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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. XIX.]

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 1, 1853.

[No. 19.

Madalina; the Rag-Picker's Daughter.

"Sir," said the door-keeper, to Mr. Pease, one night, "little Madalina; the beggar girl, is at the door, crying bitterly, and says she wants to see you."

"Tell her to go away, I cannot see her to-night, it is eleven o'clock, and I am very tired. She must come to-morrow."

The fellow turned upon his heel to go away, but as he did so he caught the glimpse of his hand and motion of the coat sleeve across the eyes.

"Tom," said he, "Tom, my dear boy, what is the matter?"

Tom did not turn round as he had been taught, and usually did, so as to look him full in the face when he answered; in fact he did not answer readily; there was a choking sensation in his utterance which prevented the words from coming forth distinctly.

Now, this boy had been about three months in "the Home," and perhaps a more squalid, wretched, drunken boy, cannot be found in the purlieus of the Five Points than he was when he was actually dragged out of the gutter, brought in, washed and dressed, before he came to, so as to be conscious of the change that had come over him. Yet this outcast, who cared for nothing human, not even himself, now stood vainly trying to choke down his grief for the sorrows of a little beggar girl.

"Tom," said he, springing up, forgetting all fatigue, "I will go, and see what is the matter. Who is this Madalina?"

"She is an Italian rag-picker's daughter, Sir—they live in Cow Bay—I used to lodge with them sometimes. That is, the mother picks rags and the father goes with the hand organ and monkey."

"Ah, that is where the little tamborine girl came from that we have now in school. There is a quarrel, I suppose, and the little girl has come for me."

Tom went down stairs with a heart as light as his step, which, said Mr. P., I followed, I must acknowledge, rather heavily, for I did not quite relish the idea of being wakened out of a comfortable evening nap, to do police duty in Cow Bay, and I fear there might not have been quite as much gravity in my tone and manner toward the rag-picker's daughter, as we ought to use when speaking to these poor children, for I recollect the words were, "What do you want, girl?" instead of "What can I do for you, my child—come, tell me, and don't cry any more."

"I don't want to be a beggar girl. I want to be like my cousin Juliana."

"Juliana—Juliana. I don't know her."

"It is the little tamborine girl, sir," said Tom.

"Oh, I see now. Juliana is your cousin, then. Come here, Madalina; let me look at you, and I will talk about it."

He drew her forward into the light, and I think, said he, I never saw a finer formed set of features in my life. Her

hair, which, as a matter of course, was black almost as the raven's wing, and subsequently, when cleaned of dirt and its accomplishments, became almost as glossy, overshadowed a pair of the keenest, yet mildest black eyes I have ever met with. Her skin was dark, partly natural, and partly the effect of the sun upon its unwashed, unsheltered surface. Her teeth, oh, what a set of teeth, which she afterward told me she kept clean by a habit she had of eating charcoal. She was about twelve years old, slim form, rather tall, but delicate structure. Her dress consisted of one dirty cotton frock, reaching a little below her knees, and nothing else. Bare-footed, bareheaded, almost naked, at 12 o'clock of a cold March night, a little, innocent child, wandering through the streets of New York, vainly plying the words, "Please give me a penny, sir," to well-fed, comfortably dressed men, whose feelings have grown callous by constantly hearing such words from such objects, to whom to give is not to relieve, but rather encourage to continue in the pursuit of such ill-gotten means of prolonging life, without any prospect of benefit to themselves or their fellow creatures.

"Then you don't want to beg, Madalina! Why not?"

"Because people push me, and curse me, and to-day one man kicked me, right here, sir," and she laid her hand upon her stomach, and groaned with pain.

"Kicked you; what for; were you saucy?"

"No, sir; I am never saucy. My mother says if I am saucy, men won't give me anything. I must be very quiet, and not talk any, nor answer any questions."

"Then how came he to kick you?"

"I don't know, Sir, I did not say a word, I only went into one of those nice rooms on Broadway, where they have such beautiful glass bottles and tumblers, and looking glasses, and such a sight of all sorts of liquor, and where so many fine gentlemen go and sit, and talk, and laugh, and drink, and smoke; and I just went along and held out my hand to the gentlemen, when one of them told me to open my mouth and shut my eyes and hold my hand and he would give me a shilling. Now look what he did—he put his cigar all burning in my hand and shut it up and held it there."

Horrible! she opened her hand, and showed three fingers and the palm all in a blister.

"Oh, Sir, that is nothing to what the other one did. He put a great nasty chaw of tobacco in my mouth, and then I could not help crying; then the man who sells the liquor, he ran out from behind the counter, and how he did swear, and caught me by the hair and pulled me down on the floor, and kicked me so I could hardly get away. But he told me if I did not he would set the dogs on me and tear me to pieces."

"What did you go into such a place for?"

"I had been all day in the streets and only got three pennies, and I wanted to go home."

"Well, why did you not go?"

"My mother said if I did not get sixpence to-day she would whip me, and so I went in that place. I did not

think such nice dressed gentlemen would do so. What if they should have to beg some day. My father used to dress as fine as they do when he kept the *Cafe de l'Imperator*."

"And where have you been since they abused you so?"

"I crept up in a cart in Pearl-st., I was so sick, after the tobacco and the kick, for it was very hard."

"Could you not get home?"

"No, Sir. Besides, what if I could, and my mother had been drinking. She would kick me again, perhaps."

"What, then, are you going to do to-night? You cannot sleep in the street; it is too cold."

"Won't you let me sleep?"

"With your cousin Juliana?"

"No, Sir, not that; she is clean, and I—I wish I was. Won't you let me sleep on the floor?"

"You shall have a place to sleep to-night; and to-morrow, if your mother is willing, you shall come and live with cousin Juliana, and be dressed as she is, and learn to sew, and when you get big enough"

"Her mother will prostitute her, as she did her older sister, to a miserable old pimp for ten dollars."

"Tom, Tom, what is that?"

"The truth, Sir. Have I ever told you a lie since I have been in your house?"

"Well, well, Tom, take Madalina to the housekeeper, and give her somewhere to sleep to-night, and to-morrow morning you shall go to her mother, and see what she will do."

"Lord, Sir, I must go to-night. She will be off with her hook and basket, poking in the gutters after rags before the stars go to bed. These rag-pickers are early birds. I have known them walk four or five miles on a morning, to get to their own walk."

"Own walk. What is that?"

"All the city is divided up among them. Each must keep to his own walk. If one should trespass upon another, he would get a wet cloth over his mouth some night when he was asleep, and nobody would know or care how he died."

"The Coroner's Jury would inquire into the matter."

"Coroner! fiddlesticks! I beg your pardon, Sir, but I did not mean to answer you that way, though I did know that coroner's juries care the least of anybody how such fellows die. The verdict would be 'accidental death,' 'found dead,' 'died of visitation of Providence,' or if the murderers got a chance, which they might do easy enough, to chuck the body in the dock, the verdict would be 'found drowned,' no matter if he had a hole in his head as big as my fist."

"They could not carry the body from this neighborhood to the river without being detected."

"Could not they. How did Ring-nosed Bill and Snakey Jo carry Pedlar Jake from the Old Brewery to Peck-slip and send him afloat?"

"What, dead?"

"Yes, Sir, they put too much opium in his rum to get him to sleep so they could rob him, and he did not wake up, and so they walked him off."

"Walked him off, how?"

"They stood him up and fastened one of their legs to his each side, so that when they stepped his feet traveled too, and so they went along talking to him and cursing him for being so drunk, till they got to the dock."

"Where were the Police, do they never notice such things?"

"Lord, no Sir, they steps round the corner when they sees a drunken man coming, particularly if he has one of his friends with him."

"And do you think, Tom, that the rag-pickers would murder a fellow creature who trespassed, as they call it, upon their grounds, without compunction of conscience?"

"Conscience, Sir, what do they know about conscience? The 'Padre' keeps their conscience."

"But the law, is there no law in this Christian City?"

"Law, pshaw! what has your book-law to do with rag-picker's law?"

"True enough; or 'Father Confessors' gither."

The next morning Tom made his report. At first it was a positive refusal. "She can make sixpence a day, and pick up enough to eat."

"Well then she shall pay you sixpence a day. She can soon learn to sew and earn more than that. Juliana does it every day."

"But she shall not stay there nights. They will make a Protestant of her."

"That was not the sticking point," says Tom, "if she stays here, she cannot make a — of her there. The best I could do was to let her go home nights and come days. That is better than nothing. The poor little thing won't have to go begging, and be burnt and kicked, and vomited with filthy tobacco cuds, and then whipped if she don't bring home sixpence every night for her mother to buy rum with. If she cannot earn it here at first, I will, and we will get her away entirely, after a while."

Noble Tom. Glorious good boy. What a heart! How long is it since thou wert as one of them, kicked and cuffed, and groveling drunk in the gutter? Who thought then that thy rags and filth covered such a heart? Who knew of the virtuous lessons given thee by a pious mother, and how after years of forgetfulness, sin, wretchedness, misery, that that good would vegetate and bring forth such sweet flowers and good fruit, as we are now tasting in these good deeds and kind words. What if nine of the fallen whom we lift up, fall back again, so that one stand, who shall refuse to lend a helping hand? Let us lift up the lowly and make the haughty humble. Why should they do evil?"

Madalina, though still suffering from her brutal treatment, was a happy girl when she found that she was not to be driven out to beg in the streets.

But she could not understand why her mother wanted her to sleep at home. Tom could. "Too young? Pooh! before she is a year older, she will be lost." Too true. Before she had been in "The Home" six months, she had learned to read, write, and work, and had grown much in stature and fine looks. We would have placed her in some good family, but her mother would not consent. She still complained of her breast and had frequent turns of vomiting. She always felt worse in the morning, "because," she said, "that was such a dreadful place to sleep."

Sometimes she did not come for a few days; her mother made her stay at home and sew. She had learned to work, and her services were worth more at that than begging.

One night she came in in great haste crying.

"What is the matter, Madalina?"

"My mother has had an offer for me."

"An offer for you. What is that?"

Tom looked daggers. "I told you so."

"What is it, my good girl. Tell me all about it."

"My mother bid me go out with her this evening, both of us dressed in our best. She said she had an offer for me, and she was going to meet the man in Duane-st. 'What does the man want of me mother?' I said. 'Oh, he will make a fine lady of you, and you will live with him.' 'But I don't want to live with him; I had rather live with Mr. Pease at The Home. I had rather live where Tom is, for Tom is good to me.'" Young love's first happy dream! "But we went on, and I held my head down, and felt very bad. By-and-by I heard my mother say, here she is, and I looked up a little, and saw two gentlemen, that is, they were clothed like gentlemen, and directly one spoke to the other — 'I say, Jim, she will do—give the old woman the money, and let us take her up to Kate's.' Mercy on me, that voice."

I felt that sore spot in my breast grow more and more painful; I looked up: *it was the man who kicked me*; the other was the one who put the tobacco in my mouth."

"What did you do?"

"I stood a little behind my mother while she held out her hand for the money, and when their eyes were turned I run. I only heard them say, 'why, dam her, she is gone.' Yes, I was gone, and here I am. Oh, I am so sick and so faint; do let me lie down, and don't let these men have me. Oh, dear, the thought of it will kill me."

So it did. A cruel blow had fallen upon a tender plant. The beggar girl might not have felt it. The little seamstress did. A taste of virtue, civilization, christianity, friendship, love, had given the food of sin and shame a hated taste. Sold by a mother to a libidinous brute—to a miserable rum-selling—worse than rum-drinking—wretch, who wears gentlemanly garments, and kicks, burns and gags little beggar girls. It was too much for human nature to bear, and it sunk under this last blow, worse than the first.

Madalina went to bed with a raging fever—a nervous prostration. We did, said he, all we could, but what could we do for the body, when the heart was sick?

Next morning her mother came, and insisted that she should go home. They begged, plead and promised in vain; go she must.

