

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

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

- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

- Additional comments: / There are some creases in the middle of the pages.  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

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

THE CANADA

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

PLEDGE.—We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use intoxicating liquors as a beverage, nor traffic in them; that we will not provide them as an article of entertainment, nor for persons in our employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the community.

Vol. XVIII.]

MONTREAL, JANUARY 1, 1852.

No. 1

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

"CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,"

EIGHTEENTH VOLUME.

In penning the announcement of the *Eighteenth Volume* of the *Advocate*, we feel called upon again to thank our subscribers for their support during the past year—we have spared neither time nor money to deserve it, and would hope that we have not altogether been unsuccessful; it has been our study to keep before us the great object for which the *Advocate* was at first commenced, and from the frequent favorable notices of our contemporaries, we see cause to indulge the hope, that in this also we have not failed.

We have contracted with our paper maker to furnish a good quality of paper; and the illustrations of that interesting tale, **THE SEQUEL TO THE BOTTLE**, are now being engraved on wood for our next volume, and continued care will be exercised in the selection of good pieces of music, and additional assistance in the Editorial department has also been secured. Under these circumstances, we hope that strenuous efforts will be made to extend our circulation, and that Subscribers will do us the justice to make their payments in advance. We hope that agents and friends, in different parts will make it a point to canvass their different localities, not only to ascertain who are willing to continue, but also for the purpose of adding new names to our list, and communicate the result to us before the close of the present volume.

We have no change to announce in the future conduct of the *Advocate*. As heretofore, it will be the uncompromising defender of our cause, and will faithfully note its progress throughout the world, wherever the standard of temperance has been raised, as well as in these Provinces, whether that progress be effected through the instrumentality of the Rechabites, the Sons of Temperance, or the ordinary temperance societies. We have no object to gain beyond the advancement of the cause of total abstinence, and to this every other consideration shall be made to yield.

THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT

As heretofore, will be carefully selected from the best publications of the day; and well written original articles, either of prose or poetry, will from time to time find place in its columns.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

The above is not altogether a new feature in the *Advocate*, but in future we intend that more attention will be paid to it—and great care will be taken to furnish the farmer, and others who are interested, with a full and correct report of the market. It shall in a great measure take the place of the news department, as well as that of the births, marriages, and deaths, except those that may be sent us for insertion in our columns.

THE EDUCATIONAL AND AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

Will comprise carefully selected articles of practical value, both to the parent and teacher, as well as the farmer, that our friends in the country who may wish to take but one paper, may find the *Advocate* all they want for a family paper, at a very small price.

We make this early announcement of our next volume that all may be apprized in good time, that we cannot continue to send the *Eighteenth Volume* of the *Advocate* to any but those who

make payment in advance, or send us definite orders for their paper. Hitherto, heavy loss has been incurred by sending to all previous Subscribers the succeeding volume without order, we think the friends of the cause should not expose us to this loss.

The *Advocate* is published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at 2s 6d per annum, payable in advance. As formerly, all orders and remittances to be forwarded to JOHN C. BECKET, Printer, No. 22, Great St. James Street, Montreal.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We offer to all who exert themselves to increase our subscription list, for the next volume, according to the following scale, one or more copies of the work entitled "THE BOTTLE," which has been printed in tract form, on good paper, with the illustrations, and neatly stitched in a tinted cover—

For 5 New Subscribers to the *Advocate*, 1 copy of "The Bottle,"

" 15 "	" "	" "	" "	2	" "
" 20 "	" "	" "	" "	3	" "
" 25 "	" "	" "	" "	4	" "

Or one copy additional for every five additional subscribers over 20. It must be understood, however, that the subscription money must be sent with the order, or the payment guaranteed within six months, by known individuals, Divisions, or other Societies.

Parties sending 25 new subscribers, will be entitled to 4 copies of "The Bottle," or one copy of "MISCELLANEOUS MUSIC," containing 46 Temperance Glees, Duets, &c., and about 100 tunes Sacred Music.

The copies of "The Bottle," will be sent to the parties free of charge. But those preferring the volume of "Miscellaneous Music," to copies of The Bottle, will require to advise us how it is to be forwarded, as we cannot transmit it by Post.

The Pledge.—Chapter I.

After parting with his sister, as related in the last number of "The History of the Bottle," James Latimer walked directly to the inn for an hour, and then sought lodgings in a low tavern. He interviewed with Agnes, and the visit to his wretched father, sobbed his feelings; and when, that night, he sat alone in the small chamber to which he had been assigned, his reflections were sad and painful. Depraved as he was, a thought of the still lower deep into which the sister whose love for, and care over him during a part of his wretched childhood, had become, as year after year went by, a dearer and dearer remembrance, disturbed him deeply, and he strove, but in vain, to drive the thought from his mind. It haunted him like a spectre, and made a low shudder, at times, go thrilling to his heart.

During the night he had troubled dreams. He saw Agnes in peril, but had no power to save her. He awoke, twice, with her fearful cries ringing in his ears; and slept again, to dream of kindred horrors. Then came, too, in that night of dreaming misery, the wild, horror-stricken face of his father, and he could not turn from the blasting sight.

The blessed day at last came; and when James Latimer met at table the few boarders who congregated in that low haunt of vice where he had taken up a temporary abode, they spoke of a horrible murder that had been committed during the night upon the body of an unfortunate girl. But it did not once occur to him that the victim was Agnes; for they spoke of the girl by name, and it was not that of his sister.

After breakfast, James went out to meet Agnes according to appointment. But, although he remained in the neighborhood where she had promised to see him, for two hours after the time at which she had agreed to be there, she did not make her appearance, and James wandered off to other parts of the city, with an oppressive weight upon his feelings. Two or three times during the day, he came back to the place where they had agreed to meet; but she was not there. Night came without his again seeing her, when he returned for lodgings to the tavern where he had spent his first night in the city after an absence of many years. Again the conversation among the boarders turned upon the murder that had been committed; still it did not occur to James that the wretched victim might be no other than his fallen sister, until one of those present happened to say that of course the name by which she was known was not her real one. Then the fear came thrilling upon the heart of James, that the murdered girl might be Agnes.

"Did you see her?" he asked, in a voice that was calm only as the result of an effort, speaking to one who seemed to know more about the affair than the rest.

"Yes," he replied. "I was at the house to day."

"Was she very young?" inquired James.

"Yes; quite a young thing."

"What kind of eyes and hair?"

"Very dark."

"Is she buried yet?" asked James, evincing some agitation, and rising up as he spoke.

"No; I believe not."

"Where is the house?"

The man gave him minute directions, and James started off with a trembling heart. One glance at the mangled body sufficed to tell him the dreadful truth. He looked at it but for a moment, and then, with a feeling of horror, turned away. And even as he did so, while yet the terrible object he had looked upon was distinctly before his eyes, the feeling he could not utter in words, nor even to form to itself a thought, accorded with the sentiment—"It is better for her to die than to live as she was living."

From the house where his murdered sister lay, James went back, with a sad heart, to his lodging place. He had three shillings in his pocket, the balance that remained of the small sum of money given him by Agnes. After that was gone, he knew not from whence the means of living were to come. To none of the rough occupants of the boarding house he had selected, did he mention the dreadful truth he had discovered, though some who noticed him more closely than the rest, saw that something painful was on his mind. He passed another unhappy and almost sleepless night, and appeared, on the next morning, evidently exceedingly disturbed in mind.

"What are you going to do with yourself, my lad?" said one of the boarders to James, as he walked out into the street with him after breakfast.

"Dr. on myself, I believe," replied James, moodily.

"That's a poor kind of business, in my opinion," returned the man, "and doesn't pay.—Are you out of money?"

"Yes."

"Have you friends in the city?"

"No."

"Are you willing to do anything?"

"Yes; if I can get anything to do. I don't want to starve."

"Well, my lad," returned the man; "I am going to open a public house to-morrow, and want a smart chap to help me at the bar. Will you come?"

"Of course I will. But what will you give me?"

"Two dollars a week and find you."

"That'll do, I guess."

"Very well. To-morrow we'll begin."

And on the morrow they did begin, by opening a new avenue through which men could go, body and soul, to destruction.

The new drinking house soon had its customers of all grades, and James soon began to feel perfectly at home in the pestilent

atmosphere he was breathing. But, when the bustle and excitement of the day were over, and he was alone with himself again, thoughts of his murdered sister and mad father, and a remembrance of the cause which led to such horrible consequences, oppressed and disturbed him; and there were times when he wished himself back again in the quiet home he had left far off in the country. But, daily familiarity with vicious company, and the daily habit of drinking what he wanted at the bar, soon began to bear him down to a lower deep than any into which he had yet descended, and to render his feelings and perceptions still more obtuse. He had entered a school of vice, and was proving himself an apt scholar.

It is not our intention to trace, step by step, the progress which James Latimer made in the downward road. That would take up too much time, and not at all aid in the purpose we have in view. We have seen his entrance, and we know, too well, to what depth of degradation and misery the way leads.

In a year the lad had changed sadly for the worse. He had learned to drink to intoxication, and associate with persons of the vilest character. His father, who had been ruined by the bottle, entered the broad road to destruction late in life, as compared with his age. What hope was there, then, for the son? It was but as a feeble, glimmering light. During the first year of his downward course, James continued to serve customers at the bar of the man who had opened the new drinking house; but he had become so debased, kept such vile company, and was so quarrelsome in his temper, that even this drunkard maker was compelled to threaten him with a discharge from his employment, if he did not mend both his habits and his manners.

Before the second year had rolled round, this threat was put into execution, and James Latimer was again adrift. For a few months he loitered about the city, harboring in dens of infamy, and consorting with wretches of the vilest and most degraded character. Sometimes he had food, and sometimes went for days with scarcely enough to sustain nature. Amid all, he managed to get liquor, and was for more than half of his time in a state of partial or complete intoxication. One so young and so fallen, could get no employment. His very appearance caused all to whom, in more lucid moments, he applied, to turn from him with a quick denial. He was an outcast; and there were times when he felt this bitterly. But, even if a feeble desire to reform, arose sometimes, there was no friend at his side to fan the little spark into a flame; no one to take him by the hand and lift him gently upon his feet, and point the way which he had power to stand alone.

One morning he crawled out of a miserable hovel, where, for a few pennies he had procured a night's shelter, and was moving aimlessly along the street, when a voice called out,

"Hallo, Jim! Isn't your name Latimer?"

He looked across the street, and replied to a staggering crony who had thus hailed him—

"Id'no. Believe it is."

"Well, if it is, somebody advertises this morning that he wants to see you on some very particular business. I saw it in the Sun."

"Wants to see me?"

"Yes, if your name is James Latimer."

"What does he want to see me for?"

"Doesn't say. But you'll see it in the Sun, if you'll get one."

A Sun was bought from a newsboy who was passing, and there James read an advertisement, earnestly desiring him, if in the city, to call at a certain number in a certain street, where a person wished to see him on a subject that particularly interested him.

