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# CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

DEVOTED TO

Total Abstinence, Legal Prohibition, and Social Progress.

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## The Man-Trap at Ashdale.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Footsteps were heard—a form darkened the door—some one entered—but Mrs. Pratt did not look up, nor pause in her work.—The sun had gone down, and twilight was gathering dimly. Mrs. Pratt leaned closer to the window that she might catch the fading rays, and a little while longer continues her work.

“Sarah!”

“Well?”

Mrs. Pratt did not turn nor look towards the speaker. Her voice was a low, sad murmur.

“Sarah!”

The hand of the speaker now rested lightly on her shoulder.

With a quick movement, and with some surprise in her manner, Mrs. Pratt turned herself from the window.

“O, Edward!”

Her voice choked and her eyes filled with tears.

“Sarah.” And Mr. Pratt seated himself beside his wife, placing his hand gently on hers, as he did so, and looking earnestly and tenderly in her face. “Sarah, I have a little good news for you; if good news can come in just such a shape. Old Killigrew is dead.”

“Dead!”

Light and shadows were blended on the face of Mrs. Pratt. Death is an awful thing, come in almost any shape it will; and in the case of a man like Killigrew, it was awful in the extreme. Yet, the intelligence caused a throb of pleasure in the heart of Mrs. Pratt.

“Yes; he fell dead about two hours ago, while standing behind the bar. He died with the toddy stick in his hand, and a glass of liquor before him. I would’nt like to go into eternity with all the sins against humanity that lie on his conscience.”

And Mr. Pratt shuddered as he spoke.

“Is the tavern to be closed?” asked Mrs. Pratt; hope and anxiety blending in her voice.

“I saw Parker, old Killigrew’s son-in-law, as I came along, and he told me that not another drop of liquor should be sold there while he lived. He means to farm the place himself. It’s first rate land, though neglected and run down.”

“Will he keep his word?”

“Parker? Yes, indeed. If he says a thing, you may depend on his doing it. He has always been opposed to the old man’s keeping a bar.”

“And what a curse to Ashdale that bar has been! O, Edward!”

No wonder Mrs. Pratt was overcome by her feelings. No wonder she said that bar had been a curse. Ten years before, as she stood beside her young hus-

band, she had the proudest, happiest heart in Ashdale. —Since then, alas! none was so humbled and grief-stricken; for, in that bar, her loved and honored husband had trailed his manhood in the dust of a debasing sensuality.

Than Edward Pratt, a kinder-hearted man could not be found. But, he had neither a decided will, nor strength of purpose. The current in which his life boat happened to be, usually bore him a long; and even when conscious that it was gliding towards a dangerous sea, he opposed to it only a slight resistance.

Very soon after their marriage, Mrs. Pratt discovered in her husband a fondness for stimulating drinks. A prompt yet gentle and loving remonstrance accomplished all she had hoped to gain. The dangerous tempter was banished from their house.—All would have been well, from that time forth, had not the tavern of old Killigrew, the only one in Ashdale, stood directly on the way along which Mr. Pratt daily went to the store where he was employed as clerk.

Often, in returning home, he would be in company with young men who never passed Killigrew’s without a word with the companionable landlord, and a taste of his well-mixed liquor. It was not in the amiable and compliant Mr. Pratt to say “no” on these occasions.

Soon his wife became aware of the temptation that was in his way: and of his almost daily yielding to its enticements. She talked with him soberly, yet gently and lovingly as before. Her words aroused no impatience—no anger—no stubborn self-will. He loved her too well to pain her even with a frown.

“I’ll not darken old Killigrew’s door again if it troubles you, Sarah. I don’t care for his liquor. As you say, it does me no good.”

“I shall be so happy!” sobbed Mrs. Pratt, hiding her tearful face on the breast of her husband. “There is nothing else in life to trouble me.”

On the next morning, as Mr. Pratt was passing the tavern, old Killigrew, who, if not behind the bar mixing up his tempting compounds, was sure to be at his door watched out for customers—called out.

“Hey? Neddy, my boy! What’s your particular hurry?”

“I’m a little late,” replied the young man, evasively, keeping on his way.”

“Stop, stop,” called the landlord. “Here! Why, my dear fellow? one would think you had the business of the world on your shoulders. A man should never be in too great a hurry to speak a word with an old friend. What’s become of Phillips? I haven’t set eyes on him for a week.”

“The truth is,” said Pratt, who now paused, “it is

he opinion of his friends, that he has been coming here a little too often."

"Pooh! Nonsense! Too often! I never saw him when I thought he'd been drinking to much. It's ridiculous! And he's silly enough, to mind them. Well, well. If he thinks he is in danger he'd better stay away. He must have a weak head!"

Killigrew spoke contemptuously. Pratt felt the landlord's sneering manner almost as much as if it had been applied to himself. It cost him no light effort to say, "good morning," and pass on without taking a drink at the bar.

"I wish this old man-trap was on the other side of Jericho!" he muttered, as soon as he was fairly beyond the sphere of its dangerous attractions; "or that I didn't have to pass it three or four times a day. If old Killigrew lays hold of me after this fashion, I'm afraid my good resolutions are not going to be worth much. O, dear! I wonder what good ever comes of this rum-selling, and rum-drinking? As to the harm, one needn't go far to look for that."

Musing thus, Pratt went on his way. At dinner time, both in coming home and returning to the store, he succeeded in getting past old Killigrew's "man-trap" without being hailed by the watchful landlord. But his good resolutions were not proof against the influences that assailed him in the evening. Later than usual he lingered at the store, in order to avoid, by so doing, the company of one or two young men who always stopped to drink at Killigrew's. He thought he had escaped them; but it was not so. They were in the tavern porch as he came along, and having taken their cue from the landlord, who was keen-sighted enough to see what had been passing in the mind of Pratt, and feared to lose a customer, assailed him with his influences that he had not strength of mind to resist. Just to "satisfy" them, he said he consented to drink a single glass. But that did not satisfy either them or the tavern-keeper. A second glass was almost forced upon him; then followed a third; which, purposely made stronger than usual, completed the overthrow of his reason.

Could those thoughtless young men have seen the aghast, agonizing face of the waiting, anxious wife, when her husband came staggering in that evening, they would not have boasted so gleefully of having "sent Pratt home as merry as a fiddler."

From that time the weak young man stopped almost daily at the tavern to drink.—The temptation was in his way, and he had not sufficient strength of purpose to resist its allurements. This was continued for months, until, under the gentle, yet often tearful solicitations of his wife, he again resolved to stand up firmly against the pressure of a current that was too steadily bearing him onward to the sea of destruction.—And he did stand up firmly for a time. But in this contest, the odds were against him.—Old Killigrew saw the struggle that was going on in his mind, and took a wicked pleasure, apart from his love of gain, in assailing the young man's good resolutions on every occasion that was presented. Sometimes, after alluring him into his bar, either through personal influence, or by means of gay young men who frequented his house, Killigrew could not induce him to take anything but a glass of water. Oftener, however, he gained his purpose more fully, and maddened the young man's brain with his fiery potations.

And so the work went on. There was a pitfall in Pratt's way, and over and anon he stumbled therein.

Ah! if the pitfall could only have been removed. It served no use whatever, gave nothing to the common good, was a constant source of annoyance, injury, and loss to the people of Ashdale. It had been dug by Killigrew, and was always kept deep and dangerous by him in order that he might profit by the weakness and injuries of those who weakly or unwarily stumbled over the half-concealed brink.

"Why did not the people of Ashdale cause the pitfall to be closed up? Why did they not remove this man-trap?" is asked, in a tone of surprise.

"They had no power to do so, we answer

"No power!"

"You may look surprised, but it is even as we say. Killigrew had the law on his side.

"The law!"

Yes, for all you seem so incredulous.—The law of the State in which Ashdale was situated, provided, by special enactment, for the digging of just such man-traps as the one maintained by Killigrew. And any person, not having the love of man nor the fear of God before his eyes, could, by the payment of a few dollars into the State Treasury, obtain the right to make for himself such a pitfall in any high way or street, in any village, town, or city in the Commonwealth.

"Preposterous!"

It is true—alas, too sadly true. Witness the crowded jails, almshouses and insane asylums; witness the crime, destitution and squalid misery that rest like black clouds over all parts of the State where population clusters thickly—and those licensed man-traps are to be found by the score in every neighbourhood. It is true, alas! too sadly true.

But for this pitfall in his way all might have been well with Pratt; but his feet were ever stumbling on its fatal bring. Steadily, for nearly ten years, had he been going down, down, down; and at the period when he came home sober, for the first time in many months, and announced to his wife the death of Killigrew, he was almost helpless in the power of his adversary. All manly strength was gone when the temptation was before him. It was in vain that he went out in the morning strong in his purpose to keep sober through the day; the sight of Killigrew's tavern fired his appetite to a degree that left him no power of resistance. It was in vain that he started homeward in the evening, promising himself that he would meet his wife and children without a stain on his lips. Alas! he could not bear onward against the whirlpool of desire that instantly encompassed him when he came within fatal proximity to Killigrew's.

Well might his sorrowing, despairing wife feel a thrill of pleasure in every heart fibre at the announcement of Killigrew's death. He had been doing an accursed work in Ashdale for years. Broadcast had he sown the seeds of anguish and desolation; and in her heart and home had many of these evil seeds fallen, taking quick root, springing up and bearing bitter fruit. Not did she attempt to stifle this pleasure, as unseemly, in view of the passage of a fellow mortal to his great account in eternity. She was glad the tavern-keeper was dead—so glad, it was useless to affect concealment.

The promise of that hour did not prove vain. The tavern was closed, and Edward Pratt went daily to his business and returned home at evening a sober man. It, as was often the case, he felt a desire for stimulating drink, he quenched the desire in draughts of pure cold

water. Yet, even as he passed the old tavern stand around which soon waved fields of ripening grain—the ground had run to waste before—he felt a desire to enter. But there was no bar there now; so the morbid desire was fruitless of evil consequences.

Thus it went on for three years. In that time not a drop of anything intoxicating had passed the lips of Edward Pratt. How striking the change in all around him. Worn out furniture was renewed; abundance of good clothing for children as well as parents gave an air of thrift and comfort. Cheerful, happy faces were seen, where before was sadness, pallor, want and tears.

Three years of sober industry! How, in that short time, had the wilderness been made to blossom as the rose.

One day, about this time, Mr. Pratt came home with a serious countenance and a dejected air. His wife noticed the change, but said nothing at first—waiting until her husband should speak of what troubled him. He seemed to recover a little at the tea table, and talked pleasantly; but, after supper withdrew to himself, and sat most of the evening in deep thought, with his head resting on his bosom. Several times his wife, whose anxious attention was removed from him scarcely for a moment, heard a low sigh escape from his lips. A little while before retiring, he speaking abruptly and with something so strange in his voice that the sound caused a thrill to run along her nerves:

“Parker sold his place last week.”

