

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
								✓			

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

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

VOL. XVIII.]

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 15, 1852.

No. 19

Music and the Maine Law.
(From the Advocate and Home Circle.)

In a pleasant apartment, surrounded with various evidences of feminine and refined taste, sat two or three young ladies, one evening, each occupied in some congenial employment. One was scanning the pages of the evening paper, another was engaged in the exciting employment of embroidering, in worsted, a blue dog reposing on scarlet roses, while the third reclined listlessly upon a lounge, evidently thinking of nothing in particular.

"What paragon of perfection we ought to be, Kate," said the reader, a young lady, whose fine face indicated great intelligence and vivacity, looking up from the paper she held. "Here is an article addressed to the ladies, on the subject of the Maine Law, three columns and a half long."

"Is it interesting?" asked the industrious one, without looking up from her sewing.

"Can't say, not having read it," replied the other; "but I will read it for your benefit, if you wish, because you are interested in the Maine Law. As for myself, I don't suppose it will do me any good, because my mind is already made up, and then you know, just like Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin—I've so wicked."

"What's that about the Maine Law?" said the third young lady, rousing herself with a great effort from her listless attitude. "Don't read anything about it, I implore, Ellen, for I am tired to death of hearing about it, and about the Fugitive Slave Law, and the Baltimore Convention."

"But I will, Jane," said her sister, "for now I think of it, your mind needs enlightening on the subject. Was it yesterday," she continued, looking mischievously at Kate, "that I heard you say you did not know the difference between the Maine Law and the Fugitive Slave Law, except that one had something to do with Maine, and the other with slaves. You see, Kate, we are a very literary family."

"Well, I don't know anything about politics, Ellen," said the young lady alluded to, evincing considerable annoyance in her manner, "and Kate knows very well my opinion about ladies meddling with politics. I do not think it is woman's province at all," and she settled herself down into her former attitude, with the air of one who had expressed her profound convictions of duty, and was satisfied with the truth of her assertion.

"The fact is, Kate," said Ellen, scarcely heeding the remark of her sister, and glancing thoughtfully over the paper, "my mind is made up with regard to the Maine Law. Of course I must heartily approve of it, and would do all in my power to sustain it, but the subject is a hackneyed one, and it seems to me, it is impossible to think or express a single original idea respecting it. Perhaps if I had known anything about it by personal experience, I should feel more interested in the matter."

"But the cause is a noble one," said Kate, with animation. "Yes, and deserving of noble efforts," rejoined Ellen; "and for that reason I am the more dissatisfied with the common place Temperance tales, and Temperance dialogues with which I have been regaled ever since I could read. Now, you know I am a member of the Martha Washington Society, and I am sure I would gladly do all in my power to promote its interests, but my efforts all seem so aimless, that I am quite dissatisfied. I like to see great results instantly follow my efforts, just as in juvenile Temperance dialogues—the individual who is supposed to be in the

wrong, after being talked to, and reasoned with for about ten minutes, turns directly about, is immediately convinced of the error of his way, signs the pledge on the spot, and walks away reformed to order, a thorough-going Temperance Advocate. There is some encouragement in that."

"Ellen," said Kate, suddenly, "there is one individual, whom I wish you would make the subject of personal effort. I mean my brother Frederick. I wish you would talk to him about that Club he visits so much."

"Nonsense, Kate, talk to him yourself, about it," said Ellen, coloring slightly. "I haven't any gift at talking, as you know, and besides I am afraid he will think it impertinent interference on my part."

"Not at all," said Kate; "you have a great deal more influence over him than I, and I really begin to grow anxious about him; not that I doubt the integrity of his principles, but I dread the effect of association upon one so easily influenced as he is by those to whom he is partial. You know he is not only very social, but very frank and impulsive, and I dread the influence of some of his wild companions there—Horace Ashley, for instance."

"But Frederick, of course, never drinks to excess," said Ellen; "he has too much self respect."

"Certainly not; but I understand better than you, how, with his peculiar temperament, there is danger in his case. He sees no harm in taking a glass of wine with a friend; and, you know, until very recently, we have always been accustomed to it in our own family."

"Well, I am sure I don't know how to begin, but—here he comes now," said Ellen, and as she spoke, Frederick Lawton, a fine young man, with an extremely winning countenance and manners, entered the parlor.

"Do you feel musically inclined this fine evening, Kate?" he asked, after the usual compliments had been exchanged.

"Why?" asked his sister, looking up from her embroidery.

"Oh, simply because I want to have you practice a little while, for my benefit," said Frederick, producing a music book from under his arm.

"You play, Ellen," said Kate; "Frederick likes your playing better than mine, and then you know, 'music hath charms to soothe a savage,' &c."

"That's it, exactly—thank you," said Frederick Lawton, "I want to be soothed," and he opened the piano, placed the music stool, and then conducted Ellen to the instrument.

"What shall I play?" asked Ellen, lightly running over the keys of the instrument, and glancing at the music before her. "Moore's Irish Melodies! why, they are as old as the hills."

"All the better for that," said Frederick; "it proves that they cannot wear out. But these have been remodelled, regenerated, and otherwise embellished, until they are as pretty as you ladies look, when you appear in new Paris bonnets."

"I hope the words have been improved," said her sister.

"Why so?" said Frederick, with surprise. "Any attempt to improve on Moore's songs, would be like attempting to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, and all that sort of thing. I must say I am astonished at you Kate."

"Music! music, good people!" exclaimed Ellen, trying to look desperate. "Spare your literary discussions for some one that can appreciate them better than I. What shall I play first?"

1. See to it

Frederick turned over the pages of the music book until he reached the song—adapted to a beautiful Irish melody—"Nay, tell me not."

"Here is a song, Ellen, which I am going to sing expressly for your gratification," said he, looking archly at her. "I have been thinking of it ever since our last quarrel," and he commenced with his superb voice—

"Nay, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thine angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in the bright wave yet."

Ellen suddenly ceased playing the accompaniment. "You did not select that, may I inquire, with the intention of appeasing my indignation?" she asked. "Allow me to say that you have made a most decided failure. Don't you know that I belong to the Martha Washington Temperance Society?"

"Why, what has that to do with it?" inquired Frederick, with undisguised astonishment.

"A great deal," said Ellen, "as you will see, if you will read the remainder of the verse."

Frederick accordingly read as follows:—

"Ne'er hath a beam been lost in its stream,
That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
The balm of thy sighs, the light of thine eyes,
Still float on the surface, and hallow the bowl.

Then fancy not dearest that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me,
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

"The bowl but brightens my love for thee," repeated Ellen. "What a delightful, substantial kind of love that must be, that needs brightening up in that way; and what a remarkable bowl that must have been, with frowns mixed up in it, and sighs and tears floating together on its surface. Really it ought to have been sent to Barnum."

"I thought you considered Moore incomparable, as a song writer," remarked Frederick, looking considerably annoyed at this raillery.

"So I did, and so I do," said Ellen. "For exquisite harmony of versification, sparkling fancy, and a certain assimilation of sound to sense, which make his numbers the soul of harmony, he has seldom been equalled—perhaps, as far as my limited knowledge extends, he has not been excelled."

"Why, then, do you enter the lists against him?" inquired Frederick, evidently mollified by this tribute to his favorite author, by one whom he particularly preferred.

"Because I consider the tendencies of his songs, his convivial songs, as most pernicious; and for the reason that they are exquisitely harmonious and graceful, they are far more dangerous than if invested in a less captivating garb. But I don't confine my accusation to Moore. He is only one of a school, who, to use his own words, seem to make it their aim to 'wreath the bowl with flowers of soul.'"

"I suppose, then, it won't do for me to sing this," said Frederick, mischievously turning over the leaves to the song "Come send round the wine."

"Not unless you send me round with a Temperance pledge at the same time," said Ellen.

"Well, but letting alone Moore," said Frederick, affecting great anxiety, "what shall I do with all those delightful German songs, 'Love, Music, and Wine,' 'Crambambali,' and some dozen others, which you and I both admire so much, all those little gay French and Italian airs, we have practiced so often, must we never sing them again?"

"I must not play them again for you," said Ellen, looking rather serious; "that is if I mean to be perfectly consistent. And let me tell you, it will be something of a sacrifice on my part, to refrain from playing them, for you know I am passionately fond of these light graceful melodies."

"What a pity!" said Frederick, though it was difficult to judge from his manner, whether he was in earnest or not. "Now, here are these delightful airs that I was intending to practice to sing at our Club this evening, all written for nothing as far as I am concerned. I promised to learn some new songs for their benefit."

At the word, "Club," Kate and Ellen both looked anxiously at him.

"I was about to add," continued Frederick, meeting their anxious glance with a peculiar agreeable smile of his own, "that, on account of the powerful inducements I have to remain at home, I shall not go to the Club this evening."

"Oh, thank you!" "Thank you!" eagerly exclaimed both young ladies.

Frederick looked gratified.

"Really I shall become insufferably vain, I fear," he said laughing. "If my society is considered such an acquisition. But let us practice something you don't consider objectionable," and in a few minutes he and Ellen were engaged in practicing a beautiful air from Norma.

By and by other company came in, and Jane and Kate withdrew into the adjoining parlor, with them, leaving Frederick and Ellen alone. Frederick stood for a few minutes in silence, turning over the leaves of a music book, while his fine countenance wore a thoughtful, and somewhat anxious expression.

"Ellen," he said at last, "suppose I should promise that I will never visit the Club again—never touch another glass of wine."

Ellen suddenly turned towards him—the tears sprung to her eyes, and a bright flush to her cheek.

"Oh, Frederick!" she laid her hands quickly on his arm, as she spoke, and could say no more; but her radiant face spoke more eloquence than words.

"I have been thinking seriously about it for several days, and have been hesitating what to do. What you said—half in jest—this evening, decided me; and now I promise, seriously, to give up whatever will be likely to tempt me to break my resolution. But will you make me one promise in return?" and Frederick took Ellen's hand, and bent his eloquent face to hers, as he said something in a low voice. Whether the deep blush that suffused her cheek a moment after, or the fact, that a ring, Frederick had previously worn on his fourth finger, was seen on the suspicious finger of Ellen's left hand, the same evening, had any thing to do with said promise, I am unable to say. It is my private opinion that it had. E. G. B.

How to Treat Liquor Dealers.

(From the *Wheeling Gazette*.)

In the progress of the Temperance Reformation the power of moral suasion has been effectually tried upon those who are engaged in this ruinous traffic. The dealer has been made acquainted with the qualities of the article and its effect as well as the buyer. All the sensibilities of his nature have been appealed to—appeals in trumpet tones have come to him from the miserable drunkard, the heart-broken wife, the ragged and starving child.—Alms-houses and prisons crowded with wretched inmates have sent forth their piteous tales. A countless company of liquor dealers ruined in body and estate and reputation, have lifted up their voice of warning, and the whole earth might know the wickedness, and the blighting and damning nature of their business, for God has uttered his voice and pronounced a woe upon him, who dares to put the bottle to his neighbor's lips.

The consequence of all this has been that gradually for twenty years the business of liquor selling has been sinking lower and lower, and in the same degree has sunk the character of those who can afford to engage in it. By a necessity of the case it has fallen more and more into the hands of men bankrupt in conscience and humanity, who are hurrying to get rich, of men who as a class are beyond disgrace by any business, provided they make money. Those with whom reason and moral consideration would have weight have quit the business long ago.

But be the character of the liquor dealer what it may—it alters not the thing he does; it is that we have to do with. There may be individuals engaged in some forms of this traffic who are in other respects estimable men. They may not merit our entire reprobation, but while there may be difference in the men, their work is the same; perhaps even worse, if you view the whole influence of their doings—when done by the quiet respectable man who lends himself to this strange work—than when done by those whose avocation is to do evil. On the former we can only look with surprise and grief, but with dealers, as a class, the case is very different—they are in it as a congenial class.

