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## TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE &amp; NEWS.

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

VOL. XIX.]

MONTREAL, MARCH 15, 1853.

No. 6

## The Glasco' Buchts; or, the Lost Horse.

AN OWRE TRUE TALE.

"It's a fine nicht, sir."

This was true, for the night on which this remark was addressed to me, was one of the most beautiful evenings of the leafy month of June, in the year 18—, when I happened to be strolling along the banks of the Forth and Clyde Canal, in the neighbourhood of Castlecary. The railway between Glasgow and Edinburgh was not then completed, and the above remark regarding the weather was addressed to me by a tall, slouching, country 'child,' who had landed from the 'fly-boat,' and now seemed to be proceeding homewards. His dress was better than the average run of farm-servants; and judging from his appearance, he might have been taken as the son of some moorland farmer, well accustomed 'to smear sheep and to cast peats.'

'It's a fine nicht, sir,' was repeated once more; for I was engaged in reading from a small pocket edition of 'Paradise Lost,' the beautiful description of 'gloaming.'

'Now came still evening on and twilight gray.'

that I had not replied to the first ejaculation with sufficient expertness. Not wishing to be interrupted, I muttered a monosyllable or two, and went on to read; but 'muirland Willie' was not to be balked in his determination for a 'crack;' no, not for Milton's Pandemonium itself; for after a short pause he advanced right in front, and looking in my face, he abruptly said, 'May I speer, sir, if ye're a lawyer?' Somewhat amused and startled at such a question, I dropped Milton into my pocket; and now that the coast was clear, my companion, measuring me from head to foot, and staring me earnestly in the face, said, 'Ye'll pardon me, sir, gin I ask if ye're a lawyer?'—No, I have not the honour of being a limb of the law,' I replied. 'Weel, sir, ye'll exkase me; but I thoct ye were, frae the beuk ye were reading; and I'm joost at this same time wonnerfu' anxious to get the advice o' a lawyer. I hae been east at Falkirk to see an aul' frien' o' my faither's wha is a writer, but he's aff to the West on some business; and I'm joost gaun back wi' my finger in my mouth. An', sir, since the law has been uppermost in my heid a' this day, I joost thoct, on coming along there, when I saw ye wi' ye're beuk, that ye might sibbly be a lawyer; an' I was joost gaun to mak as free as I could to ask ye'te advice on a sair bisness that has happened to me, nae farer gaen than last Monday.' I saw at once, that whatever this business might be, my companion was in downright earnest, and that he appeared to be the most open, simple, and unsophisticated 'kintra chiel' I had ever met with. I expressed sympathy for him, and assured him that, although not a lawyer, I would endeavour to help him with my advice to the best of my ability.

'Weel, sir, to mak a lang tale short, it was very early on Monday morning last that I set aff to the Glasco' Buchts, to sell the best horse my faither ever had, and the best that was ever seen in oor parish. To tell ye the truth, sir, I'm

a bridegroom! I hae been cried already ance in the parish kirk; and oh, sir, what am I to dae?' Here the poor fellow utterly broke down. 'But what has this to do with your horse?' 'Oh, sir, ye see times hae na been guid wi' sma' farmers as they were wont to be; and my faither cam to this at last, that I micht sell our best horse, and the price o't wad help me to set up house, and begin the warl wi'—Here there were some ehoking sighs, for the poor fellow was in deep distress. I was now fairly interested in his story; and seeing this, he proceeded—'Weel, sir, I never was at the Buchts o' Glasco' before. I had rigged out my horse to the very best; an' when I was stautin' wi' him, a decent-like fallow, well dressed, as I thoct, cam up, and asked me to gie my horse a turn or twa along the Buchts. Then he speer'd whar I cam frae, and what the beast had been accustomed to dae, and whan I was gaun hame; an', man, I thoct he was a rare decent fallow, for he gaed aff at ance, and said he wad bring me a merchant for my horse. He brocht anither man in about a minute; and after looking at the horse, he said at ance that he wad gie me twenty-aicht pounds for't, ready money. I was pleased wi the offer; an', man, the twa fallows, as I thoct, very kindly invested me tae a public-house, and said they wad treat me, and that we wad hae ae half mutchkin thegither owre the heid o' the bargain. Awa we went to a public-house. A callant got my brow horse to haud at the door, and that was the last sicht I got o' 'im. Drink was got in; an', man, as I had got naething since I left our ain house, about four o'clock i' the morning, the deevilish drink soon gaed to my heid—the bla'guards, for they were naither thing than bla'guards, when I thoct they were friens wad hae me to drink; an', oh man, what a fuil I was; oh, man, what a fuil! I sang an', tauld them o' my marriage, and mair drink was sent for; and then they told me if I wad take a bill for the price o' the horse an' pay the drink, and also anither half-a-crown, or, three shillings for a bill, they wid gie me thirty pounds for my horse, which wad be payable at sicht at Coatbrig Bank. Man, I kent neathing about bills, an' about payable at sicht; but they tauld me that I wad hae neathing to dae but joost present the paper to Mr Andrew Warnock, the manager, as they said, o' Coatbrig Bank, an' I wad get the money straucht i' my loof, and that this was the way a' men o' business did. I thoct a' this was richt enouch; an', man, as twa pounds mair was a great concern to me, I agreed to tak the bill to Coatbrig Bank. I gied the publican three shillings out o' my han' to get what they ca'd a stamp; an' when he brocht the paper, ane o' the rascals wrote upon it that I was to get thirty pounds frae Mr Warnock o' the Coatbrig Bank, an' that this was to be payable at sicht. Mair drink was sent for; there was nae less than a mutchkin o' brandy, an' this fairly turned my heid. I kent naething abot whar I was till I wauken'd in braid day licht next mornin', wi' a heid joost like to rive, as if twenty harrows had gaen owre't; an' a throat as dry an' burnin' as a brisl't peat, which I thoct a' the waters o' the Candren

burn wadna slocken. Oh, man! I had heard o' the horrors, an' the blue deevils; but I never kent what hell fire was before that mornin'. It was here, ay, sir, it was here, (laying his hand on his breast.) Ye may weel imagine my horror when I got up frae the bare floor, whaur I had been left tae sleep the drink aff, when I fand for my watch that my grandfather gied me when he deet, an' fand nae watch there; an' every plack o' siller was gane, no ae bawbee left, an' naething in my pouch but the paper that I was to tak tae Coatbrig Bank. I thoct it was a mercy the bill was nae awa. But, man, I got like a perfect teeger when I couldna get my watch; an' when I couldna fin' a broun bawbee in ae pouch or anither I was like to bring down the house; but the ill-tongued fallow o' a publican stamp'd an' swore, and tauld me that I should be thankfu' I hadna lost the bill; an' that if I didna tak care o' what I said about him an' his house, he wad clap me in the jail at ance for the reckoning, and pursue me for defamation o' character. He swore sic horrible oaths, and sparr'd before me like a boxer, that I was glad to get out his house wi' a hale skin; an' the bla'guard gied me this advice as he push't me owre the door-step, that I should keep a calm sough and set aff to Coatbrig at ance. I took the road wi' a sair heid an' a sair heart tae Coatbrig, an' got the bank, and speert for Mr. Warnock; but there was nae sic man in a' the town; but a gey ceevil man in the bank took my paper; and after lookin' at it he threw it doon, cracket his thoom, an' said it wasna worth a farthin', an' that I had fa'n in wi' black-legs, an' that my best plan was to go back to Glasgo', as fast as I could, and report the hale case to Captain Miller o' the police. Oh, man, when I heard that, I thoct I wad hae drappit through the gun. I was mair like a daft or a deeing man, than ony ither thing. Back I cam to Glasgo' through a fearfu' pour o' rain; but that was naething, sir, to the melting o' my ain heart. O, sir, when I thoct o' my horse, my watch, my empty pouches, my aul' faither, the disgrace I had brocht on mysel' an' the family; and aboon a', when I thoct o' her that was tae be my wife, I was fairly upset, obleeg't mair than ance tae sit doon an' greet. I reach'd Glasgo' like a man that was going to be bang't; an' oh surely, sir, hell canna be much worse than I was that day. I never had been within the walls o' a police office before, and it was sair, sair, against the grain to be talkin' tae policeman, an' beagles, and red-necks, an' thieftcatchers, an' shirra officers, an' a' that confoundit clamjamfrey o' the law; but Captain Miller made me sit doon an' tell a' my story, an' wi' ae question an' anither I was amaisht like tae be dumfounert. He took me aff in a coach tae the publie-house, an' he pat the filthy rogue o' a publican tight through his facings, an' tauld him that he wad dootless loss his leeshence. But, man, that never brings back my horse, nor mends the matter for me. The Captain advis'd me tae gang awa hame, an' that every means wad be used for finding out the rascals. Noo, sir, this is Thursday nicht, an' I hae never darcken't my faither's door since I left on Monday morning. For the last twa nights I hae been at a frien's house in Falkirk; but hoo can I meet my faither? an' what am I to say tae Peggie Sinclair, my bride? oh! what am I to say tae Peggie? for it's noo clear that we canna be married at this time.

'Noo, sir, what I want tae ken frae you is, if there are nae law steps that can be ta'en to get back my horse, an' what wad ye advise me to dae?'

All this was said with an' earnestness and an artless simplicity that would hae baffled even Hogarth or Wilkie to convey to the canvas. I felt much for the poor fellow, and advis'd him to go home; and although I could give him but little hope of ever seeing his horse, or of getting the price of it, I had no doubt that this lesson would be worth more to him than even the price of the horse. In short, I succeed in getting him into a better state of mind; and before I left him, 'he thoct it wad be possible for the cries to gang on for the next twa

Sabbaths; an' at all events, the Glasco' Buchts had done this ae thing for him, an' that was to mak' him a teetotaler for life.'

I got him persuaded to go home as the best thing he could do; but the poor fellow was sore abashed at the thought of meeting his old father, and the rest of the family, and his acquaintances in the neighbouring 'clachan,' and especially at the thought of making the sad revelation to Peggie. When we parted, I found that I had gone with him a stretch of several miles, and he had still, as he said, 'sax miles through the moor.' I would have been glad to have gone the whole way with him, but stern necessity forced me to return; and so interested had I been in his story, and so much struck with his simple, unsophisticated manner, that it was only when I had reached my lodgings that I became conscious of the sad mistake I had made in never once asking for his address. I have often regretted this, and have often wondered if he had ever got any information about his horse, or if the cries went on, or whether he both lost his horse, his money, and his bride. I am truly sorry that on the latter point I cannot give the young ladies who may read this any satisfaction; but this I can say for the satisfaction of all abstainers, that among the last words I heard this moorland farmer utter, were these,—'Gude nicht, sir, and mony thanks for your advice; an' if I keep my richt senses, whisky 'ill ne'er cross my craig; but oh, man! Ill hae an unco jeering to thole owre a' this at the smiddy, frae Tam Nicol and his cronies; but unless the de'il gets haud o' me a' thegither, drink 'ill ne'er cross my craig.'—*Abstainer's Journal.*

### The three Watchwords of Teetotalism.

I CAN, I MUST I WILL.

BY BENJAMIN PARSONS.

Almost everywhere, when we recommend Total Abstinence, we are met with the remarks, "I approve your efforts—they are very praiseworthy; you have already effected a world of good; through your exertions, drinking has greatly decreased, and the faith of the people in beer, wine and spirits has been shaken. I wish you increased success; but I cannot join your ranks."

This "CANNOT" meets us at every step. The minister of religion, the senator, the squire, the merchant, the tradesman, the labourer, the operative, and, in fact, all classes of persons tell us they would be Teetotalers, but "CANNOT." And to strengthen this assertion, we are lectured upon the difference of constitutions, and the solemn warning of doctors, who have declared that they will not be answerable for the patient's life, if he does not return to wine, brandy, or bitter ale. Now, all this seems very plausible, and yet it would not be hard to prove that the whole is as fallacious as it is fair. Constitutions may differ, but still, if poisons are poisons, then the Almighty has not made a constitution with which a poison can agree. Poisons wage war with life, otherwise they are not poisons and, therefore, to talk of a poison being nutritious is an absurdity which no man who values his reputation will be guilty of uttering.

