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TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

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

VOL. XIX.]

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 1, 1853.

[No. 17.]

The Two-Penny Marriage.

"Mr. Pease, we want to be married."

"Want to be married—what for?"

"Why you see, we don't think it is right for us to be living together this way any longer, and we have been talking over the matter to-day and you see—"

"Yes, yes, I see you have been talking over the matter over the bottle, and have come to a sort of drunken conclusion to get married. When you get sober you will both repent of it, probably."

"No, Sir, we are not very drunk now, not so drunk but what we can think, and we don't think we are doing right—we are not doing as we were brought up to do by pious parents. We have been reading about the good things you have done for just such poor outcasts as we are, and we want you to try and do something for us."

"Read! can you read? Do you read the Bible?"

"Well not much lately, but we read the newspapers, and sometimes we read something good in them. How can we read the Bible when we are drunk?"

"Do you think getting married will keep you from getting drunk?"

"Yes, for we are going to take the pledge too, and we shall keep it, depend upon that."

"Suppose you take the pledge and try that first, and if you can keep it till you can wash some of the dirt away, and get some clothes on, then I will marry you."

"No; that won't do. I shall get to thinking what a poor dirty, miserable wretch I am, and how I am living with this woman, who is not a bad woman by nature, and then I will drink, and then she will drink—oh, cursed rum!—and what is to prevent us? But if we were married, my wife, yes, Mr. Pease, my wife would say, 'Thomas'—she would not say 'Tom,—you dirty brute, don't be tempted; and who knows but we might be somebody yet—somebody that our own mothers would not be ashamed of.'"

Here the woman, who had been silent and rather moody, burst into a violent flood of tears, crying "Mother, mother, I know not whether she is alive or not, and dare not inquire; but if we were married and reformed, I would make her happy once more."

"I could no longer stand the appeal," said Mr. P., "and determined to give them a trial. I had married a good many poor, wretched looking couples, but none that looked quite so much so as this. The man was hatless and shoeless, without coat or vest, with long hair and beard grimed with dirt. He was by trade a bricklayer, one of the best in the city. She wore the last remains of a silk bonnet, and something that might pass for shoes, and an old, very old dress, once a rich merino, apparently without any under garments."

"And your name is Thomas—Thomas what?"

"Elting, sir. Thomas Elting, a good, true name and true man, that is, shall be if you marry us."

"Well, well. I am going to marry you."

"Are you? There, Mag, I told you so."

"Don't call me Mag. If I am going to be married, I will be by my right name, the one my mother gave me."

"Not Mag. Well, I never knew that."

"Now, Thomas, hold your tongue, you talk too much. What is your name?"

"Matilda. Must I tell the other? Yes, I will, and I never will disgrace it. I don't think I should ever have been as bad if I had kept it. That bad woman who first tempted me to ruin, made me take a false name. It is a bad thing for a girl to give up her name, unless for that of a good husband. Matilda Fraley. Nobody knows me by that name in this bad city."

"Very well, Matilda and Thomas, take each other by the right hand, and look at me, for I am now going to unite you in the holy bonds of marriage by God's ordinance. Do you think you are sufficiently sober to comprehend its solemnity?"

"Yes, sir."

"Marriage being one of God's holy ordinances, cannot be kept in sin, misery, filth and drunkenness. Thomas, will you take Matilda to be your lawful, true, only, wedded wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"You promise that you will live with her, in sickness as well as health, and nourish, protect and comfort her as your true and faithful wife; that you will be to her a true and faithful husband; that you will not get drunk, and will clothe yourself and keep clean."

"So I will."

"Never mind answering until I get through. You promise to abstain totally from every kind of drink that intoxicates, and treat this woman kindly, affectionately, and love her as a husband should love his wedded wife. Now all of this, will you, here before me as the servant of the Most High—here in the sight of God in Heaven, most faithfully promise, if I give you this woman to be your wedded wife?"

"Yes, I will."

"And you, Matilda, on your part, will you promise the same, and be a true wife to this man?"

"I will try, sir."

"But do you promise all this faithfully?"

"Yes, sir, I will."

"Then I pronounce you man and wife."

"Now, Thomas," says the new wife, after I had made out the certificate and given it to her, with an injunction to keep it safely—"now pay Mr. Pease, and let us go home and break the bottle." Thomas felt first in the right hand pocket, then the left, then back to the right, then he examined the watch-fob.

"Why, where is it?" says she, "you had two dollars this morning!"

"Yes, I know it, but I have only got two cents this evening. There, Mr. Pease, take them, it is all I have got in the world; what more can I give?"

Sure enough, what could he do more? I took them and prayed over them, that in parting with the last penny, this couple might have parted with a vice, a wicked, foolish practice which had reduced them to such a degree of poverty and wretchedness, that the monster power of rum could hardly send its victims lower.

So Tom and Mag were transformed into Mr. and Mrs. Elting, and having grown somewhat more sober while in the house, seemed to fully understand their new position, and all the obligations they had taken upon themselves.

For a few days I thought occasionally of this two-penny marriage, and then it became absorbed with a thousand other scenes of wretchedness which I have witnessed since I have lived in this center of city misery. Time wore on and I married many other couples—often those who came in their carriage and left a golden marriage fee—a delicate way of giving to the needy—but among all I had never performed the rite for a couple quite so low as that of this two-penny fee, and I resolved I never would again. At length, however, I had a call for a full match to them, which I refused.

"Why do you come to me to be married, my friend," said I to the man? You are both too poor to live separate, and besides you are both terrible drunkards, I know you are."

"That is just what we want to get married for, and take the pledge."

"Take that first."

"No, we must take all together, nothing else will save us."

"Will that?"

"It did one of my friends."

"Well, then, go and bring that friend here; let me see and hear how much it saved him, and then I will make up my mind what to do; if I can do you any good, I want to do it."

"My friend is at work—he has got a good job and several hands working for him, and is making money, and won't quit till night. Shall I come this evening?"

"Yes, I will stay at home and wait for you."

I little expected to see him again; but about 8 o'clock the servant said that man and his girl, with a gentleman and lady, were waiting in the reception room. I told him to ask the lady and gentleman to walk up to the parlor and sit a moment, while I sent the candidates for marriage away, being determined never to unite another drunken couple, not dreaming that there was any sympathy between the parties. But they would not come up; they wanted to see that couple married. So I went down and found the squalidly wretched pair in company with a well-dressed labouring man, for he wore a fine black coat, silk vest, gold watch chain, clean white shirt and cravat, polished calf-skin boots; and his wife was just as neat and tidily dressed as anybody's wife, and her face beamed with intelligence, and the way in which she clung to the arm of her husband, as she seemed to shrink from my sight, told that she was a loving as well as pretty wife.

"This couple," says the gentleman, "have come to be married."

"Yes, I know it, but I have refused. Look at them; do they look like fit subjects for such a holy ordinance? God never intended those whom he created in his own image should live in matrimony like this man and woman. I cannot marry them."

"Cannot! Why not? You married us when we were worse off—more dirty—worse clothed, and more intoxicated."

The woman shrunk back a little more out of sight. I saw

she trembled violently, and put her clean cambric handkerchief up to her eyes.

What could it mean? Married them when worse off? Who were they?

"Have you forgotten us?" said the woman, taking my hands in hers, and dropping on her knees; "have you forgotten drunken Tom and Mag? We have never forgotten you, but pray for you every day?"

"If you have forgotten them, you have not forgotten the two-penny marriage. No wonder you did not know us. I told Matilda she need not be afraid, or ashamed, if you did know her. But I knew you would not. How could you? We were in rags and dirt then. Look at us now. All your work, Sir. All the blessing of that pledge and that marriage, and that good advice you gave us. Look at this suit of clothes, and her dress—all Matilda's work, every stitch of it. Come and look at our house, as neat as she is. Everything in it to make a comfortable home; and oh, Sir, there is a cradle in our bedroom. Five hundred dollars already in bank, and I shall add as much more next week when I finish my job. So much for one year of a sober life, and a faithful, honest, good wife. Now, this man is as good a workman as I am, only he is bound down with the galling fetters of drunkenness, and living with this woman just as I did. Now, he thinks that he can reform just as well as me; but he thinks he must take the pledge of the same man, and have his first effort sanctified with the same blessing, and then, with a good resolution, and Matilda and me to watch over them, I do believe they will succeed."

So they did. So may others by the same means. I married them, and as I shook hands with Mr. Elting, at parting, he left two coins in my hand, with the simple remark that there was another two-penny marriage fee. I was in hopes that it might have been a couple of dollars this time, but I said nothing, and we parted with a mutual "God bless you." When I went up stairs I tossed the coins into my wife's lap, with the remark, "two pennies again, my dear."

"Two pennies! Why, husband, they are eagles—real golden eagles. What a deal of good they will do. What blessings have followed that act."

"And will follow the present, if the pledge is faithfully kept. Truly, this is a good result of a Two-Penny Marriage."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Conference of the British Association for the Promotion of Temperance.

The Nineteenth Annual Conference of this Association has just concluded its sittings and deliberations. This year the delegates and members of Conference met in the ancient city of York, and the attendance was unusually large. The principal topic of discussion and interest was the subject of the legislative prohibition of the liquor traffic. That principle, as a principle of legislation, it was felt by many, could not be formally deliberated upon, with a view to any practical political action, by the Conference, whose constitution seemed to pledge it to base and conduct its direct and general operations upon the grounds of moral suasion. Considerable and unusual efforts were put forth lest the Conference should blindly and hastily commit the Association to any expression of approval and sympathy towards the Maine Law in America, or any agitation for a similar enactment in this country.

On the first day was a proposition in favor of the prohibition of the Sunday traffic in strong drink. This resolution was ably moved, earnestly seconded, and warmly supported by various speakers.

On the second day, the public breakfast despatched, Conference assembled at 9 A.M. The President took his seat, and called the mover of the adjournment at the previous sitting to the tribune. No amendment had been shaped. Objections, and difficulties, and arguments were in the speaker's mind, but the time to enun-

ciate and array them before the Conference had not fully come, and the resolution was quietly and quickly disposed of without a dissenting voice.

Now came the awful "Maine Law" and "United Kingdom Alliance" resolution. It had forced its way through the Business Committee, and was entrusted to the care of one whose logical grasp, it was hoped, would be able to hold and command the dreadful thing to something like decent subordination and textual propriety.