Let us look at the liquor dealer. He is a man selling for gain

what he knows to be worthless and pernicious in itself, good for none, dangerous to all—deadly to many. He has looked in the face, the sure consequences of his course—and if he can but make a dollar of gain by it, is prepared to corrupt the souls, embitter the lives and blast the prosperity of an infinite number of his fellow creatures. By selling these drinks, he knows with terrible certainty, that besides the havoc of health, lives, homes, and souls, he will, in selling, set afloat a certain, vast amount of property, and that as it is thrown to the winds, some small share of it will float within his grasp. Upon that chance he acts. He knows that if men remain virtuous and thrifty, his craft cannot prosper, but if his drink can only be made to circulate and be consumed in proper quantities then swift desolation will follow, and every pang will bring him pelf—each broken heart will *net* him so much cash, so much from each blasted home and shame-stricken family, so much a widow, so much an orphan.—He does not expect to win all that he causes others to lose; so far from that, he is perfectly aware that only a small per centage of the wreck will find its way into his hands, yet for this he sets it adrift.

The guilt of the drunkard is great. I have no wish to hide, or palliate the offence of him who consents to stand with the double capacity of a criminal and a victim.

But the most candid justice must pronounce that he has no guilt to match with his who furnishes the draught that qualifies him for any and every crime. Viewed in the light of their respective motives, the drunkard will pass for an innocent and honorable man in comparison with the dealer and retailer of drinks. The one yields under the impulse, it may be, even the torture of appetite,—the other is a cool, mercenary speculator, thriving on the frailties and vices of others. The one we commiserate, while we blame; the other inspires us with indignant abhorrences, for he is a trader in tears, in blood, and crimes. To one he sells a capacity of brutal abuse to his family, another he sells theft or lustful violence, or murder. His shop is the repository where all the immoralities and iniquities are kept and sold for less than a handful of coppers.

In short, we look on the drunkard maker, with all the license he could give him, simply as a privileged malfactor. In all his pomp of office and though rich in blood-bought bank stock, and poster field farms, he is one, whom half the poor wretches he has bred for the prison, might blush to be seen with.

Between him and them, the only partition is, that thin bit of paper called a license. The wealth he gets is the monument of his infamy and the measure of his crime. For his thrift many have been made poor. Let no such men talk about rights. Their only shelter must be law, and that shall not long be a refuge. They have appealed to Cesar and to Cesar they shall go. A virtuous and independent people will rise in their majesty and put an end to this soul-destroying, God-dishonoring traffic.

An Incident.

(From the Christian Register.)

Standing one evening in the door-way of a friend's store in a neighboring town, some day after the recent enactment concerning the sale of spirituous liquors went into effect, my attention was drawn to the figures of two persons looking at the attractions in my friend's widow.

The man was, I should judge, about 40 years of age, of large frame, well proportioned, possessing a good head, speaking phrenologically, and a countenance save a haggard and dissipated look, mingled with a half ashamed, half doubtful expression, that was not unpleasing. He was respectably clad, his clothes, though well worn, bore evidence of scrupulous care. On his arm leaned, or rather, to it clung, a female some few years his junior, but so pale and toil-worn that one would not have guessed her age readily.

Her figure was slight, her broad brow, now deeply wrinkled, and her black eyes once doubtless bright and piercing, were now clouded with a peculiar expression, which indeed overspread her entire face; and an expression inexplicable to me at the moment, but which I have since learned to interpret, as hope, resigned, bursting up from amidst a fearful look of crushed and bitter disappointment, and fear struggling with hope, lest it were too fair to be realized. I saw the man and woman but a moment, but was so impressed by their appearance, that

I asked my friend if he could tell me anything of their history. He replied in the affirmative, and repeated to me the old,—old story of good birth disgraced,—fair prospects blighted,—gradual degradation,—poverty,—misery. But in the recital,—the first step,—the moving cause, that sets his whole sad train in motion, struck me as worthy attention. Not from its singularity, but because if the lesson it teaches be heeded, a much needed reformation would be at once commenced in refined society. Henry Carnes, as I shall call him, was a young man of more than average ability, fair education, sound common sense, and good principles. But he was retiring and diffident, not ready in conversation or quick at repartee. Though at home, or surrounded by familiar acquaintances, who knew the mine as worth working, he was agreeable and even brilliant; but in mixed society he was generally passed by for more lively companions, who possessed perhaps hardly a tithe of his sterling qualities. Being keenly sensitive, he felt this neglect deeply, the more so from the consciousness that those for whom he was deserted were greatly his inferiors in the noble and true elements of manly character.

Among those he was accustomed to meet at these evening assemblies, and for the sake of meeting whom he endured the slights he experienced, was a lovely girl, for whom he had formed a warm attachment. And she seemed not unaware of, or indifferent to, his preference.—But in company she was often attracted by the light jest and sparkling conversation of those who surrounded her, and unmindful of the less shining qualities of her admirer, who with pain perceived the immense advantage enjoyed through the possession of a nimble tongue, by those flatterers, many of whom he knew were as false-hearted as they were empty headed.—He almost despaired of attaining her attention sufficiently to induce her to look beneath the external coating. In the course of time, by what contingency I need not stop to relate, he discovered how wondrously a glass of wine brightened for a time the ideas and smoothed the tongue. The discovery once made he was not slow to take advantage of it, and never after entered company without this preparation.

The exhilarating effect of the stimulus, and the company into which the habit threw him, had an influence to embolden him and to remove that seeming obtuseness. I need not trace his course; but must here digress to utter one reflection. Do refined and intelligent people reflect for how much evil they are responsible, when they admit freely and cordially to their firesides and to the intimacy of their social gatherings, young men who though of fair exterior and ready flow of words, possess hardly one of the honest manly characteristics, which it is even fashionable *theoretically* to emulate; and exclude, or if from their position, they admit, tolerate merely, others who possessing truthfulness, purity, and sound information, lack that brazen readiness of tongue, that faculty of flattering genteelly, so attractive in their rivals? To go on with my narrative. Carnes ultimately succeeded in his wishes, but his habit gained upon him. For years he had been preserved from the lowest abyss of degradation only by the affection and toil of his wife. He used often to converse of his situation, and wish the points that ruined him were beyond his reach; but the temptation he could not resist. He earned a considerable amount but nearly or quite all went for "that which satisfieth not." In vain he resolved in his calm moments to reform.

Passing on his way to his work a low dramshop he never had been able to resist its lure.—Finally the late law was passed. Carnes's course of life had been such that he had no means to lay in a stock as many respectable drinkers can do. His wife, almost broken hearted and despairing, still cherished the hope, that some good might be in store. He had promised her that if the shop where so much of his hard earnings had been dissipated were closed, he would make an effort to reform. The night before the 22d, he left the house after supper for his wife had tried to dissuade him, as she had hundreds of times before, but on this occasion he was more than ever determined. He "would have one more good time," he declared. Despairingly she desisted from further entreaty, and sank to the floor; the youngest child, a little girl of four years, ran to her mother uttering a cry of alarm; this drew the father back for a few moments, and having pacified the child he went out. These few moments saved him. On arriving at the shop, it was found closed. But five minutes before, a disturbance had taken place, owing to the crowd of miserable beings who had flocked together for

"one more revel," and the officers had caused the doors to be shut. Carnes returned home. The next day, and the next, the shop was closed and the means of indulgence not elsewhere easily attainable; and now on the evening of the third day, this faithful wife walking for the first time for years with her erring but repentant husband, had attracted my attention, as I, at the commencement described. The struggle was a hard one, and the victory not yet complete, but an advance toward reformation has been made that never could have been secured had not the stumbling block, the temptation been removed. Having heard my friend's story I wended my way to my solitary lodgings with the reflection, that the knowledge of one such instance as this, and the further knowledge that in all the thousand families in our Commonwealth such instances must be numerous, was sufficient apology for at least giving a fair trial to a law, which may produce such results.

BENEDICT.

"One Sin may Destroy the Soul."

It was during a precious season of reviving mercy in N——, that a whole family, consisting of a father and mother and two children, who sat under my ministry, were awakened simultaneously by the Spirit of the Lord. It was a highly respectable as well as amiable family, and soon the mother, with the son and daughter were rejoicing in hope.

Sabbath after Sabbath the father would stop to walk with me after church and converse freely and with tears about his soul, and I wondered why he too did not find the Saviour precious, as did the others of his household. At last I was informed by some friend, that he was in the habit of using intoxicating drinks. Upon receiving this intelligence, I went immediately to see him. Soon he came in, and I saw at once by his glassy eyes and his indistinct and incoherent conversation, that he was intoxicated.

Taking him by the arm I led him into his garden, and said to him, with deep emotion, "Sir, you have been drinking; and I now tell you, that if you do not abandon it, you will lose your soul." He replied, "I do not drink any thing stronger than beer, cider, and wine; and Dr. — says that is not wrong." "I care not," said I, "what Dr. — says, or any one else; it is clear to me, that unless you abandon them you will lose your soul."

He received it kindly, and leading me to the rear of his lot, he stopped and said, "Sir, on this very spot, eight years ago, I promised my brother that I would not again drink any distilled liquor, and I have kept my promise. I now promise you, that I will never drink any intoxicating liquor." We returned to the house, when I poured out my heart for him in prayer, and went home.

The day of his pledge was the day of his salvation. When I met him the next Sabbath, he was rejoicing in hope. From that day, about fifteen years since, he has been a thorough temperance man, and as thorough a Christian. Indeed, I scarcely know a happier man or a happier family. His expressions of gratitude whenever we meet are so full and overflowing as almost to be painful.

In this day of increasing intemperance, and when even those who were once temperance physicians are returning to their alcoholic prescriptions, and moderate drinking is becoming fashionable. I would recommend the Rev. Dr. Nettleton's letter to Dr. Beecher, or, on the subject of drinking as connected with religion. It is found in his Life, and no man knew better than he the ruinous consequences to convicted sinners; for he was conversant with revivals as very few men now alive have been.—*American Messenger.*

Temperance and Religion.

Those gentlemen who are in the habit of speaking of Temperance Societies as opposed to the Church, do not appear to take much trouble to acquaint themselves with the many facts which would fully refute their opinion, for be it remembered, it is only an opinion. Perhaps they attach a very limited meaning to the word church, and therefore would not consider the facts we give against them

to be of any material weight. If this be so, we can only pity their case, and lament their want of genuine Christian love.

One of the speakers at the Annual meeting of the Scottish Temperance League took for his theme 'Temperance, the best Pioneer of the Gospel.' In illustration of this he entered into some account of what had been done in Aberdeen.

When he (Rev. J. H. Wilson) commenced the Albion Street Mission there, in the year 1848,—well known as the 'Aberdeen Ragged Kirk,'—he found the people in the district to an awful extent the slaves of intemperance. A policeman of the city, who knew it well, described it as a locality of every kind of social degradation; the concentration of its iniquity was to be found in a penny theatre, the resort of a great number of the young and the profligate—the performers and the audience being generally about a par in character, and as many as six policemen were at times required to keep order there. Now, said the rev. gentleman, on that very spot stands a neat little chapel, where God is worshipped, where prayer is offered, and praises sung by the lips of one of the most orderly, quiet, and attentive set of people that ever assembled within the walls of any church; and, in not a few instances, by lips, too, that had formerly on the same ground blasphemed the name of God. He said they had added a Day-school to the Church, which was attended by 120 scholars, and opened an Evening-school for girls employed at the factories, which had also been successful. The Penny Bank had grown from 153 members, with deposits to the amount of £30 in 1849, to 550 members, and deposits to the amount of £121 in 1851. There had been added to the Temperance roll above 600 names during the year 1851; and the course of public lectures on scientific subjects, by eminent lecturers, had been attended by overflowing audiences. Since the beginning of the mission, in a small room capable of holding only about a score of people, the members of the Bible Society, by subscription of a penny a-week, had purchased for themselves 380 Bibles, 110 New Testaments, and 50 Psalm Books; while the Tract Society, by subscriptions of a half-penny a-week, had bought, at wholesale price, 25,000 Tracts and Penny Magazines. The prayer meeting, which he called their 'spiritual barometer,' as indicating best the atmosphere of the institution, had been regularly attended all winter by from 50 to 60 persons. Now, he would seriously ask the question—would these results have attended the preaching of the Gospel in Albion Street Chapel without the auxiliary of the Temperance Society? He felt satisfied that they would not. Not that the grace of God could not have made the gospel to accomplish far greater results without any such auxiliary aid, but because God approved, as a general rule, of the adaptation of means to ends, and because the temperance movement was in perfect harmony with the spirit and laws of the Christian dispensation. The rev. gentleman then gave a number of characteristic anecdotes, illustrative of the way in which those who had been rescued advocated the principle, and concluded by appealing to the audience on behalf of the very lowest of society, who were not beyond hope.

