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# TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

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

Vol. XVIII.]

MONTREAL, APRIL 1, 1852.

No. 8

## The Pledge—Chapter VII.

The sudden departure of James Latimer, for which no satisfactory explanation was given, caused Mary, notwithstanding her confidence in her lover, to feel sober. He had said that he was going on an errand of mercy; but why should the particular object in view be concealed from her? This she could not keep from thinking. And the fact, too, that he had studiously concealed from her and from every one else the probable extent of his journey and time of absence, troubled her mind whenever she thought of it.

One, two, three weeks passed, and not one word of intelligence came from the absent one.

"It is strange!" said the father of Mary.

"It is strange!" said the mother.

"It is strange!" thought Mary; and the pensive maiden would lie awake for hours at night seeking, anxiously, in her own thoughts for an explanation of her lover's singular and prolonged absence, but in vain. Still her confidence in him was unimpaired. She believed, as he had said, that his errand, whatever it might be, was one of mercy.

It was Saturday night, and Mr. Arlington had come home from his work, bringing his week's wages and placing the money, as usual, in the hands of his wife, who was a good economist, and always managed to keep expenses considerably within the limit of income.

After tea the family gathered in the little parlor, and the father read aloud while Mary and her mother sat sewing at a little work-table. While thus engaged, the whistle of the approaching steam-car was heard; and Mr. Arlington laid down his book and listened. Since the departure of James, every member of this family had felt a new interest in the daily trains of passenger-cars that went sweeping through their town, and would pause, almost involuntarily, when the noise of wheels, or the shrill sound of escaping steam disturbed the quiet air.

"I wish that boy was home again," said Mr. Arlington, as he sat listening to the thrilling scream of the whistle.

"And so do I," answered Mrs. Arlington in a concerned voice.

"What could have taken him away?"

"Heaven only knows," said Mary. "It is now three weeks since he went away, and not one word, to tell us that he is even alive, has come."

"Perhaps he will be home to-night," said the mother of Mary.

"I have felt, all day, as if I should see him enter the door in the next moment."

And Mary had experienced similar feelings, but she did not say so. Her voice would have trembled too much.

"Let him come when he will, and my word for it, he brings a good account of himself," said Mr. Arlington, confidently.

There was thankfulness in the eyes of Mary, as she looked her response to these words.

"I wish he were home to-night," remarked Mrs. Arlington.

"I feel as if I could not bear the suspense of his absence any longer, without being unhappy. And something says to me, that he will be home; that he is in the cars that have just arrived. Do you know that I have been thinking of John all day, and that I have had the same feeling in regard to him? If they should come home together!"

"Don't think that way, mother," said Mr. Arlington; "you

will only be fated to disappointment. John, I am sure, has found a grave long and long ago."

"And who knows," exclaimed Mary, who had not listened to her father's reply, clapping her hands together as the thought flashed through her mind—"but that James went in search of brother John!"

Mr. Arlington shook his head doubtfully; but a flush passed over the face of Mrs. Arlington, and a light flashed in her eyes.

"It may be so," replied the latter, in a trembling voice.

"He has been receiving a good many letters from all parts of the country for some time," said Mr. Arlington, "as we know. But never has he spoken to any one of their tenor. He has also written and sent a good many away."

"It must be!" broke in Mary, speaking with confidence and enthusiasm. "Oh! if they should both return to night!"

"Don't—don't conjure up hopes so fallacious, to die, as they must, in disappointment, and render the return of James, when it does take place, less happy for all than it would otherwise be."

And even while the father was speaking, the sound of rapidly approaching feet was heard. The door flew open as the last word fell from his lips, and in rushed the absent ones. Oh! what a happy meeting! What tears; what words of joy; what moments of speechless thankfulness followed the first glad welcoming! The son and brother was restored; the lover and friend had come back! And the fulness of joy was in every heart.

[FOR THE ADVOCATE.]

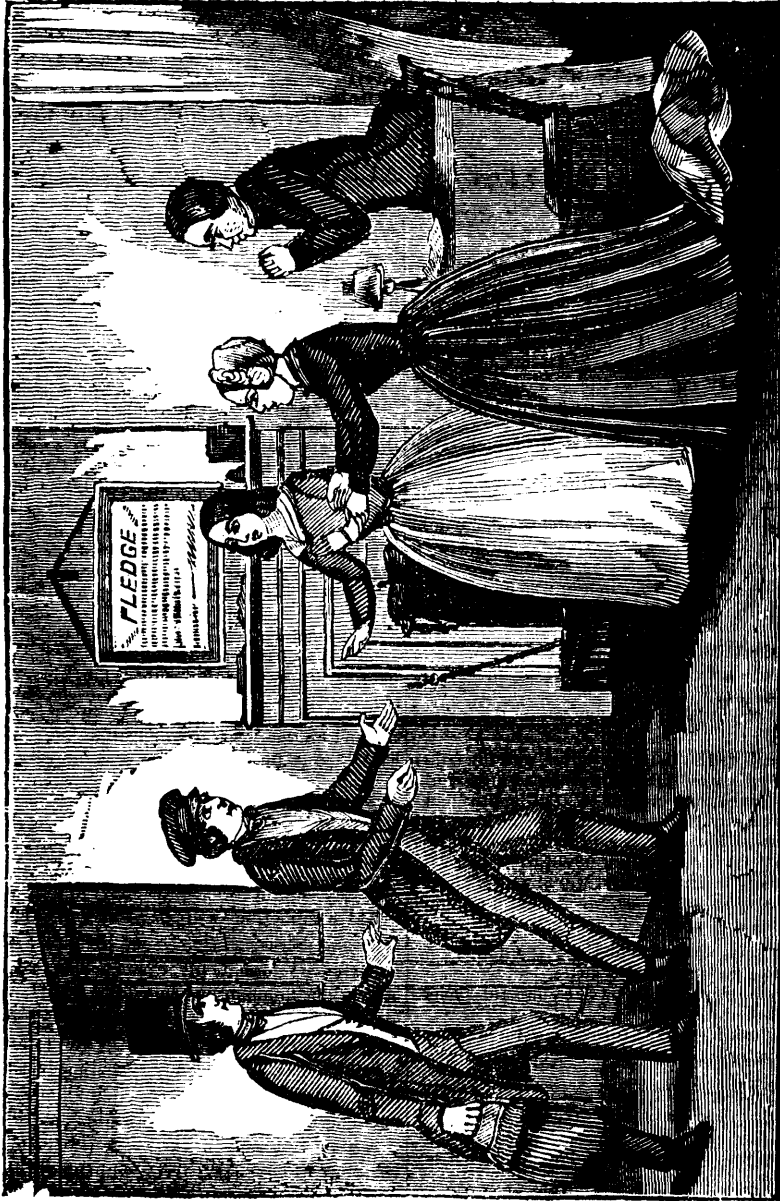
## What brought Burns so prematurely to his Grave?

BY A SCOTCHMAN.

There cannot be any better illustration of the wonderful character and prospects of this age, than that which we have in the temperance reformation. Commencing a quarter of a century ago, in the simultaneous convictions and efforts of a few sincere and earnest friends of humanity, and, for a time, compelled to conquer every man's good will, by sheer dint of reason, this reformation has, to this hour, steadily advanced, until its principles are engrafting themselves into all our institutions and commanding the attention of the world.

A glance at some of the happy results thus far, leads us, involuntarily to exclaim: Would to God! this blessed reform had sooner dawned upon the world. What sorrows had been prevented! What crimes had never been committed! What men of heavenly genius had been spared!—spared the woe, the vice, the infamy of an inglorious and eternal shipwreck! And here there recurs the memory of a name, which is world famous,—which, if duly considered, may afford more than one useful lesson connected with the reform of which I now speak.

Hardly a name appears on the scroll of the past, around which there has gathered a more sudden, enduring, and enthusiastic admiration. He was only in his 37th year when he died; and



THE WANDERING ONE BROUGHT HOME.

scarcely 24 when he received the highest literary compliments, from his enraptured countrymen, among whom were some of the greatest names of which Scotland was ever permitted to boast. The name to which I refer is that of ROBERT BURNS.

Even at his first appearance in Edinburgh, the most distinguished men, Mackenzie, Dugald Stewart, Blair, Robertson, Alison, Tytler, and Erskine, delighted in doing him honor. Yet in the common meaning of the phrase in our time, he had never seen the interior of a place of learning. The hearth stone of his father's hut was the spot where his genius was nurtured. His father was poor, and had but few advantages to confer on his son, who, while yet a boy, found himself burdened with the exhausting labors of the common ploughman. Ere long the father—one of the worthiest that ever bore that honored name—died, and thus, when our Poet needed tranquility, his situation became more unfavorable than ever: he was brought where stern poverty looked him and his sternly in the face.

That a man in his circumstances should have earned for himself a reputation such as now belongs to his name, is nothing less than a marvel; and that he should have laid the foundation of it, following the plough, before he reached his twenty-third year, is all but incredible. Burns has not, indeed, achieved any great world famous Poem, such as *Paradise Lost*, or the *Iliad*. For when you include all that he ever published, you find nothing worthy of being ranked for a moment with such works. On the contrary, you find the humblest themes, fragments, letters in rhyme, songs, elegies, addresses to a daisy, to a mouse, to a haggis, to Satan, sonnets; pieces for which we know not, if there be, as yet, any classic name.

He was the Poet only of what he had felt within himself; and of what he saw around him; of the events of rural life; of the joys of the ploughman; of the milkmaid; of the woe, want, and manhood of the poor. Hence, though the scholar and the higher circles of society have united to perpetuate his fame—yet, it is perhaps among that humble class from which he sprung, that his works are more universally welcomed. Prof. Wilson says,—“it is the land blithe with plough and harrow—the broomy, or the heathery braes—the holms by the river side—the forest, where the woodman's ringing axe no more disturbs the cushat—the deep dell, where all day long sits solitary plaided boy or girl, watching the kine or the sheep—the moorland hut without any garden—the lowland cottage, whose garden glows like a very orchard, when crimsoned with fruit blossoms most beautiful to behold—the sylvan homestead, sending its reek aloft over the huge sycamore that blackens on the hill side—the straw roofed village gathering with small bright crofts, many white gable ends round and about the modest manse, and the kirk spire, covered with the pine tree that shadows its horologe—the small, quiet, half-slated, half-thatched, rural town—there resides, and will for ever reside, the immortal genius of Burns.”

And there was good reason why the common people of Scotland honored Burns as their Bard by eminence. In his youth, and innocence, he was every inch one of themselves; he embalmed their mother tongue; he proved that true genius had a home even in their humble dwellings; and successfully he asserted their right to all the honors of our common humanity, on an equal footing with the richest and noblest of the land. Every sentiment of the heart—every passion of the soul—every virtue and every vice, he could touch, and set off to the life, with a master's hand. Truth and vigor, and the richest and rarest poetic humor were the characteristics of his mind; and all these he transported glowing with reality, into every line he wrote. The times

called for an independent bearing of his class towards the more wealthy portion of society, and right powerfully did he maintain it:

Is there for honest poverty  
That hangs his head, an' a' that?  
The coward slave, we pass him by;  
We dare be poor, for a' that.  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
Our toils obscure, an' a' that;  
The rank is but the guinea stamp—  
The man's the gowd for a' that!

