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# CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

DEVOTED TO  
Total Abstinence, Legal Prohibition, and Social Progress.

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[No. 21.]

[For the Canada Temperance Advocate.]

## Wine at the Beard.—A Sketch.

BY EDLA.

I saw him when youth first crowned him with her verdant wreath. His form was erect—his eye bright, and his lofty forehead gave evidence of no common order of intellect.

I watched him with interest as he climbed the hill of science, and reached with eager hands for the rich clusters on the tree of knowledge. I saw him as he stood by the fireside, his young heart freighted with warm affections, and bounding with hope, the brightest jewel in the casket of home. But, even as I looked, my heart sank within me, and I trembled with undefined forebodings: for at the board I saw the wine-cup circling, and, as the ruddy liquid sparkled, I could not but see, following in its wake, all the fearful train of self-inflicted miseries, which ends for this life, in the Drunkard's grave, and the Drunkard's doom of unspeakable anguish in the life to come.

I ventured to remonstrate with the father, who, for the sake of *custom*, could place such a temptation in the way of an only son: but I was told that my fears were groundless—that there was no danger. His was an *old family*, and though for generations the choicest wines had sparkled at the family board, no one had disgraced the noble name he bore.

I saw that words were unavailing; but I did not the less tremble for the result. As I looked on, my fears did, indeed, seem groundless.

Young H— entered College, and, at the end of his course, graduated with the highest honors of his class.

Now, life seemed to open to him a vast field, and his restless spirit went forth in its manly strength to explore and occupy.

Science spread out her broad expanse before him, and he wandered over it, gathering for himself rich laurels, and feasting his noble intellect on her choicest treasures. Still he was unsatisfied. He longed to stand in the *ranks*, and fight the great battle of life, side by side with his fellows.

The arena of politics stood invitingly open, and through the long vista of alluring fascinations which cluster round a political career, he set himself high on the ladder of

fame, the admiration of the cringing multitude. For him Senate Halls glittered, and banners waved over battle-fields. Ambition beckoned him onward, and Hope sang her syren song in his ears. He was courted and flattered in the circles of fashionable society, where the beaming smile, and the ruddy wine went hand in hand.

Now, indeed, thought I, if he falls not, there will be little cause for fear.

Time passed on, and he led to the altar a fair and gentle being, and I heard the solemn vows which bound him to cherish, and protect her till death. Marriage vows! Words of deathless import! Yet how often spoken lightly, and broken with impunity! How many a heart, full of earnest affection, finds, in the bridal veil, a weight more crushing than the heavy folds of the pall and shroud!

About this time, circumstances changed my residence, and for a time I lost sight of the gifted H— and his lovely bride.

Now and then, rumors reached me of his brilliant career. He was rapidly rising in honor; but with these rumors were coupled vague hints of unnatural excitement, which I could not help tracing back to the fatal wine-cup.

Years rolled away, and I was spending some months in a distant city. It was late in the Autumn.—The leaves had already fallen from the trees, which here and there stood like sentinels before the rich man's door; and the bleak whistling wind was now whirling them up in little heaps, and anon sweeping them around the corners in wild commotion. It was just such a day as makes one appreciate the comforts of a bright fire, and an interesting book; and as neither business nor pleasure called me out, I had spent the day on the sofa with a book for my companion. As the day wore on, I grew weary of this, and sitting down by the window, gazed out at the tide of life which went ebbing and flowing past.

As I looked, I could not help thinking how many a heart, freighted with sorrow, mingled with the crowd. Now and then some elegant equipage rolled by, whose gay occupants seemed to give the lie to my sad fancies.

Among the crowd, my eye singled out a female figure, which, though clothed in the unmistakable garb

of penury, yet moved with such grace, that I felt sure she could not have held so low a position long. Attracted by some undefinable sympathy, I threw open the sash, and looked after her fast receding form. I saw her hold out a fair thin hand, and heard an earnest voice say to a passer by, "Charity, for God's sake. Charity." The tone, and the attitude, appealed so strongly to my heart, that I could not, as did the person addressed, thrust her aside, and, quickly enveloping myself, I rushed from the house just in time to see her vanishing round the corner. I hastened after her as she threaded her way along the bustling street. Once I came near enough to see a pale earnest face, but not near enough to speak to her.

At length she turned into one of the dark narrow streets, so common in the poorer sections of large cities, and I followed her until I saw her enter the door of a wretched looking tenement. I had hurried on after her, led by an irresistible impulse, and had not asked myself why I did so, until the door shut between us. For a moment I stood irresolute; but the thrilling tones, in which she had asked aid of a stranger, still echoed in my ears, and, knowing that there must be want within, I knocked at the door.

In a moment it was opened by the same person, whom I had been following. She seemed surprised at my appearance, but I soon made her understand that I had overheard her appeal for charity, and her look of surprise changed to one of heart-felt gratitude, as she led me to the farther end of the room, and, pointing to a scantily furnished bed in the corner, said, "See for yourself, is not there an object of charity?"

On that bed lay the wreck of what might have been a noble looking man. A mass of dark wavy hair was thrown back from a high, broad brow—his eyes were sunken and bloodshot, and rolled about restlessly—his form was emaciated, and every now and then, he uttered a groan of such unspeakable anguish, that it required no stretch of the imagination to believe that the horrors of the pit had indeed taken hold on him.

I turned to the wife for an explanation.

"Ah!" said she, "No wonder that you ask the meaning of all this. *Once I would have asked it, but now, alas! I know only too well. Once, I would have scorned the thought that I should ever be a drunkard's wife; now it is too late, too late. Oh! to think that one so noble and true, as my own H——, should have fallen so low!*"

"But it was not his *crime*," she exclaimed, her voice rising, as she mentally ran over the gloomy part, "it was not his *crime*, but his *misfortune*. It was *wine* did it, yes *curved wine, just such wine as his father taught him to love.*"

"But stay," she said, "you have not seen *all*," and grasping my arm, she almost dragged me to an obscure

corner of the apartment, and turning down a tattered spread, showed me, lying on a pallet of straw, the form of a little child.

I bent down and stroked back the soft brown curls which played over the temples; but, as my hand came in contact with the fair, pale forehead, I started back, horror-struck, the child was *dead*.

"Yes *dead*," she exclaimed with bitter emphasis, "*dead, starved to death, and all for wine. That which has debased the father has murdered the child.*"

Just then a groan from the living, but far more wretched occupant of the bed, recalled us to his side. He gazed at us a moment, and then, as if awaking from some horrid dream, "Where am I?" he asked, "and who is this?—It cannot be that one who knew me in better days, has found me out in my degradation." Then turning to me, "Ah!" said he, "you do not remember H——, who ten years ago, stood at the altar in the old church at D——, and vowed to cherish and protect as gentle a being as ever smiled on man. How he has fulfilled the trust, let that broken-hearted woman answer."

In a moment all was explained. This, then, was my friend. This was the gifted youth, whom I had watched with so much interest.—The noble man whose upward paths had been for a time so brilliant. The gold alas, how dim now! He lay in the last stages of that fearful disease, the inebriate's inheritance, the Delirium Tremens—in which the powers of darkness seem to encompass the soul, and the torments of the second death are so fearfully typified. Reason had for a moment gleamed up, preparatory to being quenched in the darkness of death.

All that I have spoken of, had transpired in a shorter space of time than I have consumed in relating it, but already the sombre shades of night were gathering over the city. I asked myself what I could do to alleviate all this suffering:—Alas! it was too late to offer more than sympathy, and, dispatching some one from a neighboring tenement to my Hotel to tell of my whereabouts, I prepared to spend the night with poor Mrs. H——. As darkness settled down over us, the wind rose to a gale, and black, ominous clouds went drifting through the sky.

Scarcely a word was spoken, as we took our places at the bedside of the dying man. Never shall I forget that night of untold horror. The wife seemed to have drunk the cup of sorrow to its deepest dregs, and there was little more for her to suffer—her time was divided between the dead child, and the dying father.

The features of the sufferer would at one moment assume an expression of demoniac rage, and at another sink into the calm of despair. At times his wild cries, and groans echoed above the din of the warring elements without, and again all was silent as the grave.

All through the hours of that dreary night we watched him, and just as the grey dawn of the morning streaked the sky, the restless, horror-stricken spirit took its flight.

It is needless to dwell on the particulars of the sad funeral—suffice it to say, that friends saw the father and child laid in the grave, and offered the bereaved, and heart-broken survivor a home.

Happiness could never more be hers on earth, but we trust a better day has long since dawned for her, where, temptation can never more assail those who are dearer than life, and where the cold, damp mildew of disappointment can no more blight the fresh green buds of affection.

Many will say "this is a strange transition from the bright hues, which gilded the opening of this sketch," but it is a short story, and one alas, too often told.

In the excitement of a political campaign, young H— had drank freely, and the rumors of his excesses had reached his father, and he—the moderate drinker, who would not banish wine from his table—careful of the family honor, had disowned—disinherited the son; because with an ardent temperament, and an appetite for stimulus nursed from childhood, he had not power to say to the waves of temptation, as they rolled towards him, "thus, far shalt thou go, and no farther."

Kind words might have saved him, but accustomed to all the appliances of wealth, and with a wife depending on him, whom his conscience told him he had wronged, this severe reassurance stung him to the quick. He could not remain in a place where he felt he was disgraced, and gathering up the small amount of his private property, he, with the loving woman who was ready to cling to him through evil, as well as good report, sought a home in a distant city. For a time in his new home, he struggled nobly for the mastery, but business troubles assailed him, and ever and anon the old appetite would come up with resistless force.

Thus year after year passed on, and each one found him less, and less able to stem the current, that was setting in against him, until at last he no longer struggled.

Wife and child were no longer any check, so that the appetite which was consuming him might be appeased. One after another the comforts of home were sacrificed to its demands, until, at last, destitution stared them in the face. Then poor H—, the mere wreck of his former self, sunk down to die a Drunkard's death, while wife and child were perishing beside him—innocent victims of a soul-destroying vice.

In view of such instances as this, and they are far from rare, what shall we say of the parents, who, for fashion's sake, help to create and foster such appetites in their children?

At the last great day, when it is made manifest that "no Drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God," will not the blood of these ruined souls be required at their hands?

Montreal, Oct., 14th 1854.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY," "GOING, GOING, GONE!" &c.