“He did! To whom?”

Mrs. Pratt spoke in a startled manner.

“To a man from Brockville, who is going to open the tavern again.”

If a heavy blow had fallen on the poor woman she could not have sunk down more gloomily. If a dead pang had entered her heart, the groan from her lips could not have been more fraught with agony.

“He opens to-morrow,” said Pratt, in a boding voice. “O, Edward!”

The unhappy wife arose, and moving to the side of her husband, flung her arms around him, saying as she did so: “Let us go from here.”

“Where?” was responded, gloomily.

“O, anywhere. Death and eternal destruction are opening at your feet. Come! Come! Let us flee for our lives! Let us go this hour! I will bear hunger, cold, anything that may come upon us so that we escape this evil.”

“I have thought it all over, Sarah,” replied the poor victim, sadly. “we cannot go anywhere and be free from the curse. The law sanctions the evil, and under the protection of law, it throws out its allurements everywhere. O, that I was strong enough to resist. Heaven knows how earnestly I have sought to overcome this fatal desire; but the moment I come within sight of the accursed tempter my whole being is inflamed. Reason is obscured—restraint grows weak—and I fall under the luring gaze of a serpent.”

O, what a night was that; spent watchfully in prayer and weeping—a night, the anguish of which years would fail to cover with the dust of forgetfulness. Morning dawned at length. To one condemned to die it scarcely had broken more drearily.

“I will strive to be a man, Sarah. I will look up for strength,” said Mr. Pratt, as he pressed the hand of his wife and parted from her at the door. “Pray for me.”

Tears were in his eyes as he turned away; and her cheeks were wet. The voice of Pratt was not confident. He spoke rather to assure his wife than his own heart. He felt that he was to weak for his enemies.

And he was too weak. Evening brought him home with all his bright manhood obscured. One short month sufficed to do the work of ruin. Then his poor wife stood pale, tearless and heart-broken above his grave! He fell so low that he made no effort to rise again—and died in drunkenness and despair.

The poor widow was not long from his side; and now his children's home is the almshouse. The “man-trap” in Ashdale is open still. And for the privilege of scattering ruin and death around him, the new owner pays the State fifty dollars a year; and the State takes the money with an eager hand, and seems to think her bargain a good one.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.*

### Desperate Riot on a Western Steamboat.

We have often heard, says the *Louisville Courier*, 24, of meeting a murderer on the high seas, but seldom have to record such scenes of violence as occurred on the steamer *S. F. J. Trabue*, on the Mississippi River, during her recent trip from New Orleans. As is usual, at this season of the year, the boat was crowded with deck passengers, chiefly flat-boatmen, from the Wabash, and coal-boatmen from Pittsburg. Among the latter, was a set of turbulent, quarrelsome men, who were about half drunk when they got on the boat at New Orleans, and had a fight or two among themselves before the boat left port. Capt. Tucker was notified by a friend, who recognized one or two of the men, that he would have trouble with them, and that they would try to take the boat.

Soon after the boat was under way, and before she had proceeded many miles up the river, one of the Pittsburg coal boatmen attacked a Wabash man who was quiet and peaceable, and had said nothing to him, and knocked him down and beat him dreadfully. Two of his friends interfered to save him from further ill-usage, when they were beset and beaten nearly to death, and one of them had his arm broken by a blow of an axe in the hands of one of the rioters. The deck bar was open and another passenger, a small man, stepped up after the first fray and called for a drink. While he was in the act of drinking, a burly fellow, a bully among the coal boatmen, stepped up and seized him by the neck, choked him, and threw him to the deck as if he were a chicken, and then stamped him. He was suffered to get up, and as soon as he regained his feet he drew a knife and inflicted a terrible wound in the big man's right breast, which placed him on his back during the rest of the trip, and on the arrival of the boat here, he was sent to the hospital.

Not long after this occurrence, the coal boatmen became perfectly wild with liquor, or their anxiety for a fight, and were heard to swear that they would take the boat and do as they pleased. The deck was crowded with passengers, and the quiet and orderly had no peace or rest, and were beset every moment. Capt. Tucker then determined to quell the riot, and, summoning his crew, among whom were twenty-one Spaniards, and arming them with small clubs, hatchets, and whatever weapons he could, he marched to the lower deck, and endeavored to restore order and put the rioters on shore. The rioters laughed at him, and one big fellow shook

his fist under his nose, and defied the whole crew. The Spaniards, in a solid phalanx, each armed with a club and a long knife, were ordered to advance and seize the ringleader. Then ensued a scene of strife and confusion seldom seen on the deck of a boat. The Spanish crew, however, were victorious, and managed to secure four of the ringleaders, who were tied neck and heel, and peace was once more restored. The chief of the mob was not caught, and for several days could not be found, and it was thought that he, together with four or five others, had jumped overboard, and either drowned or swam ashore. Several of the cabin passengers aver that they distinctly saw three or four men in the river, and as the affair occurred soon after the boat left New Orleans it was impossible to tell who was lost.

During the melee, a coal boatman of the name of Blakely was dangerously stabbed, and sent to the Hospital. The mate of the *Trabue* received a cut in the hand from a knife which he caught just as one of the mutineers made a lunge at him. The four that were arrested were put off of the boat soon after the affray was quelled, and when the boat was in the neighborhood of Milkens Bend, the big fellow that had been missing was found, and was forthwith set ashore. He had been secreted under the cylinder timbers. No further outbreak occurred during the trip, though many threats were made just before the boat reached port. The discipline of the Spaniards, and the determination of the officers of the boat, put an effectual stop to the lawlessness of the coal boatmen.

#### Should have been a Man.

"There goes something that should have been a man," exclaimed a friend.

The poor wretch was just leaving a low grog shop.—A tall form, with a massive chest, a noble brow, with a shock of frizzled gray hair, eyes, deep, dark and lustrous once, now still deep but sepulchral, and burning like smouldering fires on red altars; these made the sum bodily of that something that should have been a man.

But at once to trace his career.

A beautiful babe pressed fondly on the breast of a joyous mother,—clinging to her neck, playing with her ringlets, all innocence; filling the house with the music of his laugh.

A lovely boy, towards whom all eyes are turned; his face bright with enthusiasm, his brow curved with intellect, wending his way to school, and there winning prizes,—perhaps silver medals. So, in the play-ground, the king amongst his fellows; vivacious, full of fun and repartee, eager at play. Hear the ring of his glad shouts!

A youth, already singling his gentle, blue-eyed partner, from the band of social girls; such ardent spirits seek for the frail clinging of graceful vines; strangely enough. A youth, sipping at small parties the bright-hued wine, and poetising upon the frothy pearls that deck its surface.

A young man! How the words leap to paper. How much of strength, what beaming eyes, what high resolves, and proud startings for fame! What yearnings to be rich? What hopes of happiness! What mines of gold! What height of greatness! What excess of joy, these three little words conjure before the mind!—A young man! Does he mean to be drunken? To be poor? To be dishonored? To have the children laugh and point the finger at him? To strike down the de-

fenceless man? To deform innocent children? To turn home into worse than a howling desert? Oh! assuredly not.

Nor does he think so, while he leans back in the gorgeous saloon, and amid flashing lights and the bewilderment of beauty, aided by every artifice, takes to his heart, to his soul—hugging it as the miser hugs his treasure—the fiend that desolates.

Well, time has passed swiftly, the brand is burned out; it is charred and blackened; the star fallen from the heaven of home. He bickers, he quarrels; he laughs with silly leering, and kicks at the harmless chairs and tables. He roars, that you may roar him back, and thinks it wit. If his wife smiles he curses her. It is cursing, cursing, and going to the grog shops, and coming home to curse again, from morning till night.

Alas! poor drunkard. Wherever you behold him, you see "something that should have been a man."—*Religious Herald.*

#### The Earl of Shaftesbury "Amongst Thieves."

At a meeting a few days ago of the friends of the London Industrial Institution, the Earl of Shaftesbury said that in one of his late visits to a juvenile school in Westminster, he met a notorious old chief called the "Doctor," who willingly accompanied him, went over the premises, expressed his gratification, and put down his name as an annual subscriber of a guinea. When asked if he really was in earnest, he replied that he was, shook his head and said bitterly that if such invaluable institutions had existed when he was a boy, his subsequent career would have been very different. Orphans, of course, had the strongest claims on their patronage. He (the Earl) knew of a poor boy, 12 years old, who slept every night during a whole winter in the great iron roller in the Regent's-park, and got a young friend to keep him company. Many children had no bed except to lie under the shambles, and no food except cabbage leaves and what they could pick up from the refuse of the markets. Care must be taken that these preventive schools did not hold out inducements to parents to abandon their children. Again, there was the case of many children, he might say, in worse than orphanhood, from the wretched and debasing example of their parents. He had been present the evening before at a tea-party given in one of these preventive seminaries, to 144 reclaimed children who had kept their situations for twelve months. These were not ordinary children. They had once been the veriest outcasts, picked from the mire, and seemingly almost beyond the reach of the Gospel. He hoped Mr. Driver's institution would be serviceable for some legislative measure he intended bringing before Parliament. He had brought in a Bill last session regarding juvenile delinquents, giving power to the police in certain cases to place them in the workhouses at the expense of their parents. He regretted that it had not passed. It was notorious that many of the parents of such unfortunate children were in comfortable circumstances. They sent out their offspring to beg and steal, and seized what was carried home. In 200 cases brought to his notice, the weekly wages of such inhuman guardians had averaged from 16s to 35s. If the parents were taxed for the maintenance of their children in the workhouses, it would be soon found that they would give up sending them out in the streets.

SELF-RESPECT AND SELF-DEPENDENCE.—Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upwards; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course grown grey with unblenched honor, bless God and die.—*Heinzelmann.*

## Miscellaneous Extracts.

### The Good Effects of Gardening.

Gardening is a civilizing and improving occupation in itself; its influences are all beneficial; it usually makes people more industrious, and more amiable. Persuade a careless, indolent man to take an interest in his garden, and his reformation has begun. Let an idle woman honestly watch over her own flowerbeds, and she will naturally become more active. There is always work to be done in a garden, some little job to be added to yesterday's task, without which, it is incomplete; books may be closed with a mark where one left off; needlework may be thrown aside and resumed again; a sketch may be left half finished, a piece of music half practiced; even attention to household matters may relax in some measure, for a while; but regularity and method are absolutely indispensable to the well-being of a garden. The occupation itself is so engaging, that one commences readily, and the interest increases so naturally, that no great share of perseverance is needed to continue the employment, and thus labor becomes a pleasure, and the dangerous habit of idleness is checked. Of all faults of character, there is not one, perhaps, depending so entirely upon habit as indolence; and nowhere can one learn a lesson of order and diligence more prettily and more pleasantly than from a flower-garden.