"Never mind," said the little sufferer, "it will be only for a little, little while. I shall be well—at least all will be well with me in a few days. I cannot endure this pain in my breast. You will come and see me. Goodbye. Tom, you will." It was an honest, manly tear that Tom turned away to hide. Poor fellow, he need not have been ashamed of it. Such is nature.

"She is worse, Sir," said Tom next morning, "and no wonder. I wish you would go to see her, she wants to see you once more. Such a place to be sick in, oh dear! how did I ever sleep there. I wish you would go with me to-night about ten o'clock, when they are all in. You will see life as it is."

"Very well, Tom, I will go. Call for me at ten, or when you are ready."

It was our fortune to drop in on that very evening and form one of the company to that abode of misery and home of the city poor, so that we are able to describe it in our own language. The place where Madalina lived, is a well-known Five Points locality, called "Cow Bay." As you go up that great Broadway of wealth, fashion, luxury and extravagance of this great city from the Park and its marble halls of justice, you will pass another great marble front—it is the palace of trade, where the rich are clothed every day in fine linens, where they go "shopping at Stewart's." Further along are great marts where velvet covering for the floor are sold; for there are some who have never trod upon bare boards. You need not look down Duane-st., unless you have a curiosity to see the spot where a miserable mother would sell the virtue of her child to a wretch whose trade is seduction. Don't look into that little old wooden shanty at the corner of Pearl-st., it is a "family grocery." The little ragged girl you see coming out with a rusty tin coffee-pot, has not been there for milk for her sick mother—her father is in the hospital on the opposite side of the way—his arm was broken in a "family quarrel." You will pass the Broadway Theatre before you reach the next corner, with its surroundings of fashionable "saloons," into any of which you may go without fear of losing caste among genteel brandy-smashers and wine-bibbers. Perhaps you will be amused with a small play, such as burning, kicking, or vomiting a little beggar-girl; for nice young men are fond of theatrical amusements. Don't go into that place of "fashionable resort," the theatre, if it is a hot evening; for it is worse ventilated than the black-hole of Calcutta, and if the

fetid air does breed a fever, it will be a feverish thirst, which will tempt you to quench it in potations of poison. Probably that is why it was thus built.

A few steps beyond is Anthony-st. Stop a moment here and look up and down the great thoroughfare of New York before you leave it. A hundred pedestrians pass you every minute, almost without an exception, every one of them richly dressed men and women, smiling in joy and happiness. Here certainly there is an exception. A woman in poverty's garb, with a bundle of broken boards and old timbers, from a demolished building, that would be a load for a pack-horse. She is followed by two little boys, with each a bundle, crushing their young years into early decrepitude. They have brought their heavy loads all the long way from Murray-st. They turn down Anthony; look where they go. If they live in that street, it cannot be far, for there in plain view stands a large frame house, corner-wise toward you, right in the middle of the street. No, it only looks so, it is beyond the end of it. Yet look, note it well, the corner of that house so plain in view, pointing toward you, is one of the world-wide known Five Points of New York. "What! not so near Broadway? Right in plain sight of all who wear silks and broadcloth, and go up and down that street every day. Surely that is not the place where all those bad, miserable poor outcasts live, that the newspapers talk so much about."

"The very spot, my dear lady."

"Really, this must be looked to. It is quite too bad to think that place is so near our fashionable street, and in sight too. I thought it was away off somewhere the other side of town. If I thought it would do any good I would let Peter take a few dollars and some old clothes, and go down with them to-morrow."

"Try it, madam. Better go yourself. Let Peter drive you down; see for yourself what has been done and what is yet to do. Lend your hand to cure that eye-sore, which will pain you every time you pass, for you cannot shut it out of sight now you know where it is, so near your daily walk or drive to Stewart's, or nightly visit to the theatre, or weekly visit to the Church. Go to-morrow; don't put it off till next week."

In the meantime, reader, let us follow the woman and two boys with their heavy burden, on their homeward way to-night. We will go and see where they live.

So we followed down Anthony; passed some very old rat-harbor houses, filled with human beings almost as thick as those quadruped burrow in a rotten wharf; so on they go across Elin; now they stand a moment on the edge of Centre, for one of the little boys has taken hold of his mother's dress to pull her back—for she cannot look up with her load—with a sudden cry of "Stop, old woman! Don't you see the car is coming? Why, you are as blind as a brick. That is black Jim a-driving, and he had just as soon drive over the likes of you as eat. Hang you for a fool, han't you got no sense, old stupid? There now, run like thunder, blast ye, for here come another of the darned cars—run, I tell you!"

She did run with her great load till she almost dropt under its overwhelming weight. Why should she thus labor—thus expend so much strength to so little purpose? She knew no other way to live. Nobody gave her remunerative labor for her strong hands; nobody took those two stout boys, and set them to till the earth, or taught them how to create bread, and yet they must eat, and so they prowl about the pulled down houses, snatching everything they can carry away—a sort of permitted petty larceny that learns those who practice it how to do bigger deeds; and those old timbers they split up into kindling wood and peddle through the streets.

Poor uncared for fellow creatures; working and stealing

to escape starvation—living, for what?—running to escape being run over by an unfeeling driver who cared just as much for them as for their dogs.

(To be concluded in our next.)

What will the People Drink? or the Home-brewed Ale and Light Wine Movement.

The freaks of would-be temperance reformers are sometimes rather amusing. At one time we have them moving for the suppression, or rather reduction of the dram-shops; at another time sitting on Synodical Committees, and bringing in reports bewailing the evil of intemperance; and now the remedy is to be found in home-brewed ale and the light wines of the Continent. The flesh-pots of Egypt are too savoury for contentment on a pilgrimage with only water to drink. Anything rather than a total abandonment of the alcoholic beverage.

In a long article in a late number of the *Witness* newspaper we read as follows:—

“Let us by all means open our ports to the wholesome and harmless wines of the Continent, the use of which would soon become familiar, and effectually displace that of spirits among the better classes of society. We can find some apology for thus putting a price on luxuries that may be abused, or which may be wanted. But to lay an embargo on the household manufacture of a wholesome beverage such as home-brewed beer,—to compel the poor man, instead of enjoying the luxury of a harmless glass at his own table, with his wife and children around him, to betake himself to the beer-shop, and swallow the expensive and intoxicating stuff prepared for him by the State, according to the recipe of the gauger,—or, what is still worse, to force him into the habit of substituting the deleterious dram, with its fictitious relief and frenzied excitement,—is a piece of downright barbarism in political economy, with a dash of diabolism, which admits of no excuse, and hardly of any explanation that does not aggravate the offence.”

A correspondent, signing himself an Abstaining Minister, and a member of the late Assembly, in a subsequent letter expressed his approbation of these views; and Lord Kinnaid, in speaking in favour of the Public-Houses Bill, when before the House of Lords, spoke in a similar strain.

That the introduction of the light wine of the Continent is seriously entertained by many is evident.

At a meeting held in the metropolis, at Fendall's Hotel, Palace Yard, on Wednesday, a committee was formed to raise subscriptions, having for their object the reduction of the duty upon foreign and colonial wines. The speakers were Mr Olivera, M.P. (the chairman), Mr Kirk, M.P., Mr Cobbett, M.P., Mr Cornelius O'Brien, M.P., Mr J. D. Fitzgerald, M.P., Mr Whalley, M.P., Mr C. Forster, M.P., Dr Evans, Mr Thomas, &c. One point raised was, whether the general and unrestricted use of wine amongst the middle and working classes would be beneficial in its moral and social effects. The Chairman said that, judging from the general habits of the people in countries where wine forms the ordinary beverage of the people, his experience, from long observation, went to prove the absence of many of those vices and crimes resulting from intoxication by the use of ardent spirits. All calculation on this point must be somewhat conjectural. But he had strong reasons for thinking that the use of wine would diminish drunkenness and many of its attendant vices, and a large number of the witnesses examined before the wine committee were of this opinion.—Mr Whally, M.P., observed that he gladly took part in this movement as a friend to temperance. He had taken the greatest interest in the promotion of temperance in the districts with which he was connected, and he felt that by so doing he was not only discharging his duty, but conferring an important benefit on society. He associated this move-

ment with a desire to promote temperance, because he felt that by removing the duty on wine, they should not only be providing a wholesome drink for the higher classes of society, but they should secure to the lower classes a substitute for those drinks to which alone they could now have recourse, and which were the enemies of temperance. One of the main causes of drunkenness was that, in consequence of the high duties on wines, and other impediments to the use of foreign and wholesome liquors, the people were compelled to resort to those beverages which admitted of adulteration, and which were therefore most deleterious in their effects. On this ground he contended that if such a drink could be introduced as to admit of the lower classes of society indulging in it, without any adulteration, it was their duty to exert themselves with a view to remove all obstacles to its importation to this country.

Now a greater delusion could not be entertained, than the supposition that we are to find a remedy for our national vice in either wine, however light, or beer, however genuine. What was it that prepared our own country for that excessive indulgence of which it is now guilty, but the use of the less alcoholic liquors of former days? Nor can there be a greater mistake than that beer and wine-drinking communities are remarkable for their sobriety. In proof of this assertion, we would submit a few testimonies which we conceive to be decisive of the question.

First, as to our wine-drinking neighbours on the Continent.

Edward C. Delavan of New York, a wealthy American merchant, who, at the very outset of the temperance movement in that country, consecrated his time, and influence, and means to its promotion, visited the continent of Europe, with the view of accumulating information regarding the wines of continental countries. In a letter dated Paris, Nov. 13, 1838, he informs us that he had been favoured with an interview with the King of France—

“The king was not in the apartment,” says he, “when we arrived, but soon entered; when Gen. Cass immediately presented me, and the conversation commenced, by his Majesty offering to do all in his power to assist my efforts for temperance. I was not a little surprised to find that the king was perfectly well informed on the subject, aware of its importance to all branches of industry, as well as of its political and moral virtue; and more so to find that there was no disagreement in our views of the habitual use of wine. He stated expressly that the drunkenness of France was occasioned by wine; that in one district of his empire, there was much intemperance on gin, but he considered wine the great evil. I took the liberty of asking him, if I had understood him to say, that his opinion was that wine occasioned most of the evils of intoxication in France, and was answered in the same words, THE DRUNKENNESS OF FRANCE IS ON WINE.”

In another letter, dated Dec. 1, 1838, he details an interview he had upon the same subject with the Duke of Orleans:—

“I have been introduced by our minister, General Cass,” says he, “to the Duke of Orleans, with whom I conversed in a private audience for an hour, on the subject of temperance. I was surprised to learn that the Duke had long since united with the only society in France which recognises the old pledge against ardent spirit. I informed him that we in America had changed our pledge, and submitted to him the one we now act upon, the same I had shown the king; he remarked, as the king had done, that it was right and true, that he had no doubt that all intoxicating drinks are injurious as a beverage to men in health, and that the intemperance of France was on wine. The Duke went into a full relation of the great difficulties to be encountered in France. He stated that of the thirty-four millions of people, fourteen millions are engaged in some way, directly or in-

directly, in making or vending intoxicating drinks. He also stated, that in those districts where most wine was made, there was also the greatest wretchedness, and the most frequent appeals to government for aid, and also, that so large a proportion of the soil was now cultivated for wine, that the raising of stock and grain was diminishing to an alarming extent, and that he looked to the diminution of the use of wine in other countries as a source of hope to France; that, failing of a market for her wine, the fields of France might be cultivated to greater advantage to produce more abundant food and clothing for the people. The Duke expressed great interest in the success of the cause everywhere."

A friend writing us from Lyons on the 24th of October last, and who had abundant opportunity of observing the habits of those belonging to the working classes, says—

"My ideas of the French are quite different from those generally entertained in Scotland regarding them, viz., that they are a temperate-living people. It is not so: they are a beef-eating, drinking people. They use wine to breakfast, dinner, and supper; in the café they drink brandy and beer. True, they don't stagger so much through the streets as Scotchmen do, but that is because they take their drink more regularly—they are always soaking. A bottle of what they call their light wine would make me quite tipsy, but of course it does not make them tipsy, because they are accustomed to its use; and in regard to eating, they beat us hollow."

