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Vol. XVIII.]

MONTREAL, MAY 1, 1852.

No. 10

The Only Son.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Mr. Harcourt sat alone in his study.—The walls were crowded with book cases filled with the massy tomes of the law; his table was covered with papers of importance; and a pile of notes, which had just been paid him by a client, lay close by his elbow. The costly lamp that hung above his head threw its light full on the upper part of his face, bringing the massy brow out into bold relief, and giving additional sternness to his cold and inflexible features. All at once he rang the bell.

"Is the master James arrived?" he said sharply, when the servant entered.

"Yes, sir."

"Show him in, then."

In a few minutes the door of the study opened again, and the lawyer's only son stood in the presence of his father. He was a youth of seventeen, fair and manly to gaze upon, but with that look of dissipation in his countenance which mars even the noblest beauty.

An expression of feminine softness and irresolution in his face, contradicted the proud self-willed glance of his dark, glowing eye. He seemed, indeed to judge from his looks, to be wholly a creature of impulses.

"So you have been in another scrape, sir," said the old man harshly.

The youth bowed his head and bit his lips.

"It cost me four hundred dollars to pay for the carriage that was broken, and the horses foundered in your drunken frolic. What have you to say to that, sir?"

The young man's eye wandered irresolutely around the room, without daring to meet his father's face. Nor did he make any reply.

"How long is this to last?" said his parent, in a more angry tone.

"Have I not told you, again and again, that I will disown you, if these things went on? You are a disgrace, sir, to me—a blot on my name.—Thank God your mother did not live to see you grow up!"

The youth had been evidently nerving himself to bear his father's rebuke, with as much indifference and coolness as possible; but at the mention of his mother's name his lip quivered and he turned away his head to hide the tears that gathered in his eyes. And that stern, irritating old man known how to follow up the chord he had struck, his son might have yet been saved; but he was a hard, correct man, unaccustomed to make allowances for difference of character, and he resolved to drive his son into obedience by the strong arm of parental authority.

"You turn away to laugh, you rascal, do you?" said he enraged.

"You believe, because you are my only child, I will not punish you. But I would cast you off if you were ten times my son; and I made up my mind to-day to tell you at once, to go."

There is a pile of notes—five hundred dollars—I believe; take it; and to-morrow I will make it a thousand, before you do."

But remember, this is the last night you shall spend under my roof—the last cent of my money you shall ever touch."

When his mother was alluded to, the youth had almost made up his mind to step forward, ask pardon for all his evil courses, and promise solemnly hereafter to live a life of strict propriety; but the sharp and angry tone in which Mr. Harcourt pursued the conversation, and the words of banishment with which it closed, seemed to make him irresolute. He colored, turned pale, and

parted his lips as if about to speak; then he clasped his hands half in supplication; but the cold, contemptuous look of his father checked him and he remained silent.—The angry flush, however, rose again to his cheek, and became fixed there.

"Not a word, sir," said the father. "It is too late for pleading now. Don't be both a blackguard and a coward. I told you if you ever got into such a discredit difficulty I would disown you.—But the warning did no good. You must reap as you have sown? Will you go?"

The youth seemed again about to speak; but his words choked him. The spirit of the son, as well as that of the father, was roused. He felt that the punishment was disproportioned to the offence, even great as it had been. He took the notes which his parent held out to him, crumpled them hastily together, and flinging them scornfully back, turned and left the room. The next instant the street door closed with a heavy clang.

"He has not gone, surely?" said the father, startled for a moment. But his brow darkened as his eye fell on the notes. "Yet let him go, the graceless villain—he is hereafter no son of mine.—Better die childless than have an heir who is a curse and a disgrace to your name. Did I not do my duty to him?"

"Ay! old man, that is the question—Did you do your duty to him? Were you not harsh when you should have been lenient—did not you neglect your son for years after his mother's death, careless of what kind of associates he consorted with—and when he had been led astray, did you not, we say, attempt to correct him by threats when you should have drawn him by the gentle cords of love? Look into your own heart and see if you are not just as unreasonable as your son. Can a character be reformed in a day? Your profession should have taught you better, old man. But the boy has gone from your roof forever, for well he knows how inflexible is your stern, self-righteous heart; and, indeed, with a portion of your own pride, he would sooner out off his right arm than solicit or accept your aid. Yes! take up that mass of complicated papers and endeavor to forget the past scene in its absorbing details; but yours must be a heart of adamant if, in despite of your oft repeated reasonings, you can justify your harshness to it. Remember the words you have uttered. They may apply to more than one.—As you have sown so shall you reap!"

James Harcourt went forth from his father's house in utter despair. Pride had supported him during the last few moments of the interview, and he had met his stern parent's malediction with bitter defiance; but when the door had closed upon him; and he turned to take a last look up at the window which was once his mother's, the tears gushed again into his eyes, and covering his face with his hands he sat down on a neighboring step and sobbed convulsively. "Oh, if she had been living," he said, "it would never have come to this. She would not have left me to form associations with those who wished to make a prey of me—she would not have galled me by stern and often undeserved reproaches—she would not have turned me from my home, with no place whither to go, and temptations around me on every side. Oh! my mother," he said, casting his eyes to heaven, "look down on and pity your poor boy."

At that instant the door of his father's house opened, as if some one was about to come forth. A momentary hope shot through him that his parent had relented. But no! it was only a servant who had been called to close the shutters.—Ashamed to be recognized, the youth hastily arose, turned a corner and disappeared.

Years rolled on. The lawyer rose in wealth and consideration; honors were heaped profusely upon him: he became a member of Congress, a Senator, a Judge. His sumptuous carriage rolled through the streets daily to bear him to and from court. An invitation to his dinners were received in triumph, they were so select. In every respect, Judge Harcourt was a man to be envied.

But was he happy? He might have been, reader, but for one thing. *He had no one to love.* He felt that people courted him from interested motives. Oh! how he sometimes longed to know what had become of his discarded boy, confessing to himself, now that years had removed the veil, from his eyes, how harshly he had used the culprit.

'Perhaps, if I had borne with him a little longer he might have reformed,' he said with a sigh. 'He always had a good heart, and his poor mother used to say he was so obedient. But he got led away.'

At this instant a servant cautiously opened the library door.

'It is almost ten o'clock, your honor,' he said, 'and the carriage is at the door.'

'Ay, ay,' said the judge, rising, as the servant disappeared. 'I had forgot myself. And that desperate fellow, Roberts, is to be tried to-day, for the mail robbery.'

Many an obsequious bow greeted the judge as the officers of his court made way for him through the crowd, for the trial was one of unusual interest, and had collected together large numbers.—He smiled affably to all, and taking his seat, ordered the business to proceed. The prisoner was brought in, a large, bold, fine looking man, but the judge, occupied with a case he had heard the day before, and in which he was writing out an opinion, gave little notice to the criminal or indeed to any of the proceedings, until the usual formalities had been gone through and the serious part of the evidence began to be heard. Then the judge, for the first time, directed a keen glance to the prisoner. 'Surely I have seen that face before,' he said. But he could not tell where; and he turned to scrutinize the jury box.

The case was a clear one. The testimony, when completed, formed a mass of evidence that was irresistible. Two men swore positively to the person of the accused as that of one of the robbers; and the jury immediately gave a verdict of guilty, after a bitterly severe charge against the prisoner from the bench. The punishment was death.

On hearing the verdict, the prisoner set his mouth firmly and drew himself up to his full height. But, before sentence was pronounced, he asked leave to say a few words. He did it in so earnest a tone that the judge immediately granted it, wondering that a man who looked so courageous would stoop to beg for his life.

'I acknowledge my crime,' said the prisoner, 'nor do I seek to palliate it.—But neither do I ask for mercy. I can face death as I have faced it a dozen times. But I wish to say a word on the causes that brought me to this place.' Every neck was strained forward to catch the words of the speaker; even the judge leaned over the bench, controlled by an interest for which he could not account.

'I was born of reputable, nay distinguished parents,' said the man, 'and one at least was an angel. But she died early and my father immersed in ambitious schemes, quite forgot me, so that I was left to form my own associations, which therefore, were naturally not all of the most unexceptionable kind. By and by, my irregularities began to attract the notice of my father. He reproved me too harshly. Recollect I was spoiled by indulgence. I soon committed another youthful folly. My punishment, this time, was more severe and quite as ill-advised as before. I was a creature of impulse, pliable either for good or bad—and my only surviving parent fell into the error of attempting to drive, when he should have persuaded me, with kindness. The fact is, that neither of us understood each other.—Well, matters went on thus for two years and more: I was extravagant, rebellious, dissipated, my parent was hard and unforgiving.'

'At length,' continued the speaker, turning full on the judge until their eyes met, 'one evening, my parent sent for me into his study. I had been guilty of some youthful folly, and having threatened me a fortnight before with disinheritance if I again vexed him, he now told me that henceforth I was to be no child of his, but an outcast and a beggar. He said, too, that he thanked God my mother had not lived to see that day. That touched me. Had he then spoken kindly—had he been affectionate—had

he given me a chance, I might have reformed; but he irritated me with harsh words, checked my rising promptings of good by condemning me unheard, and sent me forth alone into the world. From that hour,' continued the prisoner, speaking rapidly and with great emotion, 'I was desperate. I went out from his doors, a homeless, penniless, friendless boy. My former associates would have shrunk from me, even if I had not been too proud to seek them. All decent society was shut against me. I soon became almost starved for want of money. But what needs it to tell the shifts I was driven to? I slept in miserable hovels—I consorted with the lowest and vilest—I gambled, I cheated, and yet I could scarcely get my bread. You, who sit in luxurious homes, know not the means to which the miserable outcast must resort for a livelihood! But enough.—From one step I passed to another, till I am here. From the moment I was cast out of my father's house my fate was inevitable, leading me by constantly descending steps until I became the felon I now am. And I stand here to-day ready to endure the utmost penalty of your laws, careless of the future as I have been reckless of the past.'

He ceased; and now released from the torrent of his passionate eloquence, which had chained their eyes to him, the spectators turned toward the judge to see what effect the prisoner's words had produced. Well was it, that no one looked there before, else that proud man had sunk cowering from his seat. They would have seen how his eye gradually quailed before that of the speaker—how he turned ashy pale—how his whole face, at length, became convulsed with agony. Ay! old man, remorse was now fully awake. In the criminal he had recognized his only son! He thought then of the words he had once used, '*as you sow, so shall you reap.*' But by a mighty effort he was enabled to hear the prisoner to the end, and then, feeling as if every eye was upon him penetrating this terrible secret in his looks, he sank, with a groan, senseless to the earth.

The confusion that occurred in the court-house, when it was found that the judge had been taken suddenly ill, as the physicians said by a stroke of apoplexy, led to the postponement of the prisoner's sentence: and before the next term of court, the culprit had a conditional pardon, the result, it was said, of the mitigating circumstances which he had urged so eloquently on his trial.—The terms on which a large proportion of citizens petitioned for his pardon required that he should forever after live abroad. It was said that the judge, although scarcely recovered, had taken such an interest in the prisoner, as to visit him in a long and secret interview the night before he sailed for Europe.

