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TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

PLEDGE.--We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage, nor Traffic in them; that we will not provide them as an article of Entertainment, nor for persons in our Employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the community.

VOL. XVIII.]

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 15, 1852.

No. 25

Twenty-five Objections to the Maine Law considered and answered.

1. It is unconstitutional.
It has been decided otherwise in the Supreme Court of the United States. Says Chief Justice Taney: "Every State may regulate its own internal traffic, according to its own judgment, and upon its own views of the interest and well-being of its citizens." And, says the Governor of Maine, "If we can legislate for the extermination of ravenous beasts, we may for the extermination of the greatest of evils which reduces the human form divine to a condition worse than that of savages."
2. It destroys private property, and without compensation.
It destroys nothing legally held; nothing which a man keeps for his own use or for lawful sale; nothing but what is confiscated by known and wilful defiance of law. And who ever heard of compensation for confiscated property—for a mad dog, for instance?
3. It is a sumptuary law, interfering with a man's household.
It does so in no sense. A man may eat, drink, and wear what he pleases; have wine, brandy, and cider, daily, on his table; put the bottle to his neighbor's lips and make him drunken, and the Maine Law makes no interference.
4. It interferes with and destroys a vast amount of regular business.
So did the Gospel with the business of silver shine making at Ephesus; so does machinery with handiwork; so do canals and railroads with turnpikes; and steam with ship navigation. What then.
5. It renders that unlawful which has ever been held legal.
So did the law against the slave trade, and so do laws against lotteries, and gambling, and horse racing, and other laws too numerous to mention. And why should they not? The good of the community requires it.
6. It will prove destructive to vast liquor manufactories.
If it does it may be a blessed thing for the community; but if we may credit their owners, these will have full employ in supplying medicine, the arts and the Sacrament.
7. Congress regulates commerce and Congress allows importation and sale in 15 gallon casks.
And the Maine Law offers no hindrance, but allows the sale for medicine and artistic and sacramental purposes; forbidding it only where it will be destructive to the body politic.
8. It will be an unwarranted and impolitic interference with the agricultural and commercial prosperity of the State.
If it renders some crops useless, it will leave the ground for others. If it prevents a vast expenditure of money for one article, and that worthless, it leaves it in the hands of the people for expenditure for other articles. If the ten millions of dollars now expended for liquor, were to be expended

for bread, and meat, and clothing, and furniture, and comfortable houses, and education, the public would be no loser, but gainers. Every branch of industry would be benefited and millions of capital would be added to the State.

9. It will interfere with the ready supply of Alcohol for medicine and the arts, and of wine for the Sacrament.

Not in the least; manufacturers and importers and agents may still furnish all that is needed.

10. The public are not prepared for it.
Some portions of the public are most thoroughly prepared; some fathers and mothers, some tradesmen and mechanics, some farmers and shipowners, some drunkards and hard drinkers. The crime, the pauperism, the taxation, the suffering of the state call for it. Some men are not ready, but cannot tell why; and some, because of the cravings of appetite and the love of gain, who never will be.

11. It is a law too stringent in its character.
Not for any willing to obey. It has no feature too hard for the obedient—no stringency but to secure its object.

12. It can never be enforced.
This is begging the question. It was so said in Maine, but has proved otherwise. No other law was ever enforced so easily. It well nigh enforces itself. It but asks for a trial.

13. It will produce a reaction, like the Sabbath Mail Law, destructive to the cause of temperance.
It has not done it in Maine. It may not do it elsewhere; we are willing to trust it.

14. It goes too far, and excludes the temperate as well as intemperate from the purchase and use of intoxicating drinks.

It goes none too far for the good of the community. If it restrains the temperate, it may prove for their own benefit and the benefit of their children, as well as the salvation of the drunken. Philanthropy, patriotism, and religion call for it.

15. It prevents free trade.
So do all license laws. No man has a right to sell without license; and if the State may forbid ninety-nine in a hundred from selling, because the good of the community requires it, on the same principle it may the whole.

16. It disfranchises the freemen of the State; deprives them of their rights.

Rights to prey upon their fellow-men; take their money and give them no equivalent; fill up poor houses, and compel the people to support them. Liquor sellers' rights!

17. It will drive our trade to other States.
What if other States should adopt the Maine law,—what then? Would it not bring their trade for rum here? Surely the liquor sellers of New York would vote for that.

18. We have law enough now.
Yes, full enough to protect liquor sellers in their business, but none to protect the people from their poisons.

19. It will fill the land with blood. Not half as much as rum has. Sixteen murders have been committed in a year, in the city of New York, through rum. Two or three lives could be afforded in this conflict.

20. It is sheer fanaticism. So is every law which breaks up counterfeiting, piracy, forgery, and which would abolish war and despotism in the earth.

21. The stringency of the law would excite sympathy for the liquor sellers and greatly increase intemperance.

The experiment has been made; the vender finds no sympathy. The war is made not upon him, but upon his liquor, as vile and worthless. The drunkards forsake his shop, for he has no liquor wherewith to treat. And left alone, he quits the business as the business has quit him, and then he finds sympathy in the rest of the community.

22. Moral suasion is greatly preferable. Moral suasion is good in its place; peculiarly applicable to the poor inebriate; applicable to the honest liquor dealer, but of no more efficacy in destroying the rum trade, than it would be in destroying counterfeiting and gambling.

23. It is mingling temperance and politics. How, more than all excise laws, it is difficult to tell. It is but a new way of legislating to prevent intemperance. If it interferes with the political elevation of some of its opponents, it is not the fault of the law. If it secures that election, they may not seriously object. Rum and politics have long had the ascendancy, and how can any reasonably complain, even if there should be a union on the other side, if it is for the good of the people.

24. The removal of the traffic from the community would be the breaking up of one of the greatest sources of human health, comfort, and social enjoyment.

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath wounds? who hath babblings without cause?—the teetotallers or the men blessed with the traffic? Let jails, and poor houses, and drunken, brawling families answer.

25. It will stop off and reform all our drunkards and hard drinkers; break up the Shades; keep our young men from their smashers and sherry cobblers; stop wife-whipping and murder; make Sunday a sober day, and bring on, before the people are half ready for them, the days of Millennium.

This objection is perfectly unanswerable. Even so, Amen.

Temperance and the Holidays.

At the commencement of the temperance reformation, all the habits of society were in opposition to its progress. The use of intoxicating liquors was almost universal, and the custom of presenting them to every guest nearly as prevalent. A place was found for them in every house, and the closet or the sideboard was opened, and its contents brought out to refresh the visitor, among the earliest tokens of a hospitable welcome. These habits had produced results of the most lamentable character. The aged and the young, the rich and poor, the educated and the illiterate, in vast numbers became the victims of intemperance, and there were few families from which the bitter tears of lamentation did not flow over the grave of a drunkard. Among the most difficult objects to be accomplished, and yet the most essential to the success of the reformation, was the change of these habits of society; and to this work, therefore did the first movers in the reform direct their earliest and most earnest efforts. We need not now say that they were eminently successful. The work spread, and the object was effected with a rapidity unexampled in the history of moral reformations. Customs that had become inwrought into the very fabric of social intercourse were well nigh extirpated: sideboards and closets were appropriated to

some better use than to be store houses of "liquid fire and distilled damnation," and decanters and wine glasses were either repudiated or converted to some innoxious use. It was no longer deemed essential to hospitality and friendship that guests and friends should be demonized by intemperance; and hundreds of thousands abandoned, under all circumstances the use of all intoxicating liquors. This was a triumph which sealed up many fountains of desolation and wo; which gave peace and joy to thousands of aching hearts, and which opened wide doors and effectual for the salvation of undying souls, who were now made accessible to the truths of the gospel.

But while the hold of Satan upon the hearts of men, through the habits of society was thus loosened, his grasp was not entirely relinquished. Driven out of some of the fortresses from which he had carried on so destructive a warfare upon the hopes and happiness of men, he entrenched himself in others of his strong-holds, where he still carries on the work of death.

Yielding the point, that the general use of intoxicating liquors is unnecessary, and even admitting that it may be injurious, and should therefore be avoided, he and his emissaries contend that they may be safely used on special occasions, and that they are yet necessary to promote that hilarity which is sought in seasons of social festivity. Hence, very many who neither offer nor use them or linarily, do both on such occasions as weddings, evening parties, Christmas dinners and New Year's visits. At these seasons the wine cup is freely circulated, and stronger drinks abundantly provided for those for whom the wine has lost its charm.

The result of this course, not so universally destructive as the habits which have been in some good degree subverted, is yet fearful in its ruin. Very many young men, tempted on these occasions to violate the principle of entire abstinence become the victims of intemperance, and are hurried to an untimely and dishonored grave. Many a lovely girl thus acquires habits of stimulating, which undermine her health, and bear her to an early tomb. If the sorrows of a single year, produced by the habits which yet prevail during the holiday season, and especially in the New Year visitings, could be brought together and presented to our view, we would start back from the vision in affrighted horror. Here we should see a young man, the pride of his father, and the hope of his mother's declining years, leaving home in health and happiness, his habits on the side of virtue, and giving hope of a long life of respectability and usefulness. He calls the opening of the New Year upon some friends, respected and beloved, and is presented with the wine-glass, and urged by lips and looks of almost irresistible power, to pledge the tempter. He hesitates, and is laughed at. He yields, and his self-respect is gone. He passes from house to house, and at each repeated temptation, yields more easily, till, before night, he is led home to break a mother's heart, and ring out burning tears of agony from a family who feel themselves degraded by his drunkenness. But the end is not yet. He goes out into society and to his business self-degraded, and with a craving appetite, which incessantly cries, Give, give! and which will be satisfied with nothing but the accursed poison that kindled it. He resorts to the saloon and to the groggery, and thence to the chamber of the maniac, from which he is carried to the drunkard's grave. The physician may, to save the feelings of his friends, certify that he died of "inflammation of the brain," but they who loved him, know too well, that if the truth were written on his tombstone, the world would look upon the grave of another victim of mania *a potu*.