Mr. Cruikshank and the Rats.

Canadian lovers of the "good creature," who import their best flavored wine from the old country, had better meditate on the delicious information given by the great artist, at a recent public meeting in Scotland. The wine of which rats partake, by this tail process, and sometimes drop into the cask dead drunk, must have a very rich flavor, almost as good as the Albany Ale which Mr. Delavan analyzed. We give the story as reported in the *Christian News*, of Glasgow:—

MR. CRUIKSHANK begged to state a fact—which he knew to be so—and which might be unknown to many. He was assured by a wine taster in one of the London Dock store-houses, that the rats frequently eat out the stopper of the bung-hole—and then to get at the wine, dip their tails in the liquor, and then lick their tails, (laughter.) As many as half-a-dozen have been seen at the hole of one barrel, enjoying their wine in a social way. (laughter.) It is a common thing, however, that rats like other drinkers (laughter) often get fou'—and then—like their two-legged neighbors sometimes—they would go pop into the cask (laughter.) When the cask is emptied skeletons of rats are thus frequently

found (hear.) Let the drinkers of wine think of this—when they admire the beautiful pale sherry—charming port, and sip to their heart's content (laughter and cheers.) He assured them that the above was a fact—he knew it to be a fact—or he would never have mentioned it (cheers.) [The illustrious artist should, for the benefit of wine fanciers, give, in his own inimitable way, a sketch of the subject of his anecdote—as, assuredly, it requires his pencil to aid the pen in giving an idea of the raciness with which the foregoing was narrated.]

Worcester Great Meeting—Alarm of Fire!!

From a recent "Cataract" we learn that a very important meeting was held in the City Hall, Worcester, Mass., where was considered "the enforcement of the law," by eminent speakers—J. B. Gough and Deacon Grant. An attempt was made to break up the meeting by a false alarm of fire, but the quiet way in which Mr. Gough composed the nerves of the assembly is worth recording, as a specimen of the power he wields when before a mass of people.

Omitting preliminaries, we quote the following:—
The President, after a few pertinent remarks, introduced Deacon Grant, of Boston. This pioneer in the cause, briefly reviewed the progress of the temperance reform. "I came from Boston," said he. "There is something peculiar in the position of Boston at the present time. But we shall yet triumph there. And we look for Worcester to aid us. I witnessed a scene last Sabbath, that has imprinted itself on my mind. I visited the House of Correction at South Boston. There are 390 inmates, confined there for crime, 150 of that number are females, and three-fourths have been brought there through the influence of intemperance. If the law could be enforced in Boston, instead of 390, there would scarcely be 90."

Mr. Gough was introduced, and for about one hour and a half, he chained that audience into perfect silence—swaying them as the mighty wind sways the forest trees—now convulsing with laughter, by some comical yet most apt illustration, and now drawing tears by the recital of some of the many tragical incidents which transpire under the ruling influence of intemperance. We attempted to take some notes but gave it up in despair. Our pen would not go. But all who have heard him, will sympathize in our inability to commit to paper the burning eloquence of J. B. Gough.

One incident occurred during the meeting, which demonstrated the moral strength of the cause in this city, and the fact that the Rumsellians have lost the power they have exerted hitherto in breaking up temperance meetings. It appears the rumsellers had prepared a heap of brush at South Worcester, and while Mr. Gough was in the midst of his speech, the cry of fire was raised, as if by concerted agreement, all round the City Hall. "The bells boomed out the alarm."—"My friends," said Mr. Gough, "let it not be said that the rumsellers of Worcester have beaten us off the track." This was enough. Hardly a soul stirred from his seat. "Yes, there is fire," said Mr. Gough. "There are men set on fire of hell, prowling through this city, ready to do the bid-eloquent description, as is scarcely our privilege to hear.

The rumsellers, finding their attempts at disturbance frustrated, soon got tired, and the bells ceased the utterance of alarm "from out their brazen throats," and the hoarse roar of disappointed malice died away into silence.

Independent Order of Rechabites.

The N. J. Reformer says—The High Tent of the I. O. of R. held a regular biennial session at the city of New York, during the second week of August, ult. There was a large number of Delegates in attendance, most of the Districts being represented.

The statistical information communicated in reports of the Officers although in its general character not so encouraging as the ardent admirers of the Order could wish, was yet quite pleasing in some particulars.

The membership in Vermont and some other Districts had doubled during the term, but in most others, no improvement in this respect was manifest. The report submitted by the High

Chief Ruler, embodied several excellent suggestions, one of which relating to the appointment of a *General Agent* was favorably considered and measures adopted to carry it into effect.

It is intended to select a competent person, who shall be compensated in a liberal manner, whose duty shall be to traverse the country and address public meetings, and otherwise use his influence in behalf of the Order. It is believed, by this means, the extension of the Order will be rapid, and its beneficent influence soon be felt throughout the extent of our confederacy.

The Constitution, general laws and usages of the organization entitle it to the respect and confidence of those who believe such instrumentalities needful in the reformatory progress of mankind.

We hope to hear of the institution of numerous Tents during the official term just commenced. The next regular meeting of the High Tent will be held at Washington City, on the 4th Tuesday of August 1854.

The following are officers for the current term:—

Edwin A. Slicer of Baltimore, H. C. R.

A. T. Snow of Clayville, N. Y. H. D. R.

Thos. Stevenson of N. Y. City, H. C. S.

Jas. S. Keeler of Troy, N. Y., H. T.

High Executive Committee—Jas. S. Adams, Burlington, Vermont; E. A. Andrews, Portland, Maine; Daniel Upton, North Adams, Mass.; J. M. Brown, Cohoes, N. Y.

Funeral Sermon.

On the 7th of April, 1852, the Rev. J. H. Patterson delivered a sermon on the occasion of the funeral of Mr. Platt Smith, who came to his death through intemperance. The preacher took for his text, "And the Lord said unto Cain, where is thy brother? And he said, I know not, Am I my brother's keeper? And he said, what hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." The sermon was published in full in the *Vermont Christian Messenger*, and a copy handed us by a friend. It is a most powerful appeal to the consciences of those engaged in the traffic, and we only regret that we cannot find room for the whole discourse. We make an extract or two, believing that what is here given will be approved by our readers. Of the death of Mr. Platt, the preacher asks, "On whom rests the responsibility of this transaction?" and then says—

I am aware that I shall be answered by those who vainly seek to shake off responsibility, that *cum did it*; but this no more answers the question than it would if Cain had said, when called to account for the murder of his brother, the club killed him; or when we find the man with his throat cut, and the knife lying by his side, we should say the knife killed the man. They are all alike inanimate objects, and could be nothing more than the mere instruments by which the crime was perpetrated. Somebody wielded the instrument—somebody dealt the blow which resulted in this man's death, and we must hold them responsible, as they will be held responsible at the bar of God. Who was it? Shall we be told that he himself did the deed—was the last actor in the tragedy, and that on him rests the responsibility?

When you are startled from your slumbers at midnight by the thrilling cry of murder, every nervous cord of your system vibrates with intense excitement, and when you find your friend weltering in his blood, you not only ask who struck the fatal blow, but also, who were parties to the transaction, who furnished the instrument, and for what purpose, who were aiding and abetting, and accordingly you hold them guilty in the degree to which they are involved, and measure out to them the penalty of the law.

In like manner, we must hold, as this man has been killed, all who aided and abetted, who were concerned in getting up this train of events, as guilty, as justly arraigned before the bar of public opinion and an enlightened conscience, and as responsible to that tribunal where every man will be judged by his works.

Cain, when questioned, "Where is thy brother?" answered, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The spirit of that answer was, what have I to do with my brother, let him take care of himself—I am not responsible. Thus has our race, ever since, been seeking to escape obligation, and though the voice of our brother's blood is continually ascending to God, we inquire with feigned innocency, *am I my brother's keeper.*

After successfully disposing of the objections against fixing the guilt upon the rumseller, and scattering his miserable license to sell in a thousand fragments as being morally worthless, the preacher thus concludes: We shall only ask the reader if he do not find in the first paragraph a strong argument for the Maine law!

I am told that a very short time since, this man struggled for redemption. Why did he not escape? One word answers this question: he found a grog-shop, and it was a temptation too powerful to resist. Had it not been for this, he, to-day, might have been in our midst. Who planted that tree of death? who countenanced it? who has tolerated it? Of such God asks, where is thy brother? Be assured this is a fearful question; it must be met.

You doubtless have felt that something ought to be done, but have you set your face, irrespective of friend or foe, to shut down this gate of death? Weigh well the relation you sustain to this event, and close not your eyes or your hearts to the fact that the very condition of society implies that we are each under obligation to do all we can for the other's welfare; and that we are not doing our duty while we silently allow our brother to suffer wrong, while we permit his life, his happiness, his good, to be wrested from him or destroyed by those who have no respect for God's laws or man's sufferings, if they stand in competition with their unhallowed, sordid love of gain.

This occurrence will long be remembered by the inhabitants of this community, and it is to be hoped it will be overruled for your general good.

I have endeavored, at the earnest solicitation of these friends, to place before you the guilt of this transaction, and if I have in any degree been successful, may it be sanctified by the ever-blessed Spirit.

You have for a long time been sowing the seed, you are now beginning to reap the harvest, and what a harvest! Friends, you must stay this tide or be overwhelmed; you must dry up those streams, or be washed away. It is too destructive to be tolerated; it is too reproachful to be endured.

To the Citizens generally:—

Say to this wave of woe, here shall thou be stayed. Rise up in the might of men who are interested in the welfare of humanity, and put a stop to this work of death.

It has been endured too long. The shades of the departed urge you to this enterprize. The tears of the widow and orphan plead for you to engage in this work. The angel of mercy, in tears, is beseeching you to be true to the cause of purity, and every hour you delay is adding to the calamities you already suffer. Take care of your brother, of your sister, of your children, of yourself.

Destroy that serpent that biteth without enchantment, and stingeth like an adder.

Seek not to circumscribe it, aim at its annihilation. Be hopeful and trust in God.

Victory, under united and persevering effort, is certain, for the cause is in harmony with the attributes of Jehovah, the interests of humanity.

Faint not, falter not, until this abomination that maketh desolate, shall have come to an end, and the pure emblem of life shall be cherished as among the best of heaven's blessings to an apostate race.