But another common instance of the good effect of gardening may be mentioned:—it naturally inclines one to be open-handed. The bountiful returns which are bestowed, year after year, upon our feeble labors, shame us into liberality. Among all the misers who have lived on earth, probably few have been gardeners. Some cross-grained churl may set out, perhaps, with determination to be niggardly with the fruits and flowers of his portion; but gradually his feelings soften, his views change, and before he has housed the fruits of many summers, he sees that these good things are but the free gifts of Providence to himself, and he learns, at last, that it is a pleasure, as well as a duty, to give. This head of cabbage shall be sent to a poor neighbor; that basket of refreshing fruit is reserved for the sick; he has pretty nosegays for his female friends; apples or peaches for little people; nay, perhaps in the course of years he at length achieves the highest act of generosity—he bestows on some friendly rival a portion of his rarest seed, a shoot from his most precious root! Such deeds are done by gardeners.—*Miss Cooper's Rural Hours.*

### Fatal Effects of Drink.

The son of a devoted Minister of Christ, had been favoured with much godly instruction, a pure example and daily prayer. He early encouraged paternal hope that he would follow on to know the Lord, and continue faithful to the grace communicated. He tasted for a short season of the joys of wedded life, but the poisoned cup was chosen by the Bride, he partook of it and fell, till disease and death found him in nearly an empty room, in an obscure part of the metropolis of intemperance, as well as of piety. What must have been the emotions of his venerable Sire, who had been called to witness his misery, when the ruined and expiring Son exclaimed, "its all over father," and passed to his solemn account!

We will not obtrude upon the anguish of parental feelings, to ask if that Son had been taught to abstain: but we may at least learn the solemn duty of teaching by precept and example also, to shun through life that which in the end "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

RICHARD TABRAHAM.

**A DOG AND HIS DRUNKEN MASTER.**—A few nights since, the following incident occurred: A laboring man had just previously received his week's wages, and who was accompanied by his son and his faithful dog, after having drank more than was good for him, attempted to enter another rum shop, when his little son, while pleading with his father not to go in, took hold of his hand, and exerted to the utmost his tiny strength, to keep him out of the shop. The dog upon witnessing the efforts of his young master, immediately jumped up and seizing the man's coat tail, pulled resolutely in the same direction with the little boy. The dog, it is true, might not fully appreciate his master's design as the boy did, but his native sagacity, sharpened perhaps by what had occurred on other occasions, and prompted also by the actions of the son, probably made it apparent to him that the man had better be kept out of the rum shop. But alas, the warnings of both human and brute, of the child and the dog, were disregarded; in the man went; and as a consequence, he soon found himself an inmate of a watch-house, and ultimately, of the jail.

— Men wear out their days and strength in seeking after happiness, but they have only to stoop and gather it up, or look inward and find it. An Indian pursuing deer, to save himself from stepping over a rock, seized a hush with his hand; the violence of the wrunch loosened the earth round the roots, and a small piece of silver attracted his eye. A torn up shrub discloses a silver mine. In the waste places of our mortality, there is not a common flower which has not some precious ore at its root. We catch at the broken reed, and the treasure appears.

### A Poem.

BY JOHN PIERPOINT.

"Dash to the floor the bowl!  
Dare not its sweets to sip!  
There's peril to the soul,  
If once it touch the lip.  
Why will you drown  
The God within?  
Avoid the sin!  
Aye, dash it down!

"Should God in wrath ordain  
A universal death,  
What need he do, but rain  
On all this green, glad earth,  
From cloudy urns,  
The curse that fills  
Our vats and stills,  
That blights and burns!

"Save us from such a shower,  
God of the eastern bow!  
That pledge of love and power,—  
What bends, what paints it so?  
That bow in air,—  
'Tis light that bends  
Hoaven's light that bends  
With water there!"

### The Poor Children of our Great Cities.

A great social discovery of a Committee of the House of Commons claims precedence of all the scientific additions made this year by the savans. In June last the committee reported:—

“That it appears to be established by the evidence, that a large proportion of the present aggregate of crime might be prevented, and thousands of miserable human beings, who have before them under our present system nothing but a hopeless career of wickedness and vice, might be converted into virtuous, honest, and industrious citizens, if due care were taken to rescue destitute, neglected, and criminal children from the dangers and temptations incident to their position.”

How sad to find that class in which all hopes of the world's improvement must chiefly centre, becoming the very hot-bed of the direst social evils! Think of children, 9, 12, and 14 years of age respectively, no less than 16, 12, and 24 times in custody. Parents there are, who, living on the horrid gains of their young ones, trained to vice, have snatched them from those who would save them, and cast them back again to destruction; and so rapid is the course of crime, that of those entering Leeds gaol for the first time, nearly 70 per cent., it is stated, return hardened criminals; and, of the 8,000 annual first committals, nearly a thousand complete their terrible graduation. To back the philanthropic in their benevolent efforts, to arouse a heedless community, the cost of crime lends its aid. A juvenile criminal, from first to last, costs the country from £200 to £300, while for £25 or £30 each might be trained in a ragged school; the annual cost of juvenile delinquency being estimated at not less than £1,000,000. It is evident that we cannot overtake this fearful mass of delinquency by our present system of reformatory institutions. All the witnesses before the committee speak most despondingly, almost despairingly, upon this point. And statistics go to prove how small the field private philanthropy has been able to occupy, and how great the need of additional means. Thus, in Edinburgh, while there are only 500 children being trained in the ragged schools, no less than from 2,000 to 3,000 children stand in need of instruction. Viewing the subject from our own position, we think we can put our finger upon the cause of the evil.

The Rev. G. B. Renzi, chaplain of Leith gaol, says:—

“There appears to be a very general agreement of opinion among all persons who have been brought in contact with criminals that juvenile crime is to be traced in the parents; and I think we should inquire whether there are not some special circumstances affecting the condition of the lower orders of the people, calculated to induce those habits which result in the neglect and ill-usage of the children.”

Hear, again, the chaplain of Liverpool gaol:—

“Before talking of prevention, I think we must direct our attention to removing every inducement to crime. If existing measures have been found to promote depravity and wretchedness in the people, we ought not to apply ourselves to extensive remedies until we have first done all in our power to remove the inducing causes. As long as these remain unchecked, we must look for poor results, and expect disappointments.”

What, then, are the causes? One sentence comprehends them—parental vice and neglect, chiefly induced

by habits of intemperance. Of the 297 children committed to Edinburgh prison in 1846, 37 were the offspring of utterly worthless parents, and 200 the offspring of drunken and depraved parents. Dr. Guthrie informs us “that 99 out of every 100 parents of ragged school children are dissipated characters.” And he further adds, “The spirit-shop is the great cause of filling our poor-houses, our prisons, and our ragged schools.”

And let us look a little closer at the matter; when Sir Walter Scott would have shown Crabbe the many natural and architectural beauties of the modern Athens, the poet stopped him, and asked to be taken instead, to the homes and haunts of the poor, to those tall, reeking closes—the scandal and bye-word of Edinburgh. Pace up the High Street of the northern metropolis, for instance, and around you, what melancholy, all-absorbing studies! Here are the manufactures and their products; here the system and its victims. Almost every second shop is a spirit-shop. And it is all glare and bustle; your eyes are all bedazzled by the polished brass and the blaze of gas-light; while on the walls gorgeous cartoons, remind you of Ceres, and the horn of plenty, and the land of joyous verdure and pleasant sunshine. But down yonder are wretched hovels, which the red Indians would despise. The sun scarce enters; but cholera and typhoid hold wild revels amidst these crowded dwellings, reeking sewers, and noxious abominations. You try to enter, but human impediments block up the gateway; bleared, shrunken forms, with naughty gait, and hideous speech.

“Bite at the bosom, starveling young,  
Thy father is drunk, thy mother is dead,  
Live to be doom'd, live to be hung,—  
A pauper, a felon, and die in no bed.”

Talk of education! Yes, a fearful training awaits the denizens of these closes. There is no half-lisp'd hymn, or well-loved bible-tale; but the stern teachers, poverty, hunger, cruelty, and despair. The name of God is heard but in oath. The Sabbath is a very hey-day of debauch. Drink, drink—the young soul is reared in a very atmosphere of wantonness and drink. In the recent survey made of Edinburgh Sabbath-drinking in May last, 3032 children below eight, and 4631 between eight and fourteen years of age were observed to enter the dram-shops.

In many of our great cities special gins and snares are prepared for the young. The Rev. Mr. Carter of Liverpool lately entered a large building, which formerly for many years had been a place of public worship, but is now a beer-house, in which are given theatrical representations. Parties entering pay 3d, for which they receive a ticket, entitling them to a glass of ale, or a bottle of ginger beer; they witness the performances, and are expected to call for more.

The low lodging-houses of London seem very dens of infamy and vice, and one of the great causes of juvenile delinquency. No less than 70,000 persons nightly take shelter in those places; and of these, according to the last return, 1792 were children. Of the young men in Mr Nash's Colonial Training Institution, 90 out of 100 ascribe their ruin chiefly to the lodging-houses and low theatres. Captain W. J. Williams says, that in many cases the homes for the London poor are so wretched and intolerable, that he can easily conceive a child of the youngest age seeking relief from them in the streets.

It is to the wretched homes, and to the more wretched parents' hearts that we must chiefly ascribe juvenile delinquency. Its hiding-places may be fixed, in greater or less degrees, in all our great cities,—for this vice is almost wholly confined to those centres of population and commerce. A living picture will, better than words, describe the evils consequent to these localities. The following is part of a report recently made on juvenile crime, by several of the magistrates and most influential gentlemen of Newcastle, and Gateshead, and their neighbourhood:—

"We think it right in stating a few cases to show the actual circumstances under which many children become criminal, and to enable persons to form their own judgment on the propriety of punishing such children by whipping or imprisonment, and on the possibility of reformation under our present system.

"In M.—'s Entry there are 45 families; of these 45 mothers, 40 are more or less addicted to drink; in some houses, six or eight persons may be found sleeping in one room, without any separation or distinction of sex or age; the language is most obscene—the place is the picture of misery.

"In D.—'s Court, there is a woman with her two sons, one 19 years of age, a miserable, sickly boy; the other 10 years of age. They live in a room 10 feet by 5; it is nearly dark, and contains no furniture. The mother is an habitual drunkard, and the children, without food and nearly naked, are driven upon the streets, where they exist by begging.