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddin' gray, an' a' that;  
Gi's fools their silks, an' knaves their wine,  
A man's a man for a' that.  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
Their tinsel show an' a' that;  
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor—  
Is King o' Men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts an' stares, an' a' that;  
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that!  
For a' that, an' a' that;  
His riband, star, an' a' that;  
The man of independent mind—  
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,  
As come it will, for a' that;  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree an' a' that.  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that;  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be, for a' that!

This is courageous, and bears on the face of it, the clear impress of what is right. It teaches even the toiling cottar in presence of his superior, to feel—“I also am a man!”—a lesson not far from the sublime. Then what Poet, ever since Poetry attracted the attention of men, threw such a life-like breathing picture of domestic piety before the eye, as Burns has done, describing family worship in a poor man's dwelling, on the evening preceding the holy Sabbath:—

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
They round the ingle, form a circle wide;  
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,  
‘The big ha’ bible, ance his father's pride.  
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare,  
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
He wales a portion with judicious care,  
And “let us worship God!” he says with solemn air!

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme;  
How guiltless blood for guilty men was shed;  
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,  
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;  
How his followers and servants sped,  
How his followers and servants sped,  
The precepts they wrote to many a land;  
How He, who lone in Patmos banished  
Saw in the Sun a mighty angel stand,  
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command!

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,  
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;  
Hope springs exultingly on triumphant wing,  
That thus they all shall meet in future days,  
There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
Together hymning their creator's praise,  
In such society, yet still more dear,  
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Or what venerable divine, with all the honors of the University on his brow, ever addressed to youth such pregnant and memorable counsels—as Burns did, in these few stanzas—which have all the freshness of yesterday, since our eye first caught them in the days of boyhood, by the light of a glimmering fire, not twenty miles from the spot where they were penned.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,  
And Andrew, dear, believe me,  
Ye'll find mankind an unco' squad,  
And muckle they may grieve ye.

I'll no say men are villains a',  
The real hardened wicked,  
Wha hae nae cheek but human law,  
Are to a few restrictod.

But och! mankind are unco' weak,  
An' little to be trusted;  
If self the wavering balance shake,  
It's rarely right adjusted.

The sacred lowe o' weel placed love,  
Luxuriantly indulge it,  
But never tempt the illicit rove,  
Tho' naething should divulge it.

I wae the quantum o' the sin,  
The hazard o' concealing;  
But och, it hardens a' within  
And petrifies the feeling.

The great Creator to revere,  
Must sine become the creature;  
But still the preaching can't forbear,  
And e'en the rigid feature.

Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,  
Be complaisance extended;  
An Atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange,  
For Deity offended!

When ranting roun' in pleasure's ring,  
Religion may be blinded;  
Or if she gie a random sting,  
It may be little minded.

But when on life we're tempest driven,  
An' conscience, but a canker,  
A correspondence fixed wi' Heaven,  
Is sure, a noble anchor!

Indulge me in one morsel more.—It is in his own beautiful nervous prose; and, in our judgment, speaks a volume of truth, and a volume in evidence of what his genius was able to have achieved:—

“We know nothing (thus he writes) or next to nothing, of the structure of our souls, so we cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favorite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild briar rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey plover in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul, like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident; or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities: *A God that made all things,—man's immaterial and immortal nature, and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave.*”

Here is unmistakeable evidence, we think, of a mind of the very first order, that could mount and soar whithersoever it would. Yet he was a youth, and a ploughman, when his fame burst upon him. For he was a born genius: whole souled; self-relied; untrained in the schools, but not unfit to shine as a star of the first magnitude in the company of the great and the wise; yea, able to discourse on equal terms, with the learned professor on questions of deepest metaphysical lore; holding a diploma from the surst and highest of all courses—the free and sovereign gift of God. And yet what great work did he ever attempt or achieve? What is the intrinsic worth of all that he ever produced, compared with the works of men, among whom his name is long since enrolled by the common consent of the world? And, were his talents capable of nothing but what they realized? Was that mind so brilliant, so true to nature, so magical, so competent to the uttermost, to touch the finest sympathies of the human heart, to reveal with living power the beauties of both the outer and the inner world, and to take rank at once with the noblest sons of song, either in ancient, or in modern times—was that mind, cast in such ethereal mould, capable only of what remains before mankind to-day, as the Poetical works of Robert Burns? We do not believe it. Burns was capable of what he never attained. His mission to this world, we are disposed to say, he did not fulfill. “From his conversation,” said Dugald Stewart, “I should have pronounced him to be fitted to excel in whatever walk of ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities.”

Saith Thomas Carlyle—no inferior judge in his own way—“mighty events turn on a straw; the crossing of a brook decides the conquest of the world. Had Wm. Burns' small seven acres of nursery ground anywise prospered, the boy Robert had been sent to school; had struggled forward, as so many weaker men do, to some university, come forth not as some rustic wonder, but as a regular, well-trained, intellectual workman, and changed the whole course of British literature, for it was in him to have done this.”

It was in him to have changed the whole course of British literature! Carlyle reasons here from the same premises from which all have reasoned.

(To be Continued)

### The Blight of Genius.

Genius has been variously defined by lexicographers and metaphysicians: but whatever contrariety of opinion may have existed with regard to the meaning of the word or the nature of the thing, all are agreed upon one point—that it gives its possessor a large amount of influence for good or evil. It is divine in its nature and virtuous in its tendency; but, like many other lovely and precious things, it is very often associated with what is “earthly, sensual, and devilish.” The sun is the grandest and most interesting object in the physical world, and love is the fairest of graces and greatest of forces in the moral world; and yet how often is the one obscured by dark clouds, and the other repeatedly worn as a cloak to cover the hollowness of hypocrisy! So it is with genius. Sometimes it is like the precious jewel that is surrounded with counterfeits, or the fragrant flower that is found amidst weeds and nauseous plants. It is superior to talent, inasmuch as it originates and constructs, whilst talent simply uses or improves upon those means which are within its reach. The one is eagle-like, and soars; the other works and plods, and is liked the best by most men. Milton's ‘Paradise Lost’ is a monument of genius; Gibbon's ‘Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire’ is a noble specimen of talent.

Genius can make the canvass smile and the marble breathe: it can blend the beauties of nature with the principles of art, so as to please the senses and improve the mind. It is sometimes its holiest office and does its highest work.

It is very strange, but it is nevertheless true, that some of the greatest geniuses have been either poor or intemperate. These would otherwise have shone upon the world. But it is with the latter evil that we have now to do, and it has exercised by far the most baneful influence on men of genius.

*Intemperance is the blight of genius!* This is a momentous and awful truth. If it had not been for this, the fire of Byron would have shone brighter, and the genius of Burns would have been more pure; the eloquence of Sheridan and Fox would have been more thrilling, and Shakspeare's page would have had fewer spots;—the reasoning of Coleridge would have been much more elegant; and the fancy of Moore might have been the handmaid of religion and virtue, instead of an incentive to irreligion and vice. And how many more could we enumerate, whose splendid talents have been sacrificed at the shrine of Bacchus! Intemperance will destroy the learned and the talented, as well as the uneducated or the simple. It will precipitate the minister of the Gospel from his high position, as well as the humblest member in his church. It is a poison-tree whose fruit is disease, pollution, death, and hell.

We cannot depict the fearful havoc which this fell destroyer has made with men of genius in all ages. We behold glimpses of it in the history of every nation. But there is another feature of the subject that is equally affecting. How many young men of brilliant parts have been prematurely cut off by intemperate habits! Its blighting influence extends to the tender sapling as well as the giant oak. Oh! it is a pitiable sight to see a noble mind prostrated by intemperance—a slave to sensual indulgence, destitute of all moral sensibility, destined to mount and commune with the heavenly, and yet grovelling in the dust like a thing of the earth.

Genius and intemperance ought never to be in company, because they are so dissimilar in their character. The one is the gift of God for a noble purpose, but the other is one of the mightiest agents for evil. What God has joined together, let no man put asunder; but this is an unnatural alliance, the dissolution of which should be the ardent wish and devout prayer of every philanthropist and Christian.—*British Temperance Advocate.*

### Tobacco Injurious.

A medical gentleman of the first standing in this city, has kindly sent us the following extract, adding his own testimony to the statement made. The passage is taken from the *Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine*, page 90, when speaking of the cause and treatment of Epilepsy—*Epilepsia nervosa*:—

Much may be expected from agreeable occupation, variety of scenery, the bracing air of the sea, and tepid and cold sea-bathing. All kinds of fermented liquor, tea, and also coffee, ought to be given up, together with the use of tobacco, if unhappily the patient should have addicted himself to the use of that poisonous and demoralizing weed.

Tobacco is an enemy to domestic economy and personal cleanliness; it taints the breath permanently, injures the digestion, impairs the intellect, and it even shortens the life of some of its votaries. Cullen says it produces loss of memory before the usual period. Snuff keeps a great many of the females, engaged in lace-making, in this neighborhood (Newport Pagnell), under the continued influence of hysteria, and gives them an early stamp of age; at thirty a snuff-taker looks as if she were forty years old. It is the sole cause of a variety of dyspepsia, of which we have witnessed a vast number of instances—the symptoms being a painful sensation of a lump at the stomach—of a hard undigested substance pressing, as it were, upon a tender part of the stomach, which sensation is, for the time, relieved by taking food; remarkable depression of spirits; every thing seen through a medium of gloom and distrust; and tremors of the nerves. Upon an accidental interruption of snuff-taking for a few days, the pains do occur, upon a return to snuff the pains return.”—(*Cullen's Mat. Med.*, vol. ii. p. 275.) Chewing tobacco will produce the same effect. Smoking produces anorexia and emaciation. The chief evil, however, in tobacco, taken in any way, is that it leads myriads upon myriads to the habitual use of ardent spirits and opium, and consequently to the ruin of soul, body, and estate.

### Trial of Alcohol.

According to announcement, the first meeting for the trial of alcohol took place last evening in Russell's Concert Hall, Quebec. —We have never, on any occasion, witnessed so large an audience in the room. The proceedings were opened by Mr. LeSueur, crier of the court, making the usual proclamation, and calling upon the prisoner and his bail to come forward, on pain of forfeiture of recognizance. The prisoner being in court, Mr. Shaw, clerk of the crown, read a very ably drawn up indictment, of which the following is a brief synopsis:—

The first count set forth that alcohol, aided by divers other liquors and abominable compounds, conspired against life, and caused humanity, chastity, self-respect, temperance, charity, and all the other leading virtues of the human family to become contemptible in the eyes of the noble, the just, and the good.

Second Count.—That he blinded men's minds by the hope of gain and filthy lucre, and induced them to become his agents; and that, by the device and stratagems of those agents, men were led to leave the domestic circle and congregate in those places of horrid scenes, bad precepts, and worse examples.

Third Count.—That he led men to the breaking of God's holy sabbath day, the despising of his house and ordinances, and to a recklessness of their best interests, both for time and eternity.

Fourth Count.—That he traitorously, under the pretext of good-fellowship, entered the family circle, and that, where he once gained a footing, hatred succeeded harmony, the agreeable guest became a disagreeable guzzler, and misery took the place of happiness and contentment. That he caused the father to neglect his family, and rendered the mother so callous to the finer feelings of our nature, as to cause her to forget her helpless offspring.

Fifth Count.—That he has caused an immense waste of time, labor and property.

Sixth Count.—That, not satisfied with the ruin caused in families, he has caused his devastation, to be felt throughout communities, kingdoms and nations.

Seventh Count.—That he instigated to murder and caused hundreds of our fellow men to rush into eternity by the horrid crime of suicide.