At the call of the President, Dr. Lees rose to address the Conference, and in a moment silence prevailed. All eyes turned to where stood the champion, whose writings, criticisms, and oral lectures, had done so much for the defence, the exposition, the advocacy, and advancement of the principles and claims of the Temperance Reformation. No one present doubted the strength or the sincerity of his devoted attachment to the good cause. All knew the thorough grasp of his intelligent mastery of the subject in all its bearings, relations, and details. Every opponent, of every order, in every direction, had felt the force of his argumentation, and, sooner or later, shrunk from the crush of his logic and criticism. Dr. Lees proceeded to move the resolution against which such formidable preparation and demonstration had been made—"That this Conference hail with much satisfaction the adoption of the 'Maine Law' (so called) in various States of America, and particularly in the British Province of New Brunswick, and rejoice in the formation of 'The United Kingdom Alliance' for the distinct and declared object of procuring the Legislative suppression of the liquor traffic in this country, and commends that movement to the sympathy and support of all the friends of Temperance, humanity, and religion." Dr. Lees expressed his complete concurrence with the principle of the "Maine Law," and his cordial adhesion to the banner of "The United Kingdom Alliance." He briefly noticed, estimated, and disposed of the several objections and alleged difficulties suggested by those whose minds are unduly swayed by an exclusive attachment to what is called the principle of "Moral suasion." He asserted and defended the right, the policy, the wisdom, and the benignity of such an enactment as the Maine Law, and thought the Conference of the British Temperance Association could do nothing less than cordially affirm such a resolution as the one he had read and commended to their notice. Admitting that the British Temperance Association, as then constituted, could not itself initiate and conduct such a movement as that for which "The United Kingdom Alliance" was formed, he contended that the Conference could not but look with sympathy and approval upon all legitimate and honorable means and agencies, tending and designed to procure the annihilation of a traffic so essentially opposed to, and utterly destructive of, all the interests of the individual and the community. He, therefore, moved such a resolution with great pleasure and confidence, and most earnestly commended "The United Kingdom Alliance" to the attention, the sympathy, and the support of the Conference, and to all the friends of Temperance, humanity, and religion; convinced, with Professor Snow, that all true and earnest Temperance movements must eventually "culminate in a Maine Law." The Dr. illustrated, vindicated, and enforced the principle of the Maine Liquor Law by reference to numerous facts, precedents, and admitted principles of legislation and jurisprudence. The speech throughout was received with marked attention, and elicited the most hearty and emphatic applause.

Captain Vivan seconded the resolution, in a speech which was also received with demonstrations of applause.

The question was now fairly before the Conference, and for upwards of three hours was spoken to by about twenty members, all, with the exception of three, pronouncing most emphatically and earnestly in favor of the motion. The dissentients were permitted to express their views and sentiments as freely and fully as the supporters of the resolution. They all confessed the difficulty of their dissenting dilemma; they had not chosen it by any voluntary preference; they were driven to it by the force of coercive convictions; it was with much pain that they were compelled to stand aloof from old friends with whom they had heretofore co-operated; but they were convinced that the Maine Law is erroneous in its principles, injurious in its operations, and disastrous in its results. It may do some good, but at the sacrifice of much greater good. We ought not to apply "brute force" to the publicans until we have lavished upon them all our power, of love, persuasion, and reason. We already have too much laws

and the less we have the better. It does more harm than good, and ever will do. Men cannot be made sober by Acts of Parliament. The traffic in slaves has not been put down, but has been greatly intensified in its horrors and cruelties by all our efforts to suppress it by force of law. Just so will it be in respect to the liquor traffic. It is a bad traffic, exceedingly destructive to the welfare and prosperity of the people; but the men who are engaged in it are still men and our brothers, and deserve to be treated as men and as brethren. We must not lose faith in the power of truth and the integrity of human nature.

All this and more was put before the Conference, but spite of the three eloquent suasionists, whatever their own faith in the power or pertinence of their united and reiterated appeals to the Conference, it was very obvious, as they dropped down one after the other, they were keenly conscious that they had been beating the air.

Dr. Lees briefly replied to the most prominent points or objections brought before the Conference, showing that they either did not apply, or when properly applied, really helped to sustain and justify the "Maine Law" and the "Alliance." He again contended, and challenged competent controversy, that no distinction could be drawn by any man, that could be logically sustained, between the principle of the Maine Liquor Law and that of any other legislation, against any crime or outrage on personal right and property, on social safety and well-being. No consistent ground can be occupied by the opponent of a Maine Law unless he repudiate all law and all restraint whatever. This is the logical issue of every intelligible objection to the legislative prohibition of the fearful, fatal, and desolating traffic in strong drinks.

The resolution was then put to the meeting and carried with immense acclamation and prolonged applause. It was then ascertained that the dissentients were five in number.—*News and Chronicle.*

Items of British Intelligence.

ST PANCRAS TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—The thirteenth annual meeting of this society was held on Monday evening in the large and commodious vestry room of the parish, which was well filled by a respectable audience. In the temporary absence of George Cruikshank, Esq., the appointed Chairman, the proceedings were opened by S. Geary, Esq., who read a note from the Vicar, the Rev. Canon Dale, apologising for his absence, and expressing his deep sympathy with the operations of the Society. Mr. Tachley, the Secretary, read the report, which stated that 118 meetings had been held during the past year, at which the cause of temperance had been advocated, chiefly by working men. A "Band of Hope" had been formed with promise of favourable results, also a choral society, whose performances had enlivened the meetings, and improved the funds. There were about 300 members in the society, in addition to some hundreds who had signed the pledge of total abstinence, but who resided in other parts of the metropolis.—Mr. Geary remarked on some portions of the report, and stated that the committee had many difficulties to encounter, not the least of which was the 240 houses that, in that parish, were licensed for the sale of intoxicating drinks; a number of houses which, if placed side by side, would extend the entire length of Oxford street.—Mr. J. W. Green, in moving the adoption of the report, made some happy observations. If their society prospered, the parish authorities, he remarked, would have little to do, and that large hall might be devoted to purposes of public instruction.—Mr. T. J. White directed his observations chiefly to the Sunday traffic in strong drinks.—Mr. McCurrie related the means by which from earliest infancy he had been trained to the use of strong drinks as a necessary of life; how indulgence in the use of it had brought him and his family to the verge of ruin, and how, through the instrumentality of total abstinence, he had been brought to the enjoyment of health and comfort.—Mr. G. Campbell referred to the blue and pink lists which were in use in that parish during elections, &c., and observed that the gentlemen who had spoken at that meeting had presented a very black list to the audience; but their object in so doing, was to procure white lists in future.—Mr. Tachley moved a resolution of thanks to George Cruikshank and S. Geary, Esq., for presiding over the meeting, and to the gentlemen of the vestry, for the use of that commodious room. This resolution being carried unanimously, Mr. Cruikshank acknowledged it, and directed attention to the brutal outrages practised upon females, upon

children, and upon policemen, by drunken men.—*News and Chronicle.*

POPULAR HOLIDAYS.—RAMSBURY, WILTSHIRE.—The Committee of the Ramsbury Temperance Society lately deputed certain of their number with a memorial to the inhabitants, respectfully soliciting them to close their shops and make a general holiday; and though some were at first unwilling, yet they were overruled by numbers, and all finally agreed, with but about one exception, to close the trading engagements of the day at twelve o'clock. The next thing was to make the event known through the district, and people from Marlborough, Newbury, Chalford, and towns and villages around, came flocking in by every variety of vehicle, from the stage coach to the donkey-cart; and the race-ground near Sir Robert Burdett's estate, kindly lent for the occasion, became thickly crowded. Gentlemen lent the Committee rick-cloths and poles; others furnished canvas for the sides; and, with the aid of stakes, a capacious tent was erected, with the union-jack flying at either end. Seats and tables for tea were supplied most generously, one gentleman sending word that the forms in the justice-room were at the disposal of the Committee. Another sent word that the clergyman gave ready consent that the forms of the National School might be had. Indeed, the whole neighbourhood vied with each other to give completeness to the work the Teetotalers had begun. Even wine and spirit merchants closed their premises, and gave a holiday and tickets of admission to their hands. At about one o'clock a band of brass musical instruments made their appearance at the head of the village, and, after playing two or three tunes to call the people together, a procession was formed, and the long line marched down to the grounds, where the tea-mixers were busy. Several hundred-weight of plum-cake, bread and butter, and all the extras, were profusely and readily prepared. After various games, addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. A. Harrison (Independent minister), Mr. J. White, the deputation from the London Temperance League. Outside the tent the groups were addressed by working-men. Mr. White has since lectured in the Temperance Hall.—*ib.*

THE PROPS OF THE POLICE COURT.—"Were it not for the intemperate habits of too many of our people," says the *Gatehead Observer*, "the occupation of our magistrates would be mainly gone—our police courts would be in peril of falling to the ground. Of nine cases which came before the Town-hall petty sessions, on Tuesday morning, eight were more or less mixed up with intemperance. Six were pure cases of drunkenness, and in two of them the offenders were well-dressed men, one of whom had been picked up at his own door, bleeding and insensible. Another, to meet, it seems, an extraordinary demand for soap, had been employed all Sunday in its manufacture, and getting drunk at night with his extra wages, become a laughing-stock for the children on the street. Two young men, smiths, having a title with others, to a surplus sum, remaining after a division of wages, made it an excuse for a glass. Drunkenness followed; they quarrelled about they knew not what; fought on the Windmill Hills; and fell into the hands of the police. The only case not infected with intemperance was that of a young lad, charged with stealing whips from a stable—an Arab of the streets—a homeless orphan—who leads the life of one of the inferior animals, or frequenter of fairs, markets, railway stations—a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles—now sojourning in a house of correction, whence he will shortly return without amendment.—*ib.*

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS IN EDINBURGH.—The weekly Tuesday evening meetings in Richmond-street Chapel, Edinburgh, are regularly continued, and, notwithstanding the fineness of the summer nights, and the consequent inducement to an evening ramble, the attendance continues to be numerous, and the audiences exhibit unabated interest in the subjects brought before them.—On Tuesday last, addresses were delivered by two gentlemen from England, who are engaged in lecturing on science in another part of the city. Mr. Jackson's remarks embraced the effects of intemperance on the political, social, intellectual and moral well-being of society. He showed that drunkenness sapped the foundation of national prosperity, by exhausting the resources of the State, and that the attempt to enlarge the political liberties of an intemperate constituency would be almost sure to prove abortive, and even if successful, would confer no subsequent advantages, as such a class of men were ever purchaseable by the highest bidder.—Mr. Davey followed with some interesting remarks on various scripture characters. He also made some

observations on the general state of the cause, and narrated some anecdotes, illustrative of his experience in almost every portion of the empire. At the conclusion of the meeting, it was announced that ninety-four fresh members had joined the association.—*ib.*

TOTTENHAM AND EDMONTON TEMPERANCE GALA.—Through the liberality of J. L. Lawford, Esq., of Downhills, the Committee of this Association were enabled to offer the inhabitants of Tottenham a day's recreation of an innocent and instructive character. Several hundreds availed themselves of the privilege of entering the grounds. Companies might be seen all over the park, enjoying themselves to their hearts' content, some donkey-riding, some cricket-playing, others dancing, &c. A few shooting at the target with bow and arrow, reminded one that it was possible for archery to be as dangerous to the friends as to the foes of such an army. At six o'clock a camp-meeting was held to advocate the claims of the Temperance movement, when Lawrence Heyworth, Esq., M. P., presided, and the meeting was addressed by William Janson, Esq., George Cruikshank, Esq., Rev. Henry Solly, Edmund Fry, Esq., Rev. Dr. Burns, Mr. Plato, of Chesham, Mr. Tweedie, and John Taylor, Esq. The proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs Lawford for their liberality.—*ib.*

The Temperance Reformation in Ireland.

The following letter from one of the most active reformers in Ireland, has been addressed to the editor of the *Armagh Guardian* :—

"45, Eccles-street, June 28, 1853.