"A. B.—lost her mother when she was fourteen; her father, a drunken profligate, sold every article of furniture, and turned her on the streets. At seventeen, she was found in a dark, damp cellar in G.— Street, where she had lain down to die—and in fact she died shortly after.

"Mr. and Mrs. E., in B.—, can earn 28s a-week; they are frequently drunk for a week together; they have two little girls, seven and nine years of age, who are utterly neglected, and, associated with all the worst children of the street, are being trained for a life of vice and misery.

"Two sisters, S.—, their mother died when they were ten and thirteen years of age. Their father left them to starve, and occasionally locked them out at night. They were encouraged by other girls and by an old woman to steal from shop doors, and the articles stolen were disposed of at night. Their father eventually married again, and turned them on the streets."

Thus it is, that thoroughly to eradicate juvenile crime we must wage fierce war with all its prevalent inciting causes:—the over-crowding of families, with its unavoidable result, the intermixture of both sexes and all ages; parental neglect and vice, utter ignorance, unbridled licentiousness, brutal intemperance, destitution, filth, corruption and misery. Preventive or reformatory schools, like fever or cholera hospitals, are, from their very nature, merely temporary institutions. We must repress, and not merely provide for the ravages of this great moral epidemic. Common sense would teach this; and glad we are to find the veterans in the cause supporting this view of the question. One witness most forcibly draws attention to the great need of primary education; sanitary reform found also most warm advocates. Some would deal with the lodging-houses; others, the licensing system; and another would suppress the

beer-houses. These may indicate the further line of inquiry into this dark social problem. For, why disguise it? we have yet only reached the surface of the malady. Nor, need we grow weary or disheartened. When we have traced these cancerous roots of the malady as they extend and ramify to the very vitals of our social state,—when we have laid bare all this dread anatomy, then, and not till then, may we conquer the disease. And, with a christian, large, unprejudiced spirit, this may soon and speedily be done. Another commission of inquiry would mightily help this; but so, too, would a larger and more liberal extension and support of those counteractive agencies already in use,—the social and sanitary reform movements, improved dwellings, model lodging-houses, and the other seeds of good, already so widely scattered throughout the land. With a more thorough and concentrated action of the religious, educational, social and sanitary forces,—there might soon be no need of ragged schools.

But this can never be,—nay, all our efforts will be vain and fruitless,—a very rolling of the stone of Sisyphus, unless we cast out from amongst us that agent which has made those fathers so brutal, those mothers so sunken and depraved.

### The Signal Star.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

"Come back, come back my Childhood,"—L. E. L.

I'd not recall my childhood:  
With all its sweet delight,  
Its simple, bird-like gladness,  
It was not always bright.  
Even morning had her tear-drops,  
And spring her cloudy sky,  
And on the fairest cradle  
I've seen the shadows lie.

I'd not recall my childhood,  
Though tender memories throng  
Around its rosy portals,  
Prelusive to life's song;  
The full voice living chorus  
Is swelling round me now,  
And a rosier light is resting  
Upon my maiden brow.

I have made a changeful journey  
Up the hill of life since morn,  
I have gathered flowers and blossoms,  
I've been pierced by many a thorn.  
But from out the core of sorrow,  
I have plucked a jewel rare,  
The strength which mortals gather  
In their ceaseless strife with care.

Now I grasp life's burning beaker,  
And however the bubbles glow,  
I'll pause not 'till I've tasted  
The deepest wave below:  
Though bitter dregs may mingle,  
The crimson tide shall roll,  
In full and fearless currents,  
Through the fountains of my soul.

No! I'd go not back to childhood,  
From the radiant flush of noon,  
And when evening closes round me,  
I crave only one boon;  
Amid the valley's darkness,  
Its dangers and its dread,  
The signal star of Judah  
To shine above my head.



**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.

## Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, MAY 1, 1854.

### Mr. Kellogg in Montreal—Final Lectures—Farewell Breakfast.

The distinguished lecturer, whose name is given above, has finished his engagement with the Montreal Temperance Society for the time being. His labours everywhere have been not only acceptable but in the highest and best sense profitable. This is well known to our readers by the letters published from various places, but they are not a fourth of the communications which the Secretary of the M. T. S. has received, containing most honorable mention of Mr. Kellogg's labors and successes. The Committee here resolved to give the citizens of Montreal an opportunity of hearing Mr. Kellogg before his departure for Upper Canada, accordingly, arrangements were made for a meeting in the Wesleyan Church, Quebec Suburbs, and for another in the American Presbyterian Church, Great St. James Street. From a correspondent we have received an account of the meeting in Quebec Suburbs and give it in preference to anything of our own. J. Ballard, Esq., says, under date of April 22nd :—

Last evening our esteemed friend, Mr. Kellogg, according to previous announcement, made his appearance before a respectable and numerous audience, in the Wesleyan Chapel, Quebec Suburbs, Montreal, where he was cordially received and heartily welcomed.

At the pressing request of friends, John C. Becket, Esq., consented to take the Chair; and on proceeding thereto, accompanied by Mr. Kellogg, Rev. G. Douglas and others, the choir of the "Wesleyan Temperance Society" received them with singing a selected piece, adapted to the air of the "National Anthem;" after which the Chairman requested the Rev. G. Douglas to open the meeting with prayer. The Chairman then, in a brief and happy manner, introduced Mr. Kellogg to the assembly, who at once commenced his address.

To those who have heard Mr. Kellogg it will be unnecessary to say that he did full justice to his theme. Those who have not heard him we recommend to take the first opportunity of doing so, for they will not regret a couple of hours spent in listening to his vigorous and hearty appeals. There is a strong, earnest, and convincing way about him that effectually destroys all the flimsy subterfuges of the opponents of the Temperance cause, and so evidently honest is he, that the listeners cannot but be fully satisfied that he means everything that he says. For an hour and a half on this occasion, he kept the audience in deep and silent attention, interrupted occasionally by marks of gratified approbation. He went over his own experience as a temperance man, related numerous and telling anecdotes of persons whom he had known raised from squalor and wretchedness to fortune and fame, through the instrumentality (under God) of the pledge. One remarkable feature characterised his relation of these instances. All the persons spoken of—and he spoke of many—were personally known to him, and some of them are now living in Boston and in other places. There was no hearsay about it; he spoke from personal knowledge, being himself cognizant of the facts stated.

His powerful voice and energetic action, his clear and convincing arguments, and thorough mastery of his subject, will commend him to the people in Upper Canada, whether he is going to agitate for the Maine Law. To them, we say, receive him with

favor—make use of him—take care of him, and you will be amply repaid. To the ability to carry away an audience by the energy of his manner, and the force of his illustrations,

"Thick as Autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa,"

He adds the power to touch the finer feelings by some tale of an ingenuous youth rescued from destruction; some heart-broken wife made glad by the reformation of a husband; some widowed mother rejoicing over an only son saved from the power of evil; of whole families starving, ragged, and desolate,—made happy and contented; these affecting relations, coming unexpectedly, and scattered throughout his discourse,

"Like orient pearls at random strung,"

Are given by the Lecturer in a voice, and with a manner, that convinces you that he feels them himself; and speaking, as he does, from personal knowledge of the facts, he *must* feel them, or consent to be a MAN.

At the conclusion of the Lecture, the Chairman solicited those who were willing to sign the pledge, papers were accordingly taken through the assembly by members of the "Wesleyan Temperance Society," and twenty-three names were obtained. This may seem a small number, but it is known that very many of those present are already pledged Total Abstemious, and belong to some one or other of the organized Temperance bodies existing in Montreal.

The Collection in aid of the Lecture Fund of the Montreal Temperance Society having been taken up, the following Resolutions were introduced and passed. The first and second were ably supported by their respective movers, and (the Rev. Mr. Scott having taken the Chair) the third was passed unanimously :—

Moved by the Rev. G. Douglas, seconded by Mr. James Cooper, and

*Resolved*,—That the thanks of this Meeting are hereby given to Mr. Kellogg for his excellent Lecture this evening, and to the Montreal Temperance Society for engaging him to deliver the same; and this meeting desires to express its sense of the valuable labors of Mr. Kellogg in the Temperance cause during the past five months in various parts of the country, and is of opinion that the Montreal Temperance Society, in engaging that gentleman, has evinced a degree of wisdom, beneficence, and patriotism, worthy of all praise.

Moved by the Rev. W. Scott, seconded by Wm. Easton, Esq., and

*Resolved*,—That, being convinced by painful experience that so long as the fountains of intemperance are permitted to pour forth their deadly streams to devastate the land, there is but little hope of a complete reformation in Society, this meeting is decidedly in favor of the passage of a law prohibiting the importation, manufacture and sale of all intoxicating liquors for drinking purposes, as being the ONLY COMPLETE REMEDY for the evils of intemperance which now afflict the community.

Moved by Mr. John Ballard, seconded by Mr. George Rogers, and

*Resolved*,—That the thanks of this meeting be presented to John C. Becket, Esq., for his able services as Chairman.

The choir having again performed a chosen piece of sacred music, the Rev. Mr. Scott pronounced the Benediction, and thus, in the good old-fashioned way, the meeting closed.

The meeting at the American Church was large and enthusiastic. The Lecturer excelled in all points. There was a clearness and freshness about him that was exceedingly gratifying and edifying. The address could not be reported by us we frankly confess, for two reasons—first, we can't write fast enough, and secondly, we were too much interested in the speech and the speaker to get our eyes down to a sheet of paper. At the conclusion of the lecture the following resolutions were passed unanimously :—

Moved by Rev. J. McLeod, and seconded by Mr. J. Douglass,

*Resolved*,—That this meeting has heard with great satisfaction

the result of the Temperance labors of Mr. F. W. Kellogg in Eastern Canada during the past winter, and now tenders to him the cordial thanks of the Montreal Temperance Society for the efficient and energetic manner in which he has fulfilled the various and arduous duties assigned him.

Moved by Rev. Dr. Taylor, and seconded by Mr. D. P. Jones,

*Resolved*,—That this meeting, in parting with our esteemed friend, Mr. Kellogg, does most heartily commend him to the sympathy and friendship of the whole community, and especially to those friends of Temperance in Western Canada, where he may for a season hereafter devote his valuable labors, wishing Mr. Kellogg, everywhere, eminent and extensive success.

A collection was taken up and the Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. W. Scott.

