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CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

DEVOTED TO

Total Abstinence, Legal Prohibition, and Social Progress.

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[No. 22.]

A Fragment from a Life History.

(From the *Machias Union*.)

How terrible a thing it is to have the fond hopes of the youthful heart blasted for ever, to have them broken and crushed beneath the weight of some life misfortune—to know, to feel in the inmost soul that the great game of life has turned against us, that we staked our all, and lost it! Ah, how bitter the tears the heart then sheds; how hopeless the grief that wrings the soul. Tears may flow like summer rain, but they bring no relief. Sighs may move the deep current of life, but hope springs in the heart nevermore. Despair, deep despair, calls at the night stars, but terrible as the engulfing sea settles down upon the mind.

I knew her well. She was beautiful; beautiful as the opening rose in a summer's morning. She was pure; pure as the stars in the heavens above us. She was happy; happy as the bee that draws only sweets from earth flowers. Had she died then, she would have been an angel now in heaven. With a noble, generous soul and high thoughts that turned always to the beautiful and good, she was the pride of a large circle of friends, and the admiration of all who knew her. A young man, fashionable and gay, rich in lands and the miser's gold, proud, passionate and bold, saw her, won her young heart, and at the altar, vowed to love and protect her through life. Friends approved of her choice, her father gave them his blessing, and the mother with joy resigned the keeping of her daughter's happiness into the hands of him whom she had chosen. The world dreamed not of woe, but prophesied of future peace and happiness.

This opened their life's new morning, full of promise and golden hope. The rainbow of peace sheds its halo around their fireside. Gold was theirs—they need never strive with the ignoble crowd in the race after wealth; the privilege was theirs to turn their thoughts to higher and nobler pursuits. Friends were theirs, high minded and honorable—they need never associate with the low or the vile. Was not every promise, the world could give, theirs? What more could they wish? With life thus bordered with golden flowers entered they upon their pathway. In the long future of their lives what see you? That beautiful wife, whose education had been the constant care of a wise father and fond mother, and who had now articulated the irrevocable words that made her another's, we see, as the years move on, changing into the comely matron, with a happy family of bright-eyed children surrounding her. And him who had taken upon himself the holy task of watching over the welfare of one so pure and good, and who had sworn before high heaven that her happiness should be his end and aim in life, him we behold fulfill-

ing his high mission, training those children for happiness here and hereafter, to become bright lights in this world, angels in that to come. Who does not love to admire such a picture? Such families are the dwelling places of angels and the hope of society and the world. Ah, would that we might draw the curtain here. Would that the *actual*, rightly drawn, were always thus. Alas, that this may not be.

The tempter entered this Eden of happiness and the man became his *victim*. He possessed not the fortitude to withstand temptation. He held the same views that thousands now hold, and their barks are daily being wrecked on the same rock that proved his ruin. He thought it no wrong to empty the social glass with his friends; but ere he was aware the serpent's coils were around him; soon the fascination of the bar-room tempted him from his fire-side; and the coarse laugh and obscene jest of his boon companions became music in his ears. The appetite he had formed, he could not control. He saw the whirlpool he was fast approaching, but alas could not gain the shore. How think you felt that wife? The morning of existence scarcely passed; and the bright hopes on which she had hung her future happiness, snapped asunder one by one as the terrible truth forced itself upon the mind. How deep in her heart rankled that arrow barbed with poison from the intoxicating cup held in the hand of a husband. With tipping came gambling, and a consequent neglect of business and loss of property; and soon he became, that loathsome thing, a *drunkard*. Oh, how wildly did that wife entreat of him never to touch the cup more! How madly she importuned him, not only for herself but for one dearer to her than her own life their child!

"Would to God," cries the unhappy man, "I had never drank;" and flees to the grog-shop to drown his woes in the cup. That first social glass was the fatal step—the course from thence was ever downwards till the man was a beggar. From one of the kindest of husbands he became one of the most abusive.

Now who may picture the feelings of that wife? Nursed in the lap of luxury and ease, proud in spirit and in birth—educated, intelligent, intellectual—formed with the finest and strongest feelings; but frail like women, always—with high hopes and a yearning soul, doomed to behold that structure of happiness which her life had been spent in raising; and which had been the object of her existence to bring to a perfect completion, fall crumbling before the fell blows of that demon, ruin. And she, the highminded, and the good, was a *drunkard's wife*. The rainbow hopes of her early youth had been blown away by a drunkard's breath. The rising joy of her young heart had been stifled by a drunkard's bruta-

lity. The story of her life might well be termed a tragedy; some terrible denouncement was hid in the future; in fact it had already come—the assassin's blade would only have brought relief to the weary soul.

Now tell me, is not that man by every principle of right and wrong known to the world, a criminal? May he with impunity bring such sorrows to the soul, such tears to the eyes, such sighs to the bosom, such poverty to the fireside, such black despair to the heart of one of the loveliest and best of God's children, and still be guiltless? Hopes were there sacred to the soul, as the saint in the sight of heaven. Love was there—that fond heart must love, or life were a misery; and behold the object on which she must lavish her heart's affections—behold him, the byword of the town, the laughing-stock of the rabble, shunned by the virtuous and good, his associates are only the vile and low. Those eyes in which she gladly read her life's history in earlier times, are now bloodshot and wandering; and she beholds, if she gazes upon them instead of the love of other days, the expiring gleams of a murdered mind holding dark revels in their rum-reddened depths.

To-day they live on the charity of friends.

He a gutter drunkard, and she a broken hearted wife. And their child! ah, name the name lightly in her hearing or speak it not; their child, the beautiful, the innocent, the winsome Flora, gladdened the mother's heart but three short years, when the father's brutality, in a drunken fit, tore it from her embrace and the little one found a home in heaven.

Reader, have you no sympathy for that wife *without a husband*, for that childless mother? Could you, as I have, see the scalding tears rain down her cheeks, and the stifled sobs heave her breast, as she spoke of the noble, generous man she married, and the husband he had become; of the child she took to her bosom, and the grave that is now its habitation, you would vow eternal hate against the cause of all this evil, and use every method to banish this hydra-headed monster from our land.

NOLAN KREEN.

The Doings of the last Connecticut Legislature on Temperance.

BY GOVERNOR DUTTON.

The last Legislature of Connecticut was a different body of men from those which are usually assembled for the purpose of legislation. Most of the Senators and Representatives were new members. They were not hackneyed politicians; they had not been accustomed to view measures with reference merely to their influence on the success of a party. They were apparently governed by a desire to promote the morality, and in this way to secure the happiness of the people of the State. It is not our purpose to examine at this time the numerous acts, both of a public and private character, which were passed during the session. But there were two statutes enacted, which should command the attention of every statesman and every philanthropist. These as will doubtless be anticipated by every reader, are the Prohibitory Liquor Law for the Defense of Liberty.

The first of them proceeds on the assumption that the sale of spirituous liquors, for the purpose of being used as a beverage, should be totally suppressed by law. This is the leading principle of the bill. Some of the strongest men in the State, in the Legislature, and out of it, harmoniously combined their efforts to accomplish this

object in the most efficacious manner. The consequence was that a bill was deliberated, and carefully drawn up, applying the power of the law, in every conceivable mode, to the suppression of the traffic in intoxicating drinks. Before we examine the details of the law, we have a word to say as to the principle of it.

We have not a shadow of doubt that the total prohibition of this kind of traffic comes within the legitimate sphere of legislation.—No one can doubt for a moment that a groggery is a nuisance. It is as injurious to the health of the community in its vicinity, as a pest house would be. It is as destructive to the morals as a bawdy house or a gambling saloon. Why, then, should it not be abated by law, as well as those establishments? But the outcry is raised, that men are not compelled to buy nor drink, and that they ought to do as they please. We answer, why should men be allowed to do as they please in this respect, and yet be prohibited from doing as they please in other matters far less injurious? No man would be obliged to buy lottery tickets, if flaming advertisements were stuck up on every corner, deluding and tempting the weak-minded and incautious to waste their earnings, and leave themselves or their families destitute of the necessaries of life. Why has not a man as good a right to buy a lottery ticket as a glass of liquor? The tickets will only strip him of his money. The liquor will deprive him not only of money, but of character, health and life.

Yet no one complains of any infringement of liberty, in not being permitted to buy lottery tickets nor is sympathy felt for a lottery ticket vender, for being broken up in his business.—The Governor of New York does not hesitate to sanction a law, making Gift enterprises highly penal, yet his conscientious scruples compel him to veto a bill suppressing a business in New York, which is constantly filling to overflowing the almshouses and the prisons. What consistency! One of the great objects of legislation always has been and always ought to be, to protect men against the controlling influence of their own appetites and passions, when excited by temptations presented by the cupidity of their fellow men. We rejoice that the Legislature of Connecticut have fearlessly asserted this salutary principle.

The law itself is of the most uncompromising character. It carries the war into the enemy's camp. It proceeds both by assault and by siege. The law first very properly makes all sales of spirituous and intoxicating liquor, except in a particular way, and for other purposes than as a beverage, unlawful. It prohibits absolutely and under all circumstances, the traffic in such liquor, as a business for the purpose of making gain. The remedy is applied directly to the cause of the mischief. The law is not an abstraction. It is eminently practical. It does not proceed on the assumption that the sale of liquors is a *sin per se* without regard to its consequences. It finds merely that the traffic is pernicious, and therefore prohibits it.

Not content with a general prohibition, it makes both the sale and the keeping for sale of the prohibited article highly penal. A fine of twenty dollars on the first conviction, thirty on the second, and one hundred on any subsequent conviction, together with not less than three nor more than six months imprisonment, and a provision that the person convicted shall pay the fine and cost of prosecution, or be kept in jail thirty days, are calculated to deter every man, who believes that the law will be

carried into effect, from trying the experiment of violating it. Then, the provision excluding jurors who are, or who recently have been engaged in the traffic, will render convictions more certain than they have been. The further provision, that the possession of intoxicating liquor, under suspicious circumstances, shall furnish presumptive evidence of an intent to sell, will supply a deficiency in an attempt to convict, which has always been felt, and which has enabled hundreds of the grossest violators of such laws as have existed to go unpunished. If the law contained nothing more than what has already been specified, it would prove far more efficacious than any law which has ever before been passed in this State.

