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CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

DEVOTED TO

Total Abstinence, Legal Prohibition, and Social Progress.

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[From the *Templer's Magazine*.

Mrs. Ben Darby; or the Weal and Woe of Social Life.

BY GEORGE B. JOCELYN.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—You are aware that I am not prone to praise a work that comes to me in the questionable shape of a novel; but I have resolved, with your consent, not only to praise one, but to do it publicly and under my proper signature.

I have read the work, the title of which is at the head of this article, and I am free to confess that I look upon it as the best work of the kind that has been issued from the American press; and I doubt not, but that its talented authoress, Mrs. Angelina Maria Collins, has done a work, the results of which will be felt in every community in which the book is read. It is a faithful portraiture—so far as language can portray them—of some of the evils that alcohol produces in the social circle. Her many scenes are all drawn from life, and she has woven them together into one piece whose fearful beauty will remain forever daguerreotyped upon the mind of that one who may read the work. There is no sickly sentimentality about the book; but it abounds in striking pictures that cannot fail to attract and retain the admiration of the reader.

While she is depicting with a skillful hand the miseries of the intemperate, she takes a bold and decided stand for the entire prohibition of the manufacture of, and traffic in, alcoholic liquors; she assumes this as the only remedy for the wide-spread evils of the monster intemperance. We hail this idea—an idea running through all the late Temperance works—as one of the evidences of a more healthy tone of feeling in the body social; and when this idea is fully embraced and proclaimed in social life, the day will not be far distant when the body politic will incorporate it into the laws by which intemperance is to be destroyed.

But, my dear Doctor, I did not commence this letter with the idea of writing an article upon intemperance; but, simply, to speak of this excellent book.

It is the history of the daughter of a fashionable woman, who, in her childhood, learned to love liquor, by having it furnished her, in "sweetened drams," by her parents. When she grew up she found that she had formed a habit that was her master—a habit that caused her to forget her own womanhood—her vows to her first husband, Mr. Temple—to forget her child—to associate, in a guilty marriage, with Ben Darby—to go on in the downward career of drunkenness, till life itself was destroyed, and she was ushered into the presence of that God who has said, "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."

While tracing her history, she introduces other characters from the various walks of life, and shows that the

demon spares neither age nor sex, rank nor condition, but strikes down, with malignant power, all who are so unfortunate as to come within the dread circle of his blighting influence.

The following extracts, we think, will show the power and truthfulness of the authoress, and, also, be interesting to your readers, and, perhaps, cause them to buy the book, read, and have their hatred of the accursed traffic increased.

The first extract is the language of Henry Temple, the first husband of Mrs. Darby, as he commits his child, Eleanor, to the care of his sister.

'I must,' said he to his sister, 'leave these beautiful scenes and quiet shades [his boyhood's home,] for the bustle of city life; I must meet my fellow man; it will not do for me to live in the world and shun it like a monk or a brigand. I must struggle against fate. * * *'

I give you, dear sister, my best confidence when I give you my child. Keep her from the whirlpool of fashion; hide her from pollution, and, as you value my love, never, no, never let her taste ardent spirits!'

'O, what do you mean brother?'

'I mean that it is the fiery worm that has stolen into the Eden of my heart; it has planted its poisonous fangs so deep, that time cannot tear them from me. It is the veriest curse of life. It saps the foundation of every moral virtue, and sears, with its baneful breath, the sweetest joys of life. It burns up every gentle emotion of the soul—stirs up the crushed dregs of every evil passion—till its victim becomes a mass of degradation. It lays like an incubus on the spirit, counting the trembling pulses of the brain—with maddening fury eating out the heart with its blistering venom. O! this damning draft—earth has no greater curse, nor hell a greater torment.'

Such was the language of one whose wife had become so wedded to the bottle, that he was compelled to give into the keeping of another, the child that should have been reared by the united labor of husband and wife. With much power, the gifted authoress follows the guilty Mrs. Ben Darby through her life of drunkenness. There are many chapters in the work I should like to see copied into your excellent magazine, but the limits I have allotted to myself will not permit me to do it. A few more extracts must suffice for the present; and at a future time I may send you a few more.

Mr. Darby's end was a fearful one. Stricken down by the hand of her drunken husband—a being for whom she had given up the husband of her youth—she was taken to the hospital to die, and there she was followed by her only child Eleanor, whom, for the sake of money, she had endeavored to sacrifice to the lust of a human fiend. That daughter bent over her like an angel of

mercy, and endeavored to win her back to consciousness:

'Mother! mother!' It touched a chord—the last attenuated fibre of natural affection.

'Ah! if I only had my time to live over again! cried Mrs. Darby, in a husky voice.

'What would you do, mother?' asked the tremulous voice at her pillow.

'*Shun liquor as I would hell!*' screamed the mother.

'Mother, have you forgotten my generous, high-minded father—the Henry Temple of your youth?'

'Don't taunt me with him—don't I know what Henry Temple was, and is—and did he not spurn his young wife for one falling only—cast her off upon a merciless world, because *she loved wine?*'

'He did all he could, mother; he bore with you till it brought him to the edge of the grave; he tried to wean you from it.'

'*Wean!* repeated the wretched woman with scorn, 'as if he thought to cheat me from it like a child—as if I loved it no better than the babe its mother's milk. Little knows he of the drunkard's devotion! Gentle reproof—kind suasion, entreaties! he ought to have incarcerated me in a dungeon—kept me in perpetual imprisonment; he ought to have forced me into sobriety! *Force*, yes, that is the word; nothing else will do for one devoted to the bottle. Talk of moral suasion [I think I know whom she meant when she penned these lines;] you had just as well talk of extinguishing a burning pile with the dews of night. Fiends of fury!' she continued, pushing the bandage from her gaping brow, 'what use is signing the pledge! If I had written my name down with the blood exuded drop by drop from my heart, I should still have drunk on! Can the sick cure himself? Never was there a disease more lingering, and as fatal as the cholera! When one has the ship-fever, or breaks his limbs, or loses his senses, they take him to the hospital: but the *drunkard* dies in the loathsome cellar, with a stone for his pillow, and a curse for his prayer.'

'O, mother! why did you ever take to it?'

'I used to steal it from my mother's closet. She always kept it there in a beautiful bottle, with a silver stopper: *but she only used it as a medicine.* After I was married I tried to wean myself from it, but I craved it more and more. I loved your father—he was very handsome; *but I loved rum better.* I loved you when you first opened your eyes, when I felt your precious lips upon my quivering, my very heart-strings; *but I loved wine better.* I loved the fashion and gayety of life, its pomp and show; but I loved the bottle with the silver stopper, better than the glory of the world, or—

"The hope of Heaven."

While she thus suffers, the poor girl tries to point her to God; but liquor had burned the thought of God out of her mind.

'I will not die! I cannot die!' screamed the frantic woman. 'God! heaven! hell! No! ha! ha! It is only a scarecrow held up to frighten people from their evil ways. God never made us with such horrid propensities and dispositions, to punish us for giving way to them! Oh, no! the Savior never died on the cross; his blood cannot wash out the foul stains of the soul! Heaven and the angels! it all sounds very sweet to dying ears, I suppose, but it cannot be! No! we sink into the earth, we lie and rot and mingle with the sod.'

'No, mother, no! the soul is immortal, and Christ has died to redeem it, and he is ready now to intercede for you, if you will only yield your heart to him.'

'Ah! if it is all true what you say, and what Jane Fairmount [her sister] said long ago, it does me no good. I have sinned past hope! I have never given God one thought! I have left friends, husband and child—'

Her eyeballs glared from their livid lids; her frizzled hair stood out from her ashy brow, with its frightful bleeding fissure; her mouth was wreathed with distorted smiles. 'Oh, no, I cannot die! There is that within me which cannot be annihilated; 'tis the burning curse—the raging fire that has been consuming me; I carry my punishment with me. Oh! Temple, strike me not with that heated club! it belongs to hell! to the fiend with a thousand fangs! Ah, yes, I see it now—it is my own *precious bottle with its jewelled stopper.* Don't pour it on my heart! it burns like vitriol! Oh! for water to cool the consuming flames that are destroying soul and body! I thought that death was cold and turgid—that its breath was chilly and its hands were icy! I thought that the grave was damp, cold and quiet, and that the worms would crawl in silence over the stiffened form: but, no, it is a furnace of never-dying of molten lead, seething and hissing like a volcano of eternal heat! Yes, yes, there is a God—a terrible God!'

'Yes, mother, but his name is love. Jesus is your friend.'

