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# THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

TEMPERANCE IS THE MODERATE USE OF THINGS BENEFICIAL, AND ABSTINENCE FROM THINGS HURTFUL.

No. 9.

MONTREAL, JANUARY, 1837.

VOL. II.

## Selected Articles.

### History of the "Cogniac Club"

From the American Temperance Intelligencer

There are many living witnesses of the truth and authenticity of the following narrative. The place is near, the events recent; many of the individuals whose gloomy history is here narrated, are yet freshly remembered; may their fate prove a warning to others!

#### No. 1.

Mr. EDITOR,—I have thought with great pleasure of that feature of heaven intimated to us in the Scriptures, which will consist of whole families redeemed and presenting themselves before the Lamb, and constituting each a cluster of diamonds in his crown of glory, while each family will be a distinct corps in the army of the redeemed, "They go from strength to strength, each of them appeareth in Zion before God."

But there will be the awful contrast to all this in the families lost. They will go from stage to stage of depravity, and cluster will be joined to cluster as each shall fill up the measure of their iniquity, and go down to receive the wages of sin in the world of death. How dreadful it will be to these clusters of ruined souls, when they meet in the congregation of the damned, there to sin together, and sigh together, and weep together, and wail together, as a slow eternity shall be plodding by with its ages.

I have such a group in my eye, and with your leave will spread it out upon your pages, that young men and fathers may each be admonished to flee from the wrath to come, and lay hold on eternal life.

I tremble to enter upon the work, because it will hold me conversant with the retributions of heaven. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

The annals of depravity, replete as they are, with the most direful scenes, record not even in their darkest pages a tale more interesting and lamentable than the one which I am now to relate. The passions of men unrestrained by education and religion are always unworthy of creatures made in the image of their Maker. But when vice has broken through all these salutary checks, and the passions of men are curbed only by the

fligacy, they then become worthy of demons. But when *Rum* and *Brandy* lend their depraving, withering influence, the wreck of mind and character which succeeds, finds a parallel no where in the vast creation of God. But to my story.

There was formed in a neighbouring state thirty or forty years since, a social club, that took to itself the name which stands at the head of this article. Owing to the Temperance Reformation, and other causes, it long since found a grave, but while it lived, it was the curse of families, and a fruitful source of the tears of broken hearted mothers and widowed wives, where the tender sensibilities of the softer sex had not been destroyed by *Rum*, the monster of the age.

I shall, in giving you the history, use no man's proper name, nor observe any order in the narration, by which any but the men themselves, if they still live, and some few who may have been very intimate with the scene, shall be able to identify them. If in being honest I should wound unnecessarily the good feelings of any man, I stop here to ask forgiveness, and still having asked that forgiveness, let no man think that the writer calculates to be afraid to do his duty in this age of Temperance. If men will act wickedly and then expect that their sin will not find them out, they act on the dark and morbid hypothesis that the truth of God must fail. If men suppose that they are doing deeds, or saying words that never will be known, they should not forget the assurances of heaven, that a bird of the air shall carry the news, and that which hath wings shall tell it.

Besides, iniquity usually stereotypes itself. It is said, I believe, of a section of the family of Israel, "His sin is written with a point of a diamond in a rock." If ever this was true, it would seem that it must have been true in the case of the Cogniac Club. The amount of talent, and of wealth, and education and character that were expended and lost in that Club almost surpasses belief. Indeed, while I write the history, my highest fear is, that I shall sometimes suppress the truth, because the whole truth would not be believed.

The Club in its early history is believed to have been somewhat political, but it ac-

male community, whatever might be their views in politics.

Rum was their standard in every thing. He that would drink the largest quantity of Cogniac was the finest fellow; he that could best pitch the Bacchanalian song was their favorite, and he that could blaspheme most impiously, wore in their depraved estimation, the laurels of the bravo.

It was not from families depressed with poverty or sunk in vice that came the members of the Club, but from the most wealthy, honoured and respectable of the region, a circumstance which in that dark period of our history lent an additional incentive (where surely none was needed) to a vice which had almost driven forever away the weeping and lovely form of virtue.

I will now give you a short account of each of the members of the Cogniac Club.

A—, was one of the elder sons of a very reputable family. An education was lavished upon him, and he followed the profession of the law. His talents were more than ordinary, and he could with perfect ease have risen and shone. He had a noble chance to be elevated, and useful, and happy; had a good farm, a good name, a good business, a lucrative office, and what was better than all, a noble wife to throw around his character her protecting influence. But the Club sunk him down from his elevated station into a bar-room storyteller, lost him his office and his character, his mind, and his business, and brought him early to a drunkard's grave. Perhaps, never was a wife more faithful, or bore a heavier burden while she nursed him and watched him, a superannuated baby in quite early life. The early loss of his mind prevented the entire squandering of his estate. He had enough to the last of *this world's good*, and to spare, but was sadly provided for, for the future. He lived for many years a sour and unhappy man, and probably had no warning of his end, till he appeared before the Judge of the quick and the dead.

B—, a near relative of A—, was once a man of talents, and received a high share of respect. His business was formerly very prosperous. He has a pious wife and a fine family, and might live yet a score of years upon his little farm, had not the

his fortune wasting away, and his family unhappy, and his future destiny not very improvable. But my prayer shall be that the Lord may even yet have mercy upon his soul, and let him live to be a comfort and a blessing to his family.

C—, a man of fine talents and flattering prospects, was liberally educated and bred a Lawyer. He bid fair to become the first man in the state. But alas! he too entered the Cogniac Club, the grand acclama of corruption and vice; the vortex into whose greedy abyss sunk forever much of the talent, wealth and respectability of a whole town. He became habitually intemperate and shockingly profane—spent his days in drinking and his nights in gambling. He joined himself with a companion of a like stamp with himself, and *rioted* on his way to the grave. So intense was his profligacy that his godly father could not see him in his dying moments, because he would not hear his blasphemies. The two associates left each a son in their own likeness. One is lost, and the other is hopefully reforming. The two fathers found each a drunkard's grave. Associates in life, they were not divided in death. Fellows in sin, they are doubtless companions in misery.

D—, was a merchant of flattering prospects, married respectably, and might have lived long the pride and ornament of society. But his hopes were all blighted as with the mildew of death, by early joining the Cogniac Club, and of course becoming soon a debauched profligate. He soon became a military man, a circumstance which tended not a little to complete sooner the ruin which awaited him. The sanctuary he deserted for the halls of revelry, and business was forever exchanged for pleasure. The mind which might have blessed and thrown a charm of refinement about society now lost its vigor, in the wild ravings of the Delirium Tremens.—The form which shone with such a noble grace upon the martial field, was soon forever laid low in the drunkard's grave. His lovely wife first taken in mercy from the evil to come.