But the essence of the law has not yet been alluded to. It outlaws the prohibited article—no action will lie to recover the price of it, if sold—no remedy is furnished for the recovery of damages, if taken away or destroyed. The article itself is forfeited to the State. Some objections have been raised to this strong feature of the law, but they are clearly without any foundation. The law of forfeiture is of very ancient date. By the common law, any instrument by which the death of a person was caused, though by mere accident, was forfeited. Whole cargoes are frequently forfeited, for violating the laws of Congress. By the law of that body, which has long existed, the very article, of intoxicating liquor (distilled spirits and wines) if imported, and not properly inspected before landing are forfeited, and a heavy fine incurred besides. Even the landing of these articles, without the precaution of seeing the proper officers present, makes a forfeiture. Vessels engage in the slave trade are forfeited. By a law of Connecticut, of long standing, about which no complaint has ever been made, the mere drawing a seine to catch eel in one of our principal rivers, contrary to the regulations of the statute, causes a forfeiture of the seine and tackle.

The next object to be gained, was to put the public in possession of the property which thus accrued to it. The new law provides a summary way of accomplishing this object. It authorises the proper officers to go and take the article. If it is exposed to view, there is no difficulty. If it is concealed, the officers are directed to search for it. If it cannot be reached without doors are to be forced open. Nothing of this kind, however, is to be done, until a reasonable foundation has been laid for it, by the oath of three persons of good moral character, residing in the same town, deposing to their belief, that intoxicating liquors are kept for sale in the place to be searched. All that is required of these persons is, that they should have a good moral character. If men of sufficient courage and philanthropy cannot be found, females will do quite as well. If any town sees fit to elect justices, who are under the control of rumsellers, the law still can be enforced, if a Justice of the Peace can be found in the county who is willing to discharge an unpleasant but highly important duty.

Some persons are at first startled with the idea that a dwelling-house may be broken open to search for intoxicating liquor, kept for sale. We cannot, however, see anything in this provision, calculated to create any alarm. A dwelling-house, when used as a dwelling-house, should be regarded as sacred. But if the owner chooses to vest it of that character, and make it a gambling resort, a powder-house, or a groggery, ought it not to lose its sacred character? There is no reason why it

should not be entered. Is it no longer a suitable place for a family. The owner himself has given the worst part of the community access to it. What reason has he, then, to complain, if the rest of the community insist that he shall not be so exclusive. In this portion of the law, the utmost care is taken to give every one an opportunity to justify himself, and to lay claim to the liquor which has been seized.

He can, if he pleases, appeal the case to a higher court, whether he was named in the original process or not, and he subjects himself to no risk in making a claim, except that of paying costs, if he does not succeed.

Another valuable enactment in the law, is that which authorizes an officer to take the testimony of a drunkard, whenever he recovers his senses enough to testify. Hitherto groggellers have enticed their victims into their secret dens, and deprived them of their money and their senses, and then turned them out upon the common, to lie in the common or to die, according to the strength of the doses which have been administered. But hereafter this will be a hazardous operation; the drunkard, after he has recovered his senses, can take his choice, either to go to jail himself, or let the author of his degradation do it. The whole proceeding will be rather unpalatable to the prisoner and the poisoner. We think it will be almost as effectual to prevent such selling as the provision regarding searches and seizures.

We are at a loss to conceive how any thing can be added to this law, to give it greater efficiency. We rejoice to have it complained of for its stringency. This is its most precious quality. It is the want of this which renders the operation of so many penal laws unequal and unjust. If the principal of the law is right, what wrong can be done by its stringency? No one need suffer from it. Every man who obeys the law will of course be safe, and no one will violate it without doing it knowingly and deliberately. It is no matter, therefore, how severe it may be upon him.

Far away in the Woods.

On a sultry afternoon during a late harvest season, one of the men came into the house saying he had broken his scythe, and was going to the village to replace it. Now, going to the village was quite an event, for as we dwelt several miles from it, time could seldom be spared during the busy season, unless, as in the present instance, something indispensable was required. We generally obtained our papers and letters when we went to church, though we never visited the Post Office on the Sabbath, but a friend residing near it, took them out on the Saturday, and had them in readiness for us the next day. But it sometimes happened, as now, that we would be two or three weeks without any news. On the last Sabbath it had rained, and on the one preceding the minister was absent, so that this was the third week we had been without our papers. The opportunity to send was eagerly embraced.

"Will you call for the papers, Peter?" I said, "yes," he replied, "if I have time."

He went, and how long the time seemed till his return, I need not say, but at length the welcome parcel was placed in my hand.—*Four Witnesses,—five Temperance Advocates—twenty-seven Records, Agriculturists, &c.* After glancing over the contents, as there was still an hour before the men would be in for their after-

noon lunch, and I was too fatigued to do anything more laborious, I stiched, cut and sorted the papers into different parcels. These, I thought, can be given to their owners, at the Sabbath School; these I send to Mrs. J——, and she will distribute them in her vicinity; these go to some subscribers who live three or four miles farther from the office than we do. I shall have to wait for a chance to send them. These go as far in another direction, but Charlotte Valewood can often send thither, so I will take them to her. By the way, Miss B., in that neighborhood, wishes to take the *Advocate*, and if she could, it might do her father good. He drinks very hard, but she has no money, and I have little. How shall I contrive? let me see. I need some spinning done, I will get her to do it, and pay for the *Advocate* for her. That will do if she is not too busy. And so, as it is not best to delay till to-morrow what may be done to-day, I proceeded forthwith to my friends, and as I entered, Charlotte Valewood exclaimed.

"O, Miss Lingley, I am so glad to see you! I have a thousand things which I want to talk about to you."

"I have but half an hour to stay," I replied, "and we could hardly discuss a thousand things, with much profit in that time."

She blushed, and answered, "I mean a great many."

"But you have brought the papers. O, I am delighted, here is the *Witness*;" and she took it up, rapidly looking over the contents, while her younger sister, with a disappointed look, said.

"I do not like the *Witness*, it has no stories. I would much rather have a paper with tales in it."

"But I replied, do you never intend to read anything but stories. You will find the contents of this paper, much more instructive, and if you read it attentively, the knowledge will be useful to you all your life. While such superficial reading would not be worth remembering so that the time employed in it would be wasted."

"Mary's objection seems a simple one," said Miss Valewood, "yet it has a good deal of influence on the circulation of papers. You remember when I made a visit to my Uncle's last winter, you asked me to try to obtain some subscribers. I did so, and the answer, very often from the heads of families, was, "They had no time for reading, or they did not care for a paper, themselves; but the young folks took one because it had such nice stories in it," I tried to persuade them that something more than stories is needed for the minds of young folks, just as something more than pickles and pound cake, is needful for diet. But the parents were too indolent, or ignorant, to exert themselves to make any improvement, and the said young people are growing up like many others, with all the literature compressed in a few worthless novels, destitute of the taste for anything better."

"Since narratives are so fascinating," observed Charlotte, "why not take advantage of the taste, and render it conducive to utility by supplying it with tales and stories of unquestionable veracity, such as *Voyages, Travels, History, Biography, &c.*

I said, "we may hope, that such will soon be the case; but till very recently such books could not be procured. I know, in this neighborhood, many persons who have never seen a *History of England*. Many persons will readily borrow books and papers,

who will not subscribe for the latter, or buy the former. Returning from school, one day, I was conversing with a little girl about the benefit of reading and studying at home, as well as at school. She assented, and observed that her father was very fond of reading."

"What does he read?" said I, somewhat surprised "I never saw any book but a Testament at your house," and from the character of the man, I thought he would not be likely to peruse that book much.

"O yes," she replied, "he has a Bible, and the old English Reader, and then he borrows some."

I tried in vain, to persuade these parents to take some paper for their children. They would not even subscribe for the *Sunday School Record*, (though they were in good circumstances) and when the little daughter wished to get a S. S. Hymn Book, her mother said she might, if I would take butter in payment. The book was tenpence, Charlotte laughed and said, "I know, for she told me, and that you gave her the Hymn Book, and sent her the *Record* for a year." I hope it did some good. But Mary, the long winter evenings are coming, and we will then, if spared, in life and health, put some pine knots in the great fire-place, and, by the cheerful blaze, relate stories, and discuss Charlotte's thousand subjects to your heart's content.

S. G.

—*Montreal Witness.*

Truth and Falsehood.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

On the page that is immortal
We the brilliant promise see;
"Ye shall know the Truth, my people,
And its might shall make you free."

For the Truth, then, let us battle,
Whatever fate betide!
Long the boast that we are freemen,
We have made and published wide.

He who has the truth and keeps it,
Keeps not what to him belongs,
But performs a selfish action,
That his fellow mortal wrongs.

He who seeks the truth, and trembles
At the dangers he must brave,
Is not fit to be a freeman;
He, at least, is but a slave.

He who bears the truth, and places
Its high prompting under ban,
Loud may boast of all that's manly,
But can never be a man.

Friend, this simple law who readeat,
Be thou not like either them—
But to the truth give utmost freedom,
And the tide it raises stem.

Bold in speech and bold in action,
Be forever!—Time will test.
Of the free-souled and the slavish,
Which fulfill life's mission best.

Be thou like the noble Ancient—
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
Speak! no matter what betides thee;
Let them strike, but make them hear!

Be thou like the first Apostles;
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a free thought seeks expression,
Speak it boldly! Speak it all!

Face thine enemies, accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack or rod;
And if thou hast truth to utter,
Speak! and leave the rest to God!