#### THE FAREWELL DISCOURSE

given to Mr. Kellogg was a very creditable affair to all parties—to the Montreal Temperance Society who projected it, and to Mr. Duclos, the head of the Temperance Hotel, for the excellent style of variety and seasonable excellency of the creature comforts provided for the company. After breakfast the worthy President of the M. T. S. took the chair. Mr. Douglass stated the object of the meeting, expressed himself satisfied with the labors of Mr. Kellogg, and believed they were only doing justice to Mr. K. in thus publicly testifying their approbation. Mr. Kellogg being called seemed deeply affected, and for some time had difficulty in uttering his thoughts, but in a few moments he mastered himself and proceeded. He expressed his gratitude for the honor that was done him and for the attention that had been paid to him. In reference to his labors, it was a source of great joy to him to know that they had been in any measure advantageous to the country. As to the people of Canada, where he had travelled and lectured, he wished it to go forth as his sincere statement of honest truth, that it was impossible for people to be more kind, and attentive, and respectful than they had everywhere been. He declared he had met with nothing but generous hospitality and friendship, and he desired to avail himself of the opportunity of expressing his deep gratitude. They would live in his recollections for ever. His (Mr. K's.) observations on the subject of Temperance and the Maine Law were pointed, plain, and practical. He sat down amidst great applause. The Chairman called on Rev. Wm. Scott, who, after a brief speech, moved the following resolution, which was seconded by Mr. J. C. Becket:—

*Resolved*,—That this meeting, deeply impressed with the importance of the services rendered by Mr. Kellogg to the Temperance cause, during his late engagement with the Montreal Temperance Society, in parting with him for another sphere of labor, takes the opportunity to tender him cordial thanks, and to commend him to the God of all grace, who alone can crown all his labors with abundant success.

John Redpath, Esq., Mr. T. S. Brown, Rev. Mr. McLoud, and Rev. Dr. Taylor made very excellent brief addresses and the company parted.

Mr. Kellogg has, we believe, left for Toronto. Our hope is that he may be engaged in Canada for a long time to come. We need him; he is efficient. Let him be received in every place as a servant of the most High God, engaged in a work second only in importance to the preaching of the Gospel. Wherever the *Advocate* circulates he will be thus received, for, in our country, during this year, abundant evidence may be found of his eminent qualifications for the great work he has undertaken.

#### Notices of Books, Periodicals, &c.

The *Medical Chronicle*; or Montreal Monthly Journal of Medicine and Surgery, for April, has been handed us by the enterprising Editors, Drs. Wright and D. C. MacCallum. This number contains several valuable original contributions, and erudite editorial reviews, as well as

many important Medical and Chemical notices. The article on Delirium Tremens is a very important one. We have not space for the whole article, but extract the following:—

There is, perhaps, a good reason for the silence of the ancients respecting this disease, to which modern medical writers do not attach as much weight as it deserves. Delirium tremens is rarely found in wine-drinking countries, where the wine is drunk pure and unmix'd with brandy; and, in all probability, owes its existence to the discovery of alcohol. It is not strange, therefore, that we hear nothing of a complaint which may not have afflicted men for their sins in early Greece and Rome.

At the present time the disease is chiefly to be found in spirit-drinking, or opium-eating regions. In France, Italy, Spain and Portugal it is seldom met, except in the large seaports, where the population is vitiated, and taught to require a stronger stimulus than common wine. The Germans are great beer and wine-bibbers, but they rarely muddle in weak beer or washy wine, to the extent of contracting this drunken madness. In Sweden, where spirits are drunk largely, Delirium tremens is a common disease, as well as a miniature species not found elsewhere. In more temperate Norway, Denmark, and European as well as Asiatic Russia, it is also met, but more rarely. And in Canada, and the other British American Provinces, the abundance and cheapness of the worst kind of deleterious spirits offer inducements to intemperance that soldiers and laborers cannot withstand; which with bad brandy, in somewhat higher circles, combines in destroying hundreds by the consequent Delirium tremens."

After such a testimony of the consequences, who will advocate the continuance of the liquor business?

With the May number of the *Chronicle*, the volume closes. With a new issue there is to be enlargement and improvement. Let the profession sustain this work.

The *National Magazine* for May is on our table. We have taken a survey of its contents, and read several of its best articles. The sketch of F. Wayland, D.D. (with a portrait,) is appreciative and acceptable. In our judgment the editorial on the "Preaching required by the Times," is the best of the series on that subject. Preachers and people may be profited by a careful perusal thereof. By all means, if you do not take the *National*, send your address for it. If adjacent to this city, send the order to E. Pickup, Great St. James Street, who will accommodate you at once. Terms \$2 per annum.

The *Methodist Quarterly Review* for April is received. This periodical is worthy of support. It always furnishes learned and elaborate articles. The present number contains a capital paper on prohibitory legislation, defending and thoroughly developing the Maine Law. The Review of Beecher's "Conflict of Ages," is rather severe, while the "Point of Power" is, for our taste, too pretentious. There are some good thoughts, but loftily expressed. Book notices always very sensible and commendably discriminative.

#### Notices to Correspondents, &c.

Our brother, J. W., of Haldimand, has our thanks for his excellent suggestions. We are glad to hear of the success of Division No. 56. The temperance hall shows the zeal of those who have worked in the good cause. They will never have to regret their toil and labour. We shall, by our combined exertions, get even more than we ask for.

Our old and esteemed correspondent, J. T. B., has our warmest thanks for his excellent article. It came just as we were "making up" this number, but shall appear in our next.

## The late Mr Justice Talfourd.

## HIS DYING TESTIMONY.

The death of this distinguished judge has produced a profound sensation of grief. The loss is irreparable. Few have ever surpassed him in a rare combination of admirable and sound qualities. It was on Monday, the 13th of March, that Mr. Justice TALFOURD, while on the bench, and addressing the Grand Jury, at Stafford Court-house, suddenly expired. The cause of death was apoplexy, brought on, as it appeared, by the excited feelings under which his lordship was addressing the Grand Jury, in reference to the atrocious crimes by which the calendar of that county was stained, even more than on ordinary occasions; owing, as it appeared to his lordship, to the increased prosperity of the district, which furnished the working classes with more ample means for squandering upon indulgences in intoxicating drinks. The calendar contained a list of 100 prisoners, many of them charged with the most atrocious crimes against life, and person, and property. There were 17 cases of manslaughter, and 30 cases where persons were charged with the crime of highway robbery. These crimes, his lordship observed, might be traced in a vast number of cases to the vice of intemperance, which was so prevalent in the mining district. These were his last words:—

“No doubt that the exciting cause in the far larger number of these cases—the exciting cause that every judge has to deplore in every county of this land—is that which was justly called in the admirable discourse to which I listened yesterday from the sheriff's chaplain, ‘the greatest English vice,’ which makes us a bye word and a reproach amongst nations, who in other respects are inferior to us, and have not the same noble principles of Christianity to guide and direct them—I mean the vice of drunkenness. No doubt that this in most of these cases is the immediate cause, and it is a cause in two ways of the crimes which will come before you, and especially of the crime of highway robbery; for whereas on the one hand it stirs up evil, awakens malice, and kindles the slumbering passions of the human heart, and puts the reason into a state of twilight; so, on the other hand, it points out the victim as the person to be robbed by presenting temptations to those who see him exposing his money in public-house after public-house—or in a state of drunkenness he finds himself a sharer in a sin from which domestic ties should keep him, and is overtaken by his partner in that sin, who adds to it another crime, or he is marked out by some of her wicked associates. One great evil of this circumstance is, I think, you will find, looking at the depositions one after the other, that it is a mere repetition of the same story over again—of some man who has gone from public-house to public-house, spending his money and exhibiting his money, and is marked out by those who observe him as the fitting object for plunder, when his senses are obscured, and who is made the subject of an attack under those circumstances which enable the parties to escape from the consequences; because, although the story may be perfectly true which the prosecutor in this case tells—although it may be vividly felt by him—yet he is obliged to confess—”

Here the learned judge suddenly ceased speaking, and in a few minutes the melancholy fact became painfully manifest that those who had heard him had been listening to his last words, and that he was no more.

The *Times* reports his last address at length, of which the following is another extract:—

“I am afraid we all of us keep to much aloof from those beneath us, and whom we thus encourage to look upon us with suspicion and dislike. Even to our servants we think,

perhaps, we fulfil our duty when we perform our contract with them—when we pay them their wages, and treat them with the civility consistent with our habits and feeling—when we curb our temper and use no violent expressions towards them. But how painful is the thought that there are men and women growing up around us, ministering to our comforts and necessities, continually inmates of our dwellings, with whose affections and nature we are as much unacquainted as if they were the inhabitants of some other sphere. This feeling arising from that kind of reserve peculiar to the English character, does, I think, greatly tend to prevent that mingling of class with class, that reciprocation of kind words and gentle affections, gracious admonitions and kind inquiries, which often, more than any book education, tend to the culture of the affections of the heart, refinement, and elevation of the character of those to whom they are addressed. And if I were to be asked what is the greatest want of English Society—to mingle class with class—I would say, in one word, the want is the want of sympathy.”

*Punch* has a beautiful poetic delineation of the great judge. (See last page.)

From Dickens' Household Words we take the annexed characteristic and eloquent sketch of Talfourd's qualities:—

“On Monday, the 13th March, this upright judge and good man died suddenly at Stafford in the discharge of his duties. Mercifully spared protracted pain and mental decay, he passed away in a moment, with words of Christian eloquence, of brotherly tenderness and kindness towards all men, yet unfinished on his lips.

As he died, he had always lived. So amiable a man, so gentle, so sweet-tempered, of such a noble simplicity, so perfectly unspoiled by his labors and their rewards, is very rare indeed upon this earth. These lines are traced by the faltering hand of a friend; but none can so fully know how true they are as those who knew him under all circumstances, and found him ever the same.

In his public aspects, in his poems, in his speeches, on the bench, at the bar, in Parliament, he was widely appreciated, honored, and beloved. Inseparable as his great and varied abilities were from himself in life, it is yet to himself and not them, that affection in its first grief naturally turns. They remain, but, he is lost.

The chief delight of his life was to give delight to others. His nature was so exquisitely kind, that to be kind was its highest happiness. Those who had the privilege of seeing him in his own home when his public successes were greatest—so modest, so contented with little things, so interested in humble persons and humble efforts, so surrounded by children and young people, so adored in remembrance of a domestic generosity and greatness of heart too sacred to be unveiled here—can never forget the pleasure of that sight.

If ever there was a house in England justly celebrated for the reverse of the picture, where every art was honored for its own sake, and where every visitor was received for his own claims and merits, that house was his. It was in this respect a great example, as sorely needed as it will be sorely missed. Rendering all legitimate deference to rank and riches, there never was a man more composedly, unaffectedly, quietly immovable by such considerations than the subject of this sorrowing remembrance. On the other hand, nothing would have astonished him so much as the suggestion that he was anybody's patron or protector. His position was ever of that highest and purest sort which has no occasion to proclaim itself, and which is not in the least afraid of losing itself.