"Sir,—I wish, with your permission, again to call the attention of your readers to that important subject, the Temperance Reformation, as I feel assured the more it is made a subject of inquiry, the more it will become apparent that upon its success depends the real progress and permanence of civilisation. Let none imagine that this is an idea adopted without sufficient reflection by a few enthusiasts, who fancy that if their notions were realised, this earth would become a paradise, into which vice and crime would no more find an entrance. The advocates of teetotalism entertain no such Utopian notions as these; neither are we reformers who promulgate opinions that are

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Which leaves not a wreck behind."

Our propositions are founded on facts and impregnable statistics, extending over long periods of time, and verified by thousands and millions of the human family.

"What do these facts demonstrate? They prove that the drinking customs of society are the fertile source of more misery to man than has arisen from any other known cause; that vice and crime, wretchedness and demoralisation, poverty and woe, sickness and sorrow, are their perennial products; and that they do not bring in their train any blessings to counteract all this mighty mass of misery of which they are the prolific parent.

"Our jails are filled with the victims of strong drink, who are taken from every class in society; our poorhouses are crowded by those whom honest poverty never reduced to the humiliating condition, but who owe their wretchedness to an unnatural appetite for intoxicating liquors. Our hospitals and lunatic asylums are tenanted by thousands who have ruined their health and dethroned their reason by a love for that ruthless destroyer of both.

"Here are my proofs that these strong statements are not stronger than the case demands—than the facts warrant—that a very large portion of human misery, including poverty, disease, and crime, is induced by the use of alcoholic or fermented liquors as beverages.—That total and universal abstinence from alcoholic liquors and intoxicating beverages of all sorts would greatly contribute to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race."

"Such is a testimony to the truth and value of the principles promulgated by Teetotalers, signed by about two thousand medical men of the United Kingdom, among whom are to be found the following names, than whom no greater are to be met with in the walks of science:—Abercrombie, Brodie, Clarke, Davies, Adams, Aldridge, Carmichael, Carte, Crampton, Cullen, Curran, Marsh, Macdonnell, Wilde, Wilmot, and a host of others known to fame.

"The judges of the land justify our agitation of this great question by constant declarations that but for strong drink, so far as

regards the criminal business of the country, they should have but little work to do.—The ministers of religion bear ample testimony to the necessity of our labours, by their sad delineations of the sin and misery they see springing up, in rank luxuriance, from this hotbed of demoralisation, counteracting their labours for the salvation of mankind.

"The press teems with evidence that we exaggerate not in our statements as to the results of the use of alcoholic liquors, which, I contend, it is the duty of every intelligent man and woman to discountenance. They are public nuisances, marring the happiness and blasting the hopes of myriads of the human race. The brightest and most promising, the men of finest genius, destined by nature to instruct and lead mankind, are those who are most in danger, and who are most constantly sucked down into the vortex of death and dishonour by the destroyer.

"In view of these facts, I ask your readers why it is that in Ireland the Temperance Reformation has called into action a smaller number of her educated and intelligent population than has been warmed into life and vigour in other lands in the cause?

"In England and in Scotland, in Sweden and in America, the cause of teetotalism has found advocates in large numbers among the most intelligent, the most estimable, and the most respected of their citizens—while in Ireland these classes have generally held aloof from the movement, afforded it but a feeble advocacy. I am at a loss for any sufficient reason to account for this indifference to a glorious reform, which has been mainly sustained by the heart of the multitude; while the wealthy and the educated see with apparent unconcern, almost daily falling away from their own ranks, into the pit of drunkenness, members of their own families who, but for this vice, would long continue the ornament of the circle in which they were born; while of the poorer classes, thousands are annually hurried into the drunkard's grave, without a single ripple on the frozen consciences of those who might naturally be expected to extend the pitying hand to save them from infamy and destruction.

"Gentlemen of Ireland, I appeal to you. Will you, in the face of all experience of their worthlessness, continue to countenance the drinking customs of our country? Will you, in the face of evidence of their poisonous nature, laid bare by science, continue to destroy your own health, and by your example induce the millions to ruin their health, by the use of alcoholic liquors? I hope you will come to a wiser, to a more generous conclusion.

"The dawn of prosperity and happiness is now visible in our country; our long night of darkness is passing away. If you be true to your great destiny our past miseries of a physical nature will soon be forgotten in the general prosperity which an industrious people will gather around them; but this happy prospect can only be realised through the instrumentality of perfect sobriety; for commercial and agricultural prosperity among a drinking people but affords larger means of indulgence in brutal sensual habits, which may continue for awhile with growing national prosperity, but which must in the end be followed by more widespread desolation, for virtuous habits can alone secure a permanence of happiness to any people.

"Gentlemen of Ireland, seize this golden opportunity in the annals of our country. Join the glorious temperance movement, and you will contribute thereby to make our country the abode of happy millions; and instead of presenting such an appearance of misery as causes them to be a world's wonderment, our people will give evidence to all of their steady advance in civilisation.—I am, very truly, yours,

"JAMES HAUGHTON."

Copy of Letter from the Hon. Neal Dow.

Portland, Maine, U. S. A.
July 21, 1853.

To the Secretaries of the United Kingdom Alliance.

GENTLEMEN,—On my return yesterday from an extensive Temperance tour (through the western states of this Union and Canada,) I found your favour of the 22d June upon my table, with a copy of the address of the Executive Committee of the Alliance, to the people of Great Britain and Ireland.

I have read the address with care, think it admirably written, setting forth distinctly and succinctly as it does, the evils arising to the people and the country from intemperance; ascribing that evil directly to the traffic in intoxicating liquors, whereby tempta-

tion to intemperance is placed in the way of persons of all ages and conditions; asserting the right of society to protect itself by law from any and every evil from which it is made to suffer; and calling upon all good men, patriots, Christians, to unite in the great and glorious work of suppressing that traffic thoroughly, by legal enactment, with summary processes, and penalties sufficiently stringent to secure its observance.

I am glad to see that you had the courage to state your object distinctly, the immediate and unconditional suppression of the traffic in intoxicating drinks; or as it is expressed in the Maine law, "the suppression of drinking houses and tipping shops." I am glad you did not fall into the error of proposing a gradual or prospective abolition of a system, at war with the law of God, as well as with the vital interests of society.

If the business interests merely of Great Britain were suffering from a mistaken system of legislation, under which important investments of capital had been made, and which would be entirely lost by a sudden and radical change of policy, it might be proper to consider whether a gradual adoption of an improved system might not, upon the whole, be better for the general prosperity, as well as for those whose investments would be injuriously affected by a sudden and violent change.

But the traffic in strong drinks is utterly inconsistent with the happiness of the people and the prosperity of the nation. Every day it is impoverishing and degrading the people. Every day, fortunes, health, happiness and life are wasting away under its malign influence. Every hour the process goes on without ceasing, the conversion of virtuous, intelligent and industrious men and women, useful members of society, into the vicious, ignorant, idle and profligate, who are a burden to the community. Your almshouses, jails, penitentiaries, and penal colonies are full of the wretched victims of the wicked system which has been for many generations tolerated and sustained in the United Kingdom, the manufacture and traffic in intoxicating drinks.

That traffic benefits nobody under any circumstance, promotes no legitimate trade or interest of society, while it curses the nation and the world with more and greater evils, than all other causes of evil combined.

This being true, intelligent men, good men, can speak of no "gradual" "prospective" abolition of such a system, but must insist upon its immediate and unconditional suppression as alike demanded by the eternal interests and temporal welfare of mankind.

Very respectfully yours,
NEAL DOW.

The way to get to the Drunkard's Heart.

I remember we were called on Saturday afternoon, rather urgently, into Bristol. As we neared the gate of the 'Fire Engine public-house,' we perceived that the road was literally blocked up by 'return' waggons and horses, the drivers of which were in the public-house. A boy was sent for the drivers. 'Why, is that you, B——?' exclaimed Mr. Budgett, as a stout-built fellow, with a face like a sweep, came rushing out of the house, grasping his heavy whip in the one hand, and hastily drawing the back of the other over his mouth fresh from the can—'I'm sorry to see you there; here, come round to me;' then lowering his voice, he said, 'B——, my poor fellow, you have a wife and children at home. Have they anything to eat?' 'Not much, I be afeared, sir,' said the man, trying to force a smile on his countenance, though he evidently felt ashamed. 'Well, tell me,' continued Mr. Budgett, 'how much have you spent?' 'Why, threepence; but I had it gee'd me by the lady 'at hat' call?' 'Well, never mind who gave it to you, but tell me what you spent as you went into Bristol this morning?' 'Why, threepence.' 'Well, the lady didn't give you that; but no matter how you came by the money, so that it was honestly obtained. What I want you to think about is this: By your own showing, you have spent sixpence to-day on beer; if you have done the same every day this week, and I fear you have, then you have three shillings in your pocket less than you might have had. Now, as you go along, just consider how many little things that three

shillings would have bought for the real comfort of your self, your wife, and your children. You say you fear they have but little to eat at home now, and you have spent sixpence on yourself. Is that kind? Nay don't make any excuse. I know you feel you have done wrong. Don't, my poor fellow, repeat it. One word more: if you persist in this habit, you will become a drunkard; and the bible tells you, "Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God." It will lead you into all wickedness; and the bible tells you, "The wicked shall be turned into hell." B—, he added very solemnly, "I think of this; tell your companions what I have said to you, that He may make you a more thoughtful and a better man." Poor B— listened; the assumed smile disappeared; his face sank almost into his bosom; and became evidently ashamed to look at us. At the close of Mr. Budgett's remarks, he touched his hat in a respectable manner, and said with much apparent feeling, "Thank you, sir; it's very good for gentlemen such as you to talk this way to poor men like me."—*The Successful Merchant.*

Specimens of Your Work.

The Carpenter who builds a fine house, points to it with pride, and says: "I built it." The blacksmith who makes a good plough, calls to his neighbor, the farmer, and says, "I made it." The Shoemaker holds up the glistening, neatly fitted boot, and says, "It's my manufacture." The Physician with equal pride says of the poor dispeptic, "I cured him." The Surgeon holds up the stump of the unfortunate man's arm, and with much self-complacency says, "I amputated it." The Lawyer details the intricacies of the suit, and delights in saying, "I gained it." Even the barber shows his ivory and exclaims of the well cut hair, "I trimmed it." Every mechanic capable of doing a good job; every professional man, skilful in his profession; every man of whatever lawful occupation, is proud of exhibiting "specimens of his work," with only one exception. The rumseller supported as he is by the laws of the land in his employment, never points to the specimens of his work, and says, "I did it." The drunkard may wallow in the gutter before his door; the wife may die broken hearted, and the children be driven to beggary and crime, but although these "jobs" may be turned out according to the most approved patterns contemplated in his license; yet he will always *deny his work.* "They are not specimens of my work." No indeed! Wonder if our "drunkard makers" could not be induced to present a few of their specimens for a premium at the World's Fair? If we could find one who would own *his work*, we would make a fortune by exhibiting him as one of the seven wonders."

FIRST STEP TO RUIN.—"My first step to ruin," exclaimed a wretched youth, as he lay tossing from side to side on the straw bed in one corner of his prison-house—"my first step to ruin was going fishing on the Sabbath. I knew it was wrong; my mother taught me better; my minister taught me better; my Bible taught me better. I didn't believe them; but I didn't think it would come to this. I am undone! I am lost!"

Perhaps he said, "It is too pleasant to be cooped up in church. What harm is there in taking a stroll into the woods? What harm in carrying my fishing-tackle and sitting on the banks to fish?"