That medical men should intimate that health and life are jeopard'd unless we imbibe poisons, is to assert that they wish you to put your life in jeopardy: for every schoolboy knows that to take poisons is to expose ourselves to disease and death. It is no use to say that the poison may be mixed with other things so as to be rendered harmless; because, if it is neutralized and rendered innocuous, it is no longer a poison. But it is well known that dilution is not neutralization; for alcohol, notwithstanding these mixtures, is often found in a pure state in the brain, and in other parts of the body, showing that with whatever it is united, either in the glass or the body, it undergoes no chemical change.

We believe that a time will soon come when physicians and others will not risk their own judgment, or the lives of their patients, by recommending these abominable poisons. There is springing up among us an authority which even doctors dare not impugn. In America we have several millions of Total Abstiners, and in England we have millions also; in fact, the world abounds with Teetotalers. In many countries the people cannot obtain these liquors; and among us there are thousands of children, young people, wives, paupers, prisoners, &c., &c., who, though they have not taken the pledge, yet very rarely touch intoxicating beverages. We have also crowds of workmen who never drink until their work is done, and not a few drunkards practise total abstinence when they are following their labour. And then we have also a glorious band of voluntary Teetotalers. Of course, among these you have every variety of constitution, and consequently an array of evidence which no medical man can confute. Here, then, are myriads upon myriads who demonstrate that they CAN abstain.

We adduce these facts because we want to supplant the compound "cannot," by the simple auxiliary "can." It is a memorable era in the history of every individual, and in reference to every undertaking, when any one becomes so conscious of power as to be able to say, "I can do it." So long as he lives under the impression of a want of ability to accomplish what is recommended, he will make no effort. Multitudes languish all their days, and never rise, because they are paralysed by this *I cannot*. Only give them enough faith in themselves to induce them to say, "I can," and if they use their power, their fortunes are made. Now, we have line upon line, and precept upon precept, in a word, all the evidence, and all the examples, which the most sceptical can ask, which the most timid or cautious can desire, to prove that all persons, of whatever rank, occupation, sex, age, constitution, climate, locality, or condition, CAN abstain if they please. In England and America we have some thousands of medical men, physiologists, and chemists, who, from their profound scientific and practical knowledge, are qualified to judge in this matter, and these with one voice declare that *Total Abstinence from poisons is safe, and must be safe for every one*; but if, instead of being for us, all these were against us, yet the fact that we have millions of Teetotalers all over the world, who practise our principles without the least disadvantage, would be sufficient to show that all who like may at once and for ever abandon the use of these pernicious drinks.

But it is not always that we all do what we can, and therefore it is often necessary that the incentive of obligation should be added to the sense of ability. It is important that the auxiliary "MUST" should be added to the potential "I can." We are all conscious of power to do a thousand things which we never undertake. Conscience is the sense of duty, and until this moral faculty is quickened and called forth to speak imperatively, a large portion of our solemn obligations will be neglected. A man or woman without a conscience is unfit to live in civilised society. Animals have no convictions of right or wrong, and therefore can never be made moral or religious beings. Laws, books, the Bible, and the ministry of the word would be useless, if there were no consciences to be called forth and wrought upon.

One great desideratum in the Temperance movement is a Teetotal conscience. Until we have this we can do but little. It is often said that our societies are not religious societies, and that Teetotalism is not a duty. But this is one of the most fatal heresies. It has destroyed millions of lives, and doomed myriads of souls to perdition. Not a duty to abstain from poisons! Then it is not a duty to keep the sixth commandment! And if we may violate the sixth precept of the decalogue with impunity, what authority is there to bind us to the observance of any of the other injunctions of the Almighty! Not a duty to abstain from alcoholic poisons! Then it is not a duty to abstain from wasting the

bounties of Providence, nor a duty to take care of our property. Then we may waste our money, destroy our health, corrupt our children, injure our intellects, inflame our passions, cast stumbling-blocks in the way of others, and imperil our salvation, and yet be innocent!

The more we look at this subject, the more are we convinced that there is not a single obligation enjoined in the Scriptures that demands more rigid attention than the duty of Total Abstinence. A very little examination into the immediate and remote consequences of drinking these liquors would show, that there is not another practice in the country more detrimental to the welfare of the nation, or the success and prosperity of religion. It is an evil pregnant with ten thousand ills and crimes. It is the prolific parent of almost every vice. It promotes Sabbath-breaking, swearing, sensuality, pauperism, domestic wretchedness, disease, premature death, and shuts multitudes out of the Kingdom of Heaven. It imparts fire to inflammations and fevers; it gives wings and victims to the cholera; it adds venom to diseases of the lungs, the liver, the kidneys, the stomach, or the intestines; and arms paralysis, palsy, and apoplexy with all their power to smite the nerves, the brain, and the mind. It always begins with moderation. Here is its fountain-head. Abolish moderate drinking, and there would never arise another drunkard. There is, therefore, "A MUST" as well as a "CAN" in connection with Teetotalism. We MUST abstain, or we injure our health, waste our property, and destroy the bounties of Providence. We MUST abstain, or we corrupt our families, injure society, promote crime, weaken our intellectual and moral power, shorten our lives, and put our souls in jeopardy. I can abstain, I MUST abstain, should be the watchwords of every one who loves himself, loves his species, or loves the Redeemer.

But there is one auxiliary more which should be added to the two mentioned above. Every humane person, every patriot, every philosopher, every philanthropist, and, above all, every Christian should say, I WILL abstain. We have shown that we have the power; we have demonstrated that there is no duty more sacred or binding, and now woe be to us if we do not resolve to abandon these drinks. We may be told that many men who fill high stations in the church, stand out stoutly and firmly against this duty. We confess, with the deepest pain, that the fact is even so; and we have also to state that they have to pay dearly for their iniquity. If they are saved, yet they are "saved so as by fire." We have seen them in this world enduring chastisements for their sins, the narration of which would make every ear tingle. We have known minister after minister obliged to resign his office because strong drink had destroyed his character. Some of these also have sunk into the lowest depths of degradation, and have been a burden to themselves and a disgrace to their families and to society. We could mention cases in which nearly every member of the family of some eloquent and popular preacher have come to ruin through drink, and, alas, the father and the mother had been the first to create in them a taste for these poisons. A poor wretched drunkard, who has again and again reduced himself to beggary by dissipation, said to us the other day, "These liquors were given me with my mother's milk, I have drunk them from my infancy, and must drink them now." This man's mother was noted for her piety, and his father is still a preacher of the Gospel. Church members are continually failing through these poisons. Hundreds of children, the hope of the school and the church, are yearly lost through these liquors. Ministers, deacons, and other useful members, are every year dropping into the grave through diseases of the nerves, and the brain, and other maladies induced by stimulants; so that there is not a crime in the country so signally marked by the displeasure and curse of the Almighty as the use of intoxicating drinks. In this respect, Jehovah, in a remarkable manner, "shows that he is no respecter of persons;

for we have saints and sinners suffering most fearfully under the multiform and various ills which are connected with the use of these infamous poisons.

We might here write a volume ; in fact, volumes would be insufficient to record the blessings which have already followed from the signing of the pledge and the observance of the duty which it involves ; and we trust, that as we can abstain, and *must* abstain, if we would fully obey the Gospel, so many will also resolve to attend to this solemn duty, and say, "WE WILL." The moment we become determined, and say, "we will," the work is more than half done. We "*can*," we "*must*," we "*will*," are auxiliary verbs, and let them only become the watchwords of Teetotalers, and our cause will triumph over all opposition, and bless the world with temperance and all its attendant benefits and advantages."—*Temperance Almanack*.

### Newfoundland.

From the Morning Courier of St. Johns we are happy to extract the following.

The cause of Temperance is progressing in Newfoundland slowly but certainly. Notwithstanding various hindrances, and even strenuous opposition, the Sons of Temperance are doing all in their power for the advancement of their principles, and as an encouragement they have received from his excellency Governor HAMILTON, the sanction of his high approval. We trust that this is only an earnest of what may yet be expected from persons of influence and distinction ; would that all who deplore the consequences of intemperance would unite for its suppression, by setting an example of total abstinence from intoxicating drings, and urging upon all with whom they may be in the habit of associating, that by a trifling sacrifice of indulgence on their parts, great good may be done, much misery removed, and much crime prevented. It cannot be too generally known, that moderate drinkers are the greatest obstacles to a general temperance reform.

The annexed item from the Harbor Grace Herald of Jan. 19, will be read with interest by all who desire the advancement of the cause.

The Temperance Soiree held at the Hall on Thursday evening, went off with great eclat. About three hundred individuals, ladies and gentlemen, were present on the occasion. The principal chamber had been nicely decorated, and the whole, including the anti-room, library, &c. was splendidly lit up with kerosene gas. Tea and coffee, with their usual accompaniments, were served round about half-past seven, a duty which was performed in the most satisfactory manner by the stewards, acting under the direction of some ten or a dozen ladies who had taken charge of the trays. While the repast was going forward the Temperance Band enlivened the company with music, which had been admirably selected and was played in every instance with unrivalled skill. Tea being over, the President, Robert John Pinsent, Esquire, rose and in his usual felicitous style reminded the assemblage of the great object which had gathered them together—it was TEMPERANCE—it was the support and propagation of those principles which had the sanction of Christianity, and which lay at the very root of social peace and national prosperity. Several speakers followed and were well received by the audience, and at the conclusion of each address the Band introduced an appropriate air. At eleven o'clock there was a dessert of fruit ; after which Mr. Pinsent again arose and announced the hour ; and having hinted the propriety of being "*temperate in all things*," requested the Band to play the National Anthem, which was immediately responded to, the whole company rising to their feet. Thus ended the second winter Soiree of the Sons of Temperance.

### Madeira and its Inhabitants.

In January last accounts reached this country of the depressed and starving condition of the people of *Madeira*. At the time the *N. Y. Tribune* said :—

The people of this small but delightful island are on the brink of starvation ; the fact is beyond doubt. We have published the circular announcing it of a number of the most respectable mercantile firms of our City, as also the more circumstantial letter of our friend Charles W. March, now on a visit to that island. The cause simply is the dependence of the population almost wholly on the cultivation of the Vine, and the utter failure of the Grape harvest in 1852. With Wine they have been accustomed to buy most of their food and all their clothing ; and, the Grape having failed, they have nothing wherewith to pay ; and while the wealthy and forehanded are pinched, the poor are reduced to the last extremity. Of the 80,000 inhabitants of the island, probably 60,000 are to-day needy, while 40,000 must perish unless assisted from abroad.

The *N. Y. Tribune* recommends help to be given, but adds the following which contains some excellent economical advice which is worthy of attention every where.

When this money shall have been raised, and the dire necessities of the sufferers relieved, we may proffer one more remonstrance against the fatal system which has now (and by no means for the first time) reduced the Madeirians to this extremity—the system glorified by our present Governor in his late Agricultural Address as "*Commercial Farming*," that system, namely, which devotes an entire farm, district, county, island, or country, to the production of some one, two or three great staples to which it seems peculiarly adapted, to the neglect of everything else. It is a system which makes rich merchants and extensive commerce, but a squallid, dependent, miserable Laboring Class, at times reveling in luxury, then suddenly plunged into famine and despair. *Madeira* could support *all* her people if she sedulously developed all her resources and grew her own food ; it is the inordinate extension of her wine-producing industry that is now starving her. She must mend her hand after being lifted over this chasm, or the benevolent will grow weary of helping her.