About a year after these events, Judge Harcourt resigned his office on the plea of ill-health, and having settled his affairs embarked for the old world, where he intended to reside for many years. He never returned to America. But travellers said that he was residing in a secluded valley of Italy, with a man in the prime of life, who passed for his adopted son. It was the reclaimed outcast. A smiling family of grand-children surrounded him. The happy father could say in the language of Scripture, '*this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found.*'

The Trials and Rewards of Labor.

We make the following extracts from a Prizo Tract recently issued, under the above title, by the London Religious Tract Society:—

IMPROVIDENCE.

Improvidence has, to a greater or less extent, been always a characteristic of the working classes. The poor man is made poorer by the want of that foresight which would enable him to turn his earnings to the best account. His circumstances indeed are commonly so unfavorable to the formation of methodical habits that it requires some strength of mind to take even the first step in the right direction. If he be engaged in the lower department of unskilled labor, which is the lot of the great majority of his class, the working man will receive in weekly wages a sum barely sufficient to provide the most urgent necessities of life, but his earnings, small as they may be, are seldom turned to the best account. The poor man may resort to the Saturday night market, and lay in his little family stock at the cheapest rate; but what he gains at one end, he will lose at the other, if he habitually spends a portion—often a considerable portion—of his earnings with his companions at the ale-house. The prevalent custom of tobacco-smoking also, besides being injurious to health, is no trifling drain upon his means.

The difficulty of eking out the weekly stipend leads him to resort to shifts which sink him deeper in poverty, and are destructive of his personal independence. He opens an account with shopkeepers who hold out the flattering bait—'weekly payments taken here,' without considering that shopkeepers are far too shrewd to incur the risk of giving credit unless they protect themselves by a proportionate advance on the price, or a diminution in the quality of their goods. The usage of tradesmen to give and take large credit may be explained, if it cannot always be defended, by the strong inducements held out to them to do a larger amount of business than their available means would justify; but the man who works for weekly wages has no such plea for keeping a running account at the shop; for in his case it involves a positive loss without any corresponding advantage. He knows that, on receiving his wages, he has a specific sum to carry him on to the following week, and he also knows, or ought to know, that he will always do his marketing upon the best and cheapest terms when he carries his money in his hand.

In his household the same want of foresight will commonly be observable. If his wife be careless and slatternly, it can be no matter for surprise that all her domestic arrangements should be characterised by disorder and mismanagement; but even the most notable woman, if not seconded by the influence and example of her husband, will be met by almost insurmountable obstacles in any endeavor to carry out plans of judicious economy at home. There can be no doubt that much of the discord and misery so prevalent in the families of the poor, is to be traced to the want of a proper understanding between husband and wife as to the mode of laying out their earnings. Did they take a due estimate of their obligations to each other, and of the claims of their children, they would never want a motive for a thrifty expenditure of their means. The first step—usually the most painful—is in the present case simple—to a great extent practicable, and at all events worth the trial. If the poor man, supposing him to be in work, could only resolve to be a few shillings before-hand, instead of a few shillings behind-hand, he would find, in the new emotions experienced and the opening prospects presented to him, an ample compensation for any self-denial the act might involve.

But improvident habits are not peculiar to the poorest class of laborers; they are chargeable also to a great extent, and with much less excuse, upon skilful and intelligent artisans who obtain high wages. Numberless instances could be adduced, in our large towns, of men earning one, two, or more pounds a week, who, judging from the aspect of their homes, are in no respect in better plight than the worst-paid laborers. This state of things is no doubt mainly to be laid to the account of profligate habits, but it is also in part attributable to mismanagement, arising from ignorance or disregard of the plainest rules of domestic economy. That the degradation of numbers of the best-paid artisans is to be referred to personal habits, is evident from the fact that mercantile clerks are enabled to maintain their families respectably, and to educate their children, upon incomes scarcely exceeding on the average those realised by superior artisans.

INTEMPERANCE.

Another fruitful source of the depression and misery of the working classes is to be found in their widely diffused habits of intemperance.

It has been computed that, in the United Kingdom, upwards of sixty millions of pounds sterling are expended annually in stimulating drinks—beer, wine, and spirits—and when it is considered that probably more than half of this enormous consumption is by the classes dependent for the means of support upon manual labor, there can be little difficulty in accounting for the portentous growth of evils which bring desolation into thousands of families, and swell the criminal statistics of our country. The most superficial reference to the annals of our police courts, and to the reports of the governors and chaplains of our crowded jails, will serve to show that, in a large proportion of cases, the first step in crime has been preceded, and often directly caused, by indulgence in the intoxicating cup.

As there is no vice more ensnaring or more generally prevalent than intemperance, so there is none more ruinous to the bodies and souls of men. It is denounced by the word of God in terms that may well strike dismay into the hearts of its victims. Take, for example, the following:—'Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath

wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or he that lieth upon the top of a mast. They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.' Prov. xxiii. 29-35. What language could describe with more truth and force the terrible consequences of the intoxicating draught? Again, in the New Testament, the Apostle Paul addressing the Corinthian church, expressly names the intemperate man as one, among other gross transgressors, who, living and dying impenitent, will be excluded from the happy company of the redeemed in heaven. 'Be not deceived,' writes the apostle to that church, 'neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God.' 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10.

Once upon a time—so runs the legend—a man under demeriacal influence had imposed upon him the dire alternative of committing one of three different crimes submitted to his choice. In this grave dilemma he decided in favor of what he conceived to be the least heinous of the three, and accordingly committed an act of intoxication, but, it is added, while in that state, he was seduced to the commission of the other two! It matters not that the story, in its framework, is fabulous; it embodies a salutary truth which cannot be too strongly impressed upon the votaries of intemperance. Men who endeavor to persuade themselves that a vice so extensively prevalent and so leniently dealt with by the laws of the land, cannot be of that turpitude which is ascribed to it by the word of God, should at least open their eyes to the fact, that it is the prolific parent of some of the gravest evils which afflict society and bring disgrace and ruin upon families. Idleness, waste, insolvency, the grosser forms of licentiousness, theft, quarrelling, outrage, and murder are, in innumerable instances, to be traced directly to excessive indulgence in strong drink.

With respect to the long-pending question between the advocates of temperance, that is, of moderation in the use of fermented or alcoholic stimulants, and the supporters of the total abstinence principle, good and wise men will in all probability continue to differ in opinion. The advocates of temperance finding themselves under no temptation to exceed the bounds of moderation, and not discovering in the New Testament the entire prohibition of any meats or drinks, maintain that it is the abuse and not the use of strong liquors that is to be avoided and discouraged. The supporters of total abstinence, on the other hand, looking simply at the broad and undeniable fact that intemperance, far more destructive in its ravages than cholera, is ever beguiling to their ruin thousands and tens of thousands of our population, maintain that no compromise should be held with the enemy, that the single glass must be refused with a decision as prompt as if poison were known to lurk in its dregs.

It ought to be conceded to the advocates of total abstinence, that in dealing with that class—a sadly numerous one—who are actual drunkards, or who have an evident propensity to become such, the safer course is to take their written pledge of abstinence, because a feeling of honor will, in the absence of christian motives, be influential in keeping many firm to their purpose. But the measure, good in itself, is open to abuse. Not a few, and especially reformed drunkards, are in the habit of representing the virtue of abstaining from strong drink, as if it comprised the whole duty of man; whereas the bible, the only unerring standard of morals, assigns to each of the virtues its appropriate place, and exhibits them all in harmonious combination. The divine law does not, by marking out some evil habits for peculiar condemnation, afford the slightest countenance to the indulgence of others. It denounces with strict impartiality not only the sin of the drunkard, but every illicit appetite and passion, and every excess even in things lawful. 'Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand,' writes the apostle to the Philippian church, ch. iv. 5. The passage is suggestive of the idea that the whole man—body, soul, and spirit—should, like a citadel, be carefully guarded at all points, with every sentinel at his post, and all the approaches secured against attack, either by

force or stratagem, in order that when the Lord shall return, he may find the garrison firm in allegiance, active in service, and ready to participate in his triumph.

But while it is regretted that the zealous advocates of total abstinence have sometimes impaired the effect of their useful labors by attributing to this virtue, at best only of a negative character, a pre-eminence to which it has no just claim, and by often appealing to motives of mere expediency, it is nevertheless incumbent upon all benevolent and right-minded men to use their best influence and exertions to check the progress of intemperance, upon this undeniable and urgent ground,—that it has done more than any other single vice to demoralise the laboring classes, and to bring desolation into their homes. Indeed, the extraordinary prevalence of this vice seems to give peculiar value and sanction to the total abstinence movement; for although it might be urged that there is no reason in the nature of things why a man should deny himself certain drinks, while he is under no formal restriction as to the quality or quantity of his food, it must in all candor be allowed that the temptations to excess, and the dangers of excess are immeasurably greater in the former case than in the latter. Now it is not only justifiable, but in accordance with the plainest rules of christian duty, to assail with especial energy the prominent vices of the age. Such was the conduct of the ancient Jewish prophets in denouncing the idolatrous practices of their countrymen, and such was the conduct of Christ himself in exposing the hypocrisy of the Scribes and Pharisees. At a time, therefore, like the present, when the vice of intemperance is hurrying myriads of our population into irretrievable ruin, the friends of religion and social order should not allow any differences of opinion among themselves to abate their zeal against a common enemy.

No one who has fairly made the experiment needs the corroboration of medical testimony to convince him that entire abstinence from the use of stimulating liquors tends to promote and maintain health of body and a genial equal flow of the animal spirits. In an economical point of view, likewise, it is of no inconsiderable importance, as any one may satisfy himself, if he will take the trouble to calculate the expense incurred by the habitual though moderate use of beer, wine, or spirits. But if these considerations are not thought to carry sufficient force, it cannot be denied that he who voluntarily refrains from indulgences which, if not seriously detrimental to the few, are fraught with such incalculable evils to the many, will, by his example, add immense weight to any private influence or public efforts he may use for staying the progress of the great scourge and opprobrium of our nation.—*Scottish Temperance Review.*

Offences in the Navy.

"One of our Seamen got tipsy to day, and raised a disturbance on the berth deck. How he managed to get a double dose from the grog-tub is not known. And yet he alleges his liquor came from that nuisance which the law has sanctioned. I have taken some pains during the long period that I have been in the navy, to ascertain the causes of the offences, which have called for punishment; and from these enquiries I am clearly of the opinion, that these offences in 9 cases out of 10, are connected with ardent spirits; and are committed, in almost every case, by those who draw the whisky-ration provided by the government. I am clear in the conviction, that any statutes intended to restrain or punish intoxication in a national ship, must be without moral force, so long as our legislation panders to this appetite in the sailor. The government presents itself before the seaman, with a cup of whisky in one hand, and a cat-o'-nine tails in the other. Here, my good fellow, drink this; but if you drink any more, then look out for these cats! It is amazing that such a flagrant violation of every principle of justice, and humanity should escape the reprobation, and even oblique animadversion of the department, and be left to the remonstrances of those who hold no official relation to the navy."—*Rev. W. Colton's "Deck and Port."*

Taverns 700 Years Ago.