Another friend, who has spent much time on the Continent, and who paid particular attention to the effects of the light wines upon those who indulge in them, has favored us with the following statement:—

"I am decidedly opposed to the non-medicinal use of alcohol, whether in the shape of whisky, or in the form of the weak wines of France, Italy, or the Rhinegan. Alcohol may be absorbed, but it cannot be digested, neither can it be converted into bone, or muscle, or sinew; or, in short, into any part of the human body. Moreover, wherever these alcoholic liquors are used as a beverage, they are seriously and extensively hurtful. This will be frankly admitted by all who know anything of the drunkenness of Scotland, and it will not be denied by any man who has witnessed the daily life of wine drinkers in the sunny South. Go to the barriers around Paris, especially on the Sabbath-day, and you will see an amount of drunkenness, and riot, and debauchery, unsurpassed in the worst haunts of vice in either Edinburgh or Glasgow. There the workmen of Paris, like the artisans of Glasgow, spend the earnings of the week in wine, as well as in *ecu de vic*, obtained at the gates of the city, free of the octroi duty. No man who has looked out for facts in visiting the Continent, will venture to tell you that there is little or no intoxication connected with wine drinking. Twenty years ago I thought this, but greater experience and closer observation, during some late journeys through France, in Italy, and in the Rhinegan, have led me to a very different conclusion. Even their most harmless wines, unless well watered, will intoxicate if freely drunk. But I must do the frequenters of the *table d'hôte* the justice of saying, that they almost universally mix their weak wines with water, and thus they obtain refreshment and escape intoxication."

Enough as to light wines. The same may be said of home-brewed ale. On reading the article in the *Witness*, we instantly communicated with several parties in England, and in reply was favored with a large number of testimonies, all exhibiting the pernicious consequences of home-brewed ale. We content ourselves with the reply of our old friend, Joseph Livesey, Esq., a gentleman better acquainted with the nature and effects of beer than any other living man:—

"The difference betwixt home-brewed beer and that sold at public-houses is simply this, that the former is usually

brewed with less malt, is not so thoroughly fermented, nor kept so long before using; consequently its alcoholic strength or intoxicating power is less, sometimes much less, than the other. Whereas some of our ales or beers are from 7 to 9 per cent. of alcohol, perhaps the average of home-made beer is not more than 3 to 5 per cent. Of course, home-made beer can be made of any strength, and sometimes it is made even stronger than publicans' beer, but this is for special purposes, such as that which is brewed at the birth of a son to be drunk when he arrives at the age of twenty-one.

"The advantages of home-made over publicans', (or rather the lesser evil of the one compared with the other,) is, that it is usually drunk at meals along with solid food, and produces little intoxication; and also, being weaker, when drunk at other times it would require a greater quantity than most persons are disposed to drink to produce much intoxication.

"On the other hand, it is a subtle enemy; and wherever a population brew and drink home-made beer, (as in Yorkshire, for instance,) so strong a liking is produced, that it is most difficult to induce the people to abstain. In these parts all the family take it, even children; and the taste being created, it is easy to see how readily the parties glide from the use of the weak to the stronger beverage sold at public-houses.

"To recommend home-brewed beer to forward the cause of temperance, would be like the mistaken conduct of some of our friends, in allowing British wines to take the place of foreign.

"Never countenance the dangerous notions of Mr. Hume, that it would be an improvement if beer drinking could be introduced into Scotland as a substitute for whisky. Drunkenness by beer is worse than drunkenness by spirits; in the one case the system has to grapple with the alcohol only, in the other, with the acid vegetable extract of the malt, and especially with the stupefying influence of the hops, which is a most deleterious substance. And, I may add, that out of any given number of drinkers, I believe twice as many (if not many more) become drunk who take beer as do who take spirits. This is easily accounted for. Most spirit drinkers take it as a stimulant, and hence in small quantities; whereas beer drinkers take it, first, as a nutritive liquor ('liquid bread!') and secondly, to quench thirst. Hence, instead of the 'dram,' they never drink less than a 'gill' and often a 'pint' at once, or in a very short time. Beer drinkers are stupid as hogs."

It will be observed, then, that instead of home-brewed ale promoting temperance, the fact that it is used at home, used by all the members of the family, used not occasionally, like spirits, but as an article of diet, renders it one of the surest means of creating drunkards. Besides, the notion that a people must have liquors of a stimulating nature, is contrary to both sound philosophy and fact. Mr. Buckingham states it to be a conviction, that one fifth of the entire population of the globe are abstainers from all intoxicating liquors. A number sufficiently large to show that they are not necessary to health or happiness. Enough, however, has surely been said to prove the short-sightedness of the home-brewed ale and light wine movement.—*Abstainer's Journal*.

The New Vennel Tragedy.

WHAT a glorious morning!

At the moment I write this, at the head of Loch Long, and under the shadow of the "Cobler," I can see every rock, and crag, and fissure, and grassy knoll, from base to summit of these Alpine heights, that skirt the banks of this beautiful loch, mirrored in its calm, clear waters. Not a ripple is to be seen, save when the light skiff, bearing youthful hearts as light and merry as itself, skims along to some fa-

vorite spot, where "whittings" are to be fished; or to some romantic rock on the shore, where "pic-nics" are held, or from which the ascent to the "Cobler" is made. In such a beautiful retreat, where Nature has been so lavish of her gifts—her mountains, woods, and waters; and on such a beautiful morning, when, if ever there were spots on the sun, they all seem to be gone, one feels as if evil were no longer dominant, and that one of earth's millennial days had come at last, when

"Beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise."

But stop! yonder's a policeman. Yes! a real policeman; and I am reminded that on this same glorious morning, so full of sunshine, and life, and beauty on these hills—the drop has already fallen once more in Glasgow, and two immortal spirits have gone from the scaffold into the presence of their Maker; and from the midst of a crowd, for the most part composed of the wretched inhabitants of wynds and closes, who are seldom seen *en masse* but when a public execution brings them together, and affords them an opportunity of acting in such a manner as most clearly to show that such a spectacle, whatever may be its results otherwise, has no corrective, restraining, elevating influences for them.

And why such a sudden leap from the Alps of Arrochar to the foot of Saltmarket, and more especially when the former are so much the more attractive than the latter? Just because the interests of humanity have stronger claims upon our sympathies than even Nature, with all her scenes of placid beauty, or rugged and romantic grandeur.

Have you ever been in the New Vennel, Glasgow—that narrow, dirty, suspicious-looking, low-browed alley that runs along the north side of the College Green, under the very eye of the professors' houses, and all but within hearing of their voices in the class-rooms, where, for centuries, the aspiring youth of the country have been taught? So near this seat of learning, with its museum, its chapel, library, class-rooms, and professors, where we would have thought the very air was classic, and redolent of all improving influences, a most horrid tragedy was enacted just this day two months. I sat for ten hours in the Justiciary Court in Edinburgh, and heard the whole evidence in the case, and never did I feel more deeply moved than on that occasion by the sad details of social wretchedness and crime.

Two young men, formerly acquainted with each other, and belonging to the same place, meet at the Broomielaw of Glasgow, on Saturday the 11th of June. It seems that they had not seen one another for some time. Be this as it may, they repair to a public-house, both in excellent health, and their pockets well lined with money, for they had just received their pay. They could not have had less than several pounds. They intend to take the last boat for Dunbarton. From the first public-house they adjourn to another, and then to a third, and by the afternoon one of the two becomes so drunk and incapable, as to be utterly unconscious of what goes on after three or four o'clock of that day. The Dunbarton boat of course sails, but these reckless young men by this time have no thought of boat, or home, or friends. The one drags the other along the streets. They fall an easy prey to female sharpers and their blackguard bully from the New Vennel. They are decoyed to the black mouth of this horrible pit. They enter. The den is three stories high, and one of the females with an oath observes to a companion, 'This is a good chance.' Whisky again goes round. There is no bottle; it is poured from a jug into a cup, and this passes from hand to hand. One of the victims is already dead drunk. He knows nothing of what is doing, and of course his pockets are easily searched. The other is not yet mastered by all the whisky he has drunk; possessed of an unusually robust frame, he was not so easily overcome. The sharpers are therefore to have some trouble with him. They try one horrible expedient, and then another. The female

who found him on the street, and who decoyed him and his companion to her den, drugs his whisky with snuff. He drinks, and, conscious of foul play, 'he makes a lounge' at some one of the party, and is then felled to the floor, his head falling with all his weight upon a stone that stood at the window, and served the purpose of a stool. He is now equally helpless as the other; his boasted strength is gone. He is now easily stripped and robbed. Their work of plunder is done, but the man seems dead. This is a dilemma. 'What shall we do?' is the question addressed by the females to their bully. 'Oh, it's dark, no one will see us; heave him over the window,' is his reply. The hands, and arms, and head of the poor fellow lately so strong and active, are laid hold of, the window is opened by the female that struck the blow, and he is flung over from a height of three stories into the court below. What a tragedy in the immediate neighbourhood of Scotland's great seat of learning, and among the first hours of a beautiful Sabbath morning in June! The actors in this fearful tragedy, ever fruitful in wicked invention when it suits their purpose, raise the alarm at the open window from which they had flung their helpless victim, that he had accidentally fallen over, and after having taken every precaution to secure belief in this invention, extinguish the light, lock the door, and make off. But they had forgotten the two boys that had found a night's lodgings under the bed, and who, though unseen, had watched all the diabolical proceedings, and chronicled them, never to be forgotten, in the inmost recesses of their young and retentive memories. Poor things! they had no home of their own. Their mother, a widow, could not provide them a lodging; she had not the means of doing so. And here our path is crossed with whisky again, for it is well known that her husband was a drunkard, and who, though a first-rate workman at a first rate occupation, brought himself and family to beggary by his drinking habits, to which, it is much to be feared, the mother also became addicted. Drink, drink, drink! Whisky brought the two young men within the clutches of the New Vennel sharpers. The first act of the tragedy commenced at the Broomielaw, where whisky assumed the garb of friendship and pleasure; and on it went from one stage to another, till it ended in murder. Whisky deprived the two poor boys of a home. Though attending the Ragged School in Rotten-row by day, they had no home by night. The drunken habits of those who ought to have been their guardians, and the tender mercies of the publicans, some of whom, by the by, might probably be elders in some of the christian churches in Glasgow, had deprived them of a parent's care and the comforts of a home.

Never did the doings of whisky stand forward in more appalling, heart-rending prominence, than when these two boys appeared in the witness-box at Edinburgh, and in the rags just as they were taken by the police from under the bed in the horrid den of murder in Croiley's Land. But for the drinking habits of their parents, they might have been well clad and well schooled; but there they stood in the witness-box in their tattered garments. What a contrast between these and the ermined and rich embroidered robes of the judges who had them put on oath! In the whole range of my experience, I never witnessed anything so deeply affecting as the appearance of the boys Shillinglaw before the judges of the land. There was indeed one redeeming feature in the case, to the honour of the country be it stated: the boys were attending a ragged school. They had been about ten or twelve days in attendance, but otherwise what a horrible school of training was theirs! What night scenes for urchins such as they to witness in that three-story hell of a relative to which they were obliged to resort at night for a lodging! And yet what strange glimpses of sympathy are even here, for the boys told me that the woman Blackwood who suffered this morning had washed their shirts with her own hands on the very evening on which the murder was committed. Sharper little fellows were never put into a

witness-box, and eternal shame be on the country that will permit the publican and his whisky, and the drinking habits of parents, to come between these poor boys, and thousands placed in a similar position with them, and their birth-right to a sound education. The sad disclosures of these boys in the witness-box, present us with a fearful state of wretchedness in the lowest strata of our social system. Need we wonder at all at the vast number of juvenile offenders, when they have been reared amid the hostile influences to which the boys Shillinglaw were exposed? Nor does it require any profound investigation to become aware of the fact that the low public-house system, patronised as it is by law and drinking habits, is the chief cause in producing those influences in the midst of which these two boys were unfortunately reared. How many like them are training for the convict settlements and the gallows! Unless means are taken, and that speedily, to separate our neglected juveniles, exposed to such debasing and corrupting influences, from those who claim a parent's control over them, but who are altogether unworthy of that name; unless these outcast youths are placed in institutions where they can receive a sound education, and can be put to some handicraft; in short, unless the whisky traffic, as at present conducted, becomes an illegal one, we are but making criminals as fast as we can, and the cost for prosecuting crime will continue to be far greater than the amount required in the present instance to prevent it.

