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TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

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PLEDGE.—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 discountenance their use throughout the community.

VOL. XIX.]

MONTREAL, JANUARY 15, 1853.

No. 2

A Grandfather's Tale, for the New Year.

There was a blithe party one Christmas time at Mr. Rysdale's, farmer in Beechwood. Besides Mr and Mrs. Rysdale, and their eight children, half of whom had already grown to be men and women, there were strings of cousins, uncles, and aunts, and a host of neighbors and friends—a Christmas party, and a merry one. The log blazed high in the old-fashioned chimney, and shed its rays over joyous faces. This one sang—that one proposed riddles—here was a joker—there a story-teller.

Old grandfather Rysdale was a merry, hale old man. He was sage with the grown-up people, full of saws and illustrative anecdotes; but a very child with his grandchildren. That merry old eye of his perceived much, though it might not appear to do so, which escaped ordinary observers. He saw that Emily Rysdale was fast yielding her heart to George Redfern. The old man knew that George was a careless, though a handsome youth; that he was heartless, though he appeared to some people to be 'all heart.' The old man had reason to know too that George was idly inclined, and had already given his father much trouble.

Every one had done his part. All were in good-humor; when at a pause, every body cried, 'Grandfather must tell another story.'

'Glad or sad, then?' asked the old man.  
The 'glads' seemed to have it.  
'My story,' said the patriarch, 'will be glad and sad—sad and glad: it will be like life—have shine and shadow, joys and sorrows, smiles and tears.'

'All of you,' he began, 'know Langley-Moor farm—Langley,' as we call it for shortness; but none of you, perceived that myself, may remember when old Job Perkins lived there. Sixty years ago, well-nigh, Job and his wife, his son and daughter, lived there. Job was a decent old man as ever lived, and though 'times,' according to all accounts, were not much better then, than now—that is, they were good only to the industrious—Job had scraped together a good deal of money for one in his walk of life. The son, who was named Oliver, was a clever youth, with a good head. He grew to manhood's estate, without being chargeable of any misbehaviour. But he was led away in such a manner as I, in my time, have known many young men to be. There came to this part a son of the squire's, that lived in Croft-House then. That young man did a deal of ill in this part of the country. He had been in the army; he had lived a good deal in London, and in foreign parts. Places will not make people bad, if they be not inclined that way. However, this young squire did not think himself too good company for his tenants or his tenants' sons: some of them thought, that there never had been such a fine, frank gentleman as he, and deemed themselves highly honored by his condescension. He taught them to play—to drink—to spend their lives in idleness and riot; and Oliver Perkins became one of his companions.  
'Isabella was younger than her brother by a few years.

She was such another as Emily there. (Here Emily turned down her eyes, which had been gazing up in her grandfather's face, regardful of his every word.) A sweet pretty young thing she was—a good creature. And young Welwood, a son of the old Welwood, who at that time held the Grange farm, was as fine a youth as she a girl. Robert Welwood had known Isabella from childhood. He had carried her backwards and forwards to school.

'Robert was out late one frosty night in November, looking after his father's carts; the hard-frozen snow lay on the ground, when he sprained his ankle, as he thought, in a rut in the road. Domestic remedies were applied for some days, but his limb became worse. The doctor was sent for, and attended for a length of time, but Robert never walked again as before: he had ever after a lame foot. This did not prevent his feelings towards Isabella, whom he had been fond of from her infancy. He had been her protector; but now that she had altered her character and grown a woman, he aspired to be her lover.

'Isabella liked him too—liked him, respected him. She had never thought of him but as a friend. He was older than she, and his head was still older than his shoulders: he was naturally sedate and shy, and his shyness and gravity had been increased by the accident of his lameness. She had never thought of him as an admirer, even while he was doting on her. Who knows, however, how soon her eyes might have been opened, had not her brother, just as Isabella's sense and judgment were forming in her, been in the habit of bringing Jack Raffles to the house. Jack was handsome, and had a beguiling tongue.

'Oliver Perkins died. He died of a disease which doctors call *delirium tremens*. In plain English, he died of intemperance in the use of ardent spirits. Old Perkins and his wife were already heart-broken with Oliver's recent courses, and the death of their only son put, they imagined, the top-stone on their griefs. Alas! we know not what we have to bear till it comes, nor how we can bear it till tried. Poor Isabella's affectionate heart was torn with grief. The whole winter passed, and her health was still affected by her sorrow. Robert Welwood had been a frequent guest after Oliver's death. He found there was cause, after all, to suspect the success of his rival. He had hoped—as much for his dear Isabella's sake as his own—that she had not thrown away her heart on one he knew to be worthless. His suspicions were well grounded. Her heart was pre-occupied: and Isabella felt that to love Robert would be to be guilty of inconstancy.

'Spring passed, and summer, and when she was able to re-appear like her old self, John Raffles' visits became again more frequent. These were discountenanced by her father and mother, and I grieve to say that she sometimes saw him privately. I believe she had never disobeyed them in any other matter. 'They love me,' she would say to herself, 'and dearly I love them. Oh! I wish they would but see

as I do. They have not young hearts, and know not how I feel!

'Ah, Isabella, their sense and experience, and their love for you, made them think as they did. The odious fact was, that this Raffles had trifled with Isabella's affections, and had gained them *before* her brother's death, but all to gratify his own heartless vanity. It was not till *after* she had lost her brother, and became the inheritor of all the savings and worldly goods of old Job Perkins, that Raffles had seriously thought of winning her hand.

'You would not have thought it of her, notwithstanding what I have already said, my dears,' exclaimed the grandfather, looking round on the young people, 'you would not have thought, I say, that her undutifulness would have reached the pitch it did—that she would have run away with Jack Raffles. But I regret to say she did. Conscience makes us cowards. What people call love, or mistake for proper love, often makes us fools. She ran away—Isabella ran away!

'Well, after a time, old Mr. Perkins took Jack and Isabella home. For what was to be done? She was their only child. Hers was a great fault, but her only one. Her parents' grand objection to the match had been, that it was one which would bring misery with it. Now that the marriage had taken place, and could not be revoked, would it be consistent in them to increase her misery by casting her off? No! nature cried out that it was their duty to endeavor to lighten it. Jack's father was a yeoman, but he had other sons. Isabella returned to her father's and her mother's embraces, and they made up their minds to do *their* best to make something of the son-in-law, who had become one against their will.

'Alack, alack! mere wishes and good resolutions of one's own, and the endeavors of others cannot and will not alter a human nature. I don't know that John's resolutions to do his best were ever very firmly rooted in his mind. Certain it is, if they were rooted at all, that they were never acted on, that they never produced any good fruit. The old people moralized—and Isabella wasted tears, but John was late at fairs and markets, he was often away at races, and cock-fights, and card parties. He generally returned home in a state of intoxication. Vices he had managed to conceal from the blinded eyes of Isabella before marriage, he now took small pains to conceal. Perkins found his son-in-law, instead of an assistance, a hindrance and an incumbrance. John, too, in his character of partner, assistant, and successor of the old man gained the power of contracting debts, which must either be paid out of the old man's exchequer, or bring them all into disgrace and trouble.

'I need not enlarge on the sorrows and vexations of the Perkinses. Isabella's love was strong and steadfast; but it was sorely, sorely tried. She had a child. She loved it so much, ah, so very, very much, that she could not long bear anger toward the father, whom it so much resembled.

'Old Mrs. Perkins died in the third year after the marriage, her natural span of life, I have no doubt being curtailed by her grief and her troubles. Job, left alone without his life's companion, pent up in the same domicile with a son-in-law whom he disliked, who he saw was scattering already what he had stored—Job pined, and, in about a year after his wife's death, was laid by her side.

'The rest is soon told. When John Raffles was left master, a wretched management he made of it. He was more frequently to be found carousing with boon companions, than minding his farm. Isabella prayed and did her best. Poor Isabella! One night he was thrown out of his gig on his way home from some card-playing meeting, and while in a state of drunkenness was killed on the spot. He was found to be insolvent at the time of his death. His wife had to turn her back on the farm, and on the dear old house where she had been reared and brought up in simple plenty,

with her child in her arms, without goods or furniture almost without clothes!

The grandfather paused. Pearly drops were trickling down not a few upturned faces.

'But,' cried little Sophy Grindlay, a pretty, blue-eyed girl of ten years old, 'you were to make it *sad and glad*; now it's all sad—isn't it all *very sad*?' said she, looking round appealingly to her cousins, with the mark of a tear's current down each of her cheeks.

'Glad and sad,' said the old man, 'sad and glad as life is; joys and sorrows; showers and sunshine; smiles and tears. There is a little more of the sad yet, Sophy, my dear.

'Poor Isabella,' then continued he, 'rented the end of a cottage, and tried to support herself and child by needle-work, or whatever she could find to do. But first, she could not always get work; second, when she got it, she earned but a wretched pittance by it, as she had not been used to it; and third, people who have been used to plenty do not know how to accommodate themselves to penury—do not know how to economise, and where to begin. Her child took measles, and not being so well clothed, or having been so well fed as it used to be, an inflammation sprang up after that complaint, of which it died. Work was thrown aside, when her dear child was ill. Her infant was all her work, and all her care from morning till night. A little time, after its death, in the midst of her grief, the idea occurred to her mind that now she was worse than poor, that she was in debt—debt to every one who had supplied her with necessaries for that dear one; in debt even for the coffin which held its remains!

'She felt utterly desolate, forlorn, and miserable. She wept again. She sobbed. She tired of weeping, and sat gazing at the embers of burnt sticks in her miserable fireplace. Her brain reeled. She thought she might go mad. She feared she might—when hark! some one taps at the door.

'Mechanically she cried, 'Come in,' thinking it her neighbor from the other end of the cottage. She heard a man's foot on the floor, and raised her head from between her hands. It was Robert Welwood.

'I have but this day, Isabella,' said he, 'heard of your distresses, and have come to try and help you a bit, for the sake of old times.' He was now in a farm of his own, about fifteen miles off.

'Ah! Robert,' she exclaimed, grasping his arm in both her hands, 'you have saved me. God has raised me up a friend, when I thought I was without one in the world. Ah! Robert, you have done me good—you have done me good—you have saved me.' She laughed; she cried; she went into fits.

'Welwood and the woman in the other end laid her on the bed, applied warmth to her feet, combed back her hair, bathed her temples with cold water, and she regained her senses. She then appeared more calm. Robert sent for a doctor, and giving the neighbor money, requested her to provide Isabella with whatever might be ordered, or seem necessary for her comfort.

'We have lost sight of young Welwood a while. It was a sad stroke for him, Isabella's choice of Raffles: his affection received a deep and grievous wound. He lamented, too, for her own dear sake, that she had committed her heart and happiness to such a man as he knew Raffles to be. His natural reserve, first increased by the accident of his lameness, now became greater. But he thought much and wisely; and, bye and bye, gave all his energies to his business. He became gradually prosperous, in a moderate and steady way. He possessed the blessings of honest endeavor and honest success. There was, however, a great gap in his heart.

'He returned daily for a time to Isabella's cottage; and when she became tolerably well again, he often visited her.

To make a long story short, as it is wearing late, and Sophy, I see, is very impatient, Isabella was, in a twelvemonth, what she should have been at first, Mrs. Welwood.

Here some of the party drew the breath which had been for a time suspended. Some smiled, some wiped their eyes, the little cues clapped their hands. Others, among whom was Sophy, for want of some other means of expressing their feelings clustered round the good grandfather, hung on his neck, and kissed his cheek.

'But the glad, grandfather?' cried Emily. 'We were not to have a mere catalogue of miseries.'