'No, not the drunkard's!' replied Mrs. Darby, tearing the bandages from her wounds, and the clothes from her bosom, 'there is no water to quench the burning heart! a stream of liquid fire lathes the never-dying soul! Oh, for one drop of water! water! water!'

And thus died the fashionable tippler, "without hope—without God."

All the scenes of the book are not as horrid as this—for some of her characters are neither drunkards nor rumsellers! But, when she portrays the curse of intemperance, it must be painted in colors that make the soul shrink, or else the painting is not true to life.

I ought, my dear Doctor, to stop here, but I cannot forbear one extract more.

Clarence Duval, another one who had learned to love the accursed bowl, falls a victim to the "scorpion's drug that paralyzes the heart and maddens the brain."

'His death,' continues the authoress, 'cannot record the awful demoniac sentiments and phrases that composed that terrific drama. They have passed from my memory like some sacrilegious fantasy—some unholy dream—leaving only the thrill and pathos, chilling the heart and curdling the blood; but I can never forget how he looked, with eyes gleaming like phosphoric rays from their dark, deep cavities—muttering incoherent and unknown sounds—striking the air with his clenched fists—defying the world to mortal combat—screaming and crying—now prostrate, rolling and wallowing—blaspheming—battling an army of imaginary devils—now sinking into torpidity—now locked in the rigid embrace of a revolting slumber, his eyes half open, his mouth ajar, crusted with the froth that issued from his bloated lips and gurdled down his mustache. His whole nature was paralyzed. All effort to arouse him a mockery—hopeless and helpless. He expired amid the shrieks of his own blasphemies! All prospect of Heaven blotted out forever, he writhes in vivid anticipation of all the

horrors that have ever been imagined of that dark region! the region of black despair!

'This is the finishing stroke to the dramseller's work: he sends his victim to an immaculate bar, without a preparation, without a plea. What cares he, so that he gathers the blistering pennies—certificates of future torments; for his heart is callous to repentance—hermetically sealed to goodness and to truth.

'Behold, the liquor-seller, the dram-seller, in his accursed stall! He is coining the widow's tears—the orphan's hopes; he is speculating in human reason; buying up the feeble efforts of nature to retrieve its lost powers. He sells the soul to endless perdition—the weak, the tempted, for a shilling. With poisonous and corrosive merchandise, he burns out the last remains of virtue, and with his Circean cup, 'drugged with the deadly hellebore,' he destroys every principle of morality and turns man into a brute.

All the ties of domestic life are riven in twain. The son murders the mother who bore him! the mother the infant smiling at her breast! the husband the wife! Innocent souls are destroyed within his circle—rifled and left to the world's mercy. What is it that the dramseller does not do, that is heinous and demoralizing? Genius, as ambitious and soaring as that of Icarus, is prostrated in the dust—to the filth of the gutter! the soul is incarcerated in utter darkness, in despair. He does all this in the present century of order, knowledge, peace and religion. He is shunned by the good, despised by those who seek his domicil. Lifting the mask from his hideous face, he can say, as the terrible Mookanna:

"Here judge if hell, with all its power to damn,
Can add one curse to the vile thing I am."

The Wreck of the *Tayleur*.

Seldom has a nobler vessel left the Mersey than this, the total wreck of which has brought sorrow to so many firesides. It was her first voyage. Many had waited for her, as the vessel to take them to friends or fortunes in the far-off land of gold, from the persuasion that their safety and comfort would thereby be secured; and not a berth but was engaged. Those who inspected her in dock spake highly of the arrangements for the comfort of the passengers; those who looked upon her, as she went down the river, were full of admiration of her build, and rig, and general appearance; while those who came back with the pilot tug were loud in their praise of her sailing qualities. Many a heart followed her with hope, and many a prayer, 'uttered or unexpressed,' rose up to Heaven for her safe and speedy passage. How sad the issue! Leaving on the Thursday of one week, it was telegraphed, far and wide, in the very beginning of the next, that she had struck on Lambay Island, on Saturday at noon, and was a total wreck, with 400 lives reported lost. What apprehensions and anxiety these tidings caused, ere the particulars were known; and, alas! how sadly, in many cases, were the worst forebodings realised! The writer had to break to some, whose dearest friends had been on board, the melancholy fact that she had been wrecked, and that so many were lost, and try to prepare them for the issue, when detailed accounts might come. And when these came, 'twas his to go, in one case, gladly to receive anxiety, by making known a husband's safety—

but alas! in other two, to tell of those, both near and dear, engulfed and lost. Since then he has become familiar with the particulars, not only from the public prints, but from personal intercourse with the survivor spoken of above—one well fitted from previous employment to judge in all the case—one whose account has been pronounced by high authority surpassed by none for accuracy and intelligence.

Now, as this appears in a temperance periodical, let it be said, at once and for all, that we have not heard it so much as hinted, that this most melancholy wreck arose from drink. It is not as an instance of shipwreck caused by intemperance that we call attention to it, or would improve it for a temperance purpose. Such cases are lamentably frequent; but this is happily not one. It has elements of sadness enough, apart from such. We use it as an illustration; and, as such, it seems to us to suggest important lessons.

Here is the wreck of a new ship—a ship upon her first voyage—a ship just at the beginning of her first voyage. We formerly called attention to another wreck—that of the *Horn*—where a vessel, that had sailed the seas for many a day, and had passed through many and great dangers, was wrecked within sight of port, and when there seemed little or no danger at all—and we sought to improve it, by cautioning those who had long resisted temptations to intemperance, never to be off their guard, or deem themselves safe, so long as using intoxicating drinks. This is a case of an opposite character. It speaks to the young; and it says to them, 'beware in your outset in life.' You may make shipwreck then, as certainly as after long exposure to the snares and temptations and buffetings of society. You may think there is no danger of you, and others may think the same. It may seem as if you would make a safe voyage, through life, if any would—if hope can be entertained of any, it may surely be of you. Have you not every thing apparently to ensure safety? So it may seem; and you may have many a quality fitted to give safety, which others want. Yet, 'be not high-minded, but fear.' There are ships now sailing the seas, little injured, if at all, that sailed about the same time with the *Tayleur*. There are smaller, and less sea-worthy vessels, that had to brave the same breeze, and battle with the same storm; and if they have suffered somewhat, they have not been wrecked, and the injury has been repaired; while she, the admiration of so many, and that seemed so fitted in every way for mastering a gale, lies amidst the waters by the rocky Lambay. Young people, and persons setting out in life, often speak and think as if they were in no danger, just because it is not with them as with those who have sometimes been overtaken by liquor, and have, now and again, yielded to its influences, or have fallen into intemperance. Now, in many cases that may be quite true. It is not always so, however; and young persons have fallen, and been ruined, when those who had suffered from drink, have come off comparatively safe. The *Tayleur* was not a vessel that had been frequently at sea, and greatly shattered—she was a new and a noble vessel; and yet other vessels, that had been often in storm, and tempest, and had been shattered, and battered, and patched, and mended, rode out the gale which dashed her a wreck upon a rocky shore.

'O but,' say you, 'the cases are not parallel; though she was a fine vessel, she was not properly manned, and her ropes and sails were new and stiff, and hence not easily wrought, and she didn't obey her helm, and her compass varied, and she was kept too long upon one tack.' Now, ail this may be true, and not a little of it, according to all accounts, is correct; but all these things rather strengthen our point than weaken it.

'She wasn't properly manned,' say you, 'the men she had aboard could not work her; many of them were foreigners, and not acquainted with the working of a British ship in British seas; they might have done in daylight or fine weather, but not in the darkness of the night, and amidst a gale.' Suppose we grant this—what then? Is there no parallel in your case? Are you rightly manned? Have you such principles aboard as shall enable you to steer, and furl, and reef, in the seas you have to navigate? May not your principles be such as shall do only in fair weather—where you have not to combat with ridicule or temptation—where only common influences are brought to bear upon you? May not your principles be such as would be sufficient for you passing through some portions of society, such as would be enough where there was a Maine Law, but not sufficient amid the drinking customs of those with whom you must associate? Not a few of the principles to which many trust, to enable them to brave the dangers of the drinking customs of our country, are little better than foreigners would be, in the manning and management of a British ship, in British seas, in tempestuous weather. You ought to be prepared for all weathers; and let us say, that if you have not *Abstinence* aboard, you are not prepared for what you may have to meet and to encounter, so as to be safe.