This is a picture of no isolated case. Would to God it was! The number of such is legion, and the hearts that ache and are broken from this cause are almost numberless.

But who is responsible? Says the sneerer at the principle of total abstinence, "He is responsible. He ought to have known his weakness, and not drunk so frequently. It is not my fault. 'Am I my brother's keeper?'" There was, it is true, a solemn responsibility upon him, and he has gone to meet it before his final Judge. But there is guilt elsewhere which must be answered for, before the same all-seeing Judge. He says to that man who sold, to him who purchased, and to her who presented the liquid-fire to that young man, and tempted and urged him to drink it: "The voice of your brother's blood crieth to me from the ground." The grave has received him, but there comes from that grave the echo of God's Word, which says, "Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's mouth, and maketh him drunken!" and that woe will be poured out without mixture upon those devices of the Devil to drown men in destruction and perdition.

We long to see the day when the social instincts of our nature can be enjoyed in cheerful, rational intercourse with our fellow-men, without peril to reputation, or life, or salvation. In order to do this, these habits must be abandoned; and call upon Christians, who ought to be the leaders in every good work, to become examples to the world on this point, and put away from them all the means of intoxication.

We are now upon the eve of one of these seasons of festivity, and we would charge our readers before God, and in view of the judgment, to pass through this season without tempting, to their destruction, any who may visit them; and we warn young men to flee from the proffer of the wine-cup or any other intoxicating drink, as they would fly from the rushing burning torrent from a volcano. Stop not to tamper with the destroyer, nor parley with the tempter.—He may come in the guise of beauty, and assume the appearance of an angel of light; but when he puts the wine-cup to your mouth, and whispers, "Ye shall not surely die," remember that God has said—and his word will be performed—"At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder;" and "No drunkard shall inherit eternal life." Beware then of the evil. "Go not in the path of the destroyer. Avoid it; pass not by it, but turn from it and flee away." And while you avoid this one source of ruin turn also from every other path of iniquity, and seek grace from God, that you may be preserved in the hour of trial, and may live to his glory, through faith in his well-beloved Son. Then will the approaching season be one of solid comfort and continual joy, and the year upon which you are about to enter will be to you, as we pray it may be to all, "A HAPPY NEW YEAR.—*N. Y. Recorder.*"

NEAL DOW'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

From all that we had heard of this distinguished philanthropist, before we had the pleasure of meeting him, we were prepared to see in him that type of the physical man which our western brethren describes as half horse, half alligator, with a filling up and finishing off of locomotive, tiger, and sea-serpent. We had heard him spoken of in terms which left the impression that he was a savage, but by some accident enlisted in the service of humanity; a barbarian, but strangely averse to the wail of sorrow and sighs of the broken-hearted; a stern, stubborn, tyrannical, dogmatizing man, but singularly alive to the miseries of the race, and carried away by the laugh of children and the rejoicing of wives, when their fathers and husbands came home redeemed from the rum fiend.

We were really surprised when Neal Dow first stood before us, to see a gentleman, rather under the medium size, with a face upon which neither vor nor passion had drawn its lines; with a smile of almost feminine sweetness and gentleness; with a blandness and urbanity of manner, a winning persuasiveness of address, a repose and calmness

in his strongest delineations; a freedom from asperity and fierceness, even in dealing with the awful criminality of the liquor traffic—and yet conveying to other minds the most vivid impression of the truths he uttered. All this was unexpected. We looked for the fierce and fiery reformer. We expected to hear bitter denunciation and strong wrathful philippics. Instead of which we saw and heard a gentleman of pleasing appearance, of refined and mild, yet convincing address, speaking without excitement, yet with manifest sincerity, and from profound conviction of the truth and momentous importance of what he said. For our agreeable surprise we owe something to the rum organs in Maine, whose columns teemed with abuse of Mr. Dow, and pictured him to the fancy as a monster, both in the moral and physical man.

In our opinion the rum-sellers in Portland made a most unlucky move for themselves, when, by illegal votes, they ousted Neal Dow from the mayoralty of their city. They set him free to kindle a light in their State, and throughout the Union, which will never go out. Whenever he speaks he carries the reason, the conscience, and the enthusiasm of the people in favor of these views which the Maine Law has embodied and glorified for all time.—*N. Y. Organ.*

Sketches from Modern Travels.

Bayard Taylor, with indefatigable energy, has pursued his journeyings, if not where he intended, yet assuredly where he has gathered a mass of useful and interesting information. His letters have regularly appeared in the *New York Tribune*, numbering now upwards of sixty in number. We have just read his account of Constantinople. He speaks of the city as being frequently visited with disastrous conflagrations. His own words shall describe the facts. He says:—

Constantinople has been terribly ravaged by fires—no less than fifteen having occurred during the past two weeks. Almost every night the sky has been reddened by burning houses, and the minarets of the seven hills lighted with an illumination brighter than that of the Bairam. All the space from the Hippodrome to the Sea of Marmora has been swept away; the laid, honey and oil magazines on the Golden Horn, with the bazaars adjoining; several large blocks on the hill of Galata, with the College of the Dancing Dervishes; a part of Scutaria and the College of the Howling Dervishes, all have disappeared, and to-day the ruins of 3,700 houses, which were destroyed last night, stand smoking in the Greek quarter, behind the aqueduct of Valens. The entire amount of buildings consumed in these two weeks is estimated at between five and six thousand. The fire on the hill of Galata threatened to destroy a great part of the suburb of Pera. It came, sweeping over the brow of the hill, toward my hotel, turning the tall cypresses in the burial ground into shafts of angry flame, and eating away the crackling dwellings of hordes of hapless Turks. I was in bed from sudden attack of fever, but seeing the other guests packing up their effects and preparing to leave, I was obliged to do the same, and this, in my weak state, brought on such a perspiration, that the ailment left me. The officers of the U. S. steamer *San Jacinto* and the French frigate *Charlemagne* came to the rescue with their men and fire-engines, and the flames were finally quelled. The proceedings of the Americans, who cut holes in the roofs and played through them upon the fires within, were watched by the Turks with stupid amazement. "Mashallah!" said a fat Bimbashi, as he stood sweltering in the heat; "the Franks are a wonderful people."

On leaving Constantinople, the weariless traveller proceeds to Malta. His letter, written in the Dardanelles, Aug. 7, 1852, is an eloquent farewell to the Orient. No better idea can be given of the vivacity and energy, and exquisite good humor of B. T., than an intelligent and appreciative mind may gather from this short letter. We quote in full. It is a summary of facts and feelings:—

At last, says Mr. Taylor, behold me fairly embarked for Chris.

tian Europe, to which I bade adieu in October last, eager for the unknown wonders of the Orient. Since then, nearly ten months have passed away, and those wonders are now familiar as everyday experiences. I set out determined to be satisfied with no slight taste of Eastern life, but to drain to the bottom its beaker of mingled sunshine and sleep. All this has been accomplished; and if I have not wandered so far, nor enriched myself with such varied knowledge of the relics of ancient history as I might have purposed or wished, I have at least learned to know the Turk and the Arab, been soothed by the patience inspired by their fatalism, and warmed by the gorgeous gleams of fancy that animate their poetry and religion. These ten months of my life form an episode which seems to belong to a separate existence. Just refined enough to be poetic, and just barbaric enough to be freed from all conventional fetters, it is as grateful to brain and soul as an Eastern bath to the body. While I look forward not without pleasure to the novel luxuries and conveniences of Europe, I relinquish with a sigh the refreshing indolence of Asia.

We have passed between the Castles of the two Continents, guarding the mouth of the Dardanelles, and are now entering the Grecian Sea. To-morrow we shall touch for a few hours at Smyrna, and then turn westward, on the track of Ulysses and St. Paul. Farewell, then, perhaps forever, to the bright Orient! Farewell to the gay gardens, the spicy bazars, to the splash of fountains and the gleam of golden tipped minarets! Farewell to the perfect morns, the balmy twilights, the still heat of the blue noons, the splendor of moon and stars! Farewell to the glare of the white crags, the tawny wastes of dead sand, the valleys of oleander, hills of myrtle and spices! Farewell to the valleys of purity and peace, and parent of delicious dreams—to the chibouk, whose fragrant fumes are breathed from the lips of patience and contentment—to the narghileh, crowned with that blessed plant which grows in the gardens of Shiraz, while a fountain more delightful than those of Samarcand bubbles in its crystal bosom! Farewell to the red cap and slippers, to the big turban, the flowing trowsers and the gaudy shawl—to squatting on broad divans, to sipping black coffee in acorn cups, to grave faces and *salaam aleikooms*, and touching of the lips and forehead! Farewell to the evening meal in the tent door, to the couch on the friendly earth, to the yells of the muleteers to the deliberate marches of the plodding horse and the endless rocking of the dromedary that knoweth his master! Farewell, finally, to annoyance without anger, delay without vexation, laziness without ennui, endurance without fatigue, appetite without intemperance, enjoyment without pall!