I visited Croiley's Land last Monday, in the top flat of which is the room where the murder was committed. On entering the small apartment, which is only 6 feet 4 by 8, I found it occupied by a woman who had been drunk over night, and the policeman who was with me charged her with having overcrowded her house, of course with bad characters, on the previous evening. In every apartment in this Sodom—for if any place on earth deserves the name of Sodom, it is Croiley's Land in the New Vennel—there was the appearance of recent drinking and debauchery. Several of the apartments were so crowded with the worst characters, that there was scarcely standing room. Some of the wretched inmates were all but naked, whilst the stench of villainous compounds was such, as no one unaccustomed to such sights could endure. I recognized a young man who had been one of the principal witnesses at Edinburgh, sitting on the floor in a state of beastly intoxication. The solemnities of the court, the majesty of law, and the impending fate of his former neighbors, had not driven him from his vicious habits. A mere child, which could scarcely get up stairs, was carrying whisky in a bottle, and on being questioned about it, replied, 'It's for my mither; she sent me for't.' In this Land, in the midst of all its reeking abominations, there are many poor neglected children. They thronged the stairs and the stair heads. Who will come to the rescue of the innocents? Is there not piety and philanthropy enough in Glasgow to excavate such horrible places as this? On going back to this Land in the evening with two friends, matters were still worse. And as to the High Street, there is a woman indecently dragged by two policemen, and she is beastly drunk. There's a drunken fight. Take care of your legs—there's a barrow driven by a policeman, and guarded by another, and a man is stretched all his length upon it dead drunk, and is being hurried off to the first station. McFarlane told me to-day in prison that drink had been his ruin. It was the public house and bad company that brought him to his miserable end. On asking Blackwood what had led her to her evil courses, her reply was, drinking; her mother and father were drunkards. Hamilton, who put the snuff into the whisky which she gave to Boyd, was a hard drinker; and Marshall made the following statements to the Rev. Fergus Ferguson:—

"Drink has been my ruin. Warn every person by my case to beware of drink. Oh, if it had not been for drink, I

never would have been here! I never had time to think because I was never fully sober. I never could go out at night without first firing myself with liquor. I would have pawned the last rag on my body for a glass of whisky before plying my fearful trade, and I am convinced that all the young women of the same class cannot get on without drink. Helen Blackwood was very much given to drink, and so was Mary Hamilton. The people in the public-house on the High Street, in which Blackwood bought the whisky that night, were intimately acquainted with her. Blackwood has a sister banished, and the letters that come from that sister were always directed to that public-house. Would rather be hanged than go back to live in the Vennel as I lived before."

On coming down the High Street with my friends, I remarked to them as we passed an immense whisky palace, gaudily painted and beautifully lighted up, and crowded with squalid men, women, and children—"That's the main-pipe of the evil." And so it is, and yet a Christian government sanctions that; and the man who keeps it, or employs his servants in it, may be a member, if not an elder, in some one of the city churches! The drop has fallen—the guilty have expiated their crimes by their death, but are they who traffic in the drink which curses, damns, and kills, guiltless? No, they cannot be—the Almighty has said, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to his mouth, and maketh him drunken also." We may try all ameliorative and reformatory measures, but in vain, so long as the liquor traffic in this country remains on the same footing as at present. Until we have a Maine Law the main thing has not been gained; and we greatly mistake if this is not one of the many lessons emphatically taught us by all the circumstances connected with the New Vennel Tragedy.

It is indeed a great wonder that such scenes of social wretchedness and crime, produced so directly by the use of Scotch whisky, do not rouse the entire country to agitate for a prohibitory law such as that which has been adopted with so many beneficial results in several States of America, and which has recently obtained the sanction of Her Majesty in the colony of New Brunswick. With such a law in this country the horrible scenes daily witnessed in the New Vennel, and similar places, would speedily disappear; there would assuredly be much less work for our judges and criminal officers; our beggared and outcast juveniles would be cared for, clothed, and schooled; and that knowledge and righteousness which exalt a nation would yet be ours."—*Abs. Jour.*

Mr. Gough in Scotland.

Mr. Gough has turned the heads of half Scotland, and it is to be hoped will also turn some of the customs into less exceptionable forms. "Such a furor," says the *Glasgow Examiner*, "to listen to a lecturer, we have never seen—not a Thompson when slavery was the theme—not a Gavazzi when Popery was unveiled—not a Russell with the prestige of Premier—not a Dickens with all the fame of the greatest English novelist—not even a Mrs. Stowe with her world-renowned 'Uncle Tom'—created more unanimous or enthusiastic audiences. He is beyond doubt one of the most effective orators we have known. His personations of various characters were complete. The tippler, the drunkard, the coward, the infidel,—were all exhibited to perfection, both as regards speech and behaviour. The various passions—fear, love, hate, anger—were all exhibited in the most impressive forms. He can imitate successfully the most graceful fop and the most ferocious savage. The powerful weapon of sarcasm he wields with great effect. Never did infidelity appear to an audience more contemptible than when he personated its absurd attitudes and pretensions. Mr. Gough is an artist as well as an actor. His speech is a gallery of pictures grouped and set with much skill and care. The pictures are skillfully imagined, and are always

such as to command universal attention. But not all his powers, artistic and rhetorical, could have given him his ascendancy, were these not coupled with more sterling qualities. He not only can speak, but he can think. He is no mere actor retailing what other men have thought—he gives birth to striking and stirring conceptions himself. He possesses a mind of great vigour—a memory retentive and ready—an imagination vivid, strong, and comparatively chaste, so that the sentiments proceed fresh and forcible, bearing the unmistakable impress of the speaker's mind. He does use the thoughts of others, but these have to pass the crucible of his mind, and come out in new and beautiful forms sparkling with the dews of the morning. And there is more than all this in the secrets of his success as an orator. He has correct views and a sound judgment, not only of the subject he discusses, but of other subjects which give his theme much of its importance:—

His qualities, for a popular lecturer, may be briefly summed up thus:—He has good intellectual capacity, a warm heart, keen perception of the ludicrous, and first rate powers of mimicry. The oddities and absurdities, and amiabilities of mankind daguerreotype themselves on his brain, and there they remain ready to be reproduced by him at any time. By his own statement, he has little that can be called scholarship, yet it is evident to every one that he is thoroughly versed in every phase of the subject on which he treats, and this is the best of all learning for the lecturer. These arguments and ideas which pass current in society, are by him so strikingly put as to appear original. He is not so much a logician as an illustrator of logic. What others would refer to in abstract or ordinary terms, he communicates by means of *tableaux*, to brighten which, physical action is brought in with extraordinary effect. He has an immense stock of anecdotes, which he tells admirably, sometimes causing the tear to start not only in the eyes of the young and sentimental, but also in those of the veteran who has mingled much in the realities of life; and at other times chasing all gravity from the faces of the audience, the most austere sympathising in the general risible convulsion. Several critics might be inclined to say that the highest orators will not condescend to amuse; but where amusement tends to promote the end in view it is perfectly legitimate. Mr. Gough's mirth-creating talents may be the means of drawing out such assemblies, but his drollery is always kept in subserviency to the practical. It is never carried so far as to rob the subject of its seriousness, nor to occasion laughter without leaving behind a wise practical lesson. No one can listen to him and go away without carrying with him deeper impressions of the evils of drunkenness, and more serious views of his own responsibility in the matter. Some lecturers on this subject carry their views to such extreme lengths as to occasion many to turn away from them with feelings of contempt, but it is not so in this instance, as the lecturer seldom advances more than what he is ready to give satisfactory reason for.

At *Galashiels* the Chairman presented a plaid of *Galashiels* manufacture to him, as a mark of respect from the committee of the *Galashiels* Total Abstinence Society.—At *Barrhead* the committee have resolved to lay aside £5 of the surplus proceeds from the two meetings, as a subscription to any public testimonial that may be got up for Mr. Gough.—At *Paisley* the meeting consisted of more than 2,000 persons.—In the City Hall of *Glasgow* the assemblage numbered 2,824 persons. Mr. Gough intimated, that should he succeed in getting his engagements in America postponed, he hoped to be able to accept of the invitation of Mr. Livingston and the Glasgow Society, to advocate (under their auspices) the cause of temperance in Scotland for two or three months. If he should be able to come that way again, two things he would like; these were—a meeting composed entirely of females, and an assemblage of children, both of which had succeeded well in America. The *Glasgow Christian News* says of the second oration in the Hall:—

"As a gent'leman near us said, before the hero of the evening appeared, 'It was worth while giving a shilling just to see the hall.' We never saw the large building so densely crowded since the enlargements and alterations were completed, designed, we believe, by our worthy fellow-citizen and late Lord Provost, Sir James Anderson. The thought that so vast and far-stretching an assembly above and below was convened to hear an address on temperance, was so cheering to the warm friends of the cause; but the additional reflection that they had crowded to hear one who had once himself been so deeply entangled in the meshes of intemperance, now preaching the faith which once by his practice he had destroyed, was positively affecting.

"And the audience was select as well as numerous. Here and there was to be seen a wealthy Glasgow nabob, who most assuredly had never been at a temperance meeting before. The teetotalers were ever and anon directing the attention of one another to this one and that one with the remark, 'What a wonder that he is here.' Many had come great distances. We spoke to one party from Aberdeen, to another from Cumberland, and a mini-ter seated himself near us who testified 'that he had come all the way from Ireland to be present at this meeting.' Considerable sensation was caused shortly before eight o'clock by the arrival of Professor Nichol and his son, a distinguished student of Glasgow University. We understand that both father and son are pledged abstainers. The Professor was brought down to the front of the platform, amid the cheers of the assembly."

The *Paisley Chronicle*, referring to the oration in the High Church, says, that if hesitation ever manifested itself in Mr. Gough, it arose from abundance rather than paucity of ideas. "Rich in illustration, he enforced every argument, and strengthened every statement he put forth, with real incidents happening within the ken of his own observation. These he narrated with a copiousness of diction, a power of colouring, and a depth of pathos, that swayed the feelings and moved the hearts of eager listeners. In comic delineation of American character, Mr. Gough is unrivalled. The peculiar phraseology and tone of the Yankees were hit off to the life; and the peals of laughter that echoed through the house bore testimony to the power he exercised over the risible faculties of his audience. . . . One mighty charm pervaded the whole of Mr. Gough's words, and that is his thorough earnestness and zeal. He speaks from the heart to the heart. He tells that which he feels; and this earnestness it is, which gives him a ready admittance to the feelings of an audience, and adds weight to the sentiments which he enforces. The listeners feel that they are attending to the words of a sincere man, and not to the calculated accents of a hired lecturer." Dr. Richmond, the chairman at the *Paisley* meeting, spoke of the great service rendered to the cause of temperance by the energetic conduct of the London Temperance League, in bringing Mr. Gough over to this country.

The *Perth Constitutional* understands that "arrangements are in progress for a visit to Perth by J. B. Gough, Esq., one of the most remarkable men of his day and generation, and who may justly be regarded as the Brougham of the movement with which his name is connected. Should he be able to come to the Fair City, we venture to predict for him a bumper house."

