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TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

M. G. ...

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

Vol. XVIII.]

MONTREAL, AUGUST 2, 1852.

No. 16

The Widow's Appeal.

We give the following truthful appeal, originally intended for the Legislature of Ohio, because it is equally applicable here, and because it states appalling facts in a way likely to awaken the sympathies of those for whom it is more immediately designed :

GENTLEMEN: I am about to address you through the medium of the public press, because I well know your multiplied calls prevent you from giving due heed to all the requests that cumber your tables; and because I am about to detail to you matters of truthful history, which are known only to myself and to Him who is omniscient and knoweth all things; and yet, true as these things are, respect for the feelings of the living and for the memory of the dead, prevents me from subscribing my own name thereto. My heart bleeds when I think how many thousands and hundreds of thousands of similar cases of accursed wrong, caused by an accursed system of vending poison and death, lie buried in the grave, or in hearts deeper than the grave, and which will never be told till that day when God shall judge both quick and dead, and the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

I am one of those whose names are already upon your tables, petitioning for the passage of a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. I have done more than this; I have laid aside, for a time, a woman's instinctive dread of encountering the gaze, the ridicule, and the rebuffs of those who appreciate not her motives, and I have traversed weary distances, and entered dark abodes of sin, entreating for names to that humble petition which prays for your aid in accomplishing a work which would cause more joy on earth, and in Heaven also, than any other event, save one, that this glorious sun of ours ever shone upon. In these walks, I have found the sick and destitute wives and widows of those who are daily sinking, or have already sunk, into the drunkard's grave. I have seen the tear of joy leap from haggard eyes because their owners had the poor privilege of subscribing their names to such a petition; and I have departed, bearing with me blessings of those ready to perish, and followed by the prayers of those who have audience in Heaven, if not on earth.

Oh! could you, ye honorable legislators of this great and glorious State—could you behold, with unclouded vision, how many from the hovels of misery; how many from the mansions of the rich, how many from pallets of straw and couches of down are sending up petitions to Heaven's high throne, for blessings upon your deliberations, and invoking for you the guidance of infinite wisdom; and could you know with what trembling anxiety these praying mothers, sisters, and daughters watch your movements, and wait with excited hopes the tidings of your doings in this behalf, you would not—you could not turn an indifferent ear to our supplications.

I know it is said by some that women have no right to petition, or, at least, ought not to be heard on so grave a question, as this. They say that we are not fit to judge of the consequences and relative bearings of such a law; that we are swayed by feeling and sympathy, and hence that our views should have little weight in the decision of legislators, when interests of such magnitude are at stake. It may be so; but hear my tale and judge if it be true.

In early life I married a man who moved in the first circles of no mean city. He was a descendant of Puritan stock, and his

venerable father's silvery locks yet command wide respect amid those who linger on Pilgrim ground. He was a worthy son of a worthy sire—a man among men. In the commercial world he stood fair among the fairest. Abundance blessed our board. If we had not wealth in hoarded profusion, we had enough for all our wants, and even the rich might have envied us our happiness. But when I dreamed of no danger, the foe, with serpentine dissembling, wound his coils around my loved and cherished one, and blighted my every earthly hope. Oh, never!—never shall I forget the agony of that hour, when first the full conviction flashed upon my mind that the father of my children—my own loved and cherished husband—was a drunkard! Oh, ye who revel in wealth wrung from widow's tears and hoard up gold coined from orphan's groans, were I a demon damned, and wished to heap upon your devoted heads the coals of unquenchable fire, I could not wish you worse than that you might drink of that bitter cup, which then you forced to my unwilling lips, and compelled me to drink, even to the deepest dregs.

But even then I knew not the power of my deadly foe. Hope, that angel of mercy, sprang up from the depths of despair, and with the frantic energy of the fire-surrounded victim of the prairie flames, I strove to release him from the grasp of the fell destroyer. I strove, oh God! thou knowest how hard I strove, to conceal from myself and others the truth. With my husband the struggle was equally severe, if not as ardent. He saw not at first the danger, but for my sake and his children's sake, he resolved that he would be free. Like Samson he rose in all the conscious strength of manhood's prime; but like him, who dallied with an enemy, he too, soon found out he was shorn of his strength, and yielded in abject submission to his deadliest foe. Thrice before God and man, he took the solemn pledge that he would no more yield to the tempter, and thrice he fell but to taste in all its renewed horrors, a drunkard's hell. Oh yes, many, many times, when no eye but God and my own witnessed his struggle, and when he knew not of my vigils, I have seen him prostrate and weeping as though his once manly heart would break, as he reviewed the past, and looked forward to the future. 'Twas then he realized his hopeless, irretrievable bondage! Yet he was not a gutter drunkard. He seldom reeled in the street; he was never a public, degraded sot. But he was in a demon's power, and, demon-like, he would in ten thousand ways which shall forever remain nameless, harrow up my very soul, and render life a burden. Property vanished; friends grew cold; the proud despised us, and tongues of malice were dipped in gall. All this he saw with blurred vision, and sometimes keenly felt that he had brought it all upon those whom he loved dearer than life. Day and night I toiled! night and day I watched and prayed: yes, weeks and months and years I struggled, and by the free use of hands not ashamed to work, but heretofore all unused to toil, I, unaided by mortal arm, fed, clothed, and sheltered my little ones, and by main force held up my degraded husband also. And while thus I gave up to sacred duty my choicest years of life, he who would have been, but for accursed drink, my protector and supporter, was driving deeper and deeper the barbed arrows into my life-springs, till at last, maniac-like, his cruel blows of which no one knew or heard, drove me, and those whom God had given me, to seek shelter and protection where ruin could not invade my sanctuary.

Need I tell you the anguish of that fatal hour? Need I tell you how it brought me to the very gates of death, whence, after

many days, I barely escaped? Need I tell you how he who was thus forsaken, like Esau, in vain sought space for repentance and found it not, though he sought it carefully with tears? No—I need not tell you this. Nay, it is a tale that cannot be told—let it sleep. But I will tell you, that for the last time, he renewed, as with a dying struggle, the terrible conflict with his enemy. In vain he looked on this side and on that for help. Help there was none, but on every corner stood the tempter in bright array. All around him were men—men in the image of their God—men whom the law called good moral men, licensed by law to send his soul to hell and his body to the worms! Ah, too sure was their work, for as he had lived, so he died. In an instant, and when he looked not for it, death claimed his victim and he was no more? No sympathizing hand smoothed his dying pillow! No daughter's kiss assuaged his last death-thrills! No son was there to hear his last commands! His body fills a drunkard's grave. His murderers may meet his soul in a world to come.

And now tell me, ye honorable men, ye whom God has commissioned with power to avert from others the doom which awaited my once loved husband—tell me, have I no voice in this matter of life and death?

Of wrongs and outrages—of cruel and barbarous murders—of suicides and homicides, you have a full surfeit day by day; but of the deeper, darker sufferings of the unprotected, helpless females, you have little. Almost within sound of your legislative halls, within the week last past, a poor lost victim, hopeless of the relief for which we pray, madly rushed into the presence of his God, declaring as his last words that he did so rather than longer bear the tormentor's sting on earth. You can hear the explosion of the death-dealing weapon, but the groans of the widow and orphan you cannot hear. You cannot bring the dead to life! You cannot restore to me, nor to the tens of thousands whom like me rum has deprived of our husbands, our loved ones, again! But you can, yes, you can hurl this demon from his high places! You can put the brand of Cain upon the man who engages in this accursed traffic. You can take away this temptation from those who would, if they could, avoid its snares! You can save the lives of tens of thousands of precious husbands, brothers, and sons—and it is for this we most humbly pray. Will you turn to us a deaf ear, and spurn us from your doors?

A WIDOW.

The Drunkard's Funeral.

A SCENE IN NEWARK.

"Can you attend a funeral this afternoon at 2 o'clock?" inquired a man beyond the meridian of life, who stood at my door, with an expression of sympathy upon his countenance—"Can you attend a funeral at the corner of—and—streets? There is a man dead there, sir; and although he is poor, yet we do not like to bury him without some kind of religious services. We should be very glad, sir, if you could attend."

"I am sorry to say that it is out of my power to comply with your request," I replied, "inasmuch as I am previously engaged to attend a funeral at that hour, in another direction."

"I am very sorry, sir," he replied; but after a moment's reflection, again inquired—"Could you not come a little later, if we were to defer it an hour? Could you not come at three o'clock?"

"I think I can," I replied. "At all events I will come as near that hour as possible."

He left me, and at the appointed time I went to fulfil my first engagement. A man of four score years was sleeping his last long sleep. Relatives and friends were occupying the comfortable and well-furnished apartments absorbed in grief. The services being over, the lengthy procession moved slowly onward to the peaceful mansions of the dead. It was not a costly burial, but such as we could desire for ourselves—plain, solemn, appropriate—nothing extravagant, yet nothing wanting; and while we felt that the burial was such as we could desire, there was a congeniality also in the place selected for the last sleep of death, even our own beautiful and quiet cemetery.

I hastened from these solemn, orderly, and appropriate obsequies, to obey my second summons. An open wagon, with one horse attached, and four or five individuals were standing at the door. I felt a chill run through my veins, part of the fearful truth was now revealed. The keen November wind was blowing,

and the sky wore its gloomy autumnal aspect, but I feared there was keener anguish and deeper gloom within. I entered and at one glance at the table was told. It was the funeral of a drunkard! A small, cold, and desolate chamber was appropriated for the solemn services. Indeed, it was all they had. Here for a season had lived, and here had died, and now from here was to be buried, a husband and a father who had lived and died a drunkard. It was a dreary place. There in one corner, upon a rough old rickety table, from which they had often eaten their cold and cheerless fare, was placed the coffin, made of rough pine boards, slightly stained with red, in which was placed the corpse. He was a man perhaps of fifty, coarsely clad with grave clothes. His countenance, if an index to his state of mind, bespoke nothing but gloom. Around and underneath his head, where, in other places, I had often seen the downy pillow and the rich satin linings, were stuffed a few of the shavings roughly taken from the boards which composed his coffin.

I looked with spirit almost crushed within me, first at this new trophy of the reign of death, and then at the living around me. Both were expressive of the deepest wretchedness. In an opposite corner, under a pile of old clothes, rudely thrown together, sat the unhappy widow, a tall, spare woman, pale as the corpse before me. Her eyes were large and sunken, and she was thinly and poorly clad; and as she sat she wrung her hands as if to relieve the agony she felt within, while with almost every breath she gave a low, hollow, consumptive cough, which told me too plainly that death had marked her for his victim also. Several children were standing around and beside the table where the coffin rested, shivering with cold, and weeping from some cause—or whether they understood the meaning of a father's death or not—and the tears rolled down their pale and hollow cheeks, upon the uncarpeted floor in large and briny drops.—A few of the neighbors had gathered to attend the solemn services connected with the funeral. They were seated, some on boxes, others upon an old worn out trunk, while others stood. It was a gloomy scene; gloomier than the day without, and the anguish keener than the biting blast.

I stood there in the midst of that group, a minister of Christ. The table was before me—the Bible so full of demonstrations against sin. But as I looked around me, it seemed as if sin had denounced itself. There were the visible, tangible, heart-rending fruits of a godless life, and if possible the more revolting spectacle of a godless death, upon all of which seemed written, forsaken, hopeless, miserable. I strove to direct attention to the necessity of religion to preserve us from the vice and miseries of our earthly pilgrimage. But I feared then, and still fear, that it was too late for such advice. There were hearts there which had been so long accustomed to the treachery of men, so steeped in sorrow and accustomed to sin that they could hardly be led to repose confidence in God. Having commended them to the care of Heaven, and especially to the God of the poor, the coffin was carried down the narrow stair-way, and the drunkard's family, shivering in the November wind, was placed in that one horse open wagon at the door, and following the hearse, drove lonely and sad through the streets of our christian city to the Potter's field, the last resting place of the friendless poor, where the drunkard sleeps to day unhonored and unknown.—Sentinel.

Fragments of Influence.

"Gather up the fragments which remain, that nothing be lost." Such was the utterance of the Supreme Benevolence, speaking for a time in the fashion of man. As the bread passed from under his benediction, it grew and multiplied in the act of moving from hand to hand, till hunger was replenished and every appetite stayed to the full. No parsimony was there; no stinted administration; no withholding of more than was needed. It was a generous godlike effusion of the bounty of heaven on the needy, weary, fainting, worn out hearts of men. But even in the midst of the unwonted profusion, this gorgeous display of boundless beneficence, frugality lifted up her voice, and the wisdom of practical benevolence uttered her warning.—"That nothing be lost."