"I guess they don't catch this lark in that way," said James, after reading the advertisement.

"Ain't you going?" said his companion.

"No, indeed. If any body wants me, let him find me."

"What's the matter? Afraid of the police?"

"No. But it's very strange that any body should want to see me. Taint for no good. Let 'em catch me, if they can. But I ain't green enough to put my head in any of their traps."

This was young Latimer's first decision. He thought of the House of Refuge, and of the master from whom he had run away; and did not in the least doubt, but that this was a movement to get him back.

Still he read the advertisement over and over again, and referred to it a dozen times in an hour. After all, it might not be a



JAMES LATIMER SIGNS THE PLEDGE BY THE DEAD BODY OF HIS FATHER.

plan to catch him and take him back to the country or the Refuge. This thought came next. He studied over it, and changed his view of the matter a dozen times, and, finally, determined that he would go and see who it was that wanted him.

The house bearing the number stated in the advertisement, was occupied by a hatter. James passed and repassed it almost twenty times before he ventured to go in. Behind the counter he saw, at work, a middle-aged man, with a benevolent, pre-possessing countenance. Several times the man looked at him as he went by, and, he thought, fixed his eyes somewhat intently upon him. At last he ventured in, and said—

"Did you advertise ——"

"For James Latimer," quickly spoke up the man. "Is that your name?"

"Yes, sir."

"Poor young man!" said the hatter in a voice of sympathy. "You have indeed fallen low."

There was so much of kindness and real sympathy in the tone of voice with which this was uttered, that James was affected by it.

"It is too true, sir. I am low and miserable enough. Heaven help me!"

"And Heaven alone can help you, my young friend," replied the man earnestly. "But I will tell you at once what I want with you; for no time is to be lost. Your father has been very ill, and has suddenly recovered his reason. He wants to see you and your sister before he dies. You both called to see him, he has learned since he became lucid, nearly two years ago, and he supposed one or both of you might still be in the city. Where is your sister?" James leaned against the counter to support himself. He felt his knees tremble.

"Dead," he replied huskily.

"Ah! How long since?"

"She was murdered on the very night after we called at the hospital."

The man lifted his hands in painful surprise.

"This we had better conceal from your father; the shock may be too great for him," he said. And then added—"But we must get into the stage and go out immediately. His life is hanging on a thread. He was alive I ascertained this morning."

The man came from behind his counter, put on his coat and hat, and started off in company with the miserable looking creature who had answered his advertisement. Young Latimer's clothes were worn and dirty, and his whole appearance of a most disgusting character. His face showed the marks of evil courses as strongly as did his garments.

On their way to the hospital, but little passed between the young man and the benevolent individual who had him in charge. When they arrived at the hospital, they learned that old Mr. Latimer was still alive, though sinking rapidly. Without any delay they were ushered into his presence. He was lying upon a bed, supported by pillows, and the hospital physician and nurse were standing near him. As James entered, his father raised himself up and looked at him for a moment intently; then sinking back, he shut his eyes and groaned aloud. The son understood the meaning of this expression of pain; and the groan of his father was like the entrance of an arrow into his heart.

Old Mr. Latimer soon recovered himself, and, as his son, who was almost forced to the bedside by the person who had accompanied him to the hospital, came and stood near him, he again, by the assistance of the nurse, arose up partly from his pillow, and, extending his hand, grasped that of James, while the last tears, and the saddest his eyes had ever wept, fell over his face.

"My poor boy!" he murmured in a low tone, that was tremulous with grief. His voice choked, and his head sunk upon his bosom. In a little while he recovered himself and said, more calmly—

"My son, to see you so wretched, and with so many sad marks of evil about you, crushes my heart to the earth; for I—I alone—am to blame! In an accursed hour, when you were a young and happy child, the bottle entered, by my hands, our pleasant home, and in a few short years destroyed your mother and little sister, made a madman of your father—for I know where I am—and turned you and Agnes friendless upon a wicked and cruel world. But where is Aggy?" the father asked in a changed voice.

James hesitated a little while, and then replied—"She is dead."

Latimer covered his face with his hands and was silent for a few moments.

"Dead!" he at length murmured. "Dead! It is well. God will forgive her errors, if she have committed any, for she must have suffered great temptation."

"James!" resumed the father, arousing himself from a state of abstraction, into which he had again fallen. "James! I see too sad evidences of the fact, that you have fallen already into the toils of that monster evil, intemperance, which cursed your father's house! I have but a little while longer to live, my son—even a few minutes may be all that are left to me. With my dying breath, I implore you to let the work of evil which I began, stop where it is. Turn, oh turn, from the path in which you are now walking, into the right way. Oh! my boy—my poor boy!"

The old man's voice choked again, and the hue of death passed over his face. The nurse laid him back upon the pillow. He gasped convulsively for some moments, and then became calm, but lay with his eyes closed, and his breath coming feebly. James saw his lips move, and he leaned closer to hear.

"There is but one hope—the pledge. If he would take that!"

The son heard and understood the meaning of the words. The moment this thought came whispering from the lips of the dying man, he started up eagerly, and groped about with his hands.

"James! James!" he said, as he grasped hold of his boy. "The pledge! the pledge! They say it is all-powerful to save. It is your only hope!"

The death rattle choked all further utterance, and old Mr. Latimer fell back, heavily, upon his pillow. His spirit had gone to its reward.

"Sign it!" said a voice, in the ear of the son, as he raised himself up from the dead body of his father, over which he had bent in a passion of grief. James turned, and saw the benevolent individual who had taken so much pains to find him out and bring him to his father, standing with an open pledge in one hand and a pen in the other.

"Sign it!" he repeated. "Your father said truly, it is your only hope."

James took the pen in his trembling hand, subscribed his name, and then, bending forward, with his face down upon the table at which he had seated himself, wept and sobbed for a long, long time, like a guilty but repentant child.

## The Victim.

BY HARRY.

How remorseless must be the gnawing of that conscience, if not "scared as with an hot iron," that can taunt its possessor with a crime, which, although the law in its self-styled and innate majesty cannot reach,—is the blackest upon the catalogue of sins registered beneath the All-seeing by the great arch-angel. No sterner frown shall sit upon the brow of Omnipotence than that which shall gather over it when shall be arrayed before him in judgment, the betrayer of virtue: then shall the poor victims of his inordinate lusts stand up as condemning witnesses, and those, who, but for his hellish persuasions, would ever bask in the rays of eternal bliss,—shall weave their long fingers in his hair, and down to the bottomless pit drag him, to expiate his crime in everlasting torments, and suffer as his merits demand.

There is in the state of Vermont—it matters not in what portion thereof—a smoothly gliding stream, rich in varied beauty, and renowned far and near for the sublime grandeur of the scenery lining it, and forming its shores. Its waters, soon after passing from their mountain channel, glide over a bed of sand and pebbles that cleanse and crystalize them until they seem as pure and transparent as the air above them.—Upon its shores, which there assume a beauty that is rarely surpassed, is situated a building of that order generally occupied by the wealthier class of husbandmen in our state. It sits upon an oval hillock that gently slopes toward the banks of the nameless river; upon the other side a lane approaches it from the main road.

It was a beautiful Sabbath evening. All nature was hushed as if conscious of the sacredness of the hour; the sun was fast receding from the view of man, and if nature be beautiful ever, indeed was it then. It could hardly seem that the wretched grovellers of earth, in view of such transcendent beauty and loveliness, could plan the ruin, the utter and endless ruin, of one

of the fairest of the Almighty Architect's imagery; but so it was.

A noble looking, but dark browed man, with a fair glow at his side, wandered down the lane leading from the house. He was not extremely handsome, but that dark eye had a language, and one too that seemed to rivet the beholder to the spot when that intensely flashing orb was turned full upon him. His companion seemed almost entirely different; a sweet yielding disposition was hers, beaming from an eye blue as the cerulean vaults of immensity; her fair features seemed as the visible portion of her heart, for naught but love beamed therefrom. Tender and confiding, was not he a wretch who could deceive and ruin her, forever blast her fondest hopes and brightest anticipations, and render her a loathsome object to mankind.—The sun had wholly disappeared behind a distant mountain; twilight was creeping along the earth, and yet they wandered. As darkness came on apace, he drew her slender form nearer his side, and with a voice sweet toned as the echoes of an Æolian Harp, addressed her.

"Janette, will not your mother wonder that you ramble so late, and with me?"

"I think not," she said, and she looked up into his face with such a glance as had in it volumes of love, "I think not, she has the utmost confidence in you, nor believes that you would harm a hair of my head; and why need she fear, Ralph? you have proved yourself a kind friend to her."

"Do you consider me worthy of your friendship?" asked he.

"How unkind you are, Ralph," replied the lovely girl, looking up, reproachfully, "you know that I love with a feeling that is akin to adoration, that my happiest moments are passed at your side, and when you are absent, my heart is sad as the caged bird that vain would beat itself against the narrow prison until it was free to fly to the beloved one. Ralph, I know not what has thus drawn my heart to yours. I fear that I love you too well. Do I not, Ralph?"

"No, Janette, my wish is that my bride should love me as I alone would be loved, parting with all for me, and no alone. Some cannot love, their hearts are cold and passionless as marble, and incapable of returning a love as strong as the fiery ardor of the affection that I would bear to them."

"And do you doubt, dear Ralph," asked she, "that my love is as strong as your own?" **Have I not forsaken all for you, even acted against the express commands of my father in continuing an association which he predicts will only end in my ruin?**

"Yes, Janette, but can you think me capable of injuring one that I love so fondly?"

"No, no!" was her reply, as she sank into his arms, and he seated himself with her upon a grass grown mound. Thus the serpent beguiled the gentle bird, disguising his intentions until it was too late for her to resist. An hour passed on, and Janette returned to her home the victim of the seducer.

Shall my feeble pen attempt to portray that first night of guilt? When, too late, reason came to her aid, a gush of anguish attended it, too deep, too heart rending to be expressed by words: could she have wept, it would have been happiness in comparison; but tears were not granted her to quench the burning agony of sorrow and shame. No sleep came to her aching eyelids during the silent watches of that long, long night—amid her anguish and self-loathing. But morning came at last—not as to the innocent, wreathed in beauty and happiness, but each beautiful ray sending a fresh throb of sadness to her heart. Each glad note of the matin bird seemed to tell her of her utter degradation. Each gentle word from the lips of her affectionate mother seemed a new dart, sharper than any before, reaching the innermost core of her heart.

Time flew by, each hour bringing its burden of sorrow. Again she met him, the cause of all, but he looked upon her coldly; not one throb of sympathy agitating his hard heart, not one ray of pity irradiating his dark unfeeling soul. He told her that he must leave her; that business of importance called him to a distant city, where probably he should remain a length of time, the duration of which he could not determine.