What harm? Why, the harm is that God is disobeyed, who says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The moment a youth determines to have his own way, choosing his own pleasure before God's will, that moment he lets go the rudder, his compass, his chart; nothing but God's word can guide you safely over the ocean of life; Give that up, and you are bewildered; you are drifting; you will be lost.—*Child's Paper.*

Sabbath Meditations.

HEAVEN'S GLORY VS. EARTH'S GLORY.

"The guide books do not speak of the Dairyman's Daughter."
—[S: FINEUS PRIME.

I should expect that would be the case; for the world has never yet learned to appreciate religious worth. The warrior, as Alexander or Napoleon, will have monuments built to his memory; and thousands will fall down in worship to a novel writer, as a Walter Scott, or to a poet, as a Byron, but who of all the worldlings ever thinketh with glowing feelings of Elizabeth Walbridge. Those of like mind remember; but they, like her, are ignored by this wise, wise world.

One reason of this state of things is, the Christian exalts his God, and hides behind the cross. It is his meat and his drink to make the name of his master glorious. A Napoleon lived for himself. He held up himself as the idol which men should worship. "The guide books do not speak of her." No! but the guide books of heaven do! There the name of the righteous is held in everlasting remembrance. Yes, where the Christian is exalted. There he stands in his true light:

Go with me, reader, along the streets of Judah. Here we behold a lordly mansion; a glory of light comes flooding from the doorways, and all is voluptuousness within. The lord of the house is clothed in purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day. But who is this lying a beggar at the gate? Poor, poor man! The best friends he has are the pitying dogs, which soothe his sores. Truly this man will pass away and be forgotten forever.

We look as in a vision away across the fields of heaven, and amid the songs of angels and the glory of seraphim in the bosom of Abraham we behold an exalted son of paradise; and from the lurid pit we hear a cry come up, "Send Lazarus with one drop of water." O, thus it is in the future world. All things are righted up there! The man of the palace has become a beggar, and the once beggar at his gate is now mingling in the songs of heaven.

We look once more, and we see the gardens of Nero lighted up with burning Christians. These are the "martyrs of Jesus!" But "the righteous shall shine forth as the sun, in the kingdom of their Father.—*North Western Christian Advocate.*

THE DUTY OF CULTIVATING A JOYOUS SPIRIT.

"Rejoice evermore."—ST. PAUL.

Since the happiness of the governed is the best evidence of the excellency of the administration, it is the duty of all well-governed subjects to show their gratitude to their governors by being as happy as their circumstances will allow. No creature can be relieved from the obligation to his Creator. Every one is bound to bring a revenue of glory to his sovereign, and consequently, every one is bound to use all prudent means to keep himself happy. This obligation rests alike upon angels and men.

The successful cultivation of this spirit implies both acquaintance with the great moral governor of the universe, and joyful acquiescence in his administration. When we follow the counsel of the word of truth, and acquaint ourselves with God that we may be at peace,—when we learn what is meant by fellowship with the Father and the Son, we find in the divine character much to make us happy.

Our fears of resulting evils, other than those we bring upon ourselves, are all relieved by a scriptural view of the essential rectitude of God. "He is the rock, his work is perfect, all his ways are judgment, a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he." But it is the abounding goodness of God that claims chiefly our gratitude and joy. From the bosom of the Father of our spirits, rolls as from its fountain, a stream of love, the

proper appreciation of which makes the enraptured soul cry out, "For he is good, for his mercy endureth forever." His eternal faithfulness also affords us cause for rejoicing. Not only is he good and kind, extending to us continually more than a father's tenderness and care, but he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. His unailing love guarantees the future as it blesses the present.

Forasmuch, then, as Christians sustain the happy relation of children to so good a Parent, it is their duty to be happy. They owe it to God; for thereby they honor him. They owe it to themselves; for it greatly enhances the value of life. They owe it to their neighbor; for "as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend." One happy individual can cheer a whole family,—can even improve the feelings of a neighborhood. In like manner, a gloomy individual dishonors God; for the manifestation of unhappiness under his administration is a reflection upon that administration. Such an one renders his life of but little value to himself, while he stands in the way of all who would do good. Human sympathy is a powerfully operative agent, and no man can avoid being affected by it. When, therefore, a man allows himself to be unhappy, he chills the feelings, and to some extent paralyzes the energies, of all who come in contact with him. If, therefore, we would glorify God, if we would enjoy life, if we would be useful, let us cultivate a joyous spirit.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 1, 1853.

Read Mr. J. B. Gough in England. *This all.*

We rejoiced greatly when it was decided and announced that our eloquent friend was about to visit the fatherland, being persuaded that his single-minded purpose and unaffected eloquence would produce a beneficial effect. By the last arrivals from England we are able to give our readers the most satisfactory accounts of his appearance and progress. He arrived in London by steam and rail on Monday the 1st day of August. He and his lady were received by the gentlemen of the League Committee, and conducted to the private residence of George Cruikshank, Esq. Many of the principal friends of the Temperance cause were present, and the visitors received a very cordial welcome. The *News and Chronicle* gives the following account of the first public effort:—

On Monday evening, Exeter Hall was well filled by a most respectable audience, assembled to listen to the eloquence of Mr. Gough. Although the admission was by payment of various sums, from sixpence to half-a-crown, a large number of persons were waiting for entrance more than an hour before the time announced for taking the chair, and, with the exception of some of the very hindermost seats, every part of the large hall was filled long before seven o'clock. The appearance of the President of the London Temperance League, James Silk Buckingham, Esq., on the platform, accompanied by Mr. J. B. Gough, was hailed by loud cheers. On the platform were Lawrence Heyworth, Esq., M. P., C. Gilpin, Elihu Burritt, J. Cassell, J. D. Bassett, J. G.

Cruikshank, W. G. Harrison, E. Miles, J. Faulkner, T. Hudson, J. Ransome, J. T. Wilmore, A. R. A., Esqs.; Dr. J. Campbell, Dr. J. Burns, Dr. Oxley, Revs. H. Solly, J. Doxsey, and a great number of gentlemen connected with the Temperance and other benevolent and religious movements.

J. S. Buckingham, Esq., having taken the chair, introduced Mr. Gough. A hymn of welcome was then sung, after which the Chairman stated that Mr. Gough was an Englishman by birth and an American by adoption; that in the early part of his life he had suffered fearfully from the practices of intemperance; that having seen and felt the evils of those practices, he had been reclaimed by the practice of total abstinence; and that since that period he had been most extensively engaged in the advocacy of the principle by which he had been rescued, and had been successful in the reclamation of hundreds and thousands. Those were the best victories that could be won. Other men had had statues erected to their memories because of the thousands they had slain. Mr. Gough had the merit of having been instrumental in the salvation of thousands. In the name of that large audience, as well as in his own name, he welcomed him to the metropolis. And if as a nation we rejoiced in breaking down every barrier in the way of free commerce, how much more should we rejoice when meeting to promote reciprocity of feeling and of heart. They (the audience) could not but be proud of that opportunity of welcoming a man who had been so signally successful in the land of his adoption, and who had come to render benefit to his countrymen on this side the Atlantic.

Mr. Gough then rose, but was interrupted for some time by the enthusiastic greetings of the now crowded audience. He began by stating that he did not appear before them as an instructor or dictator, much less as a fault-finder, but to speak from his own experience and observation; to testify of what he himself had felt and seen of the miseries of intemperance, of the benefits of total abstinence from strong drinks, and of the grandeur, greatness and power of the Temperance enterprise. This he proceeded to do for about an hour and a half, in terms which fully justified all the eulogiums which had been pronounced respecting him, both in America and in this country. The character of Mr. Gough's eloquence is one to which no mere report, however full, can do justice. Even were the *ipsisima verba* given, no just idea could be conveyed of the beauty, elegance, and force of his addresses. The ideas might be expressed, the illustrations might be correctly given; but the tone, the gesture, the fervent glow which give life and effect to the whole, would still be wanting. Mr. Gough must be heard to be appreciated. People, he said, possessed a great readiness to remove evils, but they were not quite so ready to remove the causes of those evils; they professed to hate drunkenness, but they used, and even recommended the liquors that made men drunk. A man, who in a fit of drunkenness, dashed out the brains of his wife, was strangled on a public gibbet; but what was done to the man who sold

the drink that made him drunk? Upon these and other proofs of what he believed to be inconsistency, apathy and indifference, Mr. Gough dwelt with powerful emphasis, illustrating each of his positions with apt cases from real life, and these illustrations were so truly graphic, there was so much *naturalness* about them, that the audience smiled and frowned, by turns, and every now and then appeared to be quite overcome by their feelings. Few who were present on Tuesday evening can forget the remarkable description he gave of three youths of different temperaments, and the probabilities of their becoming drunkards. First, the cold, phlegmatic man; next the niggardly, miserly man; and, lastly, the man of noble, generous temperament, warm, lively, the soul of every company; the two first were little likely to become drunkards, the latter was open to every temptation, and soon became a prey to drunkenness. Thus the best and noblest portion of our young men were most likely to be conquered by the excessive drinking customs of society. Having related a number of striking cases on the one hand of the frightful results of drunkenness, and on the other hand of the beneficial influence of the practice of total abstinence, Mr. Gough concluded his powerful address in terms like the following:—

“If then, drunkenness is such a curse, what are you going to do about it? If this is a mere speech, I cannot bear to harbour the thought longer than to express it, if for the amusement or interest merely of an audience, if this is so, let it go; but if it is true what I have been saying, I ask what are you going to do about it? Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, what are you going to do? We ask you this question,—as the child clammers on your knees, puts his little arms round your neck, and lays its warm rosy cheek by the side of your own, what are you going to do for him? Will you resolve, as far as God will enable you, to stand between the unpolluted lips of that child and the mephrating cup? Oh, friends, and I may say fellow-citizens—(oud cheers)—for I am a cosmopolite, I have come but for a short time among you, not as your teacher, not as your instructor, but willing to become, as I think I am, the least of all, if I may but advance the interest of this great enterprise. Where was this enterprise established? Where was it born? It was born in the Church of Christ, and that which is born there never can die, never! In this enterprise, ladies and gentlemen, we shall succeed; I say we, because the Father of us all chooses to use poor, frail, weak humanity as an instrument in his hands for doing his work. If there is a higher point to attain to, then, from my heart of hearts, I say, Oh, that we may be able to exert an influence for good here! We know that we shall succeed. Why? Not because we are engaged in the enterprise; not at all; but we are sure we shall succeed if we do our duty,—that which the Word of God clearly reveals, and which we see to be such. We shall succeed, not because we are engaged in it, but because of the rightness of our enterprise. I say to my brethren, let us have faith. Faith in what? In our organization? No. Faith in our instruments? No; they may be very good, and very important, but they will not accomplish the work alone. If you go into a manufactory you will see a great number of separate pieces of machinery all ready to do a certain kind of work, for which they are severally adapted; but it is not in motion; the machinery is all perfect in itself, but still something else is wanted. There is outside, or in another building, a large wheel, which is revolving with great velocity. Let us see what effect this mighty power is producing on the machinery. None: it is perfectly still. What shall we do? Shall we burnish it, to look bright and dazzling? Shall we adorn the place with ornaments, and call the people together to see the perfection of our organization, and the beauty of our machinery? A man enters who understands the matter, and takes a large leather band which is connected with all the various parts of the machinery, and puts it round the larger wheel; in an instant, all the instruments are in motion, and the work goes gloriously on. The machinery did not move before, because it was not connect-

ed with the motive power. What is the motive power in this enterprise? He who sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and loveth the creatures He hath made, who is the Author of all good—is the motive power; and, if we are connected with him, or to him, by a living faith, we may die, and see little or no result of our labours; yet we shall die triumphantly, in the expectation of the day when the grand top-stone shall be placed upon the structure, and the last drunkard shall go into it, leaving his sins, and sorrows, and fetters, behind.