In the first joy of his appointment to the judicial bench, he made a Summer-visit to the seashore, “to share his exultation in the gratification of his long-cherished ambition, with the friend”—now among the many friends who mourn his death and lovingly recall his virtues. Lingering in the bright moonlight at the close of a happy day, he spoke of his new functions, of his sense of the great responsibility he

undertook, and of his placid belief that the habit of his professional life rendered him equal to their efficient discharge: but, above all, he spoke, with an earnestness never more to be separated in his friend's mind from the murmur of the sea upon a moonlight night, of his reliance on the strength of his desire to do right before God and man. He spoke with his own singleness of heart, and his solitary hearer knew how deep and true his purpose was. They passed, before parting for the night, into a playful dispute at what age he should retire, and what he would do at threescore years and ten. And ah! within five short years it is all ended like a dream!

But by the strength of his desire to do right, he was animated to the last moment of his existence. Who, knowing England at this time, would wish to utter with his last breath a more righteous warning than that its curse is ignorance, or a miscalled education, which is as bad or worse, and a want of the exchange of innumerable graces and sympathies among the various orders of society, each hardened unto each and holding itself aloof? Well will it be for us and for ourselves if those dying words be never henceforth forgotten on the Judgment Seat.

An example in his social intercourse to those who are born to station, an example equally to those who win it for themselves, teaching the one class to abate its stupid pride, the other to stand upon its eminence, not forgetting the road by which it got there, and fawning upon no one; the conscientious judge, the charming writer and the accomplished speaker, the gentle-hearted, guileless, affectionate man, has entered on a brighter world. Very, very many have lost a friend; nothing in creation has lost an enemy.

The hand that lays this poor flower on his grave was a mere boy when he first clasped it—newly come from the work in which he himself began life—little used to the plow; has followed since—obscure enough, with much to correct and learn. Each of its successive tasks through many intervening years has been cheered by his warmest interest, and the friendship then begun has ripened to maturity in the passage of time; but there was no more self-assertion or condescension in his winning goodness at first than at last. The success of other men made as little change in him, as his own.

### Rum, Crime, and Taxes.

These three go together in inseparable companionship. The people of Canada have often been told so, and some have believed the statement. Yet it is necessary to reiterate the facts and agitate the subject again and again. Upper Canada may do more against the bad business than Lower Canada. The municipal laws convey more power to the people or permit its exercise more freely and fully. Good use may therefore be made of the Press, and there are those who do exert themselves to affect public opinion. Mr. Linton of Stratford, C. W., is one of those active men who take time by the forelock in personal effort. He has recently done a good thing in the County of Perth, by calling the attention of the people to the subject of taxes paid in consequence of the rum traffic. We shall place his address to the inhabitants of that county in this conspicuous place, believing that his facts and arguments are applicable to many, very many, other counties. Mr. Linton says:—

"I hope you will approve of my thus publicly stating the following facts:

The Sheriff of Albany has said 'Eight Tenths of all the commitments here are in consequence of the use and sale of Rum.'

The Sheriff of Dutchess county, 'Four Fifths of the crimes here are immediately or indirectly the fruit of intemperance.'

The Sheriff of Erie, 'During the several years that I

have kept the jail, *Nine Tenths* of all the crimes committed have had their origin in intemperance.'

The Sheriff of Niagara, 'Three Fourths of the petty offences have been committed while under the influence of intoxicating liquor.'

The Police Justice of Buffalo reported that 'for several years intemperance has been the cause of *Nine Tenths* of all the crime brought to his notice;' and so on. In Massachusetts, it was said, that of 12,000 crimes, in one year, *Three Fourths* were the fruits of intemperance.

Sir Matthew Hales the great and good chief Justice of England, after twenty years observation, declared, 'That, if all the murders, and manslaughters, and burglaries, and robberies, and riots, and tumults, the adulteries, and fornications, and rapes, and other great enormities which had been committed within that time, were divided into five parts, *Four* would be found to have been the result of intemperance.' And so on.

What do the records of cases before our courts in Canada testify?—of Montreal, Kingston, and Toronto (recently published and before magistrates, quarter sessions police courts, recorders courts or assizes, Readers of Newspapers, of Temperance papers, of official reports, and of returns of convictions,—what say you?

In this county of Perth, in 1853, the sum of £600 was allotted for the 'Administration of justice,' and taxed upon you as a county tax, and it is supposed the sum required will be between that and £800 for 1853. Will it be less in 1854? What is this sum for?

There were 85 cases returned by the Magistrates in the 'Returns of Convictions' for 1853, to the Clerk of the Peace, and it is well known there were many cases of complaints, besides, not reported or returned.

What proportion can be, near the truth, put down for crimes, &c., tried or produced in the county of Perth for 1853, as resulting directly or indirectly from the traffic in intoxicating drinks? The proportion may be stated as nearly *nine tenths*!

What was the cost to you, the taxpayers of this county, and to the individual parties,—loss of time, &c., as to these crimes, great and small, in 1853?

The sum of £168 15s. in the total amount for tavern licenses for 1853, as returned by the county Inspector (payable to the townships,) and £37 10s. for shop keepers, and £40 for four distilleries (payable to the Government)—in all, £246 5s. Would it have been cheaper to have taxed the county for a similar sum as the tavern licenses or for the whole, or to have had the Maine Liquor Law in operation, with no licenses to sell intoxicating drinks? Shall the system be continued?

You have the power in your own hands—see the Act 16 Vict., cap. 184, sec. 4,—and the form of by-law to be passed can be now furnished to your reeves, the same as in some municipalities where the law is in operation, and where it is being proposed in others to the inhabitants.

The case against the traffic, and for the lessening the number of crimes, &c., may be supposed to stand thus:

RELIGION, REASON, AND COMMON SENSE

Against

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC AND ITS CUSTOMERS.

THE PLAINTIFFS are (county population of men, women, and children, say near 18,000,) fourteen ministers of religion, forty-five common school male and female teachers, and three trustees for each school section, one grammar school teacher with eight (now six) trustees, eight (now six) members of county board of instruction, with a county superintendent of schools, forty-six justices of the peace, county judge, ten (now twelve) reeves of municipalities, sheriff, clerk of the peace, county clerks, two or three bible societies, sunday schools, private schools, temperance societies and sons, county inspector of licenses, municipal inspectors of license, &c.

AGAINST

THE DEFENDANTS—represented, *inter alia*, say by thirty-six licensed taverns, ale houses, &c., five shops where

spirits are retailed, four distilleries and two or three private ones, one brewery, several unlicensed small grogeries, shebeens, &c. with their customers.

Verdict in favour of the traffic in 1853.

What will be the verdict in 1854 or 1855, for the reduction of crimes, if another *Plaintiff* is added—only one—in the shape of the Maine Liquor Law?

Fellow Settlers! which of you will be Plaintiffs or Defendants in this suit?—Which *Bar* do you wish to appear at to file your pleas,—the Bar of Heaven, the Bar of Reason, the Bar of Justice, or the Liquor Bar-room?

Fellow Settlers! is it just that all those your neighbours who oppose the Liquor Traffic, and who do not meddle in it, should be taxed, in the County Tax, for the costs it causes?

Fellow Settlers, you who support the Traffic! why exact tythes (for nothing else is it, as unjust as tythes for a church one does not belong to) from those who oppose your creed? There is no difference between tything for a religious creed and a liquor traffic creed, so far as regards the tax or costs. Settlers supporting the traffic, pay your own tythes;—let each municipality be taxed for the costs of its own crimes! If it is unjust (as it would be) to tax the county of Waterloo for the crimes of the County of Perth, so it is unjust to have the costs of crimes &c. of one Municipality (say Stratford) saddled on other Municipalities.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN J. E. LYTON.

Stratford, 25th March, 1854.

NOTE.—The above was written early on the morning of the 24th, while a man intoxicated (an Irishman and a stranger) was lying asleep, near my stove, after having been turned out of a tavern in Stratford, on a bitter frosty night, and he, seeing a light in my house, asked protection. If he was exposed in the state he was in, as it appeared, he might have caused a coroner's inquest.—"Man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn."—BUANS.

J. J. E. L.

## Original Correspondence.

Mr. Kellogg at Eaton.

Mr. Kellogg, the valuable agent of the Montreal Temperance Society, lectured in this Township, last week, on Friday and Saturday evenings, and Sabbath afternoon. His lecture, on Friday evening, was at Eaton Corner, and as he had addressed us before, in February, we were prepared to give him a still more cordial welcome. On Saturday evening he was at Cookshire, and on Saturday afternoon, at Sawyerville. The lectures were all well attended, one hundred and twenty-nine signed the pledge, and thirteen dollars and forty-five cents were collected for the Montreal Society.

We feel deeply indebted to your Society for sending Mr. K. among us. By his earnest and faithful labors he left a very favorable impression on the minds of the two hundred who listened to him in February. The leaves of temperance has since been working. More than three hundred have heard his lectures at this time, and a good impulse has again been given to the work.

Our Temperance Society has for sixteen years acted on the Total Abstinence Pledge. "But, forgetting those things which are behind," we have this year reorganized and signed the pledge anew. Our motto is.—"This one thing I do." Old and young, men and women "strike" for a Prohibitory Liquor Law. Nothing less will satisfy us, as this alone will remove the evils we deprecate. Our petitions will be at the door when Parliament opens, to unite

with the voice now sounding through the land, whose language is,—"Away with the license law; from the evils of the traffic let our country be free." Then shall our rulers live in the memory of all future time, as the benefactors of our race.

At the close of our meeting on Friday evening, the following resolution was adopted:—

*Resolved*,—That we, the friends of the temperance movements which are now being put forth for securing a law prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating drinks in Canada, desire to express our thanks to the Montreal Temperance Society for sending among us Mr. F. W. Kellogg, who, by his stirring and able lectures, has made a deep and favorable impression on the public mind, and given in this place an onward impulse to the cause of temperance.

F. J. SHERRILL.

### Montreal Temperance House—F. Duclos.

SIR—Permit me to express my thanks, through your excellent paper, for the very gentlemanly treatment, and many kind attentions, which I have received at the "Eagle House," kept by Mr. Francis Duclos. It has been said that there were "no good public Temperance Houses," and hence the Temperance public were driven to Liquor Shops, for the necessary accommodations to travellers. But no longer can this be said, for at Duclos' there is the quiet air of neatness and comfort, fine entertainment in the Reading Room, which is furnished with Daylies and Weeklies, and a good and substantial table. These things, and the saurivy of the excellent proprietor, ought to draw a good support.

H. M. CHURCH.

## Philanthropic & Social Progress.

### Statement of principles, &c., United Kingdom Alliance.

(Submitted to the Rt. Hon. C. P. Villiers, M.P., Chairman of Select Committee on Public Houses, &c.)