'But her cordage and canvas,' you say, 'were new, and didn't work well.' Just so. And does it never happen, that those who have been accustomed to society, and to its practices, get on more safely than those who are just setting out? Not that they even are free from danger, from the drinking customs; far from it—but it does happen, that there is a certain ability, on the part of some, to accommodate themselves to circumstances—a running easily of the tackling, so to speak, a readiness at taking in a reef, which enables them to keep their head to the wind, or to wear off; when others, less experienced, are driven on and wrecked. One element of your danger, young friend, in going forth to society, such as it is in our country, lies in the very fact that you are inexperienced.

'But the Captain says,' you reply, 'that the *Tayleur* didn't obey her helm.' Well, perhaps not, though others seem to say she did. But suppose she didn't. Her obedience to her helm in a storm had to be tried. It couldn't be tried fully till a storm came; and when she was caught in the storm, she didn't obey it. You haven't been tried yet, and you can't tell what may be the result. You may be able to steer safely enough in common circumstances, but what if a gale comes on?—what if you are exposed to strong temptations, to which you were never exposed before? The moderate helm may do so far, the 'don't-take-more-than-enough' rudder may serve in fine weather—though certainly I myself would not trust it even then—but that's not the helm or rudder you require.

What you want is, not what will let you easy on to the rock on which you may make shipwreck, but that which will keep you off it altogether; and experience proves that that is abstinence, and abstinence only.

'But her compasses varied,' say you, 'and the Captain couldn't tell by which to steer.' So we believe; and pray what can you find more of a veering and varying character than the 'moderation' compasses? One directs you to one point, another to another. They take in amongst them all the points from just-a-little-drop to a continual tipping or the occasional or frequent intoxication. How then can you trust them? By which shall you steer! If you go by one, you may strike on this rock, if by another on that shoal—you may let the current of fashion or the eddy of sociality, or the gale of temptation drive you from the safe course. You can't know how to steer. But the abstinence compasses always point in one direction, and no one, steering as they point, can suffer shipwreck by intemperance.

But, again, you meet us and say, 'The Captain stood too long on one tack without sounding.' So many say, but doubtless he thought there was no danger, else he would have changed it. In this he was in error; and it was only when the cry was raised, 'Land ahead,' that he saw he was wrong. Then the nearness of the danger, combined with the inefficiency apparently of the crew, the newness of the cordage and canvas, the snapping of the anchor-chain, and the vessel not answering her helm with her sails as they were—all these things or part of them prevented him wearing her off; and she struck and was a wreck—a total wreck. And what often is the cause of wreck and ruin by drink, but just keeping too long on one tack—taking a little and a little, and not sounding? The person thinks he is safe, else he would not do it, but there is danger. Multitudes have been wrecked by taking the same tack, and holding on in the same way; and they have been the more readily wrecked, that they have been close on the danger ere it has been noticed; and though they have thrown out the anchor, the chain of resolution has snapped, and they had not the means nor the power to keep free of it.

The only safety from intemperance to any one setting out in society—in encountering the dangers of the drinking customs, is *Abstinence*—total *abstinence from all that intoxicates*. He must be manned by abstinence principles, and must steer by abstinence rudder, chart, and compass. Unless he do, he may be soon as total a wreck as the *Tayleur* lies, amidst the billows that dash on the rocky Lambay.—*Abstainer's Journal*.

The Test of Experience.

The more popular branch of the Massachusetts Legislature on Thursday refused to take any step towards repealing or essentially modifying the Prohibitory Liquor Law of that State by a vote of more than two to one—by far the largest majority ever given in that House, or by the State in any way, on the side of Prohibition. The vote was a test one, taken on the heel of a long speech from the leading advocate of the liquor interest, to which no one thought proper to reply otherwise than by calling for the Yeas and Nays. The triumph of Temperance in the legislation of Massachusetts has become a fixed fact, and its champions deem it no longer necessary to waste words on the sophistries of their antagon-

ists. They might as well indulge in rhetorical displays and flights of fancy in behalf of the laws which inhibit stealing, forgery, or any other crime. They have argued their case before the high court of the Sovereign People, and there obtained a decision in their favor. Henceforth they have but to enforce the judgment and serve the execution.

It is now nearly three years since the model act of Prohibition—the glorious MAINE LAW—was adopted. Since then, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, have each passed acts contemplating the same end, while New York has chosen a Legislature expressly to follow their beneficent example. The act of Minnesota was submitted to the People, by them approved, and for that reason pronounced invalid by the Territorial Judge sent thither from Washington. In Rhode Island, the act, after a year's trial, was submitted to the People, and by them upheld by a decisive majority; but the same election gave a triumph to the Democratic party, which, by a secret prior understanding with the liquor interest, filled all Executive and Judicial offices with the creatures of that interest, and thus rendered the enforcement of the law temporarily impracticable. This is a game that can be played but once, and the people are now preparing to beat it in their April election. In Vermont a desperate attempt was made last fall to repeal the Law, by a combination made up by Rum, Sham Democracy and bogus Free-Soilism; but it was baffled, and only succeeded in somewhat impairing the stringency of the enactment. But Vermont's main annoyance grows out of the fact that she has bad neighbors. New York, Canada and New Hampshire on three sides of her persist in poisoning her more ignorant and weak-minded inhabitants with liquor, and it is very hard to keep it out so long as they cherish and legally protect it. We trust this will not be much longer.

New Hampshire and Connecticut have each elected a Maine Law House, but with a Governor and Senate, elected under party drill, adverse to any act of Prohibition, nothing has yet been accomplished. We trust the obstacles thus interposed are on the eve of disappearing. Baltimore has likewise chosen a full Maine Law ticket—a premonitory, we trust, of the triumph of Prohibition in Maryland, though to that end another struggle is requisite. Pennsylvania, Ohio and New Jersey have made some efforts in the right direction, but as yet with limited success. The friends of Prohibition are not discouraged, but will try again and again until their efforts shall be crowned with success. Indiana and Illinois will be powerfully agitated by Maine Law effort at the next elections. Wisconsin, having had the question submitted by the Legislature to the People, emphatically answered Yes, but the Legislature seems surprisingly deaf, and talks of passing a prohibitory act and submitting that to the People, to make sure that they meant what they said last fall. This is a party device to gain time, and it will gain nothing else. Ultimately, the will of the majority must prevail.

The present state of the question, therefore, may be summed up thus:

1. Less than three years have transpired since the first act of absolute Prohibition and Contraband Liquor Destruction was passed in any State, and within this time five States and one Territory have affirmed the principle of Prohibition, while another State, and the greatest of all, has chosen a Legislature to do likewise,

and a seventh (Wisconsin) has instructed its Legislature to follow in their footsteps.

2. Not one State that ever adopted a Law of Prohibition has repealed it, and in no one instance have the People, when appealed to, failed to sustain the principle of Prohibition by a decisive majority.

2. The cry for repeal grows everywhere weaker with each year's experience of the workings of Prohibition. When the act of Maine first took effect, the lovers of liquor, or of the profits made by selling it, were confident that they should be able to repeal it; but now they have no longer a hope of this and their force in the Legislature has dwindled to a handful.

In each State where it has been tried, Prohibition has steadily gained ground. Boston has been the stronghold of opposition in New England, as it is the focus of the rum traffic; yet Boston has at length chosen a Maine Law Mayor, and commenced the prosecution of law-breakers. All through Massachusetts, the law is better enforced at this moment than it was at any time prior to the present year, and in most localities liquor-selling is either extinct or as stealthily and secret as any other violation of law. It is becoming more and more disreputable to sell, and the business falls constantly into lower and meaner hands, where it is not utterly abandoned.

Such are the established, notorious facts in the case; in the face of which our Senators Brooks, Pratt, &c., stand up to predict, and guess, and demonstrate, that Prohibition won't answer, or can't be enforced, or won't stand, or won't diminish drinking! Why don't they argue that the sun never gives light, or that Columbus did not discover the Western Hemisphere? How can such logic be expected to avail with men, who are not utterly ignorant of the facts?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A writer in the *Vermont Chronicle* relates the following as a fact that he learned from good authority:—

“I wish I was dead,” said a little boy to his mother.

“Why?” asked his mother.

“Why, the boys pester me so about father, and I don't want to go again in the night to the store after him.”

His mother talked to him, but thought he did not feel in earnest about it. But one day, when she had returned from a visit, she inquired for the children and found all but this boy. She looked, and called, but no answer. She went to the barn as it was just growing dark. She opened the door, and there, in one corner, was her little sensitive boy. She burst into tears. “O my son, is it you?” She felt his cold hands, he was dead.