Crime and Drunkenness.

If there be one point upon which all thinking men are agreed, it is that there is a close connection between crime and drunkenness. Not only do the advocates of teetotalism assert this, but men who are in the habit of using intoxicating drinks moderately, admit and deplore it. All classes whose occupations bring them into contact with the criminal population of the country,—police-men, magistrates, judges, ministers of religion,—testify that drink is the great source and companion of crime. A glance at a daily paper will convince the most sceptical or indifferent observer that if drink does not *directly* cause one-half of the atrocities which are brought to light in the metropolitan police courts, it is at all events so connected with them, that but for its debasing and maddening influence, there would be an enormous decrease in crime. On Monday last, out of eleven police cases reported in the *Times* of the next day, five were directly attributed to drink. In the first case George Adams was charged with a most violent and unprovoked assault upon Eliza Stewart. The prisoner had met the complainant, and asked her to accompany him to a house,—she refused,—he felled her to the ground by a blow in the face, which knocked out two of her teeth, and caused her to bleed very much from the nose and mouth. *The prisoner was drunk at the time.* Richard James Hart was charged with a brutal assault upon his own daughter, nineteen years of age. The complainant's eyes were shockingly blackened and swollen. Although he had several children he was *continually drunk*, and had not done any work for four years. *He was drunk at the time of the assault.* Wm. Cordwell was charged with brutally illtreating his wife, who had been only three weeks out of her confinement, and who was so ill as not to be able to attend. The prisoner merely pleaded *intoxication* as the cause of his brutality. A police officer said that he had known him for some years as a hard-working man when sober, but *when drunk he was almost uncontrollable.* A middle-aged man of highly respectable appearance, who gave the name of Frederick Farmer, and a well-dressed respectable married woman, named Amelia Parsons, were charged with creating a disturbance, and also making use of disgusting language in the public streets at twelve o'clock on Saturday night. *The male prisoner was drunk at the time.* In all the above cases the prisoners were found guilty, and sentenced to various punishments. In the last case reported, it appears that William Colbert came home late on Saturday night, a *little tipsy*, and his wife began to reproach him. He struck her on the head two or three times with his fists, and she having a sharp-pointed table knife in her hand, threw it at him. The knife penetrated the unfortunate man's lungs, and on Monday evening last, he was rapidly sinking,—not the least hope being entertained of his recovery. What makes the case more melancholy is, that the dying man, in answer to a question from the magistrate before whom the wife was brought, stated that they had been married sixteen years and upwards, and that she had been a good hard-working woman, and a good fond mother to her children. When the chronicle of one day displays so many crimes which may be *directly* traced to drink, it is hardly worth while to inquire how many crimes, and how much misfortune, poverty, and disgrace are *indirectly* owing to the same pernicious influence.

We are glad, therefore, to think that within the last 30

years public opinion has been gradually rising against this monster vice. Clergymen, medical men, and lawyers, merchants, tradespeople, and working men are to be found in great numbers who not only preach temperance but total abstinence, and who practise what they preach. The press has not been silent, the *Times* begins to doubt whether it may not be advantageous to close public-houses altogether on Sunday, and the last number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains an article which very fairly states the arguments for and against teetotalism, and mentions even the Maine Liquor Law with respect. That the legislature has not remained unimpressed is proved by the late acts for regulating public-houses in England and Scotland, by which they are altogether closed in the latter country on Sunday, and partially so in the former. To show that Leeds has not been behind-hand in attempting to diminish drunkenness, we may appeal to the petition, requesting the legislature to close public-houses on Sunday, adopted at the public meeting lately held in the Cloth Hall, and to the remarkable memorial presented to the Borough Magistrates at the Brewster Sessions held last week. This document, which was signed by some of our most respectable and influential fellow-townsmen, prayed the Bench to renew no forfeited licenses, and to grant no licenses to new houses. The Magistrates refused to hear the Learned Counsel in support of the prayer of the memorial, and granted several new licenses, but this we regard as unimportant. That such a memorial was presented and read at the Brewster Sessions is an important sign of the times, and one that may well rejoice the lovers of religion, morality, and social order.—*Leeds Mercury.*

Sebastopol not Taken.

It is declared that Sebastopol has fallen before the armies and fleets of the allies. From the distant East we hear the shouts of the victorious host, and at home the air vibrates on all sides with the glad sound of the organ. The first campaign against Russia, like a long squib, has burnt itself out tediously through the summer, with flaring flame of expectation, and black smoke of public suspicion and disappointment; at length, at Bomarsund, it has "sizzed" with some little effect, and now, finally, at Sebastopol, it goes off and goes out with a bang.

Our first campaign against a far more powerful and deadly enemy than Russia, is now, also, drawing towards a close. The foe that has seized on some of the richest principalities of Philanthropy and Piety, and holds the bodies of 60,000 notorious drunkards as material guarantees for the satisfaction of his demands, confronts the hosts of the United Kingdom Alliance, and will yield to nothing in the world except compulsion. Those material guarantees are but a small portion of that vast Turkish empire of iniquity and decay in our midst, the strength of which Czar Alcohol has long been sapping and undermining. In crime, we see the Crimea which we are endeavouring to reduce; in the liquor trade is our Sebastopol. Gough, with the enthusiastic bands of ardent teetotalers, who for years singly opposed the despot, and though the battle was unequal, and often drawn, were always found unconquerable;—these and their leader are our Circassians and our Schamyl. Two mighty courts still stand aloof; one of them at present is scarcely to

he called our friend; the other is half with us, and only awaits a little more light and a good deal more earnest and determined interrogation, to declare herself upon our side. Two great powers there be with which we still hold diplomatic relations; the existing political organizations, and the religious bodies. The former, at present, for the most part resemble neutral Russia in their attitude; in the latter, as a whole, we discern our Austria.

But our Sebastopol is not yet conquered; we have not yet got beyond Varna. Nevertheless, our progress has been astonishing. The first campaign which is about to close, has revealed to us with unexpected clearness our own strength and the weakness of our foe. During a year of political paralysis we, and we alone, have carried on an agitation that has not lain down and died in its cradle. Several attempts have been made to rear into vigour new and infant movements; in all cases, except in ours, the efforts have been made in vain. We have not only existed, but we have grown; and in numbers and influence we have continually been gaining, and are daily discovering how much more easily our enemy may be "crumpled up," than at the first we had thought possible.

But in this very fact, there lies somewhat of danger, to our cause. With this flower,—unexpected progress—we may possibly pluck the thorn of discouragement. So much has been done in our first year,—our realized degree of success has been so unlooked-for,—the small stones gathered up for us from the brook of public opinion have been so seemingly inadequate to go out with against the giant, and yet have gone so far to arm us to meet him with success,—that the danger is, lest our friends should underrate the value of their individual assistance in the conflict, and so rob us of some of that strength which we shall need for our second campaign. The fact that we have prospered with such unexpected rapidity so far, may in this manner be a cause of our discouragement.

Now, therefore, we earnestly take in our hands the trumpet of admonition, that we may sound a loud note in the ears of our friends. Our Sebastopol is not fallen. Intemperance is still strong, and his fleets yet ride haughtily on the Black Sea of human degradation and misery, bearing countless Sinope-massacres in their holds. In the Maine-law Alliance is the great hope of deliverance;—we entreat our friends not to let that hope be deferred by any inertness of theirs.

The second aggregate meetings of the General Council of our Alliance will be held in Manchester on the 25th of this month. Very much will depend upon that meeting. Whether we shall march two miles during the next year, for every mile of progress achieved in the past; or, on the other hand, merely sustain the position we have won, or even lag and be left far behind our anticipations, will be decided at that meeting. And it will be decided,—much less by those who attend the meeting or are represented by their subscriptions and donations,—than by those who stay away. Every member of the council who neglects to be present,—every friend of the movement who withholds his pecuniary encouragement to its persistence, adds an hour, or a day, or a week, or a month, or more, to the duration of the evils which we strive to annihilate.

Above all, let no one think himself too insignificant

to be of use, nor his subscription too small, if it is but as much as he can honestly spare. The sea is but a large basin or two of drops, and the earth itself only a heap of every insignificant particles. *We want all the help that can be given*, and our friends will pardon our ardour when we say **WE MUST HAVE IT**,—every least drop, every most trifling particle. No man is too weak to add something to the vigour of our movement, as no grain of sea-shore sand is too small, if well backed up, to help to baulk and stay the proud waves.

The conference will be held in the forenoon, and the president of the Alliance, Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Bart., will be in the chair. The general public meeting in the evening will be presided over by the Right Hon. the Earl of Harrington; and we entreat our friends (every one of whom can at least contribute his body towards filling of the room, and his right hand in support of the resolutions,) to take care that the meeting shall be as glorious an event in the history of the Alliance, as the taking of the Sebastopol is in the career of the Allies.—*The Alliance.*

"Peeping Behind the Curtain"

BY H. B. BASCOM.

"Kick him off the side-walk, boys;" he's no business lying here drunk. Drunken men deserve to be abused, and the inside of a prison for sixty days might benefit them, too!

Yes—kick him boys. He's a brute; *now*; don't attempt to make a man of him! Do not lift him up and whisper a kind word in his ear—you might be laughed at.

Kicking wont harm him, his blood don't flow as other men's; and then, if he should wake to-morrow upon a downy couch, and find a pair of anxious eyes watching over him, it might ruin his intellect—he might imagine it a dream and become insane at the thought that there was kindness in this lower world!

Listen, boys—young men, we will style you—that man's name is Harmon. He has, as you have, a kind mother, who often breathes a secret prayer for her erring child. Her locks are whitened by the frosts of many winters, her eyes dim with age, and wrinkles of care and anxiety are perceptible on her forehead.

Would you pour bitterness into the heart of that mother, and hasten her departure to a brighter home? Then add injury to insult by abusing him who abuses himself.