## No. II.

In pursuing my melancholy narrative of those unhappy victims, whose fortunes and hopes for this world and the next were all drowned in the fumes of the Cogniac, I must here mention one circumstance, as ending an additional horror to the scene. It is, that the members of the Cogniac Club, were almost entirely from families of the first rank in fortune and respectability.

When the last relict of the name and character of the already vicious and polluted becomes forever lost in intemperance, we cannot but deeply lament and regret it, be-

caused families—the sons of virtuous and worthy parents—men whose rank in life, and whose talents would have easily enabled them to stand high in the councils of the nation, or guide the helm of state, or teach their fellow men the way to happiness and heaven, sink lower, and still lower, till they become mere bar-room story tellers—the vigor of their minds and bodies forever withered and gone—it is then we are led to deprecate more loudly if possible, the evils of intemperance—that grand curse of human existence.

E—, the next in the dark catalogue, is yet living an aged and respectable man. It is true that he belonged to the Club, but he did not enlist for life, and very soon quitted them. One may truly say of him, that he escaped with the skin of his teeth. The wonder is, that he has been ever since a temperate drinker, and yet has seldom or never allowed himself to be overcome with strong drink. He has been upon the brink, but kind Providence has prevented him from plunging into the dark abyss beneath. He is a man of very correct moral deportment, a good member of society, and generous in the support of the gospel. He has filled some of the highest offices in the gift of the people of his state, and deserves well of the Church and the world. I love to linger in this place to do honour to the man, who stood where almost every other man fell. It was truly affecting, not long since, to hear him say to a young lawyer of high promise, who was beginning to think on his ways—*Now is your time sir: I have sinned away my day of grace, and hope you will not do as I have done.*

We have all tried to hope that the kind and gracious God who kept him safe, while scores fell at his side, and other scores at his right hand, will even yet conduct him to his house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. If I meet with other noble exceptions in examining the wounded and the dead on this field of the slain, I shall rejoice to note the merciful exceptions that a gracious Providence has made. Oh! that we could meet with cases like this oftener in the annals of intemperance; and when we do find them, we are almost led to believe that the days of miracles have not yet entirely gone by.

F—. He again is an honourable exception, and it will be many a moon before we meet with another. He was early enlisted in the Club, and met with it steadily for many years. But a pious wife and children hung about his neck, and held him back from a total shipwreck of fortune, family and character. We should be glad, if we could know assuredly, that a ship of Cogniac is not the motive that carries him still three

through a dark wood to the village where he used to meet his favorite Club.—And we should rejoice too, if kind heaven would give us some infallible assurance, that he shall not live to increase the dram till it obtains the mastery, and we will all unite to bless the preserver of this house forever, and say—“Strong is his hand, and mighty is his right hand.” We say all this with the warmest and kindest feelings to him and his family, and are impelled to say it, because some honest man may yet have to take the story up, where we leave it, and tell the rest; and we are unwilling to believe that the everlasting covenant that God has established with the companion of his bosom, and his beloved children, have no meaning under the providential government of God.

And now that we could here wind up the history of the Cogniac Club; but, alas! we have yet the darkest shades of this fearful picture to unfold.

G—, a son of very respectable parents, was an active young gentleman, fond of high life, and filled with the highest anticipations, but lived at the expense of his father and friends. He too joined the Club, and from that moment attended to no business, and by a process slow but sure, he became intemperate. Low vulgarity, that concomitant of rum, soon became engrafted on his character, and left him a wretched and a worthless thing. Finally he enlisted as a private soldier in the army—that nursery of profligacy and vice—and soon finished a wretched life—a sot.

H—. He too was a son of high and respectable parentage, and received a liberal education. The honours of Yale College were bestowed on him as one of their first scholars. Although a young man of intelligence and talents of the highest order, and although he was filled with the highest hopes that an ambitious mind could dream of—yet, after his education was completed, he was drawn into the Club. It had now become the high gate way to hell—was its ante-chamber. He married at length a lovely and respectable young lady, and removed to another town. But his appetite for strong drink having become fixed through the influence of the Club, followed him in his retreat. He abused the unhappy being who had leagued her fortunes with his, till she was obliged to leave him. She then sued for a divorce and obtained it. And now he gave himself up to commit iniquity with greediness, sunk down into a vagabond, and from this time moved on to perdition in the foremost rank of the degraded and thence lost. He enlisted in the army, and went down into the drunken soldier's grave highly titled, but the more tremendously lost. His divorced wife, worthy of a far better fa-

an eminent minister of Jesus Christ, now stationed in one of our New England Churches, and is a worthy help-mate in the great work of making the world sober and holy, with a husband who knows how to appreciate her worth. Here let me stop to say, that while the gospel is calculated and designed to elevate the female sex, and lift them to the place and invest them with the honours designed for them in the creation of God, the operation of brandy is to dishonour, and depress, and enslave, and destroy them, till the name of *wife and mother* are a reproach and dishonour, and go out in total darkness. Oh! when the aggregate number of wives that have been distressed and destroyed by rum, and of broken-hearted mothers who have gone down with sorrow to the grave, are reported in judgment, it will be felt to be the world's blot, and shame, and everlasting reproach, that no spirit of chivalry arose to rally round their persons, and protect their honours, and draw the virgin blade upon their destroyers.

Here chivalry would have found grants to cope with worthy of the war, who were spreading a broader destruction, and making a wider and wilder waste of beauty, and loveliness, and character, and worth, and hopes, than ever perished on the imagined fields of chivalry through all the years of story. It would seem surprising that in heathen lands, where are found all the generous properties of our nature, men did not rise to vindicate their wives and mothers, break down the prejudice of caste and custom, knock off the shackles that bound them for ages, and set them free. But the ingratitude of men in gospel times and countries, who can live at peace with the hordes of drunkards that infest christendom, and permit them to wage an interminable war with innocence and loveliness in our cities and villages, is a broader disgrace upon the family of man—the heathen had been bred in ignorance of God and his word, had never seen woman free and honoured as the mother of her children, and the mistress of her house. But in this land and age, the men that have witnessed these ruins, and connived at them, have known that women have better rights, and should be cherished and honoured. All this they have from the authority of God.