She turned her large tear-wet eyes upon him, and although her sob almost choked her utterance, said:—

"Ralph! have I not had enough cause for sorrow that this last blow should be added to sink me even lower than I am now. I have parted with all, self respect, honor, virtue, and reputation, for your sake; and will you leave me now, to be pointed at by the finger of scorn, a jest, and a bye-word? Ere long my situa-

tion must be discovered, and my hard hearted father will never suffer his degraded daughter to remain under his roof; and I must be turned from his doors a wanderer and an outcast, dependent upon the cold charities of the world, or descend to that crime which will eventually bring me a deeper grade of disgrace, and sink my soul in everlasting damnation. Ralph, under the sacred promise of marriage, and an assurance of a never dying love, I gave up all for you. Do not look so coldly upon me, once you would wrap me in your arms, and I was never again can I welcome joy to my heart."

His only reply was, "I never will wed a woman of your character."

Colder and more dismal than would have been the sound upon the coffin lid that enclosed her in a living tomb, those words fell upon her ear: like a leaden weight his accents came upon her heart, stilling for a moment its wild throbbings, and turning to ice each drop of blood that coursed through her frame. One wild shriek, and she sank swooning upon the carpet. Coolly rising, he called a domestic and left the house.

Months flew by, and wrapping her infant boy in her mantle she left the parental roof never to return. The cold December blast swept over her scantily protected head as she wandered. For a long month through the storms and snows of that winter she roamed, without aim, without object, often meeting the jeers of the multitude, and earning the appellation of "love cracked." How sadly those expressions of ridicule came upon the homeless, houseless wanderer, whose only crime "was that of loving too well." Her once fair cheek grew wan and haggard, her eye grew wild with continual weeping, and often the congealed tear drops clung to her eyelashes as she sat upon some door stone rocking to and fro her freezing babe, and endeavoring to hush it to forgetfulness of its sufferings. But where was he.

It was a wild night in mid winter; the snow hurled through the darkness upon the wing of each passing gust. A splendid mansion was lighted by an hundred glittering lamps that shone upon a gay assemblage of dancers. He was there; a smile would wreath his features as the beautiful ones passed before him. He was happy. Wretch! is there not one thought of pity in that cold heart of thine for her that thou hast so basely betrayed and deserted? A storm beaten wanderer passes: listlessly she gazes in at the uncurtained windows upon the scene. She bears an infant in her arms. She gazes as one after another of the gay assemblage pass before her eyes, all unconscious of her sorrows. But hark! the revellers pause, the merry laugh and jest are hushed as a wild scream is heard. She has seen him. They rush to the doors. A poor woman sits upon the steps of the lordly mansion pressing a babe to her heart, while moans of anguish rise from her bosom. Some coldly turn away and return to their pleasures; others collect around and say: Poor woman. But he comes at last, little prepared for the scene there to meet his eyes. At the sight of her he turns ghastly pale, and staggers to the railing; recovering himself, however, he approaches her. She seems to feel his presence, and looking up she clasps her hands and with tears of scalding agony coursing down her pale, wan cheeks, she implores him to have pity on her child. The first emotion is passed, and he is the same calculating villain again. Laughing scornfully, he speaks:

"What know I of you or your child; if you are suffering with hunger I will feed you, but I know you not."

Again she raises her head, and clasping his knees, in piteous accents prays him, "Ralph, I care not what my fate may be, but have, I implore you, one spark of sympathy for your child; make him as happy as you found me, and I will pray God to shower his blessings upon your head. I conjure you by the love that you once professed to bear me, to have pity, and poor Janette will thank you on her bended knees, for your mercy."

He was about to turn away and leave her, when she seized her babe in her bony arms and approaching him, held it toward him. It was a sweet babe, but there was an unnatural palor around its features: she saw it, and drawing it again to her bosom, she pressed her lips to his; oh horror! those lips were cold and stiff. She spoke not a word. Again her eye glazed, and she was the poor demented one once more.—Would that I could paint the intense agony depicted upon her features as she again and again pressed his lifeless form to her broken heart, and gazed upon its death cold cheek, from her stony eye murmuring sadly, "all gone, and I am alone." Strong men and gaily attired ladies wept





fault in the presence of others, but it requires us to endeavour kindly to remove it by private, patient and affectionate effort with the brother himself, and when we have succeeded we have performed one of the highest and best offices of fraternal regard, without exposing or wounding his feelings. And as a general thing, it should be our aim not to wait, but to seek for opportunities of showing the fraternal spirit, and to discourage those violations of that spirit which are but too common. It too often happens that the errors of a brother are made the theme of remark among his fellow members, and are magnified by comments while no faithful brotherly effort is made with him, and the first he knows is that he is an object of suspicion and reproach.

And not only as regards the faults of a brother, but in respect to his wants, his sorrows, his perplexities in life, should fraternal love interest itself and endeavour to render a brother's sympathy and a brother's aid.

No arithmetic can measure the influence which our Order would exert upon society at large, were the spirit of Brotherly Love which we profess to cherish kept alive and earnest among our members. The spectacle of a band of brothers extending through this continent and reaching beyond the Atlantic,—a band whose hearts all beat like the heart of man, with true fellowship, friendship and love, would compel the confidence, the homage and the admiration of the world. Men would say, "Behold how they love one another; let us cast in our lot with them and march in their ranks to the world's redemption."

### Sprinklings for Thought, Ideal and Actual.

FATHER CHINIQUY.—The *Joliet* (Ill.) *Journal* is gratified to learn that Rev. Mr. Chiniquy, the French Catholic Apostle of Temperance, has emigrated to that State, and intends locating in the Kankakee Valley. He will be joined in the spring by about 1,500 French families from Montreal and Quebec. The reverend gentleman, we understand, is highly pleased with the country, and his locating among us will attract hither a large accession to our population. "There is room enough for all."

"Alabama" signifies, in the Indian language, "Here we rest!" A story is told of a tribe of Indians who fled from a relentless foe to the trackless forest in the south-west. Heavy and travel-worn they reached a noble river, which flowed through a beautiful country. The chieftain of the band struck his tent-pole in the ground and exclaimed: "Alabama! Alabama!" ("Here we rest! Here we rest!")

We discover great beauty in those who are not beautiful, if they possess genuine truthfulness, simplicity, and sincerity.

True practical philosophy makes the most of little pleasures, and the most of everything.

Love is the fever of the soul; passion is the delirium of that fever.

By doing good with his money, a man as it were, stamps the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandise of Heaven.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, if bad fish was sold to the poor, the knavish fishmonger was decorated with a necklace of his unsavoury commodity, and was then perched on a stand in the market.—What would they have done in those days with a modern ramseller?—*Ed. C. T. A.*

President Everett computes that the use of Alcoholic beverages has cost the United States directly, in ten years, \$100,000,000; has burned or otherwise destroyed, \$5,000,000 more of property; has destroyed 300,000 lives; sent 150,000 to the prisons, and 100,000 children to the poor house; caused 1,500 murders; 2,000 suicides, and has bequeathed to the country 1,000,000 orphan children. A powerful argument for temperance lecturers.

Place a basin of cold water by the side of your bed. When you first awake in the morning dip your hands in the basin, and wet your brow; and sleep will not again seal you in its treacherous embrace.

He submits to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

A man writing an anonymous note is like a puppy inside an enclosure, barking at you with his nose under the gate.

The moment of possession of anything greatly desired is a dangerous crisis.

France has a population of thirty-six millions, and less than two hundred Sabbath Schools in the entire country!

The area of the group of the Sandwich Islands is about 6,500 square miles, and capable of supporting a population of 800,000. The present population is about 80,000.

A Judge in New York said he had passed sentence on five persons for murder within a year, and all of them had committed their offences under the influence of liquor.

Sydney Smith said there were three things which every man fancied he could do,—farm a small property, drive a gig and write an article.

Formerly women were prohibited from marrying until they had spun a set of bed furniture; and till their wedding, were consequently called *spinsters*, which continues to this day in all legal proceedings.

If a candle be blown out holding it above you, the wick will not smoulder down, and may, therefore be easily lighted again; but if blown upon downwards, the contrary is the case. Remember this.

In the Scriptures, that is called a *mystery*, which had been kept secret, which had not been generally known, which is not discoverable by human reason, and which is not revealed in all its relations.

## Poetry.

### Life's Teachings.

BY JOHN F. WILEY.

"Mourn not over the past—it comes not back again; wisely improve the present—it is thine; and go forth into the shadowy future without fear and with a thankful heart."—*Longfellow.*

From the depths of Time's dim ocean—from that ocean deep and vast,

Troubled by the heart's emotion, come the shadows of the past; Happy hours, and joys Elysian, blend with thoughts that bring but pain,

Indistinct, as in a vision, they thus rise to view again.

Memory conjures up before us many causes of regret, And, as grief comes stealing o'er us, lo! our eyes with tears are wet,

But the past no more returneth—in vain doth grief our spirits clod—

No more the light of memory burneth—the past is in the hands of God

The present, with its rude commotions—its scenes of busy, bustling strife—

Its hopes, its fears, its deep devotion—all that makes the sum of life—

This is ours, but time is speeding swiftly on his ceaseless flight, And shall we not, the warning heeding, read life's bitter lesson right?

That every heart may feel a sorrow—every mind may know a care,

And brightest joy, ere dawns the morrow, be changed to deep and dark despair.

Then let us, while life holds dominion, the path of duty firmly tread,

The white old Time, on restless pinion, scatters silver o'er our head.

The future! Father, in Thy keeping, whose voice the winds and waves obey,

We place our trust, securely sleeping, though darkling clouds obscure our way.

We feel the misty shadow o'er us, and know we cannot lift the veil;

The unknown future is before us, but trusting Thee its terrors pale.

Fearless we meet life's stormy billow, and should we sink beneath the wave,

We feel Thy breast will prove a pillow, to cast a glory o'er the grave—

The grave!—the drear and dismal portals which bound a brighter world than this—

The pathway dark of shuddering mortals to regions of eternal bliss.—*Baltimore Weekly Sun.*



# THE PRAISE OF TEMPERANCE.

Music—"Glorious Appollo."\*

God - dess of Temp' - rance, with thy smiles be - friend us, While to thy

name we ded - i - cate our lays; In love and mer - cy from all ill de.

send us, When we to temp'-rance our cheer-ful anthems raise. Thus then com-  
an - - them

bin - ing, hearts with voi - ces join - ing, Long may con - tin - ue our

u - ni - ty and joy, our u - ni - ty and joy, our u - ni - ty and

joy, our u - ni - ty and joy, our u - ni - ty and joy.

\* In 1762, Lord Sandwich, with several other noble amateurs, established a Society for awarding prizes for the best compositions of this species, by English composers. Great emulation was excited by this attempt to estimate native talent, and Dr. Wm. Hays, Dr. Arne, Balidon, Dr. Cooke and Webbe were competitors. Webbe's "Glorious Appollo" was written for this club, and is always the opening glee.—*History of Music.*

# Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 1, 1852.