(From the Saturday Evening Mail.)

## CHAPTER II.

Martin did not know precisely what to do under the terror of audacity of which he had been guilty—so he sought to resolve his doubts in the fountain to which he had often before applied. Whether alcohol is a good solvent in mental operations or not, is a mooted point, though in official preparations it is useful. As however the Maine Law, which admits its sale for medicinal and some other purposes, does not make any exception in favor of its use as a quickener of the intellect, we suppose the weight of authority would be against our friend Martin. However, he took a drink; and that drink, superadded to his previous imbibitions, was an effectual soother, and he went to sleep under it. What were his dreams we are not able to record, but the presumption is that they were none of the pleasantest, since, when he awoke, he was very much surprised to find that the world was still standing.

He drowsily surveyed Tumble Down Farm in the twilight, and thought that it never had seemed to him quite so dilapidated. He leaned moodily on a tumble down fence which scarce seemed equal to his weight; and if only he had seen Hogarth's picture of Gin Lane, he might have discovered a striking general resemblance in the scene to the great artist's ideal. The very out-houses seemed to reel—and the scraggy trees looked as if they might have pawned their fruit and leaves for the means of intoxication. The pigs had a lean and hungry look—utensils and tools rotted in corners, waste and want stared out from all sides. "Indeed," he cried at length, raising himself upright, "things must mend, and they shall!"

He felt a hand placed on his arm, and was surprised to find that he had been overheard—for he did not know that any one was near him. It was his eldest daughter; and while with delicate tact she concealed the fact that she noticed his exclamations, she led him on to talk hopefully of the future; as if indeed it were within his reach and control. The family gathered round them—three daughters—two sons, and their mother. Each was surprised to find that the subject of the conversation was the projection of various improvements—for they naturally supposed that the exciting event of the day was the theme. The mother heard incredulously. The twilight concealed the bitter smile with which she listened to all these fine promises; for a drunken man's wife may be excused if she has no faith in him whatever. But this much at any rate was gained—an evening at home, for one who had not before missed the tavern for many a long day.

On the morrow all was astir, betimes, at Tumble Down Farm. The two boys—better late in the season than never, took lusty hold of whatever would least bear waiting. The three girls made themselves busy within doors; and a new atmosphere seemed to surround the homestead. The breakfast commenced cheerfully, but was interrupted. One of the deputies of the sheriff of the county made this very early call. With considerate politeness he refused to broach his business, until Martin had gone

through the forms of breakfast; but the poor fellow, who knew his guest, had little satisfaction in his repast, and would not have pretended to any except to blind his family. That, however was labor lost, for they were as quick of perception as he was. To make a short story, we may merely say that P. Pettifogg, Esq., had commenced proceedings to obtain in due course of the forms of law what he had failed to secure by a trick.

Martin, though the event was certainly not unexpected, was as much confounded and astonished as if it had been an unforeseen calamity. A pause was placed on the scarcely commenced improvement of matters at Tumble Down Farm, for if they were to be dispossessed, there could be little inducement to leave the premises in particularly good order for their successors. Martin found little comfort from his wife. She was sullen and desparate. She had so long threatened and brooded over the probable visitation of some catastrophe, that the occurrence gave her a sort of savage satisfaction. It vindicated her character for foresight, and furnished her with a positive object of lamentation. It enabled her to go from generals to one great particular; and particularly good use she made of it.

Martin Meeker was fretted with the din she made, almost beyond endurance. Rising and retiring, resting at labor, in eating and in drinking, in sleeping and in walking, whatever he did and wherever he went, within his wife's approach, she presented the one subject to him in all its aspects. It was the nightmare of his dreams, and the torment of his day light. If he paused she wondered why he did nothing, with such ruin impending. If he put his hand to any work, she asked what was the use now. If he ate, she sarcastically congratulated him on his appetite; and if he fasted, she inquired if he meant to make himself sick, and take to his bed, and thus escape trouble. Poor woman! She had reason for her uneasiness, but a very unreasonable use did she make of it. Martin was beside himself. He knew no one to whom he could apply for relief or comfort, and he could himself discern no hope, and no escape.

He was in a dilemma; vulgarly speaking, in a tight place. His boys relapsed from their short reformation into worse than uselessness, and his girls could not bear up under so much surrounding difficulty. Only the elder—not because she was better than the others, but because she had more years, was of service to him. She hinted at the continued improvement of his farm—so suddenly suspended—advised the repair of fences, the removal of weeds, and preparation for harvest.

"To what purpose," he asked. "The place is ours no longer."

"Do you mean to give it up without an effort to keep it? Even if you do, it must be a year at least before you can be dispossessed. Take advice, father, and find out what may be done."

"Your mother is so wearisome!"

"Who can wonder at that? Excuse me, father, but have you not wearied her for many a year? Every day of neglect and carelessness—every fully and extravagance. But, my dear father," said the girl, astonished at herself, "I am using very strange language for a child to a parent. Forgive me, for I did not intend to increase your unhappiness by seeming undutiful."

"I know what you would have said, and can supply the rest," said Martin, in a voice choking with emotion. "But how does it happen, child, that you are so superior to all of us?"

"Ma! O, indeed I am not," said Cecilia blushing—and there the conversation ceased. But Cecilia was superior, as her father said, to all the household. She had not been so much exposed to wasting influences. Her whole youth had not been spent in the lethargic atmosphere of Tumble Down Farm. One of the greatest lacks in that atmosphere was the religious element; for Martin Meeker for many years had lived in forgetfulness of the use, the benefits, and the privileges of the Christian Sabbath. Neglect of the godliness which is profitable even in this present world, is sure at the last to bring its sad rebuke and retribution here. Cecilia, who was the god-child and protegee of her father's sister, had for the most part resided with that relative, and was now at home, upon a visit. An ordinary child would have hurried away from circumstances so unpleasant. But Cecilia prolonged her visit that she might do good.

While things were in this condition at Tumble Down Farm, Pettigrew Pettifogg, Esq., was not unmindful of his toils. The snares he had spread he watched with great intentness, and he began to be disturbed that his victim did not struggle a little more in the net. He did not doubt the final result—but law was tedious, and he might be exposed to troublesome questions and investigations. To go into Court would wrest a portion of the plunder from his clutches, if not for Martin's advantage, for the benefit of some brother Attorney. Pettifogg hoped that the Sheriff's visit would terrify Martin Meeker into propositions for an adjustment; but as, thanks to Cecilia's encouragement, no such proposition came, the uneasy rogue wrote a very smooth and conciliatory note expressive of his unwillingness to proceed to extremities, and "all the rest of it." Martin offered the document to his wife and eldest daughter for their counsel.

"O," said his wife, "go directly to him and give him all! Don't let me be near to interrupt your business again. But he can't get my third of the real estate without my consent. That's my comfort."

"A Sheriff's title does not need the wife's signature," said Martin, stung to bitterness.

"And that's your comfort," said Mrs. Meeker, rising and flouncing away. "You'll beggar us all if you can, I have no doubt."

Martin mechanically walked to the sideboard. He had forgotten that a few days before he had consented that Cecilia should take the seal off the bottle imp, and let him escape where he could do no mischief. Nerveless and trembling, he turned to take up his hat. Cecilia placed her hand upon his arm. "Ride over to my aunt, father, and consult her before you make any reply to this man."

Martin hesitated—but though his pride revolted, he saw his daughter's advice was good and followed it. The result was a very spirited correspondence between Pettigrew Pettifogg, Esq., and an honest lawyer to whom Martin was recommended. Our friend P. I., who was disposed at first to ride a very high horse, came down to his feet, and at last to his knees, under an awkward intimation of proceedings against him for barratry. Pettigrew denounced his brother law-

yer's proceedings as entirely unfraternal and unprofessional. He made a written appeal to Martin to resume his own business with "an old friend," to which Martin of course made no reply, while his attorney pressed the subject earnestly upon Pettigrew's attention. The term of court at which certain awkward revelations might transpire was close at hand. Pettifogg made wisdom of necessity; and the end of the vexatious affair was, that Tumble Down Farm was cleared from the clutches of Pettigrew Pettifogg, Esq., Counsellor and Attorney at law. Some idea of that worthy gentleman's honesty may be gathered from the fact that a sum amounting to only one half of his demand, redeemed the estate, and paid all expenses. This sum was advanced by Martin's sister.

Tumble Down Farm looked up again. The terrible "It" took to itself wings. The whole place in its ornamental and its practical features resumed its original beauty. Cecilia was a frequent visitor, and always brought sunshine with her. More than that, she won the family over to better fashions. The pew in the old church in which Martin's father sat before him, is now never unfilled; and Martin Meeker, as his father was before him, is one of the Church Wardens. Mrs. Meeker wastes her diatribes now on flies, and weeps her Jeremiahs over damp weather, hot weather, dry weather, dysentery, mosquitoes, or whatever may be in season. She says nobody heeds her, and we partly believe it; for those two fine young men, two noble girls, and that pleasant-faced man, just turning toward the elderly, look as if they suffered nothing disagreeable to disturb their serenity.

One or two incidents must be related, and then our sketch is finished. It came to pass a few months after the settlement of the difficulties as above narrated, that Cecilia was at home on a visit of some weeks' duration. And during that same visit the worthy young gentleman who had successfully conducted Martin Meeker's business, made the family a call, and was not unwilling to have his horse taken out and put in the stable. Mrs. Meeker kept vigilant eyes upon him, but as she saw no papers produced, she had no opportunity to repeat the great event of her life—to wit, spattering a lawyer with his own treacherous tools. People seldom do have an opportunity to be great twice in the same line. To do Mrs. Meeker justice, she did on that occasion render her husband a great service, but we agree with him in the opinion that she did not increase the obligation by harping upon it as long as she lived. The young man was so pleased with Martin's hospitality, that he came again—after what seemed to Mrs. Meeker an unreasonably short interval, and to Mr Meeker as indicating a rather warm friendship. At this second call the mystery was unravelled. "O ho! Miss Prudence!" he said to Cecilia after a private consultation with his guest, had at the request of the latter:—"I understand now how you became learned in law!" There was neither cause nor inclination to interpose any objection. Even Mrs. Meeker could find none past or present—so with a proper forecast of trouble she looked into the future. "Be sure, Martin Meeker, you don't let Cecilia's husband make your will. The rest of us want some chance for fair play."