And the Eighth Count—Accused him of still keeping among us, a number of his agents, thereby exercising a most baneful influence on the morals of society, especially on those of the rising generation.

The prisoner, through his counsel, having pleaded not guilty—proclamation was made for the jury, who having been duly sworn, and the indictment having been read to them, Mr. White, the attorney-general, opened the case.—He represented the case as a most important one—affecting our interests as men, as patriots and as christians—he took up the several counts of the indictment and proved them true by historical facts and parliamentary statistics—he also cited the opinion of Judge Hale, of England, who states that during twenty-one years of judicature, he had no hesitation in stating, that, if all the crimes which had come under his notice in that time, all the murders, manslaughters, burglaries, robberies and thefts, were divided into five parts, four of them were directly attributable to intoxicating liquors;—lest, however, the respectable jury would look upon his arguments as mere statements belonging to the chicanery of the profession, he would at once proceed to call upon competent witnesses, who, he had no doubt, would prove the guilt of the prisoner to their entire satisfaction.

Mr. Johnston was then called as a witness for the prosecution; he was examined by Mr. Cole, the junior counsel for the prosecution, and cross-examined by Messrs. Brent and Craig. The experience of Mr. Johnston caused a great deal of merriment, and his ready and jocular wit completely baffled the attempts of the defending attorneys to puzzle him.

After his evidence, the court adjourned until next Tuesday evening at 7½ o'clock, when we feel confident from the effect produced, that there will be a very large audience.

On the bench was Mr. Morphy, Chief Justice, and Messrs. Mathieson and Kempt, assistant justices.—*Quebec Gazette.*

How little do we know the real state of those whom we envy or compassionate. We are apt to think of their outward circumstances, not their inward feelings—when we speculate on their happiness or misery.

### Extract from Mr. Gough's Lectures.

If I advise a young man to avoid drink lest he becomes a drunkard, what will he say? "Do you take me for such a fool?" No, no man was ever such a fool as to become a drunkard intentionally, and at once. But you will say that every man who becomes a drunkard is a fool. There have been drunkards, of such high intellect that they might stand "with one foot on the daisy while the other touched the dust of the stars." It depends more on the temperament and constitution of any given man than anything else, whether he becomes a drunkard or not, if he follow the drinking customs of the world. Take three young men, as much alike as men can be who differ physically. One as a cold phlegmatic man who never laughs and wonders what any body can think it worth while to cry for; who never takes part in political nor any other excitement; who resembles an organ, on which by the same kind of grinding you can always bring out steadily the same tune—the Rose of Allendale—the Portuguese Hymn—Di Tanti Palpiti, and so on. He is a good sort of man enough; but when he shakes your hand, he gives you only the tips of his fingers, or if you get more, the whole feels like a dead fish. It is hard to offend him, for he does not readily understand an affront, and he wants every joke explained to him twice. Such a one makes your moderate drinker.

Another shall be so close-fisted, that he would, if he could, wring one of the pillars of a Spanish quarter dollar, like a man in Albany who said he had been a member of the church for thirteen years, and, thank God, it never cost him a quarter of a dollar. "The Lord bless your stingy soul then," was the reply. Such a man would never become a drunkard. There was a man in Connecticut who never could become one. He one day went into a grocery and asked for a drink. When he had drunk it, he asked what there was to pay. "Three cents." "Well," said he, "I'm a member of the House of Representatives—I am, and I guess I shall be here sixty or seventy days, according as business goes on. I'm in the habit of drinking—a little—according to circumstances, may be three or four glasses a day, some more, some less. I guess I would like to find some steady place where I could liquor regular while I'm in the city, and I'll take it here if you'll let me have it for two cents." If such a man ever turned drunkard, that great hunter for curiosities, Mr. Barnum, would buy him up and show him through the country.

Take another. He is of a nervous temperament, easily excited. He can sing a good song; tell a good story; make himself the life of society; and spread, as it were, a garden of green things wherever he goes. Every one loves him for his open heartedness, his very tread in the streets is full of good spirits and good humor. Such a man will become a drunkard. And yet I hear young men say, "I'm not such a fool."

Let me explain how they become so. They begin, not because they want to drink, but because it is genteel—at public dinners—at public suppers—or at private parties. While waiting for the railway cars, one day when I was so cold that I was absolutely forced against my custom, to go into a tavern, to warm myself at the stove, I met a gentleman of a class of which we have too many in the United States—fine gentlemanly looking men, with good coats, well put on. They are usually of a very social disposition, good address, popular with young men, and with some title, military or civil. They are generals, or mayors, or colonels, or judges, or something of that sort. They are the greatest too that the community have. I have sometimes traced their lives till death's fingers were feeling their heart, and what then must be their reflection? "God has given me health, influence, fine appearance, the means of influencing young men, and I have never exerted one good influence." It was one of this class of whom I speak. Coming into the bar-room he approached a young man sitting there—"Jim, what will you take?" "Well I guess, Judge, I won't take anything." "Oh, come along, what will you take?" "Well, if I must, suppose I take brandy." That's the way young men begin. And yet at the beginning it is easy to avoid it. As the Quaker told his boy, it is as easy to leave off drinking as to open his hand. "How?" said the boy. "Why John, when thou putt'st the glass to thy lips just open thine hand, and thou wilt drink nothing."

I speak as one who can look back to seven dreary years, during which, all around me that was green and bright, and beautiful, and lively, and touching, was converted into bitter ashes. When I was, as it were, in a fetid pool that constantly bubbled up

around me and approached my lips. Oh, Father of mercies, let the hut of poverty be my shelter; let me sow the whirlwind, and reap the tempest; let those whom I love hold me in derision; when I anticipate good, evil come upon me; let terror and death fall on me—let all these things be; but save me from the fate of the drunkard.

I once travelled in Connecticut with a driver whose conversation made up one of the most curious rides I ever had. He had a fine span of horses, and said to me:—"If you had only seen me eight years ago, when I was carted out of Wellington with all my family, and all my goods in a one horse cart—and such a horse! I could not see his head. When I pulled one string, he would turn round a little; and the only impression whipping made on him was to make him go sideways. Now, I'm driving back with a fine span, and a temperance man."

### Sprinklings for Thought, Ideal and Actual.

THREE THINGS.—Sydney Smith said there were three things which every man fancied he could do—farm a small property, drive a gig, and edit a newspaper.

There is nothing purer than honesty—nothing sweeter than charity—nothing warmer than love—nothing richer than wisdom—nothing brighter than virtue—and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind, form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest and the most steadfast happiness.

The following is an extract from the report of the London Jury of the Agricultural implements at the Crystal Palace:—

"Baron Liebig's discovery in animal physiology, that the excessive labor of the jaws in the mastication of food, wasted the beast's muscles and retarded his progress, has been fully confirmed by practice, and instead of feeding, as formerly, upon hay or whole turnips thrown to them, our stock have their food 'minced' for them by different descriptions of cutting machines. Such is the advantage obtained by this mode of feeding, that lambs fed with the aid of a turnip-cutter are worth more at the end of a winter by 8s per head than lambs fed upon whole turnips, the cost of using the machine being but 1s. per head, and the cost of the machine itself not more than 25," thus affecting a saving of 70s. an acre upon the turnip crop."

BLACK NOSES.—The Kentucky Legislature proposes to stain the noses of the convicts in the Penitentiary, black, and keep them so until the expiration of their sentence! The Editor of the Kentucky Flag is in favor of the resolution, with an amendment that the Sheriff of each county be required to catch every delinquent newspaper subscriber in his bailiwick, and black his nose, and keep it blacked until he pays up.

It is said that basket willow, equal in value to four millions of dollars, is annually imported from France and Germany into the United States.

THE ALPHABET may be varied so many millions of times, that if a man could accomplish the almost impossible task of reading one hundred thousand words in an hour, it would require four thousand six hundred and fifty millions of men to read those words, according to the above hourly proportion, for twenty thousand years, to exhaust all possible combinations of the letters!

GOODNESS LEADS TO GOODNESS.—Goodness incites to goodness—and where the law of kindness rules, there is the greatest power in ruling; yet true love is quick-sighted, and looks beyond the present moment.—Gen. xxi: 23.

The process of germination changes oxygen gas into carbonic acid.

Gold-leaf can be reduced to the three-hundred-thousandth part of an inch, and gilding to the ten-millionth part.

A FAIR HIT.—When Dr. Francis, of New York, visited the birth-place of Robert Burns, he said to the widow of the immortal bard:—"Your husband was a magnificent poet; his name is well known and honored throughout America; he was truly a great genius." "I have been told so since his death," was the reply.

"SKIP ALL THE HARD WORDS."—Travelling a few years since in a stage coach from Worcester to Springfield, (it was before the happy advent of Railways,) there was in our inside company a poor, pale, eccentric looking man who spoke rarely, and then in a way quite his own. As we stopped to water the horses, the driver became offended at something, and was shockingly profane. Our friend bore it a moment in silence, and then stretching his long neck out of the window, he said in a tone of authority—

"Driver, please to skip all the hard words." The effect upon the offender was electrical. He could not have stopped quicker had he been smitten by a bolt from the sky.—*Puritan Recorder*.

**NEW MATERIAL FOR GAS LIGHTS**—We understand that the Hon'ble, the Chief Commissioner of Public Works, has within a few days, procured from Halifax important information respecting the preparation and use of "Kerosen Gas" made from coal and asphaltum. Opportunities have been afforded by the Government of Nova Scotia for practically testing the applicability of this gas for light-house purposes, and the results are represented as being very satisfactory, both as regards its high illuminating power, and its cheapness compared with oil.—Should these be confirmed by the further enquiries instituted by the department, a considerable annual saving will accrue to the province in this branch of the public service.—*Quebec Gazette*.

It is confidently stated that Rev. Mr. Thatcher of San Francisco has discovered a means of determining longitude by observations of the heavenly bodies independent of the Chronometer. A work upon the subject is promised, and is looked for with great interest. His method has been tried by the captain and mate of the ship in which he came to this country, and pronounced by them to be practicable.

**LOVE ONE ANOTHER.**—"If all the children loved each other, then there would be no more complaining, contention, anger, or bitter words among them. Each would delight to make the other happy. Their pastimes would be conducted with the innocence of lambs, and the sweetness of doves, and as they grow up to manhood, with this heavenly temper regulating all their conduct, every principle of war would die, and every cause of it cease; and the next generation would present a world resembling heaven."

**THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.**—It is estimated that, including Ireland and the British colonies, there are fifty-three millions of men, chiefly of Anglo-Saxon descent, speaking the same language, and with its sturdy qualities of heart and brain. Two centuries ago there were not quite three millions of this race; now it is ahead of every civilized race in the world. "Of all the races which are now striving for the mastery of the world, to impress on the future of society and civilization the stamp of its own character and genius, to give prevalence to its law, idiom, religion, manners, government, and opinion, the Anglo-Saxon is now unquestionably the most numerous, powerful, and active. The English language is gradually taking possession of all the ports and coasts of the world; isolating all rival idioms; shutting them up from intercourse with each other; making itself the channel of every communication. No other language is spreading like it."

**WORTHY TO BE CONSIDERED.**—"The only true contests," said Napoleon, "are those obtained over ignorance; those alone leave no regret, and cause no tears to flow."

## Poetry.

{FOR THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

### Song of the Drunkard's Wife.

Crouched o'er a battered stove,  
With little wood to burn,  
The Drunkard's wife, with a sorrowful heart,  
Awaits his weary return.  
Weep—sigh—groan—  
For death is better than life,—  
And the cold of the grave a happier home  
Than that of the Drunkard's wife.