### The Condition of Ireland Question.

Much has been said and written on the subject of Ireland's miseries. Very few, even of the best essayists, have seemed to us to touch the right point. But in the following paragraph we think there is enough of fact to reveal the chief source of poverty and misery for that country. Omit the consideration of all other causes and what have we here ? The *News* and *Chronicle* speaks thus of "a cause of Irish distress."—

"A gentleman named O'Hanlon, who is writing a series of articles in the *Northern Whig* upon the "*Social and Moral Reformation of the Poor of Belfast*," treats, in his last letter, of the urgent necessity for pressing on the Temperance Reform, expressing the opinion that "if we could banish alcoholic liquors from common use, placing them among the labeled drugs of the Pharmacopolist and the articles necessary to mechanical and artistic purposes, we should reduce the public crime of the land to a small and inconsiderable fraction of its present amount." The guilt of the three kingdoms in indulging in the vice of drunkenness may be, he observes, the same, but the *folly* is pre-eminently that of Ireland, seeing that the poor of that country are the most impoverished of all. He states that the cost of the imports of intoxicating liquors into Belfast in 1851 was not far from three hundred and eleven thousand

pounds, while, "as it is probable its home production would equal its imports, we must double this sum, in order to reach the amount expended on this destructive indulgence by Belfast and that part of the neighborhood supplied from its stores. The duty on whisky alone taken out of bond in this place during three months of the last year was thirty-four thousand pounds, which, for the whole year, at that rate, would give one hundred and thirty-six thousand pounds—to be paid, of course, by the consumer. There cannot, Mr. O'Hanlon proceeds to show, be a greater fallacy than to suppose that remunerative employment is given by such a trade, but its hostility to Christianity and morality is yet clearer and more dangerous—"let it be known, sir, that there are eight hundred spirit shops in Belfast, and most of them open on the Sabbath, with the exception of the hour or two allotted to morning service—open, as I know, many of them to be from a very early hour to catch the miserable victims that go forth even in the grey dawn to quench their thirst for this 'liquid fire;' and then, none need wonder at the tide of immorality, licentiousness, misery, and crime, which over spreads and overwhelms the lower places of society—aye, and rises upwards, too, until the higher portions of the social fabric are also in danger of being submerged in this dark and noisome element."

### An Essay on The Order of the Sons of Temperance.

BY THOMAS WHITE, JR.

Mr. White holds high office by the free choice of his brethren, and in the tract now before us, gives sufficient evidence of ability and skill. This excellent essay has been printed by order of the Grand Division of Canada East, and ought to be sown as good seed broad cast over the country, especially throughout the Eastern Townships.

The pamphlet opens with a brief statement of the evils of Intemperance, and the first efforts made towards their repression. We think the author errs in the chronology of the total abstinence pledge. It was not adopted so early as 1826, by several years. The origin of Washingtonianism is alluded to, and the defects of that movement pointed out.

The advantages of the Order of the Sons are described, both in the moral and financial departments. We extract the following which will serve as a specimen of the writer's ability, and will, as he designs, answer an objection raised by many against the Order of the Sons.

"One of the greatest objections, and perhaps the one which is most frequently advanced, is, that we are a secret Society. All society is to a certain extent secret; all the operations of nature have a degree of secrecy about them. The World, the Universe, the God of eternal truth are enveloped with a mystery which no man has ever penetrated; every family circle is a secret society, and the man who violates the secrecy of the family, is unworthy of the confidence of the community. Our Order is in the same sense a secret Society, but it is not so in the ordinary and offensive sense of that term. An eminent writer on this subject, says—

"A secret Society, in its truly offensive import, is one whose objects of pursuits are secret and hidden from the public, and whose principles are often so impure, and aim so directly at the overthrow of all good government, that it becomes necessary for such a Society, in self-defence, to conceal not only its principles, but also its designs and objects." Such were some of the secret Societies in France and Germany; and such, too, were those in that unfortunate country Ireland. But I would ask the reader, can any of these things be charged against the Order of the Sons of Temperance? can any one pretend for a moment that we are a secret Society in any such import? Assuredly not. Our principles are well known; our banner has been unfurled, and floats manfully in the breeze; and the great design of our institu-

tion is so prominent, that all who walk may read. "The rescue of the world from the reign of Alcohol," is our only object; and in order the more effectually to bring about this glorious result, we have adopted certain forms, simple in themselves, yet calculated to effect an immensity of good. But to our secrets. The great secret of our Order is the pass-word, to which some persons would fain attach some mysterious influence. It is simply, however, the key to the outside door of a man's house, adopted to shield us from the presence of the vicious and unprincipled, to confer a benefit and privilege on the initiated, and thus render our Order more effective in the reclamation of the inebriate. Our pass-word enables Divisions to discriminate between the worthy and the unworthy, to preserve themselves free from the contamination of intemperance, and thus bound together in the bonds of Temperance, Fidelity, and Brotherly Love, each becomes a shield to the other, and all to the world an example; and the Order stands accredited as the purest and most efficient organization that the benevolent spirit of the age has yet originated for the removal of the great master vice of the world—intemperance. Another of our secrets is the initiation ceremony, which is not that silly and unmeaning thing that many have supposed it to be. The candidate is introduced into a company of gentlemen, with his eyes wide open. The evils of intemperance are vividly portrayed in a short, simple, practical lecture. He is briefly exhorted. The pledge, neither to "make, buy, sell, nor use as a beverage, any spirituous or malt liquors, wine or cider," is administered—he is obligated to observe the Constitution and Bye-Laws of his Division, and the rules and usages of the Order—not to disclose the private affairs of the Order—and finally, to do all in his power to advance its interests, and the general interests of the community. Such is a synopsis of the obligation administered during the ceremony of initiation. And is there anything unusual or dangerous about it? A writer has well said, that "if there were two Societies based upon the principles of our Order, where there is now one, our country would be the better for it! If there were, in all the beautiful cities and villages of the land, an *anti-tattling, anti-slandering, anti-envying, mind your-own-business association*, and the members were all true to their pledges, there would be fewer moral diseases of the tongue, and of the heart, than now exist." These then are the secrets of our Order about which we hear so much, and to which so great exceptions have been taken; and we have no fear of submitting them to the close scrutiny of a candid, though severe public, feeling confident that a unanimous verdict in their favor must be accorded to us."

The following, although exceedingly brief, will give a tolerably clear view of the organization, and its working details.

"Our order is composed of three distinct parts.—the National, Grand, and Subordinate Divisions,—each of which have their respective and distinct functions to perform. The National Division, which is the head of the order, is composed of delegates from the several Grand Divisions, its duties being to exercise a general supervision over the whole field of labor, to devise general plans, such plans having reference to the whole order in whatever place situated: and from it also emanates the pass-word, thus enabling the Son of Temperance to carry with him a key which will admit him to a band of brothers wherever his lot may be cast. The Grand Division, composed of delegates from the subordinate Divisions, exercises somewhat similar functions to the National Division, their jurisdiction being limited by that body, whence their charters are issued. And Subordinate, or, as they have most appropriately been termed, Working Divisions, are the great pioneers of our order, the vanguard in the mighty struggle with the demon Intemperance. The members of these Divisions are expected to meet weekly. This, however, is not a positive obligation, their being no penalty for non-attendance; but it is expected all will attend, when the attendance does not demand a sacrifice of business or interfere with the prior claims of the family.

The business of these meetings is published to the world in the by-laws. The discussions are on various topics, but all connected with the great subject Intemperance, the leading star of the order, or with the immediate working of the Division. A series of questions touching the fidelity of members, and on a her matters, are put at every meeting by the Worthy Patriarch, or chief officer, one of which especially manifests the conservative character of our institution,—“Has any brother violated his pledge?”

the great object of which question is, to insure purity to the order and personal fidelity in the members. Our order is designed and intended to work a mighty reformation in the world, yet to do so it must keep itself pure and free from all evil contamination, and with this subject we endeavor to know, and to know with a view to correct, any failing on the part of the brethren."

We commend the pamphlet as worthy of general circulation, and think our Grand Division acted wisely in ordering it to be printed. The well-wishers of the Order will act still more wisely in giving a wide and gratuitous circulation.

The tract can be supplied at 2s. 6d. per 100, on application to H. Rose, or J. C. Becket, Montreal, and may be sent by mail at one shilling per 100.

### Choice Extracts from New Books.

Mr Thomas Doubleday, well known in Britain as a political economist, has just issued a new work from the press of Blackwood, treating "On Mundane Moral Government, demonstrating its Analogy with the System of Material Government." Communists will differ from our author, as will be judged from the following extract:—

"All experience has shown that wealth is, in all nations not in the savage state, almost synonymous with influence and power. Nor can it well be otherwise; because, besides its direct influence, which is immense, its indirect advantages are still more striking. It gives to its owners a sort of monopoly of leisure and of education. It influences the press; and, through the press, it moulds public opinion. Hence in all civilized states of which we have any records, we see that the governing power has never been for any length of time out of the hands or influence of the possessors of wealth and property. Even the Grecian democracies—where the people in a body made their own laws, or seemed rather to do so—could not neutralise the all-pervading influence of wealth. In Rome, it was always paramount, even in the best days of the commonwealth. In the United States it is so at this hour, or nearly so. Nor will a deep and candid consideration of all the circumstances and all the consequences lead him who so reflects to conclude this balance of power on the side of property to be an evil. The first impression is, that it is unjust; the last impression is, that it is necessary—though occasional evil, beyond all question, flows from it. Of its necessity, however, we become convinced by the consideration that, first of all, stability of institutions is requisite before good can possibly follow; and that without this preponderance, stability of governments or of constitutions would become impracticable. If we examine steadily and candidly the natural bent and tendency of the human mind, we shall find it always inclined to change. This arises directly out of the principle already laid down, viz., that human nature is never precisely satisfied with its own position, and has ever in view an ideal better to come, which ever renders it discontented with that which now is. Hence society is, in many particulars, in a constant flux and change, never remaining at a stay for any length of time. In matters of science, taste, and literature, this is no evil, but a good. In matters of government, however, a constant instability and incertitude would be the greatest of evils. It would be so, because upon the due regulation of every society depends the preservation of the things naturally dearest to every human being, and first in importance to almost all men—that is to say, life and property; and if the constitution of society could be altered from day to day, then would life and property be uncertain from day to day. But this would be the case had every individual in a community

equal power; because, in such a case, the motives, feeling and tendencies of the majority would, in all likelihood, be in the direction of change. In such supposed case, the majority would fully and totally rule; and to the individuals composing that majority, in most cases, change and mutation would embody more of hope than fear. The result would, of course, be a constant mutability and incertitude. No institutions could be permanent; for the habit of political change begets a constant desire for more; and, under such circumstances, one revolution is only the precursor of another."

From Lord John Russell's "Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore," we take what follows, being an autobiographical statement of the manner in which Moore dexterously wins and honourably renounces a college prize.

About the third year of my course, if I remember right, an improvement was made in our quarterly examinations by the institution of a classical premium distinct from that which was given for science; and myself and a man named Ferral (who was said to have been a tutor before he entered college) were on one occasion competitors for this prize. At the close of the examination, so equal appeared our merits that the examiner (Usher) was unable to decide between us, and accordingly desired that we should accompany him to his chambers, where for an hour or two, he pitted us against each other. The books for that period of the course were the Orations of Demosthenes and Virgil's Georgics; and he tried us by turns at all the most difficult passages, sending one out of the room while he was questioning the other. At length, his dinner-hour having arrived, he was obliged to dismiss us without giving any decision, desiring that we should be with him again at an early hour next morning. On considering the matter as I returned home, it struck me that, having sifted so thoroughly our power of construing, he was not likely to go again over that ground, and that it was most probably in the history connected with the Orations he would examine us in the morning. Acting forthwith upon this notion, I went to an old friend of mine in the book-line, one Lynch, who kept a ragged old stall in Stephen-street, and, borrowing from him the two quarto volumes of the Leland's Philip, contrived to skim their contents in the course of that evening, notwithstanding that a great part of it was devoted to a gay music-party at a neighbor's. When we reappeared before Usher in the morning, the line of examination which he took was exactly what I had foreseen. Returning no more to the text of either of our authors, his questions were solely directed to such events of the reign of Philip as were connected with the Orations of Demosthenes, and as the whole was floating freshly in my memory, I answered promptly and accurately to every point; while my poor competitor, to whom the same lucky thought had not occurred, was a complete blank on the subject, and had not a word to say for himself. The victory was, of course, mine hollow; but it was also in a more accurate sense of the word hollow, as after all I did not carry off the premium. It was necessary, as part of the forms of the trial, that we should each give in a theme in Latin verse. As I had never in my life written a single hexameter. I was resolved not to begin bunglingly now. In vain did Usher represent to me that it was a mere matter of form, and that with my knowledge of the classics I was sure to make out something good enough for the purpose. I was not to be persuaded. It was enough for me to have done well when I had attempted; and I determined not to attempt anything more. The premium accordingly went to my opponent, on his producing the required quantum of versicles; and as my superiority over him in the examination had been little more than accidental, his claim to the reward was nearly as good as my own.