On the traveller's arrival at Malta, he evinces his usual aptness at description, as witness the following sketch of a little city:—

La Valletta is to my eyes the most beautiful small city in the world. It is a jewel of a place; not a street but is full of picturesque effects, and all the look out, which you catch at every turn, let your eyes rest either upon one of the beautiful harbors on each side, or the distant horizon of the sea. The streets are so clean that you might eat your dinner off the pavement; the white balconies and cornices of the houses, all cleanly cut in the soft Maltese stone, stand out in intense relief against the sky, and from the manifold reflections and counter reflections, the shadows (where there are any) become a sort of milder light. The steep sides of the promontory on which the city is built, are turned into staircases, and it is an inexhaustible pastime to watch the groups, composed of all nations, who inhabit the shores of the Mediterranean, ascending and descending. The Auberges of the old Knights, the Palace of the Grand Master, the Church of St. John invest the place with a romantic interest, and I suspect that, after Venice and Granada, there are few cities where the Middle Ages have left more impressive traces of their history.

A propos to the topic of travels, especially Eastern Travels, we are gratified to learn that the Rev. Dr. Robinson has returned from his tour to Palestine, and that his archaeological labours have been crowned with success. *The Tribune* says:—

"This gentleman has arrived safely at home with his family, after an absence of more than a year. The reasons for this protracted and laborious tour are well known. The topography and antiquities of Palestine have become the special trust of Dr. Robinson; and to perfect his work on this subject, he undertook the task of a thorough re-examination of all that is disputable or un-

settled in the whole field of inquiry respecting it. He was accompanied by Rev. Dr. Smith, the learned and useful missionary, and made the tour in circumstances and with a leisure well adapted to secure the best opportunities for examination. The results of the exploration, we learn, are very satisfactory, and will add much to the sum of our archaeological learning. It is the purpose of Dr. R. to compress the three volumes of his researches into two, and to add a third volume of entirely new matter. Dr. R. was received abroad, both in England and on the Continent, with distinction, by the best living scholars. His labors in his great department are highly appreciated abroad, and we doubt not will be equally so by his countrymen. Dr. R. has recommenced his labors as Professor in the Seminary."

Continuing our extracts from recent communications of tourists, the following will be read by many with great interest. It is from the correspondence of the *National Era*, and in it we find "*Grace Greenwood at the Birth place of Burns.*" The writer says:—

"On our way back to Ayr, we called to see the sister and niece of Burns—Mrs. Beggs and her daughters—who we had been assured were most kindly accessible to visitors. This visit was altogether the most interesting and gratifying event of the day. Mrs. Beggs lives in a simple but charming little rose-embowered cottage, about a mile from her birth-place, where all who seek her with a respectful interest, receive a courteous and cordial welcome. Mrs. Beggs is now about eighty years of age, but looks scarcely above sixty, and shows more than the remains of remarkable beauty. Her smile could hardly have been sweeter, or her eye fiercer, at twenty. Her sight, hearing and memory, seem unimpaired; her manners are graceful, modest and ladylike, and she converses with rare intelligence and animation, speaking with a slight, sweet Scottish accent. Her likeness to Nesmith's portrait of her brother is very marked—her eyes are peculiarly like the idea we have of his, both by pictures and description—large, dark, lustrous and changing. Those eyes shone with new brightness as I told her of our love for the memory of her beloved brother, our sympathy for his sorrows, and our honor for his free and manly spirit—when I told her that the New-World, as the Old, bowed to the mastery of his genius, and were swayed to smiles or tears by the wondrous witchery of his song. But when I spoke my admiration of the monument, and said, "What a joy it would have been to him, could he have foreseen such a noble recognition of his greatness!" she smiled mournfully, and shook her head, saying, "Ah madam, in the proudest moments, my poor brother never dreamed of such a thing;" then added that his death-chamber was darkened and his death-agony deepened by want and care, and torturing fears for the dear ones he was to leave.

Mrs. Beggs says that Nesmith's portrait of her brother is the best, but that no picture could have done full justice to the kindling and varying expression of his face. In her daughters, who are pleasant and interesting women, you can trace a strong family resemblance to the poet. The three sons of Burns are yet living—two are in the army, and one has a situation under Government at Dumfries. All three are widowers. When I saw her, Mrs. Beggs was expecting daily the two youngest, the soldiers, who as often as possible visit Ayr, and cherish as tenderly and as proudly the memory of their father."

Fate of a Drunkard.

BY DICKENS.

When the dim and misty light of a winter's morning penetrated into the narrow court, and struggled through the begimed window of the wretched room, Warden awoke from his heavy sleep, and found himself alone. He rose and looked around him, the old flock mattress on the floor was undisturbed; everything was just as he remembered to have seen it last, and there was no sign of any one save himself, having occupied the room during the night. He had inquired of the other lodgers and of the neighbors; but his daughter had not been seen or heard of. He rambled through the streets, and scrutinized each wretched face, among the crowd that thronged them, with

anxious eyes. But his search was fruitless, and he returned to the garret when night came on, desolate and weary.

For many days he occupied himself in the same manner, but no traces of his daughter did he meet with, and no word of her reached his ears. At last he gave up the pursuit as hopeless, and long thought of the probability of her leaving him, and endeavoring to gain bread in quiet elsewhere. She had left him at last to starve alone. He ground his teeth and cursed her.

He begged his bread from door to door. Every half-penny he could wring from the pity or credulity of those to whom he addressed himself was spent in the old way. A year passed over his head; the roof of a jail was the only one that had sheltered him for many months. He slept under arches and in brick fields—anywhere where there was some warmth or shelter from the cold and rain. But in the last stage of poverty, disease, and houseless want, he was a drunkard still.

At last one bitter night, he sunk down on a door-step, faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollow and livid; his eyes were sunken, and their sight was dim. His legs trembled beneath his weight, and a cold shiver ran through every limb.

And now the long forgotten scenes of a misspent life crowded thick and fast upon him. He thought of the time he had a home—a happy home—and of those who peopled it, and flocked about him then, until the forms of his elder children seemed to rise from the grave, and stand about him—so plain, so clear and so distinct they were that he could touch and feel them. Looks that he had long forgotten, were fixed upon him once more; voices long since hushed in death, sounded in his ears like the music of village bells. But it was only for an instant. The rain beat heavily upon him; and cold and hunger were gnawing at his heart again.

He rose and dragged his feeble limbs a few paces further. The street was silent and empty—the few passers by, at that late hour, hurried quickly on, and his tremulous voice was lost in the violence of the storm. The heavy chill again struck through his frame, and his blood seemed to stagnate beneath it. He coiled himself up in a projecting doorway, and tried to sleep.

But sleep had fled from his dull and glazed eyes. His mind wandered strangely, but he was awake and conscious. The well known shout of drunken mirth sounded in his ear—the glass was at his lips—the board was covered with rich food—they were before him, he could see them all—he had but to reach his hand and take them—and though the illusion was reality itself, he knew that he was sitting alone in the deserted street, watching the rain drops as they pattered on the stones; and that there was none to care for or help him.

Suddenly he started up in the extremity of terror. He had heard his own voice shouting in the night air; he knew not what or why. Hark! A groan! Another! His senses were leaving him—half formed and incoherent words burst from his lips; and his hands sought to tear and lacerate his flesh. He was going mad, and he shrieked for help till his voice failed him.

He raised his head and looked up the long dismal street. He recollected that outcasts like himself, condemned to wander day and night, in those dreadful streets, had sometimes gone distracted with their loneliness. He remembered to have heard many years before, that a homeless wretch had once been found in a solitary corner sharpening a rusty knife to plunge into his own heart, preferring death to that endless, weary wandering to and fro. In an instant his resolve was taken; his limbs received new life; he ran quickly from the spot, and paused not for breath until he reached the river side.

He crept softly down the steep stone stairs that led from

the commencement of Waterloo bridge down to the water's level. He crouched into a corner, and held his breath as the patrol passed. Never did a prisoner's heart throb with the hope of liberty and life half so eagerly as did that of the wretched man at the prospect of death. The watch passed close to him, but he remained unobserved; and after waiting till the sound of footsteps had died away in the distance, he cautiously descended and stood beneath the gloomy arch that forms the landing place from the river.

The tide was in, and the water flowed at his feet. The rain had ceased, the wind was lulled and all was for the moment still and quiet—so quiet that the rippling of the water against the barges that were moored there was distinctly audible to his ears. The stream stole languidly and sluggishly on. Strange and fantastic forms rose to the surface, and beckoned him to approach; dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation, while hollow murmurs from behind urged him onward. He retreated a few paces, took a short run, a desperate leap, and plunged into the river.

Not five seconds had passed when he rose to the water's surface, but what a change had taken place in that short time in all his thoughts and feelings! Life, life, in any form; poverty, misery, starvation, anything but death. He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head, and screamed in agonies of terror. The curse of his own son rung in his ears. The shore—but one foot of dry ground—he could almost touch the step. One hand's breadth nearer, and he was saved—but the tide bore him onward, under the dark arches of the bridge and he sank to the bottom. Again he rose, and struggled for life. For one instant—for one brief instant—the building on the river's bank, the lights on the bridge under which the current had borne him, the black water and the fast flying clouds, were distinctly visible—once more he sunk and again he rose—bright flames of fire shot up from earth to heaven, and reeled before his eyes, whilst the water thundered in his ears, and stunned him with the furious roar.