That man has a wife—a young wife who loves even the drunkard. She can point to the day when no poison had ever passed his lips—when he was a *man*, ay, when *she* considered him a model for all men. Her rapidly beating heart has watched his downward course and silent whispers to her *Father in heaven* have ascended for the redemption of the fallen one. O, how ardently she plead with him in his sober moments! How fondly her arms twined around his neck, while eyes, swimming in tears, looked into his for the utterance of a vow that could not be broken! How she prayed that "*others*" might assist him to rise from his degraded position—might not tempt him still further and ruin her hopes forever. Have you a heart that can resist that appeal? No, young man, do not heed that demon who says, "*Kick him from the side-walk!*" Rather assist him to rise and pour oil upon his wounds. Though self styled friends look

upon you with contempt, God will reward you with a smile.

"Recollect, *two wrongs never make one right.*" Though he has been guilty of an error another added will not redeem him. Then do not abuse the being before you, though you may imagine all would approve of your acts. We are peeping at you, and would ask you, in brotherly kindness, to think before you act.—*Templars Magazine*

To Seem and to Be.

The Scotch have a proverb to this effect—"Be the same that ye wad be ca'd." It condenses into a single line a word of good advice; and universal compliance with it would immediately inaugurate "the good time" that has been so long "coming, coming right along," but from some unexplained cause, has not yet arrived. There are few people, we apprehend, who would like to be called scoundrels, but, unfortunately, a great many who are willing to be such. So with tipplers. However bibulous they are the terms "drunkard," "intemperate," &c., grate harshly on their ears. They would seem to be strictly sober men, and feel outraged and insulted whenever it is intimated in their presence that their potations pass the line of strict moderation. That they impose upon themselves, is very probable: but it is seldom in this matter, that they impose upon anybody else. The truth is, it is difficult for any one to seem what he is unwilling, or will not take the trouble, to be. He may deceive a few into the notion that his bogus coin has the ring of the genuine metal, but even their delusion is conditioned upon general ignorance, and may be corrected by the contribution of an hour to their slender stock of knowledge. But to seem to be temperate, while habitually indulging in alcoholic stimulants, has its peculiar difficulties. The eye, kindling with an unnatural brightness, or gradually becoming dim and inflamed, betrays him. The nose that from its elevated position has witnessed the engulfing of innumerable "brandy smashers," makes its inflammatory appeal against him. His very breath turns traitor, and reveals his devotion to the cup. The "unruly member," tossing the half articulated sentences from its lip, for inextricably tangled in the meshes of its foolish talk, unconsciously proclaims his shame. He affects the serious, and is simply maudlin. He tries to be profound, and is only unintelligible. He aspires to be witty, and demonstrates his foolishness. His talk and his walk are both crooked, and his purpose as uncertain as his gait. He may fancy that he is winning the applause of his fellows, but he escapes their decision only by exciting their commiseration.

And yet it is not, ordinarily, a difficult matter for a man to appear sober. It is only to be so—and the world accepts him accordingly. But to be tipsy and seem sober, is an achievement to which few are equal, and none should attempt—for disappointment and sorrow lie in that path of shame, and remorse and ruin grimly sentinel its goal.—*Prohibitionist.*

A Fearful History.

What if the history of a distiller could be written out; so much rum for medicine, or real value so much for the arts, of real value. That would be one drop, I suppose, taken out, and shaker from the distillery.

Then, so much sold out to the Indians, to excite them to scalp one another; so much sent to the Africans, to be changed into slaves to rot in Cuba and Brazil; so much set to the heathens in Asia, and to the islands of the ocean, and so much used at home. Then if they take of every drop could be written out; so much for pain; so much for redness of eyes; so much diminution of the productive powers in man; so many houses burnt; so many ships foundered and railway trains dashed to pieces; so many lives lost; so many widows made double widows, because their husbands still live; so many orphans their fathers still living, long dying on earth; what a tale it would be! Imagine that all the persons who had suffered from torments engendered on that plague spot, came together and sat on ridgepole and roof, and filled up the large hall of that distillery, and occupied the streets and lanes all about it, and told their tale of drunkenness, robbery, unchastity, murder, written on their faces and foreheads,—what a story it would be! the act stranger the fiction!—*Parker.*

Wanted, a Respectable Young Woman.

In the *Manchester Guardian* of July 12 appeared the following advertisement:—

"Wanted, a respectable young woman, to attend to a wine and spirit vault. One that has not been in the business before preferred.—Apply, &c."

Unlike its author's motives, this advertisement will bear a little examination. It shows, at any rate, that an apprenticeship to the spirit traffic is not found to be of service to the person who undergoes it: liquor-selling differing from all other trades in being a traffic for which length of service and experience are no recommendations. It seems that to have been long occupied in "attending to" a spirit vault is even considered as a positive disqualification for a re-engagement; and one "who has not been in the business before" will be preferred. The reason of this is confessed in this advertisement: for what is wanted is a "respectable young woman," and certainly, standing behind the counter of a gin-vault is not the best possible training for respectability. But what sort of a creature is this, who so pitilessly requests respectable young women to "apply at the printer's"! What a heart is the one in his bosom! What a fearfully seared state must his conscience be reduced to! The "respectable young woman" for whom he spreads his net is requested to "apply at the printer's"—for what? For an employment which, according to this man's own confession, will so injure and debase her, that she will never afterwards be competent to answer another such advertisement for "a respectable young woman."—*The Alliance.*

No man not a savage has a right to educate his children with a view simply to the passive enjoyment of life. This is wholly to mistake the end and meaning of life. Life was never meant to be a mere pleasure save to the brute. To higher natures, it has always been, and always will be, a school, a discipline, a journey, a march, a battle, a victory. The law is absolute and wholesome, growing out of the very divinity of man's source. No amount of fortune, therefore, can exempt a man from its operation. It leaves no one where it finds him. If it does not elevate him above the lambent stars, it makes him grovel in the dust of the earth.

BROKERS' CIRCULAR.

November 11th, 1854.

FLOUR.—The receipts of the week have been to a fair extent, and all arriving sold at prices ranging from 42s to 42s 6d in the early part of the week, and yesterday at 42s 6d up to 43s. In some instances, 43s 9d was paid for Spring Wheat Flour. To-day, however, the advance seems to a certain extent checked, but with little on the market; and holders firm at our quotation of 42s 6d. Sales for delivery in all this month have been made at 41s to 41s 3d per brl. The exports of the week, which were exclusively to the Lower Ports, amounts to over 7000 brls.

WHEAT.—Several considerable parcels have been placed at 9s 1d to 9s 3d per 60 lbs.

FEAS.—Have been sold at 5s 3d per minot, and they are now obtainable at that.

BARLEY.—Not to be had at 4s 9d per minot.

INDIAN CORN.—Has been sold, deliverable in Quebec, at 4s 7½d per minot.

PROVISIONS.—In Beef and Pork there is but little doing. Of Butter, shipping parcels of good uninspected have been sold at 9½d per lb.

ASHES.—Pots continue in fair demand, but for best shipping bills 33s is the most obtainable; of Pearls the receipts are light and but little doing, at 30s 6d to 30s 9d.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, NOV. 14.

The above quotations remain unchanged.

Postage Free Throughout British America.

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 15, 1854.

Prospectus of the Twenty-First Volume.

The prospectus of our new volume will have been received by all our subscribers, and it is now a pleasing duty to have a little "paper talk" with our readers and friends. No changes are proposed in the general management of the paper, and we have only to refer to the past as a pledge of what will be the future character of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*. We have reason to know that the matter furnished for the instruction and information of our subscribers has given general satisfaction. It is scarcely possible to please all equally, but let a person examine the several numbers for 1854, and we candidly think it will appear that no similar periodical has given so great a variety of valuable and useful reading to the public at so little cost. Our great object has been always to occupy our space with articles, whether original or selected, which were likely both to improve the mind and gratify the imagination; or, in other words, our aim has been both to please and benefit all parties. Each present subscriber is earnestly solicited to continue his or her subscription for another year; and as a means of increasing our list, and obtaining more than the ten thousand subscribers we ask for, we most respectfully beg each one to make an effort to obtain one or more additional names. It is to be remembered that the *Canada Temperance Advocate* is the only paper in the country exclusively devoted to the promotion of the great cause of total abstinence and legal prohibition. Instead, therefore, of asking for only Ten Thousand subscribers, we might boldly request the friends of the Temperance Reform to give us Forty Thousand, being persuaded that the more extensive our circulation is, the more likely is the good work of reform to prosper and triumph.

To accomplish anything great in the way of increasing our subscription list, it is of importance to begin early. Every subscriber may be considered as appointed Agent for the *Advocate*. All who send six subscribers and upwards, with the cash in advance, will be entitled to a copy of the *Advocate* gratis. If to-day you set about this work you may to-morrow send forward your lists. It will greatly facilitate our business; especially in the matter of getting our mail books regulated, if our friends will immediately set to work, and send their orders early in December.

The Publisher would have been glad if he could have offered greater inducements to friends who might be inclined to assist in circulating the *Advocate*; but when it is considered that expenditures connected with the Printing business have all greatly augmented, and yet no advance on the price of the periodical itself, it will be perceived, without argument, that for the *Advocate* to pay its own way, it must have an increased list of paying subscribers at 2s. 6d. each. Nevertheless, in the Prospectus the publisher says he "again offers to agents and friends who may forward twenty subscribers with the cash, a copy of that very useful book "Mapleton, or More Work for the Maine Law;" or if they have already that, some other work of equal value, and a copy of the *Advocate*." Those who obtain 20 subscribers, may chose from the following list that book which they prefer as a donation for their services:—

MAPLETON, OR MORE WORK FOR THE MAINE LAW.
CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE, Bound for 1852 or '53.
THE CADET, Two Volumes Bound in One; or,
A Bound Volume of THE MAPLE LEAF.