## Miscellaneous Table-talk Topics.

**AFTER** all the wear and tear to which run-sellers put their consciences, they are not as a general fact, money-accumulating men. Not one in ten after years of watching and waiting, find anything over to meet the exigencies of after life. This is as it should be, but still their blind persistence in the wrong is to be pitied.—*Utica Teetotaler.*

**"STOLEN PLEASURES ARE SWEET."**—An Irishman who was harvesting in the neighbourhood one day last week noticed another man secrete a bottle in a hedge-row in the field in which he was working. Becoming very thirsty, and not seeing the course clear, Pat proceeded to the bottle, and not doubting that it contained something good and nourishing, he immediately took a hearty pull at its contents; but lo! ere long he discovered his error. Uncomfortable feelings soon came over him: the bottle he had been drinking out of contained a not very palatable mixture of arsenic and other things, called "fly water," and the man who placed it in the hedge was the shepherd, who had just been dressing some sheep with it. The life of the Irishman was in considerable danger for some time, but by prompt medical assistance he has recovered.

**THE GREATEST WORK OF ART.**—The Great Pyramid in Egypt is 800 feet in height, and its base covers thirteen acres. Its weight is estimated at six millions of tons, and its erection would occupy 3,000 men twenty years. If it was broken up, the materials would rear a wall around the whole empire of France ten feet high and two and a half feet thick.

**CLOVERING.**—Never spare the seed when you sow clover. Four quarts are not enough to the acre; put on not less than six, and be not frightened if you scatter a peck. The great superiority of thickly sown clover fields over others for feed and manure, is too manifest to need demonstration.

**CHILDREN.**—I delight in little children; I could spend hours in watching them; their simplicity, their confidence in you, the fund of happiness with which their beneficent Creator has endued them. When intelligence is less developed, and so affords less enjoyment, the natural spirit are an inexhaustible fund of infantile pleasure.—*Wilberforce.*

**GOOD NATURE.**—Good nature is a gem which shines bright wherever it is found. It chases the darkness of misfortune, and warms the heart that is callous and cold. In social life who has not seen and felt its influences? Don't let little matters ruffle you. Nobody gains anything by being cross or crabbed. If a friend has injured you; if the world goes hard; if you want employment and can't get it; or can't get your honest dues; or fire has consumed or water swallowed up the fruits of many years' hard toil; or your faults magnified, or enemies have induced, or friends deceived, never mind; don't get mad with anybody; don't abuse the world or any of its creatures; keep good natured and our word for it, all will come right. The soft south wind and the genial sun are not more effectual in clothing the earth with verdure and sweet flowers of spring, than is good nature in adorning the heart of man and woman with blossoms of kindness, happiness and affection—those flowers, the fragrance of which ascends to heaven.

—There is a blind fatality attending the rum-curse, which but few know—and knowing can resist. The poor drunkard who is near his journey's end can yet warn a fellow to "sign off," who is not one half so be-soaked as himself, and yet go on in the same old beaten track, never dreaming of the untimely end so close at hand. This is a sad truth, and an old one but there are yet many, very many who can profit by it.—*Utica Teetotaler.*

**PAY YOUR POSTAGE.**—The New Hampshire Oasis commends the following lines to one of its correspondents, "who had forgotten good manners in writing upon his own business, and saddled us with a postage of five cents to save himself three:"

The man that now-a-days will write  
And not prepay his letter,  
Is worse than the heathens are,  
What don't know any better.

—Always speak with the utmost politeness and deference to your parents and friends. Some children are polite and civil everywhere but at home; but *there*, are coarse and rude enough. Nothing sits so gracefully upon children, and nothing makes them so lovely, as habitual respect and dutiful deportment towards their parents and superiors. It makes the plainest face beautiful and gives to every common action a nameless but peculiar charm.

—It is in the power of every man to preserve his probity; but no man living has it in his power to say, that he can preserve his reputation, while there are so many evil tongues in the world ready to blast the fairest character; and so many open ears ready to receive their reports.

—No system of intellectual education can be otherwise than defective, unless it comprehends in its wide scope the due regulation of the moral feelings. And never does intellect become so clear in its perceptions, so penetrating in its research, and so wide in its range, as when allied with a pure and holy heart. The corruption of the heart reaches up to the intellect, mars its symmetry, clouds its horizon, and distracts its action. Purity and truth—the heart and the intellect—have been united by God, and man may not put them asunder. The highest state of intellectual greatness is attainable only in connection with the highest state of moral excellence. The mind is not disciplined as it should be, unless it be disciplined to purity, as well as to truth.—*Clark's Mental Discipline.*

**CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN RUSSIA.**—The robber Krotinus, who during the years 1848 and 1849, ravaged the country on the Prussian and Polish frontier, and against whom detachments of Russian and Prussian troops were frequently sent, lies under sentence of death at Tomozgen, having been condemned to receive 9,000 strokes with a stick between the ranks of a Russian battalion in the plain between Tomozgen and the frontier, the principal theatre of his crimes. The sentence is not formally one of death, though equivalent to it, as no one has ever been known to survive even a much less degree of this punishment. Within the last week four robbers have been executed in the same district; they died before 6,000 strokes had been inflicted, and as the sentence must always be fully performed, it was in each case completed on their dead bodies.

**INEANE THROUGH EXCESSIVE JOY.**—A writer describing the Lunatic Asylum at Blackwell's Island says:—"Here is a woman whom joy has deprived of her senses. Her husband and child were on board a vessel which was wrecked. Going down to the shore every day, as if with the wish of being nearer the beloved objects that lay buried beneath the sea, suddenly she beheld them landing from a vessel which had picked them up and saved them. An overwhelming flood of joy pervaded her bosom, and then reason was gone forever. She never has known them since, but sits on what she thinks the same rock, where she used to bewail their fate, wringing her hands, and mourning most piteously; while every week the husband and son come and gaze on her face, in hope to rouse one gleam of memory, but in vain."

**"LET ME GO FOR THE DAY BREAKETH."**—This was the last utterance of one who has lately crossed the uneven billows which separate between us and Eternity. The departed soul was struggling with the Angel of Death—and, catching a glimpse of the glories in which it was so soon to mingle, echoed the sublime words of wrestling Jacob. It would be profanity to endeavor to sketch the apocalypse of the triumphant spirit. But the example of this dying saint, the scenes of his last hour and beautiful imaginations clustering around and reaching beyond, should move even our worldly hearts, and give them an inspiration towards that which is lifted up and enduring.



## Sabbath Meditations.

"Can he be wise, that knows not how to live?"

The motto above quoted suggests its own answer. It is necessary, in the first place, to know for what we ought to live. An error here not only may but assuredly will lead in a wrong direction. The great object for which life is primarily given, is to glorify God by holy living, and to prepare for the future state of being. This object is clearly revealed on every page of the sacred records. No one who subordinates his understanding to the infallible teachings of the inspired Volume, can fail to discover the standard after which he should fashion his life. But thousands possessed of the divine directory seem to misapprehend the object of life altogether.—They act as if they were sent into the world solely for self-gratification and self-aggrandisement, in the devious paths of sin. "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and where with shall we be clothed," constitute the sole enquiries which they use their best endeavours *practically* to answer. In the elucidation of these questions their minds are occupied, their talents employed, and their physical energies taxed to the utmost. The claims of God—their duties to Him—preparation for eternity,—are entirely overlooked and neglected. *They know not how to live.* This knowledge they might attain—it has been placed within their reach—and when obtained they might through promised grace meet all their religious obligations. Their ignorance, either theoretical or practical, is culpable in the highest degree.

"Is he," then, "wise who knows not how to live?" Reference to the consequences of neglecting the object of life, show that he is not wise. This course is the height of folly. He sacrifices all present enjoyment of religious pleasures, and forfeits his portion in eternal life. He lives without hope, and dies under divine displeasure. He may gain the world, or a portion of it, but assuredly he will lose his soul. An eternity of misery and despair await him in the future. He pursues, therefore, neither a *wise* nor a *safe* course. "Who is wise, and he shall understand these things? prudent, and he shall know them? for the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them, but the transgressors shall fall therein."

**EARLY PIETY.**—Among the remarkable declarations in the last will and testament of BEZA, who lived to a very old age, was his expression of thanks to God "that at the age of sixteen years, He had taught him to love and serve Him, and thereby he had been prevented from committing many sins and enduring many sorrows, which would otherwise have overtaken him and made his life and his death less happy." This is only one of thousands of similar testimonies that have been given, in the prospect of death, of the importance and value of early piety. In whatever aspect the subject is viewed, it may be said with confidence, that youth is the most proper, and acceptable period of life, in which to begin the service of God. To mind religion young, saves indeed from ten thousand snares and sins,—qualifies for especial usefulness in the world—and prepares for an honorable old age in the way of righteousness, and for a weight of glory in the celestial kingdom. When a contrast is instituted between the usefulness of one who has obediently remembered his Creator from the days of his youth, and another who has spent that period of life and the whole of his subsequent years, in sin, how favorable is it for the former, how painful for the latter! The one has been blessed in all his ways, and has proved a blessing to the world, the other has lived devoid of all spiritual blessings, and by his influence and example has been a positive detriment to the best interests of his fellowmen. How different their reflections when they come to meet death and lie down in the grave!—How opposite likewise their prospects of the future! In what different states will they approach the

judgment-seat to render their accounts! Even he who has neglected his duty to God until an advanced period of life, can bear no comparison with him who from a child or youth has walked in wisdom's ways, receiving and doing good, and so honouring God and laying up treasure in heaven.—*Provincial Wesleyan, Halifax.*

## Poetry.

## The Dying Inebriate.

BY CLARA A. S.—

Within a dark and dismal room, a dying drunkard lay,  
With throbbing breast and bitter groan, breathing his life away;  
In speechless sorrow o'er his bed, no loving mother hung,  
No mourning brothers gathered there, nor sisters fair and young.

*His mother's heart was broken*, and she calmly rested, now,  
Within the village churchyard, with the dust upon her brow,  
All others had forsaken him, save, kneeling by his side,  
A blue eyed youthful woman, few years ago, *his bride.*

All night had she been watching there, all that lone starless night,  
And, when through the uncurtained pane, broke the dim morning  
light,  
The lonely watcher knelt to pray; and the low sobbing breath  
Of agonizing prayer, woke the "dull cold ear of death."

One moment beamed the dying eyes with the same loving gaze,  
That used to meet her timid glance in those dear olden days;  
One moment wreathed the pallid lip, the smile of long ago,  
As strove to speak the dying man, in broken words, and low:

"Tis all in vain, my angel wife, that prayer of thine, for me;  
My bark goes down at mid-day, upon a sunless sea;  
And dark despair and vain remorse now fall with crushing weight  
On him who brought thy happy life to such a wretched fate.

"I know thy heart is broken, for I can see, e'en now,  
The 'seal of an undying grief' upon thy gentle brow;  
My dying curse rests on the man who lured my steps from thee,  
And with seductive art upraised the glist'ning cup to me."