Whether as expressive of what ought to be in the thriftiness of men, or of what is in the ways of heaven, carrying forward the great interests of humanity, the conditions of human life and

activity, which may be regarded as mere fragments of influence for good, never appear and never act in vain. When we think of the momentous influence wielded by the freest and mightiest deliberative assembly that has ever congregated on the face of the globe—the Parliament of the United Kingdom—its deliberations and its acts watched and pondered from the one extremity of the civilized world to the other, and its enactments vibrating throughout all nations, we are ready to grant that no fragmentary power slumbers or rouses itself there. The wisdom, the wealth, the military prowess, the united greatness of England's name and renown, stand the guarantee of the globe-encircling influence that mutters its thunder, or whispers its beneficence there. It is no fancy. It is no poetic dream. It is no dew of the morning, sparkling and passing away. The Commons of England—the basis of her aristocracy and her crown—constitute, as on all hands admitted, one of the mightiest and most magnificent agencies in the social progress of men.

But when we have taken up that concentrated agency of a nation's will, and of a nation's power, and estimate as best we may its action for good or for evil, its elemental individualities are but men of like passions with ourselves. Some, not a few, it may be a large majority, rise by no appreciable measurement in mind or acquired attainments above the myriads that own no senatorial name. They weep if they have pain; they fear if they suffer loss; and they dread, as others do, the inevitable die. Lift any one from his senatorial seat, divest him of his place and name, relegate him to his shop or his demesne and the spell of the aggregate wisdom, and greatness, and power, is felt to have passed away. But he lives for influence still. If wealth is his, that golden-ointment clears the vision, and gives both himself and others to see with greater visual clearness; if literary attainments are his, those pinnacled couriers of thought may still go forth, and fluttering, stir the intellectual life of other men; or if tastes refined and purified in the corridors of art, or the fragrant bowers of nature, then may he still bid the eye of progress survey those glorious works of the finite or the infinite, which mirror to intelligence, the ever-to-be emulated standards of the true, the beautiful, and the good.

And so with all the associations which men have formed, in order to draw strength out of weakness. In science and in art, in agriculture and in commerce, in the business of the field and of the forum, in peace and in war, combination, when founded in laws that have their transcripts in the living thoughts and feelings of humanity, arises and urges onward with a firmer and more gigantic footstep, the progress of mankind towards the ultimate good. What a nation is, in its united energy of action, a city is, or any community, however weak and small. Association gives might to weakness, decision to hesitation, enlightenment to dim and bewildered thoughts, and a herculean movement to atoms, which, taken one by one, are feeble, insignificant, and altogether without a name.

But still, what were a general without an army? or what a monarch without his subjects? or what a leader, under any name, without the corresponding minds that move in sympathy with his own? Napoleon, without his battalions, would have traversed Europe without a trace of his being left on the national highways of time. Nicholas of all the Russias, bereft of the amalgamated millions that, through various gradations, own his sceptred hand, would be Nicholas Clay, or Nicholas Mind-in-Clay, fashed and ruled as any one else of the sons of men. The leagued oppressors, or the leagued defenders of freedom, make their leaders, as well as plastically own the might of their will. The crowning fragment of influence which seems to command and aggregate the whole, is but the offspring and impersonation of the aggregate will, that lifts it up and worships before it. And so, throughout the various forms in which the associated thoughts, sentiments, and wills of human nature arise and evince their combined existence in giving contour, expression, and aspect to the grand and predominant features of humanity. A Hampden lives, a Sidney dies; a Plato reasons, a Socrates acts; a Cesar conquers, a Virgil sings. But whether in the senate, or on the scaffold, in the academy, or the market place; on fields drenched with the gory blood of myriads, or in the secluded vistas of Italian groves, an impulse vibrates from heart to heart, and awakens, and sustains some special form of the progressive and onward thinking and feeling of humanity. The associated sentiment lives and moves; the combined conception travels onward; and its visible action appears in the life or in the death of nations.

But while the grandest actions of social life thus evince their being, and attest the energy of their march along the highway of ages, the fragmentary influence put forth by the least of the human family, is not to be contemned or idly cast away. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find the human creature, rational, active, and sound, both in limb and in intellect, that is, an absolute passivity in the hands of others; however apparently recipient, there is some reflective influence which tells for good or for evil on the conscious life of others. Even the weakness and imbecility of infancy, which seems to be all recipient of a mother's care, and of a mother's love, reflects from even its infantile tears and smiles, an action of life and of mirth, that stirs emotions, stirred by nothing else in the universe of God.

An infant's tear! who, it may be said, stops to measure, weigh, or analyse the diluted brine that trickles from that living sparkling well? A million, or a hundred millions of such, evaporated or brushed away from the eyes of the human life-buds that are shooting up so thickly throughout this "vale of tears"—who waits to calculate the ethereal influence, moral or spiritual, that is wasted along in the odour of these dewy drops? An idle question, it may seem, in the eyes of rough or unkindly nurses. But not the less real, and not the less mighty, the influence put forth by these transitory exponents of human feeling in some of the feeblest, loveliest, and most thoughtless forms. They move the hearts, that move the hands, that move the mundane enterprises of men. Every tear is inscribed with a message of love-provoking weakness which speaks to eyes that seldom read in vain; and then, in its foreordained simplicity, it acts, in the regency of the life that now is, as nothing else could, in humanising at the very dawn of existence, our scarcely human asperities. A type this of the infinitesimal littlenesses that arise and combine in forming the great powers that rule in silence, but in certainty, the movements of human existence on the earth.

How frequently is it, however, that, in relation to the great reformatory movements, as educational, sanitary, temperance, and so forth, we find the individual abnegating his personal influence on the ground that it is so namelessly little? He views, it may be, the evil as it roots itself in the prejudices and passions of myriads or of millions. He calculates his individual strength against an accumulation of ignorance, or of vice, or of customary waywardness, that seems to have defied the corrective labors of all time, and he says within himself—an atom to the Andes—the flutter of an ephemeral insect to uproar and overturn the mountains of the Himmaleyah. And so he concludes, that unless he have faith that could remove mountains, or could alone take by their tops the giant evils that afflict and oppress human nature, and hurl them hence, he needs do nothing. Because he is not the Father of waters—the Nile or the Amazon—he is not disposed to be "a drop in the bucket;" because he cannot speak with a tongue that will make a nation hear, he will not speak with a tongue that may persuade some wayward child to refrain his foot from evil. He must either realise in himself the momentous position of doing all, or next to all, otherwise he shrinks into the moral annihilation of attempting nothing. Instead of gathering up the fragments of his influence for good, either to the intelligence or the morals of mankind, he suffers himself to become worse than a nonentity in the sphere which Providence has assigned him.

How different the lesson taught in the thriftiness of nature, or in the utterances of the Infinite Grace! Nothing is to be lost—nothing of influence is to be cast away as utterly unavailing. So that in the humblest dwelling, in the most secluded hamlet, and in the person of the most insignificant of men, there is ever to be cherished the conscious action of an influence for good. On the side of virtue let every day's activity tell. We may not knowingly reclaim a drunkard, or repress a lie, or defeat a sensual grovelling pursuit, as seen in the haunts of evil; but we may be conservative at least of virtue. We may be found husbanding that which must ultimately prevail in the conflict of the true and the false; the virtuous and the vicious; the monster sin, and the supreme rectitude. To shed a tear for misery, for that is all that one owns, is neither idle or unfruitful. To bid a fellow-weeping be of good cheer, for the day of comfort comes, is not a fruitless utterance of the breath of kindness. Or to take one's stand with the few that bid custom and folly avault, is not to be named an effectless isolation. What other tears are shed for misery, or what other cheers are given in lone dwellings elsewhere found,

or what few feeble friends, in other localities, are separating themselves from the contamination of vice, we need not know. It ought ever to be enough, that the fragments that are ours, are not suffered to be lost; that we seek the widening of the circle of intelligence, the increase of the simple hearted love of the true and the good, and that we are ready at all times to bid the repentant prodigal welcome to the re-employment of the common beneficence of the common Father of all.—*Scottish Temperance Review.*

No Credit Given Here.

The veteran temperance lecturer, Doctor Jewett, has been speaking again in Boston and vicinity, with his accustomed wit and eloquence. We heard an anecdote of him the other day, which is too good to be lost. In the course of his travels with his own horse, he one day entered a country tavern, and sat down by the bar room fire to warm his fingers. His keenly roving eye soon discovered, prominent over rows of bottles with highly colored contents, in large letters, the inscription, "no credit given here." Turning to the landlord (to whom he was personally unknown,) he said,

"Ah! I see that you bring people square up to the mark here!"

"Yes," replied the landlord, "it's no use to trust rum customers now a-days. We must get it as we go along, or never get it."

Jewett warmed his fingers awhile, and then turning to the other, said—

"I think I could add a line or two to your inscription that would make it very nice."

"What would you add?" Inquired the landlord.

"Give me a pen and a piece of paper, and I will show you."

"Walk into the bar; there's pen and ink—help yourself."

The Doctor walked into the bar, and taking up the pen, wrote as follows:

"No credit given here"

And yet I've cause to fear,

That there's a day-book kept in Heaven,

Where charge is made and credit given!"

Laying down the pen and leaving the lines, he walked to the fire, and again sat down, expecting an explosion. The landlord, whose curiosity was somewhat moved, went behind the counter, and read what he had written.—A pause of some minutes ensued, when the Doctor glancing round, was to his great pleasure, and somewhat to his surprise—from the intimations of dampness about the eyes—that he had driven a nail in a "sure place." "A word fitly spoken how good it is."

Every Man must Work.

It is generally admitted that a great amount of good has been done by the Temperance reform, and greater by far than its most sanguine friends had dared to hope in the commencement of the work. Though much has already been accomplished, yet there remains a great work to do. This reform has reached a crisis, in which a very little negligence on the part of temperance men, will lose all that has been gained, and a united action and vigilance will soon complete the work. There is at this time a great need of activity and zeal, to advance the cause. This is demonstrated from the fact, that intemperance to a very alarming extent exists with its attending evils. The politicians are at work, their candidates are in the field, and every means and influence will be brought to bear, to carry out their particular measures, and to advance the interests of their party, and to secure the election of their nominees. And we fear, as it has always been, rum will exert its powerful influence in the work. We call upon the friends of temperance, to be awake to the interest of the work in which we are engaged, that they may not become the dupes of the political demagogue. Our object is to remove the originating cause of the great evils, which hang like a mighty incubus, upon the energies of this nation; not till then, will intemperance ever cease. While there exists those fountains from which the streams of intemperance flow, there still will remain those poor deluded inebriates, "to spread misery, tears, and pollution around them. A spirit of apathy, inducing a fear of the labor, necessary to move on in the work of the extermination of intemperance, is more to be feared, dreaded, and avoided, than grog-shops, or drunkards,

or tipplers, or moderate drinkers, they will and must yield before a determined spirit of activity. Permit us to urge upon you, friends of temperance, the absolute necessity of still greater exertion, in pushing forward this great reform, to its ultimate triumph. The tremendous evils of intemperance, have been greatly limited, by the moral influence of public opinion, it is now necessary that the same public opinion should operate through its most efficient instrument the Law, to close entirely, at once and forever, those fountains which have poured forth for years, torrents of disease, misery, crime, and death, and has well nigh inundated our land. If temperance men will only be united in their efforts, and cast their suffrage in favor of temperance and reform, the work is accomplished. Let every man Work, Work, Work.—*Delaware Herald.*

The U. S. Supreme Court.

As we publish in another place, the opinions of the Supreme Court of Maine, we think it will be very appropriate to re-publish some abstracts of the opinions of the U. S. Supreme Judges. On the celebrated Massachusetts case, Chief Justice Tauey said:

"But although a State is bound to receive and permit the sale by the importer of any article of merchandise which Congress authorizes to be imported, it is not bound to furnish a market for it, nor to abstain from the passage of any law which it may deem necessary or advisable, to guard the health or morals of its citizens, although such law may discourage importation or diminish the profits of the importer, or lessen the revenue of the government. If any State deems the retail and internal traffic in ardent spirits injurious to its citizens and calculated to produce idleness, vice or debauchery, I see nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent it from regulating and restraining the traffic, or from prohibiting it altogether, if it thinks proper.