We must not forget to say that in due time Pettigrew Pettifogg, Esq., called too. He looked—not with any

great degree of satisfaction, we must admit, at the repairs and reformatations—though they were done quite as well as he had intended to do them himself. And he did not find Martin Meeker or either of his boys lounging at the gate; but was obliged to rap soundly before he could summon any of the family. Mrs. Meeker did disery him, through a blind, but she would quite as soon have welcomed a viper. Pettigrew was after due time admitted by a servant girl into the parlor, and had abundance of leisure to collect his thoughts before Martin Meeker could be called from a distant part of the farm. The interview was rather constrained. Pettifogg hoped a little dispute was not to break an old friendship. He was ready to forgive, though he had been distrusted and wronged. Martin told him that each would of course have his own opinion in reference to injuries and forgiveness. He felt no desire to re-open the past. Pettigrew said he would be obliged for a glass of water, and when it appeared, intimated gently that there had been a time when Martin offered him something better.

"Mr. Pettifogg," said Martin, "the first glass of spirits I ever drank was with you at your expense, when I was an orphan boy with an estate under guardianship. The last I ever drank was with you, or through your visit, at my own expense, in this very room. I said just now that I have no desire to open the past, and the love of liquor is one of the things I have forgotten. If you were poor and hungry, I would ask you to wait till dinner; as you are neither, I shall not spoil our family repast or put you to that inconvenience."

The hostler at the next public house noted it as a remarkable event that for the first time since his residence there, Squire Pettifogg's horse came up in a foam. And Martin Meeker noted on that same day, an occurrence quite as astonishing to him. When he turned from the door after seeing the lawyer off, Mrs. Meeker met him face to face, and instead of fretting, scolding, insinuating, prophesying evil, she actually did then and there, with her lips, upon his face, and her arms around his neck, commit an assault, which might have been expected in the glow of youthful blood, but in a woman of her sad and gloomy temperament was quite inexplicable. Well, Well! We were all young once, and might be always, if we would only think so; and be none the worse for it either!

### A Melancholy Scene.

(From the Christian Intelligencer.)

If the following incident does not mantle the cheek of every Jerseyman with a blush, we do not know what can. The writer was riding through the village of E—, in the county of M—, when he had occasion to call at one of the stores. He heard the babblings of a miserable drunkard issuing from the place. The merchant, feeling somewhat humbled in having such an inmate pouring forth his blasphemies in the presence of several ladies who were trading in the store, apologized, by saying that he sold no intoxicating drinks whatever; that every other store in the village did sell them, even some who were members of the church. He took the loathsome wretch by the arm and gently led him some distance from the premises, saying that they who sold

the spirits were guilty of the greater sin. The poor inebriate then made his way to the shop of a shoemaker, from which he was instantly driven, as he deserved. He then staggered to another store where the waters of death were sold.—From the steps he was driven by a whip which was lifted over him. Then the wretch tottered along to the tavern stoop. The proprietor bid him begone, as though he were a dog. Mark his reply, *You have my money, can you refuse me a seat on the floor of your steps?* Having made this stinging appeal to the conscience of the man, the only response he made was to step in the bar-room, obtain a horse-whip some six or eight feet in length, and lay it on the shoulders and arms of the drunkard, as I have seen the drivers in Mississippi punish the slaves. I can hear this moment, the sounding lash, as by a vigorous arm it was applied to the miserable sot. In the name of humanity!—can a civilized community—not to say Christian—tolerate such an outrage as that? A man rears his bar, spreads out the snare, allures the unhappy wretch to his coils, sells him the maddening drink, and then finding his victim resting on his stoop, drives him from his door with a horse-whip, as though he were a mad dog. How long can the free and intelligent friends of virtue in New Jersey, permit such brutes, *in the name of law* to enact such things? Deep and damning as is the degradation this hour, among the benighted millions of paganism, I have yet to learn that ever so revolting a scene transpired among them.

The poor Chinese are heartless to a proverb, but we might defy the world to produce the counterpart of the above, among the starving, despairing millions that crowd that empire. Let every legislator who voted against the Maine Law in Trenton, last winter, purchase himself a veil, unless he has ceased to be able to blush!

A NEW YORKER.

### A Beautiful Incident.

We witnessed a beautiful sight yesterday. Beautiful? No, it was sublime. Not that we saw riches in profusion, nor a gorgeous display of rare exotics, not that our eyes feasted on plenty or happiness, not that we saw old age made happy by grateful youth, or two loving hearts forever united, for our sublime scene was one in which poverty was predominant, poverty in a strange land, poverty among strangers, and among those whom a difference in language made it infinitely worse than in their own country. Our enchanting scene was on the Steam-boat Square. The dock was lined with living beings—moving, active, hurrying beings—but it was not among the crowd that we saw what inspired us with reverence and awe. It was not anything that we noticed in the bustle and activity which prevailed that pleased us. No, it was not that. It was *this*. Away from the crowd, and seated upon the plank which makes the dock, sat a matronly German dame, and around her were six small children. The mother was one of that class of humane-looking females into whose mild eyes it is refreshing to look, for there you see kindness and a loving, meek, lowly expression. She was poorly clad, her clothes being of the coarse, stout texture which emigrants, and especially the poorer class are compelled to wear. Her children, for such we took them to be, sat around her, evidently expecting something, for ever and anon they would turn their heads towards the street as if somebody was to return to them. Ah? see you sturdy German, with his

blue smock and heavy boots. Notice the grateful smile that plays across the sun-burnt features, and notice the loaf of bread which he bears in his hand. Surely, he is the father of the children, and 'tis the bread which they have been expecting. Our conjecture was true, for the man seats himself beside the female and the children huddled around their parents in eager haste, while the younger and more impatient lift their tiny hands in supplication for the staff of life. 'Tis a pretty sight! But look again, the father has spoken, and see the loaf is laid aside, the sturdy sire, the matronly dame, and the little children all are on their bended knees with uplifted hands addressing the Throne of Grace, offering up their blessings to the giver of all good for his care and goodness. It was indeed a sublime sight. There in the open air, there among the busy world, among the noise, hustle, and confusion of business, this devout family of strangers were offering up their prayers to a beneficent God, and returning blessings for the many favors received from His hands. It was a scene that would fill any one with awe.—*Albany Transcript*.

### "Look at the Bright Side."

Away with long faces; what is the use of looking as if you had a season ticket for a funeral?—Can't you find any better name for this world than "a vale of tears," and "a scene of tribulation?"—If you can't, it will do you no good to read a letter which a friend has just furnished us. It is from a wife in Massachusetts to her husband in California. She always looks at the bright side. She doesn't intend going through the world with an air as if

"Muffled drums were beating  
Funeral marches to the grave."

Here is the letter:—

"MY DEAR HUSBAND:—As it is some time since you left us for California, I suppose you would be glad to hear how we are getting along in your absence. I am happy to say that we are all enjoying very good health on the whole. Just at present two of the boys have got the small pox, Amanda Jane has got the typhus fever, Betsy is down with the measles, Samuel got hooked by a cow the other day, and little Peter has just chopped off seven off his fingers with the hatchet. It's a mercy that he didn't chop them all off. With these trifling exceptions, we are all well and getting along nicely.—You needn't be at all anxious about us.

"I almost forgot to say that Sarah Matilda eloped last week with a tin pedlar. Poor girl! she's been waiting for the last ten years for a chance, and I'm glad she's got married at last. She needn't have taken the trouble to elope though, for I'm sure I was glad enough to have her go. She was a great eater, and I find the baked beans don't go off near so fast now as they did. The way that girl would dip into peas and beans was a caution to the rest of the family.

"The cow took it into her head yesterday to run away, which was very fortunate, I'm sure, for the barn caught fire last night and was consumed.—I was in hopes that the house would go too, for it's very inconvenient, but the wind was the wrong way, so it didn't receive much injury.

"Some boys broke into the orchard the other day and stripped all the fruit trees. I am very glad of it, for



if they hadn't I presume the children would have made themselves sick by eating too much fruit.

"Hoping that you enjoy yourself in California as well as we do at home, I remain your affectionate wife."

### Eating and Drinking.

I believe that unwarranted and monstrous errors are propagated, by different writers, on the subject of food and drink. Each man has a whim or hobby, so that it has at length come to the point, that if a man will live healthfully to a great age, say a hundred years, he must eat nothing but grapes and drink nothing but rain-water. The gentleman who advocates the grape diet, contends that wheat bread ought not to be eaten, that it has too much earth in it, and tends to stiffen a man's joints and muscles half a century sooner than if he subsisted on grapes.

There are certain districts in the United States, where new notions of every description flourish with amazing vigor, as far as the number of converts are concerned; among these mere notions are the injurious effects of tea and coffee as a daily drink.

I think that it is demonstrable that a single cup of weak tea or coffee at a meal, especially in cold weather, and most especially in persons of a weakly habit or constitution, is far more healthful than a glass of cold water.

Tea and coffee doubtless do injure some people—that is, some persons may not be able to drink them without its being followed by some discomfort; so will even water, if used too freely; and I think it will be found that, in nearly every such case of uncomfatableness after a cup of tea or coffee, this condition of things has been brought about by the too free use of these articles, or that the tone of the stomach has been impaired by improper eating.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

### Endurance.

Oh! we are querulous creatures. Little less  
Than all things can suffice to make us happy:  
And little more than nothing is enough  
To discontent us.—*Coleridge.*

It is astonishing to note how much wisdom, truth, eloquence, can often be compressed into a few little lines.

Those which you have just read are mean in amount, but ponderous import. They are like an antique ring, set with diamonds, whose worth is almost fabulous. They impress like a picture, and convince like a sermon.

Thus it is with us. Covetous, yearning, ambitious grasping, impious, we would seize upon the whole riches of the earth—and but our puny hands the power—and make them tributary to our comfort and luxury. We snatch away the mitre and the crown—we would tear off the robe and the cowl; content to be our own rulers, our own priests, our own dispensers. And all this time we forget that the toll which is taken at the gate of Paradise is something besides gold.

The most opulent—as a general principle—are the most unhappy. Gain begets restlessness—fear—distrust. The rich man's coffers are full of sorrows. 'What if I lose it?' is his constant query; a query that haunts his mind by day and by night—that rings in his ear amid his diurnal duties, and perches upon his pillow when it is dark. And yet, with all these discomforts, we sigh and plan for more.