To the Fraternity of Rumsellers:—

You stand charged; by this community with being guilty of this man's death. An impartial examination confirms that charge—You furnished him the instrument when you saw him using it to his ruin, and his blood cries to God against you. You looked in upon his peaceful Eden of domestic bliss, and sighed to scatter desolation, and have succeeded. Could you plead, in extenuation of your guilt, that your victim had injured you, or that, in the heat of excited passion you dealt the blow, it might be some extenuation; but you deliberately laid your snare, and for a long series of years have unrelentingly pursued your purpose, until you have accomplished your work. Wretched men! Think on the sufferings you have caused, and remember, as you have measured unto others, it shall be meted to you again. Though justice may be tardy, she is certain in her rewards. You thought only of gold, and being greedy of gain, have troubled your own house. There are canker-spots upon your souls, which will become corroding ulcers unless removed. The time allotted you on earth is short, and let me earnestly beseech you to improve the remaining hours in preparation for the fate which awaits you. You cannot atone for the past, or undo

what you have acted. Your only hope is in the mercy of the Divine Redeemer, who died to save the chief of sinners. Bring forth fruits meet for repentance. Abandon that accursed traffic, or it will destroy you. In the solitude of your reflections think of your victims; think of the woss you have created, of the widowed ones and helpless, homeless orphans you have made, and relent.—Earnestly seek for pardon at a throne of grace, and may Christ have mercy on your souls.

Sprinklings for Thought, Ideal, and Actual.

GOOD TRAINING A PUBLIC BLESSING.—John Howard mentions in his journal, that when he visited Amsterdam, he was surprised to find the general average of crime remarkably low. There were at the time of his visit but six delinquents in the jail of that rich commercial city; and what is still more remarkable, only eighteen debtors. The restraining agents were moral, not material, resulting from education and public opinion, rather than from fear of bodily suffering. To be in prison for debt was considered in Holland as an indelible disgrace. The principal cause that debtors as well as capital offenders are few, is the great care that is taken to train up the children of the poor, and indeed of all others, to industry. They act upon this professed maxim, "Make them diligent, and they will be quite likely to be honest."

On Sabbath last, within a few doors of our residence, we saw a gathering about the door of a little finishing shop, and on inquiry, found that, in the room above, was a drunken brute who had fastened himself and wife in, and other people out, and was brandishing a razor, threatening to kill her, and finding there was no one who would risk his life to open the door, and relieve the poor creature, a police officer was called for, on learning which, this fiend in human shape, started and ran off. Whether he was overtaken or not, we cannot say.

Learning that a doctor had been called to visit a cholera patient in the next street—on going there, the wife told us that her husband had been in great pain in the bowels, because he was drunk, and had resolved to get sober. He was, when he saw him, eating bread and milk.—Rock Tour.

PAINT ME AS I AM.—'Paint me as I am,' said Oliver Cromwell to young Lely. 'If you leave out the scars and wrinkles, I will not pay you a shilling.' Even in such a trifle, the great protector showed both his good sense and his magnanimity. He did not wish all that was characteristic in his countenance to be lost in the vain attempt to give him the regular features and smooth blooming cheeks of the curl pated minions of James the First. He was content his face should go forth marked with all the blemishes which should have been put upon it by time, by war, by sleepless nights, by anxiety, perhaps by remorse; but with valour, policy, authority, and public care, written in all its princely lines. If men truly great knew their own interest, it is thus that they would wish their minds to be portrayed.—Edinburgh Review.

SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN SPIRE OF HIMSELF.—The Boston Daily Chronicle, a newly started anti-Maine law paper, had a paragraph in one of its late numbers as follows: "all the senses all the reason, all humanity are on the side of the Maine Law." The next issue announces that it was intended to read, "are not on the side of the Maine Law." No need of correction, Mr. Chronicle, the first version was the correct one.

MENT YOUR FIRST FAULT.—The Queen of George II. once said to Whiston, 'I hear you are good at telling persons their faults; now, as everybody has some fault or other, I should like to know what you have observed wrong in me.' Whiston would have evaded the question, but the Queen was not to be denied. 'Why, then, Madam,' said Whiston, 'the people complain that you talk to the King when at chapel, instead of minding the service.' 'I believe,' answered her Majesty, 'there is some truth in what you say. But now tell me of another fault.' 'No, Madam,' said the old monitor, 'let me see you mend the first before I mention another.'—Memoirs of George. IV.

TO THE POOR BOY.—Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no disgrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket, than hear one profane or vulgar word escape from your lips. No good boy will shun you, because you cannot dress as well as your companions; and if a bad boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my good lad, but walk on. We know many a rich and good man, who was once

as poor as you. There is our next door neighbour in particular—now one of our wealthy men—who told us, a short time since, that when a child he was glad to receive the cold potatoes from his neighbour's table. Be good, my boy, and if you are poor, you will be respected—a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man, and were addicted to bad habits.

PENNY THEATRES.—Penny theatres have been the ruin of thousands. Wherever a penny theatre exists, it is not only an intolerable nuisance to the neighborhood, but is sure to draw all the children of the lower orders to witness the most obscene and immoral performances, and when once the habit of attending these places is fixed, it is sure to lead to prostitution and robbery and all imaginable crimes.

LOST IN SMOKE.—Last year, above eight millions of pounds sterling were spent by the people of England in tobacco! a large sum to end in smoke. If the tobacco had been made into "pig-tail," it would have formed a line 99,470 miles long, long enough to go nearly five times round the world. What a large sum of money to be wasted! This would have been enough to have bought a bible for every poor family in the kingdom. Never learn to smoke! And those who do smoke, try and give it up.—*Teachers' Mag.*

A TOAST.—At the celebration of the 4th, at Port Jervis, the following sentiment was given by Joseph Gibson:

Intemperance—The great Railroad from respectability to Ruin, —Mankind the only freight—the devil its superintendent—the Board of Excise its Directors—Rum-sellers its Engineers and Conductors—Tippling Shops its cars—Distilleries its Locomotives—Prisons and Insane Asylums its Depots and Station-houses—its track, built on broken hearts and ruined fortunes—With the help of a just God, and the Maine Law, we'll annul the Charter—discharge the Engineers and Contractors—reverse the steam, and save the Freight.

NOT VERY COMPLIMENTARY.—One of the delegates to the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, from France, who had not acquired the English language very perfectly, observing that a bare country was called a barren one in English, remarked, on rising, as he looked around upon the great number of bald-headed and venerable men before him, that he felt "very much embarrassed in speaking before so many barren heads."

THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE is, as usual, up to the mark in its early appearance, and reposes on our table in quiet juxtaposition with the *Cadet*. It discourses profitably and entertainingly of Temperance, Education, Agriculture, and the passing events of the day. *Utile dulci* seems the great aim of its philanthropic and enterprising conductor—*Nappanee Bee*.

HORRIBLE CASE.—A CAUTION TO DRUNKARDS.—Mary Ball, a married woman, aged thirty-seven years, residing in Temperstrey, came to her death in the following dreadful manner:—"It appears that Saturday evening, a party of men and women were drinking and carousing for some hours at her husband's house, until they were all more or less intoxicated. After the party had separated, the husband went to bed, leaving the wife sitting up alone. About six o'clock on Sunday morning, she went into the room with her clothes in flames, and laid down on the bed, which was soon, of course, set on fire also." This awoke the husband, who, after considerable difficulty, succeeded in extinguishing the conflagration, not however, without receiving several severe burns. His unfortunate wife was so much injured that, although she was removed without delay to the Northern Hospital, where every attention and skill was made use of, she died from the effects the same day.

Agriculture.

Thorough Farming.

The folly of running over four times as much land as can be thoroughly cultivated, or as can be made productive is beginning to be seen by many of our farmers, and many are correcting their practice. Some, we must regret, in view of the fatal error under which they are labouring, are still pursuing their illy advised course; working all summer to get barely what will suffice them through the winter. They have large farms, and to use their own language they have "no time to dally," that is they have no time to do their work as it should be; because they have so much to do. This bad philosophy does not prevail to the extent it has

done, whether through the influence of dear experience or the teachings of books and papers we know not, perhaps a little of both. It is enough to know that the majority of farmers are doing better, doing less work, doing it well, and getting far better returns for their labor. A large farm when miserably tilled, and bad crops is not now thought of with much pride. Less land, thoroughly cultivated, well fenced, good buildings and good crops: is beginning to be thought an indication of economy and good judgment, and a criterion of good farming. The following from the *Rural New Yorker*, is a capital thing on the same subject, and will be read with great profit to any one susceptible of improvement:—

"The great secret of European success in Agriculture has been described as "much labor on comparatively little land." But the whole tenor of American husbandry from the first settlement of the country, has been directly the contrary, or, "little labor on much land." And this is the cause of all the deterioration of our farms and crops,—of the exhaustion of the elements of fertility in one, necessary to the production of the other. It requires no great amount of labour or store of knowledge, to grow a crop at a cost equal or exceeding its value, and leaving the land poorer than before; but it does require both work and wisdom to produce one which shall bring profit to the farmer and prepare the land for greater productiveness in future. Any one who can follow the plough and scatter the seed can do the former, but capital, experience and energy are required to accomplish the latter.

Science is giving its aid to Agriculture, and no one can be a thorough farmer, unless he keeps pace with the improvements which the newly aroused spirit of inquiry is daily bringing out for practical and profitable application. Yet the small number of those who carry out in farming, from the fancied want of capital and labor, the improvements which they see might and should be made around them, show us that it is not so much enlightenment to the room and chance for improvement, which is needed, as an awakening to the losses sustained, and the profits which might be gained by giving more careful, thorough and wide awake attention to their business. If the farmer can be brought to believe that draining, manuring, &c., will add largely to the products of his farm, and that for want of these improvements he is losing hundreds of dollars annually, he will be induced to attempt them, and if he does this on well-considered well-arranged plans, we have no fear that he will ever relapse into his former mode of operation. If he can be convinced that "much labor on little land" is the secret success, we shall see no more large fields cultivated in a slovenly manner, and yielding like the gardens of the slothful—for if he can do no more, he will rather bestow all the means he can command upon less surface, and perform what he attempts, as it should be, promptly, thoroughly and well.—*Jefferson Farmer*.

Poetry.

[FOR THE TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.]

HAIL! STATE OF MAINE.

Hail! State of Maine, immortal be thy name!
From pole to pole let earth resound thy fame!
From sunny New Orleans to Hudson's Bay,
Where alcohol has spread its baleful sway,
Let every State submit to such like laws,
To aid the grand, the glorious Temperance cause.
Let Canada arise and join the core,
And say, "thou monster vice, prevail no more!"
Let every power on earth unite to save
The poor inebriate from the drunkard's grave.
Thrice blessed Maine! from many a happy home,
Shall be exclaim'd for ages yet to come:
Thrice blessed Maine! exclaims the humble Bard,
For virtue ever is its own reward.

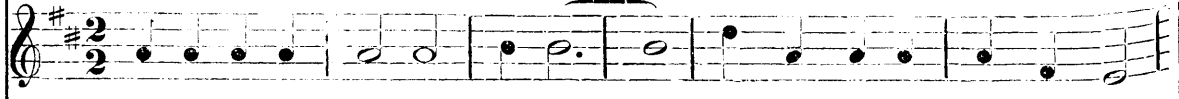
R. & R's. UN.

THE TEMPERANCE STAR.

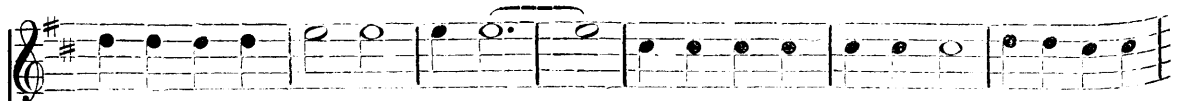
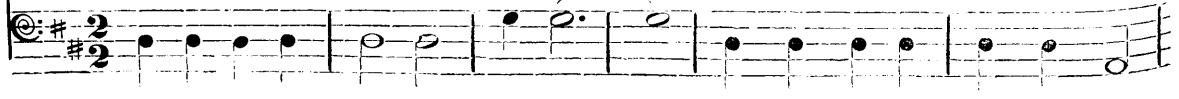
Moderato.