'Glad,' rejoined he, 'they were glad afterwards as long as they lived. The Welwoods of Forest-end are their children; you have heard of them.'

'Now, children,' said the old man, 'the moral.'

'That Jack Raffles was a bad man!' cried a smart child.

The old people smiled, and said, there was no doubt of that.

'That Robert Welwood was a good man!' put in another.

'I am very glad she was made happy at last, though she did not deserve it, and it is not every young man that would have behaved so nobly as Robert,' ventured a sedate young lady, who had not spoken before.

'What think you of this moral?' cried Mr. Rysdale, as if he were going to say something smart for once in his life:

'Better marry a good man with a lame foot, than a bad one with a handsome face.'

This burst of genius having excited due commendation, the aged story-teller said the morals given were all very good, and he would only add the moral he had intended which was—

Children do not disregard the counsels of your parents who are likely to be your best friends in this world: they have the advantage of experience. Of course, he added, 'parents ought to make allowances too for younger hearts.'—*Family Economist.*

### Lapland and its Inhabitants.

We translate and condense for the *Tribune* the following interesting particulars, drawn from recent North Russian journals, of a country and people but little known:

The number of the Russian Lapps does not exceed 2,000; those of Swedish Lapland were estimated in 1844 at 4,000, and those of Northern Norway 5,000—an aggregate of only 11,000 souls. Besides the Lapp population, there are to be found on the shore of the White Sea several villages of Russians, stretching along from Kerett to the Bay of Kandalasch (or Candalax.) Between the village of Kandalaschka and Kola, on the coast at the mouth of the Touloma, a distance of 213 wersts, (141 miles) there are seven post stations, the mails being carried from one to another by reindeer, four of which animals are kept at each station. This mode of transport, however, is only employed in winter; in summer everything being transported first, a few miles by land to Lake Imandra, then the whole length of that fine body of water, some 60 miles, thence across to the River Touloma, and down that stream to Kola. The navigation of the Lake, by the way, is not always free from danger.

The language of the Lapps is similar to that of the Finns, from which race they are originally an off-shoot. The Lapps in general are of middle stature. They have large heads, short necks, small brown-red eyes, owing to the constant smoke in their huts, high cheek bones, thin beards and large hands. Those of Norway are distinguished from the Russian Lapps, by the blackness, luxuriance and gloss of their hair; the more northern portion of the race are somewhat larger, more muscular and of a lighter complexion, than the rest. Those of Sweden and Norway are to some extent more cultivated, enterprising and industrious than those of Russia, and make light of the greatest privations and hardships. The richest of the latter have not more than 800 reindeer,

while the former possess from 2,000 to 3,000. In Sweden and Norway, whoever owns from 400 to 500 passes for a man in moderate circumstances; with 200 a small family with proper prudence can live without suffering from want, but less than this number plunges a family into all the troubles of poverty. Whoever has not more than 50, adds his herd to that of some rich man, and becomes his servant—almost his slave, and is bound in the proper season to follow him to the hunting or fishing grounds.

Fish, game, and the flesh of the reindeer are the useful food of the Lapps. Bread they never eat, though of the rye meal, which they procure in Kola or of the fishermen in barter for the products of their reindeer herds, they make a sort of flat or pan cakes mingling the meal with the pounded bark of trees. For this purpose the meal is first soaked in cold water, and the cakes baked upon a hot iron. They are eaten with butter or codfish oil, which is esteemed a great luxury. The mingling of the bark with the meal is not done merely for the sake of economy, the Lapps considering it an excellent anti-scorbutic. They are very fond of salt, and eat nothing uncooked. Their cookery is all done in untinned copper vessels, perhaps because in all Lapland there are no pewterers; more probably, however, it is a long-descended custom, since in all Northern Asia the use of copper was formerly universal, and the art of overlaying that metal could hardly be known by the rude inhabitants. Nevertheless cases of poisoning from the copper never occur, being rendered impossible by the perfect cleanliness of the copper vessels, which after every meal are scoured with sand till they shine like mirrors. Besides, after the food is sufficiently cooked it is immediately poured into wooden vessels of home manufacture.

The Norwegian and Swedish Lapps make cheese of reindeer milk, and carefully save for use all the whey, &c. They milk their animals summer and winter, and freeze the milk which is set apart for cheese. The women consider this as a great luxury. It is remarkable for its pleasant odor, and has a ready sale in Norway at a rather high price. The Russian Lapps have no idea of making cheese from their reindeer milk, although the manufacture, beyond a doubt, would be of great advantage to them. This milk is distinguished for its excellent flavor; in color and consistency it is like thick cream from the milk of cows, and is remarkably nourishing.

### Petition from Pandemonium.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK CITY ALLIANCE.

SIR: It is rumored that a petition written by an old man with a queer foot will be presented to the New-York Legislature at its next session. It will doubtless soon be made public, but I have been indulged with some extracts from it which I hasten to communicate to you. With much respect,

T. O.

*Petition from Pandemonium to the Legislature of the State of New-York.*

We, the inhabitants of a neighboring region, beg leave to present our humble petition to your honorable body. Though we cannot boast that any alliance has ever subsisted between our respective governments, authorizing us thus to address you; yet as the broad principle of emigration is important to both, and at this crisis peculiarly interesting to us, we take the liberty to request a patient hearing.

The population of our territory depends on accession from other climes. War has been the favorite mode by which earth has, from the beginning, freed herself from supernumeraries and sent colonies to our shores. We have therefore been ever assiduous to foster the ambition of kings, and to swell with our breath the trump of fame, which proclaimed the praise of heroes.

But of late we have not been satisfied with this system. It seems to us too local, too dilatory in its operations. We desire something more on the steam and railroad principle. Especially are we convinced that this mode of gathering our harvest is not adapted to your favored land. The policy of your government is adverse to the shedding of blood. Your political economists perceive war to be wasteful. Our councils have been often convened to decide on some substitute, and being anxious that your citizens should be induced to settle freely among us, we at length made choice of Intemperance, as the one who could most successfully represent our interests to your nation. For he was ever armed, yet his armor cost little; and he sat by the family fireside and did his work. He gave no warning of his purpose by roll of drum or tramp of host, and scarcely were the soft pinions of domestic love ruffled at his first approach. He made show of republican habits—and said a seat in the ward grog-shop or tavern suited him better than the court of princes. A few cents seemed to be all that he asked, and yet his fiery eye was upon the soul with such a Sabbathless search that it seldom escaped.

Intemperance, therefore, became our accredited agent in your county. For a time his success exceeded even our most sanguine expectations. Emigrations from your shores were frequent and welcome. Our statesmen cherished the hope that we should become as one people. But now our prospects are overclouded. We seem to be threatened with a sad reverse. We cannot but hope that your own zeal to encourage emigration will bespeak your attention to the grievance of which we are about to complain.

Your petitioners appeal against the "New-York City Temperance Alliance," and all its prolific offspring of Alliances scattered throughout the twenty wards of that city (which contagion has affected your entire state, and threatens to erect itself into a national Alliance.) We consider it decidedly hostile to our interests. Its interference is both unauthorized and impertinent. We view as highly invidious the obstructions to the increase of our population, which its policy has devised. We denounce, as unconstitutional and treasonable, the measures pursued by it, to seduce from their fealty multitudes who had given their hand and seal to become inhabitants of our territory.

We appeal to you, wise legislators of a mighty and free state, for sympathy and redress. We have waste lands to be peopled. We are proud when your citizens choose to settle upon them. We cannot patiently endure this check upon the long-established emigration from your shores. We feel bound to protect our agent, bearing as he does our commission and our name upon his forehead. We therefore implore you to stop the presses of the "New-York City Temperance Alliance," and quell their treasonable assemblies—to extend your patronage to distilleries and the gilded drinking saloons, and to petition Congress to repeal all duties on the importation of ardent spirits,—and liberally to grant licenses for their sale.

And your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall ever pray, &c.

### Whisky the Bane of Scotland.

(From *Peeblesshire Advertiser*.)

It is well known that some time ago several prizes of different values were offered for the best essays by working men on 'Whisky the Bane of Scotland.' We have great pleasure in announcing that one of these was awarded to James Cowan, son of John Cowan of Woodend, who was once a shepherd in Yarrow, and is now in the service of Mr. Henderson of Park. As a specimen of his essay we subjoin the following few sentences, which form a fair average of the whole of it, and will be universally admitted to reflect the highest credit both on the head and heart of the writer, who is an honor to the class to which he belongs:—

'A system so vast and extensively ramified as the spirit trade of Scotland has become, must of necessity require a supply commensurate to the constant and ever-increasing demand, and an agency sufficiently numerous and well appointed to push the trade to its utmost limits. And, accordingly, from its hundreds of distilleries, a constant stream is propelled, which, circulating through upwards of 17,000 public houses, inundates the land under one vast overflow. Our fields are ploughed and sown, the bounteous harvests gathered in, and the grain dressed in order to supply the raw material to this many-headed hydra, which, while it devours the substantial produce of our fields reared by the toil of the husbandman, gives out at the same time that fiery fluid which drinks up the vitals of society, and which tens of thousands of retailers are so busy in diffusing over every corner of the land. Situations for carrying on the traffic are chosen for their publicity and ready access, others for being retired and lonely; a wharf, a railway station, the neighborhood of a public work, a market place, or a corner house facing two streets, are situations eagerly laid hold of. While the sabbath-stroller is entrapped into the neat cottage a mile or two out of town, the carter is caught at the toll-bar, and the admirer of nature is confronted with its insignia in the sylvan dell, or by the lonely water-fall. Alluring decorations are lavishly bestowed; which, like the whitened sepulchre, and the platter cleaned on the outside, serve to hide the rottenness and pollution that is within; while the clean room, the blazing fire, and ready service, help to gild the way that leads to the chambers of death. Drunkenness in Scotland possesses as thorough an organization, and has an agency as numerous and well-appointed, as any system of idolatry that ever has held, or does at present hold, mankind in bondage. Basking under the sanction of law, it has gone on increasing amid all the fluctuations of our commercial and manufacturing interests. The usual ups and downs, inseparable from other trades, do not seem to affect that of the spirit-dealer.

'Rents may fall, but that does not trouble him;  
Banks may break, but that does not hebble him.'

But if the spirit-dealer thrives and grows fat, his shadow is unkindly, and all around him pines and withers. Where are the blessings conferred by our boasted constitution, ensuring us civil and religious freedom? Where is the wealth gained by our untiring industry, our unrivalled commerce, manufactures and agriculture, and the consequent high wages of our operatives? When such multitudes of our countrymen are held in such cruel bondage, sunk in ignorance, pining in want and misery, and grovelling in vice, while ever and anon some painful crime springs up from the fostering mess of corruption, serving to indicate the nature of the material that forms the substratum of society. Drunkenness is neutralising all the blessing of our free institutions, wasting all the advantages derived from the superior intelligence, skill, and industry of our people, sinking us in the scale of nations, and making us a bye-word among all people, is the root of the worst crimes that disgrace our country—crimes that follow in its wake, the cause of the degradation of her people physically and morally, the cause of misery never yet sufficiently unfolded, the bane of health, morality, and usefulness, the heartbreak of every family into which it comes,—for as soon as it enters a dwelling, peace, comfort, and happiness, take to themselves wings and flee away.'

Said a reverend speaker, in New York the other evening, 'if the selling of rum is a moral business, what hinders me from engaging in it? Yet who would attend my preaching if I were a rumseller?' The idea commends itself to those recreant christian professors who sign rum licenses. They might as well sell rum, for a rule of morality that will not apply to all is a poor one.