On the following Wednesday morning a large party of ladies and gentlemen took breakfast in the large Hall of the Whittington Club. Several important resolutions were passed. We have room only for the following:—

“That a Society having been formed at Manchester, called ‘The United Kingdom Alliance,’ having for its object ‘to procure the total and immediate legislative suppression of the traffic in all intoxicating drinks as beverages,’ the members of this Conference agree to promote that object, having at the same time a strict regard to the duty devolving upon them as avowed Temperance reformers, to promote the practice of personal and entire abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.”

Thus the truth is making progress in England, and even in that great beer drinking country must ere long prevail.

On the Wednesday evening Mr. Gough appeared in the large hall of the Whittington Club. George Cruikshank, Esq., took the chair, who made a few introductory observations.

Mr. Gough began by remarking that the apathy of some, and the opposition of many more, as to the temperance movement, proceeded from ignorance, from gross misconception, or from an unwillingness to exercise self-denial. The great object, therefore, was to remove this ignorance and misapprehension, to convince men of their personal responsibility, and to rouse them to exertions to promote their own benefit and the benefit of those around them. The great question which he proposed as a sort of text for the evening was this:—Who are the persons that are instrumental, more than all others,—though unintentionally so,—in perpetuating the drinking practices of society, and thus making drunkards? Without any intention to be personal, he had no hesitation in stating that, in his view, that onus rested upon the moderate drinking, the respectable portion of the community. The young man who would look with disgust on the offer of drink from the black bottle of a dirty, ragged, staggering drunkard, would accept with pleasure a glass of wine from the hands of a well-dressed lady; and the history of the temperance movement would furnish numerous instances of men and women who had become drunkards, and who had been ruined, in consequence of an appetite for strong drinks, created by a glass of wine given them in the house of a professor of religion or a Christian minister. Having furnished some striking cases, Mr. Gough proceeded to examine the plea of the moderate use of strong drinks. Who could define moderation in the use of strong drinks? Why, if some young man followed the example of some of these said moderate drinkers, he would be drunk 365 times a year; that is, if he did not, long before that period, sink into a drunkard's grave. Mr. Gough then treated the objections made by many to the Temperance movement; not the least memorable of which was the objection that

Teetotalism was Anti-Scriptural. The Bible, he declared, was full of cautions, warnings, and rebukes, against drunkenness; but where was a word to be found against Total Abstinence? He was willing to throw down the gauntlet to all the clergy in the land on this subject. But it was a fearful thing to quote Scripture for the support of any practice which led to the injury or ruin of others.

Great applause followed the conclusion of Mr. Gough's address.

The above report is very brief, but those in Canada who have heard Mr. Gough for themselves well know with what power he would dilate on the topics which the reporter has only suggested as the themes of his animated speeches.

The Chairman concluded the proceedings with some happy practical advice.

Anxious to give our readers as much information as possible, concerning Mr. Gough's progress and success in England, we continue our review thereof. The rapid trip of the *Arabia* enables us thus early to state several interesting particulars. On the 4th of August Mr. G. appeared again in Exeter Hall. Mr. Cassell took the Chair.

Mr. Gough, who on rising was most enthusiastically cheered, said, that one great reason why so many persons stood aloof from the Temperance cause, was that they considered drunkenness as a very trivial crime. But what was intoxication? What was it for a man to be mad? What was it that made the man — was it not the mind? God sent men into the world endowed with intellects, and no man had a right to dethrone his reason even for one minute. Intoxication was the letting man down from the high state in which God formed him, and if God should determine to make a man for his whole life what he made himself by one fit of intoxication, O! what would become of him? A single act of drunkenness, therefore, was no light thing. Having amplified this idea, Mr. Gough proceeded to address the young in a strain of peculiar pathos. He described the various arguments by which young men attempted to sustain themselves, and the stages by which they became drunkards, borrowing his illustrations, as usual, from real life. The picture he drew of a gay party of youths in a boat, near the falls of Niagara, despising the caution of the persons on shore, and expressing their confidence of safety, till they were drawn into the fatal eddy and engulfed in the dreadful abyss, produced a thrill in the audience not easily described. He went on to speak of the deceptive character of strong drinks, and of the strength of the appetite created by its use; and cautioned all present, who had once been under the influence of that appetite, to beware how they tasted strong drinks, even if they had been abstainers for years. For the same reason he argued that moderate drinking would never cure a drunkard; nothing short of entire and continued abstinence would suffice. He exposed the fallacy of the pretence of those who said that they did not drink to be intoxicated: let the intoxicating principle be extracted from the liquor, and they would cease to use or to desire it. They took it for gratification, and that gratification was sensual and transitory, and in but too many instances led to destruction. The gratification was imaginary; but the sufferings, the sorrows, and the agonies which resulted were terrible realities. Here was introduced an intensely interesting description of a man in love with a beautiful bubble, pursuing it for a lengthened period, catching at it again, at length grasping it, but finding it burst as he grasped it, while at the same moment he sank into the crater of a volcano, to the brink of which he had been insensibly drawn. This was followed by a touching appeal to young men, founded on his own experience as the child of a praying mother; and to mothers, imploring them to employ their influence for good, by placing a barrier between their young charge and the ruin arising from the use of intoxicating drinks. He next addressed himself to young women, expressing his belief that the influence which it was in the power of a number of pure-minded young women to

exert was everything but irresistible. Mr. Gough concluded with some remarks on the character of the present age as an age of progress. Men might talk of the use of wine as a time honored observance; but what had they to do with the past when the glory of the future was before them? There was progress in art and science, in morals, in civil and religious liberty; and why should there not be progress in Temperance also? Time was when hundreds were placed in dungeons for their profession of religion, and racked, and tortured, and burnt; but now only let a simple, humble couple be imprisoned for reading the Bible, and one cry rises up from all parts of the world, and the prison doors are opened, and the captives are set free! Look, also, at the influence brought to bear on slavery. Oh! he had faith in human progress. Already was heard the booming across the mighty waters, of the bell that was ringing out the doom of slavery. The Temperance movement, also, was in the course of progress. The cry of its friends was "Excelsior!" and, oh, might God speed the right!

The large audience united in singing the "Gloria Patri, and the meeting broke up, many persons signing the Temperance pledge as they retired from the Hall.

Mr. Gough's fourth London engagement was fulfilled in the large Hall of the Whittington Club. Lawrence Heyworth, M.P., presided. At the conclusion of a long and powerful speech he took an affectionate leave of his audience for a season, expressing his grateful acknowledgments of the great kindness shown him, and bidding the chairman, the committee, the friends of Temperance, and all present "good night," in terms which will be long remembered by all who heard them. Thus ended Mr. Gough's first engagement in the metropolis, leaving but one wish in the hearts of all who have become acquainted with him, that he may return to the metropolis in due time with health and strength renewed.

On the evening of the 6th, Mr. Gough delivered an oration in one of the chapels of Chard (Somersetshire), where a suitable platform had been raised. At the appointed hour, a numerous audience had assembled, waiting in eager expectation for the appearance of the orator. After a hymn had been sung by the assembly, Mr. Green, of Bridgwater, briefly introduced Mr. Gough, who then came forward. Neither his unpretending appearance or preliminary observations were such as would give the idea of a man who was about to sway the whole feeling of his audience, to entrance them by the beauty of his imagery, to carry them irresistibly forward with him in his descriptions by one bold figure after another; to penetrate them with a profound sense of the greatness of the destiny of man, to expose the hidden recesses of human misery to their very lowest depths, and to exhibit with such power and truthfulness the reality that the immoderate use of intoxicating drinks is the stream which is so prolific in spreading these evils around us. Mr. Gough, at the commencement, made a touching allusion to his own early history, which commanded the more attention, as many who were present had read the painfully-interesting narrative which is published in the "History of J. B. Gough;" but one and all, to the greatest strangers present, quickly felt themselves in the presence of a man of rare gifts. As the oration was proceeded with, its effects on the audience became more plainly perceptible, and loud and long acclamations resounded on every side. "The effect," writes a correspondent, "will not be easily effaced in this place, and, indeed, has resulted in arousing many with a stern resolve on the side of Tempe-

rance. I would say to thousands of our countrymen who will have the opportunity—Hear him; hear Mr. Gough if you would avoid the unavailing regrets of some who have let slip the chance. Hear him once and judge for yourselves.”

A very enthusiastic meeting was held in Bristol on Tuesday, August 9th, to listen to Mr. J. B. Gough. Although various charges for admission were made, there could not have been fewer than 2,000 persons present, comprising a large number who may be said to represent the intelligence and respectability of the city. Mr. T. Hudson opened the proceedings by giving out a temperance hymn, which the audience sang with great fervour and feeling. Mr. B. D. Collins, thirty-eight years an abstainer, was called to the chair, and dwelt briefly on the signs of the times, as indicative of progression.

Mr. Gough, on rising, was received with great applause. His oration, for cogent argument, pathos, apposite illustration, wit, humour, and dramatic effect, has rarely been equalled. His *debut* here was most triumphant. The people on all hands are demanding a second visit.

On Wednesday, the 10th, Mr. Gough arrived at Merthyr, and was met at the Taff Vale Terminus by a large body of the Temperance reformers. The town was full of animation as the procession passed through the streets, for expectation had been raised to great altitude. Mr. and Mrs. Gough were accompanied in the same carriage by Mr. Thomas Hudson, of Bristol, and Mr. Richard Corry, of Cardiff. The Temperance Hall, which is a spacious one, being deemed too small for the occasion, the large meeting-house, known by the name of Zion Chapel, was placed at the service of the committee. The meeting was one of the most numerous attended and influential ever known in this locality. There were present the leading ministers, medical men, and tradesmen of the town. By almost general consent the shops were closed at seven instead of eight o'clock—thus affording all classes the opportunity of hearing Mr. Gough. Mr. Thomas Hudson, of Bristol, was elected to the chair. After the singing of an appropriate hymn, and a brief and forcible speech from the Chairman, Mr. Gough presented himself, and was greeted with enthusiasm. For more than an hour and a half he dilated on the multifarious evils of intemperance, viewing the vice of drunkenness as it affects the social position, domestic happiness, and eternal destinies of man. The audience were delighted, finding their highest expectations more than realised.

Critical Estimate of Mr. Gough's Oratory.