Again—trifles of annoyance chafe us to madness. "Little more than nothing" throws us into a fever of discontent, and often of anger. We cannot brook the slightest attrition with trial—we cannot endure the momentary presence of a disappointment. We choose a path of blossoms—and the scratch of a single thorn maddens us to desperation. We demand only the easy and delightful—for their opposite we have no endurance. We seek to emulate Cleopatra, and dissolve pearls in our drinking-cups, just to show that we possess them. Oh dear! how men, now-a-days, do run away with themselves!

It is time that the wings of reflection were unfettered. They have been bound and cramped too long. The bird brings much prey in its talons, when its flights are unrestrained.

They are truly wise who, when the dangerous proclivities of the heart and mind are pointed out, do straightway appropriate the admonitions, and abide therein. He who walks along the rocky margin of the precipice, because he will walk there, shall, at last, come to destruction.—*Buffalo Express.*

### The Little Boy's Burial.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Two dark-eyed maids, at shut of day,  
Sat where a river relled away,  
With calm, sad brows, and, and raven hair;  
And one was pale, and both wore fair.

Bring flowers, they sang, bring flowers unblown,  
Bring forest blooms of name unknown;  
Bring budding sprays from wood and wild,  
To strew the bier of Love, the child.

Close softly, fondly, while ye weep,  
His eyes, that death may seem like sleep;  
And fold his hands in sign of rest,  
His waxen hands across his breast.

And make his grave where violets hide,  
Where star flowers strew the rivulet's side,  
And blue-birds, in the misty spring  
Of cloudless skies and summer, sing.

Place near him, as ye lay him low,  
His idle shafts, his loosened bow,  
The silken fillet that around  
His waggish eyes in sport he bound.

But we shall mourn him long, and miss  
His ready smile, his ready kiss,  
The prattle of his little foot,  
Sweet frowns and stammered phrases sweet;

And graver looks, serene and high,  
A light of heaven in that young eye;  
All these shall haunt us till the heart  
Shall ache, and ache, and tears will start.

The bow, the band shall fall to dust,  
The shining arrows waste with rust;  
And all of Love that earth can claim,  
Be but a memory and a name.

Not thus his nobler part shall dwell  
A prisoner in his narrow cell;  
But he whom now we hide from men,  
In the dark ground, shall live again;

Shall break the clouds, a form of light,  
With nobler mien and purer sight,  
And in eternal glory stand,  
Highest and nearest God's right hand.



## BROKERS' CIRCULAR.

MONTREAL, Oct. 21, 1854.

**FLOUR.**—The receipts have been considerable during the week, but in consequence of almost all going into store to be held at higher rates, prices have gradually advanced to our quotations, with considerable sales both for present and for future delivery:—say, for Juno 1855, 30s. 6d.; November 1854, 35s.; and for all this month, 30s. to 36s. 3d. The price to-day asked being considerable in advance of these rates.

**WHEAT.**—Sales for present delivery to a small extent at 7s. 10½d.—and for the middle of November, some 10,000 bushels were sold at 7s. 9d. per 60 lbs.

**INDIAN CORN.**—Steady with a fair demand.

**OATS.**—Up, saleable in any quantity at 2s. 7½d.

**PEAS.**—4s. 6d. to 4s. 9d.

**BEEF.**—No transactions.

**PORK.**—Owing to the prospects of this article being admitted from the U. S. free of duty, it has declined.—Very little doing.

**ASHES.**—Pots, 35s. to 35s. 6d.; Pearls, 32s. to 32s. 9d.

**FREIGHTS.**—Nothing doing.

MONTREAL, 24th Oct., 1854.

Flour has been sold to-day at 39s 6d for Super No inferior qualities in market.

Butter has declined to 9½d, at which it is heavy for ordinary lots.

Postage Free Throughout British America.

## Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 1, 1854.

### Arguments for our Legislators.

We had thought of addressing a few additional words to our legislators, who will shortly be called upon to deal with the question of prohibition. We trust they will one and all give the subject a thorough investigation, and decide in a way that will prove that they have the real good of the country at heart. Instead of advancing any thing additional of our own, we prefer giving the views of a few of the great men of the past century, expressed in the British House of Lords. In 1742-3 a Bill was introduced for "altering the duties on spiritous liquors." The *Prohibitionist* in quoting these arguments from the *British Alliance* says:—"It seemed to be admitted by all parties that the effects of such liquors were injurious, and the only inquiry was, whether the Bill then before the House would increase or diminish their use. Not only was the great evil of intemperance graphically portrayed by several of the lords, but its relation to the traffic was shown, and the right and duty of the government to prohibit the latter was distinctly urged. So this 'new-fangled idea of prohibition,' as our opponents call it, is at least a hundred years old, and, half a century before Neal Dow was born, had received the sanction of some of the ablest minds connected with the British Senate. Had the idea thus broached, been vigorously and persistently followed up by these Senators, until it had found embodiment in law, what millions of treasure, what an unappreciable amount of suffering, of wretchedness and of crime, and how many thousands of valuable lives, might have yearly been saved to Great Britain!—and how, through the reflex influence of such legislation, might the world have been improved, humanity exalted, and temperance, with its attendant blessings, pervaded, if it had not redeemed, every country within the boundaries of Christendom, now scourged by drunkenness! But the time had not come for the practi-

cal carrying out of the bold suggestion of these British statesmen. It is interesting, however, to read the evidence of their appreciation of the evil of intemperance, and of the remedy adapted to its removal. We give a few extracts from the debate, in the confidence that they cannot fail to interest the intelligent reader.

LORD HERVEY said :

"It is not necessary, I suppose, to show that health of body is a blessing; that the duties of life, in which the greatest part of the world are employed, require vigor and activity, and that to want strength of limbs, and to want the necessary supports of nature, are to the lower classes of mankind the same. My lords, if the use of spirituous liquors be encouraged, the diligence of the lower classes, which can only be supported by health, will languish: the workrooms will be forsaken, when the artificer has by the labor of a small part of the day procured what will be sufficient to intoxicate him for the remaining hours: for he will hold it ridiculous to waste any part of his life in superfluous diligence, and will readily assign to merriment and frolic that time which he now spends in useful occupations. But such is the quality of these liquors that he will not long be able to divide his life between labor and debauchery; he will even find himself disabled by his excesses from the prosecution of his work, and those shops which were before abandoned for the sake of pleasure, will soon be made desolate by sickness: those who were before idle will become diseased, and either perish by untimely deaths, or languish in misery and want, a useless burden to the public. That these liquors, my lords, liquors of which the strength is heightened by distillation, have a natural tendency to inflame the blood, to consume the vital juices, destroy the force of the vessels, contract the nerves, and weaken the sinews, that they not only disorder the mind for a time, but by a frequent use precipitate old age, exasperate diseases, and multiply and increase all the infirmities to which the body of man is liable—is generally known to all whose regard to their own health, or study to preserve that of others, has at any time engaged them in such enquiries. But drunkenness not only corrupts men by taking away the restraints by which they are generally kept in awe, and withheld from the perpetration of villainies, but by superadding the temptations of poverty, temptations not easily to be resisted, even by those whose eyes are open to the consequences of their actions, and which, therefore will certainly prevail over those whose apprehensions are laid asleep, and who never extend their views beyond the gratification of the present moment. Drunkenness is the parent of idleness; for no man can apply himself to the business of his trade either while he is drinking or when he is drunk. Part of his time is spent in jollity, and part in imbecility: when he is amidst his companions he is too gay to think of the consequences of neglecting his employment, and when he has overburdened himself with liquor he is too feeble and too stupid to follow it. Poverty is the offspring of idleness, as idleness of drunkenness: the drunkard's work is little, and his expenses are great; and, therefore, he must soon see his family distressed, and his substance reduced to nothing. He easily persuades himself that his condition is desperate: that no legal methods will relieve him; and that, therefore, he has nothing to hope but from the effects of despair. These thoughts are quickly confirmed by his companions, whom the same misconduct has reduced to the same distress, and who have already tried the pleasures of being supported by the labor of others. They do not fail to explain to him the possibility of sudden affluence, and at worst to celebrate the satisfaction of short lived merriment. He, therefore, engages with them in their nocturnal expeditions, an association of wickedness is formed, and that man who, before he tasted this insatiable liquor, contributed every day, by honest labor, to the happiness or convenience of life, who supported his family in decent plenty, and was himself at ease, becomes at once miserable and wicked; is detested as a nuisance by the community, and hunted by the officers of justice: nor has

menkind anything now to wish or hope with regard to him, but that by his speedy destruction, the security of the roads may be restored, and the tranquillity of the night be set free from the alarms of robbery and murder."

**LORD LONSDALE:** "In every part of this great metropolis, whoever shall pass along the streets, will find wretched men stretched upon the pavement, insensible and motionless, and only removed by the charity of passengers from the danger of being crushed by carriages, or trampled by horses, or strangled by filth in the common sewers, and others less helpless perhaps, but more dangerous, who have drunk too much to fear punishment, but not enough to hinder them from provoking it; who think themselves, in the elevation of drunkenness, entitled to treat all those with contempt whom their dress distinguishes from them, and to resent every injury, which in the heat of their imagination they suppose themselves to suffer, with the utmost rage of resentment, violence of rudeness, and scurrility of tongue. No man can pass a single hour in public places without meeting such objects, or hearing such expressions as disgrace human nature; such as cannot be looked upon without horror, or heard without indignation, and which there is, however, no possibility of removing or preventing, whilst this hateful liquor is publicly sold. But the visible and obvious effects of these pernicious draughts, however offensive or inconvenient, are yet much less to be dreaded than their more slow and secret operations. That excess of distilled spirits inflames the poor to insolence and fury, that it exposes them either to hurt, by making them insensible of danger, or to punishment, by making them fearless of authority, is not to be reckoned the most fatal consequence of their use; for these effects, though their frequency makes it necessary to suppress them, with regard to each individual, are of no long duration, the understanding is in a short time recovered after a single debauch, and the drunkard may return to his employment. But though the pleasures of drunkenness are quickly at an end, its pains are of longer continuance. These liquors not only inebriate the mind, but poison the body; nor do they produce only momentary fury, but incurable debility and lingering diseases; they not only fill our streets with madmen, and our prisons with criminals, but our hospitals with cripples. Those who have for a time infested the public walks with their insults, quickly disturb them with their lamentations, and are soon reduced from bullies to beggars, and are obliged to solicit alms from those they used to threaten and insult. Nor does the use of spirits, my lords, only impoverish the public, by lessening the number of useful and laborious hands, but by cutting off those recruits by which its natural and inevitable losses are to be supplied. The use of distilled liquors impairs the fecundity of the human race, and hinders that increase which Providence has ordained for the support of the world. Those women who riot in this poisonous debauchery are quickly disabled from bearing children, by bringing on themselves in a short time all the infirmities and weaknesses of age; or, what is yet more destructive to general happiness, produce children diseased from their birth by the vices of their parents, children whose blood is tainted with inveterate and accumulated maladies, for which no cure can be expected; and who therefore are an additional burden to the community, and must be supported through a miserable life by that labor which they cannot share, and must be protected by that community of which they cannot contribute to the defence."