The *Arbroath Guide*, speaking of the lecture at Edinburgh, at which the Lord Provost presided, says that "Gough's mental forces seem to be ambushed under a tremendous power of delineation; a gigantic grasp of everything he touches tells how strong his nerve is. He does not pursue a close logical sequence in his address, nor does he give the reins to a loose unlicensed rambling through heaven and earth. To use his own expression, he does not press one foot on the daisy while the other is planted in the clouds; nor does he dovetail all he says into heads and particulars that mar the harmony, while they pretend to intensify the unity of the whole. His forte consists in a happy blending of the *sermum cum joci*, of strong appeal, of tearful remonstrance, of grand, tragical effect; his voice is not very sonorous, though capable of being heard over a large space; his modulation and inflection are quite American; his gesticulation never trespasses the line or limit of the chaste, while it often transcends the cramped stiffness of the mere elocutionist."

"What we liked in Mr. Gough," says the *Scottish Press* (Edinburgh), "was, that he neither dignified nor anathematised. He did not lay it down as an axiom in ethics that a man who did not act on total abstinence principles was therefore running in the teeth of God's law, or place him at once in an expurgatorial limbo contemned by us; if with declaring and seeking to prove abstinence to be highly expedient, and that the sin arose (if sin there were) from holding aloof from it as a means of stemming a tide which had set in and was overwhelming thousands upon thousands. In vain! . . . It is to be regretted that Mr. Gough's time is so limited, if, indeed, he has not already left the island. Addresses such as we heard on Friday evening, delivered in principal towns to audiences attracted chiefly by the lecturer's plumed celebrity, would we are persuaded, give a decided impetus to the cause of temperance; and form a taste, as well as to get an appetite for those popular lectures which, with cheap concerts, cheap readings and refreshment rooms, cheap galleries of art and free museums provided for the people, would do more to draw them away from

the dram-shops than all the temperance pledges in the world, if not followed up with the substitution of a healthful stimulus, for one noxious and dangerous, and in thousands of instances ruinous.—*News and Chronicle.*

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 1, 1853.

Demonstration of the Sons of Temperance.

One of the most interesting and enthusiastic of the public meetings held during the World's Temperance Convention, was that named above. We are able only to give a brief report thereof: but let no one infer, from the shortness of our record, that the meeting was not a great and good one. Some 4000 persons were present, and everything decent and orderly as became Sons of Temperance.

This demonstration took place at Metropolitan Hall, Judge O'Neil, of South Carolina, M.W.P., presiding, assisted by the G.W.P.'s of the several Grand Divisions. The following Divisions were assembled in regalia, occupying the twelve rows of front seats in the body of the house, the Divisions of ladies on the left and gentlemen on the right. National Division, Eastern Grand Division, Cadets of Temperance, Grand Union of the Daughters of Temperance, Sisters of Cadets, Temples of Honor, Rechabites, Good Samaritans, The Social Unions.

The platform was occupied by the officers of the various divisions. The audience was quite numerous.

The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Smith. Rev. James H. Perry, occupying the Chair temporarily, said that he regretted to announce that Gen. Cary, of Ohio, would not be present to-night, and explained the reason of his absence, he having failed to receive the letter addressed to him, and making another engagement. He then read the programme of the evening, and hoped it would not be considered discourteous if he requested the speakers to limit to about 17 minutes each, in order to close the exercises by 10 o'clock.

Mr. Oakley then sang one of his popular songs, which was appreciated.

Mr. Perry then addressed the audience to the following effect:—The magnificent spectacle before us partakes largely of the moral sublime. Gathered as we are in this splendid Hall from all parts of our own land—I had well nigh said, of the world—to give an impetus to a great moral movement, to strengthen and encourage each other's hearts, it is a magnificent spectacle. We shake hands to-night on both sides of Mason & Dixon's line, and love each other as brothers, finding in the cause we love a bond of union. We stretch our hands across the great lakes and shake hands with our brethren in Canada. We stretch our hands across the Atlantic and greet our brethren in the fatherland of many of us. Men of all professions and callings are here, the working men are represented here. Differing upon other subjects, we are one in this cause, and we intend to work in it till the desert shall blossom as the rose.

Mr. P. here addressed Judge O'Neil, the regular presiding officer of the Convention, in a few beautiful, chaste and appropriate words, resigning the Chair to him and, introducing him formally to the audience.

Judge O'Neil, on taking the Chair, delivered a short address. Dr. Kenney, of Brooklyn, then took the platform. He spoke of the importance of engaging in the cause, the great body of indifferent men which were to be found, no matter what the struggle was. These were the great foes of the American Revolution, who took no part in the struggle, while a foreigner, Lafayette, came to the assistance of this country.

In the absence of Dr. Lees, who had been announced as one of the speakers,

Mr. Cassel made a few remarks. An American traveller, he said, being a kind how he liked England, said it was as much above the Continent as America was above England. This, and the late meeting he had attended, convinced him that this country was as much above England as England was above other countries in

the Temperance cause. He looked upon the Temperance cause as identified with the elevation of humanity. After relating a number of choice anecdotes by way of illustration and application, he took his seat.

A contribution was taken up from the audience, after which a song was sung, with a piano accompaniment:

"New-York's Welcome to the Maine Law."—Air, Lilly Dale.

The song was loudly encored, but the President explained that it could not be repeated, as the programme should be observed.

The President called on Hon. Mr. Cameron, of Canada, who had been expected to speak, but he was unavoidably absent.

Dr. F. A. Fickard, of Pa., was then introduced to the meeting, with a high compliment from the Chair. He spoke thus: Ladies and gentlemen, I ought to faint after that announcement. I had not expected to find any here but Sons of Temperance, and am surprised—agreeably—at meeting this large and interesting audience. I ask you to support this great cause; enlist in it the ladies—the lovely and amiable ladies of our land. I do not mean that you should invite them to this platform, but get their countenance, without which we never could have had the success we have met, for men without that countenance could not face the opposition we had to encounter. For success we need only united effort. This beautiful dome above us was erected by many hands; so let a temple to Temperance be built in our land, and the voice of praise and happiness be heard from the pile.

Mr. Cunningham, of Washington, was introduced. He said: Our friend who last spoke said he expected to meet Sons of Temperance, but I always desire to speak to those who, by being affected by the truths of our cause, may thereby be gained to it. It is a cause that not alone seeks to save the poor man. Look at the palaces and courts of the high and wealthy; there can the effects of intemperance be witnessed in as sad scenes as embitter the humble cottage in the land. Oh, what a monster is alcohol! Like the fabled animal of warm countries, which cools his victim with his wings while he draws from his veins the last drop of his blood, alcohol kills the drunkard while gratifying his appetite. Mr. Cunningham concluded an able address by reading a beautiful extract descriptive of the purity of water as a beverage, and the health it gives, compared with the baneful effects of intoxicating drinks.

Rev. Mr. Jackson, of Michigan, was introduced. He said: I did not come here to portray the evils of alcohol, that terrible scourge of the human race. My adopted State, Michigan, that beautiful and intelligent State, has pronounced upon the evil. How did she do it? We tried many means until we thought of the following: We went to the primary meetings, noted there all the speeches, carried them to the polls, and used them to guide us in our votes. We sent eleven friends of the cause to make laws for us; and we followed them with petitions. These eleven did wonders; they got the questions we urged referred to the people, and on the 1st November we will shut up every grog shop in the State of Michigan.

Why did we do this? Because we loved our wives and children; and if you love yours, do likewise. In the West it is said you cannot do what we have done; but I say, pass the law and you can enforce it. I conclude my address almost as I began it, with the word "Michigan."

The President—Old Virginia should not be silent here. I introduce Mr. Long from that State, the land of Patrick Henry.

Mr. Long—Accustomed, ladies and gentlemen, only to schools, woods and mountains, I am taken by surprise in being called on to speak in this magnificent hall, before so vast an audience. I have not so much to say for my State as the last speaker had for his, but I hope soon to see good Temperance fruit ripen in that sunny clime. I have heard good praise here: I hope you will keep them. I will tell you an anecdote: An old Dutchman had a child, and was anxious to have the honor of its being baptized by the Bishop. The Bishop asked what name the child should be called. "Give your own name," said the old Dutchman; so the Bishop baptized the child Richard. But scarcely was the deed done when the father ran up in a fright, saying "Oh, Bishop! stop! stop! the boy's a girl!" Now, you promise to be boys—I hope you won't prove girls.

Maine has her Dow, other States have their Temperance champions; and Virginia has her Miner who has raised the veil that covered the ugliness of intemperance, and now 15 counties have the Maine Law. A rumrunner in our State feeling some compunction, went to a temperate gentleman and asked him what he

should do to have some chance of expiating the consequences of his evil ways. "Go and make a telescope," said the gentleman. "A telescope! what can I do with one, and how can I make it?" asked the rumseller. "Well, unless you do you will never get a glimpse of heaven," was the reply. "How am I to do it?" "Just take every barrel of liquor in your store, knock out the ends, put these barrels end to end in a long line, kneel down and take a good look through the tube, and that's your only chance of ever getting a view of heaven."

Another song was sung, to the air of the Marsellaise Hymn, and after a prayer and benediction by Rev. Mr. Lord, the President announced that the meeting was closed.

The vast assemblage then dispersed quietly.

The World's Temperance Convention.

We had necessarily to exclude many valuable addresses or reports of speeches made during the afternoon and evening meetings of the Convention. We now supply the deficiency, and first give a synopsis of the speech delivered by Dr. Lees of England, delegate from the British Temperance Association. We advise the reader to go carefully through this speech, and if he or she do not find food for thought, then we shall be sorry for such, very sorry. Dr. Lees said:—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, said he, I do not know that I have anything special to address to you upon the present occasion, but, as the representative of the oldest Teetotal association in the world, I may convey to you, however feebly, yet most sincerely, the feelings of sympathy and respect entertained by the British Teetotalers towards their American friends. We do not pretend to teach you upon this great question, for you are your disciples, and gladly acknowledge that you are our fathers. It was from you, twenty years ago, that we received those stirring appeals embodied in your prominent documents. From you we have received those startling statistics connected with the dread effect of intemperance, that compelled us to ask at home, "Are these things likewise the same among ourselves?" and we examined the condition of things in our country, and found, alas! that matters were even worse at home than here. Those principles we embraced, and but a few years had passed away, before—being earnestly advocated by the men of Preston,—thousands and tens of thousands of the victims of intemperance were redeemed to the doctrine of true Temperance, and multiplied tens of thousands of happy homes, testifying the benefits of that great truth that you sent to us; and, under these circumstances, can we not feel and gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to you? Gentlemen, in taking these principles from your documents, and in applying them to our own case, we saw no reason to be ashamed, for upon our inquiry, we discovered that the principles upon which your association was founded, are, and were, based upon the sound doctrine of nature, science and philosophy, and I will add, of revealed truth. Since that period, a multitude of investigations have been made upon this question, and much opposition has been encountered, but, thanks to truth, it has been overcome. The trophies and triumphs of these truths have increased from day to day, and from year to year, and you in this country, I am sure, have no conception of the power against which we had to battle at home. England is a land in which fashion and custom must of necessity be stronger than in your new and great country. But we saw what you had done—we were encouraged by your efforts—we were stimulated by your appeals, and we were determined to conflict against the prejudices of ancient custom and fashion, the calumnies of the press, the banded interest of thousands and tens of thousands interested in the traffic, destroying the best hopes of Britain; and we went on from conquering to conquer. And now I have the pleasure of informing you, that fighting under the banner which you first raised, of teetotal and universal abstinence from everything that can intoxicate, millions have become disciples to the truth, and multitudes have been relieved from the bondage of intemperance, and made blessings to themselves and blessings to others. Perhaps, for a short time, you may permit me to express what we conceive to be the great truths lying at the basis of this movement, and to give you a