The following description of a drinking tavern or groggery, is in the seventh part of the confession of the Waldenses, and Albigenes, composed at least as far back as the year 1120 or 730 years ago. It will be seen that the fruits thereof are as deadly and destroying now as they were in ancient days:

"A tavern is the fountain of sin; the school of the devil; it is the manner of God to show his power in the church, and to work miracles; that is to say, to give sight to the blind, to make the lame go, the dumb to speak, and the deaf to hear, but the devil doth quite contrary to all this in a tavern; for when a man goeth to a tavern, he goeth uprightly, but when he cometh forth he cannot go at all, and he hath lost his sight, his hearing and his speech. The lectures that are read in the school of the devil, are gluttonies, perjuries, lyings and blasphemies, and divers other villainies; for in a tavern are quarrels, slanders, contentions and murder."

Social,—Sacred,—and Satanic.

A certain town not a thousand miles from Rupert, Vt., must be a *useful* place, we think, for a Massachusetts citizen informed us, that having some business recently in that region, he went into an establishment there, and found a man dealing out to the people, alternately from and at the same counter, *letters,—liquor by the glass,—and Bibles!* Being curious to know something more of such a public functionary, thus distributing with the same hand such a strange and incongruous trinity of things *social, sacred, and satanic*, he was told in answer to his inquiries, that the same functionary was a deacon, and was thus acting in the triple capacity of *Post Master,—Rumseller,—and agent of some Bible Society!* This triune establishment must be a lineal descendant, or a Green Mountain imitation of the far famed "*Deacon Giles' Distillery,*" that once rolled its murky, and volcanic smoke to the heavens, and poured its alcoholic and scathing lava through the land, from the city of old Salem. Among the "*Green Mountain Boys,*" is there no *teetotal, and heroic Cheever*, to dream through the public press, an annihilating "*dream*" of such a strange conjunction of *Terrestrial, Pandemoniac, and Heavenly* occupations?—*Cataract.*

Result of Transgression.

A gentleman in Illinois writes to the *Buffalo Christian Advocate*, that about four years ago, he sold a piece of land to a company for milling purposes, binding them to an agreement not to build a distillery. They prospered well with a flouring mill, and last spring they determined to add a distillery. But they found they had not a supply of water, and expended \$300 in digging to increase the supply.

"They thought they had accomplished this object, but their water conductors failed, which cost them \$300 more. Then they built a large iron crib, which cost about \$300, and having bought about 5,000 bushels of corn, the foundation gave way, and all fell into a destructive mass. After this they experienced divers calamities, in their tubs bursting, etc. But last Sabbath they worked all day to repair their tubs. They started on Monday morning, with high prospects of success; but about four o'clock in the afternoon, one of the large tubs, holding 600 gallons of boiling beer, burst, and two of the owners and three others were so dreadfully scalded that they died before the next morning. So I have spent this day in making preparations and helping to bury five of my neighbors. You may well suppose our little town is in mourning. Sixteen children having been left fatherless by this wonderful providence."

Labor and Liquor.

In the course of our occasional trips through the country, we often stumble on facts which throw more light on the Maine Law controversy than any amount of logical abstraction could do. Some of these facts we will here briefly set forth:

St. Johnsbury, in North Eastern Vermont, is a growing, thriving village of some 1,500 inhabitants, the present terminus of the Passumpsic Railroad. The extensive manufacture of Patent Scales, Steel-yards and other Weighing apparatus by Messrs. Fairbanks & Sons, is the main spring of its activity and prosperity, employing directly some two hundred men, and perhaps thrice as many indirectly. These men are all, or nearly all, in thrifty and comfortable circumstances; they are saving money, building or buying houses and otherwise making provision for old age or misfortune. Their children are being substantially and thoroughly educated; the workmen have their own seats in churches and are officers of the town. Their families interchange

visits with those of their wealthy employers without thought of condescension or favor—as why should they not?—the Social scale being a reflection of the Intellectual and Moral. They have their Reading-room and Library, and are foremost in supporting and directing the Lyceum, which has weekly Lectures from such persons as they wish to hear, who are called thither from all parts of the Eastern States and paid for their time and efforts. The Railroad employes, who may be sixty or seventy in number, finding it convenient to reside near the station, at some distance from the Scale works aforesaid, lately raised \$300 and procured a snug library of their own, though they unite with their fellow-citizens in supporting and enjoying Lectures. The village has scarcely an idler, has no rabble and no sots. Why does it differ in these respects from most others? We answer—Because the MAINE LAW has in substance been enforced there for years. The laws of Vermont forbid the sale of intoxicating beverages, and those laws are, at least in St. Johnsbury, enforced. The result is such a population as we have indicated.

Such is one picture; now look on this:

Haverstraw, Rockland Co., N. Y., is a village about equal in size to St. Johnsbury, situated on the Hudson, some forty miles above this City. Its chief business is Brick making, which gives employment through all but the winter months to several hundred laborers, who work hard for fair wages. But Haverstraw is a drinking place, with four or five well patronized Rum taverns and several less conspicuous rum holes. In these rum-holes, big and little, the hard earnings of the laborers are in good part squandered, so that very few of them have a dollar left when Spring comes round to set them at work after their Winter vacation. Two or three of the Rumsellers have grown rich, but all the laborers remain poor.

On a recent visit to Haverstraw in behalf of Temperance, a friend described to us a scene of which he was an eye-witness on the 4th of July last. A mob, partly American by birth, partly Irish, had collected in the street, and, being crazed and brutalized by liquor, commenced a wanton fight, Native against Irish. The fray was becoming serious when the Catholic priest made his appearance, mounted on a horse and armed with a horse-whip, which he laid over the heads and shoulders of the Irish combatants till he drove them before him like a flock of frightened sheep and put a stop to the fight, calling on the civil officers to be equally thorough with the Native combatants. And this, we are assured, is but one among several instances of like decision and energy on his part.—*Tribune.*

Sprinklings for Thought, Ideal and Actual.

RUM LOGIC.—Some of the faithful friends and executors of the Maine Law have recently been favored by the hostile rummies with their strongest arguments, viz:—"painting and daubing houses, poisoning animals, and shearing horses." These are rum arguments, but they exert a good influence upon the temperance cause. Some of our rum friends up in New Hampshire once sheared a valuable horse for us, and then sent a delegation to buy him, because, as they said, it was "too bad" for us "to drive a horse which looked so bad." But he could not be bought, for his proved to be the most valuable temperance tail ever circulated in that region. In about two years we detected the villains who did it, and glad were they to pay two hundred and fifty dollars to settle for the job.—*Con. Fountain.*

Young men are in general, but little aware how much their reputation is affected in the view of the public by the company they keep. The character of their associates is soon regarded as their own. If they seek the society of the worthy, it elevates them in the public estimation, as it is an evidence they respect others. On the contrary, intimacy with persons of bad character always sinks a young man in the eyes of the public.

Every heart has its secret sorrow, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

Laws are not made like lime-twigs or nets, to catch everything that touches them; but rather like sea-marks, to guide from shipwreck the innocent passengers.

MULTIPLY BY FIVE.—Any number of figures that you may wish to multiply by 5, will give the same result if divided by 2, a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a cipher to the answer when there is no remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it be, annex a 5 to the answer. Multiply

464 by 5, and the answer will be 2320; divide the same number by 2, and you have 232, and as there is no remainder you annex a cipher. Now take 357 and multiply by 5, the answer is 1785; on dividing this by 2 there is 178 and a remainder; you therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1785.

He who has left to the world the record of a noble life, though he may have left no outward memorial, has left an enduring source of greatness.

SILENCE.—"What a strange power there is in silence! How many resolutions are formed—how many sublime conquests effected during that pause, when the lips are closed, and the soul secretly feels the eye of her Maker upon her! When some of those cutting, sharp, blighting words have been spoken which send the hot indignant blood to the face and head, if those to whom they are addressed keep silence, look on them with awe; for a mighty work is going on within them, and the spirit of evil, or their guardian angel, is very near them in that hour. During that pause they have made a step towards heaven or hell; an item has been scored in the book which the day of judgment shall see opened. They are strong ones of the earth, the mighty for good or evil, those who know how to keep silence when it is pain and grief to them; those who give time to their own souls, to wax strong against temptation, or to the powers of wrath, to stamp upon them their withering passage."

The yearly cost of liquors drank in Massachusetts is computed to be \$11,212,000.

If Massachusetts contains one twentieth part of the population of the land, and all the rest drink only as much as Massachusetts, then the United States pays every year \$224,256,000 for intoxicating drink.

A fellow seven feet high, (?) passed through Charleston on his way to California. On being asked why he ventured on so hazardous a journey, he replied that they didn't want him any longer down in Maine.

TO MAKE HENS LAY.—The *South Carolinian* says, a neighbor states that hog's lard is the best thing that he can find to mix the dough he gives to his hens. He says that one out of this fat, as large as a walnut, will set a hen to laying immediately after she has been broken up, from sitting, and that, by feeding them with the fat occasionally, his hens continue laying through the whole winter.

THE TURKISH GOVERNMENT has introduced the culture of cotton in the vicinity of Damascus, with seed procured from the United States. It succeeds well.

A new journal, with peculiar recommendations, is about to be established in Circleville, Ohio. The editor in his prospectus says:—"Our terms are two dollars a-year. Gentlemen who pay in advance will receive a first rate obituary notice in case of death."

KEEP THE HEART LIGHT AS YOU CAN.

We have always enough to bear—

We have always a something to do—

We have never to seek for care,

When we have the world to get through!

But what, though Adversity test

The courage and vigour of man,

They get through misfortune the best

Who keep the heart light as they can.

If we shake not the load from the mind,

Our energy's sure to be gone;

We must wrestle with care—or we'll find

Two loads are less easy than one!

To sit in disconsolate mood,

Is a poor and profitless plan!

The true heart is never subdued,

If we keep it as light as we can.

There's nothing that Sorrow can yield,

Excepting a harvest of pain;

Far better to seek Fortune's field,

And till it and plough it again!

The weight that *Exertion* can move,

The gloom that *Decision* may span,

The manhood within us but prove!—

Then keep the heart light as you can.

CHARLES SWAIN.

TEMPERANCE OUR CAUSE IS FREE.---GLEE.

LIVELY.

1. Tem'prance, our cause is free: I will not stay—The Bar-room's no place for me; I

2. Tem'prance de-lights our home, like child-hood's smile, While slaves of strong drink must roam, Wretch

must, I must, a - - way. Seek not to tempt me here; Your drink I hate; I

ed de - bas'd and vile. Seek not to tempt me here; Your drink I hate; I

mourn your sad ca - reer, And drunkard's fate. Tem'prance, our cause is free— Drink has no charms for me.

mourn your sad ca - reer, And drunkard's fate. Tem'prance, our cause is free— Drink has no charms for me.