1. Hark the temp'rance trump is sound - ing, - - - Glad - some notes are e - cho'd round,



2. As the light is still ad - vanc - ing, - - - Back - ward shrinks our coun - try's face,
3. Like the star of Bethlehem shin - ing, - - - Which the eastern shepherd led,



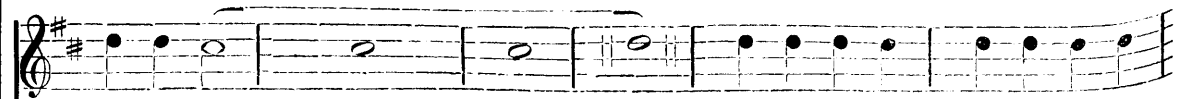
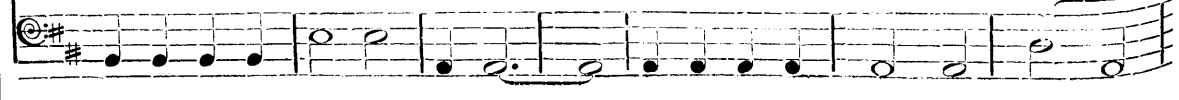
Hails with joy the wel - come sound, Hails with joy the



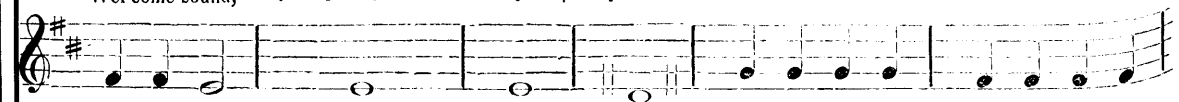
Ev'ry heart with rap - ture bounding, Hails with joy the wel - come sound,



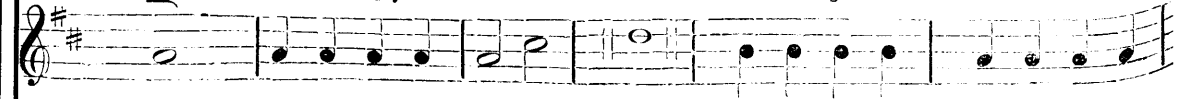
We thro' fut - ure a - ges glanc - ing, - - - View a - noth - er Ed - den glow,
Where the Sa - vior was re - ctn - ing, - - - In his poor and low - ly bed,



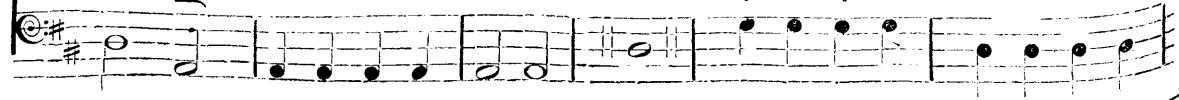
Wel - come sound,



Hails with joy the wel - come sound Oh what glorious times are dawning,



View a - noth - er E - den glow. See the drunkards, Long ne - glect - ed,
In his poor and low ly bed. May the temp'rance star as - cend - ing



CONTINUED

On a dark and ruin - ed world; Truth's bright beams break forth with splen - dor,
 List'ning to the cheer - ing strains, Now their free - dom is ef - fect - ed,
 In un - cloud - ed lus - tre shine, With the gos - pel's bright - ness blend - ing,

Truth's bright beams break forth with splendor, Darkness from his throne is hurl'd.
 Darkness from his throne is hurl'd, Dark ness from his throne is hurl'd.
 Casting off their slavish chains, Cast ing off their sla - vish chains.
 Light our way to bliss di - vine, Light our way to bliss di - vine.

CHANT.

Questions by the Choir.	Answers, Single Voice.	TREBLE, Amen.
{ Speaker, A tell us of the night { Speaker, A wont its beams decay,	A What the signs of temperance are, A And intemperance triumph yet,	Hearers, A see you brilliant light Hearers, A mark what God doth say
		That is our tee - total star, Never more what star shall set. ALTO, Amen.
{ Speaker, A tell us of the night, A { Speaker, A will the joy it gives, A	Upward yet that star as - cends, Be confined to our blest land,	Hearers, A rum and oaths and fight Hearers, A while one drunkard lives, A
		All their train approach their end It will never stay its hand. TENOR, Amen.
{ Speaker, A tell us of the night, A { Speaker, A join the work of peace, A	For the light seems spreading on, Take the drunkard to his home,	Hearers, A rum is put to flight, A Hearers, A join in his release, A
		Revelling will soon be done. O what glorious times have come BASS, Amen.

Amen to be sung at the close of last verse.

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 15, 1852.

Local Arguments for the Maine Law.

The sense in which we use the designation of this article will be readily understood after it is read, and yet we apprehend it will also be seen that the argument is more general in its application than the heading would imply. We mean to prove that, in various localities, there are many terrible social evils, which grow out of the present license system, and which therefore loudly call for a prohibitory enactment as it respects the liquor trade. It has often been said that, but for the many temptations which are connected with the numerous licensed houses for the sale of liquor, great numbers of persons really desirous of acting on the principle of abstinence, would overcome their propensities, and live a sober life. We concur in the remark, and offer the following illustration:—In a certain village of Canada, a number of persons, deeply convinced of the evils of drinking, resolve to establish a temperance society, perhaps a Rechabite Tent, as affording, in their opinion, the most reasonable hope that thereby they might benefit themselves, and be the means of saving many, otherwise worthy persons, from the destructive habit of tipping and consequent intemperance. The project is favorably received. A Tent is formed, and is prosperous. Many, who really needed the aid and bonds of brotherhood, were induced to join the band, and for a time they were saved from evil company and from evil habits. But while these were striving to conquer the old appetite for strong drink, the law renewed the licenses of those engaged in the traffic. The tavern is kept open, not so much for the accommodation of travellers as for the sale of liquor: indeed, in many instances, it would be impossible to tell for what other purpose than for the sale of liquor some of these places were by law called taverns. It is easy to say that all those who wished to keep sober should never have been found within the walls of a tavern; but it is not so easy to prove that, in all cases, there were no actual necessities of business which required men occasionally to call at such houses, and then the argument is only the stronger against the common sale of liquor. Suffice it that the facts are as we state. The law opens that horrible place called "The Bar"—the temptation is there!—the tempted are there! the tempter is there!! Satan, or one of his emissaries says—"it is only a glass, just one; it will never be known." Appetite pleads—the pledge is broken—and he who said "thou shalt not surely die," is the first to instigate his vile ones to propagate the report—"Your brother has fallen!" A taunt is in that word "brother"—but a truth is in it too—and the brother is expelled. He professes to lament his fall; he renews his pledge, and is restored; but the pledge once broken is broken again with less momentum of reproof from conscience, and he falls again, let us say, *it is fated to rise no more.* There he is—or rather there they are—for the cases are numerous, and the mother weeps over her lost and ruined son. The wife deploras the backsliding of her guilty husband—the children tremble on the approach of a drunken and brutal father, or decline, for reasons which they, poor things, could not explain, the meaningless cares of a silly sot. Of course you hear that the temperance cause is declining. It may be so; but bear in mind that the legalized traffic made them what they were before the attempt at reformation, and that same fatal cause dragged them down again, when there was a hope of deliverance from the thralldom of vicious appetites and bad companionship. Perhaps some senseless professor of religion opposed that tempe-

rance organization; the rum-seller had an admirable and comforting justification of his business, and it prospered—it prospered to the ruin of souls and families. Gentle reader, do you hence see our local argument for the Maine Law? You do; well, then, send up your name to the legislature—write to your representative—beg him to speak your sentiments, and plead for a law which shall aid, not hinder—strengthen and not depress—our glorious moral enterprise. Correspondence with the member for your county—direct and plain avowal of your convictions, may be of as much service as petitions. Both should be done, and in writing it may not be amiss to state the *very facts* which influence your own judgment, and which hereafter will guide your action. There are many places from whence special arguments may be derived. Use your every exertion to throw a flood of light upon the mind of the Canadian Legislature.

Kingston Meeting.

Those who desire a correct account of the late Maine Law Meeting in Kingston, and of the manner in which that meeting was conducted, will please direct their attention to the letter of our attentive correspondent, which will be found in another column. That the proceedings were disgraceful every body will admit, but the policy of the liquor lovers was exceedingly short sighted. They may be assured that more has been done by themselves for the temperance cause, and against the liquor traffic, than all the arguments yet published in Canada. Who will not say that if this is the way the abettors of the traffic conduct themselves, the sooner the mischievous and riotous business is annihilated, the better. We have often said that the business, although legalised, is itself inimical to all law and order. Barker's whiggish account of the meeting is a beautiful specimen of the manner in which he can blend a little truth with a mass of falsehood. His sneers at the Rev. gentlemen who were present, and who designed to advocate the Maine Law, will do them no harm, but they will fall back upon the heartless and unprincipled sneerer with withering effect. That organ of the low-lived rumpocracy professes also to give an *official* account of the meeting, as though certain resolutions were read, heard and passed by that uproarious assembly. Now, the *Herald* says, "it was totally impossible to read a resolution, or even to give utterance to half a dozen sentences audibly." After this, we presume, it will be understood that the climax of folly in Canada will be to receive for truth any thing that may be affirmed on the sole authority of Dr. Barker's *Whig*.

It appears the rump-gentry of Kingston are prepared for violent resistance to the Maine Law. Very well; we are truly sorry it is so, but we warn the rumpocracy of Kingston to take care of themselves. There is in that city, as *we well know*, something a good deal stronger than *Morton's proof*. The division of the Sons there, include some of the best and strongest men in the whole country. They are calm but decided. The United Temperance Societies of that County will not flinch if the day of real battle comes. The women of Kingston will spike the guns of the enemy, and when the law orders that "worm of the still" to cease its murderous work, all the powers of pandemonium dare not keep it going. Stand fast brethren—the victory is ours.

True Witness and Commercial Advertiser.

We have received the September number of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*. Our contemporary gives a plentiful array of statistics showing the immorality and profligacy of Protestant England and Scotland; we read that—

"There are 180,000 gin drinkers in London alone; and that in

13 years nigh upon half a million of the population had been taken into custody for being drunk and disorderly."

Matters are still worse farther north—

"In Manchester not less than a million a year"—about \$5,000,000—"is spent in profligacy and crime. In Edinburgh there are one thousand whisky shops, one hundred and sixty in one street, and yet this city contains only two hundred bread-shops"—a poor half-penny-worth of bread to a most intolerable deal of sack. In Glasgow the poor-rates are £400,000 a year. 'Ten thousand,' says Alison, 'get drunk every Saturday night, are drunk all day Sunday and Monday, and not able to return to work till Tuesday or Wednesday.'—*True Witness*.

We should like the Editor of the *Canada Temperance Advocate* to state, next time he favors the community with the drinking statistics, to what country the "180,000 gin-drinkers in London" belong—what people spend \$5,000,000 in Manchester "in profligacy and crime"—and what people are supporters of the whisky shops in Glasgow and Edinburgh. "Fair play is a jewel." We do not believe that there are "1,000 whisky shops in Edinburgh," neither do we believe that there are "160 in one street."—"*Witness*" and "*True Witness*" notwithstanding.—*Com. Advertiser, late Courier*.