And here let me say, that the depravity and consequent brutality that, through the maddening influence of rum, was brought to bear on that community around the Cogniac Club, was the more outrageously dark and infernal in its character, because it spent its fury upon the loveliest community of females, as a whole, that I ever met with on so many acres of territory in any other spot of earth.

The exceptions to this remark were few

and far between. They were well educated and disciplined nobly for the duty of blessing their families, elevated in their principles, established well in their piety, and sweet in their manners. The very wives that were exposed to the boorishness of the Cogniac Club, were worthy of palaces, and some of them would not have done dishonour to the robes of royalty. And I say all this most sincerely. Many a time, while witnessing all this worth in the females of that town, have I thought of those lines of the poet,

"Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,  
"For native rage and native fear,  
"Rise and forbid delight"

Facts were developed in the case of H—— which should be written, if possible, with a sunbeam on the face of the sky, to be read by a thousand generations to the end of time, showing how the cup can effectually and eternally separate one section of the community from the other. The females of —— had qualified themselves and their daughters to be the associates of a noble race of men, that should fill the first offices, and share the highest honours of the state, and in the United States, and in the courts of princes; but the Cogniac sunk them below their wives and their daughters, and left them standing and shrivelled like girdled trees of the forest, while the young and healthful saplings that had not been hurt by the fire, threw their proud and lofty heads above them and around them, and stood at length the towering and waving pride and beauty of the wood.

And our prayer should be, that such another experiment may not be made while the world shall stand.—Like the experiment made when the first pair took the accursed fruit, one trial should suffice for all the nations and all the ages. So may God decree, that there never will be another Cogniac Club, till the archangel shall blow the trumpet, and call the nations to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

To be continued.

#### Extracts from the Journal of the Agent.

December 9—A few days ago, I was visiting in the lower part of —— street, and whilst I was conversing with the people whom I was visiting, I heard a man give an unusual scream. I enquired what it meant. They told me it was a man of the name of ——, who was drunk. They looked out, and said he was lying in the water-course, and the water running over him, (it was a very cold night,) and he unable to rise or extricate himself. I entreated them to carry him into a house which was convenient. With some reluctance they did it, because they said, they were tormented with him, and they were resolved to let him suffer; next day I went in search of him, and with much difficulty I found him. When I told him I had been in search of him, he was anxious to know my business. I told him, and after expressing my love for body and soul, for time and eternity, he looked at me with amazement—the tears began to flow down

his cheeks; he said I was the first man that ever reproved him, or looked after him, since he left the land of his nativity. He said he was a man that had received early instruction on religious subjects, by a pious mother, who had faithfully impressed eternity and eternal things on his young mind, and led him to the means of grace. He said, for seven years previous to his emigration to this country, he never tasted ardent spirits; but when he came here, feeling himself a stranger, in a strange land, and separated from the society and associates that he once delighted in, he was induced to embrace the invitation of those who led him to the ale-bench, and after this became a moderate drinker. However, he accumulated some property, and still took his glass in moderation, until latterly he has contracted such habits of intemperance, that he has sold his property to support his extravagance, and now, has squandered the whole. He is now without property, without money, & without a home, his wife and a small family are in the most abject poverty. After I had conversed with him on the subject, he said he would give it up. I left him some tracts on alarming subjects, I went to see him since, he was not in the house, but his children told me he had stayed at home from the time I had been with him first, and that he had read the tracts with attention which I gave him.

December 17.—I was visiting for the Temperance Society, I called on one man who had been a wretched drunkard. I have known him to be drunk, *insensibly so*, for a week, he neither eat nor drank for four days, at the end of which time his wife thought he would not live. When he got sober I went to see him, gave him some tracts, and pointed him out the evils of drinking for time and eternity. He said he would join the Temperance Society—he did so, and now he says he has better health, he has more work to do, (he is a shoemaker,) he has peace in his family. I see him repeatedly going to his church on the Sabbath, and he says he has not one desire to return to his folly.

December 24.—This evening I was distributing tracts, I was asked to visit a poor family in great distress. I went to see them, and when I went, I found three children in the house—one in the cradle, the other two sitting trembling with cold; they had no fire, nor seemingly had had any all the day. I sent for the mother, and when she came—it was an affecting sight, to see the mother and three children in such abject poverty—without victuals, without clothes, without firewood, and without bed and bedding. I enquired how it was they were driven to such poverty—she told me her husband had a neat property in the suburbs, two or three years ago—they could live as comfortable, and much more so, than many of their neighbours, but he began to drink. He soon drank out the property, sold all his furniture, and drank all he could get—he then ran off and left her and five small children in the most distressing situation, without any thing to support them, and the neighbours say they don't know where he is, for he has not been with her these twelve months past.

#### Infanticide.

This shocking species of murder is not confined to the cruel habitations of heathen lands. Mothers in New Hampshire kill their infants.

In Alton, an intemperate mother, in order to quiet her child, gave it a large quantity of ardent spirit. The child immediately sunk into a senseless stupor. A physi-

cian was called, who, on ascertaining what quantity of poison had been administered, informed the mother that her child must die. It expired in a few hours. *And the minister, who officiated at its funeral, told the mother distinctly that she had murdered her own child.*

In Dover, another inhuman mother gave her babe, eleven months of age, two thirds of a glass of rum. Dr. S. W. Dow being called, found it both senseless and pulseless. As the Dr. was called five hours after the liquor was taken, it was so diffused through the system, that it was not possible, by any medical remedies, either to remove it or counteract its influence. *The child soon died. Two other horrid cases have been reported to us, within a few months.* In one instance, an infant was smothered in bed, by its intemperate and intoxicated mother. In the other, in consequence of the intoxication of the inhuman being that bore it, the child being crowded into a couch, with large children, was found dead in the morning. Are not these facts sufficiently revolting to awaken both the compassion and indignation of the philanthropic and humane? *Mothers prove monsters and murder their own offspring!* Such deeds of darkness admit of no extenuating plea. They merit and receive universal execration. Why? Because the life of the child is taken away directly by the agency of the parent. Such facts are horrible! But are there not others as dreadfully connected with parental influence? How many fathers and mothers have taught their children, by their own example, to drink alcohol, and have thus trained them for all that is degrading, and appalling in a drunkard's career and doom? For that, which will make them wish, that they had never been born? The mother, who kills her infant, commits a fearful outrage. But is not an untimely birth preferable to the education of tens of thousands, trained up in intemperate families?—*Can. Tem. Herald.*

#### Quotations, Opinions, &c.

*Extract from a work on the "Influence of Civic Life."*  
BY JAMES JOHNSON, ESQ. SURGEON TO THE KING.