The children, huddled in rags,  
In a heap in the corner lie;  
As she turns and looks, she clasps her brow,  
And tears fill her bloodshot eye.  
She groans in her agony,  
As she thinks of her early life;  
And mournful she sings, with a bitter cry,  
This song of the Drunkard's wife.

Tears—Tears—Tears—  
When I think of times bygone;  
Tears—Tears—Tears—  
As I sit in my house forlorn.

He drinks through the live-long day:  
Returns home drunk at night,  
And the trembling children all hide away,  
And shrink from their father's sight.

Tears—Tears—Tears—  
Shall I never see him again,  
As he was when my girlish heart he won,  
Soul free from liquors' stain.  
Ere the baneful fiend had torn  
Those lines on his manly brow,  
I loved him most truly, most dearly then!  
Oh! I love him dearly now.

Strange that he should be dear!  
So plunged in sin and shame!  
He's my children's father,—my heart's first love;  
He has guilt; but the liquor I blame.  
We swore at the altar both,  
To cherish while each had breath;  
Though he has forgotten the mutual oath,  
I must love through life, till death.

Oh! Christian men with hearts,  
With happy sisters and wives,  
Why exists that worm, that blasts like a storm,  
So destructive of human lives?  
Oh, God! in thy goodness grant—  
Forgive a distracted wife,  
If I curse that which robs my children's bread,  
And poisons each day of their life.

Tears—Tears—Tears—  
Till my brain is seared in my head,  
Tears on Tears—Tears—  
As sweep o'er affliction fled.  
Rum and bottle and glass—  
Glass and bottle and Rum—  
With withering curse, have filched peace and purse,  
And made this a Drunkard's home.

Ye who rum make and sell,  
Your gains can never be blest,  
Though you wallow in wealth, and sleep on down,  
You can never know peaceful rest.  
You can not know that peaceful rest,  
Which even we wretched know,  
When wearied by misery, and watching, we press  
The pallet of want and of woe.

Enter the house you have stripped;  
Survey its blank walls around;—  
We have nothing but rags to keep out the cold—  
No bed but the pitiless ground.  
See my children in tatters forlorn,—  
'Twould soften an Infidel Turk:  
See their famishing eyes and tott'ring frames,  
And judge of your dreadful work.

In tears, my knees I bend,  
And pray each morning and night,  
That a merciful God will assist the men  
Who strove to remove this blight.  
May their arms in the strife gain might,  
From the widows' and orphans' cries;  
And their hearts have strength to continue the fight,  
Till the monster prostrate lies.

Crouched o'er a battered stove,  
With little wood to burn,  
The Drunkard's wife, with a sorrowful heart,  
Awaits his weary return.  
She groans in her agony  
As she thinks of her early life;  
And mournful she sings, with a bitter cry,  
Which is heard by that God, which is ever nigh,  
That song of the Drunkard's wife.

JAMES EDWARD DODDRIDGE, Lachute.



## Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, APRIL 1, 1852.

### Legislative Coercion.

It is to us a source of gratification, that the attention of the people of Canada is now *distinctly* turned to the question "Ought not the law to put down the indiscriminate traffic in intoxicating drinks?" We receive an affirmative answer from ten thousand voices, these uttering only the sentiments and convictions of thousands of others. The subject has found (we had almost said forced) its way into the columns of the newspaper press; and, considering the number of spicy and tempting advertisements which disfigure the commercial periodicals, it is not surprising that the editorial temperance on this most important matter should be below zero. Indeed, the rum power has entrenched itself so securely in various places, and in so many forms, that nothing less than the purest integrity, the firmest independence, and most courageous perseverance will suffice to overthrow the monstrous evil of modern times; and all these qualities must be concentrated in active and harmonious opposition to the legalization of the traffic. Outlaw the business—destroy the liquor as a contraband article. Beverages are necessary for mankind, but intoxicating drinks are a base counterfeit, produced by debased covetousness. They pretend to be what they are not: the name and the price are fixed by the wisdom or wickedness of man, who sends them forth to do their work of destruction and death. We have now come to that crisis in the temperance movement which looks the evil full in the face. A new and strong measure of resistance is determined on. War is declared, and the parties are ranging themselves on either side. The brewers, distillers, the wholesale and retail venders are tolerably quiet just now; but let our first guns be heard in the halls of legislation, and then if there be no squalling among the chickens, it will be truly wonderful.

At the present time we feel that there must be no flinching. Our duty is clear. It is as imperative as it is important. Great responsibility is attached to our position. The Commercial press is not dumb, but unhappily it gives a very uncertain sound, or a sadly discordant one. Very recently, in Montreal, we have read strange things. The *Courier* knows nothing about true Temperance, and raises a ghost to frighten tipplers,—not into sobriety, but into a preference for public rather than private drunkenness. Rather a superior moralist or casuist for these times! The New York correspondent of the *Gazette* is not to be trusted: he bows reverently before the god Bacchus, and gives a false light to temperance mariners. A new correspondent dating from St. Hyacinthe, appears in the *Gazette*:—He has "literary tastes," and a "quiet retreat," and has promised now and then remarks upon passing events. He first writes on "Temperance." The movement for the Maine Law in the United States is described as "very general and very energetic;" but, says he, "on the policy of this movement there will be a difference of opinion." Of course there will, but what then? What great real reform was ever carried forward with perfect unanimity of thought? The writer acknowledges that "vice and misery, are really palpably and rapidly declining" in the State of Maine, through the grand anti-liquor law in operation. If there be "clandestine drinking," then the vice of drunkenness is certainly aggravated; but the whole responsibility rests upon the drunkard; and when the State has done all that can be done to prevent vice and

crime, the wretch who will be vicious bears his own sin, in all the breadth of its aggravations. It is not so when the State authorizes and protects a moral evil. Then the legislature is seen as an aggravated offender against eternal right and progress.

We have long felt that several very grievous errors lie at the foundation of that sentimental, dubious friendship for the temperance cause exhibited, by many clergymen and politicians in Canada, and especially when the enactment of a prohibitory law is the subject of discussion. We fear the St. Hyacinthe correspondent of the *Gazette* must be classed among these. Hear him: "My own opinion is, that legislative coercion never produces conviction, and it is upon this basis only where moral action is concerned, that we can secure success."

This opinion is given with all gravity, but it is essentially defective in relation to a prohibitory liquor law. The terms "legislative coercion," "conviction," and "moral action," are not defined, and if defined according to common usage, would be found fallacious and inapplicable. "All law is more or less coercive, but the Maine law coerces not in reference to the individual right to drink, if we may so express ourselves. It coerces the man who would sell for a beverage that which is poison. Such a law may produce the "conviction" that to drink poison as a beverage must be wrong, and then, so far "we can secure success," but if clearly enacted and carried out, it must produce the "conviction" that the man who would sell rum, is not entitled to legal protection, and that his fictitious property ought to be confiscated and destroyed. We are satisfied with the power of moral suasion, when we have to deal only with "convictions," and "moral actions," but when a thousand legalized temptations present themselves to fallen, simple beings, we are compelled to demand the removal of those temptations by "legislative coercion," because experience tells us that under such circumstances moral suasion is comparatively an inefficient instrument wherewith to restrain human passions and appetites. With the coercive law we desire there may be "clandestine indulgence," but "vice and misery" "will really, palpably, and rapidly" decline.

Let us look at another mistake from the "quiet retreat" of St. Hyacinthe,—"the vice of drunkenness is most effectually cherished by the prevalence of *unlicensed* grog shops. Not so bad as the country is, the *licensed* greatly outnumber the "unlicensed grog-shops." Shut up every unlicensed rumhole in Canada, and that will only increase the profits of the licensed dealer. The community can "protect themselves," only by carrying out a complete prohibitory law. "Defiance of law" open and bold, "must be injurious," we admit it; but the licensed law of Canada is itself pernicious and injurious, and its professedly protective clauses can never be a defence against perverted appetite and sordid covetousness. Yet it is said, "Any action which would lead to the suppression of these nests of vice, would be of more substantial service to society than a thousand harangues from the platform."

This we do not believe. It is an ungracious sneer at the Temperance lecturer, public meetings and addresses. In his present mind the writer must be regarded as an enemy. "Any action" from him, calculated to do good and extend the temperance reformation, need not be anticipated. We must look for him in a very "quiet retreat." In the mean time our courage cannot be cooled by literary small talk. If there be any real friends of the temperance cause who are disposed to droop and quail before adverse influences, we commend to their serious attention the following extract from an article of the *New York*

*Tribune*, the staunch and unwavering enemy of the rum-power. The Editor says:—

"Doubting friends! What have we to *lose* by trying the experiment of legal repression? Can grog-shops multiply faster under any regime than they have done during the last five years? Can habits of tipping become more general? Can our youth be more thoroughly exposed to temptations and corrupting influences? Why should not the triumphant experience of Maine overbear your untimely scruples? Should not positive and cheering facts outweigh mere conjectural abstractions?"

But, if nothing else will convince you, ought not the 'great commotion' in the rum-sellers' camp to be conclusive? Here we have been preaching, pleading, entreating, in behalf of Total Abstinence for years—yet who has heard us? The rumseller came not to our meetings, and cared nothing for our demonstrations of the dire effects of his calling. His victims, save here and there a straggler, also stood aloof. The interest in Temperance, the knowledge of the essential facts on which it is based, the attendance at Temperance meetings, were very generally confined to those who were already with us, and needed no conversion. At long intervals, the fame of a Gough or a Father Mathew would draw together a curious crowd; but, as a general rule, the efforts for Total Abstinence have hardly attracted the attention of the rum-drinking, rum-selling classes. And thousands after thousands have been trained to drink and gradually to love liquor and become drunkards without having ever heard or suspected that Alcohol was essentially a poison, and stimulated only because it was a poison. And, in spite of all efforts and sacrifices for the Temperance cause—in spite of myriads of Temperance volumes and Temperance tracts—in spite of the reform of thousands and the saving of tens of thousands—in spite of a very great and steady increase of those filling the Temperance ranks—we doubt whether the number of drunkards, or of those hastening to become such, was ever greater in the aggregate than it is at this moment. Instances of local as of individual reformation exist; but we believe the number of gallons of Alcoholic Liquors turned down human throats within the United States was greater in no former year than it was in 1851, and that the number of tipping-houses is this day greater than at any former time.—And thus it would, in all human probability, continue, if no new measure of resistance should be resorted to."

#### Temperance Jottings.—No. 4.

"Moderation," forsooth! Do any yet plead for it? In the light of innumerable experiments to its fallacy, with reference to inebriating liquors, are there still advocates in its favor? But how shall we define it? Very much in relation to individual cases, must depend upon temperament, habit, circumstances. What would be moderation in one, would be excess in another.

I remember being present at a public meeting in Exeter Hall, several years ago, at which the Earl of Stanhope presided. Several excellent speeches were then made by very superior men. Among the number of speakers was a mechanic of the name of Whittaker. In the course of his spirited and touching remarks, he noticed several definitions of moderation, and proceeded to comment upon them. Let us take one as an illustration. "What is moderation?" said he. "A glass or so," one would reply. "A glass or so!" And pray what does "Or so" mean? It begins with an O, and it ends with an O. There is no end in O, and there is no end in moderation. The definition and the comment may be objected to by some. Let them give a better. The principle is dangerous, to say the least of it; and under present circumstances, it is far better to abstain from all inebriating liquors, than to indulge even in the moderate, strictly moderate use of them. This is the safer course, and materially augments our influence to do good.