So these gentlemen ride their own hobbies—the one trying his hand at defaming protestant countries, and the other shaping his interrogatories against a people supposed to be of Romish extraction. Both these editors know that when we give the statistics of intemperance, we have no reference to the religious faith of those who are referred to. But it is characteristically unjust in the "*True Witness*" to give statistics of Scotland and England, as from our authority, to the exclusion of those given as evincing the deplorable condition of Ireland. The effects of alcohol have nothing to do with religious opinions, but with man as man. So we go against the traffic in every country, because it is dangerous to health and good morals, wherever it exists. We should be pleased to oblige the Editor of the *Commercial Advertiser* on the matter in question. But we do not think we are called to give any additional information, when it is so very evident that precious little attention has been paid to that already given. We advise the *Advertiser* to pursue his statistical investigations, and as he doubts our word respecting Edinburgh, he can find out from credible persons in that fair city, whether our authority was good and substantial. We hardly know what to say respecting the winding up sentence. "*The Witness* and *True Witness* notwithstanding." The statements of the *Montreal Witness* were not called in question, and we beg to assure our contemporary that the *Canada Temperance Advocate* has editorially no more to do with "*The Witness*" than the "*True Witness*." On the temperance question there is more agreement, but each is totally independent of the other. We do not think it any disparagement to be ranked with "*The Witness*," and on the temperance and Maine law questions, we rejoice to be identified with so able and consistent a coadjutor. We have both a full conviction that our principles will be triumphant in Canada, and we can well bear the taunts and jeers of all kinds of opponents.

Streams from Temperance Springs.

Sometimes an argument is strengthened as well as illustrated, by comparing things which in some respects may differ. It is so particularly in relation to the argument by which we sustain and defend the principle of the Maine Law. Take the following in evidence, which we cut from the "*Life Boat*" published in Ohio. It is very properly designated, "Food for thought."

"Was it praiseworthy and humane, in the thinking friends of human progress of former days to denounce and oppose the detestable vice of gaming? As its hydra heads multiplied; as it grew more formidable and appalling in its constantly increasing

devices to fascinate the young and unwary, enervating and debasing their minds at the best, and in many instances giving them over to total ruin and luring them into lives of crime and villainy, did the parent do right to forbid it? did the friend do right to counsel and warn? did the pastor do right to preach, exhort and pray against it? and when all these failed, and the blighting mildew of its deadly influence still invaded all ranks of society, was it right for the law-maker to interpose, and prohibit and punish it as a crime? Who says nay to all these questions? Or rather who will withhold a decided yea to them all? No law-abiding, peace and order loving citizen surely! But the enslaved and deluded votary of chance,—the cold, unfeeling casuist, who persuades himself it is right to subject all things to the gratification of his desires, without regard to consequences—and the law-defying, cold-blooded, murderous hearted gambler by profession, who lives only to destroy, these men will boldly deny the right of society to protect itself by legal enactments, and talk about the individual inherent rights of man, and the right to possess and enjoy their machines and devices, as glibly and sagely as one of our sires who signed the glorious old bill of rights. Well what does society do in the premises? Does it assent to the doctrine claimed and preached upon by these men? No, certainly. It passes law for the seizure and destruction of the apparatus for gaming, wherever it may be found, and to punish all who use it by fine, imprisonment, and even incarceration in the penitentiary, according to the nature of the case.

Yet when a law, far less stringent in its provisions than the gaming laws, is asked for to stay the progress of intemperance, whereby the axe will be laid at the root of all crime, pauperism almost banished from the land, lost men restored to their families and friends, ignorance and depravity now brooding over thousands of young hearts changed to knowledge and virtue, indolence and thrift converted into industry, enterprise and freedom, public and social morals purified, and the whole nation restored to its complete physical and mental energies—we are met with the cry that we are invading the most sacred rights of men, and depositing liberty herself. And this is not confined entirely to the makers and venders of liquors, but many citizens who are worthy of all regard in reference to other matters of public interest, not only refuse to aid in the great work of reform, but give ear to the absurd pretences of those interested. Why is this? Surely the evils entailed upon society by the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage are vastly greater and more manifold than those arising from gaming; and of all the means which human wisdom could possibly devise to suppress gaming itself, none would be half so effectual as the abatement of tippling houses. Then why should society be denied the right to remove this most flagrant of all social evils, by any and all legal enactments they may deem necessary to secure the desired end? Oh ye office-holding, office-hunting, hypocritical pretenders of patriotism, tell us why it is so?"

It would be rather hard to tell why it is so. A difference is made between gambling and grog selling, but the evils of the latter are by no means less than the former. Multitudes suffer from the rum business, while a few only can suffer and that but temporarily from a prohibitory enactment. Both may cry out, but as the "*Advocate* and *Home Circle*" says "which shall we hear!" To which class of sufferers shall we pay attention and attempt to relieve. The paper just named shall answer its our interrogation. It says:—

"There are two classes who claim that their interests are deeply involved in the proposed anti-liquor-law. The first, are violently opposed to it. If it is passed, say they, it will seriously affect our business, and subject us to great pecuniary loss. They plead with us in the name of shattered fortunes, and beggared families not to urge its adoption. We confess it is not right to trifle with the pecuniary interests of any man.

It is, indeed, with the deepest regret, that we perceive that any are so situated as to suffer loss by the triumph of the cause of truth and righteousness. We love to see prosperity in others as we love to enjoy it ourselves. We would not dare to interfere in this matter, but for the wail of woe that reaches our ears from that other class who also have great interests at stake. They plead with tears and outstretched arms that this law may at once be enacted. They remonstrate against the right of any set of men to fatten upon their blood—or to convert their tears into dia-

monds to deck their "purple and fine linen." They claim there is no principle of right by which one class of men are entitled to ride over human hopes and joys in their way to personal ease and affluence. They ask us to inquire whether any one has a right to build for himself a palace out of the fragments of ruined homes.

Here then is our embarrassment. On the one hand are traffickers in ardent spirits—on the other, the victims of the cruel trade. Each of them feel that with the mighty people lies the power to pass this law or reject it; and each are seeking to reach the public ear. The question now is: Which shall we hear? The mere lament of dollars and cents or the sighs of broken and bleeding hearts. For whom shall we strike, for the well-fed and jocund host, or for his wretched, starving victims? Can any man be found who will array himself against injured, weeping womanhood, or beggared and abused infancy. Whatever others may think, I would rather die with the fears of those whom I have relieved and blessed, falling upon my pillow than surrounded by a retinue of lordly oppressors. I had rather stand in the judgment with these around me ready to testify to my efforts in their behalf, than to be associated with the great and mighty. With me, therefore, the wail of those victims of a cruel traffic drowns the mere jingle of coin, and my heart and my hand shall be outstretched to their relief. I will look up to Heaven for Divine interposition in their behalf. Thousands more will do likewise and the world may rest assured the day of relief is not far distant."

The New York Reformer, expresses our mind on "the difference" between the License system and the prohibitory enactments for which we contend. From that spring we draw the following stream.

For more than two hundred years the Statute books of nearly every state and nation in Christendom have been covered with acts to prevent the unlawful sale of intoxicating drinks. The Maine Law strikes at the traffic itself. Under the characteristic beauties of the License System, a man may be punished for selling a gill or a pint, while he may deal in it by hogheads, and ship loads with impunity. The Maine Law reaches not only the offender, but his rum and whisky. The License Law attempts to cope with the evil on a petty retail system. It expressly allows the sale, provided it is made in sufficiently large quantities, or when the vendor holds a written indulgence to sell by retail, forbidding it only when made without a license in small quantities. The Maine Law attacks it on a broadside wholesale scale. It sweeps the whole traffic, from the glass to a ship load, out of existence.

The License Law is only a petty system of annoyance to the traffic, an endless warfare, just pinching, picking and enraging the monster it attacks, now and then cutting off a claw, or an ear, which but infuriates and enrages him; but the Maine Law grapples him by the nape of the neck with a strong hand, and extinguishes life at a gripe. The License Law allows the sale to go on, while the offender is only punished by a fine, which he is able to pay and have a large dividend of profits left. But the Maine law confiscates his stock on hand, abolishes the fund out of which he reimburses himself. Under the License law it is next to impossible to convict of the offence of selling. The grand jury may be averse to indicting. The petty jury may have some member upon it who will not agree to a verdict of guilty. And reliance cannot always be placed on witnesses, who best know where liquor is sold. Thus the weapon most generally breaks in the hand, and wounds him who wields it.

But the Maine law makes the liquor itself testify. A drunken witness or guilty agent is not called into court to equivocate, and perhaps perjure himself; but the bottles, casks and demijohns are forced to attend and make confession of their crimes, before committing them.

Horace Mann says the Maine law is as great a discovery in morals, as steam is in physics.—It is an instrument of vast power, which a single man can put in motion.

With such advantages in its favor, have we not the strongest possible inducements to nerve ourselves for the work and procure as soon as possible, its enactment? We need a weapon that will do effective execution. We have pelted the culprit with tufts of grass long enough, let us try what virtue there is in stones.

In concluding our streams for the present issue, we make the following extract from a sermon preached at Chelsea Mass. on

the 18th of August last by the Rev. Isaac P. Langworthy. His text was from 1 Timothy i. 8.—*We know that the law is good if a man use it lawfully.* The whole discourse is said to be an able exposition and defence of the Massachusetts Law, as also, a clear analysis of the principle involved in the legal prohibition of the liquor traffic.

"Hitherto says the author, our liquor laws seem to have been enacted for the especial benefit of the dealers; setting them up and defending them by the strong arm of law, in the miserable business of scattering "arrows, fire-brands and death" broadcast among us. The rights of the few, and not of the many, have been chiefly regarded. And though there has ever been a confessed evil in this traffic, laws have always been made to regulate, not to suppress and abolish it; just as if that which is "evil, and not evil, and that continually," could be regulated by law! Who would think of regulating theft, robbery, swindling or gambling, by statutory enactments! And then, the "regulating laws" we have had were vague and unsatisfactory, filled with loop-holes, affording every advantage of escape to the guilty party; thus rendering conviction next to impossible. And in the event of a conviction, an appeal could be easily taken, and the trial be long delayed; and in the meantime the contraband business could flourish and swell up a profit of sufficient amount to pay half a dozen fines, without inconvenience. Besides, men steeped in rum, or engaged or interested in its traffic, were as likely to be witnesses and jurors, if not judges, as those more disinterested and reliable. And the penalties, in the event of a conviction, have always been such, that a profitable liquor business would scarcely be impeded at all, by incurring one every week. Thus the difficulties of arrest and presentation, of obtaining witnesses that would testify truly, of jurors that would be honest, together with the great delays in bringing cases to an issue, and the slight penalties which could be inflicted, have made our former liquor laws the greatest of all legal humbugs conceivable.

But the law now to be enforced was enacted upon a widely different basis, and, in its provisions, marches straight forward to its object. In this the rights of the many are considered, and their welfare is placed above the wicked cupidity of the few. And then, instead of attempting the "regulation" of the nefarious traffic in intoxicating liquors as a beverage, it aims at once to suppress and abolish it,—to throw it out of the pale of legal protection, and make the article itself contraband. The liquor, and the implements of sale, are *prima facie* evidence against their possessor. This changes the burden of proof from the injured to the injurer, where it belongs. Its penalties, in fines, imprisonment, and confiscation of the liquor, have some relation to the enormity of the offence. The right of search, seizure and demolition, are new features in our liquor laws, but are absolutely essential to make them worth a place on our statute books. The provisions of the twelfth section, against manufacturers and common sellers without license, are stringent, and must be effectual if executed. Penalties may be inflicted by a single process, and at the same trial, to the full number of clearly proved violations; so that three or ten offences, well authenticated in a single indictment, imposes three or ten penalties, as the case may be. Add to this, the right of seizing and destroying the poison when found in circumstances where the law does not protect it, the heavy bonds demanded in case of appeal, the difficulty of impeaching or bribing the witness found in the liquor itself, and the simplicity, celerity and efficiency of the whole legal process when once commenced, and I think we are safe in saying that the provisions of this law are good,—good for the end designed, viz., the breaking up, and putting an end to, the most pernicious traffic that ever cursed the world."

Temperance Celebration.