"Nature has plentifully supplied the earth with water, and animals drink nothing else to quench their thirst—ergo, says one party, water alone should constitute the human beverage. But, says another sect, why did bounteous Nature weigh down the mantling vine with the swelling grape, if she did not design that man should drown his cares, occasionally in the goblet? *It is doubtful, however, if Nature destined the grape for fermentation. Did this indulgent Parent ever mean that barley and oats should be converted by the Scot and Hibernian into whiskey?* It is certain, indeed, that civic association, or the congregation of people any where, has a tendency towards Bacchanalian indulgences. This, I conceive, has been the case from the very infancy of the world. Homer's heroes seldom meet together without getting drunk,

especially when they are relating their own exploits. Let Ulysses himself contest it.

"Hear me, my friends! what this good banquet grace,  
"This sweet to play the fool in time and place;  
And wine ran of their wits the wise beguile,  
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile;  
The grave in merry measures frisk about,  
And many a long-repeated word come out!  
Since to be tallant, I now commend,  
Let wit cast off the sullen yoke of sense."  
ODYSSEY, b. xvi

"The foregoing passage explains most correctly the real source and universal cause of intemperance in drink. When men assemble together, they are anxious to please and be pleased. The colloquial impulse predominates. Wine gives wit to the duller intellect; crowds the brain with ideas; tips the tongue with eloquence, and illumines the eye with the fire of expression. The dull scenes and corroding cares of life are now forgotten, or past dangers and difficulties are remembered and related with pleasure. The future is clothed in romantic anticipations of success and happiness—in short, a sort of Elysium opens round the soul! Is it to be wondered at, that man should wish to protract these ecstatic moments; or be too often carried insensibly along the stream, till he approached the brink, or even precipitated himself into the gulph of excess?"

"But let us examine the affair a little deeper. The digestive organs, to which this inordinate stimulation was applied, and through the medium of which this intellectual excitement was raised, do not fall back, after such a scene, to the healthy standard, or to their usual integrity of function. No, indeed. The power of digestion languishes; the appetite is impaired; the biliary secretion is deranged. The animal and intellectual systems participate in the effects of this commotion. The muscles are enfeebled and tremble. The nerves lose their tone. The mind which, the evening before, was all prowess, is in the morning over-run with timidity, or clouded with horror. There is now a collapse of the system. The arteries of the brain were turgid and distended with blood during the excitement of the wine; they are now in an opposite state. Is it to be wondered at, that these alternate extremes should often lead to organic derangement of the delicate texture of the brain, and end in hypochondriasis or mania itself?"

The author then describes the effects of intemperance on the liver, the brain, and the heart and blood-vessel system, and concludes by observing:—

"To remedy these evils effectually, it is evident that a gradual diminution, or total subtraction of the cause would be the surest method. But only a few have resolution to reform entirely. *There can be no question that water is the best, and the only drink which Nature has designed for man; and there is little doubt, but that every person might gradually, or even pretty quickly accustom himself to this aqueous beverage.* But this will never be generally adopted. I believe a precept is inculcated in the lectures of a deservedly eminent physiologist of this metropolis, that no drink should be taken at meals, nor for three hours afterwards, lest the gastric juice should be diluted, and the digestion thereby weakened. From an attentive observation of man and animals in almost every parallel of latitude and climate of the globe, and among nations nearest to a state of nature, I am disposed to draw a very different conclusion. Both men and animals, under these circumstances, drink immediately after eating; and this, I am convinced, is the salutary habit. But even this rule

is not absolute. It must vary according to the season of the year, and the exercise, &c. of the individual. In hot weather, when there is great exudation from the pores of the skin, and particularly where exercise is taken before dinner, the food must be diluted by drink during the meal, and vice versa.

"Next to water, toast water, or soda water, Sherry or Madeira and water—then very weak brandy and water—table beer. The next least salutary species of drink, is undiluted Sherry, Mad ira, and other white wines; then Claret, and least salubrious of all, Port wine and Spirits. *In proportion as we adhere to the upper links of this chain, so have we a chance of continued health. As we descend in the series, so do we lay down a substratum for disease.*

"It may here be remarked, that tea, independent of its adulterations, has a peculiar effect on the nervous system, and that the digestive organs suffer through the influence of this system. The morbid effects of ale or porter are more observable on the circulating and absorbent system, and will be noticed in the section on that subject. Ardent spirits exert their deleterious influence chiefly on the stomach, liver, brain, and nerves."

In the next chapter he exhibits the "parallel of enjoyment and suffering in drink," as follows:—

"The water-drinker glides tranquilly through life, without much exultation or depression, and escapes many diseases to which he would otherwise be subject. The wine-drinker experiences short, but vivid periods of rapture, and long intervals of gloom; he is also more subject to disease. The balance of enjoyment, then, turns decidedly in favour of the water-drinker, leaving out his temporal prosperity and future anticipations; and the nearer we keep to his regime, the happier we shall be. Here, however, as in all other things, there is a certain latitude within the range of health and happiness, which the wise man and the philosopher will occasionally traverse round, but not exceed. *The native fountain is in the centre of this circle, and from it our eccentric divergences should be narrowly watched and carefully limited.*"

#### Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Canada Temperance Advocate.

Sir,—I have witnessed frequently the good which has been accomplished by means of your periodical, and am convinced that it is the duty of every one, to support it by every means in his power. Having little means of any other kind to dispose of to your advantage, I beg leave to give you an account of a short part of my experience, for insertion in the *Advocate*, in the hope that it may help to produce conviction in the minds of some who are halting between two opinions:—

I have been employed as a lumberer for three years—The course of life which such men lead is somewhat of the following nature—In winter we are sent into the remote forests—our first object is to find a grove in the vicinity of some river—The timber which it contains is then cut down, and so placed as to be ready for the opening of the rivers—The men are then despatched to look for another grove when the same process is repeated—At the breaking up of the ice, it is necessary to watch the progress of the timber and conduct it to a proper place for rafting—an operation which is attended with great labour and danger—The raft has then to be taken to Quebec.