It is equally clear that the power of Congress over this subject does not extend further than the regulation of commerce with foreign nations and among the several States; and that beyond these limits the States have never surrendered their power over trade and commerce, and may still exercise it, free from any controlling power on the part of the general government. Every State, therefore, may regulate its own internal traffic according to its own judgment, and upon its own views of the interest and well being of its citizens." (5 Howard, 573)

Mr. Justice McLean said:

"But after the import shall have passed out of the hands of the importer, whether it remain in the original package or cask, or be broken up, it becomes mingled with other property in the State and subject to its laws."

Mr. Justice Catren said:

"I admit, as inevitable, that if the State has the power of restraint by licenses to import, she has the discretionary power to judge of its limit, and may go the length of prohibiting altogether, if such be its policy."

Mr. Justice Woodbury said:

"The idea, too, that a prohibition to sell would be tantamount to a prohibition to import, does not seem to me either logical or founded on fact.—For even under a prohibition to sell, a person could import, as he often does, for his own consumption, and that of his family and plantations."

The Massachusetts case did not involve the seizure and destruction of property. Yet in these decisions, the right was established.

Mr. Justice Grier said:

"It is not necessary to array the appalling statistics of misery, pauperism and crime, which have their origin in the use and abuse of ardent spirits. The police power, which is exclusively in the States, is alone competent to the correction of these great evils, and all measures of restraint or prohibition necessary to effect the purpose, are within the scope of that authority. All laws for the restraint or punishment of crime, or the preservation of the public peace, health and morals are from their very nature, of primary importance, and lie at the foundation of social existence.—They are for the protection of life and liberty, and necessarily compel all laws on subjects of secondary importance, which relate only to property, convenience or luxury, to recede when they come in contact or collision. *Salus populi suprema lex.* The exigencies of the social compact require that such laws be executed before and above all others. It is for this reason that quarantine laws, which protect public health, compel mere con-

mercantile regulations to submit to their control.—They restrain the liberty of the passengers; they operate on the ship, which is the instrument of commerce, and its officers and crew, the agent of navigation. They seized the infected cargo, and cast it overboard. All these things are done, not from any power which the State assumes to regulate commerce, or interfere with the regulations of Congress, but because police laws for the prevention of crime, and protection of the public welfare, must of necessity have full and free operation, according to the exigency that requires their interference. If a loss of revenue should accrue to the United States from a diminished consumption of ardent spirits, she will be the gainer a thousand fold in the health, wealth, and happiness of the people."—*Fountain and Journal*.

"I am a Poor Man."

1. Then certainly you are exempt from some of the heaviest burdens that crush many other men. Wealth multiplies the sorrows of its possessor. Anxiety to keep safe what is already gained, and restless eagerness to gain more, keeps the souls of multitudes tossing like the troubled sea. If you are poor, then certainly you cannot have the trouble of the care of gain, however much you may vex yourself with desire of gain.

2. Then you have some special advantages for spiritual elevation of character. It was to the poor of this world that the gospel paid its first address, and from their ranks have come the greatest number into the family of God. The world does not press so hard upon you as upon those who are heavily laden with its good things. The leaden weights are not upon your wings that are on theirs, who have so much of earth to love and care for, and be entangled by. Your thoughts have not so many directions to take, so many things to pursue, and can more easily be sent into that channel where it is most important to the soul's best welfare that they go.

3. Then you may be comforted in the fact that you tread the same path trodden by many of the best inhabitants of our world. You need not be ashamed of your company, for our Lord Himself "had not where to lay his head," and there was not an apostle of His but "knew how to be in want." And but few eminent servants of God, since Gospel times, have been above knowing the various incidents of poverty; it was doubtless that very poverty that caused them to seek, with the more zeal and greater success, those spiritual riches in which they abounded.

4. Besides, it is as likely as not that you are the very poor who could not, with any safety, be trusted with wealth. You may have much confidence in the firmness of the texture of your brain, but prosperity might turn it. Money has sent many a lover of it to the insane hospital, and it might have done the same for you. Or it might have struck the chords of otherwise slumbering passions, so that you would have been a miserable victim to their power. Money might have shriveled up all the benevolent sensibilities of your soul, as it has done for thousands, and fastened you down to the iron gripe of covetousness; or it might have caused you to throw base the reins of self-indulgence, and sent you through all the scenes of sensuality, dissipation and extravagance, to a miserable end.

It will not do for you to complain that you are poor. Probably you have done this often. But you have never put a penny in your pocket by that process. Your sighs have been like snow flakes falling into the ocean. They have effected no change.

You would have been rich long ago if you could have been. The dazzling gold has had your panting heart upon it. But an unseen hand has prevented your grasping it. Your will has been overruled by a higher will. The Infinitely Wise judge it best that you should walk in the valley, rather than on the mountain top. He who knows you better than you know yourself, assigned poverty as the safest and best allotment. You may be of His mind before you die. At any rate, cheerfully submitting to His will, you will have just as much worldly good as is best for you, and as much spiritual wealth in Heaven as will make you rich to all eternity.

On Storing Liquor in Churches.

It is a good maxim—"a place for everything and everything in its place." But is a church a place for everything? and least of all is liquor in its place when stored away in a church?

The other day on entering a house of worship in the village of * * * a very disagreeable sensation was experienced. "What can it be?" said the nose to the brain. The question,

however, was answered before the brain had time to communicate with the tongue. The bad smell came out of liquor casks stowed away in the vaults of the church. Several questions arose in my mind:

1st. Whether or not does the use of a church for storage of any kind come under the condemnation of the Saviour, who complained that his house had been made a house of merchandise?

2d. Is the storing of liquor under a church an illustration or not of the great maxim, "all things are lawful, but all things are not expedient?" Admitting the lawfulness of storing this kind of merchandise, is it expedient to take it under ecclesiastical care?

3d. Would not the Maine law make terrible work with the rents of this house of God? One morning the pastor, in passing along, observes a concourse of constables, working men and boys rolling barrels out of his church, and knocking them on the head, amidst a stream of the "good creature" tumbling into the gutters. "Stop! stop!" cries the ingenious pastor, "let me consult the trustees, and the barrels shall be removed." "No," replies the constable, "you ought to have done that before;" and the minister walks off amidst the crackling of barrel heads, and the glee of temperance folks.

Take care, ministers, elders, deacons, Sabbath-school teachers, communicants, and pew-holders? I say take care, or there will be strange revelations some of these days! Now is the best time to get rid of the evil.—*Presb. Mag.*

Wonder if that church is —. The subject has long attracted attention. More than twenty years ago the following lines were published.

"ON A CHURCH WHOSE CELLAR WAS USED FOR STORAGE OF LIQUOR."

"There's a Spirit above,
And a Spirit below,—
A Spirit of love
And a Spirit of woe;—
The Spirit above
Is the Spirit Divine,
And the Spirit below
Is the Spirit of wine."

Minnesota.

[Much has been said concerning the working of a prohibitory liquor law in the Eastern extremity of the North American Continent. From the West we have not heard quite so much, but the information that now reaches us is most encouraging. We take the following from "Correspondence of the New York Tribune."—Ed. C. T. A.]

Sauk Rapids, Min. Ter., }
Wednesday, June 30, 1852 }

Thinking your readers might be anxious to hear occasionally from this corner of Uncle Sam's Farm, we take the liberty of writing you, and if desired, will occasionally send you a few "odds and ends" for *The Tribune*.

You are aware that the famous "Maine Law" was passed at the last session of our Legislature, and went into operation on the first Monday of May. The enemies of the Law prophesied that it would "not work well;" "The country is too new;" "It cannot be enforced," &c., &c. 'T is true it does not "work well" for those who wish to deal in "liquid poison" and beggar their neighbors for a "few paltry pence."

There are men in this country who have amassed their \$1,000 or \$5,000 within the last three years, by the sale of whisky alone; but their prospects are not quite so flattering as they have been, for the Grand Jury, last week, found indictments wherever sufficient proof could be found for conviction.

One man was tried, and sentenced to pay \$100 fine, and costs, and be imprisoned ninety days. Other cases will lie over to the next Term. Three men were arrested yesterday, and committed to jail, where they will probably remain until the November Term of Court, as no one will bail them. Headed by our worthy Judge, Hon. B. B. Meeker, we hope to drive the vile scourge from this beautiful and healthy region.

The recent ratification of the Sioux Treaties has given a new impetus to immigration, and our Territory is fast filling up with enterprising farmers and mechanics. Every boat from below comes loaded with passengers, and at the present rate of increase will not be many years before Minnesota will be knocking at

the door of Congress for admission into the family of Sovereign States.

With fertile, undulating prairies, ready for the plough of the husbandman, bordering the noble Mississippi and tributaries, reminding one of the beautiful valley of the Connecticut; with fine "oak openings," through which the vision extends a half mile or more, a beautiful greensward beneath the trees makes it appear in the distance like an old New-England orchard, except that the trees are not planted with that regularity. With pure water and yet purer air; with none of the bilious diseases of the West, nor the pulmonary complaints of the East; with thousands annually paid to the troops and Indians in our vicinity, by the Government; with the Father of Waters as a highway for our commerce, and numerous other advantages, we think there is, at present, no portion of the United States that presents so many inducements to the immigrant as this.

WISKUBAN.

The Maine Law for New York.

The public mind is now strongly agitated upon this subject, and many are the conjectures and opinions that are cast as to the future destiny of the measure, or the results that would be likely to follow its enactment; but there has been testimony, strong and imperishable testimony, raised in favor of the law; and the total suppression of the liquor traffic.

Let us but look and see what it is the friends of temperance want? They want the enactment of a law that will totally suppress the liquor traffic; because they say "we have begged and entreated, we have used moral suasion until it became a bye word, we have spent our money in endeavoring to raise up the poor drunkard, we have extorted promises from public men, and dispensers of the laws; but we have, to a great extent, been laboring in vain, for our entreaties; our moral suasion, our lavish expenditure of money, and the promises made us were only to be heard on the lips and forgotten, or as the pie-crust to be broken and hurled back upon us with a deriding scorn, when the day of action arrived.

Thus it is with every living truth. All mankind cannot at once see clearly into its extent and meaning, and a large portion will always be found so cunning in their generation, that they can take advantage of circumstances, and turn them into profitable account; but as sure as truth is eternal, and so sure as a principle is pure and good, means will and must be found to forward its progress, and finally crown its consummation. The Maine Law, then, is the surviving hope of the temperance men. They see in it the only chance of reaching the poor drunkard, and restoring his family to a home of happiness.

Sprinklings for Thought, Ideal and Actual.

Professor Huss, the first physician in Sweden, says the *Scientific American*, has just published an important book on the diseases of the Swedish people. He proves that the Swedes are rapidly deteriorating, physically, as to stature and strength, and morally as to intellect and virtue, a state of things which he attributes principally to the enormous use of brandy in that country.

The Buffalo *Rough Notes* says, the western papers speak in glowing terms of the prospect of a great wheat harvest next fall, and the papers in the rural districts of New York concur in the opinion that the crop this year will be as large as was ever known before.

THE CADET.—Devoted to the interests of the Juvenile Teetotallers of British North America, is published at Montreal, Canada. We are very much pleased with this little monthly, and wish the editor the greatest success in the Teetotal cause.—*Ohio Cadet*.

If we were called upon to make the strongest argument for the Maine Law in the briefest time, we would point to the immense majority of that class who oppose it. One peep into the grogeries—one look at that class who are the most bitterly opposed to the suppression of Intemperance, will suffice. In our larger places, those who are the loudest for the "largest liberty," have but little stake in society. They madly sacrifice all to gratify their appetites. If there be an honest opponent of prohibitory measures against the rum traffic, one look at those by his side, will startle him. Every gambling-shop and drunkery in the land—every gambler and the great mass of tipplers and drunkards, go

strong against the Maine Law. Is not the fact significant?—*Cayuga Chief*.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.—No man ought to think he hath found peace, when nothing troubles him; nor that all is well, because every thing is according to his mind; nor that he is a holy person because he prays with great sweetness and comfort. But he is at peace who is reconciled to God, and God loves him when he hath overcome himself; and all is well when nothing pleases him but God, being thankful in the midst of his afflictions; and he is holy, who, when he had lost his comfort, loses nothing of his duty, but is still the same when God changes his face towards him.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

GRASS UNDER TREES.—By sowing nitrate of soda in small quantities in showery weather, under trees, a most beautiful verdure will be obtained. I have used it under beech trees in my grounds and the grass always looks green. Having succeeded so well on a small scale, I have now sown nitrate of soda among the long grass in the plantations, which cattle could never eat. I now find that the herbage is preferred to the other parts of the field.