In 1834, the Government of the United States of America passed a Law for the Protection of the Indian Tribes, prohibiting the introduction and sale of Intoxicating Liquors amongst them, directing that all such Liquors introduced for sale should be seized and destroyed by the State Officers, without judge or jury. That law was rigidly enforced, without any question of its justice and constitutional character, nor was any compensation provided for the owners of the Liquors destroyed under the operation of the law. The principle of this legislation was not then contemplated, as applicable to the people of the individual States. It was found to work well, and commended itself to the approval of all humane and enlightened statesmen.

Through the persevering exertions, chiefly of Neal Dow, of Portland, United States, an Act was framed, and passed the Maine State Legislature, in May, 1851, prohibiting the traffic in all Intoxicating Liquors, excepting for medical and artistic purposes; and authorising search, seizure, and destruction of all such Liquors offered or kept for sale, without remuneration to the owner or keeper thereof. This enactment, now known as the "Maine Liquor Law," was approved by the Governor on the 2nd of June following, and first enforced in the seizure and destruction of Liquors on sale, at Bangor, on the 1th of July, 1852, the day of the celebration of American Independence. Since that time, enactments of a similar character, prohibiting the Liquor Traffic, under heavy penalties and summary processes, have been passed by various other States of the Union, including Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont, Indiana, and recently, Michigan and Wisconsin.

A salaried officer is appointed in each town or district, to sell Liquors only for strictly medicinal or manufacturing

purposes. The officer is bound under heavy penalties, with sureties, to sell only in accordance with the law, to record every sale in a Public Book, and to have no profit from the business except his salary. No one can recover payment at law for Liquors sold within or without the State. New Jersey has placed habitual drunkards under similar restraints and disabilities to lunatics.

With the exception of the City of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, the Maine Law, so far as adopted, has been by the mass of the population cheerfully submitted to, and the results have been of a most satisfactory character. The commitments for crime are officially reported to have decreased from 40 to 80 per cent. The poor rates have recently vanished, and the gaols in some places are reported empty. In the city of Portland, Maine, the number of commitments to the House of Correction for *Drunkness*, from June the 1st, to December the 1st, 1850, six months, was 40; from January the 1st to May 31st, five months, it was 34; from June 1st to October 16th, (the Liquor Law was approved June 2nd,) it was 8; from October 16th, to December 31st, there were none; on the 15th June, 1852, the House of Correction was empty. (Mayor's Report). In Salem, Massachusetts, the aggregate of commitments for Drunkness, from May 22nd to July 22nd, (before the law) was 150; from that period to the 22nd September, but 35, a decrease of 115. In the city of Lowell, according to a statement of the Mayor's, for the two months ending September 22nd, 1851, there were committed to the Watch House 110 in a state of Drunkness; there were besides reported as being seen drunk, not arrested, 390; total 500. This was previous to the enactment of the law. In the corresponding months of the next year, when the Maine Law was in force, there were committed to the Watch House for Drunkness, 70; reported as seen Drunk, not arrested, 110; total 180, diminution 320. The amount of Drunkness for the month ending October 22nd, 1852, was 66 per cent less than the corresponding month of the previous year. The Judge of the Police Court of Springfield reported a diminution of Drunkness of more than 75 per cent. Similar results have followed the application of the Maine Law in every State that has adopted it, and not only has Drunkness been thus diminished, but all other crimes and public outrages, and also pauperism have been decreased in a corresponding ratio.

No repeal or reverse of popular feeling has yet taken place. The people rejoice in the Law, and sustain it heartily. Constitutional difficulties have been suggested on various occasions, but have been settled by the Law Courts. The Law when it has been found weak and inadequate, has been strengthened in its provisions, and in every quarter confidence has been increased in the soundness and goodness of the measure. Evils anticipated from the execution of the law—broils, turbulence, and resistance—have all vanished before its silent majesty, as it has moved on its progress, and no tumult, worthy of being recorded, has yet taken place.

Throughout the Canadas a strong popular opinion prevails in favour of a Maine Law. In the Canadian Parliament it was only lost by four votes, and will certainly soon be enacted.

In Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island, powerful leagues are formed for accomplishing the adoption of the Maine Law. At a large public meeting in Halifax, recently held, a decided resolution in favour of this Law was unanimously carried. In New Brunswick the law has been enacted, and, having received the sanction of Her Majesty, has come into legal force, and is well sustained. It does not include Beer or Cider, but entirely prohibits the sale of Spirits and Wine for purposes of beverage.

At Buenos Ayres no Liquor can be sold to be consumed in public, and if a drunken person is found in any store or Public House, the owner is subject to heavy penalties.

In the Sandwich Islands a prohibitory Liquor Law is part of the permanent constitution of society. In visiting the Pagan Islands in Micronesia, the Sandwich Island Missionaries found a Maine Law on Strong's Island. No in-

toxicating Drinks are allowed to be made on the Island or to be brought on shore from ships.

In the Island of Madagascar, containing four million inhabitants, a Maine Law is engrafted in the constitution. Intoxicating Wine is not even allowed to be used in the Sacraments, by the ministers of the London Missionary Society, an edict from the throne declaring that such use would be a breach of the Law.

In the Republic of Liberia, in Africa, no person may introduce or sell any intoxicating drink. Even the King of Dahomey, in Central Africa, steadily refuses to sanction a traffic in strong drink. His revenues are chiefly derived from the traffic in human beings for the slave market, but he is not disposed to allow his own people to be degraded and destroyed by Intoxicating Liquors.

The native population of India keep up a continual protest and resistance against the British License system, under the shield of which a traffic in Intoxicating Liquors is carried on, in defiance of the law and the religion of the Hindoo. On the 14th of August last, an appeal was made by the native inhabitants of Satarah, to the Right Hon. the Governor and Council in Bombay. The following extracts from that memorial are worthy the attention and consideration of the British People and Government:—

"That we are under the Government of the English is by no means in itself a cause of sorrow to us, but we are filled with anxiety and alarm in the view of the fact that the evil of Strong Drink, so invariably follows the introduction of British Rule. When this great evil once gets a footing, it cannot without much difficulty be eradicated; all remedies fail. If government once begin to raise a revenue from this source, there seems little or no hope that it will ever be relinquished at a future time.

"The way in which this evil commences seems to be, that when Europeans begin to reside in any place, Intoxicating Drinks are in the first instance brought for their use. But our people soon become great proficient in this vice, and spend upon it those means which are required for the support of their families, thus leaving their wives and children to suffering and want. This state of things is then turned to account by the Government, which raises a large revenue from Grog Shops and Distilleries, on the plea of checking the progress of Intemperance. But if the object in view in imposing a tax on Distilleries and Liquor Shops is to save the people from intemperance, then would it not on every account be better to suppress them altogether, and thus nip the evil in the bud? The remedy now resorted to by Government seems wholly inadequate; for, notwithstanding the tax imposed, drunkenness and ruin continue to spread on all sides. Possibly it may be said that it is not the duty of Government to interfere with the wishes of the people, in regard to what they shall eat and drink. But let the ruin caused by intoxicating drinks be considered. The Government should not forbid the use of that which is nutritious and beneficial, but it is the bounden duty of Government to save the people from ruin, when they, through ignorance and folly, are rushing into it."

Among the miners in Australia, the British Government has put an extreme Maine Law into operation. Grog Shops are ordered to be burned to the ground, as soon as they are discovered.

In England, Scotland, and Ireland, the attention of thousands of the most earnest and patriotic has been turned to this great question. Not only Temperance Societies, but many others who feel a deep interest in the social, moral, and spiritual advancement of the people, have hailed this great principle of Legislative action, which, instead of attempting to regulate a Traffic fraught with vast and ever growing social evils, prohibits and suppresses it. Instead of giving it the sanction and imprimatur of the state, puts it under the ban of the law.

This question has been spoken to and discussed at public gatherings in various parts of the kingdom, and, wherever mooted, has been warmly responded to by the people. Resolutions have been affirmed in favour of the "Maine Law," at large public meetings in different parts of England and

Scotland, and many newspapers have given or admitted favourable notices and communications on the subject.

A number of Maine Law sermons and speeches have been delivered, and tens of thousands of Maine Law tracts have been put into circulation in London and Manchester, in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and in many other of the great centres of population; and there can be no doubt but that the entire question must soon come up, and must be dealt with in the pulpit and on the platform, and in the parliament of the Nation.

The "United Kingdom Alliance," formed in Manchester on the first of June last, has for its distinct and declared purpose, the initiation of a National agitation for the suppression of the Liquor Traffic. This organization has enrolled upwards of two hundred names of clergymen and gentlemen of influence on its list of General Council, and is daily adding thereto. Powerful Auxiliary Associations have already been formed in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and others are in course of formation in London, Dublin, Bristol, and other important cities and large towns. No public meetings have yet been held by the promoters of the "Alliance," and yet it has received adhesions and promises of support from almost every important city and district in the three Kingdoms.

The public inauguration of the "United Kingdom Alliance" took place in October last, when a Conference of the Members of the General Council, and other leading friends of the movement, was convened in Manchester.

The Executive Committee have issued an Address to the People of the United Kingdom, in which the facts and principles, the means and aims of the "Alliance," are set forth.

It remains to be seen how far public sentiment will respond to, and public opinion sustain, the appeal and purpose of the "Alliance." There can surely be no insuperable difficulties in the way of such an enactment, if the British people favour it, and the powers that be decree it. Nor will statesmen be found wanting, prepared for any exigency and difficulty of such a crisis.

Signed on behalf of the Executive Committee of the United Kingdom Alliance, this 28th day of July, 1852.

WILLIAM HARVEY, Chairman.  
NATHANIEL CARD, Treasurer.  
SAMUEL HOPE, Honorary Secretary.  
WILLIAM GAWTHORPE, } Secretaries.  
THOMAS H. BARKER, }

## A Page for Young Folks at Home.

### Strong Drink and "Farewell".

BY PAUL BROTHERHOOD.

HEARING that the Guards were going to leave London to play their part in the coming war, and happening to know some of them, I resolved to witness the preparations for their departure. When I entered St. George's barracks I found the square full of people. There were carmen, blacksmiths, carpenters, and laborers; Jews, washerwomen, and abandoned females; medical students and reporters; a few ladies and gentlemen, and hurrying crowds of "all sorts." Some were pale and anxious,—many were weeping. Soldiers abounded of course. Some of them were in the ranks, numbers were parting with parents, wives, sweet-hearts, and friends, and others were either selling their old and superfluous clothing to the Jews, or hastening to complete their preparations.

I went into the canteen. Never did I witness a more lamentable scene. The passages, the bar, the stairs, the hall, and the common room were all crowded with civilians, women, and soldiers. Tobacco-smoke,

swearing, loud shoutings, cheers, singing, flaming brands handed about to light extinguished pipes, the lamentations of women, and the cries of the corporals and sergeants as they called out the names of the soldiers wanted for sentries, made the place rather unpleasant. However, I went in to do my duty.