From this imperfect account, you will easily see, that lumberers are very much exposed both to the severity of the frost, and to inclemency of weather. It sometimes happens that from the moment the ice breaks up, their clothes are never dry, day nor night, till they land at Wolfe's Cove. To counteract the injurious effects of the exposure and wet, the masters have given a very liberal allowance of *grog*, each man having *four glasses a day*, besides many *extras*. I have no doubt that it was pure humanity which led the masters to do so, but my experience convinces me that they have committed a grievous mistake. During the first and second years of my service as a Lumberer I took my allowance like the rest, and then almost all the men could outdo me at any part of our occupation, but especially at walking with snow shoes in search of a grove—I was moreover frequently troubled with bowel complaints and colds. The third year I took no *grog*, and now there was not one in the company that could work with me, or travel through the snow, though I was the youngest of them all. Besides, I enjoyed uninterrupted health; although the spring was so unfavourable that we were baffled by storms almost the whole of our passage to Quebec, and were consequently all ways wet. No consideration would now induce me to resume the use of *grog*.

I am &c.

G. B.

Montreal, Nov. 24, 1836.

To the Editor of the Canada Temperance Advocate.

Sir,—The course of popular lectures on Education, delivered by Dr. BARBER, which was concluded on Tuesday evening last, could not fail to make a deep impression upon the minds of his auditors, and convince them that much has yet to be done, before ignorance and vice, in all their variety of form, can receive that death-blow, which is so ardently desired by every one who lays any claim to the character of a Christian.

I heard the Doctor deliver the twelve lectures, and was well pleased at the occasional *hits* which he made at Drunkenness. My only regret is that Dr. Barber did not devote a whole Lecture, to this evil,—to show that it is a kind of negative education that we had yet to learn. The ability with which he handled the various subjects which he treated, led me to believe, that the cause of Temperance would suffer nothing in his hands. The following passage from the eleventh Lecture, was delivered with such fervour, and fluency, and so eloquently, that I resolved to take it down, and send it to you, with a request, that you would insert it in the *Temperance Advocate*, if you think the nature of it suited to its columns:—

“Why should not good morals, the great object of National Education, be maintained, by providing against Drunkenness, Gluttony and Debauchery, by Law? Why is the *temporary maniac*, who is made such by his own vice, of whatever condition, to go on in his pollution, himself corrupt, and corrupting others. Why not transfer him, on his first outbreak, to a moral penitentiary, thus removing him as a nuisance, and instituting a system for his reform and restoration? Why not? But, alas! what can we hope from Legislators who permit grants of Licences, without restriction, to Tippling Shops and Alehouses seen in every street, and whose glaring sign-posts affront the light of Heaven, and then punish the drunkard with death for a murder committed in his aberration. The gin-shop is permitted to *seduc*e, and the hangman to *punish*.”

“What a contrast do such incentives to crime encouraged by Law, furnish, with the reflection that

‘Every death-doomed man’—

who in his youth has not been taught that ‘wisdom’s ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace,’—*unjustly dies.*”

The applause, which followed the delivery of

the above passage, was tremendous; and it was some considerable time ere the Doctor could proceed.

Sir, I would be glad to extend my observations on the above, but lest I should be encroaching on your time, I close,—and remain, your obedient servant,

Montreal, December 24, 1836.

### CANADA Temperance Advocate.

“It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor do any thing by which thy brother is made to stumble, or to fall, or is weakened.” Rom. xiv. 21.—*MacKnight's Translation.*

MONTREAL, JANUARY, 1837.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—We beg leave most respectfully to wish all the readers of the *ADVOCATE* “a happy New Year.” And while we congratulate them on the progress of the *good cause* during the past year, and thank them for the assistance which they have given, we would remind them, that probably upwards of 120,000 *drunkards* in Great Britain and North America have died in 1836; and a still larger number will die this year, if they do not bestir themselves to prevent it. Let each member resolve to make two, three, or more converts to Temperance, before the expiration of 1837.

GOOD EXAMPLE.—We understand that a young gentleman in this city, extensively engaged in the trade in Wines and distilled Liquors, has from conscientious motives relinquished it. We have no doubt that the gain which he has thus sacrificed in obedience to the calls of duty, will return to him in some other way—at all events he will enjoy that blessing, which wealth cannot purchase, the approbation of his own conscience. Would that all others, engaged in a business, which is producing so much misery in this life, and preparing so many for misery in the life that is to come, were equally conscientious.

TRICKS OF INNKEEPERS.—We are confident that many of our readers, though they should not entertain precisely our own views respecting the sale and the use of intoxicating drinks, will yet agree with us that the trade of an Innkeeper is, to say the least of it, a very dangerous one. It is the interest of such men that people should drink, and such being the case, it would be requiring from them a very extraordinary degree of virtue to expect that they will never use any means to persuade people to drink.—Some, we have no doubt, use more means than others, and means that are more reprehensible, for we would not bring the same charge against them indiscriminately, though

we have no doubt that the trade itself is radically bad. Of those more reprehensible means, we have lately met with some specimens, which might be considered very curious, were it not so painfully certain that they will lead to the present and eternal ruin of some of our fellow-men. We do not allude at present to the shooting matches for geese and turkeys, &c.! which are evidently designed to lure people to the public-house,—we have more immediately in our eye the following fact which we heard one *Cariole* driver relating to another a few days ago. We shall give it in their own words, as nearly as we can recollect.

A. Have you ever been at ———, (we are sorry we cannot give the name,) to get supper?

B. No—is there much company there?

A. Oh yes, the best. Why you know, he furnishes us all with a hot supper for 3d. a-piece. Isn't that cheap, eh? He says he does not expect to make any thing by the supper—he gives us that for nothing in a sense, but he expects gentlemen to *drink something after*, and if they did not drink something he says he could not stand it at that rate. Won't you come some night?

B. Is it every evening?

A. Oh yes, every evening. And the room is so warm, and well lighted! That's the place, Sir! and, I say, try to bring some body with you, for ——— wishes it to be known.

We give this as a specimen of the expedients to which some Innkeepers will resort for inducing men to drink their liquors. And it is done in the name of hospitality! the landlord is quite disinterested! the *Cariole* drivers have been in the cold all day, and he kindly gives them a hot supper at night, at such a low price, that he would gain nothing by it, if they did not drink *something*. This landlord will likely gain something by his liberality, for it is extremely probable that before the end of the winter he will have made a considerable addition to the list of drunkards.

HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.—The citizens of Montreal have lately opened a House of Industry, furnishing it with sufficient funds for entertaining a large number of the destitute poor, and giving them employment. The liberality displayed on this occasion reflects great honour on the citizens. Every person we should think, must rejoice at the establishment of such an Institution, calculated to confer so many blessings on the poor, and we would pity the moral deficiencies of the man who would put himself forward as its opponent. Yet we think that our citizens, in their care to ameliorate the condition of the pauper population, have done only *one half* of what they ought to do.