A man whom Dr. Johnson once reproved for following a useless and demoralizing business, said in excuse, "you know, doctor, that I must live." This brave old hater of every thing mean and hateful, coolly replied that "he did not see the least necessity for that."

LAZINESS.—Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

To whom may the family of the Arkwrights trace their origin? To Noah, for he was the first *Arkwright*.

GOVERNORS OF COLONIES.—A parliamentary paper contains the names and salaries of the governors of colonies. There are 48 names in the list. The highest salary is given to the Earl of Elgin, as Governor General of Canada, who has over £7000 a-year, and the lowest to the Lieutenant Governor of New Ulster, who has £4000 a-year. There are three governors at £7000 a-year, and several at £5000 a year.

GOODNESS.—Perhaps goodness never yet possessed the human mind in any degree, without being attended by a large portion of tenderness.—*Fielding*.

There are two things which cannot be too short—pie crust and communications for a newspaper.

A young man, who was a great talker, was sent by his parent, to Socrates to learn oratory. On being presented to Socrates, the lad spoke so incessantly that he was out of all patience.—When the bargain came to be struck, Socrates asked him double price.

"Why charge me double?" said the young fellow.

"Because," said the orator, "I must teach you two sciences; the one to hold your tongue, and the other how to speak."

Education.

The Blackboard.

A blackboard is to a teacher what a compass is to a mariner; the mariner may creep along the coast without a compass, or even venture a little way out to sea, guided by the uncertain light of the stars; but having the compass on board, and using it, he stands boldly out and visits far off countries, lading his ship with their strange and valuable products, or it may be to make interesting discoveries which shall immortalize his own name, confer honor on his country, and benefit the whole human family. So with a teacher, while he confines himself to books, and is content to hear his pupils repeat certain set portions of them, or sees that certain sums contained in them, and no others are worked, so long will he resemble the mariner creeping slowly along shore, following the sinuosity of the coast, going roundabout and difficult tracts, instead of trusting to his compass—i. e. the blackboard—and steering boldly from headland to headland, or from island to island, filling the minds of those confided to his care with matter, which, though strange to them at the time, will ultimately prove most valuable and interesting.

When I enter a school, and find the blackboard lying in a corner, covered perhaps with dust, or having some articles lying against it, I feel convinced it has not been in use for days. In

such a case, I always feel pity for both teacher and scholars; pity for the teacher, for I know what an aid the blackboard would be to him in teaching, and what an immense amount of extra labor he assumes by not availing himself of its help; and pity for the scholars, for I know how their progress of learning is unnecessarily retarded, and certain studies made to appear difficult and tedious, when, with a little explanation on the blackboard, the same studies would become easy and delightful.

Of all the branches of education which are taught in our common schools, arithmetic is the one in which the use of the blackboard is the most essential. Its non-use is at once apparent in the answers of the children. It is almost impossible to teach arithmetic generally and successfully, in a school without its continued use. Suppose an hour in the forenoon to be the time allowed for the study of arithmetic, the teacher flits about from scholar to scholar, giving, say on an average, five minutes to each, by so doing he may partially explain certain rules to twelve pupils, six of the twelve perhaps studying the same rule, but each taught individually. All the time he is thus engaged, two or three are waiting at his elbow, hoping to catch his attention when he is done with one big boy, and before he begins with another; he has scarcely time to run his eye over one of the little fellow's sums, say "wrong," rub it out, and send him to his seat, with an injunction to do it correctly.

But by using the blackboard, how differently he proceeds. He may have his school in three or four arithmetical divisions, and thus, in the allotted hour, he can give a quarter to each pupil in the school who is studying arithmetic; or by taking the first and third classes one day, and the second and fourth the next, he may every second day give half an hour's good systematic teaching to each class; and what a great deal of information may be communicated in half an hour!

Care must be taken when a class is arranged around a blackboard that every member of it is so placed that he cannot copy from his neighbor. Then the teacher begins, explains the reason of the rule which they are to investigate, the meaning of its name, the meaning and use of its technical terms, makes the signs used in it on the blackboard, lets each pupil do so. And he ought not to be satisfied until all can give him a definition of the technical terms, make and name the signs, and he is certain the nature and use of the rule is understood. He may then dismiss the class, and allow each individual to proceed to work the sums as they are set down in the arithmetic books. He will find he will not be much troubled by lads wanting further assistance in that rule.

Some teachers may think there would be a great waste of time in following up this method. My dear friends, try it. Give it one three months' trial, and I am persuaded you will find that you have made more decided progress than you ever made in a three months' course of the old and desultory method; and, better than all, your pupils will understand what they have been through.

But the blackboard is not only available in teaching arithmetic. I would press it into service in teaching grammar, geography, history, &c. I would make continual reference to it. I would always employ it as an interpreter between the school books and the scholars.

I can see a blackboard before me now—there it stands—clean and black—silent and impressive—not a mark upon it—but soon its ebony face will be covered with symbols clear and intelligible to the eager inquiring spirits that animate the happy group that stand before it. See! as I make sign after sign, naming and explaining each as I go on, how conviction and satisfaction are stamped on every countenance, until finally, having obtained a satisfactory result, a unanimous and audible expression of delight runs through the class, and each urechin feels that he understands the operation which was performed before him, and also feels that he is an intelligent being, one who has been thought worthy of having his judgment appealed to.

Trustees of schools should see that in their several school-houses there is placed one of these silent—nay eloquent—friends of children. I am convinced the most important thing in a school, next to a good teacher, is a good and well used blackboard.

A LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT.

Agriculture.

Setting Hens.

Hens should be provided with good nests to lay and set in. Boxes for instance sixteen inches long and twelve wide, placed in situations secured from being disturbed. Throw ashes into old boxes, and scald them inside and outside with boiling water. Make a fine soft nest, and keep a nest egg constantly in. Adled eggs, two or three years old, are the best for nest eggs. Eggs intended to be hatched must be taken care of and handled easily; they must be gathered every evening in cold weather; if they are exposed to intense cold only one night they lose their vitality, though no external injury can be perceived. Imperfect eggs, either in size, shape or thickness of shell, should be rejected. From 12 to 16 may be given to a hen, according to her size. They should be marked with a circular ink line, so that if other eggs should be laid in the brooding hen's nest, they can be distinguished and removed. The brooding hen should not be disturbed by other hens; if another hen claims a share of the nest, the intruder should be caught and confined a few days. Hens inclined to brood should not be prevented longer than the third evening after they keep the nest. If a snow storm occurs during the brooding period, hens must be watched that they do not leave the nest for food, and neglect to return to their nests in time to prevent the eggs from getting cold.—Irregularity in setting will addle the eggs or stunt the young brood. A hen that has failed to hatch her eggs or raise her brood on account of irregularity, should be considered incompetent, and not be permitted to set again. When a hen has feathered her nest and remains on it in the evening, she should be set with the requisite number of eggs. A good way to manage a hen that is shy, is to catch her adroitly, hold her quiet, fix the eggs in the nest, put her head under her, swing her rapidly in circular motion for half a minute, replace her on the nest quietly, and with the giddiness produced by the circular motion, her shyness will subside, and she will be likely to stay on her nest.

In general, eggs that are set early in the spring hatch well, and early broods if cared for thrive; this season they may be expected to thrive unusually on the abundance of the pasture that will be afforded by the locust crop.—*Phil. Dollar Newspaper.*

Feed for Sheep in Winter.

Ruta-bagas, Irish potatoes, &c., make a good substitute for grain, as an extra feed for grown sheep, I prefer the ruta-baga to the potato in equivalents of nutriment. I do not consider either of them, or any other root, as good for lambs and yearlings as an equivalent in grain. Sheep may be taught to eat nearly all the cultivated roots. This is done by withholding salt from them, and then feeding the chopped root a few times rubbed with just sufficient salt to induce them to eat the root to obtain it; but not enough to satisfy their appetite for salt before they have acquired a taste for the roots.

It is customary with some of our flock-masters to cut down from time to time, in the winter, and draw into the sheep-yards, young trees of the hemlock (*Abees canadenses*) The foliage is greedily eaten by sheep, after being confined for some time to dry food. I have known sheep, undoubtedly, I think, killed by over-eating it. This browse is commonly used for some supposed medicinal virtues. It is pronounced "healthy for sheep." The popular supposition is that it is a tonic and stimulant. If this be true, which I will not pause to inquire, of what good use are tonics and stimulants to healthy animals? With sheep, as with horses, and even with men, preventive medicines are productive of injury in a thousand cases, where they are of benefit in one. There could be no objection, certainly, to sheep's cutting the foliage of the hemlock, if it was constantly accessible to them. Their instincts, in that case, would teach them whether, and in what quantities, to devour it. But when entirely confined to dry feed for a protracted period, sheep will consume hurtful and even poisonous succulents—and of the most wholesome ones, hurtful quantities. As a mere laxative, an occasional feed of hemlock may be beneficial; but in this point of view, a day's run at grass in a thaw, or a feed of roots, would produce the same result. In a climate where grass is obtained most of the time, I should consider browse for medicinal purposes entirely unnecessary. *

WINTER FEED OF BREEDING EWES.—Until two or three weeks preceding lambing, it is only necessary that breeding ewes, like other store-sheep, be kept in good plump ordinary condition. Nor are any separate arrangements necessary for them, after that period, in a climate where they obtain sufficient succulent food to provide for a proper secretion of milk. In backward seasons in the North, where the grass does not start prior to the lambing time, careful flock-masters feed their ewes on chopped roots, or roots mixed with oat or pea meal. This is, in my judgment, excellent economy.

REGULARITY IN FEEDING.—If there is one rule which may be considered more imperative than any other in Sheep Husbandry, it is that the utmost regularity be preserved in feeding. First, there should be regularity as to the times of feeding. However abundantly provided for, when a flock are foddered sometimes at one hour and sometimes at another—sometimes three times a day and sometimes twice—some days grain and some days none they cannot be made to thrive. They will do far better on inferior keep, if fed with strict regularity. In a climate where they require hay three times a day, the best times for feeding are about sunrise in the morning, at noon and an hour before dark night. Unlike cattle and horses, sheep do not eat well in the dark, and therefore they should have time to consume their feed before night sets in. Noon is the common time for feeding grain or roots, and is the best time if but two fodderings of hay are given. If the sheep receive hay three times, it is not a matter of much consequence with which feeding the grain is given, only that the practice be uniform.

SALT.—Sheep undoubtedly require salt in winter. Some salt their hay when it is stored in the barn or stack. This is objectionable, as you thus constitute yourself the judge, or controller in a matter, where the appetite of the sheep is a much safer guide. It may be left accessible to them in the salt box as in summer, or it is an excellent plan to give them an occasional feed of brined hay or straw. This last is done in warm thawing weather, when their appetite is poor, and thus serves a double purpose. With a wisp of straw sprinkle a thin layer of straw with brine—then another layer of straw another sprinkling, and so on. Let this lie until the next day, for the brine to be absorbed by the straw, and then feed it to all the grazing animals on the farm which need salting.

WATER.—Unless sheep have access to succulent food or clean snow, water is indispensable. Constant access to a brook or spring is best, but in default of this, they should be watered, at least once a day, in some other way.

SURE CURE FOR FOUNDER IN HORSES.—As soon as you find your horse is foundered, bleed him in the neck in proportion to the greatness of the founder. In extreme cases you may bleed him as long as he can stand up; then draw his head up as is common in drenching, and, with a spoon, put far back on his tongue strong salt, until you get him to swallow one pint. Be careful not to let him drink too much. Then anoint him round the edges of his hoofs with the spirits of turpentine, and your horse will be well in one day. The phleme arrests it from the blood, the salt arrests it from the stomach and bowels, and the turpentine arrests it from his feet and limbs. Founders must be attended to immediately. I have tried the above several times and always effected a cure.

Poetry.

The Inebriate's Lament.

I'm thinking on thy smile, Mary—
Thy bright and trusting smile—
In the morning of our youth and love,
Ere sorrow came or guile;
When thine arms were twin'd about my neck,
And mine eyes looked into thine,
And the heart that throbb'd for me alone,
Was nestling close to mine!

I see full many a smile, Mary,
On young lips beaming bright,
And many an eye of light and love
Is flashing in my sight;

But the smile is not for my poor heart,
And the eye is strange to me,
And loneliness steals o'er my soul
When its memory turns to thee.