bird's eye view of the principles as we view them, as they stand before our national eye of truth. The first evidence presented to us, in the face of ancient custom and the fears of the population, as to abandoning the use of intoxicants, was connected with the supposition that they were necessary to our health and to our enjoyment; but the first answer to this, which we came with every day, and multiplied with every year, was experience. We tried the principle, and soon men rose and declared the great truth that they were better in every respect in body, in disposition, and in soul, for the higher duties of earth, and better and clearer as regarded their hopes of the future as the practitioners of a pure cold water doctrine, than when they used any quantity of liquor, which defiled the brain and polluted the blood. Logic and common sense came to our aid, and we said, that if vast bodies of men were better without these drinks than with a limited use of them, then they must be worse with them than without them, and the people embraced the doctrine, seeing this truth. Experience having settled the question, we were prepared to battle upon the ground of Science. There is a mighty difference in advocating the Temperance cause in America and Britain. We, in England, must be battled out of our prejudices step by step, and we must have an argument for everything; but you, with your young heart responsive to the social and political reforms of your time, spring forth to political action more readily than we do. This is your glory, see that you abuse it not. This young and bursting energy of your race is to accomplish wonders for the future. Step by step we have combated for the doctrine of Teetotalism with the chemist and with the political press. We went upon the broad basis of Philosophy, and declared that our doctrine accorded to the true interpretation of nature, was true and could not be gainsaid. We said that God speaking through revelation must be in harmony; and the more we investigated the matter were we more fully convinced that God, in humanity, in nature, in history, and in the ancient records of inspiration, speaks one great truth, and that truth is in favor of the doctrine of Total Abstinence from that which intoxicates. Man, upon the ground of science, beginning with A B C, said that which God has provided for us is good, else why is it made? We appealed to nature as the best chemist, and we discovered that it was not so. Our answer to this was, "Nature knew nothing of alcohol—she rots the grape upon the vine, but she produces not alcohol or wine." The production of these drinks is the result of art and human ingenuity—man has applied and perverted the good thing that God has given him. Then came the physiologists, who told us that it was necessary to take daily a quantity of these things. We said no; He who made man and woman in Paradise—the first perfect man and woman—gave them no alcoholic drink, and that we, as believers in nature, in God, and in revelation could not believe that such drinks were ever admitted into the category of nature's productions, and that it was necessary to a healthy and a happy life. Shortly after this came the great discovery of the German chemists, and then based upon the pillars of science the teetotal temple was raised up in glorious beauty, never more to be disturbed, firm as the pillars of the universe itself. I refer here to the great discoveries of Liebig and others, who analyzed all the products of fruit and grain. Those chemists cast their eyes upon the products of nature, and they discovered, by simple analysis, that all the products given by God for human use consisted of two kinds—No 1 for the human body, and nourishment to build up the various organs and tissues of the living structure, and that nothing affected man so suddenly, and so injuriously to his vital energies as the alcohol, from which we abstain. Gentlemen, we have seen and understand all this, and year after year our disciples are multiplying, and, at this time, no respectable press, or accredited review, in Great Britain, dare take a stand in hostility against us, for although they may differ from us in opinion, yet they have the prudence to decline the contest, although, perhaps, they have not the honesty to confess their weakness. Our cause is sanctioned by Scripture and by science, which must be true, and whatever is against the truth should be destroyed. Truth is mighty, and it must prevail. Gentlemen, it is said that Scripture is against us. We look this matter in the face. There is no land or country in the world where liberty of speech is more fully entertained than in England, and this is one of the proudest boasts of Great Britain. I do not wish to wound your national pride, for you are a noble and a great people; but, perhaps, it may be only humility on your part, to think you are a young people. Wisdom comes only with age. "When I was a boy I spoke as a boy!" but at that period

of life I committed many foolish actions, and so may you. We believe in England that every man has a full right to the expression of his opinion—we listen to him, and when he has finished, endeavor to refute his arguments. I believe that the cause I advocate is true. I believe that the Bible and nature are wonderfully in unison upon this question, and with the Church and the priest on the one hand, and the sceptic upon the other, I take my stand and defy the entire world to show that God in the Bible ever sanctioned the use of the drunkard's drink. We went into the inquiry, and I will tell you the result. What was the first thing that God gave to man? Was it intoxicating drink? No!—but products of the vegetable order, and he did not say that such food was given for brewing beer or wine, but that it should be for food. There is no evading that law. Three thousand years after that period Moses proclaimed in Deuteronomy, "When you go forth to besiege a city, see that you cut not down the fruit trees, for these have not sinned against you." They are the products of the Almighty's hand; he made and gave them to his children, and therefore, in the exigencies of war, it is a sin against humanity and against the Father of all men, to destroy the food which he has given to his children. Moses read the law as you read it—the noble advocates of the Maine Law, who seek to put down that traffic. Its consequences are evil, because it goes against the primitive truth of nature. We went to the Bible and saw that this was in harmony with the divine mind. Go wherever you will in antiquity—to the classic regions of Greece, to the deserts of Arabia, or the wilds of Scythia, and you will find that this doctrine is practiced. It is necessary that the body should be pure in order to the soul being pure and active. This must be the appropriate temple for the spirit of the living God, and if you defile that temple in which the spirit dwells, you defile the spirit itself. We borrowed this doctrine from you, and we return it to you with our hearty commendations. We will adhere to it forever. Intemperance interferes with the health, the temper, the social prosperity—with the laws, with the political economy, with the courage, with the advancement, with the education, and with the religion and virtue of the human race, and the highest sanction of earth and Heaven, of the past and future, demand that we should, as far as we can, exterminate the great destroyer. You dwell in a wonderful age. To you the nations of the East are now looking—to you, in whose bosom burns the love of liberty exhibited by the old Puritan Fathers—to you we are looking for the future steps in this work. Finish the work so nobly commenced, and the magnificent destiny and glorious opportunity before you will make you the future glory of the world and the wonder of all ages.

Read the Evidence.

If you really wish to know whether the Maine Law be efficient, read the testimony of those who are in a position to know all about it. Many have doubted it who wished to doubt. We pity these; but if they will only read what follows, they will surely be convinced that Maine is better off under the Maine Law regime than before. The *New York Tribune* says:—

There are so many men who would like to be deemed honest, who affect to doubt whether the Prohibitory Law has really diminished Liquor-drinking in Maine, that we feel frequently obliged to recur to the testimony on this point. Theoretical guesses as to what the effect of a proposed law will probably be, are well enough in the absence of facts; but where a law has been in force for nearly two years, theories are nothing, statistics everything. We dare you, gentlemen, who affect to doubt on theoretical grounds the good effects of the Maine Law, to scrutinize the facts!

Rev. W. H. Hadley, who writes the following letter, is Minister at Large to the Poor of Portland, the chief city of Maine, and devotes his time and energies to visiting the Poor in their houses, and there advising, admonishing and helping them. If he don't know what is the general effect of the Maine Law, no man can know it. He has been appealed to as a witness by enemies as well as friends of that

Law. In reply to these appeals, he has just written as follows:—

OFFICE OF THE MINISTRY AT LARGE, }
PORTLAND, ME., Sept. 6, 1853. }

Dear Sir.—Your communication of the 6th inst. is this moment received; and although the immediate demands upon my time, pertaining to my calling, are this morning numerous and urgent, I lay them all aside to repel the miserable representations concerning the operations of our Liquor Law, to which you allude.

The duties of my profession do not allow me much time or opportunity to write or speak on the subject of Temperance or the Maine Law, or to attend meetings where these subjects are discussed; but when such gross and abominable falsehoods are fabricated, and sent out from this place, as those referred to in your letter, I could let nothing short of immediate calls to attend upon the sick or dying, hinder me from contradicting them. I have scarcely written or spoken publicly a word upon these subjects for more than a year, until yesterday, when I wrote a short letter to Rev. Mr. Chapin, of New York, giving him some statistics of the liquor traffic, which I have just collected. I was requested more than a month ago by Professor Rust, of Masonic College, Tennessee, to answer certain questions which he proposed concerning the operations of the Law, &c., which I promised to do; but partly owing to a want of time, I had determined to postpone my letter to him till after our approaching election, when I shall furnish him with many facts which I have been collecting, some of which I will state to you.

I am prepared to say, that during my residence here as minister to the poor for the space of four years and five months, there never has been less demand for charity in cases where intemperance has been the cause, than during the past five months. Political demagogues and the haters of the Maine Law and its author, may ascribe to me what motive they please, in making this assertion. Suffice it to say, that, so far as I cherish *political opinions and sympathies*, I am with the party last year in power, and not with the present city or State Administration, nor with Mr. Neal Dow. I never received, and never expect a personal favor from Mr. Dow. In religious opinions, he and myself are apart *to toto cælo*. You say that your informant says that "John Neal's assertions are all true—that there is more drinking in Portland than ever," and that Mr. Hadley has said that he wishes the law repealed." Of Mr. Neal's *assertions*, I am not disposed to say much. I am willing they should go for all they are worth. They have not appeared to me to be calculated to injure the Law—certainly not in Portland, and I think not in the State of Maine. I wish everybody who has time, would carefully read them all. But as to there being "more drinking in Portland than ever,"—this is such a *palpable falsehood* that it needs no refutation here.

I have embraced every opportunity for a month past, to collect statistics of the former liquor traffic in this city and through the State. My information was not derived from "ramrods" nor from enthusiastic admirers of the Maine Law. Much of it is received from those who were opposed to it when it went into effect, *nearly all* from those who have been extensively engaged in the trade or manufacture of the article, and several of whom did not relinquish it till compelled by the statute in question. And what is the result of my researches and inquiries?

First,—of distilleries. Of these there were for many years previous to the year 1836, seven in operation, some with two, some with three coppers. One of those with two coppers—by no means the largest or most efficient, was accustomed to turn out 500 gallons a day, regularly, month after month, year after year! One *single* copper in another establishment was of sufficient capacity to produce 900 gallons a day. Allowing 250 gallons to each copper, and two of the distilleries to have three of these—a calculation below the truth, we have the amount of 4,000 gallons per diem, or 1,252,000 gallons a year, to say nothing of *Sundays*. One man told me that *several* of these distilleries were accustomed to operate on the *first* day of the week!

Then, there *was* a time when 400,000 gallons came through the Custom House in a year. In my hasty note to Mr. Chapin, I supposed this to be when the distilleries were in full operation. There may be a slight error in this calculation. But be it as it may,—the most respectable merchants in this city, whose statements are beyond question as to veracity, who have been most extensively engaged in the trade, assure me that the most of their sales were of liquors brought from Boston, New-York, &c., not

through the Custom House. The language of one of the most intelligent and respectable of these men is, that what came through the Custom House "was but as a drop of a bucket," and he gave it as his cool, deliberate opinion, *that not more than one FIFTH part as much liquor is now sold and consumed in this city and throughout this State as there was twenty and thirty years ago*—when the population of both city and State were not much more than half what it is at present. Others, equally well qualified to judge, express a similar opinion.

One of our most respectable merchants positively asserts, that he has sold *four times* as much himself in a year, as he has any reason to believe has been sold in the same time here, since the enactment of the law, and at the time there were nine or ten large wholesale liquor stores in the city, some of which sold much more than he did, to say nothing of what was sent out directly from the distilleries. If there is any necessity for it, I presume these gentlemen will allow me to use their names, but I choose not to do it without their permission. One of them asserts that he seldom if ever sold a bill of goods, in the time alluded to, that was not headed by a hoghead of N.E. Rum, next a barrel of W. I. Rum, &c. I have made particular inquiry as to whence came the *foreign liquors, wines, brandies, gins, rum, &c.*, and the uniform response has been "they were manufactured chiefly in Boston and New York"—they were "mixed." Now, admitting what is provable to a demonstration—that about a million and a quarter of gallons was manufactured here—and what appears to be undoubted—that almost as much more was brought here from abroad, besides that came through the Custom House, which was but a "drop of a bucket," we have the snug little amount of two and a half millions of gallons, when our population was not more than sixteen or seventeen thousand. We ought to have at least four millions now, to make the equal proportion! How is it? Have we really more than one thousand gallons a week brought into this city in *coat pockets, four barrels and cases in imitation of Bibles?* I do not believe it. It is true that there is a little illicitly smuggled in, and that occasionally some of our "promising" young men are "guzzling" it in their rooms. What then? Why, the Law has not yet wholly annihilated the use of alcohol, nor corrected the vicious habits of all the slaves of appetite. But it has closed more than three hundred grog-shops, and stopped the open trade entirely. We have not now a drop manufactured here—none comes through the Custom House, and most that is used is secreted in Irish dens. Gentel and fashionable families make some use of wines and liquors—not a fourth part as much as formerly, and not more than they did three years ago. But, perhaps, you or some one may ask if the traffic in liquors did not greatly diminish before the enactment of the law. I will let these wholesale dealers answer,—the very men who say that it has diminished *forty-nine-fiftieths*. None of these have put the diminution at more than *two-thirds*, before June, 1851; most of them say one-half. Call it two-thirds. Then public opinion and human progress diminished it from its worst state about thirty-three parts, (or two-thirds,) and the Maine Law sixteen parts or *sixteen seventieths* at once! This is not derived, I repeat, from the special friends of the law, but partly from its enemies, and mostly from those who have become its friends by seeing its operation. There are many such among our most influential citizens.