The blue-veined lids drooped heavily, and the last struggling  
breath  
Faded away in that wild curse—it *was the couch of death.*  
"Oh my husband," groaned the watcher, "Still beloved one,  
speak once more:  
Say thou diest him forgiving—God of mercy, all is o'er!"

The *rumseller* that morning stood, within his halls of pride,  
There were wealth, and pomp and beauty, and friends on every side,  
But when the distant future shall unfold its mystic scroll,  
Will he not find, upon him rests the *wreck of that lost soul?*

—From the *Fountain and Journal.*

## PRAYER FOR THE ILL AT EASE.

When sickly thoughts or jarring nerves invade  
My morning sunshine or my evening shade;  
When the dark mood careers without control,  
And fear and faintness gather on my soul,  
O Lord, whose word is power, whose gift is peace,  
Bid my spent bosom's tides and tempests cease:  
Bid thy blest Jesus walk a stormier sea  
Than ever chafed the azure Galilee;  
Or, if too soon my spirit craves for ease,  
Hallow the suffering that thy love decrees:  
Work my soul's faith from out my body's fears,  
And let me count my triumph in my tears.

Lord Carlisle, 1851.

## Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, MARCH 15, 1853.

## Vagrancy—Its Causes and Cure.

Webster, defines vagrancy to be "a state of wandering without a settled home." As the term is generally applied it includes the idea of mendicancy, or at least living without any definite means of support, except by chance or beggary or thievery. Considerable attention has recently been given to the subject. We do not well see how that can be avoided for the fact is forcing itself before the public, that vagrancy and the dangerous classes are multiplying fast. Dr. Nelson's Report and that of Captain McGrath before alluded to, demonstrate that there are vast numbers of persons, old and young, male and female, who are "without a settled home" impoverished and miserable. We refer not only to Montreal and Quebec, the chief places in Lower Canada, but to the principal cities and towns of Upper Canada. We know something of Bytown, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford and many other places, and they are all proportionately in nearly the same condition. We suppose there is no wish to deny the fact, or to diminish its painful aspects. It affects us all. As in the human body, if one member suffer, the whole suffers with it, so in the body politic, if one class be diseased, and vagrancy abounds, the whole body must feel more or less the disastrous effects.

In considering the causes of criminal vagrancy, we may lay ourselves open to the charge of riding "an hobby," as the vulgar saying goes. But we respectfully ask the moderate drinker and the opponents of prohibitory legislation, how they account for criminal vagrancy. Admitting that a part of it arises from misfortune, a large part could not thus be accounted for, except all outward evil is simply a misfortune. It is recommended by some, the Montreal Gazette, for instance—that we ought to have Houses of Industry—Asylums for the poor,—and Houses of Refuge for destitute children. Perhaps then it is a proper inference that in the opinion of those who advocate the establishment of these houses, the want of them is a cause of vagrancy. Well perhaps it is to some extent, but we must surely look elsewhere for primary causes. Take twenty boys and an equal number of girls, who may as vagrants beg or pilfer in any Canadian town or city. Enquire diligently into the moral and industrial habits of their parents, and it will be found in most cases that they are intemperate and profligate, if living, and if these be dead, and the children orphans, then again in most cases, liquor killed them. Yes! they were they were murdered by the traffic in intoxicating drinks. In this country, drinking habits produce the same effects as in the mother country. There we have much more and better statistical information than here. The Chaplain's of the prisons prepare quarterly Reports very carefully drawn up. The Editor of the "Weekly News and Chronicle" says he has read "many of these documents. Speaking of children and young people imprisoned for crime and vagrancy he says:—

"They see nothing before them but brutality, drunkenness, quarrelling, and vice, in many of its worst phases in their own homes; their parents neglect them, set them the worst example, and often compel them, by ill treatment, to commence a life of thieving and lying. And when the children live day after day for successive years in the abodes of filth, and drunkenness, and idleness, and vice, what can be expected but that they will be pests to society and a burden to the country?"

From the Report of the Chaplain at Hull, the "News and Chronicle" makes a few extracts, some of which may be appropriately quoted here. They are remarks on cases of Juvenile crime occurring in the last quarter of 1852.

"R. K., 14; father *always drinking*: is much neglected by him; is driven away by him from the house, and abused, and called a thief; went to St. J's School a year or two ago, and can read; goes nowhere now on Sundays.

"W. S., 12, lives with parents in the town; father is a lumber; has no employment: *father gets drunk* and abuses mother, and will not let him come home at nights; sleeps out where he can; has no knowledge of religion.

"Mary Ann E. is a young prostitute, only 16 years of age; parents live in Leeds; often gets drunk with young girls like herself, and 'kicks up a row;' did not know the man she is charged with robbing; cannot read.

"James R. is 10 years of age; has two brothers; step-mother has four children; father is a coachmaker, and *is always drinking*, and does not send him to school; lives in a yard in W. street; expects to be shipped before he goes out; goes sometimes to the Roman Catholic Chapel."

We add one other case.

"W. C., 16, lives with father in Lincoln; father is a labourer, and *gets drunk* once or twice every week; mother very poor, and family in great distress; four children besides himself; cannot read; cannot repeat the Lord's Prayer; never goes to church or chapel; spends Sundays in a neighbour's house, or in the streets or fields with other lads."

It is perfectly clear then that parental intemperance led these poor children to vagrancy and crime, and Mr. McGrath says the increase of arrests in Montreal is mostly "for intoxication, or offences resulting therefrom." How can it be otherwise with our almost countless grog shops and monstrous distilleries. The Montreal Gazette recently published the statistics of our imports by the Port of Montreal during 1852. Let us look at this table of figures and facts, with reference to the liquor business. Of Brandy there were imported 101,702 gallons, of Gin 56,639 gallons, of Rum 16,249 gallons, and of Whisky 29,027 gallons. Of the domestic or home manufacture of Whiskey we have no recent statistics, but it is enormous. Who are the consumers of these vile compounds and distilled poisons? We fear many rich and respectable people take a share and may become vagrants thereby, but we know the present race of vagrants have become such by intemperance, and the hosts of poor, miserable, uneducated and ill-clad children are brought to their sad plight by the same sickening cause. They are generally speaking the innocent victims of a pernicious system, which while it legalizes the sale of liquor, produces its constantly increasing fruit, of criminal, dangerous, and vagrant persons. Will any sane man—will any rational editor deny this? Surely not! It is patent to every man having the light of his eyes, that the present license system is pre-eminently the cause of vagrancy.

What is to be done in such a case? We have heard it said, and have supposed it to be tolerably correct philosophy—"Remove the cause and the effect will cease." But in these days of progress it seems to be taken for granted, that if the effect be nourished and protected the cause will cease. Our neighbour of the *Gazette* has given us a chapter on vagrancy. He is quite earnest to have the evil stopt. He says:—

"Have the Government of Canada or the citizens of Montreal performed their duty towards these persons, and towards society, of which these form so dangerous an element? Decidedly not,—and it behoves the people of this city either to take some action of themselves to remedy the most serious evil indicated, or to petition Government to do it. The city or the Province should forthwith provide for the destitute, (and for the most part dissolute) some place where, apart from the evil influences of a Common Gaol, they may be made, in so far as it is possible, to earn their subsistence. Dr. Nelson recommends that the men should be made to labour upon the roads or streets, and perhaps this is as good a purpose as their work could be turned to. The Common Council of the city should be authorized to make the necessary bye-laws, and appoint the necessary officers to carry the proposition into effect."

Very good; we cannot be the opponents of sanitary and social reforms providing they be based on sound principles; but in the matter of vagrancy and crime, all experience goes to show that they cannot be diminished by Alms-houses and Houses of Refuge. The poor we have always with us, and for these provision should be made. We have many in all our large towns who claim our sympathy and our support. Their poverty is not their fault. But we have multitudes whose poverty and destitution are criminal, because produced by sinful habits and vicious indulgence. Assume that we may and ought to build houses of refuge for vagrant children, but ought we at the same time to build distilleries and license grog-shops, and thereby secure the multiplication of drunken parents who neglect their children and throw them on the public for support. We think not. In this country honest industry will find work and wages. There is room for all—there ought to be land for the landless for we have vast tracts of uncultivated territory. We have hundreds of miles of Rail Road in course of building. Our resources of national strength and advancement are unbounded. One unmitigated evil is in the midst of us. It is not the want of Houses of Industry and Refuge. It is the liquor traffic. This is the curse of our country—the gangrene of our industry—the poison of our schools—the ruin of our churches. By it our vagrants are made. Put an end to that baneful business by the power of the Maine Law. Wise legislation will not wholly arrest poverty, or sickness, or crime, but it will do much to mitigate unavoidable physical evils. It will prevent much of crime and destitution. But let all men be well persuaded, that while the evil tree of intemperance is alive at the roots, irrigated by the streams of vicious legislation, its branches will spread widely and awfully. Trim it if you will, pick up its stray leaves, and pile its branches in Houses of Refuge, but still it grows, and your work of trimming, and picking, and piling continues until doomsday. Had we not better kill that tree? How? By the Maine Law. What say you gentle Reader?

### Toronto—Its Morals and Mayor.

Toronto is no mean city. Time was when it abounded in mud, and, on a wet day in the fall of the year, was dismal enough. Our recollections of those days are fragrant with miasmatic perfumes, when pavements were scarce, and swampish cavities abundant. King Street and Yonge Street, and many other streets are not what they once were. Toronto is no mean city. It is, however, to be regretted, that advancing civilization and commercial improvement have brought with them attendant evils of great magnitude. Three hundred grog-shops and more, are just so many nuisances—nothing better, and they have produced a large proportion of the crime and misery which trouble the citizens. Many of these have long felt wherein their chief grievance lay, and a numerous signed memorial to the worthy Mayor Bowes, led to the holding of a large public meeting in St. Lawrence Hall, at which the Mayor presided. The *North American* gives a good report of the meeting. The *Christian Guardian* has a readable article on the subject, and other papers favor the temperance aspect of the movement. We do not believe that Toronto is worse than other places of the same dimensions in British America, but a great number of its citizens are alive to their painful position in reference to the liquor business, and are resolved on measures for the mitigation or entire removal of that curse. The following resolution passed the meeting, with an amendment to include a committee of persons to act with the Corporation:—

*Resolved*,—That it is the opinion of this meeting that the Corporation should at once take the necessary steps to collect statistical information as to the effects which the Liquor Traffic has had upon the morality, health, property, and interests generally of the citizens of Toronto, with a view to determine the propriety of continuing to legalize said traffic, and that this statistical information so collected be reported by a deputation of the Corporation to a public meeting of the citizens of Toronto, to be held in the St. Lawrence Hall, and called by the Mayor of the city, on or about the 1st day of April next ensuing.