This reminds me of an advertisement that appeared in an English paper several years ago. A gentleman advertised for a coachman. He lived in the country, and in passing to his house it was necessary to drive near a dangerous precipice. On a certain day

three men applied for the situation. They were introduced into the presence of the gentleman. Addressing the first, he said, "How near can you drive to this precipice without danger of an upset?" "Within a hand's breadth," was the reply. "And how near can you drive?" said he, addressing the second. "Within a hair's breadth," he replied. The third, seeing there was no possibility of competing with either of these, was proceeding to take up his hat to leave the room. "Stop, stop!" said the gentleman; "Pray, how near can you drive without danger of an upset?" "To tell you the truth," said the man, scratching his head, "I keep as far from danger as I can." "You are the man for me," answered the gentleman, and immediately engaged him. In this account we may perceive a moral. The moderate man goes as near to the precipice as he can, and frequently suffers; while the totaler keeps as far from danger as possible, and is always safe.

I have no doubt that many are strictly moderate in the use of wines and other liquors, and perhaps have never been the worse for what they have taken; but the principle is dangerous to the interests of society, and it has proved so to many individuals, from whom we might have expected better things. On this account, why not forego what has been deemed lawful and harmless, in order to remove stumbling-blocks in the way of others, and to aid a cause so worthy of cordial patronage as the temperance enterprise? Why not change the customs with reference to these drinks? Other customs are changing, why not these? Surely hospitality and courtesy can be practised without such deceitful stimulants. We have seen both in the highest perfection, in the absence of every kind of intoxicating drinks. Do any wish to express their desire for another's health? Why drink to it, and especially that which often impairs and destroys it? Would it not be as reasonable to dance or whistle to a poison's health? It is custom alone that can account for such usages. But why should we be blinded by custom? Dare to be singular, young men. Break off from the fetters of such cruel bonds. Act the part of a freeman, for your own sake, and for the benefit of others. Do this politely and kindly, and you will secure respect. Your best friends will gather round you, strengthen your hands, and applaud your conduct. Honor the principles of truth and righteousness in this matter, and you will experience peculiar satisfaction, and diffuse an influence that will extend far and wide in the present and coming generations. Every young man should take a stand in favor of the temperance cause. It will preserve him from many snares. It will afford him many facilities for self-improvement. It will gladden many hearts. It will strengthen the hands of the benevolent and the pious. It will promote his own interests. It will benefit the community. In fact, if such a step is taken from correct motives, it is scarcely possible to enumerate all the advantages that will flow from it.

J. T. B.

Whitby, March 10, 1852.

#### The British Parliament.

Without detracting from the interest which politicians may feel in the great change, which has recently taken place in the constitution of the British government, we may be permitted to express our special concern in every movement which seeks to diminish the awful crime of drunkenness in the civilized world. Philanthropists and Legislators are almost staggering in the fact of the appalling system of iniquity, which has grown up under the fostering care of modern legislation. The law permits and encourages distillation. The law opens its thousands of shops for

the manufactory of drunkards. The appetite for stimulants is formed, and the tempting hand of the venter is covetously stretched out to the deluded victims of depravity. An attempt is now to be made to diminish the evil by limiting the number of licensed houses. A bill has been introduced and read a second time, bearing especially on the condition of Scotland. We subjoin a portion of the debate which arose on the motion of Mr. F. Mackenzie, for the second reading of the Public Houses Scotland bill. Mr. Hume's statements are to be received with great caution, and of too evils, Mr. F. Maule would choose what he thinks the least. Our policy is to choose neither, but totally prohibit the traffic. There are facts also brought out in the discussion to which we call the attention of our own legislators. Our Canadian cities must become as bad or worse than Glasgow, if our license system is continued.

Mr. F. Mackenzie moved the second reading of his bill, which proposed greatly to limit the number of licensed houses.

Mr. Hume opposed the bill, because he feared it would only increase the amount of intemperance. All were agreed on one point, that it was the duty of the members for Scotland, if possible, to ascertain the extent of the demoralizing vice of drunkenness in that country, and contrive the best means of remedying it. InCREASE OF DRUNKENNESS HAD KEPT PACE WITH THE DECREASE OF LICENSES. In Renfrewshire, the licenses had been diminished from 1,203 to 877, and yet, notwithstanding this decrease, Renfrewshire, was as drunken a county as any in Scotland. He would recommend the adoption of the same means which had been found so successful in England. There were no longer to be seen in London, those disgusting scenes which were so common on the streets of Glasgow and Edinburgh; whilst in England the vice of drunkenness had diminished, in Scotland it had greatly increased. He called upon the House to appoint a committee to inquire into the causes of the increase of drunkenness in Scotland, and recommended the throwing open to the people of that country some innocent and rational recreations.

Mr. Hastie denied that drunkenness was on the increase in Scotland.

Mr. F. Maule was not one who would say anything derogatory to the character of his own country; but he could not take upon himself the same view of this disgusting vice as that taken by his hon. friend. He could not conceal from himself that, in Scotland, with a population not amounting to three millions, six millions of gallons of ardent spirits were annually consumed, so that from every individual, from the old man tottering on the verge of the grave, to the newly born infant in the cradle, there was an average consumption of nearly two gallons and a-half per annum. English gentlemen were, perhaps, not aware of the manner in which spirits were sold in the towns of Scotland. The grocers' shops were open for the sale of bread and spirits, and it was to that system that he traced the demoralisation of his countrymen and of his country. It was in these grocers' shops that the servant girls learned to taste spirits, and in which the youth of the country were corrupted; and he would rather see the London gin-palaces at the corner of every street in Glasgow and Edinburgh, than that the system of selling ardent spirits at the grocers should be continued. If the sale were confined to public-houses, the lads and the young women would be ashamed to be seen going into them; whereas, at present they went into these grocers' shops where they acquired a taste for drinking, which grew on them, so that they went on from vice to vice, till they were irretrievably ruined.

Mr. Oswald admitted the existence of a fearful evil in Scotland, which ought to be diminished. He considered the present bill a piece of humbug.

Mr. Macgregor believed that legislation would be utterly inefficient with regard to the prevention of drunkenness in Scotland; they must take quite a different course, and begin by educating the people, and giving them means of recreation.

Mr. C. Bruce said that every body allowed that a great, serious, and crying evil existed in Scotland, and that the demoralising and brutalising vice of drunkenness was increasing from year to year. All the great efforts that had been made of late years for the moral improvement of the country had been rendered utterly

powerless by this very vice. In Glasgow, alone, no less a sum than £1,200,000 was annually expended upon ardent spirits.

The Lord Advocate admitted the great evil the bill was intended to remedy; he was afraid that, whatever might have been the improvements in Scotland in other respects, there could be no doubt that drunkenness, at the present moment, was the crying and scandalous evil of the country; if they could only diminish the amount of intemperance, they might hope to be able to diminish the amount of crime.

The second reading of the bill was agreed to.

### Streams from Temperance Springs.

Nobody would now deny that we are living in an age when in civilized countries every effort seems to be made to produce improvement and promote reforming progress. By many, the Temperance reform will not be received as an evidence of progress. The evil of drinking is so very extensive and general, that total abstinence is rather viewed as an innovation. But if it be so viewed by some, it is not so by all, for thousands are now feeling that the whole system of making and selling strong drinks, is pernicious and destructive of everything that is good.

The *Temperance Telegraph*, of New Brunswick, has a good article on "progress." Our cause is an evidence of progress, and is itself progressive. As our cotemporary observes:—

The first blast has been blown on the Trumpet. A right sturdy summons has been made at the gates of the Legislature, for arms and munitions of war.—Think not that the sharp, quick rat-tat-tat, bespeaks over-eager striving for the "good time coming"—that we are, in fact, *too soon*. Why *too soon*? Why will till another race of drunkards succeeds the present, and millions of lost souls are ushered into the spirit world, who might, but for the dalliance with evil, have shone among the lights of the moral firmament? It is *never too soon* to do good—never to make the attempt. A day's—an hour's delay may prove an eternity to that poor wretch, struggling with his fierce appetite, while yet the taper glows in his temple of clay. Who knows—Have you any surety Reader, that the coming year is not to be the turning point in the fate of some beloved member of your own family?—whether his prospects for good or evil do not depend on this very alternative—*law or no law*? This is a pertinent question! There are thousands—perhaps tens of thousands in the world, who, before the year closes, will fill dishonored graves. There are many, doubtless, who are, at this moment, unsuspected of having formed an appetite for intoxicants;—many who have not even tasted liquors, who will have become notorious drunkards before the expiration of that period.

Reader!—what do you live for? Is it not (we speak to parents.) in some measure, for your children? Are not your earthly affections centered in them? Does not your own happiness, dependent in a great measure, upon their social and moral well-being? Do you think the use of wine, at all essential to their happiness? Knowing that it is the fruitful source of human misery; that neither rank, talent or education, is a sufficient protection against its insidious approaches, would you not prefer that your children should be free from temptation—that they should not run the same risk of shipwreck, from its use, that many of your acquaintances have done, and whom you have seen laid in the cold grave, ere yet they have lived out half their days? Does it give you no concern to witness the dram-shop open at every turn, inviting them all to drink. If you are anxious about the matter—are you willing that the venter should deal out the drug to your offspring against your will? You may think that it can be helped by legislation; but you can *try* what *can* be done by this means. You can put it out of his power to say that he supplies the means to your child's ruin, by your consent. Why do you hesitate in giving your open, unequivocal aid to the Temperance movement? It may cause you some unpleasantness to drive the accursed drug, even from your family's circle, and if you are accustomed to fashionable life, you may meet with opposition, perhaps with ridicule; but, depend upon it, you will find more real, solid satisfaction in stemming the current of fashionable folly, with a bold and vigorous arm, than in floating tamely down its leaden tide—an ignominious slave to tyrant custom!

Yes, the great trumpet is blown, and no man is more entitled to

a distinguished niche in the temple of fame, than Neal Dow, of Portland. Honor is given him, and a small token of gratitude has to him been presented, in the form and substance of a gold medal. The New York Banquet, at which the ceremony of presentation took place, was a grand and imposing affair. The speeches were of first rate quality. Mr. Dow's was peculiarly modest, but clear and forcible. He briefly indicates the course Maine took to obtain her law. Let Canadians look to the facts, and pursue the same honest and persevering course. We here subjoin the greater part of what is reported of Neal Dow's speech. A complimentary sentiment was given, "the Liquor law of Maine."