I would no more dispute a man who says that there is more drinking in Portland than ever, than I would dispute one who should say that he had seen Tom Thumb and Goliath standing on a level, and that Tom was head and shoulders higher than Goliath. But I do not claim so much for the Law as my informants allow. I do, indeed, think that the sale and consumption has fallen off 49-50, but I think that the Law has only reduced the amount to about *one-tenth*, on the whole of what it was three years ago.

I wish to speak of the retail trade as I found it, and as the Law found it, and of its effects, but time will not possibly allow at present.

Finally: "I have said I wished the Law repealed." Did I say so? when? where? to whom?

I now simply say, that this is an absolute, unqualified falsehood. I never said any such thing, never. I would not have that Law repealed at this time for all the wealth of this city: I think I would not to save my own life, without a proper substitute. I have said that I would be willing to have it exchanged for anything better. So I would. Let me know what is better. There

may, for aught I know, in the progress of human skill, be something better discovered. It has already been improved; it may be made still better. But it has proved a thousand fold better than all its predecessors in the character of legal enactments. It is growing daily more and more into favor with our people. I thought I knew of one man who was once in favor of it who is now opposed to it, but he declares that he was *always* thoroughly opposed to it, and so I do not know of one who has changed his opinion against it, but of hundreds who were opposed or distrustful, who are now its ardent supporters.

I regret the necessity of writing on so important a subject with such great haste; but you have such simple facts as I can furnish at a minute's notice, and put on paper in the briefest possible time.

Yours, very respectfully,

W. H. HADLEY, Minister at Large.

Rev. T. W. Higginson, Worcester, Mass.

The Carson League.

During the sittings of the World's Temperance Convention, Mr. Carson was desired to give an exposition of the League which bears his name. He did so on the afternoon of Thursday, the third day of the session, and spoke in substance as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT,—For many years the friends of temperance have been endeavoring in various ways to do something to rid the country of the curse of Rum-selling. We have made speeches, passed resolutions and sung songs, but our efforts have been unsuccessful. Parties have been organized but no definite plan of action has been adopted, and the rum power, embodying the money power, the political power and the legal power of the country, has been able to successfully attack friends, fathers, and children, and to make us pay them for it. We propose in our plan to combine the money, the political and the legal power, for the benefit of temperance. To illustrate, we will suppose the existence of a town having one million of dollars of taxable property. The taxes upon the property amount to fifty cents upon one thousand dollars, and that of this amount it has been shown by authentic statistics that thirty-five cents is swallowed up either directly or indirectly in supporting the results of rum-selling; the pauper's courts, criminal law-suits, assaults and batteries, penitentiaries and jails. The rum power have the assessors and collectors, and the taxes must be collected or the property sold under the hammer. There are generally from fifteen to forty rum-shops in every country town, and by these rum-shops the ballot-box is controlled. Every grog-shop can produce from five to fifty votes, and politicians, understanding this, seek to get the influence of as many grog-shops as possible, and the man that gets the influence of the most grog-shops is generally the successful candidate. We have a law in the State against rum selling. Supervisors, under the influence of the rum interest, select drunken Grand and Petty Juries, and with drunken Judges, the law becomes as a cypher. Here it will be seen that rum has also the political and legal power also.

The statute law prescribes that at least twenty-five dollars can be collected for every glass of liquor sold, and thus the man who sells four glasses of liquor becomes indebted to the town in the sum of \$100, and yet no judge or jury can bring himself to the resolution to bring in a verdict of guilty in such cases. Again, we have a law of the State constituting it a misdemeanor to sell liquor, and any citizen can, by going before a Justice of the Peace, get a warrant issued for the individual guilty of the offence, and the grand Jury can indict and a Judge fine him in the sum of \$250, and imprison him likewise. We propose in the League to assess the property of the town and take thirty-five cents out of every \$1,000 worth of property, if needs be, (which is the amount now paid to support rum selling,) and apply it to the suppression of the traffic. There is economy in the method, for the cause are taken care of instead of the effects. Wherever we can concentrate the money, political and legal powers, and a few men to use that power, there is no difficulty in shutting up the rum-shops immediately.

There are very few men, especially those in our cities or villages, who will work in the cause of Temperance. They may hold meetings, sing songs, and pass resolutions, but when it comes to

practically apply the means at their command, they shrink back because they fear the influence of the Rum power.

In Yates County in this State, about the middle of last December, there were forty-six rumsellers in the County Site, Penn Yan. After having suffered for years, a meeting was held to adopt means to put an end to the traffic. Our plans were there discussed and explained to the people, and were received with favor. We requested that the ministers should on the next Sunday preach each a sermon on individual responsibility. This was done. On the next Tuesday evening a meeting was held wherein \$300,000 worth of property was entered for assessment. A committee of ladies and gentlemen canvassed the place, and the amount was increased to a million dollars of property to be taxed to put down the Rum traffic. We taxed this to the amount of \$500, and when we had proceeded so far the Rumsellers shut up their shops. There was the evidence not simply of a moral sentiment in the community but also of a moral power. The directors of the league formed, came together and hired a man whose sole duty was to prosecute Rumsellers. The drunkard's wife and children were notified that if the husband or father got drunk that information as to who sold the liquor could be left with the agent of the league. In a short time the organization was perfected throughout the county, and soon every grog-shop was shut up except those which were licensed, and then men who sold liquor had to do it according to law. A few days after some half dozen young men left a grogery drunk about 12 o'clock on Saturday night, where they had been silly drinking, and one of them fell before railroad cars and had his arm cut off by its being run over. He was taken to his father's house, and as soon as he was able, the agent went to him, procured the names of those who had sold the liquor, and some two or three men were arrested and bound over to appear before the Grand Jury. They were tried and convicted, and one fined \$25, and the other \$50. One paid up, being satisfied that it was a sin to sell rum; the other refused and was sent to jail, but at the end of two or three days he also became satisfied that it was a sin, paid up, and finding that he could not sell rum, he swore that no body else should if he could not, and now he is one of the most efficient men engaged in the work. No temperance man can equal in usefulness a well-whipped rum-seller, though he might sing songs from June to January.

In Chautauque County they have \$4,000,000 worth of property which may be taxed to put rumsellers in jail, but not to pay them with, and the excellent workings of the plan may be seen wherever it has been tried; and if the people of New York are willing to pay a small tax on their property, and desire to have the rum traffic stopped, it can be stopped completely in 60 days.

In some parts, where it has been tried, the jails have ceased to be occupied, except by rumsellers, and that is what is wanted. The Maine Law is a good enactment, but we want some means of enforcing it, or else it will be good for nothing.

The rest of the remarks of the speaker went further to illustrate the workings of the movement. He was listened to with much interest.

Mr. Cunningham, of the District of Columbia, moved that Mr. Carson should submit his "League" to the Committee on Permanent Organization. The motion was seconded and passed.

Woman's Rights at the Convention.

In our account of the World's Convention we said but little respecting the intrusion of a certain party, by whose proceedings the business was retarded, and disturbance followed. We did not think it advisable to enter into the dispute, or assign reasons for our concurrence in the action of the Convention. To persons at a distance, and who are not acquainted with the state of parties in the United States, it would seem almost rash to prevent Miss Brown from speaking, since her reported addresses prove that she can speak a great deal better than many men; and then, to eject Mr. Phillips, whose talents are acknowledged to be of a very high order. But the whole case needs to be understood. Was it really and sincerely the

desire of these parties to identify themselves simply with the temperance movement, and to promote that cause in its entirety without sinister designs? We think it was not. We are sorry to think so, but are compelled thus to think, and therefore thus to write. We are confirmed in our judgment by the opinion of many earnest and sincere Christian men and editors. We quote the following from the pen of the Rev. D. Wise, Editor of the *Zion's Herald* and *Wesleyan Journal*, of Boston, and with that quotation leave the matter in the hands of our readers:—

"As our readers know, this Convention was seriously disturbed by the intrusion of several of those notorious pseudo-reformers who follow the leadership of Wm. L. Garrison and his clan. Wendell Phillips, Esq., a man whose rare talents are worthy of a higher and better use than that of propagating the impracticable uterisms of his chief, and a certain Miss Brown, who rejoices in the prefix of Reverend, and who is said to be a minister of a Unitarian Church, were the prominent actors on this occasion. The latter attempted to force her lucubrations upon an audience who did not wish to hear her; the former endeavored to insist on her right to speak. Very properly, as we think, did the Convention resist this intrusion; the sneer of the *Tribune*—quoted by our correspondent last week—to the contrary notwithstanding. In refusing to hear Miss Brown, the Convention was actuated, not by any prejudice against woman or her true rights, but by a determination to keep the Temperance cause out of the hand of a nest of infidels. Had the representatives of the Garrison party been admitted to the platform of that Convention, their success would have emboldened them to intrude in like manner on the Temperance platform generally. Once tolerated, they would use their opportunities to spread their obnoxious ideas respecting the church and the Scriptures, as they do on their so-called Anti Slavery platform; and our Temperance gatherings would speedily resemble those conventions, in which everything but the condition of the slave is discussed; and where the church is caricatured, and every man denounced who will not consent to worship Mr. Garrison as the embodiment of all true humanity and religion. Hence, in our opinion, the Convention acted wisely in silencing Miss Brown and in ejecting Mr. Phillips. In doing so, there was necessarily some confusion; but it is far better to suffer a little unpleasant agitation than to surrender a great moral cause to a band of avowed infidels."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to have the opportunity of informing you that the Temperance cause in old Missisquoi has not altogether died out. Through the energetic influence of a few of its staunch friends, from Stanbridge Ridge and St. Armand West, a County meeting was called to meet on Pigeon Hill (St. Armand West) on the 27th ult., at which place a large concourse of people assembled at an early hour, filled apparently with as much zeal for the cause as formerly, and after listening for an hour to one of the best addresses on the subject, and eloquently delivered by Rev. Mr. Clement, from Vermont, the assemblage repaired to a bowery prepared for the occasion, which did great credit to its originators, and there partook of a sumptuous feast, under the direction of Mr. D. Brimmer, jun., as principal marshal on the occasion. The assemblage again repaired into the Chapel, and listened with great interest to remarks from Rev. Messrs. Ingal's and Champlin, W. Morgan, Esq., and others, on the different resolutions, after which a new County Society was formed under the same banner as the old one, viz.—"The Missisquoi County Total Abstinence Association," with the following gentlemen for its officers:—W. Morgan, Esq., President; J. Ager, D. Brimmer, H. Bowright, L. Stevens, and C. H. Lee, Vice-Presidents; J. H. Smith, Treasurer.

WM. HICKOK, Secretary.

M. C. T. A. A.

Philipsburg, Sept. 28, 1853.