CONTINUED.

Come a - way, come a - way, I dare no lon - ger stay.

Come a - way,..... come a - way,..... I dare no lon - ger stay.

Come a - way,..... come a - way,..... I dare no lon - ger stay.

Gradual Dim. to the End. 1st Time. 2d Time.

Come a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, no lon - ger stay. lon - ger stay.

Gradual Dim. to the End. 1st Time. 2d Time.

Come a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, no lon - ger stay. lon - ger stay.

ROUND, FOR FOUR VOICES.

1 O come and join our sweet and plea-sant song— O, come!

2 We're hap-py here, We're hap - py here in this our Temp'-rance home,— Sweet home!

3 Come! join our song! our plea-sant song!— Come! O, come!

4 We're hap - py here in this our Temp - rance home, our own sweet home.

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, MAY 1, 1852.

Tragical Infatuations.

"Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty."

"Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword; and like good men,
Bestride our downfall'n birthdom: Each new morn
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour."

Thus Shakespeare makes Malcolm and Macduff speak in view of the bloody scenes enacted in their day; and thus as Malcolm many in our day are ready to weep their "sad bosoms empty," at the miseries that befall our race; but, like Macduff, there are many others prepared to "hold fast the mortal sword," and give battle to the many woes that afflict mankind, and standing to their arms are resolved to conquer or die.

We have written "Tragical Infatuations" at the head of this article; and of these there are many—far more than we can now reckon. Of some existing in distant lands, we have recently read. We refer to that chapter of human delusion in which the inhabitants of some districts of Lower Austria and in Styria are described as *eaters of poison*,—actually devouring arsenic; yea, the peasantry in particular are given to eating *arsenic*. Much curious evidence relating to this practice was brought out on a trial for murder which took place lately in Austria. In some districts even sublimate of quicksilver is used in the stead of arsenic. Strange and fatal delusion! How can it be otherwise than tragical!

For ourselves, we see not much difference between *poison-eating* and *poison-drinking*. We pity and blame the infatuated poison-eaters of Austria or Hungary, but the poison-drinkers of Britain and America are as much to be pitied and blamed. Both are under the influence of delusion, and the results of one not less tragical than those of the other. Misery and death are consequent on both. There is, in fact, a striking parallel between the poison-eating of Austria and the poison-drinking of Canada. The author of our information on *poison-eating*, says, "The dose of arsenic with which the poison-eaters begin, consists, according to the confessions of some of them, of a piece the size of a lentil, which in weight would be rather less than half a grain. To this quantity, which they take fasting several mornings in the week, they confine themselves for a considerable time; and then gradually, and very carefully, they increase the dose according to the effect produced. At first, then, these poor victims take it *moderately*. A large quantity would at once destroy life. So our poison-drinkers, equally infatuated, take the potation in comparatively small quantities. If the blessed Creator has given a man a strong constitution, he soon finds that he *can* and *must* increase the dose—must, if the effect of the poison is to be felt. In Austria, "a strong hale man of upward of sixty, takes at present, at every dose a piece of about the weight of four grains. For more than forty years, he has practiced this habit, which he inherited from his father, and which he in his turn will bequeath to his children." Exactly so is it with many poison-drinkers who have attained the age of sixty. They swallow now what would have destroyed them forty years ago. The evil example of these

veterans in folly induces their children and others to try the experiment: some partially succeed, but multitudes miscalculate their own strength, and the quality of the poison they imbibe; and are swept down into an untimely grave. Or if they live on to sixty or more, and become besotted drunkards, they only experience the miseries which follow the formation of an artificial appetite. Craving desires for stimulant—restless disquietude, until the supply of poison be obtained. A tolerably exact parallel to the poison-eaters, of whom it is said, that after the indulgence has for some cause been stopped, there are frightful symptoms of disease. "These symptoms consist principally in a feeling of general discomfort, attended by a perfect indifference to all surrounding persons and things, great personal anxiety, and various distressing sensations arising from the digestive organs, want of appetite, a constant feeling of the stomach being overloaded at early morning, an unusual degree of salivation, a burning from the pylorus to the throat, a cramp-like movement in the pharynx, pains in the stomach, and especially difficulty of breathing. For all these symptoms there is but one remedy—a return to the enjoyment of arsenic." Oh fatal infatuation! Yet "wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging." "I will seek it yet again," says the deluded votary of alcohol, when he wakes from the dreamlike delirium, to experience the burning thirst of a self-created fever. He returns as speedily as may be to the source of his misery, and quenches his thirst in liquid fire of distilled poison.

Concerning the number of deaths which result from the use of arsenic in Lower Austria it seems somewhat difficult to arrive at any certain conclusions. "Every priest who has the cure of souls in those districts where the abuse prevails could tell such tragedies. Poison eaters like poison drinkers often conceal as much as possible the employment of these dangerous means." Of the former it is said, generally speaking, it is only the confessional or the deathbed that raises the veil from the terrible secret." Thus the tragic horrors of continued intoxication terminate in death; life is shortened; the grave opens with unwonted celerity to receive the victims of this tragical infatuation. Dr. Cheyne, late Physician General of Ireland says: "The observation of 20 years in this city, Dublin, has convinced me that were ten young men on their 21st birth-day, to begin to drink *one glass* (equal to two ounces) of ardent spirits, or a pint of Port or Sherry, and were they to drink this supposed moderate quantity of strong liquor daily, the lives of eight out of ten would be abridged by twelve or fifteen years." From such credible data, the frightful influence may be drawn that the effects of drinking poison are more fatal than the eating of arsenic. The usages of our countrymen in respect to drinking are more general than the eating of poison in Austria, and therefore the inevitable consequences are more generally fatal. Greater numbers find an early grave through drinking poisons than are any where reported, and it may be assumed that the decease of many persons accustomed to alcoholic beverages, is charged to the account of other various diseases. Truly then we may say that the use of alcohol as a beverage is a tragical infatuation, not less so than that which so strangely deceives the foolish and weak-minded Austrian.

We might here introduce a collateral subject of discussion, which, however, in other connections has been often referred to. In our country ten thousand sources and causes of infatuation are legally opened, justified and protected. We bury the dead out of our sight, and by law continue the work of slaughter. The system itself is based on infatuation. An enlightened patriotism is aroused to the consideration of the country's danger. Willy poli-

icians and brandy advertising editors cannot long hold the people in the chains of legislative bondage. The fascinations of the serpent are detected and exposed. Many who have felt and smarted under the sting of the scorpion have been healed, and by the pledge have indignantly cast away the vile pretender. They now with others cannot hereafter rest until the law itself shall be wholly purged from those defilements, which have every where caused the most revolting and *tragic infatuations*. The evil system is doomed. We began with Shakspeare, we close with Tupper, one of the sweetest of modern poets:

“ Weigh'd in the balances of truth, how vain;
O wrecking mariner, fling out thy freight;
Or founder with the heavily sinking weight;
No longer dote upon thy treason'd gain,
Or quick, and sure to come, the hour shall be,
When *MENE TEKEL* shall be sentenced thee.”

Christian Missions to the Heathen.

The success of modern enterprises for the conversions of the heathen, cannot be contemplated without emotions of gratitude and joy. Herein is fulfilled that mysteriously comprehensive saying of the Son of God,—“ And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.” So shall it come to pass “ he shall leave the heathen for his inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.” In proportion to the gladness experienced by the Christian, when considering the actual or promised success of the gospel, will be his depression and grief, when the mortifying disclosure is waded across the Atlantic or Pacific, that impediments to the victories of the cross are found to proceed from those very countries, whose Christian energy and benevolence are professedly concentrated on the single and noble object of winning a world to Christ's authority. That there exist sad causes of grief on this account, none can doubt, who are acquainted with the history of modern missions, or with the selfish speculations of wicked and worldly men. New England rum—French brandy, and British liquors of various names have in immense quantities been exported to the scenes of Missionary toil, and often the laborious worker for the salvation of the heathen, has had to weep over the spoliation of promising fields, or the almost total destruction of fruitful churches. The evil example of degraded men from Christian lands has produced its perilous consequences, and the partially civilized savage is betrayed into crimes more revolting than those from which they had just escaped.

The Wesleyan Missionary Notices for April are upon our table, and it is hence that we see fresh reasons for fear, as to the causes of evil to which we have alluded. From New Zealand the tidings come of “ perplexities and counter-influences” with which the Missionaries have to contend. We give an extract of a letter from the Rev. Charles Creed, dated Waikowaiti, Otago, September 4th, 1851. He speaks of the “ temptation of natives by Englishmen,” and says:—

“ In addition to the trying position in which the natives are placed by the great influx of Europeans to their various localities, there are men, who call themselves Europeans, and claim the name of Christian, who themselves are deeply sunk in evil practices and the most abominable wickedness. These men, reproved by the superior conduct of the New-Zealanders, strive, in every way, to induce them to give up their religion, and live as they themselves are living. And not infrequently the seductive glass of “grog” is given as an additional motive to join them in their sins. This is not a solitary case; but men of unsteady character are found in almost every native village throughout the length of the island. Under such circumstances, what can we expect from a people who are only beginning to “ see men as trees walking?” I am not an alarmist, but wish to view things as they are. Christianity has, indeed, accomplished wonders amongst this peo-

ple; it has succeeded in subverting a complicated and powerful system of Heathen worship. The sanguinary laws and practices of the cannibal have given place to mild and peaceful Christian usages. The musket and tomahawk have been laid aside for the spade and reaping-hook. The obscene and horrifying war-songs and war-dances have yielded to the songs of Zion and assemblies for the purpose of worshipping the true God. The question is, not whether the Gospel has been already successful, but whether the precious seed sown, the springing plant of grace, shall be destroyed by the evil influences which now inundate almost every village in this Circuit. How great the work before your Missionary! but by what means is he to accomplish it? A Circuit of above three hundred miles in length, running along the whole eastern coast of this island, from the Kaikora mountains to Favoens Straite, intersected by rivers, harbors, &c.

Perhaps there is no other part of the Circuit so much exposed to the attacks of evil as Waikowaiti. For many years it was a centre from which whaling parties were supplied with the means of carrying on the whaling; and, at the close of the season, many Europeans would assemble here for the purposes of drunkenness and riotous proceedings. It might with great propriety have been styled the place “ where Satan's seat is.” And since the whaling has been given up, the seeds of evil, so abundantly sown year after year, have not failed to spring up, to the great detriment of religion. Many of our young men have been, more or less, connected with the whalers; and have proved themselves to be apt imitators of the wicked practices of these degraded Europeans.”

We do not hesitate to say that the manufacture of and traffic in strong drink has been one of the chief causes of hindrance to the success of modern missions. The shocking wickedness of mariners and traders, together with the evils of importation, have neutralized much of the generous and self-sacrificing zeal of Missionaries, and rendered vain the benevolence of British and American Churches. We wage war against the traffic in all civilized countries, and thereby seek the emancipation of our own enslaved countrymen from the thralldom of rum and sin; but by so doing we are convinced that we no less serve the cause of Christian Missions to the heathen. The abolition of the general traffic in liquor must precede the general acceptance of the Gospel. The Temperance Reformation must be viewed as a providential precursor of the glorious and wished for Millennium of truth and peace.