I'm thinking of the night, Mary,
The night of grief and shame,
When, with drunken ravings on my lips,
To thee I homeward came.
Oh, the tear was in thy earnest eye,
And thy bosom wildly heaved,
Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,
Though thy heart was sorely grieved.

But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary,
And thine eye grew dim and sad,
For the tempter lured my steps from thee,
And the wine cup drove me mad.
From thy cheeks the roses quickly fled,
And thy ringing laugh was gone,
Yet thy heart still fondly clung to me,
And still kept trusting on.

Oh, my words were harsh to thee, Mary,
For the wine cup drove me wild,
And I chid thee when thine eyes were sad,
And cursed thee when they smiled.
God knows I loved thee, even then,
But the fire was in my brain,
And the curse of drink was in my heart,
To make my love a bane.

'Twas a pleasant home of ours, Mary,
In the spring-time of our life,
When I looked upon thy sunny face,
And proudly called thee wife.
And 'twas pleasant when our children played
Before our cottage door;
But the children sleep with thee Mary,
I shall never see them more!

Thou art resting in the churchyard now,
And no stone is at thy head!
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife
Sleeps in that lowly bed;
And he says the hand of God, Mary,
Will fall with crushing weight
On the wretch who brought thy gentle life
To its untimely fate!

But he knows not of the broken heart,
I bear within my breast,
Or the heavy load and vain remorse
That will not let me rest.
He knows not of the sleepless nights,
When, thinking of thy love:
I seem to hear thy gentle voice
Speak sadly from above.

I have raised the wine cup in my hand,
And the wildest strains I've sung,
Till, with the laugh of drunken mirth
The echoing air has rung;
But a pale and sorrowing face looked out
From the glittering cup on me,
And a trembling whisper I have heard
Which I fancied breathed by thee.

Thou art slumbering in the peaceful grave,
And thy sleep is dreamless now,
But the seal of an undying grief
Is on my mourner's brow;
And my heart is chill as thine, Mary,
And the hopes of life have fled;
I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold and silent dead!

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, AUGUST 2, 1852.

The Great Calamity.

Long before this sheet is in the hands of our readers, they will have joined in the universal lamentation consequent on the disastrous conflagrations which have recently devastated the city of Montreal. None but eye witnesses of the desolation can have an adequate idea of the fearful extent, and terrible destruction of the raging flames. The heart sickens while walking through the scene of the late great fire, and no amount of sympathy can exceed the claims which the sufferers have upon the condolence, and friendly aid of those who are mercifully exempt from such awful havoc of property and wreck of human hopes. We shall not dwell upon the catastrophe in itself considered. Through various means our countrymen are made aware of the painful facts, and we cannot hope to add to the ameliorating effects that are, and will be, produced by the perusal of the vivid descriptions of our daily and weekly contemporaries. That with which we are most concerned, is the practical and morally beneficial use that should be made of a public affliction so marked and extensive. Our creed fully admits the doctrine of providence, and we cannot conceive of events like these occurring without the direction or permission of Almighty God. Fire is one of the powerful agents of his will, and in infallible records of human history, we cannot fail to see that he has made use of it for the punishment of the ungodly; and in the future developments of divine authority, fire will be a conspicuous agent in the execution of his decrees. According to the natural laws of human safety and danger, inhabitants of great cities are more exposed to physical evil, than the dwellers in rural districts; but it must also be admitted, that according to the moral laws that affect human nature and society, there is a clear certainty or probability of an accumulation of sin, and a sad development of depravity. In this respect, probably, Montreal presents no features that are unusual, and there may not be a more alarming concentration of vice than what distinguishes other large towns and cities. But we venture to affirm that there exists enough of downright open wickedness and profligacy, to call down the displeasure of God. As a city we sin grievously, and as a city we suffer grievously. We leave to others the work of depicting the gross idolatry openly perpetrated; we cannot dwell on the shameful profanation of the Sabbath sanctioned by authority, in that it could often be prevented; nor can we venture to delineate the disgusting scenes of lewdness, profligacy and prostitution, which have occasionally come to light, only to reveal the certain existence of a vast and complicated system of unrestrained depravity; on these and collateral topics we have no desire to write, but there is one public and crying evil not yet mentioned on which we must be permitted to say a word or two. We allude to the vice of intemperance. What would have been the condition of our city but for the efforts of temperance reformers we cannot guess; but if with all that has been done to stay the pestilence by moral suasion and exertion, it yet remains so deeply stained with the guilt of drinking and drunkenness, we may be sure that without those exertions the condition of the city would have been fearful beyond description. Over that burnt district there were a large number of houses licensed to retail intoxicating drinks by the city authorities, perhaps one half of all the city licenses; and those city au-

thorities knowing full well that the consequences of such sale are the production of sin, misery, loss of property and ruin of character to all who partake of the thing sold. Taking the city as a whole, the total loss by all our recent fires is not near as great as the total loss *annually* resulting from the iniquitous traffic in liquor. It is an everlasting draw on the purse of the whole population. Without that, we are more heavily taxed with less benefit from taxation than any other city in the world, but with that accursed incubus of the liquor business, we are ground down to the very edge of rebellion. The city groans and half its population know not wherefore. The very laws of the country are trampled on by the city authorities, and the Inspector of licenses wilfully leads the council to violate the provisions of a law which, however bad in itself, might, if fairly worked, somewhat mitigate the consequences of a pernicious system. And all the while the most glaring impieties and profligacies are practiced, streams of liquid death issue from city distilleries to the country, spreading disease and ruin among an otherwise healthy and industrious people, and thus Montreal becomes a centre and source of mischief and crime. We know material fires spread because the destructive element comes in contact with inflammable substances, but we also know in another respect, that what is sown will be reaped, "if we sow to the flesh we shall of the flesh reap corruption," and, however merciful the Almighty may be, we are persuaded that there are times when he allows his swift-winged messengers to deal out death toward his adversaries, and who will say that we have not now been visited with the rod of his indignation? It is not the liquor business only or drunkenness chiefly that is the cause of the great calamity, but these are among the main sources of public transgression and crime; and, therefore, would we urge our citizens and city authorities "to put away the evil of their doings," and repent as in "dust and ashes." Many have mourned their temporal losses; but who among us have lamented the iniquity of the city? Alas! how few! We trust in God that the day is not distant when this city and all others in British America shall be freed from the iniquity of the business, which has ever been productive only of unutterable misery and indescribable woe. We write of a great calamity. So it is! but the liquor business is a greater to our country and our city. May speedy help come from God to give us the heart's desire of every good citizen of Canada.

Be at Peace among Yourselves.

There never was a period in the history of the Temperance enterprise when it was more necessary to maintain and promote harmony of feeling, and unity of co-operation, than at the present important crisis. We use the word crisis here emphatically. *The crisis has come.* If our ranks are divided—if our esteem for each other be marred—if our affections be diverted or destroyed, our energies will become paralysed, and our operations crippled.—Nothing would delight our enemies more than to see us engaged in bickering and strife. The devil himself would chuckle, and call upon all the dwellers in pandemonium to join him in exultation if the Sons of Temperance, and other similar organizations, would just now "bite and devour one another." Considering how important unity is at all times, and at this time in particular, we have been deeply grieved at the recent developments of an antagonistic character which have unhappily broken out in some parts of Western Canada. We allude particularly to the affair between the Pioneer Division and the Editor of the *Middlesex Prototype*. We are aware of the difficulty of writing about it, without the almost certainty of offending somebody, and yet we

sat down to pen our thoughts with an earnest and sincere desire to promote good will, and to send forth our editorial dove with the olive branch of peace.

We have delayed the expression of our opinion, because we did not think up to a certain date, that we were in a position to judge of the merits of the case; and even now there is a defect in the evidence which precludes us from forming an opinion on the character and qualifications of Mr. Clure, the temperance lecturer.—Both public and private sources of information differ so very widely respecting him, that on the whole we are loathe to condemn and yet afraid to praise. It is pretty generally admitted that the phrases attributed to him by Mr. Talbot, were really used, because in other places the same are reported to us, and some even more objectionable; and for ourselves we care not how eloquent and captivating a public speaker may be, who advocates the temperance cause, he is bound to have respect to the feelings of even a minority, and not wilfully to offend against good taste and the conscientious convictions of sincere christians. There were many, perhaps the majority, who were not offended by the London speeches of Mr. Clure. There were others who were both grieved and mortified. There was one who thought the course of Clure seriously objectionable and injurious. He might, on the principle of expediency, have let the matter alone, and have allowed what he thought vulgar witticisms to go unrebuked. But he did not, and having the command of types and press, he boldly expressed his opinion and gave his individual judgment. Now, is there one man in all Canada, who will say that Mr. Talbot had not a *perfect right* to do thus? We can hardly think there is, and with our views of the liberty of the press, we maintain that Mr. Talbot, in the free expression of his opinion, ought to have been inviolate. There is not the slightest evidence that he acted from malice or ill-will toward Mr. Clure; there is evidence that he sincerely intended the protection of the temperance cause from the effects of an indiscreet speaker; and we repeat it that the Editor of the *Prototype* ought to have been inviolate. The action of the Division to which Mr. Talbot belonged was unprecedented and unwarranted. The brethren have, in our opinion, grievously erred. Other Divisions may follow their example. Other Divisions again may defend the *Prototype* and condemn Mr. Clure. And thus, unfortunately, an element of strife is introduced, and questions totally foreign to the design of the Sons' organization are brought up for discussion. In fact, the course taken by some of our friends in London, against Mr. Talbot, is sowing broadcast the seeds of dissolution. Nothing but forbearance and good sense can prevent them springing up. Many are of opinion that Pioneer Division has forfeited its charter. But this would only be imitating a bad precedent. We should recommend the unqualified reinstatement of Mr. Talbot, and the dismissal of the question forever from all our division rooms. Let all parties cultivate a forgiving disposition. We are all liable to error. Our failings will not be cured by mutual recriminations. Let us be deeply persuaded that the unity, peace, prosperity, and cordial co-operation of all the Sons of Temperance in Canada are of infinitely more consequence to the country and to the cause, than the position or qualifications of Mr. Clure. He may be a very able man,—he may be very trustworthy,—he may be free from a mercenary spirit,—he may be gentlemanly and courteous in his manners, but he may be vain and ambitious, unscrupulous and reckless; and we contend that an unusual amount of caution should have been exercised before any man, much less Freeman Talbot, should have been immolated on the altar of an undefined celebrity.

The Anglo-American Magazine.

We devote a short separate article to this new aspirant, to fame and the suffrages of the Canadian people. Here is great variety of reading matter, but we cannot say that it is altogether of the right sort, or that the moral and material interests of Canadians will be greatly advanced by this new monthly. Yet it is certainly the best thing of the kind that has been attempted on our soil, and we think we discern ability and enterprise enough to make it a first rate and valuable instrument of good. We do not complain so much of positive irreligion in his first number, but there is a sad negation of that religious element which would command our unqualified approbation, and by which the minds and morals of our young people would be benefited. We do not wish the taste for fictitious writing to be cultivated in Canada, and we are quite sure that for the reason here referred to, the *Anglo American* will not be welcome to the centre table and parlor of thousands of religious families in this country. We do not eschew all fiction, because we are aware it may be employed to great advantage, but it requires sound principle, and just discrimination, to select from the vast heap of mixed material, that moiety which is worthy to be preserved and may be useful.

The Editor's Shanty displays a good deal of ability in the order and execution of its parts. But in these days of temperance, we should have been glad if the Major, in his public capacity, had foresworn the bottle and cigars, and regarded his sanctum perfect, and his preparations for literary chat complete, without liquor and cutties. But after a gloomy description of the inner chambers of the shanty, it is thus written:—"Nor are these serderunts always unprovided with the creature comforts. On these state occasions, the Major directs, that, if the weather permits it, the 'shield of Bacchus,' as he facetiously calls the principal table, shall be placed at the foot of the Willow, and there provided with a proper quantum of Davis' best "Port Hope" for his friends, his own particular jug, and the requisite paraphernalia. Nor is the South forgotten. The redolent Havannah, too, is there—and for those who prefer them, the T. D. cutties." Now this may be all fiction, but it may be fact, and in either case indicates a subserviency to a dangerous practice, fatal to many Editors—the practice of liquor drinking. If the shanty is redolent of "Havannah's and Davis' best," we fear the patrons of the shanty, will take the liberty of drinking and smoking, while they peruse the lucubrations of the presiding genii. We are not aware that the charge of excessive puritanism has ever been preferred against us, but if we err in strictness of morality, we are on the safe side, and sincerely wish that all Canadian literature may partake largely of that blessed spirit of piety without which our country must become a mere Golgotha.