One more vigorous effort through Canada, and then the *Advocate* again becomes an efficient instrument for good.

Canada Legislature.

We have nothing yet from our seat of Government on the Prohibitory question. It is to come before a Committee of the whole in a day or two, so that in our next we may be able to state definitely what sort of a law Canada is likely to get. By the way, some of the New York papers have hurried our Maine Law through Parliament with a velocity unparalleled. They have it through the house and ready for the Governor's signature, which it is thought he will not withhold. All quite nice gentlemen, but we don't "go-a-head" quite so fast as that. Wait a while—we shall let you know amazing quick when we get hold of the right thing. It is yet a race between Canada and New York. Shall we beat?

New York Tribune.

We beg again to call the attention of our readers to the new advertisement of the *Tribune*, which may be found on our last page. The character of this paper, for indefatigable perseverance and unflinching opposition to wrong and oppression, has long been established, and needs no ratification of ours. The *Tribune* has a considerable circulation in Canada, but not as many as it deserves. It has sometimes been charged with opposition to British and Canadian interests, as in the matter of reciprocity and free trade. But we doubt very much the policy of refusing to take a paper because it does not happen to quadrate with

all the views and opinions that may be held by people in another latitude than the one from which the paper emanates. We consider the *Tribune* a first class, reliable, useful journal, and Canadian readers will get most information for their money by taking the Bi-Weekly. If, however, you cannot afford to take the Daily or Bi-Weekly, then, by all means, send for the Weekly—(See Club Terms).

Prohibitory Liquor Law, Canada.

From the *Pilot* we quote the largest portion of a sensible article on this great question.

"If," says the editor, "the people really desire the passing of the measure, they will show their anxiety by exercising the pressure from without upon their representatives, to which the Solicitor General West so significantly referred. Public opinion is the lever by which such movements are effected in constitutional countries, and if the people are lukewarm and careless of the result, it is quite clear from the temper of the House, as shown in the debate on Thursday, that many of their representatives will be well pleased to find it so. One hon. member, in remarking upon the carrying out of the law in the State of Maine, to which State it owes its birth, told a humorous story of the facility with which he purchased the prohibitory liquor of the apothecary who occupied an office under the hotel. We do not see much to boast of in this achievement, or any argument that can be fairly deduced from it to the disparagement of the law, or its execution in the State of Maine. That law expressly provides that liquors may be sold for medicinal, mechanical, or chemical purposes, and if they are purchased upon any one of these pretences, and the pretence is a false one, the discredit does not lie at the door of the State which sanctions the selling for a specific purpose.

"The allegation that opium and other narcotic stimulants would be generally introduced, if vinous stimulants were abolished, carries no weight with it. Opium is only used in large quantities as a general stimulant and narcotic in warm climates, where the poppy flourishes, or where its juice is readily obtained; and the assertion that much demoralization would flow from illicit distillation, if the license to manufacture spirit were refused, is certainly not borne out by the experience of those States in which the prohibition to manufacture or import has been enforced.

"Our advice now is that which we gave before the meeting of Parliament, that every elector throughout the length and breadth of the land who thinks this a question of vital importance, should make his views respectfully, but emphatically known to the member who represents his opinions in the Provincial Parliament; and if the electors, by a majority, are unanimous in demanding the law, they will assuredly obtain it from the Parliament now assembled. We have great faith in the force of public opinion unequivocally expressed. A case in point has just occurred in the mother country, which, we presume, is correctly given, and which, if correct, is a favorable precedent. On the 9th October, the *London Times*, writing of the royal sports and stag hunts at Balmoral, and of the deadly contests in the Crimea, says:—'Somehow or other, it jars upon our feelings to give in one column the

list of the killed and wounded in these bloody battles, and in another the pithy announcement of the Court Circular to the effect that the Queen and her courtiers are amusing themselves in the heart of the Scottish highlands, as though the lives of her bravest subjects were not in such jeopardy.'

"The *Times* continues, deprecatingly, that it does not seek to offend, but to sound, as the exponent of public opinion, a warning, and adds,—'That which we have written in the most careful and guarded manner, is uttered everywhere in London, in terms not so careful and not so guarded.'

"And now mark the result! The newspaper reaches Balmoral on the 10th, and on the 11th the Court is en route for the South, the hunting appointments are abruptly broken off, and on the 13th the noble lady, ever ready to bow to public opinion, and who by this very deference commands the enthusiastic love of her people, is again in her capital of London, and has called her ministers, always at this season absent from the metropolis, back from their pleasant watering places and partridge covers to her side, and gives public and indisputable evidence of the respect she pays to the feelings and opinions of her subjects. Let the people of the Canadas show to Parliament that they are earnest and sincere in offering to submit to the prohibition and privation of fermented drinks, and it needs no gift of political prophecy to foretell the result."

Social Meeting with Neal Dow Division.

On Friday evening, November 3, the brethren of Neal Dow Division invited a select party of friends to take Tea with them at their rooms in Great St. James Street. The special object of this social gathering was to afford an opportunity to the Division and other friends to testify their esteem for a beloved brother, and their regret on the occasion of his removal from Montreal. Brother Watson and his amiable lady were, therefore, the guests of the evening. The arrangements were excellent, and Bro. Birch did his best for the gratification of all in the matter of tea, coffee, and edibles. The music and singing under the management of our indefatigable Brother Pearson, was really charming. Brother Scott, the W.P. of Neal Dow Division, after Tea, stated the object of the meeting, and then read the following

ADDRESS TO C. P. WATSON, Esq., P. W. P. AND W. A. OF NEAL DOW DIVISION.

WORTHY BROTHER,—There are periods in our social history when the sentiments and emotions of sorrow and joy are so strangely commingled that it is scarcely possible to assure ourselves which of them exert a predominant influence over the mind. The occasion of this our meeting together may be considered as one of those peculiar times, because our sorrow at the thought of your removal from amongst us is modified by the reminiscence of many years of delightful and profitable intercourse, and by the unqualified confidence authorised by the experience of the past, that wherever the sphere of your labours may be, you will not fail to accelerate the progress of Temperance, and assist in the attainment of the consummation of the highest and brightest hopes of the friends of this benevolent enterprise.

WORTHY BROTHER,—When the banner of the Sons of Temperance was first unfurled in Eastern Canada, you honourably distinguished yourself as one of its supporters, and have ever since, on all occasions, whether of prosperity or adversity, manifested unwavering attachment to sound principles as well as unabating zeal in their propagation. It is therefore with extreme regret that we acquiesce in those arrangements, by which we shall henceforth be deprived of your society and of your services. Oftimes, when you are far distant, we shall call to remembrance your courageous zeal, tempered by Christian moderation, and rendered attractive by amiable manners and a most happy method of address, not without hope that such reminiscences may stimulate your brethren to perseverance and success. In this city, as you well know, there are many antagonistic influences with which temperance men have to contend. We need men of energy and mind to do battle for the King of Kings,—we can ill spare one such as you from our ranks, but we are reminded that the hosts of our brotherhood extend without selfish and local aim throughout the Province, and we do but transfer you with unsullied credentials, to another position of equal responsibility, where we are sure your love, purity, and fidelity, will irradiate the sphere of your operations, and greatly enhance the strength of that circle of brothers with whom you may be associated in fraternal sympathy and exertion.

WORTHY BROTHER,—Our sincere and ardent prayer to God is, that you may always be providentially directed and assisted; that you and your beloved family may be made abundantly happy and prosperous, and that when you and we have accomplished the will of the Eternal, we may in a higher and holier sphere be recognized as the "faithful over a few things," through grace entitled to everlasting life.

In behalf of Neal Dow Division, No. 27,
Sons of Temperance.

WILLIAM SCOTT, W. P.,
JOHN C. BECKET, P. W. P.,
WM. EASTON, P. W. P.,
J. BALLARD, P. W. P. & G. W. P.

W. HODGSON, R. S.

Montreal, 3rd Novr., 1854.

The following was Brother Watson's reply:—

DEAR BROTHERS,—With no ordinary degree of emotion have I listened to your very affectionate, but, I fear, too complimentary address. With you I feel the present occasion to be one of much sorrow, mingled however with some most pleasing reflections. In this room, and while associated with several of those devoted friends of Temperance who are now present, I have passed many very happy and truly profitable hours. Here I have found some most endearing friendships. How pleasant it is to call to mind the frequent occasions on which we have, as brethren, united in songs of praise to Almighty God for those tokens of success which He has been pleased to grant to the Temperance cause. Here we have sought together, by the perusal of the sacred Scriptures, and by sincere and earnest prayer, wisdom from on High, that, while pleading the cause of the widow and fatherless, the neglected and oppressed, we might, by God's blessing, be successful in re-

claiming unhappy inebriates and preserving others from the dreadful vice of intemperance.

In taking a retrospect of the last few years, we have much reason to rejoice together, that not only have we been kept faithful to our obligations, but that we have been permitted to see in others some fruit of our labors. I feel happy to-night in the remembrance of that peace and harmony which have characterized our meetings, and I would now make a grateful acknowledgement of that brotherly love and warm affection which you have invariably manifested towards me.

But your address speaks of *separation*, and we are called upon to-night to contemplate the future as well as to meditate on the past; and here I find sorrow, not from any fear that the great cause for which we have been so long united in the bonds of brotherhood will fail of success, or that you will relax your zealous efforts to spread abroad the principles of total abstinence from all that intoxicates, but I sorrow because I am on the present occasion to say to my dear brethren, "Farewell!" The happy intercourse which has existed between many of us for several years is soon to be broken off. In your weekly meetings I cannot longer take a part, but let me assure you, my dear brethren, that my separation from you in body, will not prove on my part a separation of affection from you, or from the principles of total abstinence. I am more deeply convinced than ever that the temperance cause is closely identified with the happiness of mankind, and that whatever may be said by selfish or prejudiced opponents, it is one of the greatest, and destined to be one of the most efficient philanthropic institutions of which our world can boast.