## Repository of Contemporary Opinions.

The following valuable remarks on "Intemperance," by D. C. Richman, are taken from the *New Jersey Reformer*.

There are many persons that look upon the drunkard as an outcast from society, as a being unworthy of sympathy or regard. They seem to forget that he is the deluded victim of a monster that has overpowered him—that he has tampered with a syren that has lured him on and on, until he is unable to retrace his erring footsteps. I say many persons forget all this and consign him to obloquy and shame, without due consideration! On when weak and erring man sits in judgment on a fallen brother, his decision should be moulded and tempered by that mercy and kindness which comes from above; he should remember that trials and temptations beset us all, and that the strongest among us is liable to totter and fall from a proud eminence to the depths of ignominy and shame. I always look upon the inebriate with feelings of pity; I cannot forget that he was once a man blessed with health and hope—aye—that once he was a boy, an innocent child with the smile of gladness on his brow;—his laugh rang wild and free, and he was the gayest of the youthful throng. Once a fond mother pressed him to her bosom with maternal affection, and as he bowed his knee and lisped his childish prayer and received her good-night kiss on his glowing cheek—oh! little thought he that in after years he would become "a vagabond and a curse," his name "a byword and reproach;" no darkening thought of the guilty future crossed his mind in those calm hours—but all was cloudless and serene as a bright summer day. O! better had he died then, with the gleam of innocence on his boy-brow,—better that his journey "from the cradle to the grave," had been brief as a fleeting hour. Then might he have escaped many sorrows and his memory would have been cherished among earth's holiest remembrances. But now alas! he is a wreck on life's wave—his frame shattered and unstrung, ready to sink beneath the lonely shade of a drunkard's grave. And where is that patient, suffering wife which he led to the altar in all the pride of youth and loveliness? Does she still cling to him as the ivy to the blasted oak, through good or ill? Does she yet bear with his brutalities for her children's sake—and does her tearful prayer nightly ascend to heaven for his deliverance from the yoke of the oppressed? Or, does she slumber heart-broken and alone beneath the cold clod of the valley? Are those eyes which in other days met him with glances of love, now glassy and lustreless in death? And is the dust of graves on that pale brow he once pressed to his lips with fondness and affection, ere the demon had steeled his heart against all holy influences? Alas! poor, weak man, thou hast fallen low indeed. Yet thou art not utterly lost and overcome—there is one chord in thy breast yet untouched by vice. Oh that I could touch that chord—though with a trembling hand, and cause it echo back the glad tones of other years—when all was bright, and thou wert innocent and free;—ones that would recall thy sainted mother's blessing—thy dead wife's last prayer—thy children's innocent prattle back to thy deadened and perverted senses. But ah, I am weak and unskilled; I can think for thee—pity thee—aye—even weep for thee, but I cannot tell thee what I feel; language is faint and weak, words fail, and I see thee stagger away to drown the last spark of humanity in thy bosom, with that soul destroying curse, *Rum*.

There is a power in the accursed bowl to overcome the strongest mind; it has shattered the mightiest intellects and made abject slaves of gigantic minds. That man whose fame is far broader than the country he calls his own, has bowed to its hellish sway. "The Lion of the north" has been made helpless as an infant by the intoxicating draught, it has dimmed his fair fame, and will if he forsake it not, lay him deep in a drunkard's tomb. Oh! when the great-

est men become habitual drinkers, we tremble for those of weaker minds. Who is safe when the mightiest are thus easily overcome? Alas that this curse should still cling to us as a nation, loading us with crimes, and destroying the lives of our citizens. Why will not men stop in their mad career? Why will they not pause to behold the awful gulf into which they are plunging headlong? A Niagara's current is wafting them over a dangerous precipice,—their frail bark is verging toward a brink over which they will pass to return no more, forever. Yet they are careless and unheeding, the voice of warning falls lightly on their ears, and they glide along deeming themselves safe, until they are precipitated with an awful momentum into the depths of infamy and ruin. Then with glaring eye and bloated cheek they stagger toward the tomb and sink into its gloomiest recess to hide their heads from the gaze of the world. The drunkard's grave! Oh what a spot is that! Instead of being hallowed by precious memories—instead of being watered by affection's soft tears—and instead of the beautiful flowers blooming on its bank placed there by tender hands, the rank grass waves over it and the weeds and briars have wreathed a chaplet of shame, to tell the passer by, *here sleeps the drunkard*.

"Why should mortal so degrade himself for the fleeting pleasure rum affords? Its exhilarating effects are felt for a brief moment, but oh! the sting it leaves is lasting as his life! I have often asked the question. What good does rum do a man? Does it elevate him in the scale of humanity? Does it make him any wiser or better? ah no; but it levels him to the earth! it places him but one remove from the brute creation and makes his existence a curse! Then why tamper with it? Why play with a weapon so dangerous and destructive? Moderate drinker, beware! You are dealing with an insidious foe that flatters but to deceive, you are pursuing an ignis fatuus that will lure you on and on, and you will be tottering on the verge of ruin almost, ere you are aware. If it once overpower you, O how hard to break the shackles! you may struggle and writhe, but the appetite is upon you, your raging thirst demands gratification, conscience calls you back but appetite demands the draught, and after a brief struggle you yield, and sleep your senses into a momentary forgetfulness and unconcern. To illustrate this point, I will relate a circumstance which though old and familiar, will nevertheless serve to show how hard it is for the habitual drinker to abstain from his glass. A certain inebriate had promised his wife to forsake his cups entirely; and in order to show his sincerity bound his promise by an oath, never to drink another glass of liquor except he received it from her hand. He kept that pledge for a time; but soon his wife died, and then in his sorrow and anguish, while she lay a stiffened corpse he

"Filled up the mad'ning hell-cup to the brim," and passing to her chamber, placed the glass in her rigid hand, and pressing the icy fingers around it, drained it to the bottom! Talk about resolution and the power to withstand temptation. I tell you a taste for rum destroys resolution. When once the viper hath fastened its fangs in our hearts we are lost indeed! This over confidence in self hath destroyed many a deluded man, hundreds can trace their degradation to the social glass indulged in to gratify a friend, or to produce a temporary exhilaration of spirits: they have laughed to scorn the friend who dared to raise a warning, who ventured to entreat them to pause ere it was too late. And oh when years have sped away and they are treading on the last crumbling round of life's ladder, how have those slighted words of warning rung in their ears like a death knell to hope. Then their exclamation hath been "Oh why did I refuse the counsel of friends, why did I rush madly into a torrent that is fast wafting me into the abyss of despair and utter ruin!"

But ah repentance comes too late; delirium hath filled

the brain, phrenzy and madness hath dethroned reason, and they are pitiable victims to an appetite they cannot overcome, the gratification of which tends but to hurl them still faster toward a terrible denouement.

Many a man hath confidently said I will be temperate; I will drink only occasionally when I feel like it," and thus he goes on until his occasional glass comes to be taken daily and hourly. Still he deems himself safe, and would indignantly repel the insinuation that he was a drunkard! Let us then, never try our resolution; let our strength of mind remain untested, or if exercised let it be in showing that we can forever abstain from the damning poison. Parents should instill into the minds of their children a holy horror of intemperance, they should teach them to shun the wine cup as a thing vile and unholy. Then will they grow up to maturer years, and enter the busy scenes of life prepared to withstand the Tempter, and to turn a deaf ear to the alluring invitations of gay companions. Should they for a moment be tempted, should they reach forth a hand to take the poison, a mother's warning will check them; some gentle admonition, given long ago perchance, will cross their minds and they will dash the flowing bowl from their lips and fly the scene of temptation and allurements. As it is so very difficult to cure drunkenness, let us endeavor to prevent it by training the young and rising generation to habits of strict temperance; while the young mind is tender and pliant, ready to receive any impression good or bad. Then is the time for the Mother to sow the good seeds, to instill into the mind of her child a love of correct habits and principles: make him aware that religion and temperance are inseparably connected, and that both are essential to his well being and lasting happiness. Then when he becomes a man instead of passing his leisure hours among vicious associates at the ale-house, and devoting his energies to ignoble ends, he will have a distaste for such low amusements, and will instinctively seek something higher and holier, and will thus pass through life an ornament to society and a blessing to his fellow men.

After the above excellent train of thought on intemperance, the reader will be profited by a careful consideration of the difficulties with which we have to contend in our great work. Especially shall we all do well to consider the power and resources of those engaged in the liquor business. Putnam writes as follows in the *Maine Law Advocate*. Most of the thoughts are applicable to Canada.

Our enterprise bears a very close analogy to the operations of an invading army in an enemy's country. It is not enough that the enemy's forces are beaten and scattered in the open field. His strong hold must be taken. His fortified capital, stored with provisions, filled with armed men, containing countless treasures, affording a refuge for all the surrounding population—this must be captured—its strong walls must be prostrated, its garrison must be broken up, and its treasures must be seized before any thing approximating to a conquest can be secured. Until this is done, the most brilliant success will be temporary and unsure. The victory of to-day may be followed by a defeat to-morrow. The invading forces will be exposed to constant fatigue, and incessant watching, while their enemy, secure in his retreat, may choose his own time and point of attack, and with fresh troops and ample equipments, assail an army exhausted by its own victories. Such a strong hold has the liquor traffic been to the enemies of Temperance. Let us look at facts which will justify this assertion.

First. The liquor traffic has created a strong, social influence, against temperance.

We all know the power of social influence—which some one has pithily said really means—female influence. We

know that multitudes of women will have whatever is fashionable, stylish, or genteel, just as men of the same stamp, will go for their party at all hazards, right or wrong. Now these spirit traffickers are many of them rich, genteel, and "move in the first circles," or at least aspire to do so. But this could not be if the craft by which they had their wealth, should become vulgar in the public eye. But if the use of the article they sell should become disreputable, then, of course, the selling would become disreputable. Then it would follow that we, Mrs. X, and Miss X, are the wife and daughter of a man engaged in a vulgar business!

The impending of this horrible fate arouses Mr. X and Mrs. X, and all the young X's, and the whole circle of their friends, and visiting acquaintance to a desperate effort to sustain the respectability of the business of drunkard-making. Temperance is voted vulgar—sons and brothers are entreated for the credit of the family, not to be seen at a temperance meeting, and above all, not to sign a temperance pledge.—Pretty voices exclaim, and delicate hands are held up in horror at the "low-lived and disgusting" narrations of scenes which occurred in the shops of their own fathers or husbands. The decanter is re-established upon the dinner table, and wines are essential at every "fashionable" evening party, and as far as this influence can be made to extend, the flood-gates of intemperance are lifted and its deadly streams are poured like a deluge over the land. When we recollect that such an influence as this has been exerted in nearly every community in the country, we may form some estimate of the results. It is true that the object has not been attained; for probably there is, at the present moment, no business so thoroughly disreputable as that of the dram-seller and the retailer. Even the wholesale dealer occupies a position far from desirable. But though the object has not been secured, the evil has been done. Thousands of young men have been ruined, and thousands of homes made desolate, by these desperate efforts to make the liquor traffic respectable.

Second. The liquor traffic has created a powerful monied interest against temperance.

These dealers in poison have a great deal of money to spend, and Mr. A. the grocer, and Mr. B. the baker, and Mr. C. the dry goods man, and so on through the catalogue, must all be very careful what they say or do about temperance, lest they should "lose custom."

These men, moreover, are constantly troubled with little ailments, and the doctor must be careful lest he lose his most profitable patients, by expressing too decided opinions upon the moral diseases of the community.