In response to the sentiment, Mr. Dow said: Mr. President ladies and gentlemen, it will not be expected of me, at this late hour, that I should attempt to discuss the matter of the Maine law. The people of the State of Maine were, perhaps, more exposed to the evils of intemperance than the other States of the community, from the business and trade done in it—lumbermen, fishermen, men engaged in ship building, and others, consuming so much intoxicating drinks—so that they were particularly exposed to the ravages of intemperance. The men of Maine began to inquire whether they should continue to suffer its ravages—whether, if they were constantly protecting themselves from the various minor evils to which they were exposed, they might not also resort to some mode of relieving themselves from this evil. They began to inquire if something could not be done to accomplish this great work, and to relieve themselves from this tremendous evil. This was the question everywhere. The Maine men came to a conclusion that something must be done, and that something should be done, so far as they were concerned, to accomplish that work. The State of Maine was agitated from centre to circumference. Men were constantly engaged stimulating the people in relation to it—to forego all party considerations, regarding all party ties as matters perfectly indifferent as compared with the great work of protecting themselves, their brothers, their sons, and their children from this tremendous evil. During the progress of this work, there was a great gathering of men and women in Portland, on a fourth of July. There was a great procession, and many banners with devices, and in all, it was an imposing spectacle for that little city; the streets were crowded with people, all deeply interested in the work then going on; and in the evening, a great meeting was held in the public hall. During the exercises, a gentleman rose and held in his hand a slip of paper which, he said, had been wrapped round a bunch of flowers and thrown into his carriage. On it was written, "Remember the inebriate's daughter." Some little girl had thrown it into the carriage. The time, the circumstance, the sentiment, all conspired to impress the minds and the hearts of the people there collected, and with great solemnity and with one accord they raised their hands to heaven, and there swore that they would "remember the inebriate's daughter." (Applause.) That they never would forget the inebriate's child—that as long as God should give them life, they would devote themselves to the work of rescuing the inebriate's children from the terrible consequences of the traffic in intoxicating drinks, and in restoring to the child of the inebriate, a sober father, and to his wife, a sober and affectionate husband; and they never forgot that pledge to the present time, and they have kept still on in the work. The men of Maine were in the same position in which you are here, men of New York. They were oppressed by the traffic in intoxicating drinks—they were hunted by this traffic—they could nowhere shelter themselves and children from its consequences; they found themselves attacked everywhere by it, and at last they came to the conclusion they would fly no longer from the foe, but would turn upon his tracks and face him. (Applause.) Men of New York, you can do the same—you can do it—you can do it, men of New York! You are able to do it. God requires nothing of his creatures that they are not able to perform, if they will be but true to their duty. If every man will himself take his share in the work, it can be done. Men of New York, you can do it. Some time ago, I was in a Navy Yard, wandering around to see the wonders there collected; among other matters, I saw lying on the ground, near a rope walk, a hempen cable, prepared for a first-class ship of war; it was a mighty mass of matter, and the thought occurred to me, how is it possible to move this mass

by human hands, for by human hands it must be done; while I was pondering on that question, there came along a double file of sailors; they quietly reached to one end of the cable, passed along its whole length, got the order to halt, stooped down, took the cable, and it were a pack-thread, on their shoulders, and marched away. Men of New York, you can redeem this Empire State from rum, if every man will but bear his proportion of the burden; but, if three out of every four shirk, it will be very hard for the rest to perform the work; speed, then, Mr. President—speed, then, the fiery cross over this Empire State, from valley to hill-top speed it, summoning every bold and brave and free man, to take share in this great battle now being fought with that terrible enemy of human happiness and human welfare.—(Great applause followed the conclusion of Mr. Dow's speech.)

We should have joined most heartily in that burst of applause.

The agitation for the Maine law, and the manner in which it was executed, is producing a great change of feeling, as to the nature of property in strong drink. The following remarks of the *Journal of the American Temperance Union*, on the "Moral Lesson," of the Maine law, will be read with interest.

We have been much impressed with the moral lesson taught in the operation of the Maine law; we refer particularly to the moral estimate it puts upon liquors as valuable to man. When, in the early stages of the Temperance Reform, Brewster knocked in the heads of his rum-barrels in Georgia, and when, some years after, twenty or thirty demijohns were emptied in the rear of Mr. Delavan's house at Albany, there was a feeling of revolt in the community, and one and another exclaimed, Why all this waste? Why could not this have been kept for useful purposes? Alcohol has been viewed as the good creature of God; and we can see some good men now standing by a Maine sacrifice, with uplifted hands, much as they would by a quantity of valuable dry goods; hats and shoes, and clothes, and furniture, all worth something, though perhaps contraband articles. But the Maine Law has come in to teach the world a great moral lesson, that spirituous liquor as a beverage is vile, is the foe of God and man—should be put out of the way like a wild beast, or a venomous serpent, or a mad dog. Our children stand by and see it run, and get a true estimate of its worthlessness, and of the man who would make and sell it. All see that the world can spare it, and are the better for being rid of it. It is stamped by this very transaction as the servant of the devil, the foul murderer who deserves to be slain for all its crimes, and because, while it lives, it will excite to crime. Now we want to see this great lesson taught in every State, and in all our cities, towns, and villages. Let the vile ardent run down all our streets, and all eyes behold it, and all hearts bless God for the deliverance. Then "we shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands, and instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree, and it shall be for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

### "Forgive, if not Forget."

Instead of the "continuation" of abuse and misrepresentation promised by the *Canadian Son of Temperance and Literary Gem*, we are favored with a short article headed as above. We are happy to observe some change in the tone of our cotemporary toward ourselves, but there is generally a good deal of hypocrisy and malignity wrapped up in "forgive, if not forget." It is mostly understood to mean revenge the first opportunity. It is well, however, that our brother did not "go into the subject fully," and since the counsels of some good friend of his seems to have prevailed, we trust he will not hereafter expose himself to the rebukes of a friend, which, however, are always better than the kisses of an enemy. Yet even in this explanatory "forget me not," there is a want of candour—a lack of truth. The number of readers and the one year's success were not the matters at which we "took offence." It was the "Son's" arrogating to himself a superiority which he did not possess, and claiming support for the future on grounds which were not tenable, that in-

duced us to speak out. It would "betoken a weak and ungenerous mind" to allow vaunting to trample on virtue and honesty. Other papers in Canada West are deserving the support of the Sons of Temperance, and for them we make more than for ourselves. We do not believe in the expedient doctrine of nonintervention. "We long to live in peace," also, but we saw an Egyptian tyrannising over an Hebrew, we should very likely knock him over and rescue the oppressed.

We have no desire to prolong a controversy with the "*Son*" and "*Gem*." We know by private letters that the Editor has *secretly and insinuatingly* attempted to depreciate the *Canada Temperance Advocate* in Canada West. He has signally failed. His correspondent C. S. P. has not the knowledge we possess respecting "instruments and agencies peculiarly and fraternally *our own*;"—if he had, we judge from his well written, though mistaken letter, that he would not now see reasons to distrust "those in whose integrity" he has "reposed confidence."

The "forgive if not forget" article appeared in our cotemporary's columns on January 24th. It seems our venerable name was struck from his list of exchanges, and we do not yet know whether he has had the magnanimity to restore it. We are not anxious about the matter, (as we are supplied by a friend,) but as our paper is sent regularly to the office of our friend the "*G. m.*" we should like to know whether it is received as an *exchange*.

We think it right to inform our readers, that with the above shall cease any subsequent notice of the "*Gem*," however much he may provoke us, as such recrimination is not only against our own inclinations, but must be distasteful to our readers.

### World's Temperance Bazaar.

A most magnificent scheme is set on foot by the London Temperance League, of a grand Bazaar, in August next, in the Surrey Zoological Gardens. Contributions, literary, artistic, floral, drawings, paintings, fine specimens of needlework, &c., are to be invited from every quarter of the world, in promotion of the Temperance cause. Each country and state is to have its own stall for exhibition, in imitation of the Great Exhibition of 1851. The particulars of the arrangements have not been published, but we presume will transpire in time to enable all the friends of Temperance in this country to participate in it. If done well, as no doubt it will be, it may do an immense good, and supply a splendid impulse to the cause.—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

(This is evidently intended to be a kind of second edition, in miniature, of the Great Industrial Exhibition of last year in London: and as Canada acquitted herself so well in that, perhaps she will make some effort to appear with advantage at this. Should we receive further particulars of interest, we will lay them before our readers.)

### Taking it Kindly.

We cut the following from the *Sherbrooke Gazette*.

The *Temperance Advocate* has the following good natured thrust at the *Gazette*: In answer to our query, When shall we have a Maine Liquor Law in Canada? Is it not time for the people to agitate the question? the Editor says:

"Yes, Brother Editor, *it is time*, and we trust the whole press of Canada will rise up against the horrible evil which oppresses us, and as a good beginning of the campaign, blot out from their advertising columns, all direction to the drunkard and tippler, as to where the poor wretches may get liquor and go home drunk."

We acknowledge ourself *hit*. We will take the subject *en delibere*. There is one argument, however, in favor of advertising liquor. While it points the drunkard to where he may get liquor and go home drunk, it also points the tototaler how he may avoid running into temptation. If temperance stores deserve to be patronised in preference to those which sell the poison, it is well that the friends of temperance should know which is which.

The "thrust" was "good natured" and designed not alone for

the *Sherbrooke Gazette*. But all Editors have not the same good sense as our Eastern cotemporary. They take offence if reproved or corrected. Of course we don't admit the argument above to be good for much. But it is plausible, and will take with some of our western friends, who will thank us for copying it. Let all concerned, however, remember, that if the rum-seller's advertisements are cast out, then temperance men will know that the grocers and other things advertised are to be had free from rum contamination. Much may be done by Editors, but after all nothing will be permanently serviceable to community without the Maine Law.

### Sons of Temperance Soiree.

On Friday evening, Howard Division, No. 1, Sons of Temperance, held its second anniversary, by a Soiree on the evening of the 12th March, in the School Room of the Wesleyan Church, Great St. James Street. The Room was decorated with evergreens, banners, mottoes, &c., in a very tasteful manner. The tables were plentifully supplied with good things to eat and drink, and served to the audience by ladies, wives of the Sons, with good grace.

After ample justice had been done at the tables, the Reebabites, Sons and Cadets, were requested to retire to the ante rooms. Soon after they made their appearance in full regalia—the members of Samaritan and Perseverance Tents of Reebabites came first, followed by Jonadab Division, Sons of Temperance, the Cadets, and Howard Division, and all marched twice round the room. It was an imposing sight; such an assemblage of banded brothers, all pledged to the cause of Temperance. After the procession was over, brother Easton, W. P. of Howard Division, took the chair, and we observed on the platform the G. W. P. and G. S. of the Grand Division of Canada East, and other officers of Howard Division, and representatives of Jonadab Division, and Samaritan and Perseverance Tents, wearing the badges of their respective orders and offices.

The chairman introduced the exercises of the evening, by a few appropriate remarks.

During the evening, the meeting was addressed by brothers C. F. Smithers, C. P. Watson, and Rev. W. Scott, of Howard Division; by Rev. Dr. Taylor, and Mr. James Brown, of Samaritan Tent; by Mr. Robt. Irwin, of Perseverance Tent, I. O. of R., and brother Barnard, W. P. of Jonadab Division, Sons of Temperance. Besides several recitations from the Cadets, which called forth much applause.

Besides the addresses, several pieces of music were performed during the evening. There was a pianoforte in the Room, from the store of Mr. F. H. H.

"Sweet melody slept in its golden strings,"

which was duly awoken on several occasions, by the master hand of Mons. Labelle, organist of the French Cathedral, accompanied by Mons. Gauthier, who discoursed most admirably on the flute.

As the storm-wind sweeps through the midnight air;  
Oae knows not from whence it is borne, or where;  
As the springs from a soundless deep.

So the music evoked from these instruments awoke our feelings,

— "Where in hushed cells  
Of the heart they strangely sleep."—

Brother Clare, of Howard Division, led the vocalists in two quartettes, which were well sung.

The meeting passed off very pleasantly, and what with the

addresses, the music, and the general appearance of the audience, with so large a proportion wearing regalia, this was one of the best soirees of the season.

### Daughters of Temperance.

A union of the above order called "*Eastern Star Union*," No. 1, was opened in the Quebec Suburbs of this city, on Tuesday, 23rd ultimo. Fourteen ladies were present and expressed themselves well pleased with the working of the order.

