
That urg'd thee 'gainst the Bacchic choir!
The god avenged his votaries well—
Stern was the doom that thee befell;
And on the Bacchus-hating herd
Still rests the curse thy guilt incur'd.
For the same spells that in those days
Were wont the Bacchanals to craze—
The maniac orgies, the rash vow,
Have fall'n on thy disciples now.

Here is an admission. "In those days" these same mysterious rites, performed with solemn care, were wont to render the devotees crazy—to make them maniacs—to induce rash vows, repented of on the return of reason, if ever it did return. From the description which follows, the poetical beauty of part of which we admit in all its power, and from the expressions used frequently in classic writers, in reference to these Bacchanalian rites, we should be inclined, did we not know better, to think that all was