A week afterwards the body was washed ashore some miles down the river, a swollen and disfigured mass. Unrecognized and unpitied, it was borne away to the grave; there it has long since mouldered away.

What was Seen in One Week.

Sad scenes they were. Long may it be before my eyes or heart are again in the like manner afflicted. My feeble words can avail but little, yet, if they chance to awaken the attention of others to the increasing sin among us, they will not have been written in vain.

Saturday evening, between the hours of ten and eleven, I saw a decently dressed woman in a state of intoxication, led under the care of the police. And the quiet street echoed with her cries—"Oh, God! Let me go!—let me go! Oh, I never was taken to the watch-house before," and she passed on.

As the solemn bells were pealing the next morning the call for christians to unite in prayer and supplication to one Father over all, a gay young man of decent appearance—though deadly pale—was dragged—yes, literally dragged, on the sidewalk, by two officers, whose united strength was unable to keep him upon his feet. He was also intoxicated, and his cry reached me—"What have I done?—let me alone." Where was the father whose pride he had been? Where was the mother who had borne him on her bosom—who had watched over his infant slumbers—tended him in sickness—in boyhood and youth had feared, prayed and wept for him? Where was she now? Spared this utter misery we trust. One who stood beside, with weeping eyes and trembling voice, asks—"Can nothing be done to prevent such scenes as this? Where is the law for which mothers,

wives, sisters, prayed—from which they hoped so much?" Alas! we answer, a dead letter Law indeed.—“Where can liquor be obtained? I thought it was not to be sold.” And we can only say—“that there are more than *fifteen hundred* places in this city where liquor can be had—much or little, at the option of the purchaser.”

Monday before ten o'clock in the morning, a handsomely dressed young man went reeling by, the jest of rude and reckless boys, who tormented him.

Again, I saw a *father* under the influence of liquor, a raving mania, from whom his own children fled in terror. He would consider himself insulted to be called aught but a *gentleman*, yet he had degraded himself to the level of the lowest drunkard in the land. In bravado, too, for he had sworn “that law or no law, anybody could get as much liquor as they choose—and he would do it too.” He did, and his punishment is with his sin.

And when his trembling child, almost calls down curses upon those who thus will tamper with this crime, and asks in agony—“Can nothing be done to prevent this? I thought the Law forbade the sale,” what can we answer again? Only that it is the law of the *State*, but the city have made provision to counteract its effort.—*Boston Christian Regis.*

None of my Business.

“If my neighbor drinks, it is none of my business,” says the cold-hearted, selfish *temperate* man. Ay, but if your neighbor drinks, his family must suffer—and is this “none of your business?” Can you look on that weeping wife, whose only hope of happiness in this world rests on the bare possibility that her husband may reform, and then, indifferently fold your arms and say “it is none of your business?” Can you see those half-clad, half-fed children, idly squandering their precious hours, and sowing the seeds of vice and dissipation—with no one to guard their tender years, and to show to them the pathway of virtue; and say, that to restore back to them their parents, is none of your business. You must be cruel, indeed, if you can see these evidences of the awfulness of intemperance, without stirring a finger for the advancement of our cause. O, it is your business to assist in drying up the fountains of misery and woe. It is your business to pour the oil of gladness into the hearts of your suffering neighbors. It is your business to do good to your fellow creatures, wherever you may find them. And your conscience will not hold you guiltless while you refuse to unite with us in saving your fellow men from the drunkard's grave.—*R. I. Tem. Advocate.*

Family Jars.

Cold water and intoxicating drinks introduce very different *Jars* into families. The first promotes health and thrift of the most cheering character, inciting to industry with its long train of virtues, and thus multiplies *jars of jellies, jars of marmalade, jars of jam, jars of butter, and a host of kindred jars.* Such *jars* lend enchantment to the household, cheer the hearts of wife and children, and make the man proud of his happy home. Neither discontent, nor shame abides under the roof where such jars abound. No children cry for bread there, and no heart-broken wife toils to excess for the support of her growing family.

Intoxicating drinks array before us *jars of a different character. Jars between husband and wife, jars between parents and children, jars with neighbors, jars about trifles, jars in words, jars in acts, stone-hearted jars:* these abound where rum dethrones reason, and robs the soul of its pure affections. Such *jars* as these make the household repulsive, and wring cries of anguish from the hearts of its suffering members. They break the hearts of wives and mothers, ruin children, and prepare fathers for the prison and pit.—*Phocion, Mass. Life Boat.*

Want of Courage.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them making the first effort; and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is; that in order to do anything in this world that is worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances: it did all very well before the flood, when man could consult his friends upon a publication for a hundred and fifty years and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no time left to follow their advice. There is such little time for over-squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the very period of his life at which a man chooses to venture *if ever*, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation.—*Sydney Smith.*

Sprinklings for Thought, Ideal and Actual.

William Cobbett thus relates his own experience in water drinking:—

“In the midst of a society where wine or spirits are considered a little more value than water, I have lived two years without either; and with no other drink than water, except when I found it convenient to obtain milk; not an hour's illness; not a headache for an hour; not the smallest ailment; not a restless night; not a drowsy morning have I known during these two famous years of my life. The sun never rises before me; I have always to wait for him to come and give me light to write by, while my mind is in full vigor, and while nothing has come to cloud its clearness.”

We give the following extract says the *Temperance Organ*, from Judge Agnew's first charge to the Grand Jury of Beaver County, Penn., delivered on the 10th ult., relating to the effects of liquor:

“I have been upon the bench of this district but a few months, and take it in this county now for the first time.— Let me give you my own experience in this short period. I have tried three cases of murder, one of arson, two of assault with intent to kill and murder—one with an axe the other with a rifle,—dismissing from view a large array of minor offences; and I say to you that every one of these high crimes proceeded, not indirectly, but immediately from drunkenness.”

MAINE LAW.—The Methodist Preachers' meeting in Boston, have passed and published resolutions, that the true principles of the Temperance Reform are embodied in what is known as the Maine Liquor Law; and that as ministers of the Gospel they will co-operate with all who seek the faithful execution of the law, by preaching on the subject, attending temperance meetings, and the use of the appropriate measures, pledging themselves unflinchingly to the cause, till it is crowned with triumphant success. Noble resolves.

Could the statistics of *intemperance* be fully ascertained, it would be found, that the great majority of those who have ruined themselves and beggared their families by intempe-

rate drinking, have, by the neglect of the culture of their minds, been rendered unable to enjoy any other than sensual pleasures. Does not every observing person know that those who frequent the grog-shop are not generally the intelligent.

A couple, married here five years since, under the most flattering circumstances, and with a prospect of unnumbered blessings before them, have now fallen to the lowest state of degradation. The husband is a frequenter of the lowest rum-shops, ragged, bloated and desperate beyond the indulgence of any hope for his reclamation. The wife, who once was as fair in person as pure in mind, is the inmate of a hothel, selling herself and soul daily to lasting perdition. They were wealthy, and had friends in abundance. The man grew infatuated with the wine cup, and hence the source of all their woes.—*Cin. Com.*

John Bunyan, while in Bedford jail, was called upon by a Quaker desirous of making a convert of him.

'Friend John,' said he, 'I come to thee with a message from the Lord; and after having searched for thee in all the prisons of England, I am glad I have found thee at last.'

'If the Lord has sent you,' returned Bunyan, 'you need not have taken so much pains to find me out, for the Lord knows I have been here twelve years.'

'In whose principles,' said the dying daughter of Ethan Allen to her sceptical father, 'in whose principles shall I die—yours, or those of my Christian mother?' The stern old hero of Ticonderoga brushed a tear from his eye as he turned away, and with the same rough voice which summoned the British to surrender, now tremulous with deep emotion, said:—

"IN YOUR MOTHER'S, CHILD—IN YOUR MOTHER'S!"

The Virginia papers announce that a shock of an earthquake was distinctly felt at Richmond, Petersburg, and Scottsville in that state. At the latter place, which is in Albemarle county, it is stated that every house in the village was shaken by the oscillation, the boats lying in the canal were tossed to and fro, and the waters gave evidence of being much troubled.

AFFECTION AND LOVE.—In marriage, they who have the most to bear, require the greatest amount of love. A woman with a jealous, suspicious, sullen and fretful husband, requires a heart full of love, otherwise she loses that love which she has; and a man with an imperious, contradictory, termagant of a wife, requires quite as much to keep up the romance of affection; but woman in general, as she has less power, requires more affection, and we believe this is the rule; the contrary is the exception.

SACRED TRUTHS.—The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrantcy; but scripture precepts, like unfading plants of Paradise, become as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odors to be emitted, and new sweets to be extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them again; and he who tastes them oftener, will relish them best.

THE POWER OF ORGANIZATION.—Individual efforts, when brought to bear in an organization, produce wonderful effects, and is forcibly illustrated in the history of the Sons of Temperance. On the 29th September, 1842, our Order was commenced with sixteen members. At the end of the first year this number had swelled to 1,500; at the summing up of the second year to 4,000; third year to 17,000! fourth year to 40,000!! and fifth year 125,000!!! and now for the year 1852, we roll up as contributing members 230,000. This is

the result of association—of organized effort. Brother, what have you done to swell this vast ocean? Roll on—roll on the mighty ball.—*Southern Organ.*

DR. JEWETT AND MR. GOUGH IN THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.—In Millbury and in Boylston, there was no election of Representatives at the last two trials, and the prospect now is that all parties will, on Monday next unite and elect, in Millburn, our friend Dr. Charles Jewett, and in Boylston, our friend John B. Gough, and thus duly compliment them, and honor themselves. To have them do so would be highly gratifying to all friends of the Maine Law throughout the land. If elected, Dr. Jewett will accept, though Mr. Gough may not be able to do so. Neither of these towns could have a worthier Representative, nor the State two more practical and useful Legislators.—*Cataract.*

Poetry.