## The New Year.

The salutations of the season to all the readers and friends of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*.—We are persuaded that our generous wishes will be reciprocated by the thousands with whom we have so long continued a cheerful and instructive correspondence. The New Year has commenced its career, and while we wish to all an increased degree of happiness, it will be our earnest endeavor to produce and promote it.

The year 1851 has fled. To many it has doubtless been a year of enjoyment and prosperity. In the possession of a competency they have had the means of comfort, and abstaining from injurious food and beverages, they have sought and found the benefits of temperance. The mind, too, always craving for knowledge, has been stored with valuable information, and in communicating truth to others, happiness has been increased. To others the year past has been one of trial, vicissitude and sorrow. Affliction or bereavement may have been their portion, and they have been made to weep over the losses and calamities of human life, or to grieve over the sins and follies of their friends, or perhaps some member of their own family.—Within a year past, some may have been happily delivered from the fearful fiend of intemperance; and have rejoiced in their freedom—others may have been again involved in the snare of the fowler, and fallen a prey to the direst enemy of human peace. How various are the conditions of mortals! How strange are the vicissitudes of mankind! There reign christian joy and heavenly contentment—and there are principles and feelings entirely the reverse. Who can harmonize the conflicting scenes of this degenerate world? Happily, there is a remedy for all the ills of life, and in the Christian revelation will be found a divinely authenticated scheme of peace and concord. Guided by the light which shines from thence, we wish the reader a Happy New Year,—if you have been sorrowful and broken-hearted, we desire for you their removal—if you have enjoyed a fair share of bliss and peace, we wish for you their continuance.

The salutations of the season will be given and received, we fear, by many of our countrymen, over the intoxicating cup. Can any thing be more infamously absurd. The notions such people have of happiness, must be essentially defective; or altogether sensual. Beside, it is the cup of ruin and death in which they pledge their friendship. A year of happiness they cannot have, who subject the mind to the tyranny of base passion and unsatisfied appetite. At least dash down that drunkard's bowl, for consider how many by it have been slain, and remember the tears and regrets that have often unavailingly followed, as the consequence of unrestrained sinful propensity. To the unpledged user of strong drink, we wish happiness; but it can only be had and retained by a right abstinence from intoxicating beverages.

With what a sweet smile and hopeful look, will the true and longtried friends of temperance hail each other on the morn of a New Year. Their enjoyment will be the greater, for as much as they have reason to know that the cause they love, and feel to be of God, has gloriously prospered during the past year. They have used some little exertion, and have the satisfactory assurance, that not in vain did they commit their work to God, and labor for the redemption of Canada. There is assuredly the richest source of happiness in doing good to the bodies and souls

of men, and if throughout this year our lives are spared, it will greatly enhance the probabilities of personal and social happiness, by unremitting exertions to extend the influence of the temperance cause, as well as other philanthropic institutions established for the destruction of evil, by the spread of religious truth. Let us not hide from ourselves the persuasion that the time has not come when we may indolently repose in imaginary security. The enemy is in our borders.—He has been crippled, but not yet expelled. Thousands are now the victims of delusion, and entertain the false hope that they can trifle with a foe, whom they think to control; but who has insidiously betrayed into the whirlpool of death, myriads stronger than they. Our work is not done—it is but commenced. Formidable obstacles are removed, and there is a certainty of laboring to greater advantage than in former years, but work we must,—one and all, or our gallant ship will be driven back, or founder in the rough gales of a fierce and unscrupulous adversity. Are we to have a happy year? We may, but it must be a year of peaceful strife to recover our fellowmen from Satan's snares, or fortify the weak against the temptations to which they are ceaselessly exposed. Banish the thought of indifference, and let all begin the year with the determination to stand by the banner of temperance, and thereby confirm the good; reform the bad, and thus secure the increasing happiness of our beloved country.

It is to be feared that on this very day, some who long since formed an artificial appetite, will listen to its unsatiated cravings, and freely use the destructive beverage. The swift lightnings of retributive justice are preparing. Already the springs of life are poisoned; a sin unto death has been committed, and repentance could not avert the consequences resulting from a violation of the laws of nature. A lying prophet has caused them to err; they themselves then prophesied of good to come, but it came not. They said "I will seek it yet again," and now is heard, by those who understand the voice of sacred truth, the terrible message—"This year thou shalt die." It is true, mercy may be sought, and pardon found, but it is not to be forgotten that in *holy scripture* we read, "nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God." It is enough to make one sad, and weep tears of melancholy bitterness, to think, on grounds not easily refuted, that during this year 1852, a thousand drunkards must end their sinful career in Canada alone. Most of these not unwarned, and many tried to break the chain of delusive folly, but it was too late, and die they must. O God, be merciful to these sinners, and you, friends of freedom, godly-christian freedom, try to save them from the awful danger to which they stand exposed. Surely, as we said above, there is work enough to do;—let us then be up and at it.

We cannot conclude this initiatory sketch for the new year, without adverting to the traffic and those engaged in it. We suppose a good deal of the happiness of the rum-seller consists in the amount of the liquor he sells, and proportion of profits he may secure. That is, in the same ratio that others are made miserable, and prepared for future woe—he is happy. It seems incredible, that selfishness so gross should disfigure our boasted civilization. But so it is—and worse than this. Our churches are not pure. That pew is polluted with human blood, where the drunkard maker sits. He may chant his part, and pay his tithes, and say soft words, or chosen phrase of sentimental orthodoxy, but it is a vanity and vexation of spirit. Upon that church the blessing comes but limited and far between. For thus saith the Lord, "Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I

cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth: they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you, yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear; your hands are full of blood." And in view of this evil, to whatever extent it exists, and wherever it may be found, we can only give again the command of God, "Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment; relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." It is bad enough for any man to be engaged in a business that tends only to ruin and destroy his fellow-beings, but for a *religious* man to do so, is inexpressibly horrible, although we doubt not, it has the fullest approbation on the part of the prince of darkness. Be it known unto these men, that we shall vigorously wage war against the traffic, as connected with the churches of the land. We are bound in principle to seek its overthrow everywhere, but while ecclesiastical bodies are tainted with the murderous vices of making and selling strong drink, we shall find our efforts greatly impeded, and the final victory postponed.

If on this New Year's day, we could speak to every rum-seller in the land, we should say, 'desist from your unhallowed business;' by the tears and wailings of widows and orphans, desist; by the anticipated and certain destruction of your friends and neighbors, desist; by the love of God and man, we beg you desist—by every motive which can be considered as relating to heaven or hell, we entreat you to give up the business of selling strong drink. Friends of the Temperance cause, renew your covenant engagements. We may hope to succeed according to our zeal and exertions. The cause cannot fail, but we may be lukewarm and comparatively useless. Continue your subscription to the *Canada Temperance Advocate*. You will be greatly strengthened by constantly reading its pages, and you may do more. Our subscription list could easily be doubled, each person now taking the *Advocate* could, without much labor and without any expense, induce another friend or neighbor to take it. You wish us a happy New Year; our happiness would be greatly increased if we had the gratification of addressing in every issue, ten thousand instead of five thousand paying subscribers. Who responds, who agrees? Ten thousand subscribers to the *Canada Temperance Advocate*. These we can have with only small exertion. We are at our post. Every subscriber shall have more than his money's worth. For an old friend we bespeak your co-operation; and now—a happy New Year to the *Canada Temperance Advocate*.

### Streams from Temperance Springs.

From the *Temperance Telegraph* of St. John, N. B., we make the following extract. It is only a part of a most valuable editorial, but we have no room for more. Let what is given be read attentively:—

Brave men are banding together to destroy the Moloch of Intemperance. After vain attempts to snatch his victims from his grasp by merely moral means, they have resolved to board the monster in his den. The agonizing cry of the mother as she beholds the death-throe of her starving child; the frantic yell of the rum-mad maniac; the scalding tears of the widow and the fatherless; crowded gaols, workhouses and pauper-houses; heavy taxes and public burdens bear concurrent testimony against a vice that has no parallel—a traffic that has wrought more evil than all the wars, plagues and famines, that have devastated the earth from the beginning of time to the present day. The masses have been aroused to the magnitude of the evil. They have traced it to its source and they have resolved to execute stern vengeance on the

oppressor; and soon the old world will be amazed at the boldness and success of a plot which will have placed the new world as far before it in the race of moral glory as it is now behind it in point of material greatness. Yea, the dynasties of a thousand years; the time honored and hoary nations, who date back to the age of the Caesars and beyond that to a more remote antiquity, have to learn great lessons in ethics and in political economy from a people of *yesterday*, and no wonder.—Respecting no customs, maxims, forms nor opinions as respectable or authoritative from their antiquity; acknowledging no hereditary right in any sect or class to think for, judge, direct or govern them; but early trained to consult their own good and the nation's welfare, the American people have only to be convinced of a wrong to adopt the remedy.

Side by side in geographical position, it is to be hoped that we will advance with them shoulder to shoulder in every good and righteous work. With respect to the struggle *now* going on, we are on the alert; more than that—we have taken the field and are resolved not to give up while there is a drunkenery to be found in all our wide domain. Petitions to the Legislature are in course of signature, praying for the total prohibition of the liquor traffic. They are, we hope, in the hands of trusty men—alive to the fearful consequences of the trade they seek to abolish, impressed with the responsibility that rests upon them to do all in their power to swell the lists of the petitioners and otherwise promote the success of a measure so essential to the happiness and well-being of the community. Let them but be faithful to the good cause, faithful to themselves, faithful to their families, faithful to their country, faithful to their God, and fearless of the devil, and the day will come when their labours will be crowned with success, and they will witness their full fruition in the deserted groggeries, the tenantless poorhouses and prison houses; in the increased wealth, comfort, happiness and respectability of our citizens, and in the diminished assessments for the support of paupers, debtors, prisoners and lunatics. Strike, then, friends, —strike for love of God and man! Strike for your wives and little ones!! Strike *home* for life and liberty!!!

The *Watchman* (Toronto) of Dec. 8th, contains a good article on the traffic, being a call to effort on the part of teetotalers. The writer demands a recognition of the *whole* of our claim respecting the abolition of the traffic, but recommends that we make the best use we can of the laws we now possess. But the *ultimatum* must be energetically sought for by every lawful means. We append the following remarks from our watchful coadjutor:—

This is precisely the view we take of the existing license law. As an *ultimatum*, temperance men can never rest satisfied, while, by a provincial statute, one man is authorised to sell an extensive amount of liquor to another. Nothing short of the repeal of our license laws can meet the case. Yet it were extreme rashness, for the friends of temperance to reject the means of restricting the traffic in strong drinks, afforded by the present law. That the sale of this *liquid fire* is a great evil, no temperance man will question. And who, we ask, will allow destruction in any form, to rage uncontrolled, because his reign may not be subverted at once? Or what Son, or friend of Temperance, will quietly submit to have the work of distributing license to sell strong drinks, entirely at the control of the patrons of Bacchus?