If we may augur anything from the prosperity of *Jonadab Division Sons of Temperance*, located in the same Suburbs, we may safely say the "*Eastern Star*," will shine brilliantly.

### Melbourne and its Neighborhood.

We have just heard that there has been several stirring and enthusiastic meetings during the two past weeks. The meetings were what are called "bummers." At the close of one of the meetings, 30 names were added to the pledge; and the interest is extending greatly, aided by the opposition of the ransellers. The Rev. W. Scott was the principal, if not the only, speaker. More news in our next.

### Ayr, C. W.

The place above-named is a thriving village, situated in the midst of a farming district, and in the neighborhood of Galt, Guelph, Paris, Brompton, and, though not so extensive in point of population as some of the other places named above, seems, nevertheless, to be distinguished for its sound temperance principles. We have just learned that quite an enthusiastic and influential meeting was held in the Free Church, on the evening of the 11th inst. The house was crowded, and the interest of the meeting was admirably sustained by Rev. Mr Lindsay, Rev. Mr Roger, and Rev. J. Bain of Galt. The chair was occupied by Robert Wylie, Esq., to whose perseverance and enterprise the village of Ayr is much indebted for its present position. Let the inhabitants of the other towns and villages speak out, and who can hinder the passing of the "*Maine Law*."

### The Sons, Cadets, and Balls.

We thank an attentive correspondent for the copy of a bill, announcing a soiree to be held in the Temperance Hall, Martintown, under the auspices of the Martintown Division of the Sons; our correspondent adds, on the bill, "to be concluded with a ball." Of course, we do not know what means our correspondent has of knowing this, but as he does not give us his name, we cannot notice the remark, and must wait for further advice. The same packet contains an invitation card to "a ball," to be given by the Cadets, on the 23rd ult. There is no difficulty in forming an opinion of this announcement, and we sincerely regret that it contains such unequivocal evidence of the bent of their inclinations, for it is evidently downward; and we would rather see the Cadets aspiring to other distinctions than those acquired in the ball-room. We regard the Order as eminently calculated to advance the material and best interests, not only of those actually engaged in its active operations, but of the community generally; but if periodical balls are to be associated with their occasional gatherings, we think the influence for good will be small, and only tend to train up a generation whose conduct will not go far to diffuse a healthy moral influence in the community.

### Meeting in Galt.—The Maine Law.

In our last, we promised to return to this matter, and had intended a more extended notice than it was then in our power to give, but we still find it impossible to do it that justice which its importance demands, in connection with other meetings of a similar kind; we therefore content ourselves with the following good notice from the *Prototype* published at London, which, by the way, is a good helper in the cause:—

#### TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES IN GALT.

On Thursday, the 12th Feb., the people of Galt held one of the greatest and most instructive meetings that has yet taken place in Canada, in favor of the total suppression of the liquor traffic. The *Reformer* gives the speeches in full, which extend over nine columns, and, long as they are, will repay a careful perusal. Several of the speakers were clergymen of different denominations, others influential laymen, but the same spirit seemed to actuate the whole meeting, and the resolutions in favor of a law stringent as that of the State of Maine, were passed without opposition, on which will be founded petitions to the different branches of the legislature, praying for the immediate passage of a law prohibiting the sale or manufacture of spirituous liquors, or any intoxicating drinks. The people of Canada will, ere long, speak but one voice on this important subject, and the time is not far distant when the "*distillery fires*" shall be extinguished forever, in this improving, and otherwise happy land.

We quote the following sensible and able remarks from the speech of the Rev. John Bayne. They express just what we, ourselves feel on the subject:—

"It appears then that we are shut up to this Maine measure as our only hope—the traffic is not to be regulated—we must destroy, utterly root out and abolish it altogether. Others will speak as to the kind of law we require, but, before sitting down, I must advert to one or two objections which I have heard advanced in private against our movement, and which may be working in the minds of some now present.

"First, an objection may probably be grounded on the money interest involved in the trade.

"Doubtless, in the minds of some, a feeling of sympathy may be felt for the distiller and tavernkeeper, in view of the pecuniary loss which the change would involve; and others may think that it would be altogether unjust to inflict such a loss. Now, sir, I will not mince matters on this point. We may pity the individuals, we may think them unfortunate in having invested their capital in such a traffic—we may even be willing that the law sought for may be brought into operation so as to do them as little injury as possible; but there can be no compromise. No individual interest can be allowed to stand in the way of the good of the whole community. Then as to the parties affected by the law, their loss would in reality be a blessing to themselves. There is no real prosperity which is found in sin, and through the ruin of others. How seldom have the riches of the distiller or tavernkeeper really proved a blessing? I do not know how others feel on this subject, but I must solemnly declare for myself, that had I a friend or brother, dear to me as my own soul, I would rather see him go down to the grave to become the food of worms and corruption, than see him engaged in this soul-destroying traffic."

The Rev. Mr. Barbour spoke as follows:—

"The experience of the past proves the incompetency of any law but such as would be final and absolute. No measures compromising the prohibition of its use as a beverage, can rationally be considered prudential. Nothing short of the enactment of a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of all intoxicating drinks will ever remove the blight of intemperance. The working of such a law in Maine affords us every encouragement. Its success has far exceeded the anticipations of its friends. No temporising measures will ever effect anything. Was it prudent in Samson's enemies to allow him to lean against the pillar of the house, even when he had lost his sight?

"A corrupt fountain cannot send forth a pure stream, neither can intemperance increase or promote the peace of Society. Its fruits are, the squandering of property, the destroying of life, the dethroning of reason, and the benumbing of conscience. It transforms man into a monster—the honest man into a felon. Peace and order, without intelligence and virtue, must perish. Intem-

perance kills the mind and poisons its very fountain. These benefits are conferred on society by the proper discharge of our duties. The inebriate unfits himself for their performance and disregards this obligation. How can he love his country, who loves no part of it, nay, who loves not his nearest and best friend? How can he guard her interest, who cannot manage his own affairs?

### Correspondence.

Pelham, Feb. 3, 1852.

I hope, dear sir, to live to render you faithful service in your labors to extend the blessings of our common cause. The *Advocate* is my favorite paper; in it I ever find the same steadfast, zealous, and consistent friend to temperance. Though others may claim the honor of zealous efforts, of untiring zeal, of superior appearance, and extensive circulation, yet it belongs to the *Advocate* to enjoy the honor of having, from an early day in the history of temperance organizations, stood foremost in the rank, and fought the battles, when friends were few, and enemies numerous and powerful. While others have flourished for a season and then disappeared, it has withstood the storm of persecution, and yet lives to enjoy the great moral triumph it has been the honored instrument of hastening.—The great doctrines of total abstinence, now receiving almost universal approbation, were just as great, just as much entitled to consideration, when held up and defended by the *Advocate* many years ago, though repudiated by the community, as they are at the present day.

J. R. C.

12th Concession of London, Feb. 9, 1852.

Sir:—As Secretary to the 12th Concession of London Temperance Society, I take the liberty of sending you an account of our situation at present, which, from a small and unpromising beginning, has become a very flourishing branch of the present society.

I am happy to inform you that we now number 130 faithful members, and that our ranks are slowly, but certainly, increasing, as nearly every public meeting we hold is sure to add some to our numbers. These meetings we hold once every two months, which are extremely well attended, as we have the good fortune to be very generally supplied with efficient speakers. It was formerly a great drawback to our advancement, that we were deprived of the advantages of the resistless eloquence which wins its way to the dark regions of the drunkard's heart—consequently, our progress was slow and difficult; but this obstacle to our success, I am happy to state, is now in a great measure removed. The star of Temperance is certainly in the ascendant here, and though there are some who are slaves to the demon of intemperance, such is the firm hold our principles have gained, that the most hardened drunkard seems to be sensible of his degradation, and endeavors to practice his beastly vice as secretly as he can.

R. CROZIER.

English Settlement, London Township, Feb. 13, 1852.

The Second Annual Meeting of the English Settlement Total Abstinence Society, was held on Thursday Evening, the 5th instant, in the United Presbyterian Church, on the 9th Concession—when a Report was submitted by the Committee, which was received and approved.

#### REPORT.

As the time for which your committee were appointed to manage the affairs of this Society has expired, it becomes their duty, according to its constitution, to lay before you an account of their proceedings for the past, and also what course they would recommend for the future. As was anticipated at last annual meeting, this Society had to submit to a painful privation, in the departure from this place to the United States of its late President, and the greater part of his numerous family, nearly all of whom were members—and some of them among the most active members of this Society.

At the first meeting that was held after the annual meeting, it was resolved, "that the meetings be held monthly." This your committee have endeavored to carry out, with the exception of two months in haying and harvest, during which no meeting was held. Some delay beyond the regular time was also occasioned by their efforts to suit the convenience of speakers. For some time, however, the meetings have been held regularly once a month. Considerable exertions have been made by your committee, in rotation, to obtain lecturers; and they acknowledge with gratitude the kind services of the Rev. Messrs. Scott, Phelps, Skinner, and Campbell, who have severally addressed the Society in the course of the year; the two last mentioned having done so repeatedly.

The number of names on the roll at the beginning of the year was 68, and the number added during the year was 22, making a total of 90. This, however, does not give a correct estimate of the number of total abstainers in the neighborhood, as many of the members of the old temperance society (which seems to have gone entirely down) who approve of the total abstinence principles, and act upon them as far as they are personally concerned as to practice, have not yet seen fit to join us. It must, however, be confessed, that the promoters of temperance principles have much yet to contend against—old and deeply rooted prejudices have to be removed—former associations to be broken up—the force of public opinion yet to be withstood—the love of that pleasure which is produced by unnatural stimulants to be overcome. We have also the license system in opposition to us, although your committee are not of opinion that the time has yet come when the traffic in intoxicating liquors can be put down by legislation, as any act passed into law contrary to public opinion must remain a dead letter upon the statute book; yet no plea of expediency can justify the legalizing of a system of iniquity; and the license system, by giving a degree of respectability to the trade, tends, in the opinion of your committee, to extend its influence much longer than if left to its natural course. Your committee mention these facts, not for the purpose of discouraging, but to excite to greater vigilance and activity. The public mind needs yet to be leavened with the principles of this society or of kindred associations. And as all our exertions will be vain without the Divine blessing, they would recommend that the success of these principles be made the subject of constant and earnest prayer, that the author of all good may at length crown our efforts with success.

WILLIAM WHILBANS, President.

JOHN ROBSON, Secretary.

Bowmanville, 3d March, 1852.

SIR,—Permit me to mention a few things that may interest your readers in reference to the progress of the cause in this locality. It has been here, as in many other parts of the country, that wherever the Sons commence their operations, the old Temperance Society begins to languish, and its members cease to exert themselves, as formerly, in the good cause. This has been the case to a great extent, in Darlington and in other townships which I have lately visited. I have noticed also, that there is a bad feeling, in many cases, existing between the different temperance societies that are seeking after the same great and glorious end. A striking instance of this may be seen in the back part of the township of Whitby. I had occasion, a short time ago, to visit that locality. I found that the Old Temperance Society, which had for some time been in a very prosperous condition, is now dwindled away to a very few. The cause of this is, partly at least, to be attributed to a division which arose amongst the members of the Society in reference to the Sons. Some were in favor of organizing a division of the Sons, and others opposed it. The result was, that no division of the Sons was organized, and on account of the division among the members, the old Society did not hold a single meeting during the last year. We called a meeting, however, and re-organized the Society, and I trust it will now go on with its usual vigor. Now, although there has been no contention between the different societies in Darlington, still, as soon as the Sons commenced their operations amongst us, the Old Society has ceased its exertions and left the battle to be fought wholly by the Sons. This, I conceive, is not the way to overcome the great monster intemperance.