They are frequently in law—indeed, pro or con, as plaintiffs or defendants they have more to do with it than almost any other class. The lawyer, then, must be thoroughly non-committed, or look for his living among the less litigious portion of the community. They pay high pew rents, and frequently send up to the parsonage, a few articles from "the store"—therefore the clergyman must be careful to maintain his reputation for conservatism, and like British soldiers in battle, fire away at every body in general and nobody in particular, which latter, as John Bull says, "is no better as murder."

The liquor dealer is a liberal sort of a man, and often lends Mr. Short money. Therefore Mr. Short must be still, and much as he would like to speak his mind.

The liquor dealer is a bank director, therefore the whole row of shop-keepers on Main street must take good care of their tongues and their votes, or their credit will be discounted in the place of their notes-of-hand.

Thus the monied influence which proceeds from this traffic is constantly penetrating and interpenetrating the community in a thousand directions, stifling public opinion, overawing the timid, forcing the helpless, tempting the selfish,



and arraying a formidable opposition to temperance, which but for those extraneous influences would never have existed.

Third. The liquor traffic has created and sustained a powerful political interest against temperance.

All the effective opposition which has been made to the enactment of stringent laws on this subject, and to the execution of such laws, has come from the men engaged in this traffic.—They give money and can afford to do so. The tens of thousands which were contributed by the New-York dealers to influence the Connecticut election last spring, have been returned tenfold to their coffers by the sales of the year in the State. They can afford to do the same thing another year, and doubtless will do it. It is hardly possible to overestimate the political power which such a body of dealers are able to wield. If this power were withdrawn or annihilated, how soon would intemperance, with all its horrors, be banished from the land.

Fourth. The liquor traffic furnishes "recruiting officers" all over the country, to swell the mighty array of intemperate men. The usual law is, "the demand regulates the supply," but in this case the rule is reversed for "the supply regulates and creates the demand."—Were it not for the immense supply which this traffic furnishes, nine-tenths of the demand for alcoholic drinks as a beverage would cease in a year.

Is it any wonder, then, that the Temperance Reformation has met with reverses? Could any success be sure? Could any triumph be permanent, while the enemy were possessed of such resources? Can any man in his senses doubt the wisdom, nay, the necessity of storming this fortress, scattering the forces it has sheltered, destroying its stores and levelling it with the ground? But can we do it? Yes, we can!—The Maine Law has proved itself adequate to the work of destroying this traffic, and once destroyed it can never be revived. Its supporters will have gone into other employments and connected themselves with other interests.—There will be no basis for operations in another campaign. One more struggle then, and victory is secure. The social, the monied, and the political power of society will all be ours. To our posts, then, brothers! and may God prosper the right.

#### Miscellaneous Table-talk Topics.

THE TEETOTAL THEORY.—The teetotal theory is, that alcoholic liquors are not necessary in any sense as ordinary beverages; that the drinking usages are seen to be the fountain of the intemperance of our country; that to set aside these usages is not only safe physiologically, but right economically, sanitarily, virtuously, and religiously; and that to carry out the teetotal principle and practice, would confer a blessing on mankind—through the sobriety of this great nation—greater than has ever yet been conferred by commerce, by politics, by education, or by the scientific advancement of civilization under any name.

DR. ABERNETHY, AND A LADY'S NOSE.—Lady (affectedly) "where in the name of wonder, Doctor, could I have got such a nose as this?" Dr. A: "Out of the Decanter, Ma'am."

—Over ninety-three millions of letters passed through the Post Offices of the United States during the last fiscal year. The revenue under the reduced rates of postage has fallen off nearly a million of dollars.

—Keep up weekly Temperance meetings everywhere. Don't be afraid that it will get to be 'an old story.' Zeal and energy will keep up the interest. Religious meetings do not become old stories—and why should those for the promotion of the cause next to religion—indeed one of its chief elements? Keep up the meetings, then. If the interest flags, try your ingenuity in devising means for its renewal.

The "order of exercises" need not be monotonous.—*Crystall Fountain.*

CAPITAL ILLUSTRATION.—Senator Rusk, referring to the fact that any proposition brought before Congress now is sure to produce a vast number of political speeches and a vast amount of political capital, said that the fact called to his mind an incident. He was present on one occasion at an Indian 'talk,' when a man drove up with a barrel of whisky; an old Indian who was sitting by, fixed his eye on the barrel, and after looking earnestly for some time, asked Mr. R. if he knew what was in that barrel.—He said it was whisky, he presumed. 'No,' said the Indian, 'there are about a thousand songs and fifty fights in that barrel!'

—Punctuality is said to be the life of business, but few make it the business of life.

GAS FROM VEGETABLES.—Mr. Geo. R. Booth of Wands-worth, has patented some improvements in the production of gas, which consist in manufacturing of vegetable gas from seeds, leaves, fruit and stems of plants, instead of employing the oils, gums or resins obtained therefrom in such process. Any seeds, or parts of plants, capable of yielding oils or gums from which gas may be produced, may be used in this manner, and the form of apparatus or retort employed, may be very much varied.—*Mining (Eng.) Journal.*

THE GROWTH OF TEA IN INDIA.—We have authority for stating, that the East India Company have determined to renew their important attempts at introducing tea into the Himalayas, and that Mr. Fortune is again charged with the operations. It is understood that he will sail in about a month.—*Gardener's (London) Chronicle.*

—There is considerable activity in Michigan in getting up petitions in favor of the Maine Law. The Michigan *Organ* some time since expressed the opinion that there is a majority of the Legislature soon to assemble at Lansing, favorable to its passage, and proposed, if we remember correctly, to publish a list of the members elect, showing who is for and against the law, but we have as yet seen nothing of it.

#### THE CUP OF LIFE.

Youth unwarned in sweets delighting,  
Quaffs the cup of life with glee;  
Finds the nectar still inviting,  
Nor the change to come can see!

Age all wearily,  
Age uncheerily,  
Hold the cup when the charms are past;  
Dreads to think of it—  
Loathes to drink of it—  
Yet must drain it to the last!

Youth, take heed! nor drink too madly!  
Lest for aye no sweets remain!  
Age, take heart! nor dip so sadly!  
Bitters may be turned to gain.

—*Bentley's Magazine.*

G. D.

THE EYES.—A wit remarks, that "no dust affects the eyes so much as gold dust." We might also add that no glasses affect the eyes more unfavourably than glasses of brandy.

—MOREWOOD says, it is estimated that one-half of the port, and five-sixths of the white wines consumed in London, are the product of the home presses.—*On Inebriating Liquors.*

—Wanted immediately, a respectable steady middle-aged man as groom and gardener—one capable of assisting in the Wine and Spirit Business, and accustomed to the Washing of Bottles.

[We cut the above from an old country paper. Of course it requires a very respectable and steady man for such a dirty, dangerous business.—Ed. C. T. A.]



— In a barber's shop in North Shields there is a bill recommending a certain patent medicine, with the very dubious heading, "Try one box—no other medicine will ever be taken."

— To all men, and at all times, the best friend is virtue; and the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

— Be not niggardly of what costs thee nothing—as courtesy, counsel and countenance.

— Words are the daughters of the mind, but actions are the sons of the soul.

— Discovery often becomes a crime, and doubt of establishing error, treason.

— They that laugh at everything, and they that fret at everything, are alike fools.

— The Chinese have a saying, that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue, cannot be brought back again by a coach and six horses.

### Sabbath Meditations.

*Nor thy stranger that is within thy gates.* Exod. xx. 10.  
— "This divine injunction may be understood as referring.  
1. To the visitor who sojourns in our house. Religion enjoins hospitality, and it fosters friendship; but it requires that our friendships be religious, and that our hospitality be administered in the name, and in harmony with the law and the glory of God. He it is who sets the solitary in families, as a flock. He is the God of the families of the whole earth; and, as their God, He holds their heads responsible for the moral conduct of all under their roof; and He will require it at their hand, if they permit even visitors to profane His holy day. Some of these may plead, that it is not their custom to keep the Sabbath so strictly as we do; and they may think us rude unless we relax our Sunday discipline to gratify their love of gaiety. But the law is the Lord's; our own obligations to obey are imperative; and we possess no power to absolve others from bonds equally binding. While, therefore, we exercise all the warm-hearted amenities of Christian friendship, we must neither, through fear or favor, neglect the family altar and the house of prayer, nor permit the intervals of public worship to be filled up with amusements or frivolous and worldly discourse. But while the phrase admits the above interpretation, we believe its primary application was, 2. To the foreigner who dealt in the cities of Israel. The cities and towns of Palestine were generally surrounded with walls, and defended by gates; whereas only a few of their dwellings were so secured. They were called 'brethren;' and the title 'stranger' was applied exclusively to men of other countries. The religious observance of the Sabbath was intimately connected with the honor of Jehovah's name, and the best interests of mankind. He foresaw that, if it were abolished, or brought into contempt, truth would suffer an eclipse, the poor would be oppressed, and the mind and manners of the entire community would become corrupt. To prevent this, He not only prohibited them, their children, their servants, and their cattle, from working; but, aware of their proneness to copy the customs of other countries, and of their liability to be seduced from His worship, by intercourse with irreligious foreigners, He added, 'Nor the stranger;' &c. This clause affords proof of the moral character of the Sabbath law, and of the obligation of all nations to observe it, to whom it might be revealed. The nature of the case requires that we consider this injunction, not only as obligatory on the 'stranger' resident in the country who felt inclined to obey, but as obliging the magistrates to restrain such as were disposed to offend. The magistracy alone could enforce obedience in such a case; and considering the vital importance of the institution, it was no less kind than wise in the Almighty to guard its sanctity by the double fence of magisterial and parental authority."—See Isa. lvi. 6, 7; Neh. xiii. 15, 21.

### A very Significant Hint.

At one of our railway stations, a few days ago, a passenger who, if he had become a teetotaler a few years ago, would have been a better and a happier man, while waiting for the starting of the train, had been too obediently yielding to the tyranny of the monster alcohol, was overtaken by a fit of *delirium tremens*. There sat the poor wretch, first upon one thing, then upon another, throwing his arms about in the wild frenzy of despair, and crying and roaring most piteously, as if in the agonies of eternal torment. While in this condition, he caught the attention of two of the directors, one a distiller and the other a brewer, who happened to be near conversing on the business of the road; his cries and moans excited their sympathy, and they anxiously enquired what was the matter. On being informed that he had been there some time, under the influence of intoxication, they walked away uttering a significant humph! What did conscience say at that moment? If allowed at all to speak, would it not say, "Thou art the cause of this; those Maine Law men are in the right." What but the Maine Law can put a stop to these horrors?  
J. T. D.

### Poetry.

#### WARNING AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

(From the London Tectotal Times.)

I asked the historian, Where now is proud Rome?  
And moth-eaten chronicles told me her doom:  
When her sons became idle, licentious, and gay,  
Her virtue and honor began to decay.

Once her arms shook the earth, and her fleets swept the seas,  
But her eagles and lilies no more kiss the breeze;  
In the day of her greatness, the sword was her trust,  
And her once mighty power now lies in the dust.

I turn to my country with feelings of pain,  
For methinks her glory is far on the wane;  
Yet no sword is uplifted, no campaign is plann'd,  
No war-cry resounds in my own father land.

But intemperance rolls on, like a flood fierce and wild;  
Our young men are poisoned, ensnared, and beguiled;  
Their minds are neglected, their health is destroy'd,  
Their morals corrupted, their time misemployed.

Strong drink has slain more than the sword of the Gaul,  
For thousands each year by its ravages fall;  
It damns and destroys; it withers and blasts  
The hope of the future, the pride of the past.