O HOPEFUL MEN!

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

Look forth anew, O Hopeful Men!
Not ever shall defeat be yours!
The Future shall give Might again,
And fling world-wide the massive doors;
Imprisoned by a gloomy Doubt,
Yet Hope illumines the walls within,
And not long hence the victor's shout
Shall well declare who nobly win.

Cheer up anew, O Hopeful Men!
Truth hath the stubborn lie to meet,
Which, though oft buried, springs again
In serpent forms around your feet;
Cheer up! cheer up! the strongest lie
Submissive to the Truth shall yield,
And to the nether depths shall go
To leave unstained the glorious field.

Strike on anew, O Hopeful Men!
Ye who in Earnest love the Right!
Ye have not lost your honor—then
Strike on in Faith's undoubting Might;
The victors riot in excess,
And riot shall give place to sleep,
Then strike, and Heaven shall surely bless
The valiant who their watch-vows keep.

Gird on anew, O Hopeful Men!
The armor is unsullied still!
The blade is trusty now, as when
We thought to work Progression's will;
Not to the Baal bow the knee!
Not for the Moloch curse the sod!
Souls that have passed the fire are free
To make their purer vows to God!

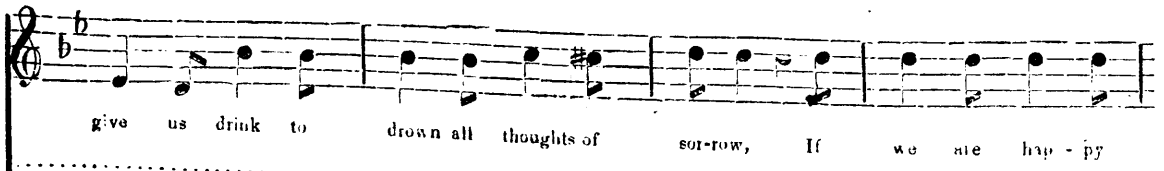
Rise up anew, O Hopeful Men!
Ye have not fallen, but *they* fled!
Push to the dark and guilty den
While strange Dishonor mark their tread;
The victors are not they whose cry
Peals through the vault with thunder-tone,
But 'tis the Truth that shall not die,
And they who love the Truth alone.

Take heart anew, O Hopeful Men!
We have now learned the battle-ground!
Our standard is our own again—
There to the last be ever found!
The Future in its glory beams
With the bright truth the Prophets saw,
When the New Earth shall bathe in streams
Of bliss, through Heaven's eternal law!

New York, Nov. 8, 1852.

—N. Y. Tribune.

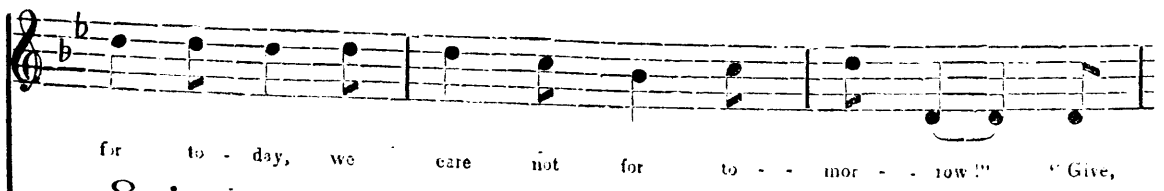
THE DREAM OF THE REVELLER,



give us drink to drown all thoughts of sor-row, If we are hap-py



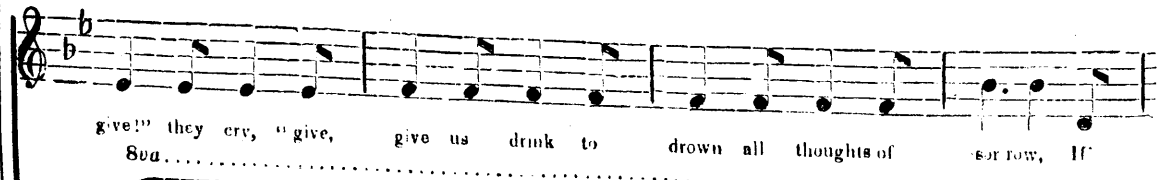
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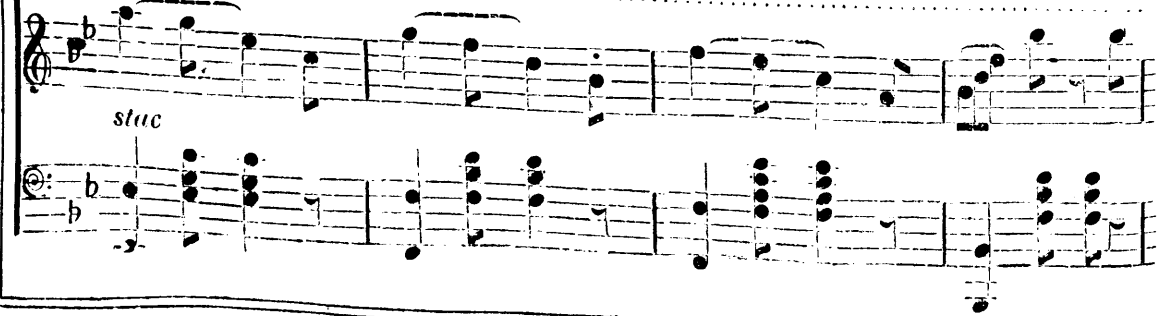
for to-day, we care not for to-mor-row!



Give,



give!" they cry, "give, give us drink to drown all thoughts of sor-row, If



stacc

CONTINUED.

we are hap - py for to day, we care not for to mor - row!"

loco

rall. *en.* *tan.* *do*

The First drop warms their shiv'ring skins, and drives away their sadness,
 The Second lights their sunken eyes, and fills their souls with gladness;
 The Third drop makes them shout and roar, and play each furious antic;
 The Fourth drop boils their very blood and the fifth drop drives them frantic.
 "Drink!" says the demon, "drink your fill! drink of these waters mellow,
 "They'll make your bright eyes bleary and dull, and turn your white skins yellow,
 "They'll fill your home with care and grief, and clothe your backs with tatters,
 "They'll fill your hearts with evil thoughts, but never mind what matters!"
 Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! but never mind what matters.

Though virtue sink and reason fail, and social ties dis sever,
 I'll be your friend in hour of need, and find your homes forever;
 For I have built three mansions high, three strong and goodly houses,
 A workhouse for the jolly soul, who all his life carouses,
 An hospital to lodge the sot, oppressed by pain and anguish,
 A prison full of dungeons deep, where hopeless felons languish.
 So drain the cup, and drain again, and drown all thought of sorrow,
 Be happy if you can to day, and never mind tomorrow!
 So drain the cup, and drain again, and drown all thought of sorrow,
 Be happy if you can to-day, and never mind to-morrow.

But well he knows this demon old, how vain is all his preaching,
 The ragged crew that round him flock, are heedless of his teaching;
 Even as they hear his fearful words, they cry with shouts of laughter,
 "Out on the fool who mars to-day with thoughts of an hereafter,
 "We care not for thy houses three, we live but for the present,
 "And merry will we make it yet and quaff our bumpers pleasant."
 Loud laughs the fiend to hear them speak, and lifts his brimming bicker,
 "Body and soul are mine!" quoth he, "I'll have them both for liquor."
 "Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! I'll have them both for liquor."

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 15, 1852.

Close of the 18th Volume.

It is not without emotion that we address our readers on closing the Eighteenth Volume of THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE. The cause in which we are engaged, and the interests involved in it, are of too sacred and important a character to admit of indifference or frigid stoicism. The present and eternal welfare of the people of Canada are connected with the temperance enterprise. Let not this be doubted for a moment, and being thus momentous and solemn, the work is worthy the support and co-operation of every Christian and citizen. For ourselves, we thankfully acknowledge the warm sympathy and aid we have received throughout the country. Other publications more or less engaged in defence of temperance, have started within a few years past, and we are quite confident they have done good. We wish success to all, but in the midst of considerable competition, it is peculiarly satisfactory to us, as it will be to our friends, to know that our circulation has been sustained beyond our most sanguine expectations.

The past year has been one of the most important in the history of the temperance movement. A decided stand has been taken against the traffic. If not on the statute book, at least in public sentiment, the liquor business is outlawed. We trust our successive arguments and illustrations on Temperance and the Maine Law, have assisted in producing a healthy tone of mind. It has been our constant aim to contribute both to the pleasure and the profit of our readers, and relying as we do on the truthfulness and honesty of the many friends who have frequently sent us flattering testimonials of confidence, we do not see how we can do better than pursue substantially the same course. We have no changes to propose, other than those indicated in the prospectus, and from that platform we think it possible to make the succeeding volume superior to any preceding one.