Let me then urge you to increased zeal in your labours of love. The day of Legal Prohibition is steadily advancing, light is increasing, clouds of ignorance, and mists of prejudice are rapidly passing away, and if true to their principles, soon shall the friends of Temperance behold the glorious results of universal law prohibiting the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating liquors.

Accept, Dear Brethren, my warmest thanks for the expression of your brotherly love to my family, which you have to night given us. Our sincere desire is, that the richest Heavenly blessings may rest upon you and your families."

We need not add anything to the above. All who are acquainted with Bro. Watson, will join in the hearty wishes for prosperity, happiness, and usefulness, while at the same time, they will with us deeply regret that we are henceforth to be deprived of his valuable services. The fact that he will be useful elsewhere, somewhat mitigates our sorrow, but throughout this social meeting, and from every speaker there was a united expression of regret that Brother Watson was about to change his residence and the scene of his labours.

Below will be found the testimonial of his scholars on the occasion of his transferring the Mansion House Academy to other hands. We copy the account from the *Montreal Gazette* as follows:—

MR. C. P. WATSON, COMMERCIAL ACADEMY.

A very large number of our citizens will unite with us in sincere expressions of regret that the "Young Folks" are about to loose one of their very best friends, by his departure

to another sphere of educational enterprise. Mr. Watson has endeared himself to all his pupils, and has invariably given satisfaction to those parents and guardians who have entrusted their children to his care. His removal may be regarded as a calamity, for Mr. Watson was not only popular as a teacher, but was usefully identified with various benevolent and literary institutions.

As soon as the boys heard of the intention of their teacher to remove from Montreal, they formed a committee to provide a testimonial of their affectionate attachment to him and his family. They soon raised the necessary amount and procured a fine copy of Benson's Commentary Illustrated, together with a neat work box and gold pencil case for "Florence." At a suitable time they were presented, when the following address was read:—

To Mr. C. P. Watson, Principal of the Commercial Academy,
College Street, Montreal.

DEAR SIR,—It was the occasion of very great sorrow to us all, when a little while ago you intimated to us that there was a probability that you would shortly remove from Montreal, and that your academy would be transferred to another person. You have been engaged as a teacher in this city for several years, and some of us have been under your tuition a good part of that time. Your kindness, patience, perseverance, and ability in directing and assisting our studies have endeared you to us all. We would willingly prevent your going away from us if we could; but, dear sir, you must judge of what is best in that respect, and when you go we desire you to take with you a small testimonial of our love and esteem for you as a teacher and friend. We beg you to accept at our hands this illustrated edition of a Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, by the Rev. Joseph Benson, and we hope when we hear from you in your new station, we shall know that you and your family are prosperous and happy. To your dear little daughter Florence we present this work-box and gold pencil-case, with sincere wishes for her, that she may be good and wise, and that she may not forget the boys of Montreal who attended her father's school. In conclusion we pray that God may bless you and yours, and that we may always hear of your success and peace.

COMMITTEE OF PRESENTATION:

W. E. Scott,
S. P. Warren,

W. H. Becket,
D. Millar.

Montreal, October 17, 1854.

To the above Mr. Watson made the following reply:—

MY DEAR SCHOLARS.—I sincerely thank you for your valuable present, and for the very kind address by which it is accompanied. I did not need this token of your esteem for me, as your teacher, to feel assured that you regard me as your friend, and one who is very deeply interested in your present and eternal welfare; but I was quite unprepared to look for so strong a proof of your affection as you have to-day given me.

It is scarcely necessary, I should say, that in endeavoring faithfully to discharge my duties as your teacher, I have at times experienced much anxiety, perplexity, and grief; yet, on the other hand, I have every day seen much to encourage me in my labors among you. Some of the most pleasant, and, I am persuaded, some of the most useful periods of my life have been spent in this school-room, and I assure you that my expected separation from you in a few days has caused me to feel no ordinary degree of sorrow. Scholars more dutiful to their teacher and more friendly to each other I do not expect to meet with.

Once more I would impress on your minds that true religion is the only foundation of happiness, and let me urge you to seek the possession of true Godliness, which "is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life which now is and of that which is to come." Do not forget that, however much your minds may be adorned with literary accomplishments, "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and far better would it be for you to be ignorant of all besides, and possess this Heavenly wisdom, than rank amongst the greatest scholars in the world, and live without the fear and love of God.

Meeting of Grand Division, C. W., Bytown.

From our esteemed Brother Kneeshaw, of Lachute, we have received the following communication on the proceedings of the C. W. Grand Division:—

"I herewith send you a Bytown paper which will give

you some account of the proceedings of the Grand Division of Canada West, at their annual session, held on the 25th of October, and closed on Friday, the 27th, at half-past 12 o'clock. I had the privilege of representing the Victoria Division, No. 10, Lachute, and was most kindly and courteously received in that character. The session appeared to be of more than ordinary interest, and its proceedings were characterised by true Christian dignity and gentlemanly conduct. I regret that I was not present when the Grand Worthy Patriarch's report was read, but every person with whom I conversed, spoke highly in its praise, whilst his conduct in the chair, and during the proceedings of the session, won for him the highest esteem of his brethren.

I presume, Brother Hall, our late Grand Scribe, will have made you acquainted with their proceedings, but should not this have been the case, I will mention a few particulars.

1st. With regard to the question of the admission of ladies,—this appears to have given high satisfaction,—they appear disposed to go far beyond the National Division, who merely propose to receive them as visitors under certain regulations, whilst the Grand Division of Canada West proposes to admit them as full members, and give them a password of their own, and this permission has already been carried out with great success, and been the means of restoring several divisions which were nearly defunct.

2. The permission of the National to adopt the degrees has been adopted almost without a dissentient voice, and Friday forenoon was almost entirely devoted to the initiation of the members present, with only one solitary exception. The price fixed for the necessary books and cards to be charged, six dollars, the initiation fee for each degree to be 1s 3d. The parties entitled to them must have been in the division and in good standing for twelve months before the first Degree can be conferred, the second at eighteen months, and the third at twenty-four months. The ceremonial seems to be imposing and solemn, and, considering all were performing their parts for the first time, it was well done; but I fear that its effect will be to render our ceremonial so complicated that it will be very inefficiently done.

3rd. The Maine Law occupied much attention. The brethren seem determined to carry that point, and have little doubt of success, even this session they calculate upon forty Upper Canada members supporting it, and earnestly invite Canada East to help them, an assurance of this I have given them. They have sent the Vice G. W. P. to Quebec as their paid agent, to watch the proceedings of the house, and act as their lobbying member.

4th. A motion was presented and unanimously adopted that a petition should be sent from the Grand Division to each branch of the Legislature, urging the house to pass Mr. Felton's bill this session.

5th. A petition to be sent to the National Division to allow us to become a National or Provincial Division in Canada, including the British American Provinces, subject to such regulation as the National Division may think proper, such as, in fact, is now enjoyed in Great Britain. This was unanimously adopted. There are a few of the items of business that came up, and in which our concurrence is desired as far as we think them applicable to our

own views. As they will involve very material changes, and we shall not be able to take action upon them before the National Division meets in our own semi-annual session, would it not be well if our G. W. P. should take the sense of our subordinate divisions before that time.

On being called upon to address the Grand Division before our separation, I requested a few copies of their annual minutes to be forwarded to us, and promised some of our own in return, which was heartily responded to. I also stated that I trusted that the time was not far distant, when our respective Grand Divisions would send a representative to each other, and that we had taken a step in advance that would favor it, by holding our session one week earlier than theirs. This met with the warmest response by voting Brother Ryerson as their paid agent by acclamation. I stated these as my own wishes without involving our Grand Division in any pledge, but shall be glad to see it realised. The noble conduct of the Bytown friends, for the public spirit which they had displayed, and the very handsome manner in which they had carried out their demonstration, was the subject of universal praise. The speeches under the tent were of the first order. It was supposed that nearly 3,000 were under or around it. If I may judge by my own feelings, and all whom I have conversed with, this meeting will be productive of great good, not only to Bytown but to our cause generally. A fresh effort will be made to reanimate the divisions that have been slumbering at their post, also to restore those which are already defunct.

As I took no notes of our proceedings at the time, it is probable I have omitted many other things of importance, but these will be supplied when you receive the annual report."

Since the above, we have received from Bro. Stacey, G. S., official extracts from the proceedings. The following will be found of interest and importance:—

EXTRACTS FROM REV. J. E. RYERSON, G. W. P.'s REPORT.

"I am gratified that the spirit of apathy, which has so generally and in many respects fatally prevailed throughout the Temperance community, has not been more destructive to the efficiency of the Order. I expected a decrease in the number of the Divisions the past year. I am happy to report an increase, which, at the present crisis of our work, is of the greatest importance, as a great number of points, to which influence can be attracted and around which, true hearts can rally, being of greater practical importance in not only obtaining, but especially in enforcing a Prohibitory Law; than a large number of names connected with a less number of Divisions, and thereby exerting an influence in a more limited number of localities. Every year increases the importance of our work, and demands the concentration of every influence upon the securing of an enactment, to save the thousands of our countrymen who are within the reach of the breathing of the legal man, woman and child slayer, who is now on their track, and soon, too soon—if we direct not the giant arm of the law to overtake the blood-thirster—will overtake them, breathe his spirit upon them, and they will die—with no one to arrest the murderer—no one to avenge their cruel fate—no one to plead the rights, sorrows, woes, of the widowed and orphaned. No—for the law demands death by some other poison than deadly Alcohol—some other instrumentality of ruin and death than the most common, most prolific, most successful, most cruel, and most fatal; before cognizance can be taken of the ruiner and the murderer, and subjected to the fate which its bloody history demands.