'moody' was that which pertained to a man's mood, without any gloom of sullenness implied. 'Demure' (which is *des maeris*, of good manners) conveyed no hint, as it does now, of an over-doing of the outward demonstration of modesty; in 'crafty' and 'cunning' there was nothing of crooked wisdom implied, but only knowledge and skill—'craft,' indeed, still retains very often its more honourable use, a man's craft being his skill, and then the trade in which he is well skilled. And think you that the Magdalen could have ever given us 'maudlin' in its present contemptuous application, if the tears of penitential weeping had been held in due honour in the world?—*French on the Study of Words.*

"Punch" records a fact:—The most striking illustration of the saying, that the pith of a lady's letter is in the postscript, which we never heard of, was that of a young lady, who, having gone out to India, and writing home to her friends, concluded in these words:—"You will see by my signature that I am married!"

Man was never intended to be idle: Inactivity frustrates the very design of his creation; whereas an active life is the best guardian of virtue, and the greatest preservative of health.

AN OBEDIENT CHILD.—No object is more pleasing than a meek and obedient child. It reflects honor upon its parents, for their wise management. It enjoys much ease and pleasure, to the utmost limit of what is fit. It promises excellency and usefulness; to be, when age has matured the human understanding, a willing subject in all things to the government of God. No object, on the contrary, is more shocking, than a child under no management! We pity orphans, who have neither father nor mother to care for them. A child indulged is more to be pitied; it has no parent: it is its own master—peevish, forward, headstrong, blind:—born to a double portion of trouble and sorrow, above what fallen man is heir to; not only miserable itself, but worthless, and a plague to all who in future will be connected with it.—*Juvenile Penny Magazine.*

THE CADET.—"Devoted to the interests of the Daughters and Juvenile Teetotalers of B. N. America." This interesting and instructive miscellany, published by Mr. J. C. Becket, Montreal, and specially intended for the young, continues to fulfil the promise of its earlier numbers, and to increase in attraction and usefulness. The August number contains a pleasing variety of original and selected reading, and keeps up the well sustained character of its preceding numbers. We cordially recommend this excellent little publication to our numerous readers. The subscription is fixed at the trifling sum of 1s. 3d. per annum. Need we add that such a nominal cost, this little magazine should be found in every family circle in the Province. It has our best wishes for increasing patronage and success.—

The News, St. Johns, C. E.

THE BIBLE IS ALWAYS FRESH.—The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrant; but these unfading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful. Their bloom appears to be doubly heightened, fresh odors are emitted, and new sweets are drawn from them. He who hath once tasted their excellence, will desire to taste them yet again; and he who tastes them oftenest will relish them best.

WISE COUNSEL.—About three hours before the death of the well-known James Hervey, he affectionately addressed his friend, Dr. Stonehouse, on the importance of his everlasting concerns, and entreated him not to be overcharged with the cares of this life; but to attend, amidst the multiplicity of his business, to the one thing needful, adding:—

Which done, the poorest can no wants endure,
And which not done, the richest must be poor.

WATER MELON BUTTER.—Split the water melon open,

with a spoon scrape out the pulps into a cullender, and strain the water into vessels; boil it down to syrup, then put in apples or peaches, like making apple butter or any kind of preserves. Or the syrup may be boiled without fruit down to molasses, which will be found to be as fine as the best sugar-house molasses. The season for making this table sauce is at hand; those who wish to partake of it should prepare for the event.

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

JONES AND THE SNAIL.—A quaint old gentleman, of an active and stirring disposition, had a man at work in his garden who was quite the reverse. "Jones," said he to him one morning, "did you ever see a snail?" "Certainly," said Jones. "Then," said the old gentleman, "you must have met him, for you could never overtake him."

Use not evasions when called upon to do a good thing; nor excuses when you are reproached for doing a bad one.

Choice Poetic Selections.

THE THINKER AND THE DOER.

(From Household Words.)

One sits at home, with pale, impassive brow,
Bent on the eloquence of lifeless letters,
Noting man's thoughts from Mind's first dawn till now,
When Truth seems, Heaven-inspired, to burst her fetters.

Another plies the force of stalwart limbs,
And keen wit sharpen'd by the whirl of action;
For midnight lore no studious lamp he trims,
Curtain'd and muffled from the world's distraction.

Two destinies, converging to one end,
The glorious issue of all human labors,
Where in harmonious union softly blend
The praise of God, the profit of our neighbors.

Each has his gift: the stamp affixed at birth,
That marks him for the servant of a master,
The chosen steward of His realm of earth;
The shepherd watching for a higher pastor.

Each has his crown of earthly laurels here,
Gather'd and woven by the hand of mortals;
And, when the spirit city's towers appear,
Dropp'd on his brow by angels at its portals.

Judge not which serves his mighty Master best,
Haply thou mightest be true worth's detractor,
For each obeys his nature's high behest,
The close-pent thinker and the busy actor.

TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

The sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas is rent in twain:
The marble stone is pierced at length
With little drops of drizzling rain:
The ox doth yield unto the yoke;
The steel obeys the hammer's stroke.

Yea, man himself, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthy skill,
Doth fade at length, to fall away.
There is nothing but time doth waste;
The heavens, the earth, consume at last.

But virtue sits triumphant still
Upon the throne of glorious fame;
Though spiteful death man's body kill,
Yet hurts he not his virtuous name.
By life or death, whate'er betides,
The state of virtue never slides.

Galilee and Judea, in founding a new dispensation, and is then put to death as a blasphemer and malefactor. What he did, what he taught, and what he suffered during those three brief years, became instantly a spring of spiritual life to the world. Dreamy, distorted, grotesque notions of God and his purposes, of man and his destiny, give place to clearer, nobler, more consistent, and more exalted views. Conscience recovers its sensitiveness, and exerts its all-conquering power. Society feels its heart throbb with new life. There has evidently been infused into it an element of nervous vitality, to which it has been long a stranger. The spiritual in man's nature, obedient to some invisible law, struggles with the material, and proves its title to supremacy, and its competence to maintain it. Life gains upon death. Sensibility, power, enjoyment, in respect to divine things, to truth, to righteousness, to communion with the Highest, widen their domains, and the limits within which healthy action goes on are rapidly enlarged. There is resistance—but to no purpose. A religious life has been evoked, and cannot be stifled by coarse and violent methods. Nor scoffs, nor threats, nor sword, nor sin, nor learning, nor philosophy, can put that which, but a few years before, it seemed impossible to kindle. Rome smiles incredulously at first—then feels in its own veins the tingle of spiritual vitality—struggles to expel the strange vision—and is itself subdued. Much, perhaps, of what meets the eye is symptomatic only; but beneath it, and perceptible to unprejudiced observation, there is a substantial reality—a faith that can remove mountains—a full assurance of hope—the hope of immortality—a constraining and victorious love. As we watch the marvellous progress of this novel religious movement, and mark on every hand the indications of its power and depth, we naturally ask by what means and influence it is promoted. Averting our attention from everything claiming to be regarded as miraculous, we have nothing left but the earnest proclamation of simple-minded men of certain facts and doctrines of which the departed Jesus was the centre—no power of law, no influence of rank and station, no worldly wealth, no flattering bait to the sensual passions, no political acts or promises embodying the vain wishes of the vulgar. A few men agree in testifying to certain marvels which they cannot but have themselves believed, and give such additional force to their testimony as sanctity of life can impart. That is all—literally all. But the spiritual life which they generated by this seemingly inadequate instrumentality, rapidly increases in volume, passes to all the principal seats of cultured intelligence, possesses, pervades, assimilates them, and establishes itself in the world as a permanent power. Gradually, the reaction of Paganism oppresses it, and a long and dreary winter of priestcraft drives that life beneath the surface of human affairs, to manifest itself only here and there, at infrequent intervals. But scarcely does mind awaken from the slumber and incoherent dreams of centuries, than this same life, nurtured by the same truths, and marked by the same power as of old, bursts forth again. It remains, to this day, the strongest moral element of which we have any knowledge. Numberless are the instances in which it grapples with human selfishness, and subdues it, as no other known agency does or can. Countless are the disquieted and trembling souls which it soothes to peace, and into the darkness of which it radiates a "blessed hope." It is modifying for good the spirit of the times—developing to an extent surpassing all former precedent, man's interest in, and care for, his fellow-man—tempering modern civilization in, and care for, his fellow-man—tempering modern civilization with a genial glow—and bringing into more healthful and active play the heart's purest and most disinterested affections. And all present probabilities point to a future, in which its sway shall be much more extensive—in which it shall possess the larger part of the world's population, and, by the intelligence, enterprise, and influence with which it has become associated, undermine and overthrow all less vital systems of religious faith and worship.

—*Basis of Belief*, by Edward Miall, M.P., London, 1853.

Pity the Poor Drunkard.

BY THOMAS SMEETON.

THE "MODERATE" DRINKERS' PITY FOR THE DRUNKARD.

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," and we wish thee quite as well
As those fiery hot, cold water folks, but dare not so rebel
Against the rules of custom, or from the olden habits pass,
So much as quite to fling away the spirit-cheering glass.

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," but our sorrows don't extend
To giving up of *that we love*, thy hapless case to mend;
If we were drunkards, we'd abstain, but cannot clearly see
That tho' *thou art thus fallen*, we should do as much for thee.

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," and we see thy weeping wife
A wretched, sad, and haggard thing, grown weary of a life
Made scarcely worth the caring for, and grieve to see it so;
But cannot spare "our little drop" our sympathy to show.

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," and thy starving children too,
And we think that "Total Abstinence" is just the thing for you;
But we cannot take thee by the hand, and lead thee to this cure,
Because we must *abstain ourselves*, and that we can't endure.

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," and we think that this society
Is "just the plan" to bring poor sots to comfort and sobriety;
To fill the foodless euphoard, and the hopeless heart to cheer,
And would help it—but, the help includes the forfeiture of beer.

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," and we tremble lest thy sov'ri
Should be sacrificed, and perish, through the barchanalian bowl;
And we fain would draw thee from the sin that would thy spirit slay,
But, still, on this account we cannot give our drink away.

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," and we wish the House of Prayer
Were filled by *such as sing awan*, that God's own Gospels there
Might reach the rocky heart thro' grace, and turn its gloom to-day,
But cannot fill the House of God in this "Teetotal way."

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," and perhaps thou once didst find
In Jesus' blood a balsam, for thy sin-distracted mind,
And thro' "strong drink" didst stumble, and forsake the gospel
track—

But we cannot give our LIQUOR up to bring our "brother" back.

THE TEETOTALERS' PITY FOR THE DRUNKARD.

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," and in token of our grief,
Have join'd the band, who, heart and hand, go forth to thy relief,
And think the sacrifice *but small*, if, by our doing so,
We "lessen, by a feather's weight, the sum of human woe."

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," and have chosen to abstain,
In hopes that by *example led*, thou mayst once more regain
Thy standing in society—he freed from want and care—
And finally be led to breathe the penitential prayer.

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," and may He who dwells above
Smile on this work of merrry, in the spirit of his love—
Till drunkenness, and all its woes, are banished from the land,
And peace, and joy, and piety, prevail on either hand.

Oh! speed the time, dear Saviour, when *thy saints* shall all abstain
From that which *robs thy church*, and fills the earth with sin and
pain—

That cleansed from all that "doth defile," thy Zion may be given
To work thy perfect "will on earth, as it is done in heav'n."

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything
whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.—
Rom. xiv. 21.

Far from thinking the temperance reformation a *sole means* of
converting sinners from the error of their ways, we deem it to be
but an *auxiliary* to the great cause of religious truth; it is in-
tended *not to supersede*, but to *make way* for other means.—J.
A. James.

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(Compiled for Montreal Witness, Sept. 23, 1853.)

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J. C. BECKET.

Montreal, September, 1853.

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—OR—

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V.—The Lowly Cot.

VI.—The Board of Excise.

VII.—The Satanic License—Horrible Dram.

VIII.—The Temperance Meeting.

IX.—The Change.

X.—Resuming the Work of Death.

XI.—The Petition.

XII.—The Issue.

XIII.—The Experience Meeting.

XIV.—Villainy Developed.

XV.—A Pocket Argument.

XVI.—Force of Public Sentiment.

XVII.—Legitimate Fruits.

XVIII.—The Closing Scene.

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August 10th, 1853.

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Port Lewis, 7th June, 1853.

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