At the funeral his father promised to drink no more rum. “I have done for ever.” A long time he kept his promise. One day, however, Deacon P. was in the store, and Deacon P. was a good man, he drank but little. He asked for some brandy and he drank it; he saw that same man who had been a drunkard looking at him, and sat down. Again he would go to the door, as if going away. He was in silent thought. At length he went to the counter and asked for a little brandy; “I may drink a little as well as Deacon P.” He did drink; and became a confirmed drunkard again.

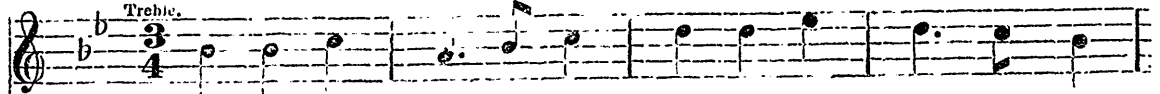
The powers of memory are twofold. They consist in the actual reminiscence or recollection of past events, and in the power of retaining what we have learned, in such a manner that it can be called into remembrance as occasions present themselves, or circumstances may require.

UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE

INAUGURATION HYMN.

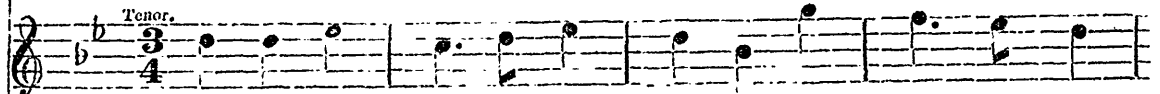
Tune--NATIONAL ANTHEM. *Each part of the air to be sung first by a single voice, and then repeated in chorus.*

Treble.



3/4

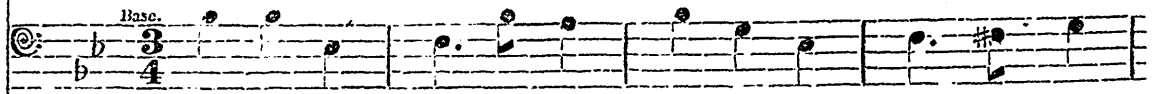
Tenor.



3/4

God help our suff'ring race Strong drink's dark curse to chase,

Bass.



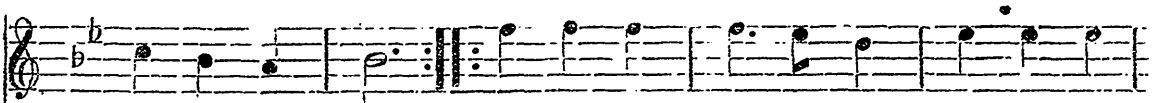
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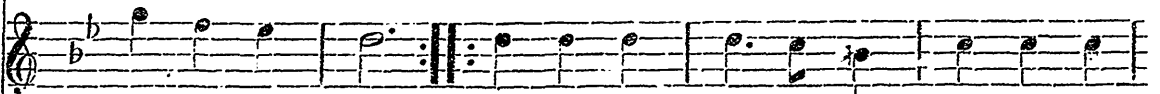
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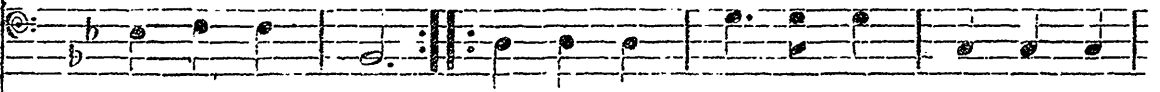


3/4



3/4

From off this earth! Send blessings from a - bove, Truth, mer - cy



3/4



3/4



3/4

CONTINUED.

peace and love, Oh! let thy spir - it move, And hope have birth.

Thy gifts the earth adorn—
 Water, and waving corn,
 And luscious fruit :
 Each season, clime, and place,
 Hath its peculiar grace,—
 Some care or woe to chase—
 Some lack to suit !

A while the young world stood,
 Beautiful, and "very good"
 In God's pure sight :
 But fraud and folly strange,
 Now good to evil change,
 And from our hearts estrange,
 His holy light !

No deeper stream of woe,
 Can curse this world below,
 Than Strong Drink's flood !
 Where every wave is wrath ;
 And passion's stormy breath
 Bears man, to sin and death,
 Through tears and blood !

Thrice Curs'd 'Traffic—vile !
 Where hope on funeral pile,
 Meets dark despair !
 Shall men, for sordid gain,
 Deal out disease and pain,
 And spread their country's ban,
 With artful snare !

Shall Law ! its sanction give,
 And license men to live,
 By dealing death ?
 Forbid it, God of Truth !
 Look with paternal ruth !
 Send to inspire our youth,
 Thy Spirit's breath !

God aid our suffering race
 Strong drink's black curse to chase
 And save the world !
 May this "ALLIANCE" prove,
 A holy band of love,
 And through the future move,
 To bless the world !

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.

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, APRIL 1, 1854.

Montreal Temperance Society—Notice.

Contributors to the "Temperance Share Fund," originated by the Rev. Dr. Taylor, at the recent anniversary of the Montreal Temperance Society, who have not yet paid in the amounts they subscribed, will oblige by handing them in with the least possible delay, to Robert Campbell, Esq., Treasurer, St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

Good News from New York State.

The Prohibitory Liquor Bill has become the law of the State, to take effect on the 1st of December next. The House struck out December and substituted May; but the Senate would not concur, and the final vote of the House agreed to the resolution of the Senate, and the vote stood Yeas 77, Nays 26. So there is hope for the Empire State, and we trust the foresight, energy and co-operation of the friends of prohibition will see to its execution. The rum-sellers rejoice that they have the whole summer to revel in, and a few more victims will feel their gripe, but let it be remembered that the Temperance hosts will have more time for efficient organization, and may the God of peace enable them to use it wisely. Pennsylvania House of Representatives has also voted in favor of the law, with a considerable majority.

Inauguration Hymn of United Kingdom Alliance.

We give in our present number what we are sure will be gratifying to great numbers of our readers, viz., the Inauguration Hymn of the United Kingdom Alliance, together with the Music of the National Anthem, to which the words were composed. It will be seen that we give also a Piano accompaniment, so that we trust in private parties and public assemblies the harmonious music and Maine Law will delight many a one, and help on the wished-for consummation. Ladies, tune your instruments forthwith, and sing for the Maine Law.

St. Patrick's Temperance Society.

The following is sent us by "A Member of St. Patrick's Temperance Society," and is dated Montreal, March 25, 1854. We have omitted censorious remarks as not necessary for the understanding of the case; and we may as well say that the short note of a "Son of Temperance" was inserted, that our friends of the St. Patrick's Society might have an opportunity of throttling, what at the time we thought to be an injurious imputation:—

In the last number of the *Temperance Advocate* I observed a letter signed by a "Son of Temperance," and reflecting upon the St. Patrick's Temperance Society of this city. I take the liberty of requesting a small space in your columns, in order to correct the error to which the *unanswered* communication of a "Son of Temperance" might give rise.

Speaking of the numbers who have of late joined the ranks of Temperance in St. Patrick's Church, he says that he "is at a loss to know why each individual was obliged to pay 7½d on taking it," (the pledge,) and insinuated that some body makes "a profit" out of the transaction. It is not true that 7½d, or any sum whatever, is extracted from persons taking the pledge, which is administered gratuitously to all. But if these persons, having taken the pledge, desire further to enroll themselves members of the managing body of the Society, and to become entitled to vote at the election of office-bearers, then an entrance fee of 7½d, and an annual subscription of 1s is demanded of all male adult members in order to defray the necessary expenses incurred—such as printing, cards of admission, furnished to all the members of the Temperance Society on their enrollment—in procuring books—and other expenses to which all Societies are liable, and which must be defrayed out of the funds of the Society. But to have funds, a subscription is necessary, and surely you will admit that the sums mentioned above are not exorbitant, and hold out but little prospects of any profit to be derived therefrom.

As to the insinuation conveyed in the passage, "if the Society is in debt," I need only remark it is utterly void of foundation. The Society owes not one penny, and never incurs liabilities which it cannot meet.

Temperance in Guelph and Fergus, C. W.

From the *Guelph Herald* we learn that important and useful meetings have been held in the above places. At the Winter Festival of the Guelph Temperance Societies, several hundred members of the different Temperance Associations of the town, with many friends from Fergus and adjoining localities, congregated in the Temperance Hall.

After tea, the chair was taken by C. J. Mickle, Esq., the veteran friend and supporter of the Temperance cause; and several pieces were performed by the recently formed Temperance Brass Band.

The Temperance Choir, at the commencement and during the evening, sung a variety of Temperance melodies in very excellent style.