Why overlook the *causes* of pauperism? The obvious way to get rid of an evil is to discover the cause which produces it, and put an end to its operation; and those remedies will ever be found inadequate which are intended only to mitigate the bitterness of the effect, and leave the cause untouched. It is established beyond the possibility of questioning that Intemperance is one of the most prolific sources of the evil referred to. We consider it almost unnecessary to attempt to add any thing to the array of proof by which this point has been established, yet the following fact which we have just fallen in with, is so apposite, that we cannot refrain from quoting it. "Dr. Adams, of Dublin, on questioning the first twenty applicants for soup in the parish of St. Peter's, found that eighteen of the twenty had that morning paid more for *spirits* than the value of the soup they came to beg amounted to."

There are 375 houses in Montreal licensed to sell intoxicating drink of various kinds, and for the citizens to support these houses, and at the same time open a House of Industry, appears to us to be nothing more nor less than to produce pauperism with the one hand and try to suppress it with the other. To our benevolent townsmen, (and their late exertions have proved their benevolence,) we would say, do away with the cause, and the effect will cease. We do not mean to affirm that pauperism will be wholly got rid of by suppressing intemperance and the means of it, but it will become exceedingly rare, and the paupers that may afterwards be found, will not be of so degraded a character, nor act in such a manner as to disgust those who attempt to relieve them.

**DISTILLATION AND HIGH PRICED PROVISIONS.**—We formerly called the attention of our readers to the fact, that distillation has a direct tendency to increase the price of bread, and we deem the fact of great importance at the present crisis. The price of every article of life has increased so much of late, and appears to be still increasing so rapidly, as to call for economy, but there cannot be a more senseless waste than to destroy the "staff of life" by distillation. All the bread-stuffs which are used in distillation are more than lost to the public, for, besides being rendered unfit for bread, they are converted into a deleterious poison, which, by its baneful operation, aggravates the sufferings of the public a thousand fold. It is no purpose to tell us, that many of the kinds of grain which are used by the distiller are not used as the food of man—they are all *bread-stuffs*, and we are very much mistaken if, before next autumn, many of the inhabitants of Lower Canada

will not be thankful for such bread. Besides, distillers do use wheat, whenever the price is so low as to afford them a profit—two distilleries on Long Island have used the enormous quantity of 150,000 bushels last year. To occupy the land with a crop which is neither needed for man nor beast, and the proper use of which, as some say, is to be converted into alcohol, is doubtless to abuse it.

Scarcity of provisions is already felt in this Province. It is felt also in the United States, and Great Britain, and with these resources cut off, how gloomy is the prospect before us! Yet the distilleries of Lower Canada are suffered to go on destroying the grain which a bountiful Providence has given us for the support of ourselves and our cattle, and the rate at which they destroy it may be judged of by the fact, that they produce 400,000 gallons of proof spirit yearly. We are glad to see that public attention has been turned to this subject in the United States. The citizens of Philadelphia held a public meeting lately respecting it, at which they unanimously condemned the conduct of distillers in the present emergency, and agreed to request all Farmers to sell no "merchantable grain" to any distiller for three months, and distillers to purchase none.

It is so far good that a meeting was held, and some discussion took place, on a subject so vitally affecting the community; and in this respect we could wish to see the example of Philadelphia followed in Montreal, but their resolutions do not appear to us at all adequate to the occasion. The most effectual way in which the inhabitants of Philadelphia, or any place else, can put a stop to the mischiefs of distillation, is universally to abandon the use of the liquor which it produces. It is a burlesque to ask distillers, one day, to cease, and next day to ask them to go on, by purchasing their liquor. The subject, moreover, appears to us to be one which justifies, and calls for Legislative interference. What is the use of a Legislature but to protect the community? and when is that protection more imperiously called for than during a season of scarcity? If a parent should offer his child a scorpion instead of bread, he would justly be considered a disgrace to human nature; but if a parent were to take bread from his child and convert it into a "scorpion," or something as deadly, public justice would then take hold of him and punish him for his cruelty. Or, if he were to perceive some villain treating his offspring in this manner, and did not interfere to prevent it, he would be considered guilty by connivance of the consequences that might follow. But that Legislature seems to act a similar part which tolerates distillation, not to speak of the licensing of it.

## PROGRESS OF The Temperance Reform.

**MONTREAL—Temperance Soirée.**—The last Temperance Soirée, which was held on St. Andrew's day, produced such an impression on the public mind, that another was considered to be called for. The Executive Committee, ever on the alert, made arrangements for it accordingly. It has just been held in the same room in which the former was celebrated. The room, however, had received several additional decorations, amongst the principal of which was a large and beautiful transparency, representing Temperance on the one hand, and Intemperance on the other. The bands of music, both vocal and instrumental, were also enlarged, and contributed much to the entertainment of the evening. In particular, a duett, which was performed by Miss Plimsoll and Mr. Lyman, Jr., and another performed by Mr. Pitts and Mr. Folsom, were loudly and deservedly applauded.

At seven o'clock the Rev. W. Taylor was called to the Chair, and shortly after Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Bosworth and Wilkes successively, both of which were listened to with much interest and gratification by the meeting. Coffee was next presented, and while this exhilarating beverage, which "cheers but not inebriates" was going round, the Instrumental band regaled the company with their music. Some pieces were afterwards sung by the Vocal band, and at ten o'clock the Chairman dismissed the meeting with some concluding remarks.

This meeting presented much to delight the friends of rational entertainment, yet we must say that it did not leave behind it such a pleasing impression as the former. No blame, however, can, we think, be attached to the Committee, with the exception that, having such an excellent Vocal band, they might have made a happier selection of Songs and Hymns. The radical defect consisted in the smallness of the room. It was literally crowded, and consequently when the refreshments were handed round, some degree of confusion was necessarily produced,—indeed, owing to the crowd it was impossible for the waiters to do their duty. So much time was spent in this way that two Addresses, which were intended to be delivered, were necessarily omitted.

It is much to be regretted that a larger room was not obtained, or the number of Tickets limited, for we are persuaded that, but for the pressure, this Soirée would have been far more effective than the former one—this, indeed, is evident, from the cause of its failure, the number that flocked to it.

While making these remarks, however, we must do the Committee the justice to state that they made every exertion in their power to procure a larger place of meeting. They applied for the Large Room over the St. Ann Market, and offered to pay the additional insurance, but were refused! Some of our readers, recollecting that it was readily granted last winter for opposing the Society, may wonder why it was refused for promoting the Society now. So do we. The risk is a

mere pretence on the part of the Insurance Office, for certainly the risk caused by the meeting of the Soirée, would not have been half so great, as that caused by the rabble which occupied it last winter.