"You must bring the charge anew against the defiler of our country's beauty. This destroyer of our country's noblest fruit—before a Canadian Jury and a Judge; who loves justice—better than that which the word of the Eternal Judge forbade King's to drink, because it caused them to pervert justice. Who is possessed of too much common humanity, as well as common sense, to insist upon the destruction of a country cursing evil, by punishing the effects of the evil, and allowing the cause to exist? by applying the scourge of justice to the poor victim of drink in order to remove a source of poverty, misery, crime, and immorality, the direct result of a cause to be untouched—and the drunkard and drunkard's home with all its woes. The three fourths of all the inmates of the gloomy cells, nineteen of every twenty of all the murderers whose history has stained the annals of our Province—nine of every ten who plead for shelter and cry for bread—MAKER sustained, honored respected and encouraged by law."

EXTRACTS FROM GRAND SCRIBE'S REPORT.

"The condition of the Order under this jurisdiction is in a healthy state, and so far as has come to my knowledge no question of importance has disturbed the harmony of the Subordinate Divisions, many of which shew a decided improvement, and an earnest spirit to advance the Temperance Reformation and our Beloved Order.

"I feel encouraged to believe that the late alterations in the Constitution will prove most salutary to the Divisions, namely, "The Initiation Fee and Weekly Dues being now under the control of the Divisions," "The admission of Females as visiting members, and Youths over 16 years of age as members." Already some Divisions have made large accessions to their members whilst others have been completely re-invigorated.

"Since the Semi-Annual Session in May last, nine new Divisions have been instituted, other two Divisions have received Charters but have not yet reported, fresh zeal has been manifested in various quarters favorable to the Order, and I feel much pleasure in stating that nine Divisions have been resuscitated, fourteen Divisions have surrendered their Charters, some having merged into other Associations, and others have ceased working altogether.

The Sept. Returns have been received from	186 Divisions.
For Sept. Quarter not yet reported	123 "
" Three "	42 "

Total number of Divisions..... 353

"The new Ritual and ceremonies have been furnished to two hundred and ninety-nine Divisions, and the forms of ceremony for the admission of Females to fifty Divisions."

The Voice of New York.

We have watched with considerable anxiety the progress of the New York State Elections, in the hope that we might be able to inform our readers that the Maine Law candidate for Governor was elected,—i. e., M. H. Clarke. We fear, however, that we must give up the hope; it is pretty certain that Mr. Veto Seymour is elected, but the run is so close that it must be held as doubtful until the official canvass is declared. One thing is certain that, but for the tremendous majority of rum votes in New York City and neighborhood, the Maine Law candidate would have gone in. Most likely the celebrated "Know Nothings" gave to their candidates a large number of temperance votes. Had the contest been only between Clarke and Seymour, there is no doubt prohibitory principles would have been sustained by a triumphant, overwhelming majority. We don't yet believe that Seymour is elected; and if he is, we hope the House will have sufficient Maine Law strength to out-veto his veto. We are sorry to add that New York City has elected a Mayor inimical to temperance, in the person of Mr. Fernando Wood.

Editorial Scrap-Book.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE TRAFFIC.—What an easy though unenviable task it is to trace the foot-prints of the rum traffic, in its effects upon the welfare of men. In our recent trip to the Western part of the State, we passed through a small village, where we once spent a few years of our life. In this village we saw a couple of persons with whom we were well acquainted, at the time of our residence there. They were both farmers and neighbors, their farms joining each other. At the former time of which we speak, the one was a moderate user of intoxicating beverages, and the other, so far as himself was concerned, was a temperance man. Time has passed away, and now mark the difference between the two. The temperance man is temperate still, and yet occupies the farm, and is considered an honest, upright, wealthy citizen. His farm presents the unmistakable evidences of prosperity. It is in a high state of cultivation, and productive, while the old house has been torn down and almost a palace reared upon its site. The whole is enclosed by good fences, and good cattle, and splendid horses, graze upon the green pastures, while comfort and contented happiness look out from beneath the vine covered lattice work on the portico. The moderate drinker is a drinker still—not a moderate drinker, but a poor degraded inebriate, and even when we stopped at the hotel, was in a state of beastly intoxication. His history is the fearful history of the drunkard, that

“Drinks all his time away, and prunes
The end of life, as vintners
Cut short the branches of a vine
To make it bear more plenty of wine;
And that which nature did intend
To enlarge his life, perverts his end.”

His farm has passed into other hands, his property has all been disposed of, to satisfy the cravings of his morbid appetite, while his family are suffering for the necessaries of life. These are the footprints of the traffic; destroying the respectability and usefulness of our citizens, wasting their property, and plunging their innocent families into the hopeless vortex of wret and suffering. And who are benefited by it? Is the landlord who receives the poor inebriate's substance for his vile trash? Nay, not one in fifty! Out of six landlords who have occupied the hotel where this poor man has squandered the worth of his farm and all he had in the world, there is now but one who is not poorer, so far as pecuniary matters are concerned than they were previous to occupying the hotel. This is a fact, and conveys a lesson of significant importance.—*Reckards.*

NEW SCHOOL LAW OF CONNECTICUT.—The *Norwich Examiner* calls attention to the new School Law of the last Legislature, and gives a synopsis. Its chief idea is the consolidation of all the school districts in a town into one, abolishing both the district and school society system at one stroke. But instead of being compulsory, like the preceding act, this is left for the adoption of the towns, in town meeting assembled, under warrant of the selectmen. Next, all the powers necessary to establish, improve and perfect the schools of the district or town, are committed to them in their united capacity. One board of officers is appointed to manage the schools and the whole school system—aside from

the clerk, treasurer and collector—instead of their being in the hands of three sets of officers, who are liable under the old law, both to fail of being co-workers together, and often to embarrass each other. This is also to be a permanent board, or one-third of their number is to be chosen annually; which is an admirable feature of their organization. They do all the work of all the three classes of officers—the society committee, the district committee and the board of visitors, appointing or calling to their aid, if they wish, the best men in the town to examine teachers and visit schools. It is not necessary, in this place, to enumerate their separate powers, or the various duties assigned them. A fixed and uniform day is named, when all such consolidated districts shall hold their annual meetings. New sites for school-houses are to be fixed by a two-thirds vote of the district or town, or at their request by the board of education, who are the committee of the district. The deficiency in State, and town and invested funds appropriated for each year in supporting the schools, is to be made up by the usual rate bill wholly, or by taxation on the polls and rateable estate of the town wholly, or partly by rate bill, and partly by such tax as the town or district shall direct. These are the principal new features of the law, and several of its sections are specified as still in force. We believe that the main features of this law present us a great improvement on our old system. Without specifying these the present week, we simply wish to call the attention to the friends of common schools to the study of the law, and to be prepared in due time to take action in their several towns upon its adoption. Each town must adopt it by a formal vote on an article in the warrant of some town meeting to that effect; or else the old school society system must go on.

TABLE-TALK.—I recollect once seeing the dullest of evenings made suddenly bright by an apt query modestly put by one who made not to inquire, but who quietly asked if any one present could name the author of the line:—

“Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.”

Many a wide guess was fired off prior to the successful naming. The general opinion was in favour of Pope, and Pope has indeed written a line very like it:—

“Fine by defect, and delicately weak.”

The falling upon such coincidences are the very explosives of after-supper discussions; thus, the very familiar line—

“Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm;”

may be the text for a pretty dispute. It occurs in Addison's “Campaign,” and also in Pope's “Dunciad.” The latter poet too has said—

“Ye little stars hide your diminish'd rays;”
but Milton, before him, had written—

“At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads.”

Schiller's “Thekla” warbles melodiously her melancholy assurance—

“Ich habe gelibt und geliebet;”

and Byron's “Sardanapalus,” equally used up, matters with a faint sigh the same words—

“I have lived and loved.”

We all know who tells us that—

“Gospel light first beam'd from Boleyn's eyes;”
and Horace Walpole harped on the same tune, when he said—

"From Catherine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
And Luther's light from Henry's lawless bed."

Gray and Moss, too, afford instances of like coincidences of sound or sentiment, or both. The first, in his "Elegy," has—

"And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

The second, in his "Beggar's Petition," sings to the same air—

"And left the world to wretchedness and me."

I have noticed, in a former page, how Gray's line of

"Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,"

must necessarily remind one of Shakspeare's words, in the mouth of Brutus—

"Dear as the drops that visit this sad heart."

Sir John Minnes is not even the original author of the Hudibrastically sounding assertion—

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

The lines in Hudibras are as the perfecting and comment on the above, remarking as they do—

"For he that runs may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

These coincidences are, no doubt, unintentional. For my own part, I do not believe that Shakspeare, when he spoke in Hamlet, of—

"The undiscover'd country, from whose bowels
No traveller returns,"

necessarily had in his mind the

"Qui nuncio per iter tenebrosissimum
Illuc undò negant redire quemquam,"

of Catullus; although the latter lines were quoted by Seneca the philosopher, and were as familiar as household words among the verso-loving ancients.—*Doran's Table Traits.*