With the intention of availing themselves as much as possible of the services of Judge Marshall, and to give the audience an opportunity of hearing him on the different topics connected with the Temperance cause, the Committee had refrained from inviting the attendance of other gentlemen from a distance to deliver addresses, and notwithstanding his previous unremitting and laborious efforts in the adjoining townships, Judge Marshall did not disappoint their expectations, occupying over three hours in the delivery of two addresses, in which very many topics, all bearing on the Temperance enterprise, were ably handled and aptly illustrated by a variety of incidents, in which the speaker had been an actor, or to which he had been a witness, during the many years he has devoted himself to the furtherance of the cause in Great Britain and America.

At the conclusion, on the motion of John M'Lean, Esq., a right hearty vote of thanks was passed by acclamation to Judge Marshall for his services on the present occasion, and for his noble, untiring, and disinterested efforts, in the temperance reformation; and on the motion of Mr. Pirie, thanks were offered to the Band and Choir for their very efficient services.

At the Fergus Festival the inclemency of the weather prevented the attendance from being so large as was anticipated from the fact of the Hon. Judge Marshall being an-

nounced as the chief speaker. There were, however, a goodly number present. The Rev. J. J. Braine delivered the first address in his usual popular and effective style, and was followed by Judge Marshall, who occupied over two hours in an address replete with sound premises, convincing arguments, and telling illustrations. The Rev. R. Parsons afterwards spoke at considerable length, and was well received. The meeting having opened early in the afternoon, a recess of an hour then took place. On re-assembling, Judge Marshall advocated the legality and necessity of a prohibitory Liquor Law for Canada with very evident effect, and was followed by Mr. Robert Stewart, President of the Fergus branch of the League. A hearty vote of thanks was given to Judge Marshall at the close, who, in responding, recommended unlimited agitation on the part of the friends of temperance, the getting up of numerous signed petitions to the Legislature, and taking no rest until a Prohibitory Law was placed on the statute-book of Canada.

The Temperance Choir performed at intervals a variety of select pieces, which tended in no small measure to enhance the pleasures of the day.

Judge Marshall had held meetings on the previous Wednesday and Thursday evenings in Fergus, and on the Thursday afternoon had lectured in Eramosa. On Saturday evening he held a meeting in Elora, and preached in the Wesleyan Church on the Sunday afternoon, and in the Presbyterian Church in the evening, to crowded congregations.

Prohibitory Liquor Law Fund.

It affords us very great pleasure to announce that the above fund is going on prosperously. A communication from the Secretary of the League, G. P. Ure, Esq., which we find in the *North American*, makes the following cheering statement:—"I have much pleasure in stating that £425 of the £500 contemplated to be raised, is now secured. £75, therefore, is all that is now required to enable the Committee to realise £500, for the advocacy of the Maine Liquor Law for Canada." Now, friends, who forwards the next £25? Send on, and don't stop with the £500—make it a £1000, and be assured it will be a first-rate investment.

Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick.

Our temperance intelligence from the above named provinces is of the most cheering kind. Large and stirring meetings have been held in various places, which have been exceedingly advantageous. The "Sons" in Newfoundland are doing wonders. The St. John's *Courier* gives reports of meetings, which in themselves are calculated to do good. The *Brigus Division*, that of *Harbor Grace*, and that of *St. John's*, turned out well, at different times, and the Cadets were there in strength. All seems prosperous, but a good deal must yet be done, and the Maine Law kept in view. In Nova Scotia our old friend, Dr. Cramp, is doing a great work, and argues well for the Maine Law in a recent public argument. In New Brunswick, as we judge from the *Telegraph*, the good work is going on very cheerfully. All British North America must have the Maine Law. Let us all work on heartily and without fear.

Great Fire at Port Huron!

Rum Incendiarism!

The Port Huron *Commercial* brings us intelligence of a destructive fire which occurred in that village on Friday morning last, resulting in the loss of about \$50,000 worth of property. We notice among the sufferers, Messrs. Sweetser, merchant; Conger & Bancroft, attorneys; H. J. Haslett, tailor; H. J. Boehius, boot and shoe maker, Sweetser & Sanborn, merchants; A. & H. Fish, merchants; J. K. Bourne, harness maker, and others.

This was no doubt the fruit of rum! The *Free Press* may tell us it is the effects of the Maine Law! Good Heavens! Has it come to this? Must the people either submit to free trade in rum and ruin, or have their property burned over their heads? But we have only room for the following remarks taken from the *Commercial*!

The fire was the deliberate, cold-blooded work of a gang of murderous incendiaries, so damnably vicious and fiendish that hell itself would blush to own its instigation. To make the destruction of not only property but life certain, they plugged up the key-holes of the several doors so that the inmates could not possibly escape, unless assisted from the outside. The key hole to the Engine House was also plugged up so that the door had to be broken open before the Engine could be got out, occasionally a delay which gave the flames an opportunity to spread so that all efforts to stay their progress were vain.

The fire was ignited in the narrow hall between the office occupied by Conger & Bancroft, and Haslett's tailor shop. Attempts were made to set fire to the store of W. H. B. Dowling & Co., but were discovered in time to prevent their spread.

We shudder to record an act so horribly atrocious, and charge it upon our officers and citizens not to rest in this matter, until these worse than demons are brought to justice.

Some fifteen persons are now under arrest on suspicion, and it is thought that evidence sufficient to convict several of them will be obtained.

Since putting the above in type, we learn that all of Mr. Gillett's valuable papers which were in his office in the third story, were entirely destroyed, together with his and several preceding justices' dockets. The buildings, we omitted to mention, were owned by Messrs. Gillett, Sweetser & Sanborn, and A. & H. Fish.

In addition to the rewards offered by the Sheriff and the village authorities, \$500 more will be raised by private subscription.

Where's the Difference?

A cartload of putrid beef, on its way to market, was seized in the streets of New York one day last week.—*Exchange.*

That was all right enough. Why, of course, nobody has any objections to seizing "putrid beef" and destroying it. To sell it, is contrary to law and contrary to common sense. Pounce on the man that will dare to do it! But see here, there is a talk of making a law by which something that is sold to people to drink, which is quite as injurious to the public health, and infinitely more injurious to public morals, can be seized and destroyed in the same way. Any objections, anybody? "Yes, yes, hold on there. That would be taking away a man's rights." Don't you see? You can take away the liberty of selling *bad meat*, but you can't take away the liberty of selling *bad drink*. That's liquor, and you can't stop a man for selling it. It's—it's—"unconstitutional!" Reader, you can draw your own conclusion.—*Erie Commercial.*

Ecclesiastical Movement for a Prohibitory Liquor Law.

From Toronto we learn that the following Resolution, in favor of a Prohibitory Liquor Law, was passed at the February Quarterly Meeting of the Yonge Street Circuit, held at Thornhill, on Saturday, the 4th inst:—

Resolved.—That this Quarterly Meeting considering the vast amount of loss and ruin of property, and the mental, moral and physical degradation entailed upon a large portion of society, by the use of intoxicating liquors, is of the opinion that the attention of our Legislature should be specially directed to the speedy removal of this curse from our country; and moreover, it is the judgment of this meeting that this most desirable end can be best secured by the enactment of a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of all intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal, mechanical and sacramental purposes.

The *North American* says:—A resolution of a similar nature was passed on Tuesday evening, the 11th instant, at the Quarterly Meeting of the City East Circuit. It is gratifying to see this salutary principle manifesting its vitality in quarters, where its influence is likely to have a leavening effect. Had the Church done its duty at the commencement of this great moral reform, an inexpressible amount of good, would long ere this have been realized by society. But it was considered necessary at first to brand the pioneers of this movement, as Infidels and ungodly men, who were setting aside, if not denying the Bible, and were rejecting the good creatures which an All-bountiful Providence had so liberally dispensed for their comfort. These self-reliant men, however, withstood the shock, and by their fervent zeal and unswerving determination, rolled back upon their accusers, the black tide of sanctimonious error which had been raised; and so heavily did this tide swell upon them, that while they wallowed in this mire, thank Heaven, many of them, like Pilgrims emerging from the slough, came out on the right side, and now they are joyously pursuing their way to the abode of peace. We rejoice that this element of reform has, by its success, demonstrated that it enjoys the smile of Heaven, and is worthy the most hearty approval and advocacy of all good men. We were rather startled by the expression of Mr. Alderman Duggan, in the City Council, on Monday evening, "that it was impossible for large cities to do without low grogeries;" they are essential to their existence as great cities. It displayed a lamentable amount of ignorance in the worthy Alderman, to make such a statement in the face of facts, to which he himself alluded. We trust the worthy gentleman will live to see, that, degraded as, in his estimation, Toronto seems to be, we will be able to dispense with all these pest-houses, without suffering loss thereby. The Alderman is greatly exercised as to the injury that would be inflicted upon the tavern-keepers, were their number reduced one-half, as demanded in Mr. Rowell's Bill,—thus depriving these families of their means of support;—but there is not one sigh of compassion for the many poor families that are every day deprived of their means of support, by the very existence of these dens of vice. He seems to forget that fathers and mothers are every other day ruthlessly dragged away in a state of intoxication by the police,—and many of them condemned to drag out a weary month in jail, leaving their children to starve, the while,—or his sympathetic soul would, for once, have caused a tear of sorrow to trickle down his honest cheek, at the contemplation of the awful misery which is caused by these houses, he is so desirous to retain.