Several eminent men have essayed to analyze and criticise the talent possessed by Mr. Gough. The criticism from the *British Banner*, given in the *Witness* of August 24th, is decidedly good, but not equal to the following, which is given by an eye and ear witness who attended in Exeter-Hall. After a description of the place, and the burst of applause with which the orator was greeted, the writer thus proceeds:—

Well, popular enthusiasm has toned down—the audience has recanted itself—a song of welcome has been sung, and there stands up a man of middle size and middle age. Lord Bacon deemed him

self ancient when he was thirty-one—we moderns in our excessive self-love, delude each other into the belief that we are middle-aged when we are anywhere between forty and sixty. In reality, a middle-aged man should be somewhere about thirty-five, and such we take to be Mr. Gough's age. He is dressed in sober black—his hair is dark and so is his face; but there is a muscular vigour in his frame, for which we were not prepared. We should judge Gough has a large share of the true *elixir vite*—animal spirits. His voice is one of great power and pathos, and he speaks without an effort. The first sentence as it falls gently and easily from his lips tells us that Gough has that true oratorical power which neither money nor industry, nor persevering study, can ever win. Like the poet, the orator must be born. You may take a man six feet high—he shall be good looking—have a good voice, and speak English with a correct pronunciation—you shall write for that man a splendid speech—you shall have taught elocution by Mr. Webster, and yet you shall no more make that man an orator than, to use a homely phrase, you can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Gough is an orator born, Pope tells us he “lisp'd in numbers,” and in his boyhood Gough must have had the true tones of the orator on his tongue. There was no effort—no fluster—all was easy and natural. He was speaking, for the first time, to a public meeting in his native land—speaking to thousands who had come with the highest expectations—who expected much and required much—speaking, by means of the press, to the whole British public. Under such circumstances, occasional nervousness would have been pardonable; but, from the first, Gough was perfectly self-possessed. There are some men who have prodigious advantages on account of appearance alone. We think it was Fox who said it was impossible for any one to be as wise as Thurlow looked. The great Lord Chatham was particularly favoured by nature in this respect. In our own time—in the case of Lord Denman—we have seen how much can be done by means of a portly presence and a stately air. Gough has nothing of this. He is just as plain a personage as George Dawson, of Birmingham, would be, if he were to cut his hair and shave off his moustache; but, though we have named George Dawson, Gough does not speak like him, or any other living man. Gough is no servile copy, but a real original. We have no one in England we can compare him to. Our popular lecturers, such as George Dawson, Henry Vincent, George Thompson, are very different men. They have all a studied quaintness or a studied rhetoric. There is something artificial about them all. In Gough there is nothing of this. He seems to speak by inspiration. As the Apostles spoke who were commanded not to think beforehand what they should say—the spoken word seems to come naturally, as air-bubbles up from the bottom of the well. In what he said there was nothing new—there could be nothing new—the tale he told was old as the hills, yet, as he spoke an immense audience grew hushed and still, and hearts were melted, and tears glistened in female eyes, and that great human mass became knit together by a common spell. Disraeli says, Sir Robert Peel played upon the House of Commons as an old fiddle; Gough did the same at Exeter Hall. At his bidding, stern, strong men, as well as sensitive women, wept or laughed—they swelled with indignation or desire. Of the various chords of human passion, he was master. At times he became roused, and we thought how

—“in his ire Olympian Pericles
Thundered and lightened, and all Hellas shook.”

At other times in his delineation of American manners, he proved himself almost an equal to Silsbee. Off the stage we have nowhere seen a better mimic than Gough, and this must give him great power, especially in circles where the stage is as much a *terra incognita*, as Utopia, or the Island of Laputa itself. We have always thought that a fine figure of Byron where he tells us that he laid his hand upon the ocean's mane. Something of the same kind might be said to be applicable to Mr. Gough. He seemed to ride upon the audience—to have mastered it completely to his will. He seemed to bestride it as we could imagine Alexander bestriding his Bucephalus.

Gough spoke for nearly two hours. Evidently the audience could have listened, had he gone on, till midnight. We often hear that the age of oratory has gone by—that the press surpasses the tongue—that the appeal must henceforth be made to the reader in his study, not the hearer in the crowded hall. There is much truth in that. Nevertheless the true orator will always please his audience, and true oratory will never die. The world

will always respond to it. The human heart will always leap up to it. The finest efforts of the orator have been amongst cultivated audiences. It was a cultivated audience before whom Demosthenes pleaded; to whom, standing on Mars-hill, Paul preached of an unknown God. The true orator, like the true poet, speaks to all. He gathers around him earth's proudest as well as poorest intellects. Notwithstanding, then, the march of mind oratory may win her triumphs still. So long as the heart is true to its old instincts—so long as it can pity, or love, or hate, or fear, it will be moved by the orator, if he can but pity or love, or hate or fear himself. This is the true secret. This is it that made Gough the giant that he is. Without that he might be polished, learned, master of all human lore; but he would be feeble and impotent as the—

"Lorn lyre that ne'er hath spoken
Since the sad day its master chord was broken."

The Honorable Malcolm Cameron, M. P. P.

We have noticed lately in a paper, rejoicing in the title of *Canadian Son of Temperance and Literary Gem*, several violent attacks on the gentleman whose name stands above. Up to this time we have been restrained from defending Mr. Cameron, by a conviction that the evident maliciousness of the assailant would prevent him from doing any mischief, and that his own want of purity and palpable selfishness would render powerless any weapon designed to injure Mr. Cameron. On these and other grounds we have declined calling attention to the matter; but we consider now that forbearance would cease to be virtuous, for, although we are satisfied that Mr. Cameron cannot be injured by Mr. Durand, we are also persuaded that the course pursued by the latter is calculated to do immense mischief to the cause of temperance, and impede the progress of Maine Law principles in Canada.

In alluding to this matter, we beg distinctly to state, that into the wrangling of certain political Editors we do not enter, only suggesting to the *North American* and *Hamilton Canadian*, that they are far behind the *Son and Gem* in ability to defame and vituperate. They ought to yield at once, and give to their antagonist the bad pre-eminence he seems to seek.

The last effusion of the *Gem* against Mr. Cameron, is in part as follows:—"Malcolm Cameron, it is true, has been in word and personal example a prominent friend of total abstinence—but it has never cost him anything—he has never given his time or his money for it—he has never established a paper to support the cause, and is exceedingly niggardly and mean in supporting temperance papers.—He is incapable of making a ten minutes' truly original temperance speech—his effort in the House of Assembly being a failure." So then, even this enemy of M. Cameron, is obliged to admit—that which is of infinite consequence in judging of a man's character and worth—viz., that he has maintained a uniformly consistent character, or that his personal example in the matter under consideration has been perseveringly upright. But we do not consider that justice is done to Mr. Cameron in this simple statement.—This consistent example has been exhibited through a period of time, when almost all public men were against him, and when vast numbers of the clergy were adverse to the temperance movement. The *Gem* has the impudence to

insinuate that Mr. Cameron is "acting with political designs," which after all may not be criminal; but let it be remembered that Mr. Cameron is no upstart. We found him in political life near 20 years ago, and then he was as much a temperance man as now. We say not, whether we have concurred in his political course, or whether we have noticed any political variations in his active life,—with these things, as a Temperance Editor, we have nothing to do,—but we do say that as a temperance man, and friend of the temperance cause, M. Cameron is entitled to the unbounded confidence and support of the country at large; and we predict that he will be elected to serve in Parliament by any constituency to which he may offer himself.

"But," says the *Gem*, "it has never cost him any thing." To this we answer, *It is not true*. He may not have been as ostentatious as some men, but he has given largely both of "time and money" for the advancement of temperance. He has given large sums in various ways to promote personal and social sobriety and order; and as to "time," we well know he has traveled long and tedious journeys to speak, and advance the cause of truth in the land. Examine the past volumes of the *Advocate*, and thence derive proof of what we affirm. "But," says the *Gem*, "he is incapable of making a ten minutes' truly original temperance speech; his effort in the House of Assembly being a failure." Well, to be sure, *that is* "truly original"; quite a gem of eloquent criticism; but it happens to be only the *opinion* of one small man, whose notions of originality and elegance do not appear to have been derived from any *authority*, either ancient or modern. They are intuitive, and it is to be hoped will die with the possessor. But for ourselves, we beg to say that we have heard Mr. Cameron a hundred times, for more than "ten minutes," when he was both original and eloquent, when we recognized in him the elements of a true orator, both in matter and manner. He swayed the minds of his hearers, and has won the hearts of thousands to the adoption of his views. As to the "effort" in the House, good judges have declared that it was a well arranged and well delivered address, and that the reports thereof did not do the honorable speaker the justice to which he and the subject were entitled.

Our conclusion is, that the *Canadian Son of Temperance and Literary Gem* is unworthy the support of temperance men as such.

1st. Because every number contains evidence of the editor's bitter and acrimonious spirit.

2nd. Because it very often contains aspersions and defamations of public men on the ground of their political principles or actions.

3rd. Because the editor has introduced into the division rooms of the Sons of Temperance the seeds of strife and discord, thereby weakening their moral power and impeding their success.

4th. Because his entire course has been, and is, calculated to produce distrust in the public mind toward a class of men who ought to be regarded as truthful and honest,

but who, if Mr. Durand be right, are unworthy of confidence, and with whom religious and honorable persons would not wish to co-operate.

5th. Because the devisive course of the Editor of the *Son and Gem* will make glad the heart of every rumseller in the land, and cause pandemonium to ring with thanks, if the chief of that dark region is enabled to anticipate the destruction of such a man as Malcolm Cameron by the hands of a professed friend of temperance.

We shall not again recur to this matter, unless compelled to do so in reference to any mere matter of fact. As a temperance paper, we are thoroughly ashamed of that *Son and Gem*; and we beg all our exchanges to beware of it, and place no dependence on any of the statements it contains, unless they are corroborated by sufficient and collateral testimony.

Montreal Temperance Society.

Our friends throughout the country will be glad to know that this old association, which has heretofore done so much good in Canada, is preparing to take its full share in the work of enlightening and benefiting the country by various agencies and instrumentalities, and after the World's Convention, will be ready for action. Mr. Dougall, the President of the Montreal Temperance Society, has received a letter from the Rev. John Marsh, Secretary of the American Temperance Union, urging the appointment of a large delegation to the World's Temperance Convention, to be held in New York on Tuesday, the 6th September, and three following days. The sittings of the convention are to be held in the forenoon of these days, and there is to be a public meeting of unusual interest every evening in connection with it, in the Metropolitan Hall,—an arrangement which leaves the afternoon free for the Crystal Palace or business. Mr. Marsh says, that this is expected to be the greatest Temperance Convention that ever assembled; and hopes that Canada will send a large number of delegates. All that is necessary to constitute membership in the Convention, is a certificate of appointment as delegate from some Total Abstinence Society. The Montreal Society has appointed its President, Rev. Dr. Taylor, Rev. William Scott, Jacob Dewitt, James Court, J. C. Becket, D. P. Janes, Robert Campbell, and J. W. Hilton, Esquires, delegates.

What the Montreal Society proposes doing will be gathered from the following information which we take from the *Witness* of August 17th:—

“The late Rev. Thaddeus Osgood having left, out of a property which he inherited in New England, a legacy to the Montreal Temperance Society, which is about to be realized, the Committee have ordered from Boston, New York, and Great Britain, a large supply of Temperance Tracts, for the purpose of forming a depot in this city to supply Canada. These will be furnished to Temperance Societies, or individuals wishing to distribute them gratuitously, at half price, that is to say, whatever amount may be ordered, the Montreal Society will send an equal amount gratuitously. The price will be a quarter dollar for 100 four page tracts; and parties ordering for the amount of a dollar, for instance, will receive 800 tracts. Some such effort as this, seconded by all the societies in the country, seems to be peculiarly necessary, in order to stem the flood of intemperance, which is coming upon us. Orders may be sent—addressed to Mr. J. C. Becket,

Secretary Montreal Temperance Society—by the merchants who visit Montreal, at the fall, from almost every part of Canada.”