Temperance Jottings.—No. 6.

Every well-wisher to his race will rejoice in the multiplication and growth of towns, and villages, and settlements, especially in a young and rising country. But after all, very much will depend upon the character and leading features of such towns, &c. In many cases we have need to rejoice with trembling. To secure order, peace, and prosperity in any community, the influences of legislative enactments, municipal regulations, and moral suasion must be brought to bear, and harmoniously to unite. Then we shall have large and flourishing towns, and our country will grow and prosper.

On this point, without any political bias, or any desire to interfere with the rights or enjoyments of others, we have a word or two to say bearing on the temperance enterprize.

In the year 1837, I heard Mr. Whittaker speak in Exeter Hall, with reference to *three towns*, which I think has a moral of considerable weight. He was giving his own experience, and urging the superiority of total abstinence to moderation. “ It is likely,” said he, “ that many in that assembly would wish to know who he was, where he came from, and what he had been doing all the days of his life. He was born in MODERATION Town. It was a very large place. A mortal sight of maling was done there, as well as much brewing. It was a place where drunkards and drunkard-makers grew greatly, and it boasted

having many thousands of inhabitants. But many of the inhabitants flit, or moved to another little town, about a quarter of a mile off; a most terrible place, where there were 'pockets to let' in abundance; broken heads and arms; bruised and shattered bodies; houses without furniture; wives and children in rags, and empty cupboards. That miserable, miserable place, was called DRUNKARD'S TOWN; and in that town he had lived, to his sorrow, for seven years. Then, thank God, he moved again. The Drunkard's Town lay in a valley, a sort of swamp. But there was another little town which was founded upon a rock. The waves often dashed against it; the rains descended, the winds blew, but they could not destroy the town, nor could they beat the inhabitants off their pegs. It was a fine town; all the property was freehold, and there was no rent to pay. The inhabitants numbered (in 1837) from three to four hundred thousand. It was called TEETOTAL TOWN. He had been living there for two years and two months. In the *Drunkard's* town there were 500,000 souls, all dying. It was his object, and the object of his friends, to bring some of these poor men to Teetotal Town; but they had to pass through Moderation Town in their way. The men of the town often stood in their way, and got their toes trod upon; they had got so many corns that they cried out. It was not their wish to hurt the poor men's toes, but if they would stand in the way, how could they help treading upon them?"

In this strain he (Mr. W.) proceeded for some time, noticing the objections of Moderation men, and then exploded them. But we must not forget the *application* of our subject. To which of these towns are my readers attached? The majority are, doubtless living in Teetotal Town, enjoying its salubrious air, and realizing untold benefits from its laws and regulations. Like Mr. Whittaker too, they are making aggressive efforts on the towns below their hill, and are thus increasing their population, emigrating into other places for the same purpose, and are thus *multiplying* Teetotal Towns through the world. But are none of my readers living in Moderation Town, and occasionally paying a shy visit into *Drunkard's* Town? Little flying birds sometimes report strange things even of the inhabitants of Teetotal Towns, so that it is necessary to expel such offenders for the sake of good government. These are *occasional* occurrences. But those called moderate we fear *more often* err. They, like many unfortunate inebriates, frequently speak favorably of Teetotal cities and towns, but their *actions* are at variance with their *sentiments*.

This reminds me of an anecdote. A good woman in Scotland, who was met coming away from a public meeting because it was ended, being asked, if it was all over? "Yes," she said, "the *speaking* is all over, but the *doing* is all to begin." Let every reader begin the *doing* part. Numbers attend our public meetings, and listen to arguments, facts, and appeals, again and again, without *yielding* to their influence. And why is this? Why say, "Not at present," when solicited to subscribe to the pledge? Why remain *neutral*? If the *Teetotal Town*, all things considered, is the *best* town, and is most calculated to advance the interests of the community, why not uphold its institutions, and join in the ranks of moral reformers? The interests and customs of a few, must not deter us from promoting the welfare of the many. A sense of duty to ourselves, our families, our connexions, and our country, should prompt us to persevere in well-doing, assured that in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

Whitby, March 16, 1852.

J. T. B.

Streams from Temperance Springs.

There is quite a pleasing unity of feeling, and uniformity of expression from all quarters as to the present duty of the friends of temperance, and the present duty of legislative bodies. There is only one voice heard from all our own provinces, as well as from all parts of the Union.

At a great meeting held on Prince Edward's Island, of which we received an account in the *Charlotte Town Advertiser*, the sentiment, running through every speech and resolution, was accordant with the spirit of the times. We quote the following from an address delivered by the Rev. Mr. Narraway:—

If society has the right to say thou shalt not kill thy fellow man with sword or pistol, with arsenic or opium, has it not the same right to command thou shalt not slay him with Gin or Brandy, with Rum or Whisky? Imagine, Sir, that almost within the period of each month in this Town or in some county of this Island the body—the murdered body of a countryman should be found—scarcely a month without a new victim—now drawn from the higher circles, and, now, dragged from the humbler walks of life, but all foully slain—with what horror would not the whole community stand aghast? Every resource of legislation, of justice, of executive power and private zeal would combine to unveil the mysteries, and punish the perpetrators of such dreadful crimes. Suppose moreover, that these bodies, as in the unhappy Webster case, were all cruelly cut and mangled and dismembered as if in very wantonness of cold blooded ferocity, the horror of the public sentiment would be intensified in an amazing degree. Now, Sir, the fact is stronger than the fiction. In this Colony there have been many untimely deaths—many more are likely to ensue, and yet because there is no sign of pistol or dagger wounds, no symptom of arsenic or opium or prussic acid or poisons of kindred name—Society must make no inquisition for blood—take no legal accountability upon the prime agents of this fearful slaughter—and take no effectual steps to prevent the repetition of such soul harrowing deeds! This is the old doctrine—the ancient superstition which is about to be exploded forever. But, Sir, the mangling and torturing in this case take place before death—not when the lifeless body is insensible to indignity and pain. Yes, Sir, before the body is dead the brain and heart and soul are stretched upon the rack—through long years the mind and heart are mangled and tortured with agony and despair.—Every drunkard feels it. Every man that makes his fellow man a drunkard ought to know it, and is in the sight of outraged humanity and humanity's God, accountable for it all. And the community through its Civil Government must do its utmost to destroy a traffic which, vampiric like, has been draining the life blood of the unconscious sleeper. It is in vain to reiterate the old theory of moral suasion. The unhappy victim of Intemperance, when totally enslaved, is powerless for resistance in the larger proportion of cases. He trembles at the fate which threatens him. He shudders on the brink of the hell which yawns at his feet—but the fascination of the serpent which wreathes the cup of sorcery draws him on. From the ruins and waste places of his nature there comes forth the despairing wail of his piteous misery. It must wake from its lethargy the slumbering people. The cup of abominations must be broken by the strong hand, and the serpent's head crushed by the mighty heel of avenging Law.

Corresponding with the above sentiments were those uttered by the Rev. Mr. Pollard, at an anniversary recently held in London, C. W. Widely separated were the speakers as to space, but united as to principle. Mr. Pollard is enthusiastic, as well as he may be. His view is—if the legislature now elected will not give us the Maine law—then the people must, hereafter, elect a legislature which will do the requisite work. Mr. Pollard thus speaks:—

Petitions in different parts of the country are now in course of preparation, to come before both houses of parliament, at their next session, for the introduction of a law similar to that of Maine. Should these petitions fail, there is but one alternative. Then let the suffrage of the community be on the alert to put in men of talent and integrity, who, sustained by their constituency, will not hesitate to frame the requisite laws, and to give to them their salutary power.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, the great object of our anniversaries is to give you a brief view of the state of our societies; but the great business of our temperance societies is to bring all the influence in favor of sobriety into a focus, and into a state of restless uneasiness and activity. It was stated in the address to which we all listened with so much pleasure, that the traffickers in strong drink have boldly predicted that this order would soon pass away "like the baseless fabric of a vision." Pass away, sir, when? not till the law of Maine is established throughout the length and breadth of our land. Pass away, sir, when? the ladies say, not till every grog shop is closed, and every grog seller is driven to some honest calling, and alcohol is chased back to its appropriate place, the shelves of the apothecary, and in large letters, labelled poison. Pass away, sir, when? when the civil law shall become the guardian of the country, and the temperance organisations consequently unnecessary, for the sale of spirituous liquors will be considered a crime that can no more go unpunished, than the vending of any other poison as a common beverage.

It is to be hoped that in the midst of all the light that shines—surrounded and beset by so great an amount of evidence of the wrong of their business—that persons engaged in the business would pause, reflect, desist. Their gain is ill-gotten—their business is a moral wrong. If they be worshippers of Mammon, yet they might discover some less harmful way of making money. The Rev. Wm. Arthur of England has some excellent remarks on "cankered gold" in a recent new work of his entitled *The Successful Merchant*. His picture of a disfigured soul is appropriate as applied to a rum seller, especially a Christian one, steeped in covetousness. Take the following:—

Gold well gotten is bright and fair; but there is gold which rusts and cankers. The stores of the man who walks according to the will of God are under a special blessing; but the stores which have been unjustly gathered are accursed. "Your gold and your silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat up your flesh as fire." Far better have no gold at all, than gold with that curse upon it. Far better let cold pinch this frame, or hunger gnaw it, than that the rust of ill-gotten gold should eat it up as fire.

A DISFIGURED SOUL.

Perhaps you may once or twice in your life have passed a person whose countenance struck you with a painful amazement. It was the face of a man, with features as of flesh and blood, but all hue of flesh and blood was gone, and the whole visage was overpread with a dull silver grey, and a mysterious metallic gloss. You felt wonder, you felt curiosity, but a deep impression of the unnatural made pain the strongest feeling of all which the spectacle excited. You found it was a poor man who, in disease, had taken mercury till it transfused itself through his skin and glistened in his face. Now go where he will, he exhibits the proof of his disorder and of the large quantity of metal he has consumed.

If you had an eye to see the souls that are about you, many would you see—alas, too many,—who are just like that; they have swallowed doses of metal,—ill-gotten, cankered, rusted metal,—till all purity and beauty are destroyed. The metal is in them, throughout them, turning their complexion, attesting their disorder, rendering them shocking to look upon for all eyes that can see souls.

If you have unjust gains, they do not disfigure the countenance on which we shortsighted creatures look; but they do make your soul a pitiful sight to the great open Eye that does see. Of all poisons and plagues, the deadliest you can admit to your heart is gain which fraud has won. The curse of the Judge is in it; the curse of the Judge will never leave it; it is woe, and withering, and death to you: it will eat you up as fire; it will witness against you; ay, were that poor soul of yours, at this precise moment, to pass into the presence of its Judge, the proof of its money-worship would be as clear on its visage as the proof that the man we have described has taken mercury is plain upon his.