On looking around me I soon perceived that every one seemed determined to swallow as much beer and gin as possible. They drank from pewter vessels as though joy and life were in them. Alas! sorrow and death were there. Scores of the soldiers wore plainly drinking "to drive dull care away." Never did I see men drink so desperately. Many of them were muddled—some quite drunk. In a box close to me were a lot of them in a sad state. One of them had a young woman beside him whose intoxicated condition was a lamentable sight, and I presume she was the person celebrated by the regimental band as "*The girl I left behind me.*" Another soldier—a rollicking, ruddy-cheeked fellow—who thought himself a capital singer, kept up a running fire of shouts, sentiments, and songs. He drank some beer, and then shouted "Hurrah!" Another dip into the pot. Then rising on his legs, and lifting up his pot, he cried out, "If a-a poor fel-fel-fellow loses a limb in the de-defen-dence of his country, may he nev-never enter a work-h-o- s-e!" And after his speech he drank again, amid the cheers and laughter of his comrades. Then came a song. With the pot in his right hand, and his left waving aloft he roared out—

Cheer, boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow,  
Courage, true hearts shall bear us on our way,  
Hope points before, and shows the bright to-morrow,  
Let us forget the darkness of to-day.  
So farewell, England, much as we may love thee.  
We'll dry the tears that we have shed before,  
Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune?  
So farewell, England—farewell evermore!  
Cheer, boys, cheer! for England! mother England!  
Cheer, boys, cheer! the willing strong right hand,  
Cheer, boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest labour,  
Cheer, boys, cheer! for the new and happy land.

And all the brave fellows—for with all their faults such they are—sang out, "Cheer, boys, Cheer!"—But, alas! "the new and happy land" for which they have sailed is the field of blood, and "the willing strong right hand" is to be employed, not in clearing the western forests, but in slaughtering men.

As soon as the chorus ceased, I introduced myself to a young soldier who stood close to me, drinking from a pewter pot. After a few preliminary words I said—

"Who is that soldier with a flattened nose and a face like a fighting man's?"

"His name is C——y, sir, and he is a relative of the famous pugilist of that name, I hear."

"He is a private, I suppose." I said this though not being able to see whether he had any stripes on his arm.

"He is now," replied the young Guard, "but he was a corporal."

"Indeed! Then how came he to lose his rank?"

"Through some drinking, I believe. That's our ruin here. Four of our sergeants were up for it only a few days ago."

"I am sorry to hear that."

"Yes, sir, it is a pity. I was a serjeant myself, but a gay life brought me down again to the ranks. I

am a clergyman's son, sir, and my brother is a Wesleyan minister. It was too much money, drinking, and evil women that led me astray and made me enlist.—My father bought me off, but I enlisted again. Ah! sir, I would give a hundred pounds to be out of this, but I cannot get my discharge. When an application was made for my discharge at the Horse Guards, the answer was—'We want men—not money.' My mother, sir, is coming from I——, in Derbyshire, to bid me farewell, and my father—ah! when I was here last night I remember it was the time for family prayer, and that he was then praying for me."

Here he paused quite troubled in his soul. I saw that his heart was subdued, and spoke to him of temperance, prayer, reformation, and "OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN." Warm was that young soldier's parting words as he left me—for the field of battle. May the prayers of his father be heard, and the Prodigal Son be saved.

A fine smiling honest soldier now came into the canteen. When he espied me he marched forward exclaimed—

"Ah! Mr. Brotherhood, I heard you were in the barracks, and I came here to shake hands before I go."

He placed his hand in mine, and as he did so I saw a good-conduct ring on his arm. Pointing to it I replied—

"I am glad, Austen, to see that."

"So am I, sir," was his cheery answer, "but I have got something better here," and he placed his hand upon his heart. He then looked round upon his swearing, perspiring, drunken comrades, and exclaimed—

"Thank God, I have nothing to do with this tumult. I keep my pledge, and therefore keep out of this. Why, Mr B., what do you think my comrades ask me?"

"I should like to know."

"Austen," say they, "what will you do with the grog that will be served out to you on board the *Ripon*?"

"Well, what do you answer?" I asked.

He raised his arm and voice, looked resolute and lofty, and exclaimed—

"Pitch it overboard, sir."

"Capital!" was my reply. We then conversed on responsibility, death, prayer, Jesus, and heaven, and parted. May we meet where war is unknown—

"Where streams of endless pleasure flow,  
And every heart is love!"

Scarcely had I parted with him before another brave soldier and his wife came to me. The former was selected for embarkation; the latter to stay. Very sorrowful was my parting with him, but I trust that what I said to him with regard to sobriety, mercy to the foe, and trust in God, will not be in vain. My dear friend! may God protect him!

When I got to my home I remembered it was probable that some of the gallant men I had seen might return to spend their days as Chelsea pensioners. This led me to consult some books which afford information as to the comforts, habits and morals of those old warriors who are all fond of reciting their deeds of valour, and, like the parson's guest in sweet Auburn, often

"Stooldor a crutch, and show how folds were won."

In Gleig's History of Chelsea Hospital, the reader is told that "It is designed to furnish an asylum for those members of the regular army alone, whom wounds, or sickness, or old age, may have totally disabled."

It seems that the Hospital will contain 538 men. A writer in *The Million-Peopled City* says:—"The habit of intemperance which they have very generally formed in the army, and which mostly clings to them still, is a sad feature in their character." In another place he says: "They are sad drunkards; I have seen more than 20 drunk together on Saturday evening."

There are 50,000 out-pensioners. Writing of those who reside around the Hospital, the same writer says:—"Drunkenness is their besetting sin. Their pension is generally paid at the beginning of each month, and for four or five days afterwards drunkenness is prevalent. Drink they will have, if they starve for it afterwards."

Again:—"It is truly painful to behold the number of loose women and idle men waiting outside the pay-office, to make a prey of one after another of the men as they come out, and to entrap them into places where much of the money is at once spent in drunkenness and debauchery."

Well may we labour and pray for the abolition of our national drunkenness, and the dawn of the golden age when righteousness and peace shall bless the peoples of the earth.

"No strife shall rage, no hostile feuds  
Disturb those peaceful years;  
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,  
To pruning hooks their spears.  
No longer hosts, encountering hosts,  
Shall crowds of slain deplore:  
But hang the trumpet in the hall,  
And study war no more."

—*British Temperance Advocate.*

## WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

For the Week ending Tuesday Evening, April 18, 1854.

FLOUR.—Before the arrival of the *Hermann* and the *America*, Flour was sold to arrive, at 32s. In consequence of the news by these vessels, it advanced to 35s, and since the telegraphic report by the *Arctic*, sales have been made at 3s 3d, at which price there are more buyers than sellers. On the spot the price continued at 40s.

WHEAT.—None in market.

OTHER GRAIN.—Nothing doing. Pease are offered at 5s 10d per minimot, without buyers. Corn offered for June delivery at 3s 9d per 56 lbs.

ASHES.—Pots 31s 3d, and 29s for Pearls. Very few coming in.

PROVISIONS.—Beef \$9 to \$9½ for Prime, and \$11½ to \$12 for Prime Mess. Pork nothing doing on the spot, but prices advancing. Butter nothing doing.

EXCHANGE.—Has been reduced from 10 to 9½ per cent in the face of a rise in New York. Considerable stringency may, therefore, be expected in the money market, and the current rate of interest out of doors is quoted by a city paper at 3 per cent.

STOCKS.—All very heavy. Montreal Bank, 24½. City 8½ Commercial as before. People's, 2 per cent.—all prem.

RAILROAD STOCKS.—Nominal at 30 per cent discount, but unsalable, with the exception of Great Western, which is enquired for at 5 per cent discount.



## TALFOURD.

*From the London Punch.*

Ere the war-clouds, darkly closing,  
Shudder to the rending flash,  
Ere a world holds breath to listen  
To the opening thunder crash:  
Hear, from yonder seat of judgment,  
Words of peace—the true—the best—  
Ah!—the noble words are stifled,  
And a noble heart hath rest!

Dead! He should have died hereafter,  
Time had come for such a word,  
When the day of fight was over,  
And the triumph bells were heard  
Statesman—Minister of justice—  
Friend of all who needed friend,  
Poet—might he not have tarried,  
Seen our conflict to an end?

Had the Statesman marked his nation  
Check and crush invading might;  
Had the upright Judge, rejoicing,  
Watched the victory of the Right;  
Had the oppress'd one's Friend behold us  
Raise the weak—dash down the strong.  
Then, perchance, the Poet's utterance  
Had awaked in glowing song.

Other was the dread decretal,  
Life and Death obey their Lord,  
And the golden bowl is broken,  
And unloosed the silver cord.  
In the very hour when Duty  
To her dearest task was wed,  
Pleading for the poor and needy,  
TALFOURD'S gentle spirit fled.

What is left to those who mourn him?  
When the last sad rite is paid,  
When—but not with hopeless sorrow—  
Earth in earth is humbly laid.  
Call his image from the marble,  
Let the rich memorial tell  
How he earned the love we bore him,  
That we loved him long and well.

Let it speak of kindest nature,  
Of the large, yet subtle mind,  
Of a heart all overflowing  
With affection for his kind.  
Speak of honor—trust—and frankness.  
Of a hand preventing need,  
And of whisper from the giver  
Making bounty rich indeed.

Then record how he, undaunted,  
Fought through faction's wild turmoil,  
To uphold the Thinker's title  
To the earnings of his toil.  
How low cant and selfish cunning  
Barred his onward course in vain,  
Till he felled and chained the plunderers  
Of the Labor of the Brain.

Speak of eloquence, beguiling  
Foes themselves to own its sway,  
Rich with many an ancient jewel  
Touched with Art's all-kindling ray.  
Then inscribe his Poet-honors—  
Nay—that record be his own—  
Little reck's true hard of memory  
Passing with a sculptured stone.

*Ire licet.* Battle's signal  
Sullen booms o'er sea and plain.  
Wake ye at that fatal summons,  
Fabled Chooser of the Slain!  
Who, beside our cross banner,  
Falls, its foremost champion there—  
Flinging down a life, and winning  
Name that time himself shall spare!

Gallant heart! But happier, nobler,  
Hold the doom 'twas his to meet,  
Who—declaring Heaven's own message—  
Died upon the judgment seat.  
On his lip that holy lesson  
All his life had taught, he cried,  
"Help the humble—help the needy—  
HELP WITH LOVE." So TALFOURD died!

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N. CYR, EDITOR.

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Montreal, May, 1854.

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February 15.

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