In this connection, we think it not amiss, to pay a tribute of respect once again to our departed and venerable friend, Mr. Osgood. His name is known all over Canada. That which he collected for benevolent purposes in many places, and with much exertion, was never sufficient to meet the expenses incurred, and he was often compelled to draw on his own private resources, in order to meet his engagements. Nothing, however, quenched his love to Christ, and to various benevolent enterprises. As noted above, having inherited some property in New England, he bequeathed a sum to the Montreal Temperance Society, which enables the committee to offer aid most liberally to the friends of Temperance in Canada. Most earnestly do we hope that advantage will be taken of the offer, and good done thereby.

The Montreal Gazette.

Our talented neighbor is out upon the temperance folks and the Maine Law. It is a pity that the learned editor cannot see that his quotations and proofs in reference to past legislation have nothing to do with the prohibitory legislation we propose. All permissive legislation respecting the liquor business, whether with high or low duties or tariffs, must be ineffectual for the prevention of intemperance, or only partially useful. Their actual effects are seen in the present condition of society,—paralyzed and reeling under the influence of liquor. According to his own showing, our position is sound;—past legislation has proved ineffectual; let us try another plan. By the way, we perceive our contemporary is piously opposed to the Circus, and did really refuse to insert the advertisement of one said to be on the way here. But how sad that he don't perceive that 500 rum-holes in this city are daily doing more harm than any circus could do. For the benefit of the *Gazette* and others, we will quote a “Mad Dog” story from a recent number of the *New York Tribune*. It will be thought tolerably appropriate.

“A little boy was recently bitten in the town of Killingly, Conn., by a dog suspected of madness. The dog was of course destroyed as soon as possible—no one objecting. But no one thought of stopping at that point. Forthwith an edict appeared, issued by three Justices, ordering, in accordance with a law of the State, 1st. That dogs should no more run at large in said town; 2d. That any person might kill and destroy any dog found running at large as aforesaid, and that it should be the duty of every good citizen to do so; 3d. That any person violating or infringing these regulations should pay a penalty of seven dollars.—And these regulations were promptly and unhesitatingly acquiesced in by the whole people of the town, dog-owners, dog-fanciers and dog-sellers included. Yet probably this boy is the first human being in Killingly who has been bitten by a dog suspected of madness, for ten years past, and there may never be another.

But in that same town hundreds have from year to year been bitten by the Alcoholic demon, so that they never recovered. The effects of that bite have sent each of them stumbling, staggering down to a miserable and dishonored grave. The bite was more fatal, the venom more deadly, the evil immeasurably more widespread and general, than any canine madness. Unlike the latter, it corrupted the souls while it destroyed the lives of its victims. And that same town, we confidently assert, has never been free from the Alcoholic madness for the last two generations. Each year has seen strong men cut down by it; families bereft

of the guidance and protection of husband and fathers; others stripped of their property and toppled down from respectability and competence to degradation and want; wives abused and maltreated by those who had sworn at the altar to love and cherish them till death; children fleeing in terror from the cruel maniac who should have been their shield and their refuge. And the fiend is still active, furious, terrible; desolating new households and spreading wider and wider the domain of contention, outrage, crime and misery.

Well; a portion of the people of Killingly have at length been moved by the spectacle of woe and degradation thus presented, to say—'Let us drive out this demon from among us! Let us break up his haunts, overturn his altars, destroy his vessels of incense, and compel his priests and ministers to earn some kind of honest living or do without any. In short, let us serve this wholesale poisoner and destroyer as we have served his humble follower and imitator, the prospective or proximate cause of hydrophobia.'

'But no!' say the residue of their townsmen; 'this shall not be! Kill all the dogs, though perfectly sane and harmless; but let alone the rumcasks. These are property, which cannot be taken without compensation; and it is not right to destroy that which might be used innocently because some other might be used hurtfully.'

Ah, gentlemen! how can you turn so short a corner as this? Dogs are just as much property as rumcasks—are daily bought and sold as property, and are often taxed as property. And as to some liquor being used innocently, do you not know that most dogs are not rabid and not likely to be? Then how can you act with such gross inconsistency?"

Meeting of the Grand Division for Canada East— Great Demonstration.

One of the best Temperance Demonstrations we ever saw, took place on Thursday, the 11th instant, in the beautiful and thriving village of Aylmer, on the Ottawa. It had been previously arranged that the August Session of the Grand Division should be held in that place, and the friends of Temperance thought that so favorable an opportunity for securing the services of gentlemen from various parts of the Province to advocate the good cause in their neighborhood should not be allowed to pass unimproved.

Preparations were, therefore, made for holding a large Temperance meeting. A spacious tent—120 feet by 40—was erected in the village square, and very appropriately, midway between the jail and the new market house, as if the Temperance cause had stepped in to save men from the former, and enable them to visit the latter.

The Session of the Grand Division, which was by far the most numerous attended, and we may say, not only the most important, but the most harmonious and delightful that has yet been held in Canada East, was brought to a close on Thursday morning.

At noon crowds of persons from all parts of the surrounding country had assembled. Flags were flying, the drums beating to the sound of spirit stirring music, while cheerful voices and happy countenances showed that a great day for Aylmer had at last come. A large procession, headed by the Bytown Brass Band, was speedily formed, consisting of Sections of Cadets from Aylmer, Chelsea, and Bytown; of three Divisions of the Sons; the members of the Grand Division; and last, but most interesting of all, two Unions of the Daughters of Temperance; the whole party in full regalia, and carrying large and splendid Temperance banners.

Never before was such a Temperance army seen in Aylmer. Well might the Liquor sellers regard it as portending the certain downfall of their sad traffic, and a sure omen of the speedy advent of the "*Maine Law*."

There was one sorrowful circumstance, however, connected with this great celebration; he, through whose instrumentality the Grand Division had met there, and who had been the foremost to plan, and the most active to execute, who had looked forward to this day with intense emotion, was now on a bed of suffering; for while Mr. Gordon was engaged in the erection of the Tent, some of the wood work fell down and broke his leg. The procession, on arriving opposite his house, halted, and a deputation from the Grand Division went in, and expressed their deep sympathy for him, and their regret that he was prevented from joining their ranks that day; but the sight of such a vast procession filled his heart with joy, and seemed to be recompense sufficient for all the suffering which the arrangements for the occasion had brought upon him, and looking through the open windows of his room upon the vast concourse, with uplifted hands, and tearful eyes, he exclaimed:—"The Lord be with you my friends, and give you success;" and then referring to his own painful position, he added, "It is all right, the Lord is good."

After having marched round the village, the procession entered the spacious Tent, where they found an abundance of Tea and Coffee, and excellent refreshments.

The outward man having received a due share of attention, next came the speeches.

Our excellent G. W. P. Kneeshaw, of Lachute, led the way in an excellent address. Then came our widely-known and devoted friend of the Temperance cause, P. W. P., J. C. Becket, of Montreal, who, in a very able manner, gave words of encouragement and exhortation to the friends of Temperance. Bro. Wm. Easton, of Montreal, presented a brief account of the origin and progress of the Order. Bro. Cole, of Quebec, followed in an interesting speech. Next came Bro. Wm. Edwards, of Clarence, who spoke in his usually able manner on the general interests of the Temperance cause, and its certain success. Our excellent friend and brother Chas. P. Watson, of Montreal, then presented the claims of the cause of Temperance, and satisfactorily answered several prominent objections to joining in this great and good cause.

Last of all, came the Rev. Mr. Hurlburt, Wesleyan Minister in Aylmer, who adverted to the various phases which the Temperance movement had assumed during the last few years, and very ably stated his reasons for believing that the Order of the Sons of Temperance deserves to occupy the foremost rank among temperance organizations.

And now the time for this happy meeting to close having come, with grateful hearts, and with expressions of entire satisfaction with the arrangements, full of hope for the future glorious success of the Temperance cause, the audience dispersed.

See letter of our correspondent, W. E.

Mapleton; or, More Work for the Maine Law.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN PUNISHMENT.

With a view to meet the demand for this work, and to promote the growth of a public opinion favorable to prohibitory legislation, the undersigned made arrangements for the issue of a Canadian edition from the original stereotype plates. The editor of the *Advocate* says, concerning Mapleton, "It is pretty clearly seen, through the whole tragedy, that the cause of all the domestic calamities

which befel the respective families, was the legal facility given to make and sell the liquor poison everywhere; and that go where they might, they could not get away from the fangs of the destroyer,—a most literal and faithful description of the state of things throughout our country. We have commended the book, and do so again with special earnestness." Being instrumental in creating a desire for the work, the subscriber would have been wanting in consistency if he had not tried to meet the demand.

This edition is the same clear type and white paper as the American copy; containing 432 pages 12mo. Sold at one dollar.

The author's preface is here given that the reader may possess a specimen of the style, character, and intent of the book:—

"The parabolic and dramatic style is as old as literature. It was adopted by Him who had lessons of highest import to impart; because truth in action is far more effective than truth in abstraction. Humanity in the story of the good Samaritan, and penitence in that of the Prodigal Son, touch the heart as they could not in the most finished disquisition.

Those who brand every book of the kind as a *novel*, in an offensive sense, are at war with the constitution of our nature. This form of literature meets an instinctive want, which must be met in some way,—if not with sentiments to enlighten, enlarge and ennoble, then with those to weaken, wither and debase. Instead of carping against light literature, it were better to charge it with truths and influences purifying, profound and enduring, and send it abroad on a mission of love to mankind. The evil is not in the use, but in the abuse

Not the rocks, mountains, and valleys of Greece, nor the physical scenery of England, has made it what it is in the world of mind; but the creations of genius by which it is adorned. So, till a national literature of our own has cast its diviner hues upon our scenery, not even Niagara can rise to its proper position in the regards of mankind.

This work is a draught upon materials which have been some years accumulating, in the author's endeavor to form a style coincident with the habits and sympathies of the living age. The didactic and abstract, much as he might prefer them, are not the weapons for a steam and lightning movement. If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, why, then, Mahomet must go to the mountain. If witches can only be shot with silver, what is the use of firing lead? Are any grieved that the age will not bear elaborate writing, 'I more;' but who is able to fight against destiny?

This story is not so extraordinary as the facts which it adumbrates. The caricature is not here, but in real life. Had the author's sketches reached the extreme limit of history, they would have lacked the essential requisite of an air of credibility.

'A love-story on so grave a theme!—is this admissible?' This objection the author can better meet than vouch for his tact in managing so delicate a subject. It is only in the social relations of a drunkard's children that the injury to them fully appears. Especially is this true of those who are born to a higher destiny than their unfortunate domestic connections will permit them to reach. They are eaglets with plucked plumage and broken wing, falling prone from their native sphere. O, the pangs and tears thus extorted are too deep, too intense, too profuse, for pen or pencil!