### Extracted from the Temperance Recorder.

#### The Temperance Cause in Liverpool.

The temperance operations in Liverpool have been crowned with peculiarly happy results. By the introduction of the total abstinence principle, many previous victims of intemperance have been reclaimed from their misery and wretchedness. And it is a particularly pleasing circumstance that reclamation, in a great majority of cases, has tended to the increase of the Christian community. Our readers will be gratified by the following narratives, extracted from the last report of the Liverpool society:—

"W. F., a baker by trade, was once in prosperous circumstances. Intemperance led to bankruptcy and ruin, and reduced him to a state of extreme degradation. His life was often endangered by exposure in the neighbourhood of the docks and elsewhere, whilst intoxicated.—Fifteen months have elapsed since he joined this society. His wife considers that they are already, in a pecuniary point of view, one hundred pounds better for the change—whilst, in regard to domestic happiness and comfort she seems to herself to have entered on a new state of existence. Religion is now shedding its hallowed influence over this once wretched but now harmonious household. On a late mournful occasion, when one of the children had been committed to the earth—the friends of the family who were present at the funeral—returning to the house of mourning, spent the evening in pious conversation, and such were the impressions then produced upon the minds, that several of them have already joined the Temperance Society, and some exhibit, what it is hoped may prove, sincere concern for their souls.

"I. T., a plasterer by trade, was once so prosperous as to employ a number of workmen in his service—but, by intemperance, was reduced to the necessity of himself working by the day. He has abstained, during the last nine months, from all intoxicating liquors. His health is in consequence improved—he enjoys that domestic comfort to which he was formerly a stranger, and, on the Sabbath, seeks, with his family, the consolations of religion in the house of God.

"C. W., a porter, was formerly a soldier, and became so addicted to intoxication as frequently to consume, in the course of a single day, not less than sixteen or seventeen glasses of ardent spirit! Both he and his wife are now members of the society. He feels as though he had renewed his youth, so healthy is he in body, and so happy in his mind, and such comfort does he enjoy in his regular attendance at the sanctuary.

"E. S., by trade a shipwright, was for many years very intemperate, and has still to mourn the intemperance of his wife. Since his connexion with this society he has continued steady—has the fullest confidence of his employer—frequents the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and is likely to be a very zealous advocate of the Temperance Society.

"J. B., a porter, was formerly so enslaved by intemperance, and so dead to all the feelings of humanity, as relentlessly to deprive his wife and family of the last penny, in order to gratify his depraved propensity. He is now a sober, industrious and religious man—a regular attend.

"J. B., a tailor, came into possession of some considerable property, at the early age of seven-teen—but being even then a confirmed drunkard, his property was soon dispersed, and in despite of every effort employed by friends to relieve his necessities, and promote his temporal interests—he pursued with the utmost recklessness the same course of ruinous debauchery and dissipation. His furniture, and the very clothing of his wife and family were seized and sold to meet the demand of creditors. Disease, too, produced and perpetuated by intemperance, preyed upon his body, and he had sunk to the lowest state of degradation, when the Temperance Society came to his relief. He signed the pledge. Disease forsook his frame. His house is now furnished. His wife and family are clothed—and he himself is restored to his right mind, and sitting at the feet of Jesus, indulges the hope that his sins, which were many, are forgiven; and that his future life will testify his gratitude to God as the Author, and to the temperance society as the instrument of his salvation."

With reference to these and other facts, the committee of the Liverpool society say: "these facts are but a specimen of those that are continually occurring under the notice of your committee—and in facts such as these, they find at once a full reward for all the labour connected with the operations of this society, and conclusive proofs that those labours are owned and blessed of Him, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed."

#### Nova Scotia.

The meeting of the General Temperance Convention for this Province took place in the House of Assembly Room, Province Building, on Wednesday the 12th and Thursday the 13th instant. There appeared to be about twenty delegates from various parts, some from the extremities of the Province, and some from Prince Edward Island. The Rev. Mr. Knight acted as Chairman, which office he discharged with great propriety. Many interesting facts were brought forward in the able report of the Secretary, E. Ward, Esq. The discussions which arose were earnest and well conducted. Among those who addressed the meeting were, the Solicitor General, Mr. Murdoch, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Brady, Rev. Mr. Jackson, Mr. McDonald, of the Pictou Society, &c. It is evident that the principles of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors has gained much ground since the last Convention met, and is in progress of adopt. throughout the country. The number of the present members of the Temperance Societies in Nova Scotia was stated to be 30,000, and the delegates seemed quite sanguine as to the permanency and extension of the reform.—*Acadian Recorder.*

### Varieties.

**PROGRESS OF DRINKING**—A medical man was sent for some time ago, to see a female in a dying state. As soon as she saw him, she said,—“Doctor, I wished very much to see you; I could not die in peace without telling you, that you have been the cause of my death.” “How so,” said he, “it is many years since I saw you last.” “Yes,” she said, “it is fifteen years since you visited me: and you directed, to cure me of vomiting, that a table spoonful of brandy should be mixed in half a pint of water; and that I should take a tea spoonful at a time. This was all I did.—drinking. I increas-

and that has brought me to the state you now see me in.”—*Temperance Penny Magazine.*

**IS NOT DRINKING A REGULAR SYSTEM OF MURDER?**—The first husband of Mrs. —, killed himself with drinking, and notwithstanding all the sufferings she had endured, after his death, she commenced a jerry shop, and married a man, who it is said, killed his first wife. They carried on the jerry trade, but lived uncomfortably. In a fit of passion he struck her on the head with the tongue, which caused her death. He was now to take his trial for murder. Her oldest son, once a fine lad and a teacher at the Sunday School, is following the same course of drinking, and it will be well if he does not terminate his life in the same way.—*Preston Advocate.*

**RESULTS.**—When the friends of Temperance commenced their labors, in the state of New York, there were about TWELVE HUNDRED DISTILLERIES; now there are about THREE HUNDRED. Still, there are many good men, slow in advocating the cause. We would ask of them, whether they wish efforts to cease? whether they would like to see the nine hundred distillery fires now extinguished, re-kindled? Few would wish this—still, by their opposition, they would seem to wish it.—*American Temperance Intelligencer.*

**CALLING THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.**—A certain drunken woman, now in Manchester, came into a drunkery, and what do you think she asked for? a glass of sudden death! She drinks two sorts, according to her means; one she call *swipes*, the other *sudden death!*—*Preston Advocate.*