Our readers are well aware that the *present License Law* in Canada, places the *cure* in the hands of the inhabitants of each town or township. Elect temperance men to the offices of City and Township Councillors and they will have it in their power to reduce the numbers of licensed houses *indefinitely*. Appoint proper persons to the office of Inspector of License, and another important point will be gained.

To this subject we deem it necessary to direct special attention at the present period; as the time for the appointment of Aldermen, Councillors, and Inspectors of License, has almost arrived. With such large temperance organizations as exist in Canada, much may be accomplished. And we hold it as an *immutable* principle, that every man is responsible for the existence of an evil, just in proportion to the means at his command for its prevention. Temperance associations have it in their power to do much, to circumscribe the soul-destroying traffic in strong drinks; and if they slumber, when the interests of society are imperilled, the Judge of all the earth will require the blood of the slain at

their hands. Not a week passes but the public Journals furnish accounts of victims crushed by alcoholic drinks. The means of their destruction has been sold as an article of merchandize; and if the sale be continued, similar results will be chronicled next year. Will not the tales of woe—the suicides, the murders, the angry, sh-riven hearts, the loss of souls, which rest as a foul blot on the records of the past year, plead effectually with Temperance men to interpose between multitudes of others and similar catastrophes?

We have occasionally seen a number of the *Christian Mirror*, published somewhere in Upper Canada. While it professes to be devoted to the interest of religion, we understand from the *Watchman*, that the editor has been at considerable pains to damage the order of the Sons of Temperance. Of course they will prosper for all that, but it is a melancholy thing to see men claiming to be Bible Christians above their fellows, writing and uttering the stupid stuff we sometimes see or hear. Take the following sanctimonious paragraph as a specimen:—

“Church members associating with those who are not church members in “doing good” But I confess I am a little particular about what kind of good it is that I am called on to do in connection with men in the flesh. If they snatch, borrow, or steal away part of a great principle included in my Master's laws, for themselves into a rigid association based wholly upon worldly views, mix this fraction of christianity with a hundred or a thousand human trappings, and by such means attempt to do what I am as a Christian bound to do,—then ask me to do such “good” with them better than I can do it in the church of Christ—I say, my brother, there is too much enterprise and too little faith in all this for my weak constitution. Nay, I believe it dishonors the great Master.”

In answer to this we quote a portion of a judicious article contained in the *Watchman*. It is worthy of a place in our columns, and we may just observe with becoming pride, that our small streams this time, all flow from *British American Temperance Springs*, which are by the way never dry:—

That the Church is under obligation to do the very work the Sons are associated to accomplish, is unquestionable. Nor less so the assertion that the Church has never yet done her duty in this respect. There are a few in the several denominations of professed christians who labor assiduously to subvert (we do not say drunkenness, but) the drinking usages of society; the majority, meanwhile, remaining in complete apathy; while quite a sprinkling, either manufacture, or sell, or use intoxicating drinks as a beverage. He is the writer of the above objectionable, unjust and illogical extract, ever taken into account the fearful fact, that one of the most difficult parts of the task allotted to Sons of Temperance, is to induce Church members to abandon their drinking habits? Is he not aware that if the decision be sought in the habits of the majority, the balance of influence, so far as the Church is concerned, is in favor of the drinking usages? Admitting the correctness of the principle of Total Abstinence on the one hand, and the correctness of our contemporary's reasoning on the other, it would appear a matter of fearful responsibility, if not of actual guilt, to belong to a church whose members patronized the drinking usages—a conclusion so manifestly wrong that a single glance detects the fallacy. How differ our contemporary's style of reasoning from the Apostle Paul's conduct—“I have become all things to all men, that I might by all means save some.”

He says farther, “Can Christians consistently join a worldly association for the purpose of doing the good that they are obligated to do as members of Christ's Church?” On this we observe, the position is false. If benevolence be a worldly principle, it is likewise a scriptural principle; and our whole association is based on benevolence. In reply to the above question, we answer decidedly, in the affirmative. For, as members of the Church, christians are under obligation to do many things which, if done at all, must be done in worldly associations. And if the Church as a body, will not undertake a particular branch of benevolent enterprise, are members who appreciate their duty, to bury their talents, rather than cast in their influence with an association into which unconverted men are admitted? Certainly not,

Again, he says, “Are Christians to seek the moral welfare of Society upon principles no higher or holier than those institutions sanction and ordain?” In reply to this question, we would state explicitly—the Order of the Sons of Temperance “sanction and ordain” no principle contrary to the Holy Scriptures—its principles are decidedly scriptural. For Christians to seek the moral welfare of Society, upon scriptural principles, is undoubtedly just what their Divine Master requires of them.

The positions assumed by the *Christian Mirror* remind us of the Saviour's entrance to Jerusalem. The Disciples cried “Hosannah,” and the Pharisees said, “rebuke thy Disciples” But the Saviour replied, “If these should hold their peace the stones would immediately cry out.” To the Church God has committed the work of reforming the world—among other things to subvert the drinking usages of Society. In this respect the Church has failed to do her duty; and we have no hesitation in stating that God has raised up the Order of the Sons of Temperance and other similar organizations, for the purpose of carrying on this important branch of reform. Let opponents “take heed what they do, lest haply they should be found fighting against God.”

### The Canadian Son of Temperance and Literary Gem.

“If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.” He who addressed these words to the Romans know well the difficulty of always “living peaceably with all men,” for some he knew to be exceedingly “unreasonable;” and he said on another occasion, “there are many unruly and vain talkers and deceivers, specially they of the circumcision.” For ourselves, we have not had much reason to complain; for always cherishing a pacific disposition, we have, with few exceptions, received an honest and cheerful support and co-operation. We prefer no claims to infallibility, but, having used our best judgment in discerning the right, we have not hesitated to make that known, and have pursued an upright and independent course.

The readers of the *Canada Temperance Advocate* do not need to be informed that every organization intended to promote the Temperance reformation has received our hearty support. We have never professed to be the organ of any party, but whoever expressed a willingness to exert himself to rid our country of intemperance, has had our best wishes for his success. Any periodical established on right principles and designed to render aid to the cause in general, or any of its special associations, has been regarded by us as a fellow-laborer in a work that needed and deserved universal support. These things being established as facts, we were not a little surprised at the pompous arrogance and gratuitous assumptions of the Editor of the paper whose title we have given above. In his 21st number we find a “Notice” “to Divisions of Sons of Temperance.” This “Notice” has been issued in an “Extra” in connection with the prospectus of “Our New Volume.” It seems to be the learned Editor's desire to secure a large share of attention, and his wish will be gratified according to the extent of our circulation. There are many ways by which notoriety may be obtained. Some men act with such excessive meanness, that they are made notorious by expulsion from the society in which they sought undeserved honors, and then perhaps they strive to reach the utmost heights of fame's pinnacle by depreciating their superiors. These gentlemen generally find their level, which is very low in the scale of humanity. Gems they are in their way, but scarcely ever remunerate the skill of the lapidary.

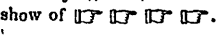
But to this “Notice.” Why has it attracted our notice? Because the writer claims support on grounds that are both false and fulsome. He opens his address with a cumbersome sentence which, although it may be constructively true, is really false, and is calculated to produce the full effect of falsehood. It thus reads,

"At a time when no other paper, advocating the doctrines and interests of our noble Order in Western Canada, was in existence, we \* \* \* commenced the publication of this periodical."—Then it appears from the next paragraph that "we" commenced a short time after, Dec. 1850. Now we shall go no further back in the examination of the files of the *Canada Temperance Advocate* than to the volumes for 1849 and '50, to prove that the above statement is not correct. "The doctrines and interests" of the Order of the Sons of Temperance were advocated and defended by us when our new fledged friend was straining his faculties to comprehend the "glorious uncertainty of the law." And not to be precise just now about dates, we affirm without fear of contradiction, that before the institution of a single Division in Canada, we introduced the principles of the Order, and recommended their adoption. Moreover, our representations of the objects and advantages of the Order, prepared the way for its introduction into Canada. It happens to be true that our publishing office is not in "Western Canada," but it is well known that our chief circulation has always been in that section of the province, and the senseless claim to "priority," in any respect, on the part of the "*Gem*," will, we believe, be fully appreciated by our old and long tried friends in Upper Canada.

Of the circulation of the *Canadian Son*, we have no need to say anything. It may double again in six months, and not be troublesome to mail;—but as to the number of readers, our contemporary makes large pretensions. Only think 20,000 readers of 2000 copies. To make this system of Arithmetic trustworthy, a large allowance must be made for the liberality of purchasers in becoming lenders, and to utter it, exhibits a large bump of self-esteem. Of this quality certainly there does not appear to be any deficiency. "It has ever been our rule in life to do what we did openly and manfully," &c. We venture to say that the sentence we have italicised looks backward; it smells of self-justification. Before the *Canadian Son of Temperance* was thought of, the writer had a "rule in life." We do not wish to know what it was. He had "a rule." It might be crooked. Some there were who thought so. Now he has a press and types. Revenge is sweet. He may hide behind a Division of the Sons.

"Willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike." Is not this mockery—this "rule in life?" with "emblems of the Sons" and "mettles emblazoned." It is worse than mockery—it is insult. The Sons of Temperance have never authorized this pedantic puffery. It is nauseous. "No meddling course has been taken, or cringing in this paper!" Is not that an insinuated imputation? "No under-handed or shuffling measures have ever been or shall be resorted to," &c. Who blows that trumpet? "Not subservient to any little clique." Oh! but that is irony! Now really we cannot pretend to guess where the "*Gem*" designed to fix the point of his "fiery dart;" of course it is somewhere in "Western Canada." It cannot harm us, and we have greatly miscalculated the common sense of Western Canada, if it harms any body.

In the regular issue of the "*Son*" and "*Gem*," "full particulars" of the new volume were promised, but in the extra concerning "our new volume," it is said, "We have not determined upon the exact plan of the paper as yet." "We may safely say that no periodical ever published in Canada of the kind we publish, was offered for a less sum!" Cheap for "the kind we publish," without any exact plan. Certainly, not very exact, and as to cheapness, that depends on character and quality. We could say a little about cheapness, but comparisons might be considered odious, and we are quite willing to allow the public to exercise a

candid judgment, without a flourish of trumpets or a self-raised show of .

For the present we take our leave of the "*Literary Gem*." If we have said one word that looks like self-adulation, it is not because we are troubled with any superfluity of self esteem;—of this our numerous readers can bear witness. But in self-defence a man may sometimes place before his friends a few plain facts. We have no desire to stir up in the mind of any man unpleasant reminiscences concerning his rule of life, but we must protest against the vaunting pretensions of a doubtful genius, and rebuke the loftiness of an haughty aspirant for a degree of celebrity to which, on moral, intellectual, or economical grounds, he can lay no claim.