But a day-star of hope gleams across my loved land  
Where the bright banners wave of a brave little band.  
See! the demon is met, and the conflict is strong;  
But the bold temperance army shall triumph ere long.

Rush nobly to battle! success is secure;  
Your efforts unceasing shall victory ensure;  
And devils shall weep, and sweet seraphs shall smile,  
As they gaze on the patriots of Britain's fair isle.

Faded history has thrown round the murdered a glare,  
But his titles shall vanish, and melt into air;  
Yet when he's forgotten your names shall resound,  
And with laurels the fairest your brows shall be bound.

When laurels have faded, and time is no more,  
May multitudes meet you on Canaan's bright shore,  
Of those who were once sunk in misery and woe,  
But were brought, by your efforts, their Saviour to know.

And oh! what a ravishing, soul-thrilling song,  
Will burst from the lips of that blood-ransomed throng,  
And though my swelling soul is in manacles now,  
I hope to be there with a crown on my brow.

# Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 15, 1853.

## The Present Time—Its Dangers and Duties.

It cannot be said that the past year is without incident to give it historic importance, or that the present time is devoid of features sufficiently distinct to give it practical consequence. Just now, indeed, there is a lull. The ship of state lies to—the hands are gone ashore, not to make a row, or have a spree, but to quiet their nerves which had in some instances received quite a shock, and then to—we want to know what. Mind you, dear reader, it is of the Temperance cause we write, not of general politics—not of Grand Trunk Railways—not of Tariffs or Decimals, or Reciprocity, but of Temperance, and of the present time we beg to say that in our opinion, never was a more important. By a commendable exertion 65,000 signatures were obtained in behalf of prohibitory legislation, and throughout the country, as with the ship of state, there seems to be a lull. From various sources we hear of danger to the cause of Temperance, in consequence of the concentration of thought and effort for the Maine Law. That danger is to be enhanced by the doubtful aspects of future legislation, for if we gain not the Maine Law, we have, it is argued, lost ground by the neglect of moral agencies and persuasive effort. We admit the possible danger and loss, but are not convinced that as yet there is ground for grievous lamentation. In the lectures and appeals for the Maine Law, both from the platform and the press, sufficient distinctness was generally given to the evil of drinking and the benefits of total abstinence. But it may be necessary, nevertheless, to put our friends on their guard, and urge the old advocates of "Moral Suasion" to be up and at their work the remainder of the winter, and never to tire or faint. A crisis surrounded with most dangers is thereby invested with most duties, and the ardent warrior convinced of the justice of his engagement will not cease his toil until the enemy is discomfited and the battle won.

Many of the old Temperance Societies, (the pioneers of the Sons and the Maine Law.) are it is said, gone into decay—being superseded by new organizations. Wherever it can be done let these good old temperance schools be re-opened. Hold meetings in every locality, and invite speakers after the fashion of olden times, to talk plainly and forcibly on temperance and the Maine Law. Delay not in this necessary and useful work. We may here be permitted to say a word or two

### TO THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Brethren;—We must admit that our life as an order of Temperance men, has been the death of many very valuable Temperance societies. Most likely the aggregate gain to the enterprise has been great and glorious. But it strikes us that every Division has a duty to perform which never could be more pressing than now. That duty is not merely to hold and sustain efficiently public Temperance meetings, but to assist in the establishment or re-establishment of general temperance societies. There are many persons who could not be brought to see the propriety of uniting with us, who yet are staunch friends of the good old cause, and the good old way of carrying it on. By mutual good will and exertion the Sons and all true friends may unite and do a great amount of service. The Division Room itself may be replenished, and many be persuaded to take the pledge of total abstinence. We may add, in conclusion, that the course we recommend is the only way by which we can maintain our ground, and secure

the continued and increasing attention and co-operation of the country for the Maine Law. Institute Divisions.—Organize Public Temperance Societies.—Establish Sections of Cadets.—Let the Knights encamp and the Daughters unite, and with these endeavours forget not the circulation of trustworthy temperance papers, and then, our confidence in God being strong and rational, we shall fully anticipate unprecedented success. There is work for us all. Let us all work.

## Sanitary and Social Economy.

HUMANITY—PROGRESSIVENESS—FIXED LAWS.

No array of evidence is necessary to convince any reflecting person that the life which is the sole gift of God, is thereby invested with a sacred character, and that in proportion as correct ideas are entertained respecting it, so will care be taken lest it be wantonly destroyed. Hence arises the difference between the savage and civilized state. In the latter, there exists not a scriptural knowledge of human dignity, and of human rights, and therefore these "dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." A civilization based upon the grand facts and sacred truths of divine revelation respects human life, and regards it as solely at the disposal of the author of all being.

But it must be acknowledged that the developments of civilization yet known, are sadly defaced by inconsistencies and defects. Evils gross and palpable have been allowed to grow up; health and life have been deteriorated or destroyed. So fully have many persons admitted the existence of social ills and miseries; and the frightful calamities occurring in the midst of splendor and power, that they have doubted the superiority of the civilized state as compared with the savage. There is also a school of misanthropy. It seems to flourish in misery, and feed on disaster. Its inferences from the past are melancholy, and its prophecies for the future are dismal. The votaries of that school seem to have great faith in the devil, and but little hope in God concerning the destiny of our race. They are not without sensible views of life, and the desirableness of procuring happiness and enjoying rational liberty, but the philosophers of the misanthropic school are not to be depended on, either in their estimate of human life, or in their calculations respecting the destiny of the human race.

It may be said, however, that one of the most remarkable features of the present age is the bold prominence given to questions affecting the life of man and the health of communities, whether rural or urban. We never had faith in the Malthusian theory of over population, and we take it, that the universal effort toward reform, the numerous institutions established, and the laws enacted having a sanitary tendency, do demonstrate that higher views are entertained of human life and its capacities, as well as of the capacities of nature to meet the demands of mankind. We admit, that some of the isms of the day are yet in an experimental process, but whether they succeed or fail, their authors are all moved by a conviction of the necessity of guarding against antiquated evils, and mitigating inevitable misery.

The recent elaborate article of the *Westminster Review*, on "Physical Puritanism," is an homage to the conservative progressiveness of sanitary reform, and an evidence of the social advancement which marks the efforts of wise and generous men. And hence too is discerned the fact that human life is now more than ever considered sacred, and that proper effort should be made to extend its limit—and increase its substantial comfort. "The three headed anti-poison league, the huge protest against alcohol in all its guises and disguises, the sanitary outcry about filth and

foul air, the phrenological call to the obedience of the organic law, and this feeble vegetarian summons of the lieges to a still purer physical life," &c., "were all wanted by the ago, else they would never have arisen upon us, suddenly and simultaneously, like an insurrection of citizens against a tyranny grown beyond endurance." Just so; there are many physical tyrannies, "grown beyond endurance," and to aid in destroying or chaining the tyrant is the duty of every man. Life is of value in many respects, and it is one of the most striking evidences of the wisdom and beneficence of the Deity, that in proportion to the zeal with which society guards itself against physical evil, so will its happiness abound. Such zeal is generally the fruit of correct moral sentiment and religious habit, and will therefore reproduce the fruits of righteousness and peace. "The preservation of human life is the strongest test by which we can measure the efficiency of all institutions devoted to the accomplishment of the temporal aid of mankind." This is the opinion of the Messrs. Chambers in their excellent work on Sanitary Economy, and we quote it here for the purpose of expressing our concurrence in the general conclusions of that work.

Undoubtedly, the great author of our being has adapted all his laws to the promotion of good every where. Obedience to these laws by all moral beings would secure perfect happiness. These laws are not all brought before us in distinct and literal enactment but in many instances they are so, and where they are not, the gift of rational intelligence rightly employed would lead to salutary conclusions. The laws of mind and matter are not discordant, and they all equally demand obedience. Sharan Turner in his "Sacred History of the World," third vol. ninth letter, has some remarks on a subject closely allied to the one under discussion. He is writing of the beneficent design of the Creator in the laws relating to human increase. He takes as a postulate the great idea. "No human evil has originated from God;" but in the depravity and misconduct of man. These bring their consequences of inflicted misery and pain, and thereby teach the necessity of obedience. The author then says:—

"But it is for us to remember, that His law of our population was but ONE of His laws, by which human nature and our human life were to be affected, and governed. He never meant one of His laws to operate and His other laws to be violated, or disregarded. All His laws have linked relations with one another. Any one infringed defeats the effects of some other; they were designed by him to be all in simultaneous action, and to be all co operating to form human nature, and His designed human world as He wished them to be. He meant them to be all concurrently obeyed and conformed to; those imparted to nature, and those enjoined to man, to be always alike acting efficiently and harmoniously. While nature would then be always producing the sequences appointed to issue from its moving laws and agencies; man would, on this plan, be always obeying and conforming to the regulations and directions which he had received. Man and nature, and their God, would then be in perfect harmony with each other; no evil would then have arisen in either the human or the natural world. But when man became contumacious and self willed, and rebelled from his divine teacher and governor, and disliked and rejected the revelations he had received, then moral evil rapidly and profusely accrued and sprang up in every heart, and in every new generation, like some of the ever-sprouting weeds of a neglected, or ill-cultivated field. The beneficent laws of nature were, by its intruding influence, counteracted and frustrated, and their beneficent action and results were often intercepted, and converted into causes and instruments

of what became evil also. It is obvious, that such effects were never meant by God to occur, and under the right conduct of mankind never would have been among them."—And therefore we are prepared to receive Mr. Turner's corollary on this vital question of population and happiness. He says:—"The great truth on this complicated subject may be taken generally to be, that human population has always depended on human conduct. The moral depravities are inimical to it, and overrule the natural law. The moral virtues favor it, and promote its natural multiplication. It lessens, or departs from the wicked actions of mankind. It flourishes where rectitude, philanthropy, industry, peace, religion and the domestic and social charities of life predominate in the nation, and in its governors. Population is, in fact, a moral and political question, much more than a physiological one. The maternal nature of man is subjected to his intellectual principle, and must be governed by it whenever that begins to be active."

Entertaining these views, we are always anxious that the Sanitary reformer and Christian teacher should fully understand each other's aims and purposes. They are not diverse, but in harmony, and neither can dispense with the other. On these topics more hereafter.

### Old Thoughts Newly Applied.

DEDICATED TO THE LEGISLATURE OF CANADA.

A few years before the close of the last century, in 1794, one Thomas Gisborne, M.A., Prebendary of Durham, published a useful book, bearing this title, "An Enquiry into the Duties of Men in the Higher and Middle Classes of Society in Great Britain, resulting from their respective stations, professions, and employments." Modestly the author designates his work "An Enquiry," yet, in these two octavo volumes, there may be found a good deal of very plain wholesome didactic teaching. Sovereigns, Peers, Commoners, Judges, Lawyers and Magistrates, Clergymen, Physicians, Tradesmen, and Gentlemen, all and each receive attention, and may have been advantaged by taking heed to the sensible remarks of the instructor.

Truth is always fresh and vigorous, and sometimes old thoughts, newly applied, are received with respect because they are old. There is an advantage in molting on the works of our old moralists and casuists, in that they being dead, yet now speak uninfluenced by present contentions, and cannot be biased by the asperities of the party zeal of our day. And so, therefore, if we were to admit ourselves somewhat biased by strong feeling and the desire of victory in the attainment of the Maine Law, yet such feeling and desire cannot be attributed to Gisborne, and other writers on political and social economy.