We have much pleasure in announcing that, on the 29th inst., a Temperance Celebration will be held at Rouse's Point, it being the anniversary of the North Eastern Division, No. 93, State of New York, all are invited, who love the Temperance cause, as well as those whose minds are not yet made up as to which side they will take. Ample arrangements will be made for the entertainment of those who may honour the occasion with their presence.

Quebec Correspondence of Advocate.

SIR,—Since I last wrote you, we have had a gala time of it in this old city. You are aware, no doubt, that on the 8th of Sept., the delegates from the different parts of the country, forming the Grand Division of Canada East, met in Quebec to hold their second quarterly session. The friends here determined that this opportunity should not be lost, but that every effort should at once be put forth, not only to render the reception of our visitors all that they could wish, but also to make such an impression upon the public mind as would redound to the credit of the Order, and to the advancement of our glorious cause. Although at the extremity, I may say, of the province, at least so far as the practicability of extending our beloved Order is concerned, and although shut up for six months of the year, and a bit at each end of them, with snow and ice, the cold being so intense as to almost freeze the life out of the inhabitants, we have nevertheless, as a body, succeeded in preserving a certain amount of warmth in that seat of the affections—the heart—and this warmth was manifested by those who had been entrusted with the reception of the delegates. On the morning upon which they were expected, a committee, known as the “Good and Welfare Committee,” were in attendance at the boat to receive their brethren from a distance. As soon as the usual introductions and compliments had been duly attended, the whole, numbering twenty, marched to the residence of Brother Shaw, whose hospitality had provided a breakfast for them. Breakfast concluded, the friends from a distance were conducted to the houses of the brethren, whose hospitable abodes are always open for the reception of the friend and brother. I presume, sir, that the Grand Division were engaged in session during the whole of that day, and the fore part of the next; I shall, therefore, pass over this part of the proceedings, being, as they are, a sealed book to all but the duly initiated.

On the Thursday afternoon, about 2 o'clock, numbers of persons, dressed in holiday attire, could be seen flocking to the Masonic buildings, where evidently some more than ordinary matter was being transacted. This, sir, was no less a matter than the presentation of the Quebec petitions, which were numerously signed, to the Legislature, for the passage of the Maine Liquor Law. The Governor General had kindly signified his intention to receive the Petition from the hands of the Sons themselves. Accordingly the Grand Division deputised their officers to wait upon His Excellency, on arriving at the Government House, they were almost immediately introduced, when the Grand Worthy Patriarch, Mr. J. C. Becket of Montreal, read the petition and then handed it to His Excellency, who received it very kindly, and made a short and encouraging reply. On the return of the deputation to the Division Room, about 3 o'clock, the procession, composed of the Cadets, the Gough and St. Lawrence Divisions of the Sons of Temperance, and the Grand Division, sallied forth, the precious document being carried by the Grand Worthy Patriarch of the Order in this section of the Province. The procession, with banners flying, made a circuit of the city, so arranging it as to pass by the establishments of those men of “good moral character,” who are licensed for the especial benefit of the community to pour the liquid fire down the throats of unwary victims. I mean, sir, the respectable venders. Arrived at the Parliament House, where our city members were in waiting, one of whom has pledged himself to the unflinching support of the Maine Law, and the other of whom has given a partial assent, and I think may be relied upon. The petitions having been presented, and an appropriate answer returned,

three cheers were given for the members, Messrs. Stuart and Dubord, and three for the Maine Law. The procession then proceeded to the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, when one of the best temperance sermons to which I have ever listened was preached by the Rev. Mr. Borland. To attempt to you even a most remote idea of the subject matter of the discourse would be impossible, in a communication necessarily limited in length. In the evening, a Temperance meeting was held in Russell's Concert Hall, which was very well attended;—it was addressed by the Hon. Malcolm Cameron, J. W. Rose, Esq., M.P.P. for Dundas, the Rev. Mr. Wood, Congregational Minister of this city, and Mr. Thomas White, jr., all of whom touched more or less upon the subject of the Maine Law, and the many frivolous and absurd arguments which are brought against it, completely demolishing every vestige of an argument, and leaving the opponents of the measure, not even a leg to stand upon. On Friday evening another meeting was held, which, however, owing to the unpropitious weather—it raining hard at the time the meeting should commence—was not so fully attended. This second meeting was addressed by the Rev. Messrs. Marsh and Borland of this city, and the Rev. Mr. Macgregor of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The delegates left Quebec by the steamer on Friday night, and, so far as we have been able to learn, were very much delighted with their trip, and pleasingly disappointed with our ancient metropolis. I believe the meeting of the Grand Division has been a most harmonious one, likely to result in good to the order and advancement to the cause of Temperance.

I had almost omitted to mention the Sons of Temperance Orchestra, who enlisted the meetings with their music. This was their first appearance in public, and I can assure you that they rather “astonished the natives” by the progress which they had made. They are likely to prove a most efficient auxiliary to our meetings in the winter season.

I had intended, in this communication, to say something in reference to the progress of our cause in the Assembly, but I have already extended my letter longer than I anticipated, and shall, therefore, merely mention that the Maine Law has been introduced by the Hon. Malcolm Cameron, seconded by no less a personage than Col. Prince. Promising to take a peep into the Legislature in my next, I remain, yours, &c.,

T. W.

Quebec, 11th Sept., 1852.

(From our Kingston Correspondent.)

Kingston, August 28, 1852.

I have great pleasure in informing you of a fresh impetus given to the cause of temperance in this city. For some time past the friends have been desirous of having a meeting for a free expression of sentiment, relative to a protective law against the evils of the manufacture and sale of liquors. At length it was unanimously decided by the Temperance Societies, yea, urgently determined that we would not be behind our sister cities, and it was deemed prudent to have a meeting under the protection of the Mayor, and a requisition to that effect was signed by several Ministers of the Gospel, physicians, and other citizens. As soon as publicity was given to this request, (to which the Mayor assented, and at once called the meeting, promising to preside, or provide, a senior Alderman, in his absence), the great champion of grog, Dr. Barker, of the *Whig*, sounded the alarm, and urged upon the rumpocracy to put down, what he called, fanaticism, and bigotry, and endeavored to intimidate the lovers of peace, to prevent their attendance. Bills were posted up, and printed circulars for caucus meetings to be

held in some of the taverns. An organised opposition was thus got up, and you may conceive of what character it was. The *Whig*, before the morning of meeting, had a notice, calling upon the "*Physiogs*" a "*Chambers Society*" to attend at the City Hall, and every attempt was made by that "moral nuisance" to disgrace our city, and the result will show how well he succeeded. Oh! liberty! was it come to this that, within a half mile of Morton's Distillery, an investigation into the effects of Morton's proof would be permitted; no, it was determined to use every effort to frustrate the liberty of free discussion. Even barrels of whisky were presented to some of the taverns for their drinking votaries, the manufacturer well knowing its direct baneful effects to excite to murder and crimes; but in one instance a tavern-keeper to his credit *spiritedly* refused it admission to his house. The caucus meetings resolved to proceed even to violence to quash the meeting, but it was evident that no person, having the least claim to respectability, took any leading part in these disgraceful proceedings. When the hour of meeting arrived it was evident that tumult was intended. The Mayor was unfortunately absent on business, but expected every moment to arrive. Amidst the greatest uproar we entered the hall and found the seats well piled up on the sides, and every preparation made by some persons to *accommodate a row*. Mr. Henry Armstrong was crowded into the chair, and Mr. somebody, secretary. Although on the platform I could not form an idea clearly how the business was proceeding. The mob surrounded the platform yelling, hooting, and crowing vociferously; no person could be found of the city authorities to preserve order. A deep responsibility rests somewhere, more particularly upon the instigators of this work. The temperance men were at their post, firmly resolved to maintain their privileges. The requisitionists at this stage of the proceedings claimed their right first to be heard, and several ministers were ready with resolutions, and would then have given way to amendments; but they were shamefully pushed aside by Dr. Barker and his satellites. Dr. Dixon again made an attempt to be heard, and some of the ministers who signed the requisition, but were literally yelled off the platform,—they protested entirely against the proceedings, and retired from the platform, urging upon all firm forbearance. At this juncture the Mayor came into the hall, and it was expected that order would be restored, but the attempt was futile among men infuriated by strong drink.—The Mayor saw the state of things, and declared if Dr. Barker came there to *cause disorder*, he was for *order*, and would maintain it, insisting that Kingston should not be controlled by such a mob. One man, a *social incendiary*, cut the Mayor short, and endeavored to raise the men's passions against their chief magistrate, and most imprudently tried to raise groans for the Mayor.—This same individual threatened to mob *His Excellency* should he have paid a visit to this city, on a late occasion, and, it is believed, is one of the instigators of this opposition. During the tumult a placard was paraded round the hall, bearing this motto, "*The Rights of Man*?" which a poor creature, named Flynn, endeavored with violent gesticulations to advocate, but his eloquence was not heard. Dr. Barker himself could not be heard, his myrmidons could not understand when to yell, and when to leave off; no resolution could be read. Jeremiah Meagher, of Morton's Distillery, with the tag-rag, and bobtail connected with his business, were in the hall, and Jeremiah made himself hoarse, with his fierce denunciations. The opponents of temperance and order are ashamed of their champions; it speaks well for our noble cause, when no better opposers can be found than such as these in a place like Kingston. We have here nearly 200 taverns, one to every 60 of the population. The Ephesians exclaimed by this craft we have our wealth, when their ruin approached; and those engaged in this im-

moral traffic see that *their craft* also is in danger; they are alarmed and show their weakness, and the secret of their clamor. But a better day is dawning—temperance men are shaking off their apathy—those before indifferent express their sentiments unmistakably, which no temperance lecturer has been able to elicit.—The following are some of the gentlemen who were present; and so grossly insulted—all resident Ministers:—*Revs. H. Mulkins and R. V. Rogers* (Church of England); *Rev. A. Loring*, (Baptist); *Rev. Mr. Burns* (Free Church); *Revs. S. Rice and C. Lorell* (Wesleyan Methodists); *Rev. Mr. Fenwick* (Congregationalist); *Rev. J. Gardner* (E. Methodist); *Dr. Dixon*; *C. Calvin*, Esq. of Garden Island; *Judge Marshall* of Nova Scotia; *N. McLeod*, Esq., Barrister, and several others—a more respectable array of talent, in favor of a Protective Law, could not be desired. I cannot close this hasty sketch without bearing witness to the gentlemanly conduct evinced by *James O'Reilly*, Esq., a young, but already talented lawyer, for his gentlemanly forbearance and endeavours to preserve order.

A meeting of all friendly to the Total Abstinence cause will be held on Monday, to adopt measures for a public meeting, where the rights of free discussion shall be respected. All are united and resolved not to be put down. We hope that God will be with us, and, leaving the result in His hands, we abide the issue.

Yours very truly,

A LOVER OF ORDER.

London, September 7th, 1852.

STR,—I have been requested by the members and friends of North Street Division Sons of Temperance, No. 397, to forward to you for publication in your admirable *Advocate*, a few items of information with respect to the progress of temperance principles and practice in their locality. This Division meets in a village called Five Stakes, two and a-half miles from St. Thomas, on the London road. It is little more than 12 months old, and considering the length and extent of old King Alcohol's reign in that neighborhood—the devoted loyalty of his subjects—the number and strength of his garrisons, (3 in a small village)—the amount of his ammunition, and calibre of his guns—they have done much.

Several of the warmest supporters of the *fiery* despot have joined the Division—the prejudices of others are giving way—the garrisons are sorely battered, and the "*Sons*" and their friends are exulting in the hope of seeing a shot from the great cannon of the Maine Law sweep away the last vestige of the tipping system in that neighborhood.