The speech of the Mayor contained many valuable suggestions, and many important facts. Considering them as eminently useful, we place them on record. His Worship said:—

"A few evenings ago, a petition from five or six persons who are incarcerated in the County Jail, was presented to the Corporation, praying the Corporation not only to suppress taverns in the city, but to use its influence for the suppression of distilleries altogether, and if possible to prevent liquor being sold under any circumstances except for medicine. This petition was signed by men who have a practical knowledge of the effects of intemperance on themselves and on their families; and if the Committee is appointed and required proof of the influence of the traffic, here is proof of the necessity of the citizens generally trying in as far as in them lies to stay the evil effects of intemperance. (Great applause.) The inspectors of licenses have this in a measure in their own power. He thought that some of them were present; they would be able to say what steps they have taken to lessen the evils of the system; at least he hoped they would come forward and defend themselves, the allegations made, or know and feel the influence that the citizens will bring to bear upon them unless they faithfully discharge their duty. He had no objections to the meeting reflecting upon the Corporation, until they get them to do their duty in this matter. The movement was not only for the benefit of the temperate

but for the benefit of the intemperate themselves, and he was glad to be present to hear any charges brought against himself or against the corporation. He thought they would be obliged to answer for any departure from that feeling which pervades the province. From all the examination he had made into the statistics of public institutions both in this province and in New York and other large cities he was convinced that nine-tenths of all persons punished for crime, were so punished in consequence of the inordinate use of intoxicating drinks. It was the duty then of every individual to lift up his voice and make it tell for the suppression of this debasing traffic.—He was glad to see so many fair auditors helping on the movement. They feel its demoralizing effects more than the men feel them. They know its sad effects to their cost. He would state one circumstance before sitting down. He was recently taken by Dr. King to a house in March street, where the woman had died of the effects of drink. There was the woman lying dead with a dirty quilt covering her, and the man was lying drunk at the other side of the house, the two children were taken away by the Sisters of Charity to be looked after. These parties earned one of them 10s a day and the other 6s 3d, and yet they were so given to intoxication that there was nothing but misery. The Mayor recited another case similar, and said he could go on enumerating for hours together. He had made it a point to ask of all those who came to him for relief, the cause of their distress, and the variable answer was dissipation. He would challenge any one in the meeting to point to a single case of a man coming to the age of maturity in this country who has not been successful, that does not attribute that want of success either to bad company or dissipation. (Great applause.) He said he would refer them to the statistics already prepared for the last 15 years. They would find that an account has been kept by the Chief of Police, of all the cases that came into the Police-office, and the cause of their being brought there. That information they could get at any time when it is asked. He was glad it was asked for, because it would bring the matter prominently before the public. He was glad to think that they were improving. There is less dissipation in the city than there once was, and he did hope that the influence that will soon be brought to bear upon the inspectors of licenses would have its desired effect in working a great and immediate moral and physical improvement. (Great applause.)"

To Mr. Alcorn was entrusted the following resolution:—

**Resolved**,—That it is the opinion of this meeting that a great amount of vice and immorality exist in this city, and as it is incontestably proved that this state of wickedness is extensively produced by the low tippling houses which everywhere abound in the city, this meeting respectfully submits that it is the duty of the Corporation to exercise its authority to limit the number of those houses, or abolish them altogether.

The speech of Mr. Alcorn was severe on the Corporation and an able exposition of sound temperance sentiment. Mr. Durand seconded the motion, and it was unanimously carried.

The Rev. Mr. Roaf submitted the following, seconded by the Rev. Mr. Howard:—

**Resolved**,—That in the opinion of this meeting the entire abolishing of the low tippling houses by the Corporation would not only be calculated to promote the morality and comfort of the citizens of Toronto, but would tend very much to lessen the expenses to which they are put for the support of Jails, Hospitals, and other such institutions which are mainly kept up in consequence of the debasing traffic carried on in these low houses.

Another resolution was passed respecting the deficiency of jail accommodations—after which it was

Moved by Mr. Whittemore, seconded by John Cameron, "That it is the opinion of this meeting that the Legislature should be called upon to pass a law similar to the model or Vermont Liquor Law."

On motion of Mr. Cameron, seconded by Mr. Naismith, a vote of thanks was rapturously awarded to the Mayor for his efficient conduct in the chair.

In our opinion, that vote of thanks was well deserved. The Mayor of Toronto is a shrewd business man—a clever mathematician—an able financier, competent to the duties of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and an active member of a Christian Church. Most gladly do we see him directing his energies to the abatement of public evils, the advancement of sanatory reform, and the attainment of the Maine Law. Without the curse of tippling houses and grog-shops, what may not Toronto become? Success to the friends of true reform there!

### The Maine Law Coming.

We have seen of late, nothing more refreshing or more gratifying to the friends of Temperance, than the recent official publication in the *Pilot*, of all the licenses granted in the first and second divisions of District of Montreal, for the year ending May 1, 1853. In this immense District, extending more than a hundred miles from the Province line to the western extremity of the County of Two Mountains, and in width near another hundred miles, from the Upper Canada line to the District of Three Rivers, and more densely populated than any other part of Canada, licensed drinking houses have nearly disappeared, except in this City, and in the village of Lachine, St. Eustache, St. Johns, La Prairie, and Sorel. There is not a single license taken out for the Canadian division of Beauharnois, or for any place in the entire Counties of Leinster, Berthier, Richelieu, (except Sorel,) Vercheres, St. Hayacinthe, or Rouville, all densely populous. In other counties there are no licenses taken out for the parishes of St. Anne, Point Claire, St. Genevieve, Terrebonne, St. Jerome, Ste. Scholastique and dozens of others. Nor is any one licensed to sell spirituous liquors in the large villages of Berthier, L'Assomption, Terrebonne, Vercheres, Varennes, Boucherville, St. Charles, or St. Athanase, to which list may be added dozens of smaller villages and road side places, which were once but a continuation of tavern signs.

Thus manfully have the French Canadians declared themselves against the liquor trade, and thus renders the necessity of the Maine Law more imperative, for men of the baser sort will continue to sell liquor clandestinely, and many miserable wretches will drink to the destruction of themselves and families, where it can be found; but this is a nuisance which a reformed society cannot endure. Nor can it be trifled with by the annoyance of a vagabond selling liquor, while they are endeavoring to get him fined by a court. No, the only ready and effective course is to seize the whisky barrel, and then the seller, deprived of his capital and means of trade, is forced to adopt some reputable calling for a livelihood.

### Houses of Public Entertainment for the Accommodation of Travellers in the Country Parts.

On reference to the list of Licensed Houses, of Public Entertainment, published in the *Pilot* of the 3rd inst., it will be seen, that in many parts of this district there is a great want of Public Houses for the accommodation of Travellers. In some municipalities there are none whatever, and in many others, there are so few, and they are so far apart, as to be of little use to the travelling public, particularly during the winter season. This state of things arises from the circumstance, that many of the Municipal Councils have resolved not to allow any Inns or Taverns for retailing spirits, wine, or beer, within their respective municipalities, consequently, very great public inconvenience is at present felt from the want of regularly licensed public houses, and, therefore, if the Municipal Councils persist in refusing all licenses for retailing spirits, wine, or beer, some means should be adopted to countenance the keeping of public houses, commonly called Temperance Hotels. There are very few of this class of houses, as will be seen by the list, simply for the reason that the keeping of them is unprofitable, the only profits being derived from furnishing meals and lodging to travellers, stabling, &c., for their horses, and by the sale of a few syrups, &c. As it is, however, the practice with many who travel, to carry with them, not only provisions for themselves, but provender for their horses, the hotel-keeper is put to the trouble of receiving such travellers, and furnishing fuel and shelter, for which he benefits nothing; it is plain, that public houses cannot be kept on such terms.

With the object therefore of encouraging the keeping of Temperance Hotels, by rendering the business remunerative, it seems not unreasonable, that a small charge should be made on every traveller who avails himself of the shelter of the house, stable, or shed; such a demand might, perhaps, until it became the general custom, be opposed by some persons, but surely no rational person would object to it. Will not many bring to mind, often when on a journey, necessarily stopping at a tavern, and calling for something, merely "for the good of the house;" this need not occur, were the keepers of public houses in general, but of Temperance Hotels especially, to make a small demand of every traveller who avails himself of the shelter of the house, or outbuildings. It is believed, that this custom prevails in the old country, and it is suggested for adoption here, particularly with reference to the necessary profits of keepers of Temperance Hotels.

Montreal, March 1853.

The above was left at our office a short time since. We handed it over to our friend T. S. B., who makes the following remarks upon it:—

There are those (no friends of course to the Temperance cause,) who pretend to fear, that the discontinuance of the license system will cause persons to discontinue keeping houses for public entertainment, where travellers can procure food and shelter, but we share in no such forebodings, even though there should be a woful diminution of sign-boards announcing entertainment for man and horse. If there be a demand for stopping houses on any road, there will be a supply of stopping houses. Travellers will not sleep out of doors, because there is no bottle in the window; or refuse to eat when hungry, because there is no horrid stuff to drink; and landlords will not refuse money for a meal, or a night's lodging, because their guest does not expend three coppers for a glass of whiskey.

In regard to Temperance houses, they have not yet had

their fair chance. The "old stands" where drink has been sold, are built and fitted up for taverns. They have the extensive stables, the commodious parlor, the furnished bedrooms, and the attendants, so that the traveller finds for his money, every thing prepared for his reception. He who commences the opposition Temperance house, is not so well prepared in all things; people will not patronise his house, because it is not so commodious and comfortable as the old stand, and he cannot make it commodious and comfortable, simply because he is not patronised. This is, we trust, only a present and temporary evil, for let two new houses be established, in any country part, exactly alike in all things, except that one sells liquor and the other does not, and we venture to predict, that in less than three years the liquor seller will be compelled to shut up, or remove his bar to some "saloon," or "grocery," for no traveller will, other things being equal, give preference to a public house where there is a bar with its always attendant company of drunken idlers and boisterous rowdies.

### Who Doubts the Respectability of our Cause.

At a time when the scandalous, demoralising and beastly drinking customs of an age that is past, derive their greatest encouragement from the example of persons in high positions, it is gratifying to see men of this class, come out in manly approval of our cause.

The following letters (among others) addressed by the Hon. Charles Mondelet, Judge of the Supreme Court for District of Montreal, and Sir James Alexander, A. D. C. to the General Commanding in Chief, to the committee of Perseverance Tent, on the occasion of the late Soiree, are highly honorable to the Gentlemen named, and will elevate them to a high position, in the opinion of the Temperance public, which is now the name for legions.

Mr. Justice Mondelet, Mrs. and Miss Mondelet regret that Judge M. having to leave Montreal tomorrow, to attend the Aylmer Circuits, they will be deprived of the pleasure of taking part in the Annual Celebration of the Perseverance Tent, I. O. of R., on the 1st February next. Judge Mondelet begs leave to add, that should it be in his power, next year, he will not only consider it as a duty, but as a source of real gratification to avail himself of a similar invitation.

2 Sydenham Place, 28th Jan., 1853.

13 Bellevue Terrace, 2nd Feb., 1853.

Sir James Alexander returns many thanks to the Committee of the Perseverance Tent, of the I. O. of Rechabites, for their polite attention in sending Tickets for their Soiree to Lady Alexander and himself. They would gladly have been present at the Soiree, were it not for a severe domestic calamity in England.

To the Committee of Perseverance

Tent, I. O. of Rechabites.

Sir James heartily wishes "The good cause" of Temperance success.

### Repository of Contemporary Opinions.

We regret to announce the death of a laborious worker in the temperance cause, who was also the most efficient editor of the *National Temperance Chronicle*. The Rev. Thomas Spencer died on the 26th of January last. We observed the

announcement of his decease, and an obituary, in the *News and Chronicle*. Mr. Spencer prepared the matter for the February number of the *N. T. C.* The first article, on "The Value of Physiology," is ascribed to him. We insert it here, as the death-bed counsel of a wise and good man:—

### THE VALUE OF PHYSIOLOGY.

Were a man lying on his death-bed at the age of fifty-five—an age which the average do not reach—were such a man, moralizing upon his life and conduct, to bethink him of the twenty additional years that he might have lived had he always conformed to the laws of health—were he further to remember the weeks and months of suffering which infractions of these laws had from time to time entailed upon him—were he to call to mind also the burden which his daily business had been during periods of enfeebled strength—were he thus to reflect that his life, if rightly regulated, might have been not only much longer but much happier, he would naturally be led to think that of all kinds of knowledge, the knowledge of one's own body is the most valuable. Looking back upon the years that were spent in declining Latin nouns, and conjugating Greek verbs, in turning over lexicons, learning classic fables, and writing nonsense verses; and reflecting that all this had not added a day to his life or deducted an hour from his suffering, he might rationally wish that some of those years had been devoted to the study of his own constitution as a human being. Counting up all the volumes of history he had waded through, and considering what practical advantage he had ever derived, from knowing the dates of kings' births, the places where battles were fought, the causes of party squabbles, and the details of court scandal, he might properly lament that, instead of so much history, he had not read a little Physiology. It might occur to him that, in place of so many narrations of other men's lives, some inquiry into the nature of his own life would have been desirable. And thus criticizing one by one the things he had studied, he could scarcely avoid the conviction that he had spent a great deal of time over subjects of comparatively little moment, and had wholly neglected that which is the most useful for daily guidance.