To our brethren of the press we cordially tender our sincere thanks for the many encouraging notices they have voluntarily given. In every part of Canada, by their generous commendations, we have been received into numerous families, and our usefulness has been thereby increased. Our greatest object being to do good, and our price being so low as to preclude the idea of much pecuniary gain, we feel especially grateful to those editors and other friends, who have assisted in preventing actual loss, while they, with a good conscience have, on the grounds of benevolent patriotism, promoted the circulation of this journal.

To our Subscribers, in this connexion we shall only say, if the literary material of the *Advocate* for the past year has met your approbation, and you think our course worthy of the cause in which we are engaged, please to contribute your subscription, and ask a few of your neighbors to send on their names and monies that next year we may calculate on ten thousand paying subscribers.

Our cordial thanks are due to our numerous correspondents. Their favors have been welcome, and they are earnestly solicited for the forthcoming volume. Without derogating from the value of any literary aid voluntarily given, we may respectfully congratulate our readers in reference to the able "Jottings" of our esteemed friend, J. T. B., and while we solicit a continuance of his favors, in whatever form he may deem proper to send them, we

may at the same time suggest, that many other ministers would add to their means of doing good, by occasionally speaking to a congregation of thousands through the medium of the *Advocate*.

How awful and oppressive is the thought, that since this year began, many unfortunate lovers of strong drink have sunk into their untimely graves, dishonored and lost forever. Others are following with fearful rapidity. Not a moment is to be lost, if we would secure their salvation. The words of our Divine Master are and should be sounding in our ears, "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." How rapidly has the time seemed to fly, when for each successive issue of the *Advocate*, we have had the pleasing duty to perform of preparing matter for the gratification of our friends, and the advancement of the cause of religion and morality. To employ the language of Joanna Baillie:—

"Still on it creeps,
Each little moment at another's heels,
Till hours, days, years, and ages are made up
Of such small parts as these, and men look back,
Worn and bewildered, wondering how it is.
Then trav'lest like a Ship in the wide ocean,
Which hath no bounding shore to mark its progress."

Or to use the not inappropriate words of Shakespeare—

"We see which way the stream of Time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet sphere
By the rough current of occasion."

While life and health are granted us, we trust to labor in this vineyard for the moral and religious benefit of our countrymen. We have not been without our support from the eternal Author of all Good. To Him we commit our cause, and with His blessing we are confident of prosperity and success.

Progress of Education in Upper Canada.

An event of no ordinary importance is ably reported in the ample columns of the *North American*, published in Toronto. We allude to the opening of the New Normal School for Upper Canada, which took place on Wednesday, Nov. 24th, amidst the "greatest interest and enthusiasm." We regard this Institution as eminently calculated to promote the educational advancement of the country, and we congratulate the Rev. Superintendent of Education on having so far accomplished the object of his unceasing toil and indefatigable industry. That man must, indeed, be affected by prejudice the most blinding, if unwilling to admit the great debt of gratitude due from the country to Dr. Ryerson, for his zeal and enterprise in the cause of education. The last printed Report of Education for Upper Canada has not yet reached us, but from some knowledge of the state of the country, derived from authentic sources, we are enabled to judge that no country can have made more decided progress in educational matters, than Upper Canada, during the period in which they have been under the guidance of the present Chief Superintendent. Schools and scholars have increased amazingly. Schools have been much better conducted, and the teachers have undoubtedly been better qualified to communicate suitable instruction to those committed to their care. The institution of a Normal School, with limited accommodations, has already effected a great and beneficial change; but, now that the noble buildings erected at an expense of £17,000, are completed, especially to train teachers in the art of conveying instruction, we are fully persuaded that Upper Canada will be second to no portion of the civilized world, in the means and agencies adapted to educate, in the fullest sense of that word, the rising and future generations of

one of the finest portions of Her Majesty's dominions. Speaking of the Normal, and Model School connected therewith, Chief Justice Robinson said, "I am sure you will heartily and sincerely unite with me, in the wish that they may become powerful instruments in the hands of Providence for advancing the welfare of this Province, and promoting the temporal and eternal happiness of its people." We do most heartily join in that wish, and believe it will be realized, so long as the principles announced by the Rev. Superintendent, are strictly and perseveringly adhered to. Mr. Peterson, in his speech, said, "He considered every system of education as worthless, which did not recognize as the basis of all human dignity and honor, the Christian religion. He would be the last to support an institution of this kind, if it did not include provision for religious instruction." This is as it ought to be. "Train up a child in the way he should go," is an injunction not yet become obsolete, and let the obscurities of a vain philosophy, which professes to go above and beyond the teachings of an external revelation, given and authenticated by the Lord, from heaven. Our ardent prayer is that God may bless and prosper the educational Institutions of Upper Canada. May we not add, without offence, that we long for the day when Lower Canada shall stand on a footing of equality with Upper Canada, in all that relates to our moral and material progress.

Good effects of the Anti-Liquor Law.

We cannot do better than keep our readers well posted up on the various prominent facts which serve to illustrate the efficiency of prohibitory laws where they have been enacted. Some of the good effects are incidental, but not the less beneficial. Take the following from the *Puritan Recorder* :—

"For many years, a great annoyance has been felt in the cities and towns in the vicinity of Boston, by reason of a form of desecration of the Sabbath, which at first view seemed to have little connection with drinking habits. Through all the principal thoroughfares on Sunday there was a constant succession of carriages, filled with young men from Boston, who made the Sabbath a day of recreation. Many of these would be found driving through the streets at the top of their speed, and often with boisterous exhibition of themselves, at times when the people were going and returning from public worship.

But now in those places where the Liquor Law has been executed, this nuisance has entirely disappeared. The recreatives furnished at the bar-rooms on the way, happen to be a very material item in the Sabbath-keeping of these young men. And that part of their Sabbath entertainment, is now more accessible in the city of Boston, than in the suburban towns and villages have been wonderfully relieved. So much is to be put to the credit of this Law.

The Rhode Island *Temperance Advocate* has a brief article, in which evidence is given of the benefit of the law to the drunkard, "the appetite is dying out," and the Editor says :—

"We met a hard-working man in our walks last Tuesday, who introduced himself as one who had been intemperate, but was now realizing the good results of prohibition. He said he had never looked on the law with favor down to the 19th of July. On that day he called at the grocery for his usual glass, and not getting it, cursed the grocer and the law, and all its friends. In the afternoon he went to a hotel, but could get nothing. The next day he tried again, but did not succeed; "and so," said he, "I gave it up. Since then," he added, "I have not tried to get it, and now my appetite is calm as a sleeping infant. I don't want to drink; and my wife has so talked the law into my head, that I think you may count on me for a vote next spring, if you should need it."

Thus it is, we presume, with very many of our people. They did not like the law at first; but yielding to it, they have lost the

appetite, and are now amongst its friends. We know of a single instance which we may be allowed to mention. A poor man, an Irishman, had not earned a dollar for his family in six months when the law went into operation. He had been drunk once or twice a week during all that time. On the 20th of July he drained his bottle, and cursed the law because he could not get any more. By degrees he mastered his appetite—went to work in August, and has worked steadily ever since. One day last week, an old crouy came to him and told him he could get as much liquor as he wanted at a certain place on Pine Street.—His answer was—"Get out wid yer liquor—I've lost the appetite for it." He is still a sober man, has rented a better tenement, and is hoping to be able to purchase a house lot the coming spring, when a friend has promised to assist him in erecting a small house.

These men have conquered the appetite. It slumbers for a time. Who would revive it? Who would bring them back to poverty, disgrace, and wretchedness?"

No Christian man could wish to bring back the drunkard to his wicked ways, but all must wish to diminish the number of the intemperate, and thereby promote the well-being of society. Most gladly, therefore, do we record the fact that another State has adopted the Maine Law. The *Advocate and Home Circle* exclaims :—

"HURRAH FOR VERMONT!—Another strong link is added to the Maine Law chain!—Vermont has wheeled into line, and taken her place by the side of Maine, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and Minnesota. Four of the six New England States have declared that the people have a right to protect themselves against the curse of Alcohol. But two States remain to join the compact, when New England will have thrown a chain around the tyrant, firm and unyielding as her native hills. At the West and South, and from the Middle States, the tramp of marshaling thousands tell of the onward march of Liberty. Michigan, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, Kentucky, New York, North Carolina, Georgia, California, and Oregon are onward in the conflict, and from present indications, Michigan and Pennsylvania will soon give a good account of themselves. But to return to Vermont, the Senate vote on the final passage of the Bill was 18 to 6; in the House the vote was much closer—owing, as it is said, not so much to opposition to the Law, as to certain party influences brought to bear against it. The Bill is to be submitted to the people at a special election in March next, when it will be largely adopted. The Montpelier *Patrol* (opposition) says that is even worse than the Maine Law, from which we infer that it is of the right stamp. Keep the ball in motion!

So we will keep the "ball in motion;" what else could we do in Canada? When New York enacts the law, we must have it in this country. Our whole frontier, including Michigan, having excluded the drunkard's drink, unless we do the same our country, especially on the frontier, will become the rendezvous of the debased, whose appetite would be gratified, and the Temperance cause on the United States frontier impeded and embarrassed. Let us have the Maine Law, therefore, for our own sake, and for the sake of our neighbors.

Great Britain and Ireland.

Many of our warm supporters are immigrants, having friends in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland. The *Temperance Advocate* can be sent free of postage, via Quebec and Halifax. Great benefit may result from a more extensive circulation of this periodical in Britain. By remitting to us, only 2s 6d, we will regularly mail the *Advocate* to any address that may be forwarded. Already the people of the old country are beginning to agitate for the Maine Law. Let us have an opportunity of diffusing correct sentiment and feeling, in the land which, of all others, needs prohibitory legislation, and temperance principles.