We make a few quotations from Thomas Gisborne's thoughts, with a few remarks introductory or applicatory. Much has been said in these times concerning the British Constitution. Gisborne says, "The first principle dictated by political wisdom, is this—that those fundamental rules be observed which natural justice inculcates as the proper groundwork of our social institutions." And he observes in another place, "Every constitution of government is radically and dangerously defective which does not contain within itself the means of remedying, without tumult and national disorder, the imperfections in its frame, which experience may bring to light, and of correcting the abuses which time and accident may introduce into the administration of public affairs." There are two points here of great importance—the first is, that law should be accordant with natural justice, which our present liquor law is not, for it leads to a violation of all natural justice,

and is opposed to law, love, and liberty. The second point is—experience having brought to light the iniquities and absurdities of the license system, it should be totally abolished; and if the constitution cannot remedy the evils “without tumult and disorder,” it is “radically and dangerously defective.” But as to the operation of the British Constitution, Gisborne says, “If once the sense of the nation be decidedly formed, and permanently expressed, concerning the injustice or impolicy of any particular law, the public voice will reach every branch of the Legislature, and obtain that change of the system which moral duty and the general welfare demand,” so that in due time we may be sure the Maine Law will be the law of the British Empire, and all its widely-extended dependencies.

The dangerous nature and ill effects of the traffic are related to by Gisborne, in his chapter on the duties of Justices of the Peace. It is a veritable quotation we are going to make. If we did not say thus much, some people might imagine we were writing an insinuating paragraph against some ruling authorities of these present times. “By an improper exercise of authority in granting licenses, a Magistrate may do an essential injury to the welfare and morals of the whole community. The principal danger to be feared, is from his being misled by a blind unwillingness to diminish the revenues of the State, by ill-timed tenderness for the publican, or his family, by the solicitations of interested individuals, and even of his own clerks, (who, if not bribed to intercede for a license, are entitled to a fee on its being granted), and occasionally, perhaps, by a secret desire of serving some favorite or dependent of his own, to permit the existence of too many public-houses; and where the number is moderate, to connive at their being in the hands of improper owners. The evils resulting from a needless abundance of these shops for intemperance and vice (for such they very generally prove, and particularly, when they are in the possession of selfish and unprincipled landlords), are beyond description. The lower the rank of the house, and the more obscure its situation is, the greater are the mischiefs which may be expected from it. In these receptacles of the drunken and the dissolute, every kind and degree of profligacy is learned; the young and the idle are initiated into sottishness, gaming, profaning, and debauchery, and confirmed and encouraged by habit and example. Schemes of rapine are projected and planned, from the pilfering of a solitary hovel, and the petty plunder of an unguarded hen-roost, to highway robbery and midnight murder. Hence private distress and public insecurity; hence the multitude of our poor, and the fulness of our prisons.” Enough—the sale of strong drink has always been a bad business. It is radically wrong. It must be put down and prohibited. So say we all.

Concerning the duties of persons in trade, we wish the thoughts of Gisborne could be transferred to the consciences of liquor-selling merchants. He says, “No man stands authorized in the sight of his Maker, to commence, or to continue any species of traffic or business, which is either in itself unjust or immoral, or which in any way tends, on the whole, to impair the happiness of the human race.” Tried by this righteous rule, what is the liquor business? But some additional remarks are made not less powerful and applicable. “Every trader is bound, in following his occupation, to extend his views beyond his own emolument and advantage; and not only to pursue it according to the strict rules of integrity, but also to conduct it on such principles, and to direct it, so far as may be possible, to such objects as to advance the comforts, the prosperity, the intellectual, moral, and religious improvement of his dependents, of his neighbors, of his country-

men, and if his line of life enables him, of foreign nations, even in the remotest corners of the globe.” If these principles of trade and commerce were carried out, the whole liquor traffic of modern times would be annihilated. But men are wicked, selfish, and unscrupulous, and therefore it is necessary for the State to interfere and guard society against the rapacity and avarice of its enemies. The present system of legislation cannot be defended on any principles of justice or righteousness. We conclude these extracts from Gisborne, with the following striking and applicable passage—“When a Legislature sanctions, and a subject practices a branch of trade, which \* \* \* has an obvious tendency to diminish human happiness, \* \* \* they act in opposition to the will of God, and are, in consequence, highly criminal.” In this criminality we wish not to share by any silence as to the enormities of the liquor trade—and most earnestly do we implore our legislators to enact the Maine Law without unnecessary delay.

### Pleasing Reminiscences.

FOR THE TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

It is wise and profitable to “call to remembrance” former times; to look back as well as to look forward. “The wise man’s eyes are in his head,” that he may take heed to his ways, and make a proper use of his powers, his opportunities, and his advantages. Thoughtful and inquiring, and anxious to profit by the past, he will often “call to remembrance” the scenes and events of the past, which of course will vary in their character, yielding, it may be, both pleasure and pain, and suggestive of useful lessons.

While such a course is applicable to man in general, those connected with the Temperance enterprise will find it no less instructive and beneficial. In their recollections of the past, many things will rise before their minds. They will remember the origin of the Temperance Reform; its progress from the Moderation to the Total-abstinence principle; the various organizations adopting the Teetotal pledge, yet varying in their details; the success of all these institutions; and the influence which they have all exerted in the community in rendering popular the demand for a Law based on the principle of the Maine Liquor Law, thus effectually to arrest the progress of the monster Intemperance. In looking over this wide field many reminiscences will occur as to men and measures.

The writer lately received a letter from a highly esteemed friend in Quebec, a veteran in the temperance cause, and a warm and liberal friend to religious and benevolent institutions, in which, referring to one of his recent “Jottings” on the Canadian Exhibition, and their ramblings together there, remarks, “They are reminiscences which are not displeasing.” So it will be found in the recollections of others.

The writer well remembers hearing a Lecturer on Temperance in the Town-hall of Yarmouth, England, sixteen years ago. Several times did he hear him, and much free intercourse he had with him. That individual was called “The Manchester Carpenter,” that being his original trade. He was rough in his manners, and labored under many disadvantages; but he had considerable powers of mind, benevolence of heart, and energy of character, and he labored hard to bring others to his way of thinking and acting in the Temperance cause, and labored successfully. But what has become of him? He rapidly improved his mind, stored it with useful knowledge, entered into the active pursuits of life, advanced in public estimation, strove to promote

the welfare of the class from which he rose, and is now, with his pure and by his talents, exerting a good influence in the British metropolis for the mental and moral improvement of the working classes. Often does his name figure in the British papers; and the writer presumes, without personal knowledge, that *John Cassell, Esq.*, is one of the benefactors of the day. Here we have an instance of the good effects of the Temperance Reformation. One man reformed, the means of reforming large numbers, and rising in life, a valuable and influential member of society. *This* is a pleasing reminiscence.

But the writer has also pleasing reminiscences in *Canada*. Upwards of fourteen years has he traversed different sections of the United Province. In the year 1841, it was his privilege to lecture and to preside at a soiree in the House of Assembly, in the present Canadian metropolis. Some efforts were then made to promote the Temperance reform; and the *witnesses* have multiplied there and in its neighborhood, who can testify to its triumphs and beneficial tendencies, among whom a Cameron, a Halé, a Musson, a Matheson, and others, pass before the mind's eye. So in Montreal there are witnesses who would do honor to any community, who, by their labors in the Temperance cause, have rendered the entire Province their debtors. To avoid any thing like invidious remarks, we may say in a word their name is *J. Ginn*, for they are many. The *Canada Temperance Advocate* is a monument of their industry and success. In the towns and smaller communities of Western Canada, as the writer goes and compares the past with the present, many pleasant incidents arise to his recollection. In the *Ottawa District*, and the country around it for many miles,—L'Orignal, and Hawkesbury, and Vankleek Hill, St. Andrew's, Martintown, Cornwall, Clarence, &c.—names and deeds arise in quick succession, which we cannot here record, the recollection of which is very pleasant; but the fruits appear in healthful institutions, and the liberal support rendered to the *Canada Temperance Advocate*. So it is with Bytown and Perth, Richmond and Lanark, and other places in that section, where the writer is favored with friends who are co-workers in the same enterprise. It is so likewise in Brockville and Prescott, in Kingston, Belleville, and Toronto, in Hamilton, Niagara, and St. Catherine's; and it is no less so in the Ontario country, Whitby, Oshawa, and Brooklyn, Duffin's Creek, and other places, where Sons of Temperance, or members of what is called the Old Society, male and female, are materially aiding this benevolent enterprise.

Some indeed have *opposed* the efforts of the friends of the good cause, but even *their opposition has been overruled for good*. This is a pleasing recollection. The writer remembers presiding at a public meeting in Lowestoft, Suffolk, where about seven or eight hundred persons were assembled. A still was in operation, analyzing some beer, that the liquid fire might be exhibited to the audience, with suitable comments. An opponent to the cause objected, and said that he would not believe what we stated unless we sent for a pint or quart of ale from a certain house, and before him and the audience placed it in the still, and then showed the result. We invited him to the platform, we sent for the ale, and when it was brought, and we were about to place it in the still, he took hold of the pot, *drank the whole*, and then *turned his stomach into a still*, to the merriment of many. The excitement produced hastened the conclusion of the meeting. But his opposition did good, for we soon learned who it was that opposed; that he was an interested party, was engaged in the traffic, and a pawnbroker also, all of which gave an impetus to the cause. Other facts might be adduced, but we forbear.

And have my readers no pleasing reminiscences? Doubtless they have. It cannot be otherwise. May they multiply. But, be they few or many, they should be turned to good account. Let them induce thankfulness to God, from whom all blessings flow. Let them cement the bonds of friendship and Christian love. Let them stimulate to more active zeal in every good work. Let them awaken a more general interest in the Temperance movement, more vigorous efforts to accomplish all its designs, and more earnest prayer for the Divine benediction to crown it with success.

The reminiscences of the past *afford encouragement and warrant hope*. In the language of the honored Carey, we should "attempt great things, and expect great things." Now is the time for action. There are men in the field ready for work. Many of them are working, adopting various measures, co-operating under different organizations, but all convinced that one bold movement must be made, in the way of Legislative enactments, to bless this growing country with peace and prosperity. Let there be no delay, then, in hastening this measure. Now is the time. Many are longing for it. Many pray for it. Many will rejoice in it. Ere, then, the Parliament convene, let every thing be prepared in the shape of petitions, that the wishes of the people may be known, and their power be felt by the wise men of the East.

Whitby, 27th December, 1852.

J. T. B.

### Rough and Ready Readings.

G. W. Bungay was at Providence, R. I. on the 7th December last. There was a first rate Temperance Convention on that day.

Prof. J. W. Cornings, in his excellent "Streams from the South," published in the *Cataract*, gives the following postscript to his last:

"POSTSCRIPT. Dec. 12th. On going to breakfast this morning, I noticed blood upon the sidewalk, from which I inferred that a murder had been committed, as the consequence of the rowdiness and drunkenness of the last night. Stepping into the house, I saw the dead body of a man who had been stabbed to the heart by a drunken young fellow about 2 o'clock this morning. So I suppose a second *judicial death* will be the consequence of this murderous demonstration of the power of rum."

The *Jewish Chronicle* for December contains the conclusion of an excellent address to the Jews, concerning Christ. The *Chronicle* is published at New-York, monthly, \$1 per annum.

The *Canada Christian Advocate* is the best religious denominational paper published in Canada. Variety and excellence distinguish its selections and editorials. "Do you belong to their Church?" says one. No sir, never did, but we will commend excellence, wherever we find it.

The *Maine Temperance Watchman* is to be enlarged. It is worth it—go ahead.