For, if we consider it, we must admit that the true test of the value of every kind of knowledge is the degree in which it can influence our conduct. If any one should be told that his neighbour's cat had kilted the day before, or that twenty-seven persons had passed by his street door during the last five minutes, he would properly reply, that however true they might be, such pieces of information were worthless; and he would reply thus from a more or less distinct perception that his behaviour could, by scarcely any possibility, be affected by the possession of them. On the other hand, the facts that pure air is needful for health, that rain is likely to follow sometime after the fall of the barometer, or that oxalic acid, a deadly poison, is liable to be mistaken for Epsom Salts, at once commend themselves to him as facts of more or less importance, because they either do or may help him to secure comforts and avoid dangers. And if this be the rational standard by which to measure the value of knowledge, must we not conclude that information respecting the structure and functions and relationships of the different organs of our bodies is of greater worth than most of the information we possess? Must we not admit that an enlightenment that prevents us from hourly transgressing the laws of our being, is of more value than any enlightenment respecting the language and deeds and manners of extinct races, who can no longer affect us either for good or evil? Is it not more needful to know the first symptoms of a fever, and how it may be nipped in the bud, than to know whether Romulus and Remus were mythical personages or real ones? It is an ascertained fact that alcohol de-oxidizes the blood, and by so doing prevents the waste matter of the tissues from being taken away and replaced. Will not a knowledge of this fact be of more service than a knowledge of the fact that the Greeks supposed the sun to be the chariot of a deity? Then again we have the aversion that growing children manifest to fat; what can this signify, but that fat is not the proper for them? And must not an acquaintance with this physiological truth be more valuable to parents, in saving their little ones from a disordered state of body, than in making them ever so well acquainted with the life of Mary Stuart, or with Pepy's Diary? There can be but one answer to these questions; and if so, what must be said of our existing system of education and culture?

Indeed, regarding the matter from this purely practical point of view, we cannot but feel astonished at the strange neglect of a subject of such vital interest, and this high esteem of subjects comparatively unimportant. To a being looking at the earth from afar off, and calmly contemplating the throng of its inhabitants, amongst the many anomalous facts, not the least puzzling would be this attention bestowed by men upon things that occurred thousands of miles away from them, and thousands of years ago; whilst they showed scarcely any interest in the things which immediately concern them—and the nature of their own brains, limbs, and viscera. Would he not be perplexed when he saw men continually putting wrong the breathing, digesting, pulsating mechanisms in which they live—injuring and wearing out those mechanisms long before the natural time—and thus depriving themselves of happiness, and entailing upon themselves misery—and doing this from ignorance of the structure and actions of those mechanisms? and would he not be indeed amazed and grieved to see them making no effort to understand this structure and these actions; but instead of doing so, spending many years of their lives in learning dead words, dead facts, dead customs, and dead beliefs.

Will you next allow an Irishman to speak on the "Preservation of Human Life." Mr. "James Whitfield Mechanic," of Newry, writes to the *Telegraph* of that town, a very interesting letter. It requires no further introduction—read it. To the Editor of the *Newry Telegraph*, Mr. Whitfield says:—

SIR.—I have seen a paragraph in your last paper referring to two deaths by drowning, on the night of Tuesday last, and complaining that nothing is being done to guard the unwary and preserve their lives—by getting additional lamps and fence chains along the banks of the canal. Now, Sir, I humbly say that your complaint is not just. There are many individuals in our own town doing all they can to protect the unwary and preserve their lives. There is a Society, called the "Newry Temperance Society," set on foot for this very object. We have not, indeed, called on the Town Commissioners to give gas light, or iron chains, for we have found that drunk men do not see the lamps, and that chains would be more likely to help them into the canal than to preserve them. I agree, Sir, it is LIGHT and CHAINS we want; but it is the light of truth, by which men will fear God, and live soberly, and by which they will no longer send their staggering victim from their doors, but will fear the judgment of Him who says, "Woe unto him who maketh his neighbor drunk, putting his bottle to him, making him drunken!" And oh, Sir, the chains we want are those that will bind down the depraved propensities and brutal passions of ungodly men. "I speak what I do know," alas! from experience; but now I am able to declare that no efforts of the public will take care of them who do not take care of themselves; and that no chains which we can forge will, either before a man, or rivetted upon his body, give him safety without the grace of God. After all that you can do, he will be like the maniac of whom we read in the Gospels—"No man could bind him, nor not with chains, because that he had been often bound, and the chains had been plucked asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces—neither could any man tame him."

Now, Sir, the grace and the goodness that saved that man can save the furious maniacs of the present time; and they alone can do it. I think, therefore, we are using the precautions that you say are necessary, and we succeed. It will be a long time, I venture to say, before any man who has joined our Society misses his way, and tumbles into the canal. You never heard of a "Teeto-taller" being drowned there;—and the other means do not succeed.

If this canal of ours could speak, what an appeal it would make on behalf of temperance! Can I not reckon up thirty or forty deaths, or murders, or suicides (or whatever you may call them), in my own recollection? How many widows and orphans are around us from drunkenness? Yet, still, Christian men are increasing the drunkenness of the people by their examples, scattering di-ease, and crime, and poverty throughout our land, and sending souls into the presence of Him who has said, "Drunkard's shall not inherit the Kingdom of God." Yes; it is the sober, and professedly Christian people who support the system we oppose, and supply, in due time, the victims for our canals, the poor for

our workhouses, the mad for our asylums, the criminal for our gaols, and the dead, without hope, for our churchyards!

And now, Sir, is not our method for the preservation of life an easy and efficient one? Let the young enter our lists, and be preserved from the seductions of the tavern. Let the hard-working man join us, and save his money, his health, and character, and perhaps his life; for thousands, as well as I, can testify that we work more, and work better, on good food and plenty of it, than under the excitement of intoxicating drinks or the stupor that follows it. Let our superiors in society know that, if they would benefit us, they must set us a good example. If they take a glass of wine, they cannot deny us a glass of whisky. But we have learned that millions of the human family are living without *either*—that their use entails a cost of about 70 millions by the year—that, in the United Kingdom, 60,000 deaths are occasioned by this foul demon; and that it empties our Churches, and fills our gaols and workhouses; and that 2,000 medical men of our country declare that, as an ordinary beverage, we can be healthy and happy without it. I ask you, Sir, is there, then, anything extravagant or unscriptural in our principles? Are we wrong in joining together, though of different creeds and conditions in society, for common benefit?

"It is vice, and vice only, we seek to destroy,  
And TRUTH is the weapon we always employ."

I hope, Sir, you will excuse the liberty I take, as an humble workman, in thus addressing you. I was long the victim of the vice I have now learned to abhor. I am anxious to do good to my brethren who still believe to be facts what I know from experience to be falsehoods. I have bewailed, often in prayer, and anxiety, that those who are able do not take up this subject, and warn the drunkards, and preserve the sober; and, alarmed by the fact that, on the night of Tuesday last, on the evening of which we had held our meeting in the Ebenezer Chapel, two additional lives were sacrificed, while the body of a third, supposed to be drowned in drink, is not yet found. Under these circumstances, pardon the appeal of a working man.

We are anxious to preserve from oblivion another letter to a contemporary, signed, "A Friend of True Reform." It appears in the *Montreal Gazette* of March 9, and refers to a paragraph previously published in that paper concerning the Massachusetts Maine Law. The writer knows well what he is about, and we beg him to keep a watchful eye on these commercial editors and their insinuating paragraphs. This "Friend" says to the editor of the *Montreal Gazette*—

Sir,—An article from a Boston paper respecting the inefficiency of the Maine Law in Boston, has found its way into Wednesday's *Gazette*, and as the reason of this apparent inefficiency has been withheld by the Boston editor, I will, with your permission, supply the omission. It is well known that for many years previous to last April, no licenses whatever were granted in Boston to sell liquor, the authorities refusing to give the traffic the shield of legal protection. Last spring, just before the passing of the Maine Law in Massachusetts, but when its passing was a matter of certainty, the Boston authorities hinted to the liquor sellers that licenses would be granted. This was enough, as with a license the trade could be carried on for at least a year in Boston, no matter what law the State would adopt. Accordingly, some 600 or 800 licenses were granted by the City Authorities, and it is on the strength of these licenses the business is now being carried on.—With the last day of this month comes a change. The licenses will then be out, and it will, I think, soon be seen that the Maine Law will be no ineffectual statute even in Boston. It was expected that before this time the law would have been repealed in Massachusetts, hence the reason why the license dodge was resorted to a year ago, but those who looked for a repeal at the present session of the Legislature have found themselves very greatly mistaken. *The law is more firmly fixed than it was at first, and increases in favor throughout the state.*

The Boston writer wants to know what city would enforce the law. Lowell is not a long way from Boston, and there will be found the Maine Law in full and happy operation. The good effects of it is the rapid decrease of poverty and vice are the most apparent, as has been the case wherever the law has been enforced. The city of Providence is something of a place—there

the law will very soon be in full force, and its beneficial effects farther tested. In Maine, where the law was first adopted, there is not, say those best informed, the remotest chance that the people of that State will ever suffer it to be repealed. The vote, where that law is made the test, has always been on the increase. As to its effects there, all the world now is pretty well informed on the subject. Poverty and crime are almost unheard of in Portland and the other cities of that State, and many who before the passing of that law were the pests and outcasts of society, have now through its instrumentality been raised high in the social scale, and their families, instead of being burdens on the community, are now living in the full enjoyment of peace and plenty. The Maine Law, if adopted in Canada, will do more to elevate the people in every respect than many who see the present state of things can possibly imagine. Let it be adopted and have a fair trial; the voice of United Canada has been heard in our Legislative halls demanding such a law, as the last and sure remedy for the terrible evils of the liquor traffic, and their prayer must not be rejected.

### Rough and Ready Readings about many things.

Illinois seems to have gone a step or two backward in temperance matters, repealing her present license law without enacting a better. Perhaps the action of the legislature will arouse the people, and lead more speedily to Maine Law results.

—The *North Western Christian Advocate*, No. 8, is received. We hope for it in continuance. It is the official substitute of the *Michigan Advocate*, and under the same editor. It is worthy a place among the family of Advocates, and will operate usefully in Illinois, being published in Chicago.

—We should be glad to get the *Michigan Temperance Advocate* from brother Gates, who used to work so well in and for the *Fountain and Journal*.

—The New Jersey legislature has thrown out the anti-liquor bill. Wait a while. It is only a question of time and patience.

—Kossuth says that the proclamation bearing his name, which appeared in Milan, was a forgery, having no authority from him.

—Mr. S. M. Taylor, of Canada East, is at present in Britain. He has held several meetings in Ireland, recommending the Eastern Townships to persons or families intending to emigrate. He sets forth some good reasons for selecting that part of the Province as suitable for success in manufactures and the cultivation of flax.

—The *National Magazine* for March contains a continuation of the articles by the editor, on "The Christianity required by the times." They are all good—very good, but that on "The Humanitarian duties of the Church," we consider eminently able and adapted to the times. We shall return to the subject in our next.

*Le Courier de Saint Hyacinthe* is the title of a new paper just started in the French language. It is devoted to literature, politics, religion and agriculture.

—In a neatly printed pamphlet we have the proceedings of the Grand Division of Maryland. Five thousand four hundred and eleven contributing members are reported.

—The *Maple Leaf* for March may be said to appear in mourning for the death of its spirited proprietor. He died suddenly in Toronto, but we trust not unprepared for so solemn a change. The magazine will be conducted as usual,

under the auspices of Mrs. Lay, with other aid, and for her benefit.