**LORD HERVEY** (in a second speech): "Whoever shall be so far touched with the interest of the public, as to extend his inquiries to the lowest classes of the people, will find some diseased and others vitiated; he will find some imprisoned by their creditors, and others starving their children; and if he trace all these calamities and crimes to their original cause, will find them all to proceed from the love of distilled liquors. Almost every legislator of the world, my lords, from whatever original he derived his authority, has exerted it in the prohibition of such foods as tended to injure the health and destroy the vigor of the people for whom he designed his institutions,

The great instructor of the Jews, who delivered his laws by Divine authority, prohibited the use of swine's flesh, for no other cause, so far as human reason is able to discover, than that it corrupted the blood, and produced loathsome diseases and maladies which descended to posterity; and therefore in prohibiting, after his example, the use of liquors which produce the same effects, we shall follow the authority of the great Governor of the universe.

All nations in the world, my lords, in every age of which there remain any historical accounts, have agreed in the necessity of laying restraint upon appetite, and setting bounds to the wantonness of luxury; every legislature has claimed and practised the right of withholding those pleasures which the people have appeared to use to excess, and preferring the safety of multitudes, whom liberty would destroy, to the convenience of those who would have enjoyed it within the limits of reason and of virtue. The welfare of the public, my lords, has always been allowed the supreme law; and when any governors sacrifice the general good either to private views or temporary convenience, they deviate at once from integrity and policy, they betray their trust, and neglect their interest. The prohibition of those commodities which are instrumental to vice, is not only dictated by policy, but nature; nor does it indeed require much sagacity, when the evil is known, to find the proper remedy; for even the Indians, who have not yet reduced the art of government to a science, nor learned to make long harangues upon the different interests of foreign powers, the necessity of raising supplies, or the importance and extent of manufactures, have yet been able to discover, that distilled spirits are pernicious to society; and that the use of them can only be hindered by prohibiting the sale. For this reason, my lords, they have petitioned that none of this delicious poison should be imported from Britain; they have desired us to confine this fountain of wickedness and misery to stream in our own country, without pouring upon them those inundations of debauchery, by which we are ourselves overflowed. When we may be sent with justice to learn from the rude and ignorant Indians the first elements of civil wisdom, we have surely not much right to boast of our foresight and knowledge; we must surely confess, that we have hitherto valued ourselves upon our arts with very little reason, since we have not learned how to preserve either wealth or virtue, either peace or commerce."

#### Annual Meeting of the Grand Division of Canada East.

This Convocation, so interesting to every true son of Temperance in Lower Canada, commenced its Session, according to law, on Wednesday the 18th of October last. At ten o'clock, A.M., we found representatives from the Divisions in various sections of the country, as well as from those in Montreal, assembled in the Hall of Jonadab Division in Wolfe Street; and after a short time spent in mutual congratulations, the G. W. P. took the Chair and opened the Session. The examination of credentials and initiation of new members showed a good and full attendance from the country, better perhaps than on any former occasion. It was gratifying to meet once more with several of our most valuable and venerated brethren, amongst whom, from the country, we would mention P. G. W. P. Kneeshaw, of Lachute; G. Treas. Gordon, of Aylmer; G. W. A. Mathison, of Quebec; Rev. Mr. Constable, now Grand Chaplain; and others. Owing to the pressure of the Fall business and other causes, the attendance of city representatives was rather thin and irregular.

The various matters claiming the attention of the Division were gone into and despatched with business promptitude; and the whole Session was a delightfully harmonious one; the consequence of which was, that all the business was disposed of by two o'clock on the second

day; at which time the Grand Division adjourned, to meet in June next at Huntingdon.

As the proceedings will shortly be published, we will here only advert to a few things that are of immediate interest to the Order.

**THE "DEGREES."**—The G. D. decided that the adoption of these should be left optional with the Divisions; fixing the charge, however, for the necessary "Degree Books" at \$7, to be obtained from the Grand Scribe,—the money to accompany the order.

**ADMISSION OF YOUTHS AND LADIES.**—To be left optional with the Divisions, the G. D. expressing no opinion officially on the propriety or otherwise of this change.

**INCREASED TAX.**—The *per Capita* tax on members of Subordinates was raised from 2d to 3d for this year; while some contended for 4d, to enable the G. D. to get out of its financial difficulties. As the Order progresses and Divisions multiply, of course the revenues of the G. D. will also improve, and the tax will again be reduced.

**THE "RITUALS."**—Some discussion took place on the relative merits of the old and new Rituals, and the impression seemed strong that the National Division had not acted wisely in introducing the latter. It was contended that the old Ritual was *simpler, nobler, more rational*, and as a whole, *BETTER* than the new; and the discussion ended in the passing of a Resolution asking the N. D. to allow Divisions under this jurisdiction to use *either* as they might choose.

**D. G. W. P.'s**—Dissatisfaction having been expressed with the working of a Resolution passed by the G. D. nearly two years ago, by which the G. W. P. was requested to appoint only such Deputies as Divisions might recommend to him, and which at the present time had resulted in three having been nominated for Montreal, the said Resolution was so amended as to provide that where there are two or more Divisions within a circuit of five miles, there shall be but one Deputy. This plan appeared to meet the views of all who had interested themselves in this matter.

**ACT OF INCORPORATION.**—This was again brought forward, and respecting which nothing *effectual* has as yet been done. Whether it will be procured at the present Session of Parliament or not, is doubtful.

**PETITION FOR MAINE LAW.**—A committee was appointed to draft a petition from this Grand Division to the three branches of the Legislature, for the enactment of a PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW, the petition to be an official one, under the G. D. seal, and in addition to those in preparation by the various Subordinate Divisions.

Beyond the usual routine business of voting the salary of the G. S., (which remains as before); for publishing the proceedings of this and last session; electing Representatives to the National Division; appointing D.G.W.P.'s; thanks to Past Officers, &c., we do not recollect anything more of immediate interest. We would, however, congratulate the Order in Lower Canada on having in its two principal working officers—the G.W.P. and G.S.—such energetic and faithful friends of the cause; and we trust that their year of office will be marked by great success and increased efficiency in the Order generally.

We must not forget to mention that the Jonadab Division, in whose Hall the session was held, very kindly invited the

Grand Division to a social Tea-Party in the Hall, on Thursday evening, the 19th, after the close of the session. There was no attempt at display, and the members of the Grand Division and Jonadab Division spent a pleasant evening together before departing for their respective, and to some, distant homes.

The Grand Division officers for the year are as follows:—

G. MATHISON, G.W.P., Quebec.  
 J. B. CLIFF, G.W.A., Clarenceville.  
 REV. MR. CONSTABLE, G. Chap., Lachute.  
 HENRY ROSE, G.S., Montreal.  
 E. P. GROUT, G.T., Point a Cavignol.  
 J. H. GILMAN, G.C., Clarenceville.  
 T. WANLESS, G. Sent., St. Andrews.  
 A. M'Eachern, P.G.W.P., Ormstown, Durham.

In addition to the above we have to acknowledge the kindness of the Grand Scribe in furnishing a report of the proceedings of the Grand Division. From his report we copy with melancholy pleasure the following resolution moved by Grand Chaplain Constable, which was unanimously adopted, viz.:—

*Resolved*,—That this Grand Division deeply deplores the loss of Brothers J. Scholfield and P. O'Connor, and that it becomes us as members of an Order, whose bonds spring from the noblest sympathies of our nature, to tender to their families, and especially to the widow of Bro. Scholfield, as we now do, our heartfelt sympathies in their deep sorrow, and while we mingle our tears with theirs, we devoutly commend them to the mercy of that God who alone can comfort in their time of need. And that a copy of this Resolution be printed in the *Temperance Advocate*, and sent to the widow and friends of the deceased.

#### Necessity of a Seizure Clause.

The *Boston Telegraph* says there is so much misunderstanding in the community relating to the importance of a seizure clause in the anti-liquor law of the State, that it becomes necessary to iterate and reiterate the fact, that a very considerable proportion of the grog-shops of the State cannot be reached by the provisions of the existing law. Some liquor drinkers seem to have a very great disrelish for truth when upon the stand as witnesses in liquor cases. As the law now stands, there is no way to convict rum-sellers except by the aid of their customers; hence the necessity of a seizure clause. If the customers of the dram-shops will not tell the truth, the liquor will, if we can get the power to seize it. No great quantity is needed for evidence. A pint or quart would be all-sufficient. The objection urged against the seizure of liquors among merchants and others, is, that it subjects the owners to great inconvenience as well as to an unnecessary loss of property. The law, they say, recognizes liquor, under certain circumstances, to be property; therefore, when it is confiscated and destroyed it is a wanton and unrighteous destruction of property. The law is inconsistent with itself. It is too arbitrary; it is contrary to the spirit of a republican government; it is trespassing upon the rights of citizens. Now, while we do not admit any of these objections to be valid, yet if the seizure clause should be added to the law for the purpose of introducing the liquor as evidence against offending parties, all these objections would be removed. The mere destruction of the liquor is of little consequence. Let it be used in Court as *prima facie* evidence of guilt,

and every grog-shop in the State could be reached. No one who wants to see rum-shops closed, could object to such a provision, for it would accomplish the object.

It is very desirable that the prohibitory law, with the amendment alluded to, should have a fair trial. All objectors, excepting of course rum-sellers and their immediate supporters, should stand aside and let the friends of prohibition perfect the law, and execute it; and then if the predicted results do not follow, it will be time enough to condemn it.