### The States and Provinces.

We have furnished from time to time, during the past year, a sufficient amount of information concerning the progress of thought and action in the United States, to satisfy every person, who has candidly considered the position of parties, and the advance of light, that the great Republic is every where moving for the abolition of rum-selling, and that such a business will not only cease to be bad in reputation, but that it must be put down by the force of law, and the stern hand of justice. Those who are convinced of this, cannot fail to see another important fact, which is, that the condition and destiny of the British Provinces, is inseparably connected with that of the neighbouring people. We may remain politically independent, but neither country can be altogether morally independent. The United States abolishing the traffic, renders it imperative on the authorities of the Provinces to abolish the traffic also, and now that the Union is rising against the rum business, the Provinces must agitate and rise against the business also. Any one acquainted with the frontiers of the two countries, must be aware of this and the idea we wish to impress on the minds of our readers, is easily susceptible of illustration. For instance, we remember, something less than two years ago, being on the Canadian frontier, where it is bounded by the State of Vermont. Vermont had voted no license. Liquor might be got there secretly, but a regular spree could not be indulged in, without endangering the peace and property of the vender of the liquor. One of these pests of the country, a travelling menagerie visited the frontier towns of Canada, and those who, like ourselves, happened to be in the locality, will painfully remember the thirsty Yankees, who poured into the village, not to see the lions and tigers, and tomfools, for these they had in their own town a day or two before, but they came into our free country, that they might guzzle our grog without restraint. This they did, and a mighty row they made. If we had voted no license, the restraints would have been reciprocal. When they go for abolition, we must go for abolition, and there must be a true and moral reciprocity of action to root out the idolatry of the lands.

Every one has heard of the State of Maine, and her effort to destroy the destroyer. A part of this State borders on New-Brunswick, and some of the poor sots and moderate drinkers, who inhabit the frontier towns of Maine, must needs pass over the boundary, and indulge their appetite for drink. Thus the glorious law of Maine is neutralized, and rendered ineffectual. The New-Brunswick Sons and friends of temperance, must agitate for the Maine law in their own territory. In the *Temperance Telegraph*, published in St. John's, N. B., we have some extracts from the Journal of the G. W. P. of New-Brunswick. The

cause is onward, and the divisions generally prosperous. Petitions to the legislature are in circulation, involving the principle of the Maine law, and are very numerous and most respectably signed. In the course of the worthy G. W. P.'s journalistic sayings, he refers to the mutual embarrassments of the two countries, while the laws are discordant and conflicting. The frontiers of the British Provinces, must have the appearance of regular groggeries, and our own people, by association with the gross forms of vice, will not become less vicious. We give the following quotations from the Journal:—

"Tuesday, 18th November.—Delivered a public address this evening in St. Stephen, in the Sons of Temperance Hall; and was favored with a pretty large and attentive audience; as it respects the state of the cause here, I do not wish to speak positively. The number of retail Liquor Stores and Taverns is immense in proportion to the population, but it must be borne in mind that under the operation of the *Maine Law*, this Village, as well as our whole frontier is likely to be turned into *our general rum shop* for the drinking men of that State; and when it is remembered that they have but to cross the Bridge, drink their fill, and then stagger back to Calais with their cargo,—there being no provision in the statute against the importation of liquor in *human barrels*,—it will be clearly seen that all the drunkenness observable is not attributable to the people of the British side."

Under the date of Nov. 20th, the G. W. P. makes the following sensible remarks on which we shall make no comment:—

"If our Laws regulating—or rather prohibiting the Traffic in intoxicants, were once assimilated to those of Maine, St. Stephen would be one of the first places in which its beneficial influence would be felt. In the present posture of affairs, the British and American side, mutually embarrass each other. Nevertheless the Maine Law is energetically and faithfully enforced; and in some recent cases it has proved a powerful preventive to the introduction of smuggled Liquor into the Province."

### Notices Respecting Contemporaries, &c.

The *American Temperance Magazine*, edited by General Cary is again presented to the notice of our readers. The December number is laid upon our table, and its contents are, as usual, rich and racy. The portraits of J. B. Gough, and P. M. Gally are splendid embellishments, and we have, in addition, a neat engraving, which represents a view of the Industrial Temperance Home, at the Five Points, New York. The biographical sketches are good, and the zeal evinced by the subjects thereof, worthy of imitation. The article entitled, "Unequal Yoking," by Leroy M. Lee, D.D., is peculiarly excellent, and clearly shows how dangerous it is for young women to form a matrimonial alliance with men of intemperate habits, or moderate drinkers. We mention also the article of E. C. Delavan on "The Liquor Trade," as worthy of its place. We are much pleased with the sketch of the history of the rise and progress of the Industrial Temperance Home. This number closes the first volume of this valuable auxiliary. It has reached a circulation of five thousand, and is worthy to be supported by five times that number of persons, or families. We again wish success to the enterprise.

The *Young Reaper* is the title of a small monthly, published by the New England Sabbath School Union. It has hitherto been conducted by H. S. Washburn, but will hereafter be edited by Rev. Alfred Colby. It is a very interesting juvenile periodical.

The *Missionary and Sabbath School Record*, published by J. C. Becket, for the Canada S. S. Union, ought to be in the hands of all Sabbath School children who are able to read it. It is always full of well selected matter, interesting and appropriate. A pictorial number is to be issued, gratis to all those who subscribe and pay for 1852. The price is only one shilling a year, in ad-

vance, and who cannot spare that small sum, for the interest and benefit of their children? Subscribe early, and get the Pictorial number, which you will think worth the shilling.

The *Fourth Supplemental Number* of the *Montreal Witness*, has just made its appearance, and contains a great variety of very useful and interesting matter. The enterprising Editor and Proprietor promises six supplements for 1852, if the subscription list comes up to his wishes. The *Witness* is ably conducted, and true as the sun to the time of day, in reference to the temperance cause.

### The British Provinces.

In consequence of the new postal arrangements between the provinces, by which newspapers pass free of postage, a favorable opportunity is presented for the circulation of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*. For the small sum of half a dollar, the friends of the cause in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, and Newfoundland, may now obtain a great amount of instruction and information. We have no desire to curtail the circulation of the excellent papers that are published in these provinces, but as we shall take pleasure in recommending them to the notice of our Canadian readers, we trust we may anticipate a large accession of subscribers from all parts of British North America. We shall be happy to receive the names of persons who are willing to act as our agents, and those who may read this notice and are not yet subscribers, may rely upon it, that while we shall be glad to receive their subscriptions, we shall strive to give them a certain recompense, in the form of sound and useful reading matter. See *Prospectus* for 1852 on first page.

N. B.—We shall send this number of the *Canada Temperance Advocate* to several ministers and gentlemen in the lower provinces, and hope to receive their orders and assistance.

### A New Division.

In the present number, we can do no more than announce that a second Division of the "Sons" has been formed in Montreal. F. J. Barnard, W. P.

### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

At the suggestion of several friends, and in consequence of the excellent order in which the post office department is now placed, by which we are apprised by the different post masters whether or not our papers remain in the office, instead of being taken out by the subscribers, we have resolved to continue to send the two first numbers of the *Advocate* to all past subscribers, that our agents may have the better opportunity of exerting themselves in aid of the *Advocate*, and that those who may have a wish to continue, and may not have had an opportunity of informing us of the same, may not be disappointed.

### Obituary.

It is our melancholy duty to record the death of one of the contributors to this Journal, Barbara Marr, wife of David Lawson, Esq., Carleton Place. She died, December 16, in the 38th year of her age, after a short but painful illness of seventeen days, which she bore with the faith and resignation of a Christian. She lately contributed the three following tales to the *Advocate*:—The Fisherman—The Tavern-keeper's Family—and, The Evening Glass of Toddy. These shew that she possessed talents of a high order, which she was willing to employ in advancing every benevolent and laudable enterprise. She has been removed in early life, leaving bereaved relations and friends to mourn her depar-

ture! May every one, possessed of talents like hers, improve them as she did; for in such bereavements as these the warning is given, "Occupy, till I come."

### The Question Answered.

(To the Editor of the C. T. Advocate.)

Sir,—In your last number you ask "shall the Advocate be sustained?" Certainly, by all means. The Temperance community are under peculiar obligations to sustain it. It is remarkably cheap, it is well got up, it is deserving of patronage, it will repay perusal, it is the untiring friend of every section of the Temperance army, and it ought to be more extensively circulated through the length and breadth of Canada. For several years I have recommended it. I very rarely make a speech or deliver a lecture on Temperance without calling attention to its claims. And in private circles I pursue the same course. Many of the friends of the Temperance cause act very inconsistently in not supporting the Temperance press. In every family, favorable to Total Abstinence principles, the *Advocate* should be found. The young should be encouraged to read it, and many who have friends in England, might circulate it there, and thus extend the good cause. Mr. Becket deserves well of the public in furnishing so useful a publication on his own responsibility. Gratitude, consistency, benevolence, require its support. And I pity the family, who, for so trifling a consideration, will not aid in its extensive diffusion. I have often heard objections to the paper, but they are not deserving of notice. As one entirely disinterested, and yet in some measure known to the Temperance community, I say support the *Advocate* by all means. Friends of Temperance; awake to renewed exertion. Now is the time for active efforts. There is much to be done, and to be done by you. Bestir yourselves. Put on your armor. Go forth to battle. Resolve to conquer.

JAMES T. BYRNE.

Whitby, 10th Dec., 1851.

**A CORONER'S OPINION ON THE QUANTITY OF BEER NECESSARY TO MAKE A MAN STUPID.**—At the adjourned inquest held at Bicester, on the 10th ult., relating to the accident on the Buckinghamshire line of Railway, James Doctor, a fireman in the employ of the London and North West Railway Company, was proceeding with his evidence, when the coroner, addressing the audience, remarked that it was clear to his mind that he had been drinking, and was not in a fit state to give his evidence on a solemn inquiry touching the deaths of no less than six fellow-creatures. The witness denied that he had tasted drink. The coroner: "Your conduct and demeanour indicate the contrary, and I think you had better be taken into the custody and care of the summoning officer—Mr. Goble—until you are sober. At present you are a great discredit to the company which employs you and to yourself." The jury concurred, and the witness withdrew, in the charge of Mr. Goble. Subsequently Mr. Wagstaff interrupted the proceedings, on behalf of Doctor, upon whom the coroner's remarks had fallen. A surgeon had been sent for, and was of opinion that the man's confusion arose from the blow on the head he received at the time of the accident, from which he had not recovered. He was a man of sober character. The coroner: "The man confessed to having drunk something to-day." Mr. McConnell: "Yes, sir, he admits having drunk a pint of strong beer." The coroner: "Quite enough to make any of us stupid I think."