The work is a humble contribution to a great reform in morals and legislation. The profounder depths of the subject have not been reached, much as has been spoken and written in the temperance reformation. The alcoholic currents flow deep down under forms of religious manifestation, under inspirations of genius, under legislative, diplomatic and judicial agencies, under military prowess and valor, under hereditary disease and degeneracy, yea, under all the interests of humanity; nor have they yet fully gushed forth

through any of the openings of a vastly accumulated temperance literature. We see them not, we heed them not. The hissings and convolutions of the many-headed dragon have been described; but the venom which he infuses into the sources of our blood, into the atmosphere of thought and sentiment, and into all the subtler elements of life, what painter can depict, what author or orator describe?

Two hundred years of legislation against drunkenness have accomplished comparatively little. Everywhere, under our old license laws, its seductive madness may be indulged in for a few cents. Had the liquor traffic been as free as that of corn, cloth or cotton, drunkenness would have been scarcely easier or cheaper.

What is to be done? Shall we leave the traffic to its course, or control it by stringent legislation? If left to its course, or to the present licensed causes of crime, humanity requires a kindlier provision for those who are thus made criminal than prisons, penitentiaries, poor-houses and the hangman's rope. Far better that the power now exerted in licensing the temptation should exercise its undoubted prerogative in prohibiting, under stringent and prompt penalties, the sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage."

The following table of Contents exhibits a rich variety of topics, and indicates the current of events eloquently set forth in the narrative:—

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J. C. BECKET.

To the Editor of the Montreal Temperance Advocate.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—I again ask the privilege of using your valuable and interesting journal, to make known to your readers some of our proceedings in the cause of Temperance,—“the cause of all mankind.”

On the occasion of the August Session of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance being held in the village of Aylmer, the Aylmer Division of Sons took that opportunity of holding their Annual Celebration. It took place on Thursday the 11th instant, and the following is a short summary of the proceedings. A procession was formed at noon of the different Sections of Cadets, three Divisions of the Sons, with their large and splendid banners, the members of the Grand Division, and the members of two Unions of the Daughters of Temperance, all in full regalia, headed by the brass band of Bytown, marched through the village, after which we were conducted from the rays of a scorching sun under the canopy of a beautiful and large marquee, 120 feet in length by 40 in breadth, beautifully decorated. Immediately refreshments of excellent quality and in abundance were served up to a company of over 500 persons, and soon after our appetites had been appeased and our thirst satiated with good tea and coffee, the meeting was opened with singing and prayer. Our Worthy G. W. P., Mr. Kneeshaw, presided, who, after a few very appropriate remarks, called upon several members of the Order, who expatiated on the beneficial effects of total abstinence, and of the curse and misery resulting from the moderate and immoderate use of Alcohol, the King of all evils. The enactment of a prohibitory Liquor Law in Canada engaged the attention of some of the speakers, who urged upon the audience the necessity of their immediate action and personal influence; and may God speed that law. The proceedings were enlivened by the melodious strains of the band. Notwithstanding the excessive heat of the day, the patient attention of the audience was protracted to a late hour, and all left impressed with the opinion, that proceedings carried on in such a legitimate and moral way as the present were among the best means of conversion from the ways of intemperance. Great praise is due to the members of the Aylmer Division, and to the Daughters of Temperance in that locality, for their exertions in causing such a successful and hardly to be surpassed public entertainment, one which will never be forgotten by those who participated in its pleasure. The members of the Grand Division have to thank our brethren in Aylmer, and the members of their families, for the kindness bestowed on them, and the hospitable manner in which they were received and treated during their short sojourn there. A very melancholy and unfortunate accident occurred, (which threw a damper over our anticipated pleasure,) to our worthy brother, Mr. Gordon, of Aylmer, while engaged in the erection of the Tent, where, it appears, that a part of the heavy wood-work gave way and struck him, causing a fracture below his knee. He was, however, at the time of our departure, doing well and out of danger. May God in his infinite mercy soon restore him to his avocations and to the enjoyment of his family circle. The result of our deliberations as a Grand Division shews a still continuing increase in the numbers to our blessed Order throughout Canada East, and an increasing spread of the principles of total abstinence. I hope that immediate means will be taken by all Temperance people to carry the Maine Liquor Law in our approaching Parliament, and when law, to be fully prepared to carry it out. We will hail with much pleasure, the visit in September next, of that to be remembered champion of Temperance, Hon. Neal Dow. Let us give him a hearty reception as a due appreciation of his merits as a man, and as the Father of the Maine Law.

Yours in the bonds of

L. P. and F.,

W. E.

Montreal, 12th August, 1853.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

SIR,—I beg to ask your correspondent 'Ο Υἱὸς τῆς Εγκράτειας, whether the statements made in his communication published in your paper of the 15th June last, and in which reference is made to the “*Neighborhood of Vaudreuil*,” were, or were not, intended to refer to this locality, and to parties resident here? If they were so intended, then if he be possessed of any honor, or justice, or even of common honesty, I call upon him to declare himself, and substantiate the truth of his assertions. If he cannot, or will not do this simple act of justice, he can only be regarded as a vile slanderer. The fact that statements of so grave a character have been made *anonymously*, must throw a certain degree of suspicion upon the purity of the motives of the writer of that article, until he does honestly and openly prove his statements. Truth, Sir, needs no such disguise. “Every one that doeth evil *hateth the light*, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be *reproved*. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God.”

It is not usual, nor perhaps necessary, to notice anonymous articles of this character; nor would I do so now, had not your correspondent in some measure declared the place to which he intended his remarks to apply, by referring to the “*Neighborhood of Vaudreuil*.” The article is generally regarded here, as a libel on this place. It professes to set forth the trials and sufferings of an original founder, and a member of the Temperance Society lately formed here. Now, Sir, the founders and members of this Society are all well known here, and no such case as the one so *pathetically* described by your correspondent is known among them. Neither have they any connection, nor sympathy, with the parties who have caused that article to be published. In proof of this, I beg to refer to a Resolution, passed at a late meeting of the Temperance Association here, condemning the article *as a slander*.

When your correspondent shall honestly come forward and, *in propria persona*, makes good his assertions, I shall be prepared to meet him in like manner.

Until then I beg the same privilege accorded to him, and subscribe myself, with more consistency, however,

‘Ο Υἱὸς τῆς Αληθείας.

Pointe a Cavagnal, Vaudreuil, August 10, 1853.

[FOR THE TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.]

Cases of High Wines.

No. 2.

We now proceed, according to promise, to unpack case No. 2; and, as our readers have had a sample of their quality, they will be prepared for a taste of the second, which, though of the same deleterious species, is of the feminine instead of the masculine gender.

Two sisters, who, through the social family glass, had imbibed such a relish for its flavor, that, though both young, of robust health, and able to earn as much as most women, and more than some, they could not refrain from spending the greater part of their earnings in procuring it, having met with a family misfortune, were induced—as is too generally the case, instead of receiving the affliction as a friendly warning to fly from it and take the Pledge—to allow it to become an oblivion for their misery and a hiding place for their sinfulness; but how fatal is this delusion! The raging thirst for high wines became, as is always the case, stronger and

stronger. Every copper they earned was soon spent in procuring the accursed poison, and instead of being surrounded with comforts as they might have been, and worn respectable and good clothing as they might have done, they had scarce a rag to cover them, a bed to lie upon, or a piece of furniture fit for a stable. The little children belonging to one of them were half fed, half clothed, and covered with dirt and vermin,—a lamentable specimen of the dreadful evils which intemperance entails upon the rising generation. Happy would it have been had these evils been confined to their own family, but their connection with others afforded them an opportunity of creating and encouraging the hellish thirst in them also, and in some with awfully fatal effect, so that more than one family became infected thereby; from some they were turned away in disgrace, till scarce a friend remained. Driven to desperation by neglect and poverty, they formed a connection with others as reckless of consequences as they themselves had become, and proceeding from one act of indiscretion to another, from less to more, were led to the commission of acts of violation of the public peace which confined them to the common jail, where, after being sobered by confinement, they were thence let out again upon the community more depraved than before, to indulge anew in the maddening thirst for high wines, and in the seduction of others into the same destructive course. Now, who does not see that had there been a Maine Law, these sisters could not have had access to high wines; would have known comparatively nothing of their deadly quality; might have established good characters, and surrounded themselves with comforts; and instead of becoming a curse, might have been a blessing to the community.

We expect another case of high wines in a day or two, when it shall also be unpacked for the satisfaction of our friends and the benefit of the community, by furthering the Maine Law, which shall consign all future cases of high wines to oblivion.

UN FILS DE TEMPERANCE.

Thankful for Trifles.

Our old acquaintance of the *True Witness* holds us in kind remembrance, for which we are glad. We should regret if the recollection of our services to him were to be obliterated. It seems they are not, for he "strongly recommends" a fallen and uneducated friend of his to our attention. Having benefited by our instructions, he desires us still to be usefully employed. In what way, may be seen by the following quotation:—

"We clip the following gem," says the *True Witness*, "from the *Carlton Place Herald*, and strongly recommend it to the attention of our friend of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*:—

ON INTEMPRENCE.

West of the rose bank house about forty rods
the ground witch i have often trod
With whiskey sting running in my bed
so fondley i tumbled into bed

in the nite when i awoke
my hed akd it was no goke
i tride the bitres i was all in vane
the poisenish stin it did remane
i trid to worke it wold not not du
A remader i had in vew

it was hot brandey i did tak
it dheel the wond it is no mistake

king halkey hole i bid ferweel
With you no longe i mean to dwell
fr your viellen rogu and devil
you throw me daun on hill or level

E H GRIMES."

There, that's grand; now send along the genius—we can cure him; liquor kept him from school, and so we shall make a teetotalter of him—then he shall go to school; and in addition to all necessary instructions, we shall teach him to abhor the liquor traffic as a fruitful source of poverty and ignorance, and never to keep company with "moderate" drinkers, who are the real enemies of our cause, and grant us a benignant sneer when they can afford it, but who take care to do precious little for the public good. After all, we are glad to be remembered, as above—that is—thankful for trifles.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

(Compiled for the *Montreal Witness*, Wednesday, 24th August, 1853.)

FLOUR.—Superfine No. 1, fresh ground, dull at 24s 9d
—No quantity in market.

WHEAT in demand at 5s 9d to 5s 10½d for good shipping parcels.

COARSE GRAINS—Nothing doing.

PORK.—Mess has advanced in price. \$19 to \$19½ being the quotations; Lower qualities not much sought for; Prime Mess 70s, and Prime 65s.

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

J. G. MASON, & Co., Toronto

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THE Subscriber begs to inform the friends of Temperance and the Public in general, that he has opened a TEMPERANCE HOUSE at that Port, beautifully situated on the South Shore of Lake St. Francis, and trusts by strict attention to the comfort of TRAVELLERS, to make it a desirable resting place, and thereby merit a share of Public Patronage.

The Subscriber begs leave to return his sincere thanks to the public for the patronage which he received last season, and to state that his

OMNIBUS

continues to run this season, and will leave the Post Office, Huntingdon, every MONDAY and THURSDAY at half past Nine o'clock, A. M., in time for the Steamer *Fashion* on her downward trip, and to leave Port Lewis immediately after the arrival of the *Fashion* on her upward trip, on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

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N. B.—Good Stabling and a careful Hostler always in attendance.

WILLIAM H. BOWRON, Proprietor.

Port Lewis, 7th June, 1853.

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