The *Napancee Bee*, always a welcome exchange, is to be called *The Emporium*, and is to be enlarged and improved.

The *San Francisco Herald* says, that the Spiritualists or Rappers had a certain communication, that General Scott was elected President. They obtained their information from General Cass and Trueman Smith, with whom they conversed in spirit. Strange times these.

Judge Curtis, of Rhode Island, has decided in the *Greene case*, that the liquor law of that State is unconstitutional. Shout all, ye demons of darkness. Our work is not done, but we shall persevere. In the meantime, consider the following dialogue from the *Rochester Temperance Journal*:—

“What is the object of government?

To protect the people in the enjoyment of their rights.

Who formed it?

The people.

Suppose the people find that the use and sale of a particular article tends to produce riots, and poverty, and death and taxes, have they not a right to restrain its use?

Unquestionably.

To what extent may they restrain it?

Obviously, if they have a right to make a law that shall diminish its sale one third, because the public good requires it, they have the same right, for the same reason to diminish it two thirds, if they judge it necessary—and if the *public good* will justify an interference with any business, so as to diminish it one third or two thirds, the same reason will justify abridging it the *other third*—suppressing it altogether. Our readers can make the application.

### Sons of Temperance.

We are glad to find that the two Divisions in this City continue to prosper, and the Grand Scribe for Canada East informs us that since the last meeting of the Grand Division, three new Charters have been granted. The following are the officers of Howard Division, No. 1, for the present quarter.

J. S. Hall, W. P.

C. F. Smithers, W. A.

G. M. Ross, F. S.

Francis Hunter, T.

T. R. Brown, R. S.

Mr. Patton, A. R. S.

W. Becket, C.

The following is a list of the Officers of Judah Division, No. 12, for the quarter commencing January 1, 1853.

J. Ballard, re-elected, W. P.

P. Bawden, Jr., W. A.

Robert Burrows, R. S.

George Monk, F. S.

We understand that this Division intend to celebrate their Anniversary by a Soiree, early in February of which due notice will be given.

### I. O. of R.

The Independent Order of Rechabites are a vigorous and healthy body, contributing their due share of healthful influence for the public good, and the advancement of the good cause. They have pitched two tents in this city, and together with Sons are strong for the Maine Law. The names of the two tents are the Samaritan and Perseverance. The latter intend, early in February, to hold a festival on the right principle, that is, without either the cup that intoxicates or mazes of the giddy dance. We hope there will be a strong muster of all the friends of the cause, that the votaries of both the cup and the dance may be fully convinced that ours is the more excellent way.

### The Late John Fraser, Esq.

We deem it due to the memory of the deceased, considering the deep interest he has for many years taken in the temperance cause, and being one of our correspondents, to give the following just tribute to departed worth. We copy from the London Prototype.

Our entire community is filled with grief for the sudden removal, by death, of one of our most beloved and respected citizens. On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 21st inst., Mr. Fraser's carriage was run into by the heavy waggon of a careless teamster, six miles from town, on the Goderich road, and Mr. Fraser thrown

out with violence. He was carried into the nearest house, and immediate assistance procured, but, after lingering in a state of unconsciousness, for about four hours, he peacefully expired. A few particulars of Mr. Fraser's history will doubtless be acceptable to a large circle of our readers.

He was born at Inverness, in the north of Scotland, 29th of January, 1795, and was therefore, at the period of his lamented death, fifty-seven years of age. Descended from an old and highly respectable family, Mr. Fraser received the advantage of a liberal education, at the Inverness Royal Academy, and subsequently at the University of King's College, Aberdeen, where he graduated in 1812. The remarkably religious bias of his mind was derived in very early life, from the instructions of his maternal grandmother, with whom, in Ross-shire, his first years were spent, and subsequently matured under the example and influence of his father, a man of high probity as a merchant, and rare excellence as a christian.

Though originally intended for a profession, the subject of our sketch devoted himself to commercial pursuits, and, with this view, passed a few years in London, and subsequently travelled on the continent of Europe.

In the year 1818, he succeeded his father in business, in Inverness, and also assumed the agency of the Perth Banking Company. He enjoyed, for many years, a very wide-spread respect, as a man and a christian. In all public as well as private walks of usefulness, his activity and influence were great. Every institution, or enterprise, promotive of the physical, moral or religious improvement of others, had his warm support. In public affairs, the subjects of education, abolition of slavery, and the Reform Bill of 1832, awakened the interest of his mind. At an early period of life, he was raised to the magistracy, and, from the year 1833 to 1837, filled the office of Provost, or Mayor, of his native town.

Warmly attached as he had ever been to the national Church of Scotland, he felt intense interest in the movements of the reforming, or evangelical party. He sat in the general assemblies of 1831 and 1835, as representative elder of his native borough. Both in Scotland and in Canada, his influence and his prayers were always with the cause of earnest, reforming, evangelical religion.

In the year 1837, Mr. Fraser came to Canada, as Chief Commissioner of the British American Land Company, and resided at Sherbrooke, C. E., where his memory will be long and affectionately cherished.

In 1844, Mr. Fraser took up his residence in London, C. W., and opened here the agency of the Bank of Montreal. In all the relations of life, he won the admiration and respect of his fellow citizens; to every movement for the promotion of morals, sobriety and education, he proved himself an ardent friend. His religious earnestness manifested itself in his devotedness to the interests of the Free Presbyterian church of which he was a ruling elder, and in a large-hearted zeal for the cause of God and truth, in all sections of the christian church. It may suffice to mention that he was president of the London Auxiliaries, of the Bible Society, Tract Society, French Canadian Missionary Society, and Canada Sabbath School Union. Animated by great practical philanthropy, he also occupied the leading position in the various organizations for the promotion of temperance, and none who were associated with him in such efforts of usefulness, can forget the unflinching patience, cheerfulness and wisdom with which he performed his part. In brief, as a man of profound personal piety and enlightened christian zeal, Mr. Fraser leaves behind him the memory of the righteous, which is blessed. The general estimation in which he was held, was touchingly manifested on the day of his funeral by the unexampled crowd of mourners who followed his body to the tomb, by the total suspension of business, the tolling of the bells of St. Paul's church, and by every other becoming mark of respect and grief. A very appropriate address was delivered in St. Andrew's church before the burial, by the Rev. John Scott, to a crowded auditory, and the melancholy event has been suitably referred to from the pulpit of all the other churches in town.

A man of God has passed to his rest and reward. “Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

We are unavoidably compelled, by want of space, to omit the Music in this number.

## [FOR THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.]

Every candid and serious reader of the history of this continent must have observed the mighty influence, for good or evil, which several distinguished men have, by their personal character and policy, exercised over the current events and destiny of its several governments—take, for instance, that of Roger Williams, Champlain, Wm. Penn, Lord Baltimore, Washington, or Adams, and many others. Among the most prominent, stands Wm. Penn, whose upright, merciful, just, and wise policy, the offspring of genuine Christianity, ensured for the Colony, of which he was the illustrious founder, that prosperity, security and peace, it so long enjoyed, and such respect for himself, and it, from the Indian tribes, among whom he founded it, as rapidly to advance that state of the public mind which prepared it for the blessings of civil and religious liberty, now so largely dispensed over the United States, and of which it is one of the principal and most interesting arenas. At that early period of the great Temperance cause, he, with other clear sighted patriotic men, in the midst of much obloquy, embraced every opportunity in which his personal influence or authority, had weight to prevent the use of intoxicating liquors, and, therefore, in all the first regulations of the Assembly of Pennsylvania, strict regard was had to the prevention of the sale of liquor to the Indians, which Penn had studiously all along endeavoured to prevent. Of the evils attendant upon a contrary course, the remarkable history of his eventful and useful life gives painful proof. In 1683, we are informed, that “Penn was pleased to learn, by letters from America, that the members of his own Society had conducted themselves generally well; that they had been careful to prevent the introduction of strong liquors among the Indians, and had held several religious meetings with them.” Other intelligence, however, contained in these letters was far from agreeable. Very serious irregularities had crept in among the Colonies—strong drink, that eternal source of ill, had begun its demoralizing work. Penn, in his letters to T. Lloyd, insisted that the number of drinking houses should be immediately reduced; that all persons who had made the caves (temporary holes in the sand bank on the side of the river for accommodation of settlers arriving late in the season), receptacles for improper company, should be ordered to get up their houses elsewhere. Again, in 1698, we are told, “For some time things had not gone on pleasantly in Pennsylvania. Even Colonel Markham, Penn’s relation, had not acted in such a way as to give Penn and the settlers satisfaction. But things had gone on better there this year. Still, a great deal of evil was caused by drinking, hence the magistrates were instructed to curtail the number of inn-keepers, and to license those only upon whose good conduct they thought they could depend. “Poor creatures,” exclaims the author; “they were not aware thus early, that there is no means of curing or preventing drunkenness, and the vices which it generates, but the disuse of intoxicating drinks altogether.”

On this account, Penn himself does not appear to have been fully aware of the danger of even allowing them to understand that there was risk in the tasting of a single glass, for the historian informs us that “On Penn’s return to Pensbury, another tribe of Indians, which had not gone down to Philadelphia with those previously mentioned, came to him to renew the treaty which he had made with them after his first voyage to these parts, John Richardson, a Yorkshire Quaker, who was then travelling in America as a minister of the gospel, was at Pensbury at the time, and witnessed what was done on the occasion, and has given an account of it in his journal.

One of the Indians observed, that they never first broke their covenants with other people; for, smiting his hands upon his head three times, he said, they did not make them *there* in their heads; but, smiting his hand three times on his breast, said they made them *there* in their hearts. “I am sorry,” says his biographer, “to learn from this account of John Richardson, that Penn gave the Indians some brandy and rum to drink, thus countenancing the greatest bane both of civilized and savage people. But Penn,” continues the historian, “had not learned that what is called the moderate use of those drinks as a beverage, inevitably leads to drunkenness and ruin among savage, and, in many cases, among civilized people as well. He lived under the old dark dispensation on this subject, before the light of the temperance reformation had dawned.”

J. T. D.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Norwood, Dec. 17, 1852.

The 16th of September last was “an high day” in the little village of Warsaw. It was the day of the annual demonstration of the friends of Temperance; it was also a festival, for under the auspices of the Sons, aided by the Daughters of Temperance, who gratuitously provided the confectionery, an excellent dinner was provided. At an early hour the Divisions of the Sons from Peterboro’, Norwood, Westwood, Oakdale, and Pem-a-dash-a-que-ong, began to pour in, until at noon, when the procession of the Sons formed, above a thousand people were collected. After a walk of an hour, the Sons returned, when the Daughters were ready with the good things of this life, to which fully five hundred men, women, and children did ample justice.

As the day was delightfully fine, the tables were laid out in the open air on the lawn, in front of the house of T. Choate, Esq. After dinner at about 2 o’clock, came “the feast of reason and the flow of soul;” then the speaking commenced; the great theme, “the Maine Liquor Law,” which, in all its amplitude, was nobly advocated by most of the speakers, whose names were as follows:—J. Foley, Esq., chairman, Rev. H. Stephens, Rev. W. Hooper; Messrs P. Cannon, James McQue, (whose Indian name is Wah-wanb-schi-bon-ess), Samuel Young, George A. Hill, Peter Pearce, and D. M. McAleese. The great fault of the speakers was their number; they were too many, thus limiting too much the time of each. The speaking was generally good, and to the point, and to particularize might appear invidious.