### MARRIAGES.

Kingston—22nd ult, by Rev C Lavell, Private H Webb, Rifle Brigade, to Miss E. Thompson.  
 Melbourne—Nov 15, by Rev Wm Scott, Mr James Robinson, of Windsor, C. E. to Miss Chloe A Frye, of the same place.  
 Quebec—9th ult, by Rev Dr Cook, Mr George M Cornwall, Printer, to Letitia Gray, eldest daughter of Mr Wm Penney.  
 Shipton—9th ult, by Rev Wm Scott, Mr Charles Scott, to Miss Mary Mitchelson.

### DEATHS.

Norton Creek—15th ult, suddenly, aged 27 years, Mary Jane Smith, wife of Mr Adam McGilton, and only daughter of Mr R Smith, Quebec.

### PRODUCE PRICES CURRENT.

		Monday, Dec. 15, 1851.	
Ashes, Pots, per cwt.	- - -	24 3 a	24 7½
Pearls,	- - -	25 6 a	00 0
Flour, Canada Fine, per brl.	- - -	00 0 a	00 0
Superfine, No. 2	- - -	00 0 -	17 6
Superfine No. 1	- - -	00 0 -	18 0
Fancy and Extra Superfine	- - -	00 0 -	18 6
Oshawa Plough,	- - -	- - -	none.
Sour,	- - -	16 0 -	16 3
American Superfine in bond	- - -	00 0 -	0
INDIAN MEAL, 196 lbs.	- - -	12 6 -	13 0
CATMEAL, per 224 lbs.	- - -	20 0 -	00 0
GRAIN, Wheat, U. C. mixed, 60 lbs.	- - -	3 9 -	3 10
Red,	- - -	3 6 -	3 9
L. C. Red,	- - -	- - -	none.
BARLEY, per minot.	- - -	2 9 -	0 0
OATS,	- - -	1 6 -	0 0
PEASE, White,	- - -	1 8 -	0 0
INDIAN CORN, 56lb	- - -	- - -	none.
PROVISIONS:—			
BEEF, Mess, per brl	- - -	00 0 -	00 0
Prime Mess,	- - -	40 0 -	00 0
Prime,	- - -	30 0 -	31 3
Cargo,	- - -	00 0 -	17 6
PORK, Mess,	- - -	00 0 -	77 6
Prime Mess,	- - -	00 0 -	60 0
Prime,	- - -	00 0 -	50 0
Do. in bond, foreign ins.	- - -	00 0 -	00 0
Cargo,	- - -	0 0 -	00 0
BUTTER, inspected, No. 1,	- - -	0 0 -	0 7½
Do. No. 2,	- - -	0 0 -	0 5½
Do. No. 3,	- - -	0 0 -	0 5½
SOLE LEATHER—			
Best	- - -	0 10½ -	0 11
Middling	- - -	0 9½ -	0 11
Inferior	- - -	0 8½ -	0 11

### MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.—Friday, Dec. 26, 1851.

Wheat per minot, 4s 0d a 4s 6d; Oats, 1s 6d a 1s 8d; Barley, 2s 9d a 2s 11d; Peas, 2s 9d a 3s 0d; Buckwheat, 2s 0d a 2s 1d; Rye, 2s 9d a 2s 11d; Flaxseed, 4s 6d a 5s 0½d; Potatoes, per bushel, 1s 10½d a 2s 0d; Beans, American, 4s 0d a 5s 0d; Beans, Canada, 6s 0d a 6s 8d; Honey, 4d a 5d; Beef, per lb, 3d a 6d; Mutton, per qr, 2s 0d a 5s 0d; Lamb, 1s 6d a 3s 0d; Veal, per qr, 2s 6d a 10s 0d; Pork, per lb, 4d a 5d; Butter, Fresh, 7½d a 10d; Butter, Salt, 5½d a 6d; Cheese, 6d a 7½d; Lard, 4d a 7d; Maple Sugar, 5d a 4½; Eggs, fresh per dozen 10d a 11d; Turkeys, old per couple 5s 0d a 6s; Turkeys, young 4s 6d a 5s 0d; Geese, 2s 6d a 5s 0d; Fowls, 1s 8d a 2s 6d; Chickens, 10d a 1s 6d; Flour, per quintal, 10s 0d a 10s 3d; Oatmeal, 10s 6d a 11s 0d; Beef, per 100 lbs, 17s 6d a 25s 0d; Fresh Pork, per 100 lbs, 22s 6d a 25s 0d; Partridges, 1s 10½d a 2s 0d; Pigeons, tame, per couple, 6d a 7½d; Pigeons, wild per doz 0s 0d a 0s 0d; Woodcock, per brace 1s 6d a 1s 8d; Hares, 0s 0d a 0s 0d.—*Transcript, Saturday.*

## TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

THE PROPRIETOR of the EAGLE HOTEL, takes the opportunity of informing his Friends, Customers, and Public, that he is determined to OPEN a **TEMPERANCE HOTEL**, on the FIRST of MAY next, where all ACCOMMODATIONS will be afforded his Customers that ever has been before, except *Strong Drink*. He trusts that he shall not lose his Old Friends and Customers by the move; but that he shall gain Customers by the Temperance People who visit this city for pleasure or business—as he is determined to have his House kept *better* than it ever was before.

FRANCIS DUCLOS.

Montreal, April 14, 1851.



## TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

ST. ANDREWS.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs to inform the friends of Temperance and the public generally, that he has opened a TEMPERANCE HOTEL in this Village, and trusts by strict attention to the comfort of travellers, to make it a desirable resting place, and thereby merit a share of public patronage.

HUGH STEWART.

St. Andrews, Dec. 15, 1851.

## TEMPERANCE HOUSE,

Crook's Rapids, C.W.,

ON THE ROAD BETWEEN PERCY AND NORWOOD,

BY JOHN DRISCOLL.

Good accommodation for Travellers. N.B.—(Great) Food and Stabling.

## NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL, \$125,000.

THIS COMPANY has been organized in conformity with the Act of 1849. With an unlimited charter, confined to no District, State, or Country, it is the design of the Directors to make the Company what its name denominates, truly a NORTH AMERICAN COMPANY, and one that will sustain a reputation at home and abroad. For Mutual Safety, Rigid Economy, and strict and impartial justice to all,—with this view, and for the benefit of their policy holders in this Province, the Directors have appointed the undersigned a General Agent, to act for them in all matters pertaining to the business of FIRE INSURANCE that has been or shall be transacted by or in behalf of this Company in Canada East. And in accordance with this appointment, the undersigned has opened an Office in the Village of St. Andrews, Argenteuil, C. E., where he will attend to all business with the least possible delay. And his friends may rest assured that none but safe risks will be taken by this Company; and that the utmost caution and prudence will be observed in conducting its affairs.

The undersigned flatters himself that the following plan adopted by the Directors, will compare favourably with the plan of any other institution of the kind for MUTUAL safety:—

1st, In order more fully to secure the Farmers' interest in this Company, its business will be divided according to charter into two separate classes.

2nd, The only risk taken in the Farmers' department will consist of Farm property, generally, and isolated dwellings with their contents, of which not more than \$2000 shall be insured in one risk.

3rd, All other property insured in this Company is put into a separate class, each class pays its own losses, and the premium notes shall not in any case be assessed for the payment of any losses except in the class which they belong.

4th, The Company will be responsible for the correctness of all surveys made by its authorized Agents.

5th, This Company has no two thirds' clause, but will pay, in case of fire, the full amount of damage, not to exceed the amount insured.

6th, If a difference should at any time arise between the insured and Directors regarding any loss or damage sustained, may at the option of either party be determined by three disinterested persons, mutually chosen by the insured and the Directors in the County where said loss shall occur.

7th, Should there at any time be in the treasury a surplus fund not actually wanted for the payment of its losses and expenses, the same will be divided among the members in proportion to the amount by each paid in.

All communications should be addressed, *post-paid*, to the undersigned, ST. ANDREWS, ARGENTEUIL, C. E.,

A. A. GREEN, General Agent.

December 11, 1851.

## LIST OF AGENTS FOR ADVOCATE.

Abbottsford—O Stimpson  
Acton—Rev H Denny  
Albion—G Bolton  
Alianburgh—W Pennock  
Amhersburgh—A Bartlett  
Amherst Island—W Trulevan  
Amiens—Rev A Kennedy  
Ancaster—T Bishop  
Augusta—H McLean  
Aylmer—J S Clendinning and  
W E Murray  
Ayr—Robert Wylie  
Barnston—Rev J Greene  
Bath—James Edwards  
Bath—Ed Wright  
Bayham—O Wheaton  
Bayfield—Geo Dewar  
Beaconsfield—Alfred Bingham  
Bedford—S W Stone  
Belleville—M Sawyer  
Bellamy's Mills—Rev D  
M'Alcese  
Bentick—Geo Jackson  
Berlin—J B Bowman  
Beverly—Henry Soper  
Bloomfield—D Leavens and  
C J Williams  
Bondhead—C Wilson  
Bosanquet—N Eastman  
Bourneville—Rev J Climie  
Bradford—Thomas Driffield  
Bradford—H Wade  
Brighton—R C Struthers and  
John Sherwood  
Brock—Jas Brebner  
Brookville—John Andrew and  
N Hopkins  
Brome—H N Jackson  
Brooklin—S M Thomas  
Bronx—Chas Sovereign  
Brougham—G Bell  
Brucefield—W McMillan  
Buckingham—O Larwell, sen  
Burford and Springfield—W  
Miles  
Burrill's Rapids—R Breckan-  
ridge  
Bytown—Rev W Hewitt  
Carillon—W Lamb  
Caledon—Saml Johnston  
Caledonia—A C Buck  
Camden East—W H Clarke  
Campbell's Cross—T Falconer  
Canboro'—John Formsbee  
Carlton Place—G Dunnett  
Centreville—J N Lapum  
Centreville, C W—J Crooker  
Chalottenburgh Front—J  
Craig  
Chatham, C W—H Verrall  
Cheltenham—Alex M'Laren  
Cherry Valley—Rev G Miller  
Chinguacousy—J Wilkinson,  
sen  
Chippawa—J W Fell  
Churchville—R Pointer  
Clarence—Rev J Edwards  
Clarke—W T Boate  
Clarenceville—T G Brainerd  
Clyneborough—Thos Farr  
Coleman's Corners—B Cole-  
man  
Cobourg—W Hargraft and B  
G Stewart  
Colborne and Haldimand—Jos  
Day and W Easton  
Columbus—Robert Ashton  
Coldwater—R Miller  
Colchester—S Her  
Cooksville—H F Magee  
Cook's Rapids—J Driscoll  
Coteau Landing—J Wood &  
R Aird  
Cornwall—W Mattice  
Cowansville—P Cowan  
Crowland—Jesse Yokom and  
G W Cook  
Credit—J Andrews  
Cumberland—E Petrie  
Cumminsville—R Mathews  
Danville—J P Stockwell and  
Rev A J Parker  
Darlinton—W Williams, A  
Fletcher & Rev J Climie  
Delaware—D Tiffany  
Demorestville—J Howell  
Dickenson's Landg—G Parkis  
Doon Mills—D Kribs  
Dorchester—T Putnam and R  
Craik  
Drummondville—Rev W Wil-  
kinson and John Shugg  
Dunham Flats—C S Vincent  
Dundas—John Ware  
Dunnville—J R Brown  
Earnestown—C W Miller  
East Farnham—R Hutchins  
Eaton—Rev A Gillis  
Easton's Corners—W Hutton  
Edwardsburgh—J A Bailey  
Ekfrid—Rev T Brown  
Elora—J Middleton & D Kribs  
Elgin—H B Marvin  
Embros—G C Groat  
Eramosa—Rev R J Williams  
and John Parkinson  
Erin—W Tyler  
Errol—James Moffatt  
Escott—N Prickey  
Euphrasia—W Rorke  
Farmersville—W Landon  
Fergus—J Watt  
Fingal—E Wilkon  
Flamboro' East, English Set-  
tlement—Job Morsom  
Flos—J Yates  
Four Corner's, Hungerford—  
S B Shipman  
Frankfort—M B Roblin, H  
Brundige  
Fredericksburgh—J E Turner  
Frelighsburgh—J H Smith  
Galt—James Russell  
Gananoque—R Brough  
Georgetown, C W—PW Dayfoot  
Glanford—G Smith  
Glen Morris—D Weir  
Goderich—George Bissett  
Gosfield—A Brunar  
Granby—W B Vipond