### Business Increasing under the Operation of the Prohibitory Law.

Will the merchants of our city and country give their attention to the article following. Only let us have a Maine Law for Canada and there would be such an increase in every lawful business or occupation that would sufficiently prove the excellency of entire freedom from the traffic in alcoholic drinks. The *Boston Telegraph* says:—

"The friends of prohibitory law have contended that every useful trade and every necessary branch of business would increase, whenever the law, prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors, should be enforced. If an intemperate man becomes sober, he will immediately find employment, and instead of spending his money for rum, he will spend it for bread, meat, clothing, shoes, furniture, &c., &c., and thus the baker, butcher, clothier, shoe dealer, &c., will have their trade increased. Take a town with five thousand inhabitants; ordinarily there will be not less than a hundred men who make a free use of strong drink. They with their families contribute but little, comparatively, to the general business prosperity of the place. Let those men, and all others dependent upon them for support, become temperate, and the business of the town would be increased from twelve and a half to twenty-five per cent, to say nothing of the peace, health, and comfort which would flow in, like a river, upon every family.

"Take a smaller town which has only four grog shops. Suppose their sales of liquor average only five dollars each per day: this would make an aggregate of twenty dollars per day, and \$7,300 per year. All this money would be saved for the business of the place, and every business man, except the rum-seller, would feel it at once.

"The *New Haven Advocate* in a leading editorial upon the operation of the prohibitory law in Connecticut, uses the following language:—

"Sober industrious citizens have been made out of persons hitherto intemperate and shiftless. Homes, long strangers to the common enjoyments of life, are now realizing the awards of temperance and frugality. Our streets are quiet; intemperance, with its disgusting effects, has disappeared to such a degree, as to make the change, the remark of even the opponents of the law. Our watch house has hardly one inmate, to where it previously had a dozen, and the record of commitments to the county jail is rapidly lessening.

"But this is not all; our retail temperance groceries find their business largely on the increase, since the law came into operation, and are now receiving weekly payments on accounts before considered worth less than the paper on which they were entered.

"We were informed by a store-keeper a few days since that men were now trading with him who had owed him for two years, having become intemperate and left him for places where rum could be procured in connection with groceries, if indeed their money held out to buy the latter, after getting a supply of the former, who since the first of August, had returned to his store, paying promptly for what they got, and also making weekly payments in liquidation of their old accounts, and that his trade had increased almost one-half during the past two months. Here is the difference between rum rule and prohibition, and here the difference

between men when sober and when under the influence of intoxication. We have asked others in the retail dry grocery business, and we do not know of an exception where the reply has not been, "our trade is better than before the law passed." The secret is easily told, men now spend their money to supply the wants of their families, whereas before, if they had any, it went into the till of the liquor shop.

"An ex-dramseller was asked a few days ago, what had become of his customers—quite a number of whom might be found at almost any hour in the day hanging about the shop. His reply was "d—'em, I s'pose they've gone to work." The expression rough and heartless as it was, contained much of truth. "Gone to work!" and why? The carcass is removed—the article that called them to hover around his grocery and there to spend their time to the neglect of all else, is under the ban of an iron law, and not being able to procure it, they find now no occasion to taze away the hours of either day or night, to the neglect of their families, at his shop, or to longer bestow their patronage upon the one who, taking advantage of their weakness, has done so much to debase, and destroy them."

"In Massachusetts, the prohibitory law has never been fully enforced. It has been, by the Supreme Court, shorn of considerable of its strength by the overthrow of the seizure clause. That clause, without its constitutional objections, must be restored before we can, to any considerable extent, shut up the lower class of grog shops in our large cities, or before we can see such glorious results from the enforcement of prohibitory laws as those noticed in the extract above. Connecticut has the best law in the Union; let the Legislature of Massachusetts amend our own law, and a similar change for the better in all the various departments of business will be witnessed throughout our time-honored Commonwealth.

"The facts which we have quoted above are commended to the attention of the business community of this city. Let them not be passed lightly by."

### An Exhortation to Work.

The Rev. H. Bonar has recently issued a tract on "Christian Witness bearing against the sin of Intemperance." We commend the following earnest paragraph to the attention of all who wish to effect the removal of our country's greatest curse—the curse of intemperance. It has been well said by a contemporary that there is a class who see and acknowledge the great evils of intemperance, yet expend their energies in finding fault with the measures adopted for its removal, instead of devising and vigorously carrying forward others that shall more certainly attain the consummation desired.

To such, Mr. Bonar thus earnestly appeals:—

"It is admitted that the evil is a fearful one; though these only who come into close contact with it know how fearful it is. It is an evil of appalling magnitude, sweeping millions before it, like a swollen torrent. It is an evil of the most fatally malignant type, committing havoc both on soul and body. It is an evil of the most infectious kind, every hour laying hold of new victims, and demanding the enactment of sanitary laws of the most rigid and searching application.

"Christian brethren, what have you done to abate or remedy this evil? Have you taken any active measures, of any kind whatsoever, were it for nothing more than the exoneration of your own consciences? You disapprove, perhaps, of our own plans. Be it so. Have you, however, adopted any of your own? Surely your rejection of our schemes ought to have led you, by this time, to a more efficient and unobjectionable one. Have you done this? If so, produce your plan, and let the public know it. Produce your plan, and we shall give it a thorough consideration. We are not wedded to any special scheme. Provided the end is effected, we care little whose is the plan by which

it is reached, whether yours or ours. Let a testimony be lifted up against the evil,—a testimony explicit and effective,—a testimony, by means of which the wanderer shall be reclaimed, and the whole community aroused,—let this be done,—we shall not quarrel about any minor details, far less about the origination of the scheme. If, then, you cannot fall in with the plans already in existence, do be entreated to form one of your own. Only do not fold your hands and sit idle as if the evil were too great to be meddled with, as if the blot were too foul to be washed away. Do something if you feel that you cannot do what we suggest. Do something, for the intoxicating pestilence is on the increase, and is hurrying off its victims by tens of thousands. Do something, for because of drunkenness 'the land mourneth,' and crime is added to crime—blasphemy, lust, violence, murder, infidelity, socialism, and all reckless ungodliness. Do something, for God is dishonored and his law is trampled on, and his Sabbaths desecrated, and his Bible set at naught. Do something, for the gospel is hindered and Satan triumphs, and consciences are seared, and convictions are quenched, and impressions are effaced, and the broad way is crowded, and the Holy Spirit is grieved, and barriers thrown up between the sinner and heaven. Do something, for the whole social system is disorganized, and family order is broken up, and natural affections are blasted, and the ties of neighborhood are rent asunder, and vast sections of society are falling to pieces, corrupting and festering through their own unchecked licentiousness. Do something, for the cup of our nation's iniquity is fast filling to the brim, and may overflow sooner than you think. Do something, for there is a holy God who, abhors iniquity, whose displeasure against us cannot always forbear, and whose sword of righteous vengeance cannot always remain in its sheath, but must come forth to judge, to smite, and to destroy. Do something, for the time is short, and souls are perishing, and the Judge is coming, and the day of reckoning is at hand, and your opportunities of plucking brands from the burning will soon be at an end."

You, gentle reader, may "do something"—you may do many things for the removal of intemperance. But let us remind you once more that we shall only effectually remove the evil by removing the cause of it. The legalized traffic stands before us as our greatest adversary, next to the sinfulness of the human heart. That this "something" can be constitutionally done, take and consider the opinion of Judge Grier thus already expressed:—

"It is not necessary to array the appalling statistics of misery, pauperism and crime, which have their origin in the use or abuse of ardent spirits. The police power, which is exclusively in the States, is alone competent to the correction of these great evils, and all measures of restraint or prohibition necessary to effect the purpose, are within the scope of that authority. All laws for the restraint or punishment of crime, for the preservation of the public peace, health, and morals, are, from their very nature, of primary importance, and lie at the foundation of social existence. They are for the protection of life and liberty, and necessarily compel all laws of secondary importance which relate only to property, convenience or luxury, to recede when they come in contact or collision. *Salus populi suprema lex.* The exigencies of the social compact require that such laws be executed before and above all others. It is for this reason that quarantine laws, which protect health, compel mere commercial regulations to submit to their control. They restrain the liberty of the passengers; they operate on the ship, which is the instrument of commerce, and on its officers and crew, and the rights of navigation. They seize the infected cargo and cast it overboard. All things are done, not from any power that the State assumes to regulate commerce, or to interfere with the regulations of Congress, but because police laws for the preservation of health, prevention of crime, and protection of the public welfare, must, of necessity have full and free operation, according to the exigency that requires their interference. If a loss of revenue should accrue to the country, from a diminished consumption of ardent spirits, she will be the gainer a thousand-fold in the health, wealth and happiness of the people."

### Doings of the Canadian Parliament.

On Thursday the 26th of October, the motion for the second reading of the liquor bill came up in order. Mr. Felton, who has charge of the measure, opened the debate in a very satisfactory manner, and was followed by quite a number of gentlemen on both sides of the question. We cannot give even a synopsis of the debate in this number, but we must say that the opponents of the measure delivered themselves of a great deal of nonsense, assumed a great deal that they never can prove, and confounded confusion by most inapplicable illustrations. On the whole, the debate was interesting, and the number of speakers who advocated both the principle of the bill, and justified its details, augurs well for the issue. Telegraph and other reporters seem very anxious to prevent the people from imagining that all who voted for the second reading were favorable to the measure as it is, but we hope the very large majority will not so materially diminish as to leave Canada without the Maine Law. We give the Yeas and Nays for the information of the constituencies. The bill is to be referred to the Temperance Committee.