The common enemy with which we have to contend is very powerful, and we therefore require the united efforts of all the



**Societies.** That much good has been done by the Old Society no one will pretend to deny; but that the Sons have also done much good in reclaiming drunkards and advancing the cause of temperance is no less obvious. Other societies have been, and are now doing good; and we can see no reason why they should not all go forward as one mighty army against the demon intemperance. We do hope and trust that a few more struggles will end the contest; and that the full adoption of the Maine Law will decide the victory.

In Bowmanville there is a pretty large division of the Sons. They are at present in a prosperous condition, and have done very much for the reclaiming of drunkards in this village. Several, who, a few years ago, were fast hastening to a drunkard's grave, have joined the Division, and are now respectable members of society. The Daughters and Cadets are also doing much in their different spheres, for the advancement of the great cause. We trust their united efforts will be crowned with abundant success. An attempt was made, some time ago, to establish a Division of the Sons in the back part of Darlington, at Enniskillen. A sufficient number of names were procured to commence the Society, but it ultimately proved a complete failure. In a short time the members became careless, the meetings were badly attended, and at length the Society was completely broken up. This did much injury to the temperance cause in this neighborhood. A great many of those who joined the Society returned to their old drinking habits; and it may truly be said of such persons that their last state is worse than the first. Under these circumstances, we appointed a meeting to be held in the Free Church. The attendance was good. I lectured to them three successive evenings before we attempted to organize a Society. On the fourth evening, when we met, we found that we had one hundred names on the list who had signed the pledge at the different meetings. We proceeded immediately to organize the Society. A number of active men were chosen for office-bearers; and at present the Society is in a prosperous state. We propose to hold meetings once a month, for the purpose of hearing lectures, and exciting an interest in the Temperance cause. I trust that by the blessing of God this Society will be able to do something for the advancement of the great Temperance Reformation.

A petition, signed by 200 persons, praying that licenses be withheld from all the tavern-keepers in the township was, a short time ago, laid before the Township Council. The Council, however, thought that the measure would be too sweeping; so that I think the prayer of the petition will not at present be granted. If, however, we had a petition signed by a majority of the residents in the Township, the Council would accede to its request without hesitation. But even although such a law were passed, I fear it would not do much to suppress drunkenness; for when the drunkard is driven from the tavern, he will always find a sure asylum in licensed stores, distilleries, &c., over which the Township Council has no control.

In regard to our prospects in Canada for the future, it seems to me that there are two courses that may be pursued by the friends of Temperance, either of which will secure success in the end. The one is to petition Parliament to grant the same power to Township Councils over distilleries, Stores, &c., that they have over taverns. This would enable each Township to take up the question and settle it for themselves. The other is to petition immediately for the Maine Law. If the former of these is the course pursued, then after a number of Townships have suppressed the sale of ardent spirits, a petition would be prepared for the Maine Law. But if the latter is the course adopted, then a petition to make alcohol a contraband article should be prepared immediately. It is very manifest that this must and will be the ultimatum of the question. But whether we should seek that end directly and immediately, or whether we should seek to obtain the same end by a more circuitous route, is a question upon which I, for my part, do not feel fully decided. I see by the public papers that a meeting in favor of the Maine Law has been lately held in Galt. Some of the speeches delivered on that occasion were excellent, and I think they will be read by many with great interest. I have been speaking to some of my brother ministers in this neighborhood, and I believe we will all be willing to join in any measure that will secure the suppression of drunkenness, and the full establishment of the Maine law. With best wishes for the prosperity of your excellent paper and for the advancement of the principles which it advocates, I am, &c.,

J. S.

## MISSISQUOI COUNTY.

We are glad to hear from Mr B. W. Ellis, the Recording Secretary, that the Total Abstinence Association of the above county held its semi-annual meeting, in the Baptist Church, on Stanbridge Ridge, on Thursday, Feb. 5th, and although, says our correspondent, we are sorry to say the cause of Temperance has been on the decline among us for some months past, yet the attendance was far more numerous and respectable than was anticipated.

Mr Wm. Hickok, the President, occupied the chair, and conducted the proceedings of the meeting in an able and satisfactory manner. The meeting having been called to order, and opened by singing, an appropriate prayer was offered by Rev. Mr Ingalls, of Philipsburg.

Rev. J. Scott, of Dunham, then delivered an excellent address well calculated to cheer the friends, and to convince the opposers of Temperance. He was followed by Rev. E. S. Ingalls, of Philipsburg, in a very appropriate speech, during which, in his usual impressive manner, he brought forward cogent reasons for, and clearly established the necessity of, a law similar to the Temperance Law of Maine.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

1. Moved by J. Bridle, Esq., seconded by A. Everetts, Esq.:

*Resolved*—That, viewing the present condition of the county of Missisquoi, in regard to *intemperance*, we are of opinion that the cause will finally fail, and the whole community become drunkards, unless we raise the ship—caulk her anew, and set her once more afloat in the breeze.

2. Moved by James Ayer, Esq., seconded by Hiram Corey, Esq.:

*Resolved*—That this meeting do exceedingly regret the apathy and lukewarmness of the leading members of our Temperance Societies, and we do hope they will feel it their duty to stand forth more prominently and decidedly than ever, in the suppression of this great evil.

3. Moved by P. Johnstone, Esq., seconded by W. Stone, Esq.:

*Resolved*—That we will now *pledge* ourselves to renewed effort, by all lawful means and measures in our power, to abolish entirely from the land the cause of one of the greatest of evils.

These and several other resolutions were unanimously adopted, and supported by various individuals whose speeches were highly interesting and spirited, as well as argumentative and convincing.

We hope that Rev. E. S. Ingalls, Wesleyan Minister, of Philipsburg, Rev. J. Scott, Episcopal Clergyman, of Dunham, and E. Finlay, Esq., of Dunham, who were appointed by the Association to draft a petition praying for a law similar to that which is styled the *Maine Temperance Law*, will not fail to perform the task assigned them, and will place this petition before the enlightened community of Missisquoi, at an early day.

We trust the day is not far distant when we shall be able to proclaim to the world—at least to the citizens of Canada—that old Missisquoi is *reclaimed*, not only from drunkenness, but that she is represented in our Parliamentary halls by one of her own free-born Sons of Temperance.

Bedford, March 6, 1852.

### To Subscribers and Correspondents.

A press of original matter compels us still to omit the Music for another number; for the same reason several communications and articles are left out. The following are in type, three interesting and important communications from Charlesville, Dickenson's Landing, and Bowmanville, and the continuation of the "Trial of Alcohol."



MONTREAL MARKETS.

Saturday, March 27.

Since our last notice of the markets the weather has been extremely mild, and on Saturday our streets were almost a stream of water. Pot Ashes are in good demand at our quotations, but the receipts have been small during the week owing to the state of the roads. We do not hear of any transactions in Flour; and in Grain there is very little doing:—

ASHES.—Pots, 26s to 26s 3d; Pearls, 27s 3d to 27s 4 1/2d.

FARINE ENTIERE.—9s 3d to 9s 6d per cwt.

WHEAT.—3s 9d to 4s 3d per minimot.

BARLEY.—3s.

OATS.—1s 7d to 1s 8d.

PEASE.—3s 2d to 3s 4d.

BUCKWHEAT.—2s 1d.—Gazette, March 29.

MARRIAGES.

Durham, C.E.—23rd ult. by Rev William Scott, Mr Emanuel Armstrong, of Kingsley, to Miss Mary Jane Brown.  
Kingsley, C.E.—23rd ult. by the above, Mr Thomas Burrill, of Durham, to Miss Charlotte Richards.

DEATHS.

Montreal—16th ult. James Ramsay Orr, Esq., aged 45 years.  
Farmersville—15th ult. suddenly, Rev W Leach, Baptist Minister.  
Melbourne, C.E.—20th ult. Mr Jonathan Fowler, aged 84 years. Mr F was one of the first settlers in the Eastern Townships.

MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

THE Subscriber has now a Supply of the above work, which was noticed at length in last number 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.

SONS AND CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

THE Subscribers beg to announce that they are prepared to furnish BANNERS for Divisions and Sections of Sons and Cadets of Temperance in the best style, at from £12 10s to £25 currency, each. They are also manufacturing, and keep constantly on hand, Cadet's Officers' Cars, Regalia, and Sashes; Grand Division Regalia; Deputies' Emblems for Sons and Cadets; Sons of Temperance Emblems; Blank Books for Divisions, etc. Seals Engraved to order. Odd-Fellows' Regalia kept constantly on hand.

P. T. WARE & Co.,  
King Street, Hamilton;

D. T. WARE & Co.,  
Dundas Street, London.

March 6, 1852.

WINDSOR (FORMERLY ROSEBANK) NURSERY.

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

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

JAMES DOUGALL,  
Windsor, C. W.

N. B.—There will be an extensive Auction Sale of Fruit Trees, &c., from the above Nursery, in Montreal, about the beginning of May next, in original Packages and Lots, to suit purchasers.  
Montreal, April 1, 1852.

PROSPECTUS OF

THE CADET,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

JUVENILE TOTALERS OF B. N. AMERICA,

WILL BE

PUBLISHED ON THE 1ST OF APRIL NEXT,

And continued Monthly.—Octavo Size.—16 Printed Pages.

THE CADET will contain Editorial Articles—Reports of the Progress of the Cadets, etc.—Tales, original and selected—Poetry—Anecdotes, etc., etc., all of a sound Moral tone and Temperance character—suitable for that section of the Temperance Army indicated by the title.

It is intended that a Supplement be printed quarterly, to contain the names of the officers elected at the end of each quarter, in the different Sections throughout Canada, provided that a sufficient number of such Reports be sent to us as will warrant the publishing of the Supplement.

The CADET will be printed on good paper, and of a size suitable for binding. The Annual Subscription will be 1s 3d for single copies, or 1s each, when 10 or more copies are ordered at one time, accompanied with the amount in cash.

The Subscriber, in announcing the above, is impressed with the importance of such a publication, and from his long connection with the Temperance Press in Canada, and observing the rapid rise and progress of the Cadets and other similar Societies, he feels that this publication is now wanted. Believing, as he does, that the hope of the ultimate triumph of the Temperance Cause lies in the proper training of the young in its principles, and that here the acorn must be planted, from which shall grow the giant Temperance Oak, the branches of which shall cover the whole earth, and shield it from the blighting blast of intemperance, he hopes that the CADET will meet with that support which shall ensure its continuance and accomplish the good it intends.

J. C. BECKET,

Publisher.

Montreal, February 16, 1852.

\* Parties subscribing for the CADET will please send in their names as early as possible, so that the number of copies required may be known before the publication of No. 1.

Address, "Canada Temperance Advocate" Office, Montreal.

TEMPERANCE HOTEL.  
ST. ANDREWS.

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

HUGH STEWART.

St. Andrews, Dec. 15, 1851.

Temperance House

BY J. SIMMONS,

Trent Village, Canada West.

THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE is published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at 2s. 6d. per annum—Agents receiving one copy gratis—by J. C. BECKET, Office, 22, Great St. James-St; Residence, Brunswick St., Beaver Hall, Montreal.