Extraordinary attack on Teetotalism.

We deem it a duty to ourselves and the cause we advocate, to call attention to any facts which may serve to show either the value of our principles or the varied opposition to which we are liable. But we confess that at this time of day we did not expect to have to record the particulars of a clerical feud against the good work of temperance, such as we are now about to relate. The facts appear in "*The Church and State Gazette*" of the 9th of July 1852, copied from the London "*Atlas*." Of course it must be well known that neither of these papers are opposed to the Church of England, but contrarywise are organs of Episcopacy. The documents have been furnished us by a friend in town, with

a desire that we should publish them for general information, and without further delay we do so. The statement is as follows:—

A shameful outrage has been committed on a poor curate at Birmingham at a meeting of the Church Missionary Society, where the audience chiefly consisted of ladies and of clerical gentlemen! Mr. Gale, lately curate of All Saints' Church, Birmingham, is a very enthusiastic teetotaler, and is very anxious to make as many converts as possible to his views. From all that appears in the papers he is an honest gentleman, and his conduct at the meeting we are referring to, showed that he could bear the unmanly attack that was made upon him, with the spirit of a Christian minister. He attended the meeting for the purpose of proposing the following resolution:—

"That it be an instruction to the committee, as far as possible, to encourage the employment, as missionaries, of those gentlemen who abstain altogether from intoxicating liquors, except under the advice of a medical attendant."

A strong party appears to exist opposed to Mr. Gale's views on temperance, and no sooner had he risen to speak than he was assailed from the platform with shouts of disapprobation, and the uproar at length reached a climax which is thus described by the reporter of the *Birmingham Journal*:—

"Mr. Gale—My Christian friends—(uproar)—allow me (continued interruption and great uproar.) My Christian friends—I am very sorry that this meeting—(renewed uproar.) I should be sorry to interrupt this meeting—(much confusion on the platform.) It is with extreme pain that I receive this interruption."

"Here Mr. J. H. Beilby, bookseller, in a frantic state of excitement, went up to Mr. Gale, laid hold of his coat collar with both hands, shook him violently for some time, and then deliberately struck him a smart blow on the side of the head, knocking off the spectacles from Mr. Gale's face, which fell on the floor and were trampled on. All this was observed from the platform and the body of the meeting without any censure or disapproval!"

Mr. Gale preserved his self-possession and did not return the compliment to Mr. Beilby, although he is evidently possessed of far superior physical strength, and a decided blow from him would have laid his antagonist sprawling on the ground, or sent him over the orchestra into the body of the meeting. As soon as Mr. Beilby had done with Mr. Gale, the latter quietly turned to the meeting which was most strangely excited. He proceeded, but only the reporters could hear what he said. Mr. Beilby was allowed to remain on the platform."

Subsequently Mr. Gale's speech was effectually cut short by the arrival, with Mr. T. Goodman, of a beadle, who had acted as a doorkeeper, who collared Mr. Gale, according to his instructions, and by whom Mr. Gale, supposing his conductor to be a policeman, was ejected. This was not the end, however. Mr. Gale's Christian friends could not be satisfied with the punishment that had been inflicted on him. His "conduct" was reported to the incumbent by whom he was employed as curate at All Saints' Church, and he has intimated to Mr. Gale that he has no farther need of Mr. Gale's services!

We state the facts as they are reported in the local journals; and, assuming that they are correct, we think the whole of the proceeding reflects so much discredit on the Church Missionary Society, that they ought at once to disconnect themselves from this Birmingham branch, where such a ruffianly outrage could be perpetrated under the chairmanship of the *Honorable and Reverend G. M. Yorke*, rural dean. This worthy gentleman appears to have made no attempt whatever to obtain for Mr. Gale the right to address the meeting, which he undoubtedly possessed, and allowed Beilby, the bookseller, to take his place on the platform after committing an outrage that would not have been tolerated at a meeting of scavengers. It must be borne in mind that the majority of the audience were ladies, and that the proceedings were opened and closed with prayers and hymns,—Beilby, the bookseller, of course assisting.

After this detail of facts, our readers, like ourselves, will desire to be informed whether the Church Missionary Society still recognizes this persecuting branch. They will also desire to know whether Mr. Gale has been dismissed from his curacy by his incumbent. At present we cannot give the information, but we shall take pains to ascertain the facts developed subsequently to the

meeting, and lay them in due time before our readers. Perhaps some gentleman in England, to whom we shall send a copy of this paper, will kindly inform us of the final result of this anti-teetotal exhibition at Birmingham.

Grand Division of Canada East.

We would remind our readers that the Grand Division of Canada East will meet shortly (the precise date will be given in our next) in the City of Quebec. This session is likely to be a most important one; never were the united energies of the friends of Temperance more loudly called for, than at the present moment.

The public mind is thoroughly awakened to the evils of intemperance, by the continued appeals of the self-sacrificing advocates of the cause, and the numerous painful instances which are daily occurring of the danger of tampering with the cup which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." The question now is, shall we be satisfied with trying to persuade men to give up the use of liquors as a beverage, or shall we appeal to our legislature, and by the strong arm of the law divert the stream of moral and physical death from running down men's throats, and cause it to run into the public sewers. This question is, so far as the influence of the Sons of Temperance in Lower Canada is concerned, to be finally settled at the approaching session of the Grand Division; and although we anticipate the result, yet we desire to see as large a meeting as possible, in order that some steps, similar to those lately adopted by our brethren on the other side of the Ottawa, may be taken to secure, if not the passage of the law, at least the manifestation of public opinion on the subject.

We are authorised to state that arrangements will be made by our friends in Quebec to insure the comfort of the delegates during their stay in that city, free of expense, and that every means will be adopted to render the trip to them, as pleasant and profitable as possible. The low rate of the fares at present on board the steamers, and the importance of the session we trust will be sufficient inducement to Divisions to send as many delegates as possible.

Success in Rhode Island.

The following brief extract from an editorial of our Providence name sake, will suffice to show the prosperous working of the prohibitory liquor law of Rhode Island. Canadians take courage—we must have the law, and can execute it. The Editor calls it "The Better Time," and says:—

"The better time has come. The Maine Law is the law of Rhode Island, and is giving out its blessings. The drinking houses and tipping shops are closed. Our city is quiet. Our people are cheerful and happy. Drunkenness has fallen off—has almost wholly ceased; and this, notwithstanding the fact that a very large number of our people had made large purchases of liquors the week before the law went into operation. The noise and rowdyism which have disturbed our more central neighborhoods even till midnight, in other times, have given place to a happy stillness; and the ribald song, and senseless jest, and drunken shout, and horrid oath, are no longer heard. A few brainless things in human form, have tried to throw ridicule upon the apparent change, by an occasional outburst—congregating here and there on the sidewalks, with bottle in hand, and certifying to the people, by their ridiculous conduct, their own want of sense and decency; but they have not succeeded in creating any disturbance or in disgracing any body besides themselves. The people have treated them with the contempt and scorn which their conduct merited, and they have wisely abandoned their course and sought to hide themselves in the solitude of their own forsaken dens."

Notices respecting Contemporaries, &c.

The first number of the third volume of *The American Temperance Magazine* was promptly on our table early in July. We have so often expressed a favorable opinion of this monthly, that we can now only write the same thing. The portrait in this number is that of B. S. Edwards, Esq., of Illinois. Perhaps the initials attached to his name, P.G.W.P., will be considered more honorable than Esquire, but we are willing to give both to an earnest worker in the temperance cause. *The Democratic Review* is handled severely in a powerful article, being a reply to the pourings of that periodical against the Maine Law. The other matter is first rate. We once regretted that the laws of the United States Post Office Department were a hindrance to the circulation of this Magazine in Canada. The difficulty is now obviated, by the appointment of a special agent for Canada. That agent is Mr. B. Dawson, of Montreal, an indefatigable and prompt distributor of periodical and other literature. His circular and terms will be found in another column, and we cordially commend this first class Temperance Magazine to the notice of our readers.

The New York Organ enters on a new volume with great spirit, and is rendering great service to the good cause of the Sons.

The Maine Law Advocate is welcome to our table, as is also *The Temperance Watchman*, of Maine. We congratulate the Editor of the Mass. *Catawba* on his recovery from sickness. May Providence preserve him long in good health to labor efficiently at the post he occupies so worthily.

The Templar's Magazine is again on hand and contains many very excellent articles. The order it represents appears to be progressing.

We can only notice in brief the receipt of Blackwood's Magazine for July, the Methodist Quarterly Review for July, Harper's Magazine for August, and from transatlantic sources, the Temperance Chronicle, the British Temperance Advocate, the Bristol Temperance Herald, and the Scottish Temperance Review.

The Maple Leaf for July and August is received. This pleasant monthly, published by R. W. Lay, promises to be a neat and useful family companion.

Streams from Temperance Springs.

We sincerely trust that all our friends who are readers of the *Advocate*, will not omit the thorough perusal of the valuable matter we give in this issue of our streams. We take some trouble to compile the best material, and in the present number we can assure the reader of a refreshing treat. It is mostly about the Maine Law, and now that it is known that the Legislature meets on the 19th of August for the despatch of business, there is no time to be lost. Our work is arduous, but we must keep at it. In order to strengthen the convictions of duty, by which all are seeking a suitable enactment for the protection of ourselves and families against the ruinous traffic in Alcohol, we here insert extracts from four different papers on this important subject.

First, we subjoin an article from *Le Semeur Canadien*. This paper is published in the French language, and circulates mostly among the French Protestants of Lower Canada. The Editor has given his views of the Maine Law, and we have translated the whole, that our patrons may have the opinion of a learned gentleman of French origin. It is headed, "Of Temperance and the Law of Maine," and is as follows:—

The question of temperance relates to the most sacred interests of society—to the moral interests, and for that reason it is in an intimate manner connected with our prosperity and happiness. It is said that nobody ought to be a stranger to it, for every one is

more or less anxious for his happiness and prosperity. We also beg the special attention of our readers to this subject, as being them that in occupying themselves with this question, they are only acquitting themselves of a duty, dear to every good citizen, that of contributing as much as possible to the moral and material progress of their countrymen.

Let us first look at the evil; afterwards we shall examine the remedy.

The evil wherewith society is afflicted by intemperance, or to speak better, the use of certain poisons, which are usually designated under the name of intoxicating drinks. It is a vice, a degrading vice, and which, alas! still makes terrible ravages in our country. It ruins him who is become enslaved to it, it strips him of his wealth, it takes away his felicity, it slowly consumes his body, it destroys his intellectual faculties, and it drags his soul into eternal misery. The demon of drunkenness furnishes all that it touches,—it tends increasingly more completely to obliterate the image of the Creator impressed upon the creature, in debasing it to the level of the brute; it is not satisfied; it stops not until that it has cast down man from the high elevation where God has placed him, and that it has dragged and buried him in the mire. The millions that it has swallowed up in our land these three centuries, should suffice it for gain; and the victims that it has made, and the persons which it has affected indirectly, but really, and whom it has made to shed bitter tears, should be numbers enough to start with!

If such are the ravages that drunkenness has committed in our country, it concerns us greatly to put the hand to work, and to take great pains to deliver ourselves from them. Certainly in presence of so great an enemy of our happiness and prosperity, it would be to fail of patriotism if any fold his arms, and represent one's self to have nothing to do in the matter. But it may be said, what remedy should be employed to guard society from this sort of intemperance, the consequences of which have been and still are so deplorable? To this question we answer without hesitation, the law of Maine upon intoxicating drinks can alone repress drunkenness, and introduce the results which we all desire. This law strikes also at the root of the evil, in prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks, (except for the uses of medicine and chemistry,) under penalty of fine and imprisonment, which secures the faithful observation of it.

Those who have instituted the law have had as a basis that the state, the government, ought not to authorize a commerce that is injurious, ruinous to society; and that for the interest of its members it is necessary to guard it against strong drinks, which, in the opinion of all, are a poison; they may not sell to their prejudice or loss, or at the expense of those interests that are held most dear and sacred. The Maine law provides for the nomination of persons of trust, who are commissioned to furnish liquors to those who require them as a medicine, or for mechanical and scientific purposes, and by this provision put an end, in a very efficacious way, to the existence of taverns and other places of a like kind.

Such is the great remedy they have had the courage to make use of in the State of Maine, and which Massachusetts and Rhode Island have also resolved to employ, on witnessing its efficacy and success, and it is the remedy to which we must have recourse, if we would repulse intemperance in its last strongholds, and deliver our country of a leprosy from which it has hitherto suffered so much.