— The *National Magazine* says, that in "New York, within the last year, nineteen murders and thirty-five suicides were committed through drunkenness, and one hundred and twenty persons died of delirium tremens." Reader, think of these things.

— The *Fountain and Journal* comes out with a new head and a fresh heart. It is a capital paper, worthy to emanate from the noble State of Maine.

— "A SLANDER PUT TO REST.—It seems that Barnum, with all his zeal for temperance has been charged with renting a portion of his museum building as a saloon for the sale of liquor. This he indignantly denies, says he does not own the museum building, and shall not have control of it until 1854, when he says, 'Bacchus will take his departure if my life is spared.'" Well said, friend Barnum—a good preparatory hint.

### "A Daughter of England."

This designation of an esteemed correspondent will be familiar to the readers of the *Advocate* and *Cadet*. It is our painful duty to state that she can no longer instruct and edify our numerous readers, except by the recital of her admirable productions. By an inscrutable providence she has been removed from the land of the living, or rather the dying, leaving a large circle of sorrowing friends, who keenly feel the breach which death has made. We were anticipating fresh proofs of her attachment to the temperance cause, and of her skill in writing for the press, but by a note from her surviving father, we were informed of her death. Mr. Simpson says, under date Feb. 15, "It is my painful duty to inform you of the death of your late correspondent, my much lamented daughter (Caroline Simpson), who departed this life Dec. 30, 1852. The immediate cause of her death was water in the chest." "I need not add," says Mr. S., "it has made a breach in our family that time itself can hardly repair, and those who knew her best will lament her most." We sincerely sympathise with the bereaved family, and deem it only an act of justice to accord our high sense of her work as a valued and estimable writer. Her articles were always acceptable, and could not be otherwise than profitable to our readers. The sublime realities of eternity are now open to her vision, and we are persuaded she does not regret any efforts she made to arrest the tide of intemperance or strengthen the hands of our co-workers and friends. In her death let all our young friends be reminded of the uncertainties of this life, and let them seek to improve the present opportunity of doing good.

### Temperance Tales, &c.

Our correspondent, F. D. of Brock, calls attention to a conversation he has had with a "young gentleman," about temperance stories, especially referring to "The Bottle" and "The Pledge." This "young gentleman" thinks they ought not to appear in the *Advocate*, and designates them "fiction and falsehood." F. D. wishes us to favor him with an "explanation of the case." Does that "young gentleman" know the difference between what is called "fiction" and what is known to be "falsehood." In our choice of fiction we take care to cast out that which is false or contrary to the general rules of evidence and credibility. Our stories, original and select, are usually agreeable to nature and probability. In publishing them or anything else we do not expect to please everybody, but we do our best to profit the whole body of our patrons.

Some people are amazingly fastidious, and do not seem to consider that there are other tastes besides their own. Other

than this we have no explanation to give. The *Advocate* is found fault with by some because it is too elaborate and argumentative. What is to be done? We think we hear ten thousand readers say, Mr. Editor don't listen to that "young gentleman," or the other old gentleman, but be assured your course is about right.

We have before us a communication bearing the seal of the "National Division." Its signature would be regarded anywhere as high authority in literature and taste. We are not at liberty to give the name, but we may give a quotation, "The *Temperance Advocate* is in my judgment a pattern paper. I frequently consider its articles with great profit and pleasure. Where it goes it must leave a luminous track. May it prosper." Thank you, brother; we shall go a-head.

### Sudden Death of Brother R. W. Lay.

The respect we entertained for the above named deceased brother, as a Son of Temperance, and as a Christian man, as well as the high respect with which we regard his bereaved widow, induce us to devote a short space to the following notices from esteemed contemporaries:—

We deeply regret to announce the sudden death, in this city, of our esteemed Brother, the late Mr. Robert W. Lay, Proprietor and Publisher of the "Maple Leaf," Montreal. It appears that on Friday afternoon, the 18th inst., our deceased Brother was seized with a fit of Apoplexy, and only survived a few hours, his death taking place the same evening. Deceased was a Son of Temperance, in connection with a Division in Montreal. During the short time Mr. Lay had been in this City and neighborhood, he had gained the esteem of all with whom he became acquainted.—*Toronto Watchman*.

The intelligence of the sudden decease of Robert W. Lay, Proprietor and Publisher of the "Maple Leaf," has come upon us like a thunder-clap. Many of our readers will know that Mr. Lay has been in the city for a couple of months past, pushing his little Miscellany, the "Maple Leaf." Now and again in passing he called upon us, and we learned with pleasure that the little Magazine was meeting with great success in the city. So well pleased was he himself, that he contemplated removing his family to Toronto, to superintend the Magazine here, while he traversed the Western Townships in its behalf, thinking that by this means he would be much nearer the centre of the field of his operations. But his career has been suddenly cut short. On Friday afternoon he was seized with apoplexy and paralysis, and died about 11 o'clock the same night. Mr. Fletcher, bookseller, Yonge Street, was with him till within a short time of his death. As the deceased was a Son of Temperance that body turned out very numerous on Sunday afternoon to attend his Funeral. He was interred in the Necropolis. None of his relations were present. Deceased has left a wife and family in Montreal to lament his sudden and untimely end.—*North American*.

We take the following from the "Maple Leaf," for March:—

We have a painful and melancholy event to state to the readers of the "Maple Leaf." The former Editor and Publisher, Mr. Robert W. Lay, is now no more. He is gone, we are confident, to a higher, and a better world! He died, suddenly, and unexpectedly, at Toronto, on the 18th inst., from a fit of apoplexy, thus adding another to the many proofs which almost every day presents, that:—

"Death, like an overflowing stream,  
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;  
An empty tale; a morning flower,  
Cut down and withered in an hour.

"To-day, we are upon the stream of time; to-morrow, we are floated forth upon the Ocean of eternity. There is



no intermediate state of being; no line of separation between this world and the next."

Mr. Lay was born in the State of Connecticut, U. S., in the year 1814. He was therefore in his 39th year at the time of his death. His native place, Saybrook, is situated in sight of the Atlantic-billows, and is noted in American history, as one of those staunch old towns, closely resembling in genuine honesty, and manly material, the true English characters from which it originated.

Trained in childhood and youth, amid those invigorating, self-relying influences, which the New England sea-coast villages afford, he grew up robust in physical appearance, and early exhibited, not only great perseverance and enterprise, but originality of mind. In the States he practised very successfully, for some years, as a Civil Engineer, but the out-door exposures and anxieties, which the active duties of this profession demanded, seriously injured his health, and he was compelled to abandon it.

In 1845, he came to Canada. Here he saw at a glance, the great dearth of good periodical literature, and the great improvement the country would experience, if more interesting reading would be put in circulation. Although, to the writer's knowledge, he was, about this time, offered a lucrative situation, he refused it, and preferred the more arduous, the less profitable, but to him, the more useful task of personally endeavoring to circulate, by subscriptions, useful and entertaining works and periodicals throughout the country; but more particularly in our back settlements. With this object, he repeatedly traversed from below Quebec, up to Lake Huron; from the Eastern Townships, to the furthest settlements on the Ottawa.—At the outset of these labors, he was very much impeded by the restrictions which were then placed here upon American republications of English works. We have good reason to know, that his repeated representations to the government of the injuries these restrictions produced on the country, in a great measure led to their repeal. By this change, many a valuable English work is now placed within the reach of our poorer classes, which, formerly, could only have been purchased by the rich.—Mr. Lay was, moreover, noted for his urbanity, his warmth of heart, and his fearless avowal of Christian principles, and it has been remarked of him, by many, that no one ever spent a few moments in his society, without receiving some improving ideas, or hearing some pleasing hints on intellectual and moral subjects.

The "Maple Leaf" will be continued by his widow, for the benefit of herself and children. No pains will be spared to make its pages useful and interesting. In fact, many additional attractions for the magazine are contemplated.

A large amount of arrears are due for the volume of the "Snow Drop," which was published by Mr. Lay; and also, on the "Maple Leaf" for the current year. We are sure, that no further appeal than is presented by the above circumstances, will be needed, to induce the immediate payment of these sums to Mrs. Lay.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications and pieces of poetry under consideration.

J. G. of Quebec.—Music still unsuited for the Advocate, it being exclusively adapted for instrumental practice and not vocal. The poetry which accompanies it still inadmissible.

Music.—We are sorry, not only on account of the obligations we owe to our subscribers, but on account of the individual, to state that because of the continued illness of our music composer, we must omit that attractive portion in our paper.

A "Subscriber and Reader" has some good suggestions about the carrying out of the present license law, and we think with him that if the temperance men were only true to their principles, at least here, the city would be cleared at the first licensing term. But surely our correspondent cannot be in earnest when he says

that temperance men sign the tavern-keeper's application for a license.

"Anti-Venician" must not falter in his exertions to obtain the Maine Law. The blinds and screens he complains of are a necessary part of the increasing disreputable traffic, and only evidence the more plainly that those that engage in the sale of it as a beverage are really ashamed of it.

#### JUST PUBLISHED.

#### THE TEMPERANCE SOIREE COMPANION.

A WORK of 226 pages comprising Dialogues, Recitations in Prose and Poetry, Hymns and Melodies compiled for the use of the Temperance Community. Price 1s. 3d. per copy, or 9 Copies for 10s.—and 19 copies for 20s. Postage to any part of BRITISH NORTH AMERICA 3d. per Copy. Orders should contain a remittance for the Books required addressed Post-paid to the Undersigned.

J. G. MASON, & Co., Toronto.

In the Press, and shortly will be published,

#### THE TRIAL OF ALCOHOL,

As it took place during three evenings, before a crowded audience in Quebec, in March last.

THE fatal results arising from the use of Intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage, are prominently exposed.

It contains the usual Legal Forms and Proceedings of a Criminal Trial. The Opening of the Court; Arraigning of the Prisoner; Empannelling of the Jury; Opening Address of Attorney General; Direct and Cross Examination of Witnesses for the Prosecution; Opening Address of Prisoner's Counsel; Direct and Cross-Examination of Witnesses for Defence; Closing Address of Attorney-General; Chief Justice's Charge; Verdict; Petition of Prisoner and Sentence.

It will be issued in neat pamphlet form, containing 36 pages, at 4d. each, 3s. 6d. per dozen, or 22s. 6d. per 100. As the edition is limited, an early application is requested, post paid, to J. C. Becket, Montreal; Canadian Watchman Office, Toronto; or Quebec Gazette Office, Quebec.

#### TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

##### COUNTY OF PERTH.

THE Subscriber invites his fellow settlers in the COUNTY OF PERTH, of which STRATFORD is the County Town, to aid him in promoting the circulation of INFORMATION on the important subject of TEMPERANCE and the MAINE LIQUOR LAW in the County.

He desires not any monied influence, but only that which he deems is in the power of every man and woman to afford, namely,—the assisting the distribution of Printed Papers, bearing on the above subjects, and the inducing all to peruse them, and to notice the facts which may be referred to.

He intends to put in the hands of every family in the County, a Temperance Publication, and he only wishes and expects the assistance of its inhabitants (to nearly all of whom he is well known,) to forward his views in the circulation, distribution, and reading of them. The Publications will be such as, he hopes, will not disturb the religious or political feelings of any person.

At the same time, as the importance of the consideration of TEMPERANCE and the MAINE LIQUOR LAW, has been referred to universally by the Press, he invites leading men and others in other Counties, to consider whether such a movement as this should not be made in their localities. There are two Publications he can refer to, as so worthy of perusal, that he hopes a mere reference to them is sufficient:—1. Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh's "Plea against Drunkenness" (which has been copied *seriatim* in the "Spirit of the Age," Hamilton,) and—2. "Use and Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors in Health and Disease," by Dr. Carpenter, price 1s 3d. only, at Hamilton and other places.

JOHN J. J. LINTON.

Stratford, 7th Feb., 1853.