Plain though the evidence may be, yet it is difficult to get a man to relinquish profit, however bad and corrupting the sources may be. Subterfuges are resorted to, and means used to pacify the conscience—for that is disturbed. How often has it been

said, "if I don't sell, somebody else will." Mr. Arthur, in his "*Successful Merchant*," has introduced this topic in relation to some practices of the mercantile profession. We quote them here, and if a religious professor engaged in an ungodly business should cast his eye on them, we beg him to read, and ponder, and beware:

"But if I don't, others will; and a man must live." To be sure, if you do not others will; and what reason is there in that? According to that you may resort to piracy and pocket-picking. "A man must live!" Yes, but a man must not live on all conditions; there are some things worse than death; and though the world is slow to own it, be assured that it is better to die than sin, better to want than defraud, better to hunger than lie. "A man must live!" Do you mean that a man can live only upon the fruits of sin? If so, what great use is there in living at all? But perhaps all you mean is, that if you are to keep up your present show, if you are to be above your circumstances, you cannot do it by fair means. You do not mean that by fair means you could not find food nor raiment, but that you could not take the stand you do. Well, I do not see that Providence ever meant to furnish you with facilities for keeping up a pleasing imposture; and if His government does not harmonize with such a design, surely we cannot complain. But if you really mean that the way to find food and raiment is to sin against God and against your neighbor, then I protest you utter wickedness and unbelief. Do you mean to tell your Maker that, did you perform his will, he would not give you daily bread?—that you can only subsist under his heaven by yielding to Satan? Dare not to imagine such vain things; put them very far from your heart. "The Father above is Father to body and soul. "The Lord is for the body;" he set every one of its strings; he has kept it from its birth till now; the breath thereof is in his hand. His own Son took upon himself such a body, and with such a body went up on high, where he is seated now at the right hand of God. He has chosen the body for his living temple; he has chosen its members as his instruments of righteousness; he has destined the body to outlive the everlasting hills, and rise above the unapproachable stars, incorruptible and glorious, with his sons forever. Do you then dare to think that the thing to be done for the welfare of such a body is to place it at the service of sin, to let its members work wickedness. He does not promise to feed your pride, to feed your imposture, to feed your idleness, to feed your fancies; but he does, in covenant grace, promise to care for your body if its members are devoted to him. "Must live!" And is it living to be doing wrong for the sake of a hundred a year more than you could gain by doing right? "Man shall not live by bread alone; but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." This is the answer to Satan's cry about "you must live." He is ever showing you some method to "make bread," but, I warn you, never make bread at his bidding. You have another life than that which bread nourishes; you have another store than that which holds bread you can weigh and measure; "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." That is your store; a promise is better than a fraud; and he is more certain to live who trusts in the word out of the mouth of the Lord, than he who, distrusting that, proceeds under the pressure of want to make bread in the way suggested by Satan."

Dr Jewett.

While sitting in our sanctum wondering what had become of the Dr., the express porter was announced with notice of a parcel from Boston; and sure enough it was the Dr. that had cast up, and does not seem to have suffered any either, notwithstanding his tear and wear through the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, where his powerful advocacy has done much to place the principles of this *main law* in a right light before the minds of the people. Though the Dr.'s letter is not intended for publication, yet we cannot resist giving the following extract. In speaking of the vote on the Maine Law in Massachusetts, he says:—

We shall carry the law through, either with or without a reference to the people, in spite of the opposition of wicked men and devils. Mark that. Rhode Island will put it through in June, as they

have just elected a new Legislature, with a majority of four Maine law men in the Senate, and fourteen in the House of Representatives. The Rum party here calculated on a rise of liquor stock in our Legislature, in consequence of the defeat of Mr Dow, in Portland. They were sadly disappointed, however, when we came to the vote in our House of Representatives, on the passage of our bill to its third reading, for it gave, in favor of the bill, the round vote of 219. It was worth more than the usual fee to shave a Boston rumseller the morning after that vote, for their visages were greatly lengthened. A clear majority of 87, in the face of all the opposition which Boston wealth and Boston wickedness could make to the movement, was something to boast of. By a careful analysis of the vote, with reference to the different political parties in the House, we find that either party would give a majority for the bill. The vote stood thus:

	Whigs.	Democrats.	Free Soil.
Yeas.....	93.....	52.....	75.....
Nays.....	73.....	50.....	8.....

Who killed Grog Robin?
 I, said each party,
 With a voice strong and hearty,
 I killed Grog Robin.

Yours Truly, C. JEWETT.

P.S.—I have opened my budget to add that the Maine law has passed the House by a final vote of 231 to 125—majority, 106. Glory enough for one day. The Senate may not at once concur, but the bill will ultimately pass by a large majority.

Missisquoi County.

In our notice of the semi-annual meeting of the above association, by a correspondent, Mr B. W. Ellis, the name of Rev. E. S. Ingalls was introduced as a member of the committee appointed to draft a petition, to be presented to the Legislature, praying for a law similar to the Maine liquor law, instead of Rev. John Borland. We have only to add, that we hope the appointment of this committee will not prove a dead letter, but that they will act with a will.

We are glad to find from the following resolution, which was passed unanimously at the regular meeting of the Perseverance Tent, on Tuesday evening, April 13, that the Independent Order of Reclabites are sound on the "Maine law":—

Resolved,—That it is the duty of every member, to aid as far as lies in his power any means that would effectually suppress the present system of traffic in intoxicating liquors, whether by petition or otherwise, believing it to be the most effectual way to stay the vice of intemperance, and also fulfil our obligation, to do all the good we can.

COMMITTEE, { ROBERT IRWIN,
 { EDWARD COYLE.

Revival of the Temperance Cause in Melbourn, C-E.

Already the readers of the Advocate have been informed of some movement for good among the people of Melbourn and its vicinity; but perhaps it may give encouragement to some, if a more particular account be given. I should have been glad if some other person had kindly undertaken to furnish the information, but lest it should not be done, I have consented to write, even though there may be some appearance of egotism. To confess it, the absence of my name from the Advocate for some months back, did almost lead me to fear that some of my distant friends would suspect me of lukewarmness. Thank God I am not guilty. The cause has my hearty support. If I have not spoken as often as when in St. Armand's, there were reasons, some of which may be discerned from my narrative.

When I arrived here last July, it took not much time to ascertain that on the Temperance cause there was almost universal

apathy. A few there were "faithful among the faithless," and to me they often expressed grief at the existing state of things. The intemperance prevailing was painful in the extreme. The quantity of liquor sold and used almost incredible. The consequences shocking enough as in all similar cases. To enlarge on these topics is not necessary. But the great question was—how can this evil be remedied? of course there was nothing for us but moral suasion. Prudence whispered, wait awhile. We quietly and privately talked temperance in the social circle, at wedding parties and on other suitable occasions. On the 3rd of December last, I gave a lecture in Melbourn Ridge School House, 35 signed the pledge. On two subsequent lectures given, at the Kingsy Chapel, 34 signed the pledge. On the 16th of March, I again lectured in the Upper School House, Melbourn Ridge, dwelling pointedly on the evils and iniquities of the traffic itself. The very next day, portions of the lecture were reported to some of our villagers. A letter had appeared in the Sherbrooke Gazette, signed "Teetotal," stating how much was probably expended for liquor in Melbourn and Shipton. This was charged to me.

I did not write it, but followed it with one under my own name, calling attention to the facts, and deprecating the continuance of so fearful a state of things. A little excitement arose; the nest is disturbed—there is a buzz of opposition. As yet no lecture had been given in the Village of Melbourn, at least not for years past. But now it appeared to me the time was come for action. Even prudence said 'wait no longer,' and it was announced that God willing a Temperance lecture would be given in the Methodist Chapel, Melbourn, on Monday evening, March 22d. We met—the Chapel was filled. The meeting was opened with prayer to God for his blessing. I never felt more sure of the divine presence. A sense of my responsibility overcame me, and my utterance at first almost failed me. But casting my care on God, he enabled me, for near two hours, to defend the cause of total abstinence, and urge the adoption of the pledge. A favorable impression was produced, and 58 signed the pledge. It then struck me that it would be best to hold another meeting without delay, and requested all those who were desirous of hearing another lecture on the morrow evening to rise. Nearly all assented, and we met the next night at the other end of the village, in the Congregational Church. A violent snow-storm the whole of Tuesday led us to fear that our meeting would be small. It was otherwise for the place was filled—I was again enabled to speak on the principles of temperance, and advocate the cause of personal abstinence—32 took the pledge. It was agreed to hold another meeting, Thursday, April 1st, but on Wednesday evening, March 30th, I went to Durham and lectured in the Methodist Church. Here I was assisted by the Rev. D. Dunkerly, an old friend of the cause, and 30 signed the pledge. On the next night, at Melbourn, the Methodist Church was again filled, and for two hours the people patiently listened to my pleadings for total abstinence. More than 20 took the pledge, and we adjourned to the Congregational Church, where we met on Monday, April 5th. I lectured again, more particularly with reference to the organization of a society. This was done, 30 more joined by signing the pledge, officers and Committee were appointed, and if all be well, we hold another meeting and give another lecture on the 3rd of May. In looking over my pledge book, I find that 250 names are recorded as the pledged result of this little effort. It is but a commencement. More—much more remains to be done. God and truth are on our side. Brandy drinking aristocrats, or whisky loving democrats may call me what they please. That Gospel which

God has called me to preach, cannot be successfully enforced where the love of liquor prevails. The ungodly business of selling poison for drink is opposed to all religion, and a man who sees a dreadful moral pestilence around him, arising out of the sale and use of liquor, and determines to oppose it, may anticipate a little opposition. That to me is a sufficient stimulant to exertion, and in this place I have no doubt the revival of temperance will be productive of great good, both socially and religiously. To God I give thanks for what has already been accomplished, and trust in him for the future.

Melbourne, C. E.

Wm. Scott.

GOOD NEWS FROM QUEBEC.

The inhabitants of St. Rochs Suburbs, Quebec, numbering about 18,000 persons, have already taken a high position as a temperance community; so much so, that in the year 1849, nearly seventy persons who were engaged in the traffic shut up their groggery departments, leaving about seven or eight that lingered in the line, and could not surrender their agencies. This year an attempt has been made by some of the residents of St. John's suburbs, and about 15 applications have been made for Tavern Licenses for this ward. Although the matter was done with as little noise as possible; yet the story came out, and a petition signed by above 350 heads of families was sent into the Corporation against the grants; but, not satisfied with this, a procession exceeding a mile in length went to the Town Hall, where the Council was sitting, and backed their petition by their presence. The matter was taken up by our indefatigable labourer in the Temperance cause, Angus McDonald, Esq., and the result of the night's debate, for it was kept up till nearly the "little hour." The result was, that not only were the fifteen applications refused, but the licenses of those already existing were withdrawn, and now St. Rochs will not have one licensed tavern through its whole parish.

J. H. C.

Fredericksburgh.