- Grafton, C W--H Page  
 Grimsby--D Palmer  
 Guelph--G W Allen and Rev R J Williams  
 Hallowell Mills--John Carley  
 Hamilton and Bartonville--P T Ware  
 Haldimand--John Wilson  
 Harwick--D Fraser  
 Hawkesbury--John Lamb  
 Haysville--A Allison  
 Hemmingford--John Ray  
 Hick's Corners--B Peck  
 Hillier--W K Forsyth  
 Holland Land'g--A Jakeway  
 Hornby--Rev J Clarke & W R Boomer  
 Howard--Geo O Rushton  
 Humber--W Hewgill  
 Hungerford--M Caton & Rev J Dix  
 Huntingdon--J Knox and Rev P D Muir  
 Huntly--G Graham  
 Ingersoll--R Wright  
 Innisfil--W Climie & A Ross  
 Jordan--S Secord  
 Kemptville--R Leslie  
 Kenyon--D Cattenach  
 Kilmarnock--J Telford  
 Kingston--Portsmouth & Barriefield--S Chown; E Stacy; Waterloo--J F Ward; Glenburnie--E Waggoner; Portland--H M Kim  
 Kingston--6th Concession--J Graham  
 Kitley--H Holmes  
 Lachine--  
 Lanark--Jas Dick  
 Lancaster--W M Lean  
 Lachute--S Orr  
 Leeds--W Hargrave, Rev W Hulbert  
 Lennoxville--C Brooks  
 Lindsay--R McL Purdy  
 Lloydtown--S Robertson  
 Lobo--Rev Mr Wilkinson  
 Lochaber--G W Cameron  
 London--J Fraser, W Begg, and D T Ware  
 L'Orignal--J W Marston  
 Louisville--W A Everitt  
 Lower Ireland--R Cobban  
 Lowville--Peter Cline  
 McKillop--Thos Sprout  
 Madoc--G A Olmsted, and D Campbell  
 Manningville--W Cantwell  
 Markham--M M Braithwaite and Thos Wilson  
 Marshville--M Graybiel  
 Martintown--J J Kellie  
 Mariposa--John Dix  
 Matilda--J A Carman  
 Melancthon--Henry Bates  
 Melbourne--Rev Wm Scott  
 Merrittsville--James Wright  
 Merrickville--W B Putnam  
 Mersea--J Sheldon  
 Middleton--D C Swazy  
 Millbrook--M Knowlson  
 Millcreek--P S Timmerman  
 Milton, CW--R Wilmot  
 Mitchell--F Coleman  
 Mohawk--A Townsend  
 Moira--G Embury  
 Mono--R M Kim  
 Morven--F Kellar  
 Mosa--J J Archer  
 Moulinette--P Tait  
 Mount Pleasant--W Best  
 Nanticoke--S G Haskett  
 Napanee--T Beeman  
 Nassagieweya--Jno Macklem  
 Nelson--A G M Coy  
 Newboro--H Rowsell  
 Newburgh--John Creighton  
 Newcastle--Jas Motley and W Hewson  
 Newmarket--R H Smith  
 Newport--T Smith  
 New Aberdeen--J Watson  
 Niagara--A R Christie  
 Normanby--W Wright  
 Normandale--Jacob Cope  
 North Augusta--J B Bellamy  
 North Huntly--D Moorehead  
 Norval--Jas Foster  
 Norwood--Saml Young  
 Norwich--Mr Bingham  
 Nottawasaga--J D Stephens  
 Oakland--Rev W Hay  
 Oakville--J W Williams  
 Oakwood--A A M Laughlin  
 Orillia--J Cuppage  
 Oumstown--W Lighthall  
 Orona--J L Tucker  
 Orangeville--Rev G Crosfield  
 Oro--W Parkin  
 Oshawa--Rev R H Thornton  
 A Farewell and G Burns  
 Osnabrock--J A Bochus  
 Otanabee--D McLeod  
 Otterville--D C Swayze  
 Owen Sound--G Newcombe  
 --Deby--A Finch  
 Pakenham--W Sutherland & J Brown  
 Palermo--Andrew Smith  
 Paris--J R Hill  
 Peel--John Haight  
 Pefferlaw--J Brebner  
 Pelham--J B Crow  
 Pembroke--Rev Mr Melville  
 Penetanguishene--R Buchanan  
 Percy--E S Sanborn  
 Perth--Jas Allan  
 Petite Nation--W Dickson  
 Peterboro--Thos Robinson  
 " Smithtown--I Milburn  
 Philipsburgh--Rev E S Ingalls  
 Pickering--W Dunbar  
 Picton--C Pier, W T Yarwood  
 Pigeon Hill--Jos Rhicard  
 Point Abino--A Schooly  
 Point Fortune--D Sinclair  
 Port Colborne--L Boardman  
 Port Hope--Morrice Hay  
 Portland, Johnston District--S S Scovill  
 Port Sarnia--A Young  
 Port Stanley--D Cameron  
 Port Robinson--S P Johnston  
 Port Dalhousie--Robt Abbey  
 Port Dover--M C Nickerson  
 Preston--J W Bergey  
 Prescott--W D Dickenson  
 Princeton--Thos Cowan  
 Quebec--G Mathison  
 Queenston--Mr Garnsey  
 " Stamford--A A Heaton  
 " St Davids--U Harvey  
 Rainham--I Root  
 Raleigh--H Verrall  
 Ramsay--J Menzies  
 Richmond--P McElroy  
 Richmond Hill--E Dyer  
 River Trent--H Brundige  
 Roslin--G Clapsaddle  
 Russell--W Hamilton  
 St Andrews--Chas Wales  
 St Johns--W Coote  
 St Thomas--H Black  
 St Catharines--L Parsons  
 St George, CW--W Smith  
 St Johns, CW--W W Milton  
 St Marys, Blanchard--W Moscrip  
 St Sylvester--S Orr  
 St Vincent--R McL Purdy & R Burchill  
 Sandhill--J Lowes  
 Scarboro--J Law  
 Seneca--A C Buck  
 Seymour East--T Arthur  
 Sharon--C Haines  
 Shannonville--Philip J Roblin  
 Silverhill--E Foster  
 Simcoe--J F Brown, C B Davis  
 Smith's Falls--R Bartlett  
 Smithville--Abishai Morse  
 South Monaghan--Jas Kerr  
 Spencerville--A Snider  
 Stanbridge East--S H Cornell  
 Stanley's Mills--J Sanderson  
 Stevensville--A J Hershey  
 Stewarttown--Rev J Clark  
 Stouffville--G Mortimer  
 Stratford--A F Mickle  
 Stoney Creek--Rev G Cheyne and Rev D Wright  
 Streetsville--J Glendinning jr  
 Sullivan--  
 Sutton--G C Dyer  
 Temperanceville--W Teeple  
 Thorald--Chas Cockburne  
 Three Rivers--W Ginnis  
 Thornhill--Jas Davis  
 Toronto--A Christie  
 Trafalgar--Jno Andrew  
 Tuckersmith--R Thwaites  
 Vankleek Hill--T H Higginson  
 Vaughan--W Rainey  
 Vienna--R N Cook  
 Vittoria--Rev A Duncan  
 Warsaw--T Choat  
 Waterford--C Merrill  
 Warwick--S Shepherd  
 Waterloo, CE--Dr R Parmalee  
 Wainfleet--W Farres  
 Walpole--J T Waggoner  
 Walsingham--Jas Grover  
 Waterdown--  
 Waterloo, CW--S Burkholder  
 Wellington--F O Payne  
 " Square--Rev A M Lean  
 Weston--J Pirritte  
 Westport--L G Bagg  
 West Huntingdon--Rev J Dix  
 Westminster--Jno Campbell  
 Westmeath--C F Bellows  
 West Flamboro--Rev J Clutton  
 West Farnham--J Bowker, jr  
 West Oxford--W Tripp  
 Whitby--J H Perry  
 Whitechurch--T C Appleton  
 Williamsburgh East--JR Ault  
 Williamstown--Jas Camming  
 Wilton--E Stibley  
 Williamsburg West--J W Rose  
 Windsor--John McCrae  
 Winchester--R H Rose  
 Woodstock--T S Shenston  
 Woolwich--E Woodward  
 Stanbridge East--J McNish  
 York Mills--Jas Davis  
 Zone Mills--W Webster  
 PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.  
 Charlottetown--J S Bremner  
 Crapaud--G Wigginton  
 NOVA SCOTIA.  
 Albion Mines--Dr Tremain  
 New Glasgow--J W Carmichael  
 Pictou--J D B Fraser

#### WINDSOR (FORMERLY ROSEBANK) NURSERY.

THE undersigned has upwards of 200,000 FRUIT TREES coming forward for the Market, comprising all the best varieties of Apples on Standard and Paradise Stocks; Pears on Standard and Quince Stocks; Cherries on Standard and Mahaleb Stocks; Plums, Peaches, Nectarines, Apricots, &c. Also, Grape Vines, Gooseberries, Currants, Raspberries, and Strawberries, of all the most approved sorts; together with Roses and Flowering Shrubs, and a fine assortment of Lilies, Hyacinths, Peonies, and other Bulbous and Herbaceous Flowers; and a very extensive and choice collection of named Tulips.

Orders, accompanied with the money, received during winter, will be carefully attended to, and safely forwarded in Spring. Orders may either be left with JOHN DOUGALL, Montreal, or sent to the Subscriber,

JAMES DOUGALL,  
 Windsor, C. W.