Triumphant Majority Against Repeal in Massachusetts.

Eighty to One Hundred and Eighty-four!!

On Thursday, the 9th March, the special assignment, the consideration of Mr. Wiggin's bill for the repeal of the Anti-Liquor Law, came up for discussion. At 12 o'clock, Mr. Abbot of Beverly, called for the assignment. The speaker stated that the question was on the passage of the bill to a third reading; but no one rose to speak. The vote was about to be taken, when Mr. Wiggin rose and made a speech of just two hours in length. It was certainly a very remarkable production, and was, unquestionably, prepared by himself. No other man could have written it, and we are quite sure that no other could have delivered it. He held his voluminous manuscript in his hand, occasionally referring to it, and, using the whole power of his voice, and not unfrequently the most violent gesticulation, he stood up in the presence of a full House, galleries and all, the champion of repeal! Thanking the House for their attention, he closed. No one rose to reply. Mr. Holmes of Boston then moved to substitute a bill which he held in his hand, which was a stringent license system, designed to protect the large, heavy dealers in liquor. He moved that it be printed, but the House refused by a very decisive vote of 97 to 139.

On motion of Mr. Thomson of Boston, the yeas and nays were ordered on the substitute.

Mr. Holmes of Boston moved that the further consideration of the subject be assigned for Tuesday.

Mr. Holt of Lowell, opposed this motion. He thought sufficient courtesy had been shown to the opposition by consenting twice to postpone, and he desired to vote on the naked question of repeal. He further thought, out of respect to the chairman of the majority of the committee, Mr. Wiggin, that the vote on the bill to repeal, should be taken first.

Mr. Abbott of Beverly objected, decidedly, to the introduction of the substitute, and warned the temperance men against this attempt to postpone again.

Mr. Denton of Boston, moved an adjournment. Negatively.

Mr. Brown of Brimfield, moved the previous question.

Mr. Holmes, in view of the disposition of the House to vote directly upon the question of repeal, withdrew his amendment, proposing to offer it at another time, with a reference to a special committee.

The motion for the previous question was discussed, and carried by a large majority.

The bill was rejected by a vote of 80 yeas, to 184 nays.

The question of repeal is thus settled, by a very decisive vote, for the session. The majority astonished all, both friends and foes of the law. The temperance men of the House stood nobly together, and showed a determination through all the various votes before the main question was put, which clearly indicated that a large majority would be given against repeal. There will no doubt be attempts made to introduce amendments, but we fully believe that no injurious amendments to the law can receive a respectable minority of the votes of the House.—Nevertheless, let not the law men of that branch be too sure that they are safe from the attacks of the opposition. A trap may be sprung at any time when the House may be thin. All sort of games will probably be tried. Oppose anything which is proposed by the enemy, no matter how plausible or correct it may seem to be upon the face of it.

Prohibition in New Jersey.

The Maine Law Bill has again been strangled in New Jersey. The *Reformer* of Trenton gives the following particulars and warning:—

“Let hell break forth into singing, and rumsellers shout their joy. New Jersey is doomed to remain one year longer without a prohibitory law,—cursed with the legalized traffic in blood one year more. A brief recital of facts will show on whom the public must lay their censures.

Not long after the session of the Legislature began, a memorial asking for a prohibitory law was presented in the House of Assembly, and by vote, referred to a special committee, of which Mr. Diverty, of Cape May, was chairman. The members of this committee were favorable to granting the prayer of the petitioners, and they proceeded to frame a bill in accordance therewith. In due time, the bill was presented, and ordered a second reading. It was printed, also, and a copy furnished each member, that all might know its precise character. When it came up on its second reading, various amendments were proposed, all of which were either withdrawn by the movers, or rejected by a vote of the House.—The friends of the bill congratulated themselves on the apparent readiness of all parties to come up to the question in an open manly way. Tricky ‘Honorables’ sometimes seek to kill off bills and motions by the amending process, forcing in some alteration which will prevent the friends of the original proposition from sustaining it. If a bill passes to the third reading, it cannot then be amended before the House. The prohibitory bill passed to a third reading unaltered; and the natural inference was that its opponents were ready to meet it in honorable warfare. Wednesday, the 5th inst., was set as the time when its fate was to be decided. The advocates of the law went to the State House that day, anticipating a strong, spirited debate, and expecting a victory in the debate, and a defeat on the vote. It had been rumored that Mr. Cobb, of Morris, had been hard at work, preparing for an onslaught; and there were temperance men ready and well able to reply. The lobby and the gallery were filled, and all was expectation.—Various other matters being disposed of, the bill was called up, and when it had been read by the clerk, up started Mr. Cobb, the redoubtable champion of the rum trade, and moved that the bill be referred to the Judiciary Committee, of which he himself was a member. The friends of the bill resisted in vain; a vote of 32 to 23 took it out of the hands of the special committee, and consigned it to another, composed, with a single exception, of its enemies. Everybody at all acquainted with Parliamentary proceedings will at once understand that the design was to dodge the question. It was just at the close of the session, when all was hurry and confusion; and it was fondly hoped that prohibition would never be seen or heard of again this year. In plain words, the movement was one of those contemptible tricks by which ‘Honorable’ sneaks are wont to evade responsibility. The opponents of the bill hoped thus to get clear of it, and at the same time not incur the hostility of temperance men by voting against it. They fancied that they could go home, and with hypocritical face, say to the foes of legalized murder, that the bill was passed by in the press of other business, to their great sorrow, &c. &c., and then

they could skulk over to the grog-shop and set the whole gang of blackguards and loafers frantic with merriment over the cute way in which they had cheated the temperance men. They already saw the bloodshot eyes of the liquor vender sparkling with rapture, heard him swear his satisfaction, felt his hearty clap on the back, listened to the roar of laughter, and received a pressing invitation to drink gratis at the fountain of death.

A day or two after the bill had thus been referred, it was brought back with a single alteration. The time of the election was changed from June to November, and fixed on the day of the state election,—a mighty improvement, truly! This petty alteration shows the motive of those who made the movement. Business pressed harder, as the adjournment drew near; but on the last evening of the session, the friends of the bill brought it up, and forced it to a vote. It was lost by a vote of 38 against, to 21 for it, 1 member being absent. Thus ends the legislation of 1854, in New Jersey. We hope to discuss the subject more fully hereafter, and we therefore add now only a word or two by way of comment.

The argument on the morality of the rum trade is done, and the traffic now relies wholly upon cunning and rascality for its defence. On the field of debate it is beaten, whipped, utterly cowed out. Liquor sellers look for their salvation to rum bribery at the election: and then to craft and party discipline in the legislature. When Mr Cobb asked that the bill might be referred to him and his fellow committee men, that they might make it “more acceptable to the people if it should pass,” he knew that it would not pass,—that it had been discussed in secret caucusses, and that it had been decided to dodge if possible, and if not, to put it down by direct vote. He got the bill into his own hands, altered it as he chose, and then voted against it. We cannot but regard such conduct as utterly beneath a high minded honorable man, and utterly inconsistent with the character of a legislator bound by oath to act well his part.

Still, the friends of prohibition have reason to rejoice. Last year the vote was 9 to 45: this year 21 to 38. Another year of similar progress, and the streams of blood which this traffic sheds will be stopped in their channels. Let us thank God and take courage. Truth will prevail: and the day of triumph must come. We are now merely beginning the war. We are battling for outraged humanity, for fallen men, for sorrow stricken women, and beggared children. We are planted on a rock of everlasting strength—WE ARE RIGHT. None but a poor spirit will fail because victory is delayed. What nobler part could mortal act, than to stand up for the right, though alone against the world? But we stand not alone. The noblest hearts and the clearest intellects of New Jersey are with us. Ane God is for us. What if the rum trade is defended by low cunning, and unscrupulous falsehoods; could we reasonably expect any thing better from such a source? The trickery which excites our scorn is but the writhing of the serpent to save its head from the crushing blow which it cannot much longer escape. Let us then go into the war with augmented zeal and determination, and the battle shall soon be ours.”