Streams from Temperance Springs.

Thus, through each successive number of the *Advocate*, for more than a year, we have aimed at contributing to the benefit of our readers by drawing from clear springs of temperance, streams from which we doubt not many have been refreshed. It has been our effort throughout to please and profit, and we are confident these streams have been the choicest page of our paper. They have been selected with great care, and have afforded us an opportunity of presenting various specimens of temperance literature. We shall adopt a similar course through another volume, and in concluding this series of elegant extracts, we invite an attentive perusal of an article from *The Scottish Temperance Review*, entitled "Sowing the Wind." It will be found well worth the space it occupies. The writer says, —

To whatever point we trace the civilization of mankind, and in whatever age, one necessary condition of its existence ever appears,—the labors of the husbandman. Whether the idea of sowing and reaping the cereal and other products of the field originated with man, or came by a superhuman invention, the fact of the spade and the plough in the hands of the civilized is as patent as the page of history. So that thus what was originally a part of the doom of evil, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," became in part a sign and in part a cause of the elevation of men above the state of mere savagery. If the cultivation of the field is but a rude and unskilled device,—the mere abrasion of the surface and casting in of a few seeds, and then the stolid awaiting of a few suns and a few showers,—the upward advance is but slow, meagre, and imperceptible in the path of civilization. But in proportion as the intelligent head and the diligent hand are applied to the education out of the soil, of the all-prolific beneficence of nature, so will it appear that society advances in the career of ordained amelioration. "The profit of the earth is for all; the king himself is served by the field."

A process so obvious and so necessary to the well-being of our race as that of sowing and reaping, and especially as connected with its obvious ratio of labor and produce, of diligence and reward, and of kind for kind, could not escape the reflective meditation of the wise. Hence the analogical application of husbandry in urging or delineating the culture of the mind, in pointing to the issue of human conduct, in showing the fruits of evil or of good in the social activity of mankind. Ever as men sow they reap. Ever as they use their faculties, these become bright and burnished. Ever as they arise to diligence in the pursuit of the good, the true, and the holy, they advance in the pathway of virtue, intelligence, and goodness, just as surely as the seedtime and harvest greet the eye, and the ear, and the hand of husbandry.

But in a state so mixed as that in which humanity is at present developed, the analogy of agricultural labor does not hold, unfortunately, in respect merely of what is good. If there is a sowing to virtue, there is a sowing to vice. If there is a sowing to what is fitted to raise men above the sensual and the mean, there is a sowing also to what is fitted to sink men beneath the level of irrational natures. If intelligence grows and reigns, ignorance grows and reigns as well. If conscience commands, appetite commands; and if there are those that labor to lift up and purify human thought, feeling, and conduct, there are those who labor to debase, deteriorate, and destroy. If there are those that sow the seeds of immortal virtue and immortal well-being, there are those that sow the seeds of evil, and are preparing to reap the harvest of everlasting shame and everlasting contempt. These latter sow the wind, and in the end shall undoubtedly reap the whirlwind.

This last expression, in reference to those whose ways are evil, is peculiarly felicitous. As if the sower went forth to sow; and on he has built up high in air a pile of bags immensely extended with inflating wind. And ever and anon as he apes the gait and fists and scatters it over the field. From morning to night he seemingly empty nothing. But as the palmy breezes grow, and multiply, and wax mightier in wind, the ultimate issue of his seemingly adrial husbandry is the wild and terrific career of the

unbridled whirlwind. Every seed of air has taken root; every germinating breeze has grown and puffed itself into stormy dimensions; every young blast has swollen and burst forth with tempestuous power. In sowing the wind, the laws of nature were not suspended. The seed did not die and pass away in the seeming nothingness of its origin. The law held good: "Whosoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." He hath sown the wind, he shall reap the whirlwind.

The matter concerned, in respect of this puffed and reckless sower, may all be matter of mere fancy. His bags of air, his fields of air, his airy gait, and his tumultuously airy harvest, may all be of the mould and lineage of "long-winded verse." But he stands a symbol and sign of nature's stern decrees. As he sows, so are his wages; as he seeks, so does he find; as he sows, so fashions his being. He is not permitted to weave the threads of the least, and pass away without a viand. He is not allowed to poison the well, and then not drink of the flowing fountain. As surely as thought gives issue to thought, or night follows the day, so surely does evil work issue in evil work, or the violation of the right, the true, and the good demand its penalty under the government and throne of the Supreme Virtue.

Perhaps, in no point of view does the sowing of the wind meet the eye of the thoughtful observer more vividly and more alarmingly than it does in the existence of what is called *public-house property*. It is well known that the amount of property of the description named, found in the United Kingdom, is exceedingly great. In the city of Glasgow itself, nearly two thousand places of business are found devoted to the sale of intoxicating liquors. The rental derived from such places cannot be less than from £50,000 to £100,000 a year—passing, of course, into the hands of reputable Christian landlords. There cannot be less, in proportion to this, than from five to ten hundred thousand pounds returned over in these public-houses—passing, too, of course, into the hands of respectable Christian vendors. We need not stay to avouch the gallons of weak or strong alcohol liquor indicated by all this in its progress towards the throats and down the esophagus of all manner of drinkers. It is a stream, wide, deep, boiling, and fiery enough in all conscience. The two thousand publicans, the corresponding body of landlords, the cash clutched by either, and the drink devoured by neither, stand there a sowing merely of the wind.

It is not enough to say, the thing is a mere negation; as to virtue, it stands at zero. It has no fertility, no principle of life, no tendency to bud, and flourish, and fructify. It woud do merely to wink at the gilted blinds and the burnished corridors, or to press along as if the thing were not there, or if there, nothing. Two thousand public-houses—to keep by a special case—refuse to be shut out from the great laws that affect human life and human progress, refuse to be treated as a mere bubble on the stream. Religious, sanitary, educational, or other reforms may pass by on the other side. But the thing is there, imbedded in the social state, and as surely tending to fruit as the sun to the noon of day or to the noon of night. Two thousand places opened for the sale and enjoyment of spirituous liquors speak of thousands and tens of thousands who gather no harvest of virtue there. The sign-board flaming in letters of gold, walls spangled with azure and silver, and the brazen implements of Bacchanalian worship, ill conceal the inevitable issue of all these steaming haunts of alcoholic indulgence. To name one social or domestic advantage to which they minister a sure and certain existence, has never been done, and never can be done. But the opposite,—how fearful the array of dark and dismal issues! The fruits of two thousand vomitories of alcohol, ever pouring forth the torrent that inebriates, are gathered in the filth of dirty dwellings, the filth of dirty language, thoughts, deeds, and debased intercourse. The fruits come up as surely in the annual round of civic and social existence as do the seasons which crown the year.

Could any thing, in the social condition of a Christian people, be pointed to more emphatically illustrative of the sowing of the wind? If an emissary host, from some foul dominion, antagonistically to all that the Christian faith tolerates or demands, had violently taken possession of the city, had planted their means of defeating the Christian influences put forth to train and induct the people, and had so disguised their ultimate expectation, that even the virtuous became ensnared—what device more marvellously complete, more thoroughly efficient, than two thou-

and public-houses could have been devised? For every teacher of youth, for every messenger of mercy, for every preacher of virtue and well-being, twenty emissaries of evil arise and ply the instruments fitted to make man ignorant, vicious, criminal, and unbelieving. And yet on the part of the laborers in the field of human enlightenment and improvement, whether moral or religious, there is scarcely, as a general state feeling, imagined that there is any antagonism at all. The two thousand laborers, in the high walks of inebriation ply their calling almost hand in hand, with the men who train our youth, expound our bibles, and mourn for the perishing heathen of other lands. At all events, if not directly lighting up a countenance of approval, if not bidding heaven send the publican's vocation, they lift at least no united, plain, and vigorous warning, that in a Christian city, in the midst of Christian men, and on the part of Christians themselves, such things ought not so to be.

Nay, so impervious is the general mind, and that even on the part of those whose special business is to train according to the highest standard of virtue—so impervious is it to the obvious bearing of these two thousand strongholds of evil, that they are looked upon as almost a necessary part of the social state, ministering to the inevitable wants of our common nature. Publican and corn-factor, publican and apothecary, publican and cheese-monger, publican and meat-vender—why, these are as true yoke-fellows as are to be found in the civilized state of men. And no more would it be deemed a part of virtuous warning and virtuous rule to guard the young as to these snares of vice than it would be to warn them against any time-sanctioned, time honored institution of our country. Hence this all but universal sowing of the wind on the part of a Christian people; and hence, too, the corresponding harvest of woe, misery, and death constantly reaped and proclaimed as the issue of our vast, magnificent, resplendent public-house property.