The Yeas were Messieurs Aikins, Alleyne, Bell, Biggar, Bourassa, Brodeur, Brown, Bureau, Burton, Cayley, Chauveau, Chapais, Chisholm, Church, Clarke, Cook of Ottawa, Cook of Oxford (South), Dalb, Daoust of Beauharnois, Daoust of Two Mountains, Darche, Delong, Desaulniers, DeWitt, Dionne, Dorion of Drummond and Arthabaska, Dorion of Montreal City, Dostaler, Dufresne, Felton, Ferres, Flint, Foley, Fortier of Bellechasse, Fournier, Frazer, Freeman, Galt, Gamble, Gill, Gould, Guevremont, Hartman, Hincks, Holton, Huot, Jackson, Jobin, Labelle, Labege, Langton, Laporte, LeBouffillier, Lumsden, Macbeth, Macdonald of Kingston, Macdonald of Cornwall, Mackenzie, McKerlie, Marchildon, Masson, Matheson, Mattice, Meagher, Merritt, Mongenais, Morin, Morrison of Simcoe (North), Munro, Papin, Patrick, Prevost, Rankin, Robinson, Roblin, Solicitor General Ross, Ross of Northumberland (East), Sanborn, Scatcherd, Shaw, Smith of Frontenac, Smith of Northumberland (West), Somerville, Southwick, Spence, Stevenson, Tache, Thibaudeau, Turcotte, Valois, Whitney, Wright, and Yielding—95.

The Nays were Messieurs Casault, Ferric, Lyon, O'Farrell, and Powell—5.

### Prohibitory Liquor Law.

We have received from an esteemed correspondent in Woodstock, C. W., a draft of a Bill for the suppression of intemperance. We most heartily approve of its chief provisions, and may publish it with the accompanying letter in due time. As the draft sent us has also been forwarded to a member of Parliament, we hope it will be laid before the Committee on Temperance, and thereby contribute to the perfecting of a measure, which shall receive the sanction of Parliament. In the meantime, let our friends throughout the country take courage, and send on their petitions for a stringent prohibitory law.

### Grand Division Canada West.

We are happy to learn that the meeting of the Grand Division of Canada West, which assembled this year in Bytown on the 25th ult., was a most triumphant affair. The attendance of representatives was numerous, and about one hundred new candidates initiated. We are not yet in possession of the particulars, but it is gratifying to be able to state that the meetings of the Session were harmonious, and an unanimous expression of opinion in favor of a prohibitory liquor law. Three public meetings were held in Bytown, which were addressed by members of the Grand Division, and were deeply interesting, especially that held in the public tent on the first day of meeting. In our next number we expect to give full particulars.

## Editorial Scrap-Book.

**PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITIES.**—Mr. James Haughton, of Dublin, relates in the *Wexford Independent*, the following incident:—"I was this morning at the King's-bridge terminus of the Great Southern and Western Railway, seeing some friends take their departure for the south. A gentleman of considerable wealth, with whom I have been long acquainted, arrived, accompanied by his eldest son, an interesting young fellow, probably 16 to 18 years of age, whom he introduced to me, saying, if you make this boy a teetotaler I will give you a hundred guineas. On taking their seats in the carriage he repeated his promise aloud—in the hearing of many persons—and said, moreover, I have another son, and if you make them both teetotalers I will give you two hundred guineas. This all passed hastily, and as the train soon started on its rapid journey, impelled by that mysterious force which man has made in so many ways subservient to the steady progress of civilization, I had but little opportunity of reply. I said, however, that I would engage to make the attempt for half the money, and that I felt satisfied I could succeed, on one condition, which was—that he himself should become a teetotaler—that example was the surest teacher. He shook his head, and said he was too old to change his habits; and when I appealed to my young friend, he said something about teetotalism not being suited to the habits of country gentlemen." Mr. Haughton turned his steps homeward, but reflecting as he walked upon this conversation, he determined to appeal to parents, on behalf of teetotalism. The father above referred to, knowing by experience the dangers to which young men are exposed, would gladly pay a large sum to save his sons from temptation, and yet lacked moral courage to induce him cheerfully to make the sacrifice of appetite. How many such parents are there to be found. Mr. H. concludes his appeal by observing "that the enactment of a law by our Legislature prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks would soon place the people of Great Britain and Ireland in a condition of abounding happiness."

**AN EXCELLENT PLAN.**—A heavy domestic affliction led me to pass through a considerable part of the city of Norwich, between the hours of three and five on the afternoon of the last Sabbath in August. Though most of the public houses were closed, several had their doors open, and there were indications of drink being sold. A considerable part of the population, in some parts of the city, give affecting evidence that they have not yet profited by the noble efforts of an influential temperance society, which has here been in active operation for several years. Passing by the Primitive chapel, the voice of praise fell upon my ear, and induced me to seek consolation by joining in the prayer which ended the afternoon worship. Just inside the door was a neatly-printed card, stating that any one wishing to sign the temperance pledge might apply to the Superintendent of the Sunday school. This public, though liberal appeal, in favor of temperance, and in connexion with the place of worship, the Sunday school and the Church of Christ, pleased me exceedingly, and is so worthy to be imitated, that I have been induced to hand you the above for an early copy of the

*Herald*, hoping that the temperance press will give the excellent plan publicity.

A. TABRAHAM.

Attleborough, Sept. 6, 1854.—*Bristol Herald*.

**ONLY ONCE.**—Some parents esteem it to be the best policy to let their children go to a theatre or circus **ONLY ONCE**, to gratify their curiosity, or to get rid of their importunity. Why so? If it is right to visit such places at all, why not let them go frequently? but if wrong, why countenance them in sinning **ONLY ONCE**? Why not, on the same policy, permit them to gratify themselves once in other sins? Let them get drunk or visit a gambling-house **ONLY ONCE**, that they may have a personal experience in the matter. We have sometimes said to such parents, are you sure that **ONLY ONCE** will satisfy them? May not the first experiment excite within them a taste which **ONCE** will not satisfy? If you put your children fairly in the road to ruin, is it certain that after one step they will voluntarily turn back? If they go once with your permission, may they not be inclined to go often without it? If they see that you have no fixed uncompromising principle on the subject, can you expect them, in their experience, to have any? It is false reasoning to urge, that, if young people are not permitted to indulge themselves occasionally in this way, they will do it by stealth; for this is as much as to say, that if children will sin, it is better for them to do it with their parents' consent. No: let parents be resolute and immovable in their principles, and their example and authority will go far to restrain the children from vice; and if they should fail of this effect, the parents will at least have the consolation of reflecting, that they never, by word or act, encouraged their offspring to run in the way of temptation.—*Presbyterian*.

**MAMMOTH CAVE OF MARTINIQUE.**—That the Mammoth Cave is an antiquity of the world before the flood—a city of giants which an earthquake swallowed, and which a chance roof of rocks has protected from being effaced by the deluge—is one of the fancies which its strange phenomena force upon the mind. All is so architectural. It is not a vast underground cavity, raw and dirty, but a succession of halls, domes and corridors, streets, avenues, and arches—all underground, but all telling of the design and proportion of a majestic primeval metropolis. It is not a cave but a city in ruins—a city from which sun, moon and stars have been taken away—whose day of judgment has come and passed, and over which a new world has been created and grown old. By what admirable laws of unknown architecture those mammoth roofs and ceilings are upheld, is every traveller wondering question. In some shape or other, I heard each of my companions express this. No modern builder could throw up such vast vaulted arches, and so unaccountably sustain them. And all else is in keeping. The cornices and columns, aisles and galleries, are giganticly proportionate, and as mysteriously upheld. Streets after streets, miles after miles, seem to have been left only half in ruins; and here and there is an effect as if the basements and lower stories were encumbered with fragments and rubbish, leaving you to walk on a level with the capitals and floors once high above the pavement. It might be described as a mammoth Herculaneum, first sepulchred with over-lying mountains, but swept and choked afterwards by the waters of the deluge, that found their way to its dark streets in their subsiding. What scenery and machinery all this will



be for the poets of the West, by and by! Their Parnassus is a house ready furnished.—A Health-Trip to the Tropics, by N. P. Willis.

### Maxims of Celebrated Men.

SWEDENBORG.

1. Often to read and meditate on the word of God.
2. To submit everything to the will of Divine Providence.
3. To observe in everything a propriety of behaviour, and always to keep the conscience clear.
4. To discharge with fidelity the functions of his employment and duties of his office, and to render himself in all things useful to society.

CARUS.

1. Hear as little as possible whatever to the prejudice of others.
2. Believe nothing of the kind till you are absolutely forced to it.
3. Never to drink into the spirit of any one who circulates an evil report.
4. Always moderate, as far as possible, the unkindness which is expressed towards others.
5. Always to believe that if the other side were to be heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

BISHOP MIDDLETON.

1. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride.
2. Persevere against discouragement.
3. Keep your temper.
4. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate.
5. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction.
6. Never be in a hurry.
7. Rise early, and be an economist of time.
8. Practice strict temperance.
9. Manner is something with everybody, and everything with some.
10. Be guarded in discourse, attentive, and slow to speak.
11. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.
12. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask.
13. Think nothing in conduct unimportant and indifferent.
14. In all your transactions remember the final account.

### To the Evening Wind.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou  
That o'er the twilight of the sultry day,  
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;  
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,  
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,  
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,  
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee  
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone;—a thousand bosoms round  
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;  
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound  
Linger, at coming of the wind of night;  
And languishing to hear thy grateful sound,  
Lie the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.  
Go forth; no the gathering shade; go forth,  
God's blessing breathe upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,  
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse  
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,  
Summoning from the innumerable boughs  
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast;  
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly flows  
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,  
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head  
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,  
And dry the moistened curls that overspread  
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;  
And they who stand about the sick man's bed  
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,  
And softly part his curtains to allow  
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go,—but the circle of eternal change,  
Which is the life of nature, shall restore,  
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,  
Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more;  
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,  
Shall tell the homesick mariner of the shore;  
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem  
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

### The Smoker.

(From the Boston Telegraph.)

John! quick! corrosive sublimate!  
Chloride of lime provide,  
And burn pasties on a chafing dish,  
And vinegar beside!  
My nephew Sam has just been here,  
As one might know full well,  
And he has left behind again  
That vile tobacco smell!

Throw up the windows, and the doors  
Set open for a draft,  
And while the breezes far away  
The noisome odor waft;  
I'll take a turn on the portico,  
For oh! I did not dare  
To respirate in yonder room,  
While that fetid youth was there.

His very whiskers, board, and hair  
Are steeped in putrid smoke,  
His clothes are saturated too,  
As if they'd been in soak,  
And from his mouth and nostrils goes  
A breath, which far and near  
Impregnates all the furniture,  
And taints the atmosphere.

Is this the youth who thinks to wed  
My niece, and be my heir!  
The nuisance!—no, my hard-earned wealth  
He surely shall not share;  
And Kate shall have his cousin Will,  
Whose name she cannot speak,  
Or hear, without a glowing blush  
Suffusing her young cheek.