HARD TIMES—KEEPING ACCOUNTS.—Seldom has it happened that there has been so general an advance of prices for the necessaries of life as we have of late been suffering. *Hard Times*, whose shadow is never off the heart of the poor, now darken the halls of those who have been accounted rich, and subdue the usually gay lights that illuminate their parlors. Not that there is much positive suffering yet among us, but there certainly is a marvelous "stringency" with many who have not often felt any constraint upon their expenditures. Wages were good through the Summer, and business was plenty. The thrifty are pretty well provided for, but the thriftless,—and they, though a minority, are very respectable for numbers,—lean too heavily for comfort on the hope that the abundant crops and plentiful harvests will tame prices essentially, and nullify the rough ways of the times. Now let the young man, who has work enough to do, and is paid for it, remember that it is not what he earns, but what he spends, that settles the state of his accounts at the year's end. Let him be assured that respectable wages ought to support him, and unless there are extraordinary weights for him to carry—as of debt or a large family—he ought from them to lay up something against harder times, that the curtained Future may conceal. If it is hard for him now, with perfect health and a small family, and enjoying the fullness of youthful energy, to lay up anything, how much tougher will it be to make a saving when the natural force is abated, and little ones, clinging to his

arms, hinder his full stroke, and pains and aches come and settle in all his joints. There is much, indeed, to hinder his saving something, beside the size of the bills to be paid for potatoes and beef, house-rent and necessary clothing. There is pride and the lust of admiration, and a silly hope of appearing better off than he really is,—all which are bitterer enemies to his prosperity than either Hunger or Nakedness. Let every young man overhaul his expenses, and pick out from what are absolutely outside of his control those which he can choke down, and especially those which his better judgment condemns. The Hard Times will prove a blessing if they lead the young to abandon their drinking and smoking and treating, and "going on a bust." Now no one knows how much he might save, nor indeed how much he spends for things that he would himself pronounce as useless, until he comes to note item by item as it accrues, and with the book fairly before him, to cast up the account from time to time. The habit of keeping exact accounts is a great block to foolish expenses. Though no effort is made to contract, the change will slip less easily through the fingers if it is on the next morning to be noted, and if next Saturday the memorandum is sure to be reviewed. The daily account-book is the great antidote to Hard Times; and the habit of keeping it is not worth less than an additional dollar per week to the salary. Try it, young bachelor and new housekeepers, and if you do not find it so, doubt the wisdom of the old folks and of those who think they know.—*N. E. Times.*

The Cry of the Unemployed.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

'Tis hard, 'tis hard to wander on through this bright world of ours,
Beneath a sky of smiling blue, on velvet paths of flowers,
With music in the woods, as there were nought but joyance
known,
Or Angels walk earth's solitudes, and yet with want to groan.
To see no beauty in the stars, nor in God's radiant smile,
To wail and wander misery-curs'd! willing, but cannot toil.
There's burning sickness at my heart, I sink down famish'd?
God of the wretched, hear my prayer: I would that I were dead!
Heaven droppeth down with manna still in many a golden shower,
And feeds the leaves with fragrant breath, with silver dew the
flower.
There's honeyed robit for bee and bird, with bloom laughs out the
tree,
And food for all God's happy things; but none gives food to me.
Earth, deckt with Plenty's garland-crown, smiles on my aching
eye,
The purse-proud—swath'd in luxury.—disdainful pass me by:
I've eager hands, and earnest heart—but may not work for bread!
God of the wretched, hear my prayer: I would that I were dead!
Gold, art thou not a blessed thing: a charm above all other,
To shut up hearts to Nature's cry, when brother pleads with
brother?
Hast thou a music sweeter than the voice of loving-kindness?
No! curse thee, thou 'rt a mist 'twixt God and men in outer
blindness.
"Father, come back;" my children cry; their voices once so
sweet,
Now quiver lance-like in my bleeding heart! I cannot meet
The looks that make the brain go mad, for dear ones asking bread
God of the wretched, hear my prayer: I would that I were dead!
Lord! what right have the poor to wed? Love's for the gilded
great,
Are they not form'd of nobler clay, who dine off golden plate.
'Tis the worst curse of poverty to have a feeling heart,
Why can I not, with iron grasp, tear out the tender part?
I cannot slave in yon Bastille! ah, no, 'twere bitter pain
To wear the Pauper's iron within, than drag the Convict's chain.
I'd work but cannot, starve I may, but will not beg for bread:
God of the wretched, hear my prayer: I would that I were dead!

A Page for Young Folks at Home.

HEN THAT WALKETH UPRIGHTLY, WALKETH SURELY.—**Mr. W.**—crossed the plains in 1849, and never swore a word all the way, nor travelled an inch on Sunday that was not absolutely necessary to find feed or water. He did not get angry or fall out by the way with any of his company. He did not forget to read his Bible nor to pray, either while crossing the plains or after he got into the country; but kept up both regularly all the three years he was there. The first winter, the whole company kept together and divided the avails of their labor equally. **Mr. W.**—walked five miles to work every morning and back at night to his cabin, and did as much as the best of them. In the spring they divided the money, and found that they had averaged \$29 a day to the man, from the day after they had arrived. But that was too little in those times, so **Mr. W.**—and part of the company went off to the Trinity. There instead of making more, they made much less. So when it was proposed that three or four of them should start a store in a town not far off, he assented, and in his money with theirs. His partners went to buy goods and he stayed behind to dig. After they got over to the town, the question arose whether they should sell liquor. They sent over to **Mr. W.** to know what he thought. If you do, said he, you can take my money out; for I will have no interest in any store where liquor is sold. They could not spare his money, so they assented to his terms.—And when the question of keeping the store open and trading on Sunday came up, his answer was the same. So the store was never open on the Lord's day. Did they lose their trade? Yes, to some extent. They would doubtless have sold more goods and made more money for the time, if they had kept open on the Sabbath, and sold whiskey. But **Mr. W.**, though he had a large family depending on him, whom he greatly longed to join, could not afford to grow rich at the expense of conscience, character, and God. But, after all, he did not lose so much as you would at first imagine: for some gave their custom because he kept his principles. And many others gave him their confidence, and their gold dust to keep in his safe at half per cent. a month; and \$200,000 was not an unusual amount to have on hand. The following conversation which was once overheard between two partners in front of his store, will show you what one man thought.

Have you bought your goods yet?

Yes.

Where?

In here.

Did you inquire the prices at any of the other stores?

No.

Why didn't you?

Because these men don't keep open Sunday, and don't sell whiskey, and I aint afraid to trust to their honesty.

A LESSON FROM THE SPIDER.—A little girl, who had permission to accompany her mother in a walk, hastened to change her dress, but discovered that the one she desired to wear had, by some means, been torn. Her vexation was so great that, until it was too late to think of going out, she did nothing but cry. At length the mother, hearing her daughter lament and grieve over her misfortune, took her by

the hand and directed her attention to a little spider that was busily engaged in weaving itself a web, in the same place where but a few hours before, it had been destroyed by the servant's broom. "This web," said she, "which had cost the spider several days' labor to construct, was this morning, swept away, and it was with great difficulty that it saved itself from the ruins; yet without stopping to lament its loss, it has set itself cheerfully to work again, and by perseverance and industry has nearly constructed as comfortable a dwelling as that which had been destroyed." The little girl, feeling that she had much less reason to grieve than the spider, perceived that, had she followed the example of the industrious insect, and employed the time she had wasted in idle grief in mending her dress, she would neither have been disappointed of her walk, nor have had to bewail a mispent day.

The Lay of the Lowly.

Robert Nicoll, a Scotch poet, is remarkable for the unaffected simplicity of his verses. He selects homely themes, but he throws into them the loftiest feelings. The following poem will go home to every heart:

We are lowly—very lowly,
Misfortune is our crime;
We have been trodden under foot
From all recorded time.
A yoke upon our necks is laid,
A burden to endure;
To suffer is our legacy,
The portion of the poor!

We are lowly—very lowly,
And scorned from day to day;
Yet we have something of our own
Power cannot take away.
By tyrants we are tilled to death—
By cold and hunger killed;
But peace is in our heart, it speaks
Of duties all fulfilled!

We are lowly—very lowly,
Nor house nor land have we,
But there's a heritage for us
While we have eyes to see.
They cannot hide the lovely stars,
Words in creation's book,
Although they hold their fields and lanes
Corrupted by our look!

We are lowly—very lowly,
And yet the fairest flowers
That by the wayside raise their eyes—
Thank God! they still are ours!
Ours is the streamlet's mellow voice,
And ours the common dew;
We still dare gaze on hill and plain,
And field and meadow too!

We are lowly—very lowly;
But when the cheerful spring
Comes forth with flowers upon her feet
To hear the thrush sing,
Although we dare not seek the shade
Where haunt the forest deer,
The waving leaves we still can see—
The hymning birds can hear!

We are lowly—very lowly;
Our hedgerow paths are gone,
Where woodbines lay their fairy hands
The hawthorn's breast upon.
Yet slender mercies still are left,
And heaven doth endure,
And hears the prayers that upward rise
From the afflicted poor.

CIRCULAR.

To the Ministers of Religion in Canada, and others friendly to the cause of

TEMPERANCE,

AND IN FAVOR OF

LEGAL PROHIBITION OF THE TRAFFIC IN ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES.

FEELING earnestly desirous to assist in effecting the Legal destruction of the Traffic in Intoxicating Beverages in the Province, I intend to publish immediately, a series of Letters in Pamphlet Form, on the subject indicated above. The Pamphlet will bear the following title:—

OUR "CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS" VINDICATED;

Or, an Argument for the Legal Proscription of the Liquor Traffic in Canada,

IN SIX LETTERS TO THE

HON. FRANCIS HINCKS.

Price Five Cents each, or Four Dollars per Hundred. ADVOCATES OF PROHIBITION :

I appeal to you to assist me in disseminating sound argument through the length and breadth of Canada, on the legalized iniquities of the Rum-traffic, and on the necessity that exists for effecting the immediate and, if possible, the total destruction of that traffic BY LAW.

By remitting 5s (One Dollar), you will receive Twenty-five Copies, (or a corresponding number for any larger sum) in any way you order. I respectfully solicit your immediate and earnest co-operation. The Pamphlets can be sent by mail. Please address (post paid.)

GEORGE CASE,

WESLEYAN MINISTER,

Stratford, Perth, C.W.

October, 1854.

FORT EDWARD INSTITUTE.

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SPRING " " MARCH 28th, 1855.

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Circulars with full information may be had at E. PICKUP'S Agency Office, St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal, or by applying to the Rev. H. B. TAYLOR, Steward, Fort Edward, N.Y.

November, 1854.

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February 15.

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November, 1854.

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