On the same subject the *Guelf Herald* contains a long and valuable editorial, ably and temperately discussing this great question of the day. We are happy to give room for the concluding paragraphs:—

While it is acknowledged that Temperance Associations have done much, in the use of moral suasion, in abating the evil complained of, it is evident that the love of gain in some, and the cravings of inordinate appetite in others, oppose a barrier unsurmountable by such means, and no fiscal regulations, however stringent, can prevent, or greatly mitigate, the evils which experience has shown are not merely incidental to, but inseparable from, the traffic.

The advocates of the 'Maine Law' hold that the objects and duty of Government are not to regulate, but to prohibit wrongs; not to license, but to prevent crime; and as a large proportion of the injuries inflicted on society by the present system cannot be compensated, they hold that the only adequate remedy must be a

preventative one, a prohibition of what creates, and of what diffuses the evil through the community.

We hear much of the difficulty of obtaining the pecuniary means necessary for carrying on the various public works required to keep pace with the commercial progress of the colony.—Were half the revenue now wasted in the consumption of spirituous liquors, turned into channels of productive industry, what a change would come over the aspect of society!—Nor would the parties who may conceive they would be the largest losers by the change, suffer as they anticipate. Merchants would drive a more moral, a healthier, a larger, and a better paid trade, were spirituous liquors banished from their stores; and respectable Tavern keepers would find that their houses would be quite as well sustained by the travelling and commercial public under a different system—that the gains of the trade would be as great, and its *désagrémens* infinitely less.

One after another, the States of the adjoining Union are adopting the 'Maine Law,' and if Canada follow not in their train, she must evidently become a receptacle for the refuse, drunken population of the States, driven from their native haunts like foul birds by the dawn of a brighter civilization—the lazar-house of North America.

But we cannot anticipate such a result, or that Canadians, envious of precedence in all that is honorable and cumbering, will suffer themselves to be entrapped in the march of moral progress by the advocates of Lynch Law—the apologists of slavery. A few years hence, and we shall look back on the present system of licensing drunkard-making, as we now do on the licenses which, half a century since, the English slave dealer was wont to procure to permit him legally to hunt down his human prey on the shores of Africa.

Our old friend, the *Napanee Bee*, has a very sensible editorial on the Maine law, and we give from thence the final paragraph:

Finally, without such a law, and its rigorous enforcement, drunkenness can never be wholly done away with. Such a law is the desideratum in the Temperance reform, and sooner or later that which is now a blot upon our statute book, inasmuch as it authorizes the manufacture of drunkards, paupers, incendiaries, thieves, and even murderers, will give place to one every way more congenial with the principles of humanity, the dictates of benevolence—the rights of man; and the Law of God. Moral suasion, as a pioneer in the work, has prepared the way, and now, in order to the completion of that work, men must be prevented, by a civil statute, from doing their neighbor wrong—from doing what the higher law forbids, but to which they seem to take no heed. So long as the business of retailing strong drink is a lawful business, and the consequence of its beverage use visited only upon the drinker, if he violate law under its influence, so long will drunkenness and all the fearful concomitants of it, be perpetrated in the land. What immorality—what act of wickedness was ever annihilated by moral suasion alone? Not one. Nor can this hydra evil be uprooted and destroyed while all the facilities for its continuance are afforded, and even defended, by the authority of law, backed or rather nourished by moderate drinkers. But prohibit the sale for beverage purposes, upon a penalty of fine and imprisonment, and dry up the streams, the hot waters of which scorch, and wither all that is bright and beautiful and glorious, in their course; especially with him who freely uses them, and, the drunkard is redeemed, even against his will and the great machinery, so long and so successfully employed in the re-production of such animals will be stopped.

Our last quotation for the Streams we make from the *Temperance Telegraph*, N. B. It is perhaps the most valuable, inasmuch as it proclaims the true principle of action, even under defeat, which can only be temporary, for truth and common sense must conquer error and folly. We must—we shall persevere. The iron power may beat us for once, but they will have great reason to regret their triumph. But read what follows from *The Telegraph*—

We frequently meet with the assertion that the advocates for legal prohibition of the liquor traffic have received a check, and are "*hors de combat*." Sometimes it occurs in the columns of a newspaper, on recording a failure of the friends of this measure to carry their point in some quarter of the country; sometimes the statement is made, somewhat exultingly by an acquaintance ca-

suately met with. The parties who venture such assertions most thoroughly mistake the spirit of those who advocate the change proposed by the Maine Law. We make known to all such, once for all, that no rebuff, no reverse, no imaginable want of success has, or ever can have the effect of damping the ardor with which we pursue our object; on the contrary, every instance of defeat, every case of discomfiture, but serves to add to the vigor of our deep determination, and to strengthen the zeal with which we labor for the promotion of that most needed measure. Nor would we be driven from this our purpose if all that has been accomplished towards the end we have in view were reversed, if every dram shop that has been closed were reopened, and every drunkard that has been rescued were to return to his cups again; nay, if the number who now advocate the enactment of this law were to be reduced from the multitude which it is at present, to a mere fraction, our confidence in the truth and righteousness of our principles would remain unshaken. Nor would any present want of success serve in the slightest degree to weaken our conviction that these principles are destined to an ultimate triumph. Their progress may be delayed by the frantic exertions of selfishness and interest, but we are as well assured that the cause we seek to promote will one day be crowned with success, as we are that truth is stronger than error. We look around us and see that the use of intoxicating drinks produces crime, disease, degradation, squalid poverty, wretchedness and death. We look in vain for any benefits resulting from them to counterbalance the enormous amount of evil they produce, and we are convinced that society will soon look upon them in this light, and will with determination, cast off a power so oppressive and so baneful. We hold it to be as demonstrable that the entire tendency of the use of alcoholic drinks is evil, as that the sun gives light to the earth, and though the enemies of our cause may keep the floodgates of woe and ruin open a little longer, the end of the iniquity will come. The public mind will be convinced of the true influence and consequences of the use of intoxicants, and they will be banished from every community.

We should not feel so confident of this, were the evil we denounce, one inseparable from necessary and good results. The unquestionable evils which flow from the improper use of the press are great indeed, but the agency by which they are accomplished cannot be abolished, because the press is indispensable to society. Not so with the agent from which flow the evils we deplore. It may be abolished and none be losers by the change. Alcoholic drinks are not necessary to health—not necessary to true enjoyment. Science and experience have proclaimed in plainest terms that they can be wholly rejected as a beverage, nay, that they can be rejected with decided advantage. Why then retain them? Should they be continued at the call of mere appetite? Reason, humanity, christianity, answer no! And no will soon be the indignant response of enlightened public opinion, and the day of the destroyer will be over.

MEETINGS FOR THE MAINE LAW.

We thank S. R. Ward, who was appointed to report, for the following account of several meetings that have taken place in the different localities indicated, for the adoption of a law similar to that of Maine. We would be glad if all our correspondents would follow his example. Though his account of each is short, yet it will be observed all that is important and really necessary to be known is fully expressed.

REPORT

To the Chairman of the Mass Meeting for the Maine Law in Bolton:—

The undersigned begs leave to report that he has been to the different points whereat meetings were appointed, as follows:—

On the 5th instant the meeting was held at McDougall's Corner in the Wesleyan Chapel. The attendance was large. Mr. John Lindsay was called to the chair. Rev. Messrs. Wheeler and Lawson made able and interesting remarks, which were followed by a short lecture from myself. The petitions for the Maine Law were circulated, and they were numerously signed. Some slight opposition was made, but it only served to heighten and deepen the interest of the meeting. It is to be hoped that the exercises made lasting impressions upon the minds of those present.

On the 6th we were not permitted to enter the sacred enclosure

of the Wesleyan Chapel at McKee's Corners, on the sixth line; but the Court House was generously offered, as well as a commodious waggon shop. But the evening being fine, and the audience being willing to remain out of doors, it was deemed best to make the waggon in which the band travelled a common platform for the band and the lecturer. The audience was attentive and respectful without exception. Whatever were their opinions as to the general subject of Temperance, or as to a prohibitory law, their demeanour was such as to impress us with their genuine love of order.

Rain and bad roads prevented our getting early to the meeting at Mr. Squires', on the 7th, but we had the gratification of finding a good audience gathered when we arrived, an audience larger than Mr. Squires' barn would accommodate, so that we gladly made a waggon our rostrum. A second time Rev. Mr. Wheeler made an able and logical opening speech, Mr. James Fallis presiding. A large number signed the petitions for a prohibitory law, and the meeting broke up at a late hour, some of our party, including the band, supping with our kind friend, Mr. Harrison, others accepting the proffered hospitalities of Mr. Squires.

The meeting at Mount Hope was one of the largest of the series, as well as one of the most enthusiastic. The Wesleyan Chapel was filled at an early hour. The chair was occupied by Mr. Roadhouse. But upon the arrival of the band the crowd was such that it was thought advisable to hold the meeting in the open air. The utmost order and decorum prevailed. More signatures were received to the petitions at this meeting than at any other. The people of that region would do more to starve a man who was determined to live by rum selling alone, than any other portion of Her Majesty's subjects. At a late hour the meeting adjourned, after the benediction by Rev. Mr. Lawson.

The most triumphant meeting was that at Eggar's meeting house. Robert Hart, Esq., presided, and opened the meeting with religious exercises; his remarks were pointed, simple, earnest and effectual. The neat and beautiful chapel, was densely filled.—The spirit of the meeting was high-toned indeed. Many of the audience had walked several miles, though the roads were in any other than a pleasant state for travelling. The meeting was a fair representation of the sturdy yeomanry of Vaughan, the Gore of Toronto, and the Township of Albion. The feeling in behalf of a prohibitory law was almost, (if not quite,) unanimous. The ardor of the people in the last two meetings was not at all abated by the reception of the news that the Imperial veto had been applied to the New Brunswick Liquor Bill.

At the Bolton mass meeting, convened on the 10th of July, at 5 o'clock P.M., on the island of Charles Bolton, Esq., H. Henderson, Esq., was called to the chair, and the meeting was most ably addressed by Rev. Mr. Dickson of Caledon, who was followed by the chairman, and by S. R. Ward, of Toronto. Many farmers left their fields and their hay, mechanics suspended their labors, and men of all professions united to testify their desire for the prevalence of Temperance and its blessings over Intemperance and its dark train of countless evils. The cause of Temperance in Albion is onward, and the Maine Law in Albion is deservedly popular.

The Brass Band of Bolton have rendered the most valuable services. They were at all the meetings, and the power of their well-chosen and well-performed music was evident to all. It is not too much to say, that their presence and performance contributed more than anything else to the bringing of persons to the meetings, who otherwise would not have placed themselves under the influence of Temperance truth. The undersigned retires from his temporary field of labor grateful for the courtesies and co-operations of friends and coadjutors, and praying that the blessing of God may ever attend all well-directed labors in behalf of our holy cause.

S R. W.

Temperance Jottings.—No. 11.

While a decided friend to the adoption of a law, similar to the Maine Liquor Law, I am still a strenuous advocate for the continuance of moral suasion, as a means of securing it. The stronger our moral force, the more successful we shall be. We must multiply our converts to the principle of abstinence, and arouse those already professedly in its favour, in order to effective measures. We must leaven the entire mass with the principles

and object of our Temperance organizations, and get the whole country awake to a sense of the greatness of the work in which we are engaged; and by the Divine blessing, we shall succeed in our benevolent enterprise. It is wrong, unjust, and wicked, to speak lightly of moral suasion, to lose sight of her noble achievements, and her power to bring in a law to carry out her great designs. More might have been done had all the friends of Temperance been true to their principles, and worked heartily in the cause. Too many have been content to look on, and coolly to wish success to the industrious, earnest few; and unless the few, active determined spirits now seeking for more effective measures to extend the blessings of Temperance, work hard and perseveringly, very little will be effected. Numbers wish to act by proxy, and it signifies not whether the agents be a few in our respective organizations, or what is called the government; if the work is done, they are content; but they will contribute very little to it in any way. That any should cumber the moral vineyard we regret, but the fact is indisputable. May the present movement for Legislative enactment awaken many of these sluggards, and henceforth may greater energy be put forth in the right direction. To this end the *Pulpit* must plead more earnestly, *public meetings* must be more frequent, and the *Press* must be more fully sustained. The *Temperance Advocate* especially, so cheap, so powerful, so fitly adapted to effect great things, and so superior to any thing of the kind in the Province, should be circulated by thousands. The annual circulation should be at least *ten thousand copies*, whereas it only reaches *half* that number. With such a population as we have, and that annually increasing, we ought even to exceed the number I have specified, and will not the friends of Temperance see to this matter? Why should they be so reluctant to spend *half-a-dollar* in so good a cause, and by the press be moved themselves, and aim to move others? Whenever I travel, I find numbers professedly friendly to our principles, yet doing nothing for themselves or others by means of the *Press*. Let it not be so any longer. But to proceed.