**TEARS OF JOY.**—A sawyer, at Chorley, brought home his wages, 32s., the other Saturday night, and laid it before his wife. She was amazed, and said “But thou wilt want something out of this.” “Nay,” replied the tee-total husband, “If I get a penny to be shaved with, I shall be content.” The wife immediately burst into tears, and she said it was the first time for twenty years that he had brought home the whole of his earnings.—*1b.*

**CLEANLINESS.**—Tee-tollars ought to know the benefit of water, applied externally as well as internally. Bathing is a most healthy exercise. And every man who wishes to feel comfortable, ought at least to give himself a good washing every morning. I regret to find so few conveniences for this in most people's bed-rooms. The cost of a good washstand, basin, and jug, need not exceed 10s. These are articles which ought to be in every bed-room. For want of this, the family has to suffer the inconvenience of every individual washing in the house; not to mention the indelicacy of females washing themselves in company with persons of all ages and of both sexes.—*1b.*

**NO PORTER WANTED.**—A traveller from one of the breweries in Liverpool coming through this town, urging some of his porter on a tradesman here, was answered, that there was none wanted, as all his servants were tee-tollars, and what he wanted himself he could get in bottles. The traveller, in reply, said, he never had seen such a thing; he could not sell any in Liverpool—they were tee-tollars there; and he had come through Chester, and could not sell any there; and now when he had come to Wrexham, they are all tee-tollars here and he did not know what



## Poetry.

FOR THE TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

## Farewell to Whiskey

Wise folks have said on ev'ry ban,  
That whiskey's the best friend o' man,  
For a' his cares, the cordial gran'  
'S a "wee drap Helan' whiskey O"  
But wae me, they're mistaken wile,  
For drink an' care gang side by side  
So I'm resolved whate'er betide  
To say "Fareweel to whiskey O"

It drains my puirae, an' stains my name,  
An' fills me with remorse an' shame,  
An' sadly vexes a' at hame—  
The "wee drap Helan' whiskey O"  
"The doctors they do a' agree  
That whiskey's no the thing for me,"  
So I'll tak' advice, an' heartily  
I'll say, "Fareweel to whiskey O"

My days hae dreary been an' s' I,  
My heart an' hame, where a' was glad  
An' happy ance, now cheerless made,  
By the "wee drap Helan' whiskey O"  
But, Oh! it cheers my soul to see  
The dawn o' happier days for me;  
For I have said, richt heartily  
A lang "Fareweel to whiskey O"

My comrades, lay your hand in mine,  
The reufu' drink we'll a' resign,  
And in concert our voices join  
An' say "Fareweel to whiskey O"  
Fareweel! fareweel! let it echo'd be  
Bath far an' near, o'er land an' sea  
O happy world! would a' agree  
To say "Fareweel to whiskey O"

SONG—ORIGINAL.

## The Temperance Home.

Oh! who that has tasted the joys of a home  
In which ne'er the drunkard's sad lot has been known,  
Its comforts would change, and its plenty and peace,  
For all rank can offer, or riches and ease.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Oh give us this home, this sweet sweet home

No sorrowing wife, here bewailing her fate,  
And trembling, expects the return of her mate.  
Nor husband besotted, a tyrant to prove,  
But here there is happiness, comfort and love  
Home, home, sweet home, &c.

Our offspring partake of their parents' delight,  
While trained in the ways of obedience and right;  
And here none are starving, with hunger and cold,  
Neglected in body, in mind, and in soul.  
Home, home, sweet home, &c.

And may we, with all those to whom have been given  
This priceless bestow of a bountiful Heaven,  
Seek still the rich boon, which from thence can but  
come,

That all may be blessed with a temperance home.  
Home home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

HYMN—MRS. BARBAULD.

## Christian Resolution.

AWAKE, our souls! lift up our eyes,  
See where our foes against us rise  
In long array, a numerous host;  
Awake, our souls, or else are lost

Here giant danger threat'ning stands,  
Must'ring his pale terrific bands.  
There pleasure's silken banners spread,  
And willing souls are captiv'ed

See where rebellious passions rage,  
And fierce desires and lusts engage,  
The meanest foe of all the train,  
Has thousands and ten thousands slain

Come then, our souls! now learn to wield  
The weight of your immortal shield;  
Put on the armor from above  
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love

The terror and the charm repel,  
The pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell  
Your Lord and Captain triumphed here,  
Why should his faithful follower's fear?

HYMN—AMERICAN

## Temptation Resisted.

When the bowl is sparkling high,  
Crowned by wild, insensate mirth,  
When the fascinated eye  
Revels in the joys of earth,  
Thou who giv'st thy servants power,  
Rescue in that fatal hour.

When the bark by tempest torn,  
Shivers on the rocky shore,  
When, in combat overborne,  
Thousands fall to rise no more,  
Stron' to save, O God, art Thou,  
And in greater peril now!

Life might pass on field or flood,  
And the rescued soul arise  
To the mansions of the good,  
To the glory of the skies;  
But when virtue's light has fled,  
Then the soul itself is dead

Save them, Source of strength divine!  
In Temptation's dangerous hour;  
Let thy grace around us shine.  
Be our sun, our shield, our tower!  
Then Eternity shall be  
Witness of our praise to thee!

HYMN—AMERICAN.

## Success of the Temperance Reformation.

VICTORY! shout for victory!  
A glorious conquest won,  
A nation's liberty restored,  
A tyrant's power o'erthrown.

The people rose together,  
One heart, one mind in all;  
In the calm majesty of might  
They wrought the de-  
They wrought the de-  
They wrought the de-

The champions wore no armor,  
They grasped no blood stained sword,  
Their strength was in their high resolve,  
Their trust was in the Lord.

Who was the foe they trampled,  
Spurning his base control?  
The fiend Intemperance was his name,  
Destroyer of the soul.

Our God! in thee we triumph!  
Through Thee the fight was won  
Yet aid us by thy strength divine;  
The work is not yet done.

Still aid us, Heavenly Father!  
Till sin and passion cease,  
And thy tired soldiers find repose  
In thine own realms of peace.

Hymn—L. M.

Let Temperance and her sons rejoice,  
And be their praises loud and long;  
Let every heart and every voice  
Conspire to raise a joyful song

And let the anthem rise to God,  
Whose favouring mercies so abound,  
And let his praises fly abroad  
The spacious universe around.

His children's prayers he deigns to grant,  
He stays the progress of the foe:  
And Temperance, like a cherished plant,  
Beneath his fostering care shall grow.

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