“Truth struck to earth shall rise again.
The eternal years of God are hers,
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid his worshippers.”

Books and Periodicals.

We have several good books and magazines on our table. It is impossible to read all we get; but we generally read enough to give us a tolerably clear idea of the nature and value of the book or article sent us for notice or review.

The Way of Peace, by Henry A. Rowland, is published by M. W. Dodd, and sent us by E. Pickup, Montreal. The author's motto is, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee;" and the work is decidedly of a superior cast. It is designed to afford counsel to those who have found peace with God, and desire to retain the heavenly gift. It is experimental and practical, and by the blessing of God will be the means of preserving those who yield to its teachings, from the formalisms and Phariseisms of the present age. 12mo. pages 279.

The *National Magazine* for April is before us, with a table of contents, and a list of embellishments sufficiently inviting and numerous to satisfy the cravings of all persons whose literary appetite may be morally healthy and sound. The author of the Sketches in Europe need not have betrayed his own petty prejudices by telling us very gravely that he did not care about seeing the Queen of England. The editor is rather hard on D.D.'s., and rebukes the national vanity for titles. This number of the *National* is about the best ever issued, and you may venture to call at Pickup's, 32 Great St. James street, and order it without any fear of being disappointed or suffering loss. Call and see a specimen number.

The Attractions of the World to Come, by Alfred Bryant, is published by M. W. Dodd of New York. Mr. Bryant is pastor of the first Presbyterian Church in Niles, Michigan. His ministry must be effective and Evangelical if we may judge from the matter of this volume, and both his readers and hearers ought to be weaned from earth's fleeting joys, by the superior and powerful attractions of the heavenly world of unchangeable beauty and glory. This book contains many very useful and scriptural lessons of instruction, and commends itself to the busy bustling people of this "present world," teaching them to set their "affections on things above." 12mo. pp. 308. Montreal: E. Pickup.

The New York Tribune. We direct attention to the advertisement of this paper, printed on our last page. The *Tribune*, with unabated vigour, battles against Rum and Slavery, and gives the various and important news of the world with correctness and despatch. It has a larger circulation than any other paper in the world; at least we know of none that surpasses it.

The *Delaware Herald*, published at Smyrna, Del., is enlarged and much improved. It is a good sound temperance newspaper, and on changing hands promises to do good service in the great cause of the age.

Grand Section Cadets of Temperance--Province of Canada.

The semi-annual Session of the above body will be held at Picton on Tuesday, the 23rd day of May next, at the hour of eleven in the forenoon.

THOMAS NIXON,
GRAND SECRETARY.

Original Correspondence.

Mr. Kellogg at Lacolle, C. E.

As I never see any communication from Lacolle in your valuable journal, I intend, with your permission, to apprise you of any thing significant that occurs here, bearing on Temperance principles. I have nothing presently to say, except that we have had a "regular" teetotal meeting, but that is saying much when I tell you that Mr. Kellogg lectured at that meeting. Old King Alcohol perhaps never received such a dissection before. He was placed before the audience in all his naked deformities, or rather he was exhibited clothed in all the emblems of his victories, viz., desolate homes, ruined hopes, exiled happiness, broken hearts and early graves. I cannot but think that the throne on which he sits must totter beneath the scathing denunciations of such men as Mr. Kellogg. He also gave us hopes that a "rain" Maine Law might be reasonably expected in a short time. May the country be roused to its entire boundaries to demand from our Legislature this safe-guard for the present and all future generations.

Present the thanks of the Lacolle Sons of Temperance, to the Montreal Temperance Society, for their judgment in selecting, and their efforts in sustaining, Mr. Kellogg in the field.

After the Lecturer sat down upwards of eighty signed the pledge, and amongst them some of our very best men. Thus you see the cause of universal sobriety prospers; may it continue to widen its circle until all are brought under its influence.

With my best wishes for the prosperity of the *Advocate*, and its co-workers, and the cause generally, allow me to subscribe myself yours in the bonds of the Order,

T. H.

The Ladies and Sons of Williamstown, Glengary.

The ladies of Williamstown and vicinity gave notice to the Glengary Division of the Sons of Temperance, that they (the ladies) had prepared a banner, for the purpose of presenting it to our Division. We, therefore, announced a public meeting on the evening of Wednesday the 25th ult., for that purpose.

Accordingly, the ladies came forward, accompanied by the Martintown Brass Band, and two of their number unfurled the banner, and raising it on its standard, sung that appropriate song, "Raise the Temperance Banner high." Brother DeCastle then delivered a short Address on behalf of the ladies, and presented it to the W. P., A. McLaughlin, who thanked the ladies, and made a few suitable remarks in behalf of the Division. Brother DeCastle being again called for, took the platform and addressed the audience in a very humorous and interesting manner, clearly picturing the evils of intemperance. This veteran soldier of the battle field of the Temperance movement, proved himself perfectly master of the subject. He was listened to with the greatest attention, and seemed to carry conviction to the hearts of all present, and took his seat amidst cheering and applause.

Having been regaled at intervals by the Martintown Brass Band (who kindly volunteered their services on this occasion), the meeting was closed, all much pleased with the entertainment of the evening.

A SON OF TEMPERANCE.

Stirring Times at Sarnia, C. W.

We had a glorious day here yesterday, March 5th. The Rum-mies are beaten. Our Temperance Candidates at the last Municipal Elections were defeated, through the union of the Rum-mies and one of the political parties. The consequence is that the Council consists of two professed Temperance men, and three undisguised rum-drinkers; but they had all pledged themselves, before election, that if the Prohibitory Law, which had been

enacted, should be sustained by a popular vote, they would support it. It was sustained—two to one. At last the 1st March arrived; all licenses had expired. The rum-holes continued open, and every one who wished got liquor; but the Inspectors, a majority of whom luckily were staunch Temperance men, appeared on the scene—complaints were made before the Justices. One case came to trial, and after an amount of perjury on the part of the victims of the Rumseller, which was truly appalling, he was convicted, and fined £1 and costs. From this judgment he immediately appealed to the Court of Quarter Sessions, from which, should the decision be unfavourable to him, he threatens to appeal to the Queen's Bench. This, however, frightens the Temperance men very little, as they are perfectly satisfied of the legality of the law, and of their proceedings. This occurred on Saturday. On Monday there was a commotion—the taverns were shut—all their boarders turned adrift, and no accommodation for travellers, except what was afforded by the two Temperance houses.

The Vigilance Committee immediately met, and made arrangements for boarding men and stabling horses, and immediately issued handbills informing the public of their proceedings. This annoyed but did not dishearten the Rummies; they anticipated that the Council, which was then in session, would be so frightened by the shutting up of the Taverns, that it would repeal the Prohibitory Liquor Law; but by twelve o'clock it was decided in the Council, by the casting vote of the Reeve, that the Law should be sustained. The Rummies were furious—threats and insults were rife, and a row was generally anticipated. About eight o'clock a band of disguised persons formed in procession, and paraded through the streets with an effigy of one of the Councillors; but the temperance folks were prepared. A large number of special constables were sworn in, and the rioters immediately disbanded—but still skulked round, apparently watching their opportunity to re-unite. It was then decided that nine persons should be a watch for that night. These constables patrolled the streets, until two o'clock, by which time all the Rummies were safely housed, and so far everything is quiet, and the victory remains with us. To-morrow several Rumsellers will be brought up and doubtless fined. We have a clear field, and will show no favor. For this year rum is down! down!!

A MAINE LAW MAN.

The Work in Lennox and Addington, C. W.

The County Society has not been doing anything by way of holding meetings or employing Lecturers. The Township Societies seem to be almost a dead letter also this winter. Some two or three Divisions of the Sons have given up their Charters, and some other Divisions seem rather on the decline, as well as some of the local Temperance Societies; but still this is the dark side of the picture, and there are some noble exceptions, both of Divisions of Sons and local Total Abstinence Societies. Since the last sitting of the Grand Division in Kingston there has been a branch of the League started in these Counties. There are to be no local League Societies but one County League. The officers of the County League have been holding meetings, getting signatures to the League, and appointing agents in each locality to receive names and dues for the League Association. The League now in operation is merely a provisional one, and some time shortly the officers of the provisional League will call a general meeting, at which regular officers will be appointed, who will enter upon their duties with a considerable sum of money in their treasury, and then we expect to have a general stir again in the right direction, by way of employing superior lecturers, distributing tracts, and other works.