Mr. Wadsworth, I believe, was the first successful temperance advocate who visited the Five Stakes. He stated his principles clearly, enforced them earnestly, used illustrations most appropriate, produced facts and arguments unanswerable; and with persuasive eloquence finally achieved the first of a series of brilliant victories, which have subsequently been gained for truth, sobriety, and Christian philanthropy in that locality. At that meeting a gentleman of the name of Webb, who resides in that section, was induced to sign the pledge, and has not only proved himself a most staunch abstainer, but an active and successful advocate of total abstinence principles. He is a firm pillar of the cause. To him, and the ministers of the Methodist New Connection Church, the cause is principally indebted for its permanency and triumphs there. But the "*Sons*" have now lifted up their beacon light, they have elevated it upon the lofty pillar of truth, and I trust its blaze will be brilliant, steady, and continued as long as one son of Adam there shall be exposed to shipwreck against the jutting rocks of intemperance.

Thank God, there are many homes in that once notoriously

drunken place, where the old tyrant cannot set his foot, and whose inmates are gloriously free from his despotism and cruelty. These parties are advancing in intelligence, piety, and moral influence. They are the hope of the neighborhood. There are some families yet, where Alcohol is most cordially welcomed, and where, as is usual with him, he scatters abroad fire-brands, arrows, and death. There is, I am sorry to say, after all that has been done there, one most melancholy and appalling spectacle presented in that village almost every day—and that is a number of grey headed men prostrate at the shrine of Bacchus; grandfathers and great grandfathers, who ought to be examples of sobriety and piety to their several families, devoting their last days and expiring energies to the gratification of an appetite they created in their youth, and which is dragging them, with irresistible power, down to the dark abyss of eribus and woe. Oh! is there a more appalling object on earth than an old man, venerable with years, whose snowy head, and wrinkled face, and trembling limbs, announce his approximation to the grave, staggering under the burden which alcohol has laid upon him, absolutely immolating himself upon the altar of the *fiery* God. But a voice is heard through the length and breadth of Canada, clear, sonorous, and powerful, crying to our legislature—give us the law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks. That voice must be heard—its request must be granted—then will Canada be free, happy and prosperous.

Wishing you every success in your work of faith, and labor of love, I remain, yours truly,

JAMES CASWELL.

East Hawkesbury, 10th Sept., 1852.

On Monday, the 6th instant, a new Division of the Sons of Temperance was organized by D. G. W. P., T. H. Higginson, assisted by a deputation from Vankleekhull Division. We number 12 members only—but let those who would ridicule the smallness of our Division, remember that "great oaks from little acorns grow," and that few as we are, we may yet be found *too many* for our antagonists.

We have here a very extensive field in which to exercise all these laudable motives which prompt a Son of Temperance to action. It is with a firm determination to sustain, that we have raised the standard of our order, and, we trust, by the practice of all energy and faithfulness to the cause, to see that standard "in our locality, as every where," float on the breeze triumphantly fearlessly, and free.

A. M.

Sons of Temperance.

We take the following from the Quebec *Morning Chronicle* of the 10th instant,—it has reference to the Sons of that city making a public display, in committing their petition, in favor of the Maine Law, to the City Members, for presentation to Parliament:

"We can hardly admire the system of marching with banners and insignia to the House of Assembly, as practised by the Sons of Temperance yesterday. What banners and insignia have to do with temperance we cannot discover."

We are surprised, but not disappointed in the foregoing. We are surprised that the editor of the *Morning Chronicle* should have so soon lost his relish for banners and insignia, and confess our inability to explain why it is that our contemporary has ceased to "admire the system of marching with banners." Generally all

good old soldiers continue to admire this kind of display. We are not surprised that our contemporary is unable to discover what these things have to do with temperance, and as the means of removing this ignorance, which is not very creditable to him, in these days of "reform and progress." We would most respectfully suggest that he unite with Gough, or St. Lawrence Division, located in Quebec, and then all will be plain.

Obituary.

It is our painful duty to record the death of one Thomas Foley, an Irishman, and a harmless, sober, inoffensive man, of good character, who came to Canada but three months since; was employed in a lumbering establishment at Templeton, and had saved a small sum of money to send home to his wife and children; but he was caught in the snare of the fowler; and a loving wife has been deprived of an affectionate husband; and helpless children of a kind father. It appears that Foley, with some other comrades, had entered the groggery of one Widow Corner, near Templeton Mills, which is a perfect nuisance to the neighborhood. Sunday and Saturday she plies her unhallowed traffic in defiance of law. Through the praiseworthy exertions of the lumberers in that quarter, no licenses are granted for the sale of intoxicating drinks; but Widow Corner defies the law, and, unblushingly, lays her snares to catch the unwary. The Lord's Day seems to be the one in which the greatest havoc is made of the peace of individuals, and the happiness of families. It was on that day that the party, above referred to, had spent their money, and, in return, had been rendered unfit to reach their home. They had the river Blanche to cross, at a point where it was not more than 15 feet wide, in two canoes, which they contrived to upset. All escaped but poor Foley, who was left to perish!—*Con.*

[Sad commentary this on the liquor traffic. If any one had stabbed Foley with a knife, and deprived him of life, and fled, hundreds of dollars would have been expended in pursuit, and the country saddled with the cost of his trial, &c.; but, in the case detailed above, the cause of the man's death can be remedied by putting the law in force! We wonder whose duty it is to do this?—*Ed. C. T. A.*]

The Hon. M. Cameron, to whom the Temperance public are deeply indebted, has introduced into Parliament, a bill for the suppression of intemperance. We are sorry that we have not been furnished, as yet, with a copy of this bill, which prevents us from giving our opinion of its provisions. We have no doubt it will be of the right kind. We hope to be in a position to speak more at length on this subject in our next.

Notices to Correspondents.

"A Daughter of England," and "A Call," will appear in our next. We have had a description sent us of the last picnic to Melbourne, by the Sons, but it must lie over for the present.

We regret to say that the lines addressed "to the Boston Temperance Choir" does not "meet our approbation," and therefore cannot insert them. We have seen about as good poetry in some papers, but we cannot lower our standard. Original poetry must be nearly equal to good selections, of which there is abundance or we cannot promise insertion, no—not even to our best friends.

We are compelled to omit, for want of space, the "Temperance Jottings," and several other communications.

Maine Law Meeting in Montreal.

The Young Men's Temperance Society held a Public Meeting in the American Presbyterian Church, on the evening of the 31st ult, which was well attended, and was, otherwise, a meeting of much interest. The Chair was occupied by B. Lyman, Esq., and the speakers were, the Rev. Donald Frazer, Rev. D. Inglis, and Messrs. Boyd, Lesueur and Freeman who addressed the meeting on the following topics:—

1. The traffic in intoxicating drinks should be prohibited because society is injured by it, socially, morally and religiously.
2. The cost of the traffic to the community is an argument for its prohibition.
3. Past legislation to regulate the traffic having proved ineffectual, and the attempts by moral suasion to abate the evils arising from it, having partially failed, are reasons why a prohibitory law should be sought.
4. A law prohibiting the sale of strong drinks is best adapted as a remedy for the evils connected with intemperance.
5. The principle upon which the law is based is recognized in every civilized country, viz., the right of the community to interfere with individual interests when those interests are prejudicial to the welfare of society.

The Rev. Messrs. Lillie, Douglass, Hill, and McKillican also took part in the proceedings of the evening.

The speaking was of a high order, the speakers having evidently prepared themselves for the occasion, and if we may judge from the impression made upon the audience, when the vote was taken, these efforts were fully appreciated. This could not fail to be satisfactory to the speakers themselves, as well as creditable to the audience; indeed, it is of no use to attempt meetings in this city, on this subject, unless such a programme is presented as will repay the expenditure of time and labor inseparable from such occasions.

This is the first real Maine Law Meeting that we have had in Montreal. It was expected that the Hon. Neal Dow would have been here about this time, when another meeting would have taken place, but it appears that his services are required in his own State.

BROKERS' CIRCULAR.

(From the Montreal Herald.)

Montreal, Sat., Sept. 11, 1852.

FLOUR.—The supply has been small, but quite equal to the demand—the market closing at a slight reduction upon our quotations of last week.

WHEAT.—Any good samples that have been offered during the week, were readily taken at 4s 5½d a 4s 6½d, at which it was yesterday firm. United States Mixed remains nominal at 4s 6d.

BARLEY.—Nominal, and without sales.

Oats.—Retail transactions at 1s 10d to 2s.

INDIAN CORN AND INDIAN MEAL.—Nominal. No sales.

BUTTER.—None in market.

OATMEAL.—Sale at 23s, but not to any extent.

PROVISIONS.—No Beef in market. Pork is dull at our quotations—the only transactions being in "Mess"—of which there are trifling sales at 112s 6d per brl.

ASHES.—Both kinds have advanced,—holders of good shipping parcels, to-day, asking 26s for "Pots," and 27s 3d for "Pearls."

Stocks.—Bank of Montreal—Latest sales are at 16s per cent premium. Commercial Bank—Sales at 7 a 7½ per cent premium. City Bank—Nominally unaltered; without sellers. Bank of Upper Canada—None offered; would command 2 per cent discount. People's Bank has advanced; sales at 20 per cent discount ex dividend. Montreal Telegraph Company—No transactions; offered at 2 per cent discount, without takers. Montreal Mining Consols—Sales have taken place at 1s per share. In other Stocks, nothing to report.

RELIGIOUS AND USEFUL BOOK STORE

183 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

THE Subscriber has on hand an assortment of WORKS, published by Carter and Brothers, of New York,

—ALSO,—

The Publications of the Mass. Sabbath School Society, with a variety of Interesting Books from other Publishers, including

Sonny Side

Peep at Number Five

The Successful Merchant

Layard's Nineveh

Cheever's Reel in a Bottle

Sigourney's Letters to Mothers and Young Ladies.

Rural Homes

The Fruit Garden

Teaching a Science: the Teacher an Artist

Together with an Assortment of CHILDREN'S BOOKS, and the NATIONAL and other SCHOOL BOOKS, also the following Temperance Publications:—

Barnes on the Maine Law

Edward's Temperance Manual

Beecher's Six Sermons on Intemperance

The Temperance Volume: consisting of Selected

Tracts published by the Amer. Tract Society, and a variety of Tracts on the Maine Law.

All of the above Publications supplied at New York and Boston prices. The usual Discount allowed to Merchants.

JOHN DOUGALL.

September 15, 1852.

GROCERY, CROCKERY & CLOTHING STORE.

THE Subscriber has opened a GROCERY, CROCKERY, and CLOTHING STORE, on Main Street, Brockville, opposite Doctor Hubbel's, Cheap for Cash. Also, Plantagenet Mineral Water, by the Gallon or Glass.

ROBT. S. WADE.

Brockville, Sept. 1852.

MAINE LAW ENVELOPES.

THE Subscriber has just published a beautifully executed Vignette, illustrating the evil effects of the Liquor Traffic, and the beneficial effects of the operation of the Maine Liquor Law, on ENVELOPES of good size and quality.

Price 20s. per 1000, or 2s. 6d. per 100.

For Sale at the Booksellers in Montreal; Mr. G. Stanier, Quebec; Mr. Duffy, Kingston; Messrs. C. Fletcher and H. Armour, Toronto; and Mr. McLellan, Hamilton

J. C. BECKET.

22, Great St. James Street.

Montreal, July, 1852.

MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

THE Subscriber has now a Supply of the above work, which was noticed at length in number 7 of the Advocate. Price 2d each, or 7s 6d per hundred. This work may be sent by post for one halfpenny per ounce.

J. C. BECKET.

22 Great St. James Street.

Montreal, April 1, 1852.

THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE is published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at 2s. 6d. per annum—Agents receiving one copy gratis—by J. C. BECKET, Office, 22, Great St. James-St.; Residence, Brunswick St., Beaver Hall, Montreal.