From the society in this place we have had an encouraging letter. Through the perseverance of a few, who were determined, in the face of all opposition, to wage an exterminating war with the giant evil intemperance, and putting their trust in Him who is able to help, they succeeded in reusciating the society, which had become all but extinct. On the very first meeting, our correspondent says, after an excellent lecture from the county agent, Mr. Pomroy, thirty names were added to the pledge, and the eyes of a great many more were opened to see the danger of their course, and very soon we numbered ninety members. In the month of June last, we resolved upon organizing a Division of the Sons of Temperance, which was accordingly done in due form, and now numbers 30 members. In connection with the Division, we held a public dinner on New Year's Day, which was served up in excellent style by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, and a goodly number attended; after which we adjourned to the School house, where we were met by a great number of the most respectable inhabitants of the place, and were addressed by several gentlemen. The attention with which the several speakers were listened to, evidenced the deep interest the audience took in the cause of Temperance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The eleventh anniversary of the temperance society of the united Counties of Frontenac, Lenox and Addington, was held on the 24th of February, in Switzer's Chapel. It was the first great demonstration since the adoption of the new or revised con-

stitution, (a copy of which was published in the *Advocate* of the 15th Dec. last) and of course an unusual amount of interest was felt by the friends of the cause. The union of the Sons, and the old society contemplated and provided for in the constitution, was disapproved of by a few of the divisions of sons, and consequently we were deprived of their assistance. This detracted somewhat from our enjoyment on the occasion. But the hearty and efficient co-operation received from numerous other divisions, and the cheerful assistance received from individual whole-souled sons, made us almost forget that some of our fellow laborers in this great field of moral reform were absent from us.

The business part of the meeting commenced at ten o'clock a. m., and was characterized by a free and able discussion of the various matters under consideration, but especially by the cheerful forbearance manifested towards each other by parties who differed in their opinions; and upon the whole there was a more cordial feeling and orderly conduct manifested on the occasion than at any similar meeting we ever witnessed.

The public meeting commenced at two o'clock p. m., and addresses were given by R. Thompson and R. Aylesworth, Esqs., and by Reverends Joseph Reynolds and G. D. Greenleaf, to a very large, attentive and respectable concourse of people. The addresses were of the right kind, and could not fail producing good impressions. We want more such magistrates and ministers. A large number, perhaps a majority of the congregation, were young people. It has seldom been our privilege to feast our eyes on such an assemblage of youth and beauty, and the intelligent interest manifested by this portion of the concourse could not but inspire hope for our rising country.

Aroused and excited by the ravages of the enemy, and inspired by past success every heart seemed resolved to push the battle to the very gate, and grapple with the monster in his hitherto impregnable strongholds, feeling that this is not a war of treaty or compromise, but of extermination. While my pen is on the paper, suffer me to say that the Maine Liquor Law is exciting great interest in this part of the country. We have just recovered from the first surprise of that sweeping measure, and while contemplating it calmly, a general impression has been made that our only hope is in the adoption of a similar measure. Our eyes turn towards it as the eyes of a traveller turn towards an oasis in the burning desert. There are thousands in our country who can be saved by no other means. O, what a living sunbeam would it throw into hundreds of families, if the means of procuring this moral and physical upas was cut off!

Why should we despair of success? Are not our legislators as Moral, and as Wise, and have they not as much respect for human Rights as the Legislators of any other country? Let this subject be kept before the country by lecturers and the press, and we shall soon be able to consign the monster to "his own place."

Since writing the above, the committee held their first meeting, and a resolution was unanimously passed recommending the immediate agitation in every locality of a measure similar to that of Maine.

MITCHELL NEVILLE, Sec.

King, Feb. 7, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—You will perceive by this, that I have again taken upon me the agency of your paper. Mr. Samuel Robertson has left this place, and as I cannot find another at present to whom I could entrust it, you may as well replace my name back to your Agencies. My reason for withdrawing in favor of Mr. Robertson, was my leaving the village of Brownsville, to a distance of three miles, and I thought his situation in the village would have been permanent, and useful as an agent for your paper.

In canvassing for subscribers to your paper this year, I find no complaints as regards its merits, or its price; but the lowness of the price of wheat, causes money to be scarce, so that there is a general and contagious complaining. Still, with the valuable assistance of our Old Temperance friend, Mr. Isaiah Tyson, to whom I am much indebted for the following roll of names, I am happy to say, that our list is not less than in former years.—Yours, &c.

JOHN GRAHAM.

Georgetown, Feb. 10th, 1852.

It is not in the power of language to describe the blessed and glorious results of Temperance in this Township. Men of the most degraded and abandoned habits have been taken from the gutter, made sober, steady, and industrious citizens, members of Christian Churches, Class leaders, and Temperance lecturers of the most powerful kind. The home of one of those men as described by himself as being originally "a literal hell, devoid of comfort," but now, where dwells a smiling wife and happy children, enjoying all the blessings resulting from Temperance—domestic peace and prosperity. Another of them not long since went into a neighborhood where intemperance prevailed to an alarming extent, and after lecturing, 53 signed the pledge, a Society was organized, and they bid fair not to leave a single votary of old king Alcohol in that locality.

It is impossible, I think, for the cause to effect much more until the Liquor Law is established. It is certainly high time that this was brought before the public in all the journals friendly to Temperance. We are quite ripe for such a measure here; and are anxiously waiting to see the banner hoisted, inscribed "Down with the Liquor Traffic." I feel assured that this would serve as a stimulus to renewed and ardent effort. I verily believe that if all the friends of Temperance would write on this great question, and do what they ought to do, and what they could do, that in three years we should remove every grog shop—those hot-beds of temporal and eternal misery from the land.

P. W. DAYFOOT.

Brooklin, Feb. 12, 1852.

The Temperance Cause with us is still progressing, and several petitions are about to be presented to our Township Municipality, praying that no licenses be granted for the present year in the Township of Whitby.

S. M. THOMAS.

Westminster Gore, Feb. 15.

DEAR SIR.—We have had a total abstaining society established here about two years, and its members in good standing numbers about 80, and I think this township is not behind the best there is. Petitions have gone through the length and breadth of the said Township this week, to be presented to our Municipal Council, praying them to grant no tavern nor beer license within the said township this year.

GEORGE THOMPSON.

Meaford, St. Vincent, Feb. 16, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—We begin to look about us, and forward too, and then we call this the *Model Township*, without the least fear of competition—nay, more, we challenge competition in Teetotalism! We would like to hear of even one township in Canada, that would dare to compare itself with this, in the cause. We boast of a General Temperance Society, for the Township, with such a list of names as would do your heart good to look at; and then, we have a Division of the Sons of Temperance, known as Meaford Division, S. of T. No. 314, embracing over thirty members; and we have such a Township Council, as I am sorry to say, every Township cannot boast of, for our Councillors are all teetotalers, you must know, because at our town meeting there were six temperance men having a majority of votes over the Liquor gentry; and we have a Temperance House, where people do not waste their cents to lose their sense; and, if the township law is not broken, that grog-sellers can retail in no less quantity than a quart; and, hoping that good sense, as well as the Main(e) strength of the law may soon cause the quart, and all other measures of intoxication to cease.—I am yours, &c.

R. M'LEAN PURDY.

Kenyon, Feb. 18, 1852.

DEAR SIR.—During my missionary tours last autumn, in the townships of Grenville and Harrington, C. E., I have been advocating the temperance cause, as well as endeavoring to promote the Redeemer's cause generally; the results of which was, that a Society was organized last fall, embracing forty-two members, with an excellent staff of office-bearers.

Within the last six weeks I visited these places twice, and was glad to find our teetotal family in health, not one feeble or sickly one among them, as regards the *Constitution of the Society*; and not only a rapid growth in the true principles of abstinence from all that can intoxicate, but also in the number of members, which, at this date, is 104. The name of this Society is the Grenville and Harrington Temperance Society.

In the month of November last, I was privileged to deliver a temperance lecture in the 3rd concession of Charlottenburgh, Gleggarry; the first lecture, I am of opinion, that ever was delivered there upon the subject, and obtained about 12 names to the pledge; and last month I was invited there to organize a Society, which, at its formation, embraced 61 members, the name of which is the Lancaster and Charlottenburgh threefold Temperance Society, the President of which is Mr Donald M'Lennan; Secretary, Mr Donald Cameron. Our Minister, Mr. Cameron, of the Free Church, is always a lively, zealous, and able advocate of the Temperance cause wherever he goes, and has, within the last few months, enrolled in his Temperance Book scores of names; so that, on all hands, the good cause is progressing.

D. CATTANACH.

North Stake, near St. Thomas, Feb. 18, 1852.

In sending our orders for 1852, I may mention that two subscribers of last year complained to me that their papers only came occasionally, and that only the first half of the year. I know not where the fault lay, and mention it that future mistakes may be avoided. I should have sent before, but delayed on two accounts—family sickness, and another, (the principal one) waiting to see who, among the old subscribers, intended sending on their own account, as instructions had been made to that effect; and, I am happy to find, that in one instance 8 or more have sent and obtained the papers, and others have followed their example, or are about immediately to do so. Thus I am happy to find the interest taken in the *Advocate* in times past has not been altogether in vain, and the public begins to properly appreciate the merits of this noble pioneer and champion in the Temperance movement of the age. I am happy to add the Temperance cause is gaining ground in these parts. A Division of the Sons of Temperance is established at the Five Stakes, called the North Stake Division, with every prospect of success, and our motto in these parts is onward.

W. WEBB, Senr.

The paper to the parties referred to above, left our office regularly with the others, until they were returned early in the year, when of course, they were discontinued.

Greenbush, Feb. 26, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—I have been waiting for more than a year, hoping to be able to report to you some progress of our Society in the good cause of Temperance, but have waited in vain. To effect any improvement in the social or moral condition of man, requires self-denial, labor, zeal and perseverance, to which but few are willing to subject themselves. Too many sign the Temperance Pledge, from motives of personal considerations, rather than from principle; a sense of duty, and a sincere desire to assist in the well-being and happiness of others. Consequently, in all localities, the self-denial,

watch, care, and labor necessary to the general well-being of community, and success of any moral enterprise, are left in the hands of a few, who, from a sense of duty, a true spirit of philanthropy, and a Christian benevolence, are willing to labor and suffer for the general good. And when those few, from whatever cause, slacken their efforts, or cease to take the lead, and urge others forward in the path of duty, the cause in which they are engaged must retrograde, and perhaps go down. This, Sir, is the case with the Elizabethtown Abstinence Society. Our Annual Meeting, which should have been held on the second Tuesday of this month, was adjourned until the third Tuesday, and proved a failure. But very few think of attending an ordinary Temperance meeting, not for a moment considering that the success, if not the very existence, of the Society with which they are connected, depends on the united, persevering efforts of all. This Society, which, under the old and new pledges, has been in operation for nearly twenty years, and whose Constitution has been signed by about one thousand persons, and whose light and influence have heretofore shed a radiance all around, has, through the apathy and selfish indifference of its members, been suffered to go down. No one who feels this interest in the moral improvement of his race, and especially in their emancipation from the galling, degrading shackles of intemperance, which should impel every one to action, can contemplate such a state of things without feelings of deep sorrow and regret. How long this state of things with us, will exist, none but the All-wise Being can tell. The principle of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate, has taken a firm hold on the minds of many in this community: and although the cause of Temperance may droop and wither for a while, I trust better days may again arrive, when the withered trunk shall send forth new branches, and the tree of temperance flourish with increased vigor, in the sunshine of a rich and fruitful autumn. An attempt was made last winter to form a Division of the Sons here, but entirely failed. In fact, there are not materials of the right kind here, if all were abstainers, to form, and keep in active and useful operation, a Division of the Sons. There is not sufficient intelligence and enterprise among the inhabitants. But while I feel it my duty thus to write, I rejoice at the success of our cause in other parts: and my earnest prayer to the Giver of every good and perfect gift is, that the pure, lovely, renovating influence of the Pledge may spread, until every inhabitant of the earth shall have adopted its redeeming principle, and one general shout of triumph over the enslaving vice, shall be heard throughout the world, and sound from pole to pole. Hoping, at some future time, to have something more pleasing to communicate,—I remain, &c.