In the present Government we have a warm friend to our cause in all its ramifications, in the person of the Honorable Malcolm Cameron. There are doubtless others ready to serve the public in this matter, but Mr. Cameron we know, and we have no sufficient reason to doubt, that if he be well sustained by *Petitions*, the coming session will find in him a powerful advocate on behalf of the Maine Liquor Law, and ere long such a law will be adopted in Canada. For this we should pray, labor, and hope; and this we shall have if we seek it aright. The country is better prepared for it than many are aware of. Multitudes will sign petitions for the law, who are engaged in the traffic, or are suffering from the use of intoxicating drinks, or who have been known as the advocates of moderation. Some may stand aloof, and even oppose; but in the fear of God, let us buckle on the armour of righteousness, and fight the battle unitedly and courageously in this moral reform, and victory will assuredly follow. This has been urged in several numbers of the *Advocate*, and in parts of these "Jottings," but the writer wishes on this occasion to speak out more fully, and in this way to influence *his friends* in various sections of the Province; and not his friends only, but the friends of many others, who care for mankind, and wish to do good while they live. He has his eye particularly to many spots in the Ottawa District, in Glengarry, in the District of Dalhousie, Bathurst, Johnstown, &c., &c., where *his voice* has been heard, and where he now wishes *his pen* to speak. Awake, men and brethren, sisters and youth, and cover the land with your principles; and one and all, plead for the Maine Liquor Law; but con-

nect with all your efforts the diffusion of the glorious Gospel, and prayer for Heaven's blessing.

"O, Holy God! let light divine
Break forth more broadly from above:
'Till we conform our laws to thine—
The perfect law of truth and love:
For truth and love alone can save
Thy children from a hopeless grave."

Whitby, July 6, 1852.

J. T. B.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The piece of poetry from a military friend at Kingston does not come up to our standard. Most people had better express their thoughts in prose. We must say the same with reference to the "Rum Seller's Address," &c., sent us from LaChute, dated as far back as the 28th March. In both there are good sentiments, worthy to be preserved, but we cannot spare the time to prepare them in readable form.

We thank our correspondent "Calamus" for the interest he takes in *The Cadet*. Its circulation is constantly increasing, and we rather think that no periodical of the kind started in Canada has ever attained so much popularity in so short a time. The matter is always distinct from that in the *Advocate*, and therefore both may be taken in the same family without danger of paying twice for the same reading. Let our friends generally interest themselves in our circulations, and we shall persevere in giving good substantial reading.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Charlesville, 14th July, 1852.

Sir,—The Charlesville Division Sons of Temperance, No. 247, held their first anniversary meeting on the 8th inst. The day was propitious, and before the hour of 10 o'clock, A.M., carriages, literally filled to overflowing, were pouring into our little village; and I can assure you not the least interesting feature was the large number of the fairest of the fair sex. At the appointed time our forces, embracing our own members, as well as auxiliaries from the Matilda, Mariatown, North Williamsburgh, Osnabruck, and Stormont Divisions, and a few from the other side of 45°, dressed in regalia, with their respective banners floating proudly in the air, were marshalled by Bro. C. DeCastle, a champion in the Temperance cause. He is an old and well-tried officer of 1812-'37 and '38 notoriety, and understanding those evolutions not out of place in a temperance army, he sustained the high position entrusted to him by our Division with honor and dignity. Preceded by the Matilda Brass Band, composed principally of young men, to whom too much praise cannot be awarded, we marched a short distance out of the village, to a fine grove, where seats and stands were previously erected to accommodate the audience and speakers. Upwards of 1000 persons congregated.—800 partook of refreshments, served up by Bro. E. Cook. The ladies, who kindly presented our Division last fall with a large and richly bound copy of the Scriptures, as well as covering and trimmings for our desks, were also on this occasion, the donors of a costly and tasteful banner, painted by A. McNider, Esq., of your city, to the Charlesville Section of Cadets. That these and kindred-hearted ladies may live to see King Alcohol dethroned, and their cause—the cause of all mankind—predominant, is the prayer of your humble servant. The speakers were:—Brothers R. L. Whitney, C. DeCastle, D.G.W.P. Jacob Meekley, of North Wil-

liamsburgh Division, William M. Murrel, (known as the London Sailor,) Geo. Purkis of Osnabruck Division, and Revd. Mr. Mc-Mullin. The speeches were exceedingly good, and elicited much applause from the audience. The Maine Liquor Law topic was introduced, and briefly discussed. The people appeared to be sensible to the importance of the measure, and will no doubt ere long manifest it by affixing their signatures to petitions for the adoption of a similar one. At 6 o'clock P.M. the meeting dispersed apparently pleased, and I am sure edified, and fully prepared to co-operate with us.

Yours, &c.,

J. R. AULT.

Vankleekhill, July 15th, 1852.

Sir,—In looking through the pages of the *Advocate*, I observed that numbers of the Divisions of the Sons of Temperance communicate or hold correspondence from time to time, with your paper, concerning the advancement of the cause in their different localities—and I am much surprised to see that the Division in our village (*viz.*) Vankleekhill Division is never mentioned, I am certain much good might be done by informing the friends of Temperance of their progress. To my own knowledge they held a grand Festival last fall, in connection with Ottawa Friendly Union, and St. Andrews Divisions, where were assembled some five hundred persons. They have had several Temperance meetings, where some most excellent resolutions were adopted. They celebrated their Anniversary on the 26th of May last, where nearly six hundred sat down to dinner, and lastly, they have held a public meeting on the Maine Law, and steps are now in progress to obtain signatures to a petition on the subject.

I remain &c.

A FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE

To the Editor of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*.

Sir,—I take the liberty of addressing you on a subject which all will allow to be of the first importance, and if I may differ from you in the view I take of it, you will perhaps give me a hearing; and if you only extend to me one half of your usual editorial courtesy, I shall deem myself fortunate.

I am not the only friend of Temperance—and pledged member of its order, too—that looks upon the Maine Law with feelings of doubt and uncertainty, for were I alone, I would feel more diffident in thus parading myself before the public; but the suggestions that I will offer, and the views that I hold, are entertained by a large class of the Temperance public, and a respectable class too.

In the first place, I ought to give my views on Temperance. Why am I a Temperance man? Why have I pledged myself, with a solemn pledge, to abstain for ever from all intoxicating beverages? I have done so, not from any idea of the sinfulness of the mere drinking of them, but, with the example of the Apostle Paul, I abstain from wine lest my brother slip. It is the only way to preach sobriety to the drunken, to be yourself perfectly uncontaminated by the evil which you endeavour to destroy in others. I am not, I confess, one of those who regard the mere moderate use of wine a sin; but when I see so many led away by it, and when I think, too, am I not within the power of the tempter? I determine at once to put myself beyond his power, confident that if I have done no good, I can have done no harm. That this is the correct view of Temperance, I am convinced in my own mind. I believe that that miracle performed by our Saviour, was the turning of *real* water into *real* wine; and I believe that while the Bible is full of denunciations against the drunkard, and

teems with the evil consequences of *excess*, still I believe that *no where* does it denounce the moderate use of the "juice of the grape." Holding these views, then, I cannot but look at the Maine Law from a different view than you regard it. I would never give my name to promote a measure which would in any way be regarded as an infringement of the liberties of the minority. True, the majority rule, but that is not to give them the power of tyrannising over the consciences of the minority. The Maine Law certainly does this, for how else can you regard a law which prescribes what you shall eat or drink, or what you shall not eat or drink; and it is but a miserable quibble to say,—as advocates of the Maine Law do say,—and *have to say*, that the law *does not prohibit the use* of liquor as a beverage, it only prohibits the sale of it. Now, could there be a more palpable sophism? To say that it does not prohibit the use of it, but only the sale, is absurd; and it is certainly new to me to hear that you do not prohibit the use of a thing when you *only stop the sale of it!*

Certain it is that the highest legal authorities in the land have given their deliberate opinion that it is "contrary to the principles of civil liberty." Then, may I ask, what is the use of the further agitation of the law when it can never be put in force in Canada? No, let the Temperance cause rest alone on moral suasion, and not on legislative aid. Once upon a time, temperance lecturers loudly extolled the power of moral suasion. What change has then "come over the spirit of their dreams"? I reluctantly close these few remarks, and subscribe myself,

MORAL SUASION.

Montreal, 5th July, 1852.

We reserve our remarks on the above till our next issue.—E.D.

BIRTHS.

Montreal—17th inst, Mrs N W Gould, of a son. 22nd inst, Mrs G Anderson, of a son. 22nd inst, Mrs G Barrington, of a daughter. 25th inst., Mrs Alexander Arthur of a daughter.

Hamilton—2nd inst, Mrs Robert Roy, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Montreal—20th inst, by the Rev Dr Taylor, Mr Duncan M'Innes, to Miss Mary Ann Crawford.

Barrie—13th inst, by the Rev Mr Brent, John Shibley Vosburgh, Esq, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Dr Baker.

Belleville—8th inst, by the Rev Mr Gregg, Mr Alex Miller, to Phebe Jane McCall.

Frost Village—13th inst, Lucius S Huntington, Esq, to Miriam Jane, only daughter of the late David Wood, Esq.

Melbourne—20th inst, by the Rev A J Parker, the Rev John Alexander, of Niagara, C. W., to Isabella Crighton, second daughter of James R Laing, Esq.

St Laurent—20th inst, by the Rev John Corder, Mr John Galbraith, to Miss Christina Kid Taylor.

Stoney Creek—15th inst, by the Rev G Cheyne, John McNab, Esq, of Toronto, to Miss Anna Fitzpatrick.

Windsor, C. E.—July 20, by the Rev Wm Scott, of Melbourne, Mr Pierre Paquin, to Miss Rhoda Caswell.

DEATHS.

Montreal—22nd inst, Florence Elizabeth, infant daughter of Mr Robert McDougall, aged 3 months and 15 days.

Grand River—16th inst, Henry Bant, Mohawk Chief, aged 61 years.

Lancaster—21st ult, Mr Donald M'Intyre, aged 62 years.

Otonabee—25th ult, the Rev H Dunsford, in his 66th year.

Quebec—19th inst, William T Kimlin, Esq, M.D., formerly of the Quebec Mercury.

Sacramento City, California—3rd ult, Dr Gavin Russell.

Sheik's Island, Cornwall—20th inst, Solomon Raymond Esq, aged 70.

Windsor—7th inst, Emma Louisa, infant daughter of Charles Hunt, aged 1 year and 11 days.

MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

THE Subscriber has now a Supply of the above work, which was noticed at length in number 7 of the *Advocate*. Price 2d each, or 7s 6d per hundred. This work may be sent by post for one halfpenny per ounce.

J. C. BECKET,

22 Great St. James Street.

Montreal, April 1, 1852.

CIRCULAR.

THE undersigned begs to intimate that he has been appointed sole Agent in Canada for the **AMERICAN TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE and SONS OF TEMPERANCE OFFERING**, published in New York, by P. T. Sherlock, Esq.

The necessity of preparing the American Postage rendered it impossible for the publisher to extend to Canada the advantage of Club rates. The undersigned has much pleasure in stating that he is now prepared to forward the Magazine to any part of Canada, by Mail, at the following rates, payment to be made invariably in advance:—

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The Postage on each number will not in any case exceed two pence. To many of the known friends of Temperance a specimen of the Magazine will be sent. Those who may wish to subscribe to the work, will please remit the amount in time to have the succeeding number promptly forwarded to their address; and those who may not be thus disposed, will oblige by writing on the envelope "*Refused*," and returning the number by next mail.

The friendly co-operation of all interested in the cause of Temperance is respectfully solicited.

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THE Subscriber has just published a beautifully executed Vignette, illustrating the evil effects of the Liquor Traffic, and the beneficial effects of the operation of the Maine Liquor Law, on ENVELOPES of good size and quality.

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J. C. BECKET,
22, Great St. James Street.

Montreal, July, 1852.

Temperance House

BY J. SIMMONS,

Trent Village, Canada West.

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