

Daughters and a Section of Cadets. Our second anniversary came off a few weeks since; it was well attended; was one of spirit and animation: ever since there has been a rapid increase of numbers and influence.

We have had two lectures from that talented man, Mr. J. C. Clure, of Boston. The second came off Friday evening last, subject, the Maine Liquor Law, is it expedient to pass it for Canada? The large town hall was crowded to a perfect jam. He held the audience from 8 to 11 o'clock as if enchained by his eloquence. When a vote was called for, there was a show of hands of, I think, more than three-fourths of those present; on a call for those opposed to the passage of such a law, there was none.

This is to be followed up with other active measures. Petitions to the different branches of the Canadian Legislature are to be circulated for signature, praying for the passage of the Maine Liquor Law, or one similar. There is an increasing feeling here that alcohol must be chained, nay, extirpated, and her votaries unshackled and set free. I have heard of several engaged in the liquor traffic who say they are ready to give it up should such a law pass. One in this town has tendered his resignation to-day, since I commenced this letter; turned out his barrels as first fruits; says he is convinced to sell it is morally wrong; has made application for initiation into the Order of Sons of Temperance, determined now to throw his influence on the other side of the scale.

A.

[We thank our correspondent for his second communication, signed R; but prefer embodying the information it contains with some others of a similar kind.—ED. C. T. AD.]

Niagara, C.W. 9th April. 1852.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—I have often watched your periodical to see if ever you got any information from this locality in regard to the progress of the Temperance cause; but, I am sorry to say, I have watched in vain. Permit me to give the following:—

There is a Union of Daughters here, numbering upwards of 40 members. I believe their motto or designation is the same as that of the "Scotch Greys," that I believe is "Second to none," and well do they deserve the title in spite of all prophecies to the contrary, about ladies never agreeing in a body by themselves, &c. We have a section of Cadets, likewise, in good working order; they number upwards of 50 members. Adhesive Division, No. 112, is likewise in most excellent working order,—they number 153 members. The Division was first organized 11th June, 1850; for the first year their numbers gradually increased till they reached about 180, after that they declined considerably, caused partly by the craving appetite for strong drink being too strong for their good intentions, and partly by the carelessness of others in allowing themselves to get bad on the books, by not paying up their weekly subscriptions. But during the last quarter we have gained a firmer footing than ever, we have had a large increase to our numbers, and the members are now mostly composed of those who may be firmly relied upon in the approaching campaign, viz: "The Maine Liquor Law Question."

Ministers of the Gospel, and soldiers of Queen Victoria are coming out strongly in our favor here: we have three of the first and sixty-three of the latter enrolled in our ranks; more than half of these 63 are out of one company; and, I am credibly informed, that crime is almost unknown in that Company. This is a fact well worthy the attention of Commanding Officers or other military authorities.

The Commanding Officer of the Royal Canadian Rifles stationed here, invariably gives every encouragement to the men under his command to join the "Sons," and I have no doubt but he has observed the marked difference in the behaviour of those who are Sons, and of those who still continue in their old course.

We have been favored with a series of lectures on temperance during the past winter, by the Revs. Messrs. Young, Mowat, and Alexander. We had crowded houses and most attentive listeners on each occasion.

X. Y. Z.

Hornby, April 16, 1852.

It is always a pleasing task to be called upon to record the progress of a good cause. That the cause of temperance is entitled to this appellation, the hardest and most inveterate toper in these parts no longer deny. Some little difference yet exists as to the degree of ebriety which it is necessary to attain before a man may fairly be considered drunk; but, on the whole, the idea is steadily taking hold on the public mind, that the habitual use of any quantity of intoxicating drinks, as a beverage, is to all intents and purposes, an *intemperate* use of them. Thousands who, only a few years ago looked upon their bitters in the morning to be as necessary to them as its mother's milk is to an infant, have made the stupendous discovery that these same morning drams, are not only unnecessary, but that they are absolutely injurious.

There is not, methinks, a more anomalous spectacle to be found in the moral world than that of a vender of intoxicating drinks, preaching morality and temperance to his customers.

It is no uncommon thing to hear a wretched slave to social usages come into a Bar-room in all the fancied glory of a stout and clever fellow, with such an exclamation as: "*I say, Landlord, I do not see the reason why I aint drunk, I have only taken seventeen glasses, within the last three hours.*" "Ah," is the ready response, "you are the right sort of a man, you are what I call a temperance man in reality. I hate to see a man drunk: come and have a horn." Then follows a rigmarole of common place sayings, mixed with sneering allusions to men having padlocks on their mouths, and anathemas *ad libitum* against the Sons of Temperance.

The sacred pages of holy writ are freely quoted, in order to show that it is only *drunkenness* that is there condemned. No allusion is ever made to the great truth, that the Bible, in its every page that bears upon the subject, contains the essence of the dreadful denunciation, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink." In ninety nine cases out of every hundred the being who can keep his feet, and vapour round a bar-room boasting that he can drink so many glasses within so many hours, and not be drunk, becomes a confirmed drunkard, is hurled into the vortex of temporal, spiritual and eternal ruin; and yet, with cool heartlessness, the person who heaps up gold from the proceeds of his unholy traffic, goes on in the old way drawing successive victims within the meshes of his net, and as each one takes the downhill road in dread reality; he, the seeming profiter, with all the callousness of a demon, is generally the very first to give the significant kick, that announces to his deluded victim the fearful fact, that a common drunkard is without the pale of society. Hundreds who have gone through the whisky seller's moral mill, may peruse these humble lines, and may be induced to redouble their diligence in the glorious work of extricating their fellow creatures from the maws of those landsharks, whose kindness to the votaries of Bacchus ceases, the moment the victims last York shilling disappears from their gloating view.

And this reminds me that I have wandered from my original