H. W. BLANCHARD.

Dundas, March 6, 1852.

Feeling confident you will be happy to receive any intelligence respecting the progress of temperance, I beg to give you a short account of our 2nd anniversary of the Sons, which came off on the 18th ult. The day was cold, but fine. At 2 o'clock, P. M. the friends of different Divisions and Cadets came from the surrounding country and formed part of the procession, and marched through the town like sober and intelligent men, not to be beat. At 7 o'clock there were from 450 to 500 sat down to tea in the Town Hall. Mr. Jas. Freed, W. P. of the Dundas Division, took the Chair, which he filled with credit. The speakers were Rev. Mr. Clutton, Baptist, Mr. Barton, lawyer, Rev. Wm. Ryerson, Wesleyan, who spoke in his usual style, with eloquence and energy; and, Rev. M. Goldsmith, New Connection Methodist, spoke last with interest. The meeting has been the means of much good, for there has been several additions to the

Divisions of Sons and Unions of Daughters since then; and, I have been informed, that another Division of the Sons has been formed in Dundas, with 26 names subscribed to the requisition for a Charter: many more are waiting to be taken in. I have not heard of late, but I believe the Cadets are doing well; at present the Union of Daughters are increasing. The Temperance cause never was doing so well as at present in Dundas, which will be pleasing for every friend to hear. We are looking forward to have a law in Canada, like, or similar to that of the Maine law.

J. W.

Wellington Square, March 11, 1852.

I was intending to send you some thoughts on the Maine Law, as a model for Canada; but while I waited, a greater—a champion—perhaps the strongest intellect and the man of the largest ken in the province, has entered the field; I mean the Rev. John Bayne of Galt. John White, Esq., M. P. P., elect for the county, has also put his iron energy to the car of this good cause. He has joined the Sons at St. Ann. I am happy to see a cause so scorned once becoming fashionable and formidable; and that the unwearied blows of the Becketts, and Dougalls, and Camerons, have driven mighty men to quit the side of the oppressor, and lift the banner of the cause with new vigor and resolution in hitherto unpromising places. I remember, Sir, when pledged and pressing the claims of that duty on others, long before there was any band of brothers armed in the cause, I was thought to be "daft," or much the same. I have long wondered that the simple wisdom of, I think, Eliot's Indians was not followed by governments, which was virtually the "Maine Law," with Indian logic. "You tomahawk mad dog?" "Yes, catch him where me can; cause he bite and make mad." "You scalp man mad with *caut a waba*?" (*fire-water*, whisky), "No; me tomahawk *caut a waba* itself; then it no make man mad."—I am, &c.

ALEX. MCLEAN.

Carlisle, March 16th, 1852.

SIR,—On Friday evening, March 5th, one of those pleasant social Tea Meetings took place at the Village of Carlisle, East Flamboro, under the patronage of the old Temperance Society. The company present was very large and respectable, comprising a great many ladies, whose rosy cheeks and happy looks did great credit to the Temperance Society. In looking round, we observed a few ladies with the Regalia of the Daughters of Temperance; they have taken the lead of the other sex, in so far as forming themselves into a Society, but we are determined not to stay in the back ground any longer. A Division of the Sons of Temperance will be established here on Wednesday the 24th of March, with 22 Chartered members to make a commencement. After tea, the chair was taken by Samuel R. Lister, President of the Society, who opened the meeting with a few appropriate remarks, after which the meeting was addressed by

Mr. Andrew Patten, who showed that the laborers in the Temperance field comprised all kinds of workmen. He himself was ready to go first and chop down the tree and make a road for better workmen, who could line and square the timber to make it fit for market, after which he gave way for the next workmen.

The Rev. Job. Moxon, was next called to address the Meeting, which he did by lining out the tree which Mr. Patten had chopped down, which gave universal satisfaction, and drew great applause from the audience.

Mr. Mark T. Crooker, proved himself a good scorer, and fi-

nished his part of the work in a workmanlike manner, ready for the broad axe.

The Rev. Mr. Stubs, took up the broad axe, and for the first time he ever took any part in the Temperance question, finished the tree that Mr. Patten chopped down with a finish ready for any market, and the people felt proud to know that they have got such an advocate in the great Temperance movement.

The Meeting was enlivened by a Temperance choir, which sang appropriate pieces between each speaker. After a vote of thanks to the speakers and choir, the meeting broke up a few minutes to eleven: all appeared highly pleased with the evening's entertainment.

SAMUEL R. LISTER.

Brucefield, Huron District, March 16th, 1852.

SIR,—A meeting of the Brucefield Total Abstinence Society was held in the Free Presbyterian Church here, on Friday evening, the 12th ult. The chair was occupied by Mr. D. McMillan our President. The exercises were begun by the Rev. Mr. Ross with singing and prayer; when afterwards the meeting was addressed in an able and eloquent manner by the Rev. Mr. Graham of Tuckersmith, who spoke for a length of time on the Maine Liquor Law; and at the conclusion he proposed to the meeting whether such was applicable to the wants of the Province, and whether they were favorable to its adoption; which was carried unanimously.

We have prospered far beyond our expectations since our organization in October last; our membership has been steadily on the increase, and we are now able to announce that we have 138 constant members, who are fully convinced that nothing short of the Maine Law will accomplish what is wanted in Canada, and are desirous that the Legislature would take the cause into contemplation, and permit the fiend to raise its head no more, which is laying waste with its deadly poison all that is moral and religious, but sink it in oblivion, where it may be ranked among the things which were.

A. B.

Norwichville, March 25, 1852.

SIR,—I now enclose you a small list of subscribers for your valuable and long continued paper. Firmly believing it to be the best and cheapest Temperance periodical published in the Province, I consider it as one having a just claim upon every true friend of the cause, as it has ever been a staunch advocate for the moral elevation of man, warmly pressing the claims of total abstinence upon the public at large. It has a claim just and equitable upon the Sons of Temperance, and should receive their unanimous support; since it is a light to their path in their infancy, and leading them on to success; and at all times a faithful exponent of their principles. Should we allow this paper, which has been so bright a luminary in the Temperance horizon, to set, the cause would, I fear, suffer a loss from which it might never recover. On the other hand, should every division of the Sons in the province follow the praiseworthy example given by the brethren at Frontenac, and recorded in your paper of 16th February, we should have no occasion to look for so unpleasant an event as the downfall of your paper.

I am happy to inform you that a wonderful revolution has taken place in our little village. A division of the Sons of Temperance was organized here in May last, and now numbers about eighty staunch and efficient members, many of whom were formerly considered hopeless cases, but the benevolent hand was extended in time to rescue them from the abyss of intemperance; and in short, sir, the domestic circle which drink in far too many instances had rendered a hell, is now a perfect simile of all that rushes into the mind at the mention of "sweet home." Others are daily yielding to the powerful influence of our division. Our march is onward to victory, and the entire overthrow of intemperance in this place.

I would also say, that our township municipality has used their power in the attempt to check the progress of the monster evil, and prohibited the granting of tavern licenses in the township of Norwich, and travellers now find, instead of houses licensed to manufacture drunkards, Temperance houses open to the public, which are respectably kept, and in which the weary guest may find repose.

With peculiar regard for the success of your valuable paper,

I am, &c.,

GUSTAVUS BINGHAM.

Newcastle, March 26, 1852.

We have much pleasure in giving place to the following extract from a letter, of the Recording Scribe of the Newcastle Division, containing a list of subscribers to the *Cadet* and *Advocate*. We are glad to find that the writer in the *Literary Gem*, from the same quarter, speaks for so small a number of the Division. Mr. Hewson, says:—

"The Newcastle Division, No. 60, was organized January 29, 1850. We have reason to thank God for the good we have accomplished. We have some members now in our Division staunch teetotalers, who were, before they joined us, too fond of the bottle, and already on the road that leads to the drunkard's doom. The Division now numbers about 120—there has been only eight expulsions since its organization. We have built a New Hall last year, which cost about \$600. We had a public meeting last week, and intend holding one each month in future, they are likely to do much good. The Section of Cadets is going on well—they had six initiated last night, and four propositions. We have a large Union of Daughters here also, who contribute much in advancing our cause."

Grand Division, Canada East.

The first quarterly meeting of the above Division will be held on the 12th of May, at Montreal, the hour of meeting to be determined when the Delegates arrive.

Maine Law in New Brunswick.

We understand that a law similar to the Maine Liquor Law has passed the Legislature of New Brunswick. More particulars in our next. Canada must not be left behind.

To Correspondents.

We thank our friend "G.D." of Carleton Place, for his kind wishes, and his list of subscribers for the *Cadet*. We are glad to find that the malignant attempt of a writer in the *Montreal Pilot*, for we acquit the proprietor of any hand in it, has proved not only futile, but has actually redounded to our advantage. We anticipated this result, for the animus of the writer was too apparent to escape the observant reader. Our Correspondent must, however, excuse us, though we do not at first insert his letter, as we have no wish to create unpleasantness.

Oshawa, Feb. 16. Thomas Gorry; the information contained in this communication will be embodied with others of a similar kind, and appear in our next number.

BIRTHS.

Montreal—22nd ult, the wife of Mr John Dougall, (proprietor of the *Montreal Witness*.) of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Melbourne, CE—16th ult, by Rev Wm Scott, Mr Robert Williamson, to Miss Margaret Graham.

Pickering—14th ult, by Rev R L Tucker, Mr W T Hubbard, of Darlington, to Miss Eliza Jane McGrath.

Township of Scott—6th ult, Mr Geo Imire, to Mrs Mary Bond.

DEATHS.

Montreal—12th ult. Euphemia Graham, wife of Mr Thomas Jackson, shoemaker, aged 52 years. 13th ult. Susanna Lyman, wife of Roswell Corse, Esq, aged 73 years. 27th ult, Agnes, third daughter of Mr William McKimlay, Mill Wright, aged 17 years.

MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

THE Subscriber has now a Supply of the above work, which was noticed at length in last number 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.

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