To show as we have before done the progress of opinion in the Old Country, we take the following extract from the Builder, on "The Temperance Movement." The editor says:—

"A variety of small books and pamphlets, published by Mr. Tweedie of the Strand, have been laid before us for our general approval, which we most cordially give to all such instruments in so good a cause. The leaders of the movement appear to be well aware that the songs of a nation have often more moral force, for good or evil, than its laws, and we are glad to see poetry, too long wedded to wine, now quite as hilariously and as sentimentally wedded to water. It is full time the Bacchanalian were superseded by the Aquasalian in the poetry of the people. True poetry elevates the soul; drink, in all its forms, degrades it. Even that dread substitute opium does not degrade and brutalize the man as alcohol does. True, it is said to scar the soul, as it were, and render it callous, at least ultimately, and in its moral and hence its higher faculties; but we believe that "the English Opium Eater," Mr. De Quincy, is right in declaring that while opium (at an awful sacrifice, we must add, both moral and physical) tends, in small quantities, primarily to concentrate and exalt the soul, and only secondarily and by reaction to drag it down to the lowest depths of degradation and infamy, alcohol has no such primary, redeeming quality, but from the first moment tends to undermine the royal seat of cool reason—to unman the resolution—to inflame, to relax, to distort and intensify the mere imagination, and finally to accomplish its dire work by plunging the reason—the virility—the manhood—the intellectual and moral eye of the soul into that abyss of confusion and of false and evil spirits whose portals it has opened. In fact, it seems to us, that alcohol and opium are direct antitheses, instead of being akin; but note this, that as extremes meet, so both are perilously evil in their tendencies; though of two great evils it appears to us that alcohol is by far the worst—the most directly and completely debasing, brutalizing; and as such it ought to be at least classed with opium, under the like restrictions of sale, and not made, on the contrary, in all its phases, an immense and polluted source of Government emolument based on the degradation of the million. What could right-thinking people say were Government to foster, and benefit by, the sale of opium as of alcohol? Yet, as we have endeavored to show, the use of alcohol is far more immediately degrading—brutalizing—in its influence on the people, than the use of opium would be. Even beer or porter and ale are held in a false and erroneous estimation, especially in

London. Liebig declares that there is no more real nourishment than there is in a four pound loaf, in as much stout as is ordinarily used throughout a whole year by a moderate drinker. There is much more stimulus doubtless, but that is a source of false and temporary strength, and that of real and permanent vigour."—*Builder*.

An exhortation to Union is never out of place when the end contemplated is right and just. We copy the annexed from the *Advocate and Home Circle*:—

"Union is strength; combination of effort, concentration of action and mutual agreement are but the John Baptists—precursors of the victorious triumphs of those principles which they represent. It requires no long, or labored argument, in this age of the new development of truths—not *new truths*, to show that unity in any enterprise is indispensable to ultimate success, because, as soon as party divisions and sectional differences arise, immediately there is a branching out on every side, of opposing forces, the one neutralizing the influence and action of the other. And associations thus constituted may labor, and labor zealously, and with untiring diligence; but the meanwhile they toil in vain, so long as there is not that unity in action and symmetry in design, which is requisite for success.

The one with all the ardor of a patriot pulls one way, and the other with as much zeal pulls in the direct opposite direction, and thus we see why so little is accomplished in many organizations which in other respects seem admirably adapted to achieve the object in view. Yes this mainspring, if we may so call it, when out of place—when this great fly-wheel is out of gear, then the vast, extensive machinery of human progress is at a stand. Every other wheel may be in its proper place and every part formed and constructed on the most systematic arrangement, but if this part is disjoined, the waterfall might flow on till the final judgment, or the fires and steam might be kept up till the great conflagration, still it would be of no avail—it would not produce action, nor serve to accelerate the accomplishment of the project.

Now, what Xenophon says in respect to *order*, will apply as well to the subject on hand—"He men gar eutoxia sovzin dokei h de ataxia pollous hede apolaleken;"—translated, "It seems to me that on the one hand, good order leads to preservation, but on the other, disorder has already destroyed many." Now, it is true, where union is wanting, disorder will ensue as a natural consequence; but, where unanimity of feeling and purpose prevails, every thing tends to the preservation of public and private interest, and its beneficial results are seen all over the face of society. Need I say to temperance men—he united. Remember the great interest pending on the union of temperance men, and what disastrous results might flow from a disseverance in action or opinion at the present crisis. Then keep in mind the motto: *United we stand, divided we fall!*"

In conclusion, from our hearts we say:

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

Now to heaven our prayer ascending,
God speed the right;
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right.
Be our zeal in heaven recorded,
With success on earth rewarded;
God speed the right.

Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right;
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right.
Like the good and great in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory;
God speed the right.

Patient, firm and persevering,
God speed the right;
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right;
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's own time succeeding;
God speed the right.

Still our onward course pursuing,
 God speed the right;
 Every foe at length subduing,
 God speed the right.
 Truth our cause, whatever delay it,
 There's no power on earth can stay it;
 God speed the right.

Circulate Useful Knowledge!

Closing our volume for the current year, we have urged the necessity and duty of promoting its circulation, as a means of doing good. Much has been done, but greater exertion will be productive of a rich reward. Dear reader, your family and your neighbor will call you blessed, if you have been instrumental in sowing the seed of eternal truth in their hearts. The *Provincial Wesleyan*, Halifax, N.S., has some good remarks on this topic. We may, indeed take this opportunity of commending that paper as a pattern of diligence and well-directed zeal, in the cause of religion and morality. The editor remarks:—

"The power of the press is beginning to be more adequately felt by the Church universal, and as a consequence greater encouragement is being given to its operations. The good already effected by that encouragement is visible, and is becoming still more so every successive year. It is only however, when the Church, in all its membership, fully awakes up to a sense of the power of the press in sustaining, defending and extending truth, in its salutary influence upon youthful minds, in its powerful effect on the tone of personal piety, in giving right and impressive views of duty, in recommending, and chronicling instances of Christian liberality, in marking the progress and successes of Christian Missions, in creating and fostering a healthy state of public opinion on all subjects of morality and religion,—and pressing that instrumentality, as a matter of conscience, into the service of Christ, that it will derive that benefit from the Press which Providence designs it to be the means of accomplishing. It becomes, therefore, the duty of those who sympathize with these views, to use every reasonable effort to lead the minds of others to a right apprehension of their obligations in this behalf. If the press is destined by the God of knowledge to be instrumental of so much good, if there is reason to believe that he sanctions and blesses this agency, that the good is, and will be, in proportion to the extent of the means used, then the man who yields to perceived truth and the dictates of enlightened conscience, will feel it to be imperative upon him to aid and abet, within the limits of his ability, in the support of an instrumentality so powerful to promote all the higher interests of the world redeemed."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank an "Irish Catholic" for his views, and we doubt not, that he expresses the sentiments of many of his countrymen: we are persuaded, however, that the *True Witness* is beginning to discover his mistake in the views he has expressed recently on the necessity of a Maine Law for Canada. On that account, we deem the insertion of the letter unnecessary, though it contains some strong arguments in favor of a prohibitory law.

H. W. Jackson, Esq. Grand Scribe, has been appointed an additional Agent for the *Advocate* in Hamilton.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We deem it advisable thus especially to call the attention of the friends of the *Advocate*, as well as of the cause generally, to the terms of the forthcoming volume, and which will be found in the last paragraph but two of the Prospectus. And we do so that none may have cause to complain of insufficient notice, should the paper be discontinued at the end of the year. In next number will be found a list of Agents, and the Post-office arrange-

ments are now so complete, and the facilities of communication so great, that no one can be at a loss to send his name or his money, either directly to this Office, or to one or other of our numerous Agents: hence we feel ourselves at perfect liberty to adopt the plan of sending no paper to any but those who have sent their subscription in advance, or a definite order, for the next volume.

These are the only satisfactory and reasonable terms we can think of, in justice to ourselves, in which a work of so much labor, and involving so much expense, should be undertaken; and we are satisfied that no Teetotaler can find fault with them. The *Advocate* is his own paper, intended for his benefit, as well as those whom he should be interested in taking with him on the same road to health and happiness. No one can be expected to aid us in this work, but the Teetotaler: none but he can appreciate our labors, and we cannot but hope he will do so; and, therefore, we go forward for another year, if spared in health, in undiminished confidence on the friends of order and sobriety, that they will come up in yet greater numbers to our support. Very many contribute no more, in the course of a whole year, to the cause, but the small sum we ask for the *Advocate*; and surely, if that is the case, it is but a small return for the good the principle may have done them; at all events, it bears no proportion to the importance of the work and the benefits it confers on their fellow-men.

We offer to all who exert themselves to increase our subscription list, for the next volume, according to the following scale, one or more copies of the work entitled "THE BOTTLE," or "THE SEQUEL TO THE BOTTLE," both of which works have been printed in tract form, on good paper, with the illustrations, and neatly stitched in a tinted cover:—

For	5	Subscribers	to the	<i>Advocate</i> ,	1	copy	of	either
"	15	"	"	"	2	"	"	"
"	20	"	"	"	3	"	"	"
"	25	"	"	"	4	"	"	"

Or one copy additional for every five additional subscribers over 25. It must be understood, however, that the subscription money must be sent with the order, or the payment guaranteed within six months, by known individuals, Divisions, or other Societies. Agents or friends complying with our terms, will please state with their orders which of the above works they prefer, and they will be sent to the parties free of charge.

The Sister Provinces.

As before intimated, in consequence of freedom from Postage on Newspapers between Canada, and all the British American Provinces, a favorable opportunity is afforded for the circulation of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*. Established for general purposes in connection with the great and growing temperance movement. We should be glad to assist the friends of the cause in Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. This we can do, if they will lend a hand in circulating our paper in those Colonies. Now is the time. Every colony must have the Maine Law. Circulate good papers, advocating that measure. Our list has considerably increased in the Sister Provinces, but we are quite sure that, with a little exertion, much more may be done.

Temperance House

BY J. SIMMONS,
 Trent Village, Canada West.

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