One of the speakers, a Capt. H., who is a man *sui generis*, the writer of a most extraordinary petition, from Dummer and Burleigh, lately refused a reading by our Legislature, and of another petition for the abolition of the Sabbath. This famous captain attempted to prove by a syllogism that the moderate drinkers are the great friends of temperance; that they passed the law in Maine, and that if ever it be passed in Canada, they must do it! But as his syllogism was only a sophism, we shall not impose it on your readers. Another of the speakers, Samuel Young, Esq., of Crook’s Rapids, is now no more; he has gone to his reward. In his demise, society has experienced the loss of an upright Christian man, and a consistent and able advocate of the temperance cause.



To the various speakers the vast multitude listened with the most earnest attention, and from beginning to end the most perfect order reigned, with the exception of one single individual, who, with vacant stare and glazed eye and stammering tongue and steaming breath, took great exception to the observations of the writer, but next day brought sobriety and reflection and repentance, and as the speaker, though no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, then foretold, he has signed the temperance pledge, and is now a Knight of Temperance. And this reminds me that there is also in Warsaw a division of this polemic order, who are working wonders in rescuing the degraded drunkard, and saving from temptation the moderate drinking man. They have a commodious hall, neatly furnished; it is 44 feet by, I think, 26. And then there are the Cadets of Temperance, though least in stature, yet not in importance. Truly Warsaw is a temperance village.

We understand that quite a number of habitual drinkers have, since the meeting, renounced their practices, and joined the temperance ranks.

Sweet and appropriate music, afforded by the Peterboro' and Warsaw bands, enlivened the scene, hopefulness reigned in every heart, joy beamed in every eye, and reluctantly at last did the people depart for their homes, determined no doubt to labor and to pray for a prohibitory law that will be mighty to rescue the degraded drunkard from rum and ruin, and train up the rising generation free from the poisonous fangs of the insidious enemy of man.

D. M. McCa.

Township of Tuckersmith, 25th Dec., 1852.

Mr. Editor,—As you think justly that ministers, by taking up some space in your valuable paper, might discourse to thousands, I send you a few lines, agreeing with you at the same time, that the writer of the "Jottings" ought to go on either in that or in any other form which he may please to assume. I am sorry that you so seldom hear from our quarter, and that is one reason why I send this communication. Some months ago a Temperance Soiree was held at Mitchell, at which I was present. As the day was rainy, the idea of tea in the grove had to be given up; but active hands and warm hearts soon fitted up a suitable table in a house within the village. Dr. Hyde of Stafford, a Son of Temperance from St. Mary's, and two ministers addressed the meeting, which was well attended notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather.

A silk banner was presented by the Ladies, to the Sons of Temperance, with the fitting motto "Persevere and Overcome," and a good number were added to the cold water army. Mr. Hill, a zealous friend of the cause, occupied the chair on the occasion.

Last July a Tectotal Demonstration was also held at Brucefield. They had the flag unfurled to the breeze, bearing the weighty truth, "Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging." Addresses were given, and the feeling seemed strong in favor of the Maine Law.

On the 23d instant, a meeting was held at Egmondville, for the purpose of hearing a lecture. The Rev. John Ross and I spoke on the occasion. On account of a rainy night, and bad roads, and, may I not add, probably on account of a social meeting held in a tavern at Harpurhey, a neighboring village, on the same evening, the meeting was but thinly attended. A good

amount of truth, however, was set before the audience, and one name added to the list. Mr. Ross described "The town of Moderation as a fine place in which to live, were it not that it bordered on Topsyland." At this meeting it was judged expedient to elect new office-bearers, when the following were appointed for the current year:—President, Rev. William Graham; Vice-President and Secretary, Messrs. David Duncan, and John M. Geoch.

Before closing, I shall adduce a few inferences from what has been advanced. 1st. All public meetings in the country should be reported to some Temperance periodical; and as postage is now as cheap to Montreal as to Hamilton, it might be well to send to the former, as your Journal has seen the most of a score of years in the service. Men of Tuckersmith, McKillop, and Stanley, support the Temperance press—Sow its leaves broadcast over the district—Take courage and think that the beautiful green State of Vermont has also adopted the law. Neal Dow deserves a monument two hundred feet high, but he has a better monument than that, in the empty prisons, improved morals, and advancing intelligence of the State of Maine. People of Canada, watch and pray on this subject—speak, read, write, and hear—Agitate, agitate, agitate—Nail your flag to the top of the mast, and let your war cry be—"No surrender." 2d. People who are indifferent to the progress of our principles, should at least give the matter their serious consideration. Think again and again before you venture to say that you will continue to keep aloof from the subject—Remember that here, as on a higher field of warfare, strictly speaking, there is no neutral ground, and that he that is not with it is against it—Come and help us to build the Temperance palace—Come and help us to arrest the drunkard in his wild career!—Come and sail in the Temperance life-boat, and take as many in with you as you can—More hearts will be broken, and more tears will flow, more orphans will wail, and more widows will sink like reeds bending beneath a mighty storm—more premature graves will be filled, and more souls will be lost except you bring both Temperance and the blessed Gospel speedily to bear on all the ramifications of society. 3d. We should not only press for the adoption of the law in this province, but we should heartily aid, in every practicable way, those in Great Britain who are fighting for the same object. How lamentable to think, that with all her privileges, she is one of the most drunken of countries on the face of the earth, and that the foreigner points to us the finger of derision when he visits the sea-girt isle, telling us that we have more need to keep the people from falling in the streets of our great cities, than to send missionaries to the heathen. Were there eight millions spent on tobacco last year, making a chain of it that would encircle our globe five times; and we know not how many millions on ardent spirits and other intoxicating liquors—and will such a state of things be permitted to continue? Let the British reformers be sustained by the States, and by British North America—let every engine be brought into requisition in this arduous warfare—let not our hand spare, nor our eye pity the enemy till the fires of the London gin-palace be put out, till distilleries cease to smoke and to blaze, till the degraded inebriate be reclaimed, till public opinion undergo an entire revolution, and till sobriety pervade all our borders. "State of Maine," as Professor Stuart said, "may your shadow never be any the less—may ye continue for at least the two thousand years. England, may your beautiful green counties soon be freed from the scathing stream of liquid fire that is pouring over them. Ireland, may your harp, too often heard in the olden time, 'discoursing music sweet' to the song of the drunk,

ard, awaken to new melody in Temperance hall; and Scotland, land of my fathers, wilt thou not quit unnatural excitement, and seek for refreshment amid the fresh breezes of thy heathy mountains—wilt thou not make the white banner of Temperance wave side by side with the blue banner of the Covenant?"

Mr. Editor, should this brief discourse do ought to advance a cause that should be dear to the heart of every patriot philanthropist and Christian, I may again appear before the great congregation, giving you the honor of being interpreter.

W. GRAHAM.

#### PLEDGE BOOK MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The individual who borrowed the above book to be returned in a day or two, will confer a favor by returning it immediately.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The poetry and music from J. G., Quebec, have been under consideration, but are unsuitable in their present state.

A synopsis of our communications received in the month of December was in course of preparation, but must lie over till our next number.

### Agriculture.

#### Cutting Potatoes for Seed.

A few years ago I planted twenty-one large potatoes, for experiment, dividing them into three equal parts. I cut seven, separating every eye, quartered seven, and left seven whole, and planted them side by side—each seven in a drill by themselves. The more they were cut, the longer drill they made. The first thing observed was, from the whole potatoes came up fifty-two vines, from the quartered seventy-four, and from the last seven a hundred and four vines. In the second place, I observed that the vines produced by the whole seed were mostly large ones, while those quartered produced more small vines, and the last producing some vines as large to look at as the first and second, and a great many besides that were very small. The third observation was when they were taken out of the ground; the potatoes were found in bulk and proportion as near like the vines as one could judge with the eye; thus the whole seed produced the least in bulk, but having very few small ones; and the more the seed was cut, the more it produced in bulk, and the more small potatoes. Since that time I have frequently heard farmers differ in their opinion whether or not potatoes should be cut for seed. I have cut for seed, and have feared lest my time was lost, and the seed damaged; so this year I tried again the experiment of cutting. I took twenty-one potatoes as before, planted seven whole in seven hills; quartered seven, of which I made five hills; separated every eye of seven, and planted in nine hills. (But this year I took small potatoes, having only from five to seven eyes each, so that quartering nearly separated every eye.) The whole seed produced thirty-four vines, and 18 lbs. 14 oz. of potatoes; the quartered seed fifty vines, and 13 lbs. 2 oz. of potatoes; the seed cut fine, seventy-three vines, and 16 lbs. 6 oz. of potatoes. There are on potatoes small germinating spots, from which sometimes come small spindling vines, and

it would be easy to suppose that it was them that produced the small potatoes I found in my experiment several years ago, and that caused the cut seed to produce more in bulk than the whole seed, as it would appear too that cutting the seed caused them to grow, as they did not grow in the whole seed. In my experiment this year, I proved the same thing in the vines that I did before, the cut seed producing a larger proportion of small vines, but why the potatoes did not appear in proportion like the vines, I cannot tell; but I noticed in pulling the vines this year, that the most of the small ones produced only small sets, not to call potatoes—while the potatoes were large, and those of the whole seed the largest of the whole, and weighed the most. It needs more trial.

WILLIAM ROOPE.

#### MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT

(Compiled for Montreal Witness, Wednesday, 12th January, 1853.)

**FLOUR**—The market has not been affected by the news received this morning. The price of superfine No. 1 remains at 26s to 26s 3d, with no transactions of consequence to report. The chief stock is now in very few hands, who are unwilling to sell at these prices; but for such small lots as are offered, more cannot be obtained.

**OATMEAL** very scarce, and held at higher rates.

**WHEAT, BARLEY, PEASE AND OATS**.—There is nothing doing in grain, on account of the want of winter roads.

**ASHES**.—Receipts of both sorts very light for the same reason. The few barrels that come in are bought at 24s 6d to 24s 9d for Pots, and 26s to 26s 3d for Pearls.

**PORK**, in the carcass, is bought with avidity at \$7 for ordinary sizes. Very prime lots of heavy hogs have brought \$7½, and small hogs sell at \$6½ per 100 lbs. No transactions in barrel pork worth noting.

**LIVE STOCK**.—Cattle bring from \$1½ to \$6½ per 100 lbs. Sheep bring from 10s to 35s each, according to quality. Such as weigh 18 lbs per quarter bring about \$6. Hay from \$9½ to \$10½ per 100 bundles, according to quality.

**BUTTER** is coming in in small quantities, and brings 10d in tins, which is a shade lower. Prime lots would bring a little more.

**STOCKS**.—Montreal Bank is in demand at 20 per cent prem. City Bank is saleable at par and interest, and Commercial Bank at 8 per cent prem. There is £80,000 of new stock of this institution now in the market, which is offered at 8 per cent prem to stockholders, and 10 per cent to others. People's Bank is enquired for at 10 per cent discount, but if any were offering, it would probably command a higher price.

**MONTREAL MINING STOCK** enquired for, but there are no sellers. St. Lawrence and Atlantic R R—Sales at 22½ per cent discount.

**EXCHANGE**.—For last packet, the bank rate was unsettled, and sales were made from 11 down to 10½ per cent for 60 days' bills on London. Very little private exchange offering.

**IRON**.—Canada plates, 20s; Cut nails, 22s 6d to 25s; Common bars, 14s to 15s; Refined do, 18s per cwt.

**MUSCOVADO SUGAR**.—Good to Bright, 40s to 43s 9d per cwt.

**MOLASSES**.—1s 8d to 1s 9d per gallon.

**TABLE COPPER**.—17s 6d to 20.

**RICE**.—20s to 25s per 100 lbs.

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