He is an earnest, manly youth,  
Though not so rich in pence,  
And me he treats with due respect,  
And Kate with deference;  
His teeth are set, his lips are closed  
Against the foul cigar,  
And fouler quid, which spread around  
That rank effluvia.

And they shall come and live with me;  
And I, who when a boy  
Inhaled the purest country air,  
And breathed my breath with joy,  
Shall now henceforth keep always free  
From fumigating folk,  
And not be smothered in old age,  
Nor end my days in smoke.



## A Page for Young Folks at Home.

### The Glass Railroad.

The 'Milford bard,' like too many of his brethren, was subject to severe fits of *mania a potu*. During one of these he narrated a dream.

The dream was as follows:—

It seemed to me as though I had been suddenly aroused from my slumbers. I looked around, and found myself in the centre of a gay crowd. The first sensation I experienced was that of being borne along with a peculiar gentle motion. I looked around, and found that I was in a long train of cars which were gliding over a railway, and seemed to be many miles in length. It was composed of many cars. Every car opened at the top, and was filled with men and women, all gaily dressed, all happy, all laughing, talking, and singing. The peculiarly gentle motion of the cars interested me. There was no grating, such as we have on a railroad. They moved on without the least jar or sound. This, I say, interested me. I looked over the side, and to my astonishment found the railroad and cars made of glass. The glass wheels moved over the glass rails without the least noise or oscillation. The soft motion produced a feeling of exquisite happiness. I was happy! It seemed as if everything was at rest within. I was full of peace. While I was wondering over this circumstance a new sight attracted my gaze.—All along the road, on either side, within a foot of the track, were laid long lines of coffins, and every one contained a corpse, dressed for burial, with its cold white face turned upwards to the light. The sight filled me with horror. I yelled in agony; but yet could make no sound. The gay throng who were around me only redoubled their singing and laughter at the sight of my agony; and we swept on, gliding with glass wheels over the glass railroad, every moment coming near to the bend in the road, which formed an angle with the road, far, far in the distance.

'Who are these?' I cried at last, pointing to the dead in their coffins.

'These are the persons who made the trip before us,' was the reply of one of the gayest persons near me.

'What trip?' I asked.

'Why, the trip we are now making. The trip over this glass railroad,' was the answer.

'Why do they lie along the road, each one in his coffin?' I was answered with a whisper and a half laugh that froze my blood:

'They were dashed to death at the end of the railroad,' said the person whom I addressed.

'You know the railroad terminates at an abyss which is without bottom or measure. It is lined with pointed rocks. As each car arrives at the end, it precipitates its passengers into the abyss. They are dashed to pieces against the rocks, and their bodies are brought there and placed in the coffins as a warning to other passengers; but no one minds it, we are so happy on the glass railroad.'

I can never describe the horror with which these words inspired me.

'What is the name of the glass railroad?' I asked.

The person whom I asked replied in the same strain:

'It is very easy to get into the cars, but very hard to get

out. For, once in these cars, everybody is delighted with the soft, gliding motion. The cars move so gently. Yes, this is a railroad of habit, and with glass wheels we are whirled over a glass railroad towards a fathomless abyss.—In a few moments we'll be there, and they'll bring our bodies and put them in the coffins as a warning to others; but nobody will mind it, will they?'

I was choked with horror. I struggled to breathe, made frantic efforts to leap from the cars, and in the struggle awoke. I knew it was only a dream, and yet whenever I think of it, I can see that long train of cars move gently over the glass railroad; I can see cars far a-head as they are turning the bend of the road; I can see the dead in their coffins, clear and distinct, on either side of the road; while the laughing and singing of the gay and happy passengers resound in my ears, I only see those cold faces of the dead, with their glassy eyes uplifted, and their frozen hands upon their shrouds.

It was a horrible dream. And the bard's hanging features and brightening eyes attested the emotion which had been aroused by the very memory of the dream.

It was indeed a horrible dream. A long train of glass cars, gliding over a glass railway freighted with youth, beauty, and music, while on either hand are stretched the victims of yesterday—gliding over the railway of habit towards the fathomless abyss.

Dear reader, the bard's dream finds its stern reality in the history of myriads of our race. They have started in the glass cars of pleasure on the glass railway of sinful habit, and are gliding on in foolish mirth and dreamy ease to the awful abyss of eternal destruction.

Some things in the bard's dream claim special notice:—

'It is very easy to get into the cars, but very hard to get out.' How strikingly and sternly true is this of habit! How easy it is to form a sinful habit, but to throw it off again may be more difficult than to break fetters of triple steel.

'The soft motion produces a feeling of exquisite happiness.' It is even so with sinful habit. A man glides on from one illicit joy to another; he pauses not to think; he talks and laughs, and sings, and for a time he tries to fancy that he is filled with the perfection of human joy.

'Long lines of coffins, every one containing a corpse, dressed for burial, with its cold white face turned upwards towards the light,' skirted the glass railway. The pathway of the man of pleasure is strewn with the dead. Here lies one; he died a drunkard. There another; he died a libertine. And there! and there! and yonder! as far as the eye can reach, lie thousands and tens of thousands of ghastly corpses, not with the serene countenances of the good (for even in death they smile) but with blackened, loathe-ome, horrible countenances, such as depravity alone can produce.

'No one minds it, we are so happy on the glass railroad.' Minds what? The coffins! The warning! Oh no!—Pleasure blinds a man to danger, it blunts and stupifies his sensibilities, and on he glides amid the groans of living wretches, and through the ranks of the ghastly dead, until he heeds it not. He shuts his eyes and laughs at the laugh of frantic merriment, and rushes on.

Verily, all this is but too true of evil habits. They are easily acquired. A man glides into them. They throw around him the spell of enchantment. They bind him with

worse than chains of iron. The victims of their fatally-destructive power may be counted by myriads. Yet men heed not the terrible warning which they give.—*Abstainer's Journal.*

### Tell the Truth.

A Correspondent of the "Day Star," writes as follows:—Lately, after dining with a friend, the conversation turned upon the importance and value of truth, especially as manifested in the character of the young. My attention had been attracted by two portraits of my worthy host's only children, both of whom were away at school. Looking towards one of them, the likeness of the eldest, whose highly-interesting countenance beamed with heavenly light, he said, 'That child has the most sacred regard for truth, and deeply abhors the slightest violation of that holy principle. Her little brother at school, influenced by his older companions, had been induced to try to smoke a cigar; and this coming to the knowledge of the Principal, he had told an untruth to hide his offence. You shall hear how grieved his loving sister was when she was informed of what had taken place,' and he produced a letter which the dear child had written from her far-off temporary home. It breathed such a pure Christian spirit, and that too in one so young, that it affected me deeply; and I asked permission to be favoured with it, and to give it to the world in the prayerful hope that its truths might make a lasting impression on the minds of those of similar age as the dear brother to whom it was addressed.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I was deeply pained, my dearest Johnnie, to hear from dear mamma this morning of your sad departure from truth, that principle which is the brightest gem in the character of a true Christian, the losing of which endangers the hope of the Christian's crown of glory. 'The Lord abhorreth all lying lips.' Again, we see the awful judgment on Ananias and Sapphira; read attentively the 5th chapter of Acts. What could induce you to prevaricate about the cigar? Would it not have been much better and easier, dear child, at once to confess the truth? Oh! how could you thus offend the Holy Spirit of God? The fault of smoking was bad enough, but in itself was as nothing compared to your having covered it with a base lie. Oh, Johnnie, we never can sufficiently value and estimate truth. Without it, believe me, every other accomplishment, every other amiable disposition, will be as nothing, and will avail but little in the eyes of the Almighty on the last awful day when we must give an account of 'the deeds done in the body.' I fear for you much; you are easily led; you ought to be grateful to the young gentleman who thus kindly reminds you of your duty, and still more to your tried friend Mr. D—, and thank God for the privileges you enjoy; the greater they are the greater assuredly will be your responsibility. Do not excuse yourself by saying, 'I am too young yet, surely I need not begin to think seriously so soon?' Believe me you are never too young to seek after the 'one thing needful,' and 'to set your affections on things above,' 'to renounce *the world, the flesh, and the devil.*' Our blessed Saviour himself has graciously said, that 'those who come unto Him he will in no wise cast out;' and again, 'those that seek me early shall find me;' and again, 'remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' Oh when you read of these precious promises, can you doubt the Saviour's love? Can you hesitate to seek him now in the morning of life, in the seed time of youth? No! methinks that heart must be hard indeed that can resist such promises, such gracious invitations! Do think how you distress papa and mamma, when they hear of your habits of carelessness and thoughtlessness. I do not say a habit of prevarication, though I much fear

this is not the first time you have been guilty of this sin. Remember that the Bible contains threats against the wilfully disobedient, as well as glorious promises to the faithful. 'All that have their portion in the lake, which burneth, forever!' (I do not just now recollect the exact words, along with many others equally terrible, which at this moment I cannot recal to mind.) Let this be the last time you ever commit this great sin; try to regain by every act of honesty and uprightness the confidence of Mr. D—, which I fear you have forfeited; it may be long before you succeed, but do not be dispirited, let your sorrow be 'that godly sorrow which worketh repentance;' but remember, dear one, you cannot do that of yourself—far would it be from me to wish you to try. No; pray often, pray fervently, 'pray without ceasing,' is our Saviour's own command; let nothing ever prevent you, night and morning, kneeling down and humbly entreating assistance from on high, and I do not hesitate to assure you, you will find that grace you need. Oh I make religion your early, lasting choice, that you may in all the changes and dangers of this mortal life, find a sure protection in high moral principles and a lasting consolation in God's love. As I have often told you, I possess great advantages here; you do not know my tried friend Mrs. B—, nor could I ever tell you how much I love and esteem her, she is so good; so truly pious, that in her I have ever an example, ever a dear and valued friend. I am not very well, but I dare say I shall be soon better again. I must now close my long epistle, and the earnest prayers of your dear sister shall be offered for you. With kindest love, I am your affectionate sister.

C. E. H.

### CIRCULAR.

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

**TEMPERANCE,**

AND IN FAVOR OF

**LEGAL PROHIBITION**

OF THE TRAFFIC IN ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES.

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

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**GEORGE CASE,**

WESLEYAN MINISTER,

Stratford, Perth, C.W.

October, 1854.

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