D. W. A.

Hard Work at Stratford, C. W.

No doubt, you like to hear how the Temperance cause is going on, from time to time, in different places. There is not much that can be said in favour of the progress of the cause here, mostly on account of the opposition made by those who have influence, and who, if not decidedly against the cause of Temperance, are indifferent, and stand aloof. There are some ministers, who professing to be in favour of the Maine Law, yet, in their practice, giving countenance to the drinking usages of Society, and even encouraging known drunkards still to take a little.

An instance of this kind has lately come under my notice, where a poor man who had, for a long time, been addicted to intemperate habits, and had been refused the privileges, or some of the privileges, of the church to which he belonged, and has since become temperate, was lately met, while journeying, by the pastor of the same church whose privileges he had been refused, and being a cold day, was invited to drink by the pastor, who was acquainted with the person and circumstances of the case; and, when the party refused to drink with him, (this was at a tavern) and told him that he had left off drinking, the minister told him that he had better take a little, as it was a cold day, and a little would do him no harm. He manfully refused to touch it, and told the minister that there would be no drunkards, if it were not for the first glass. This same minister possesses a great amount of influence. This place, as usual in all new places, has been greatly infested with taverns, low grog shops, and stores dealing in the article of intoxicating drinks, which things all had their influence in the election of our village council, the result of which was, that there were two merchants selling the article, one brewer, and the owner of a distillery, elected out of the five men composing our village council. But we have, as village inspectors, two men of the right stamp, who are determined to do their duty.

The taverns are reduced to number three instead of eight, as we had last year; and there has already been information laid against one of our ex-tavern keepers, for selling without license, which resulted in the tavern keeper being fined £5 and costs.—Other informations are in process.

The Council passed a bye-law for licensing saloons and beer-shops, with hardly any restrictions. A petition was got up by some of the inhabitants, and signed, in a few hours, by over fifty people, against licensing any beer shops or saloons; and, if there had been time, a large majority of the inhabitants would have signed it. However, the bye-law was somewhat modified, and placed somewhat in the power of the inspectors. But rum has great influence in this locality. The Inspectors, on visiting the proprietor of a beer shop, and informing him that they could not conscientiously grant him a certificate, was much enraged, and told them that he would on the next day take out a shop license, and then they would see that he would make more drunkards than ever, and this language was from a professed CHRISTIAN!

Not long since, an individual was taken up for being drunk.—The constable, who was taking him to jail, was drunk; and when he was going by a saloon, a magistrate came out, who was also drunk, and told him, (the constable,) with a hiccup, to let the man go, as he had no business with him. In another case of an information, it was with great difficulty that a magistrate could be got to sit on the case, and indeed the case is not tried yet. In some cases, they are afraid to do their duty, and in others, I suppose they are inclined to a great amount of leniency, knowing that they will condemn their own practices.

Mr. Hungerford, a lecturer from the United States, has been lecturing in the counties of Huron, Perth and Bruce, every night, for about a month; and, if no more good has been accomplished, the subject of the Maine Law has been ably brought before hundreds to whom the subject was entirely new.

A. F. M.

Philanthropic & Social Progress.

Take Care, Man.

Take care—that is, be more careful, is a caution that we all need. It comes to us very often, often unheeded, often from a source but little expected to give forth those useful words. It came to us the other night in this way, and it made a deep impression, we hope a lasting one, that will ever remind us to be more careful, and not act as though there was no one to care for but ourselves in the world—this busy, bustling, go-a-head steamboat world.

We were crossing the Jersey City Ferry somewhat late in the evening, and of course in a hurry; everybody connected with a morning paper must be in a hurry, else, reader, how would you read with your hurried breakfast of things transpiring after midnight, in distant parts of this great metropolis? But we were no more in a hurry than everybody else, for everybody who crosses our ferries is always in a hurry, always acts as though his life depended upon his hurry; sometimes it does, for he hurries to jump ashore and goes down to the bottom of the river. We were in a hurry, and we crowded among the crowd, who were all pushing close to the forward part of the boat, ready for a jump, when from away down among the boots, a little voice came up, giving us a needed word of caution that there were other human beings to be cared for beside ourselves, for the voice said, "Take care man, there's a little boy down here." It was not a whining, impatient voice, but a little, manly one, small to be sure, but large enough to tell us that another person had rights there; and although it was a little boy clinging to its mother, men should remember that they once clinging to the same protection, and not forget in a crowd that there might be "a little boy down there." That boy, said we, as we looked down searchingly after the "little man," who, though he only stood up three feet above his own shoes, stood up like a man for his own rights—that boy will make a man who will never forget in a crowd that there may be "a little boy down there," who should not be trampled on by the six footers above him.

"Take care, man," as you crowd through life, or you may step on somebody's toes. Remember that there is always "a little boy down there," or some fellow-mortal a little below you, of whom you should take care—at least care not to trample upon them because they are down.

The words of caution will not always come up in such pleasant tones as they did from that "little boy down here," but they will come up to your ear in tones which you cannot mistake, should not neglect to heed. What a pity we do not heed them. Go though this city from dark till midnight; look down into a thousand rum-selling cellars, and if you are a man with half an ear, or have a soul within to listen to a still small voice, you shall hear one coming up out of that broad road to destruction, bidding you to take care, for there is a little boy down there, and that boy is drinking rum, smoking cigars, and uttering oaths, every one of which sends him down, down, to a level so low that he never will rise to manhood, for he is down among the brutes. "Take care, man," that that boy is not your boy, or one for whom you might care—perhaps, one for whom if you had properly cared, would never have gone down there.

Take care man—if you are a man—take care if you are a woman, and mother of a little boy, while you have him by the hand, that he receives such lessons as will save you in after years from the heart-killing sorrow and misery of looking down into some of our licensed dens of despair, as the sound of the voice of that little boy comes up and enters your heart like a spear of rusty iron, telling you that while pressing through the crowd of life—while hurrying to cross the ferry of death—that you did not take care of the little boy down there.

Reader! take care, listen to every little voice coming up—be careful of the little boys; if not trampled down in the crowd, they will soon be men. Look in the street—there is a little boy down there. Lift him up.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Where is thy Brother?

Where is thy brother? Ask the man
Who vends the 'liquid fire' for gold,
Heedless he answers—"What care I?
I've got the worth of what I sold."

Where is thy brother? Ask the man
Who sees him sink, without a sigh,
Without a finger moved to save;
Where is thy brother, dare reply.

Where is thy brother? Ask those friends
Whose love was warm, but now is cold!
Is not the mighty foe alive?
Or is thy brother's birthright sold?

Where is thy brother? Pastor, where?
Do the strayed ones share thy kind regard?
Art thou a leader 'gainst the foe?
Or thy neglect the work retard?

Where is thy brother? Ruler say—
Is thy skirts stained with human blood?
Does law's strong arm uphold the weak?
Does vice, law sanctioned, tempt the good?

Where is thy brother? Friend of right—
Have all your efforts been in vain,
Trust not in law, but use the means,
The bitten did but look again.

A Word Concerning "Ministers' Sore Throat."

There is a disease which many of you suffer, which is called "ministers' sore throat." This has crippled the influence of many of you. Great numbers of you have sought relief at the hands of physicians unavailingly. Except in the last stages, when the disease has spread itself along the mucous linings to the substance of the lungs, establishing consumption, the disease is curable. It is generally believed that the disease is generated by your pulpit vocal efforts; but this is a mistake. No man has disease of the throat from talking. This produces the reverse effect. The blow-boy who drives stolid oxen day after day, hollowing 'whoa, haw, gee', at the top of his voice, five hundred times a day, has no soreness of throat. Your captain, or mate of a vessel, who screams vociferously mid wind and storm howlings, is not in the hands of the physicians. Your auctioneer, who for hours peddles his wares under incessant and rapid vocal effort, is not consumptive. It is a mistake that you bring on the disease by preaching. That only has an aggravative influence when the disease has established itself. Generally the disease originates in the stomach, and the seat of it is the mucous coat. It is caused by taking improper food and drinks, whose direct and necessary tendency is to inflame the mucous membrane. Nature, who is wise, after awhile, either removes the inflammation by sending it to the throat, and so saves the stomach, or, if she cannot do this, extends the inflammation along the œsophagus to the throat. The membrane that lines the stomach is continuous with that which lines the throat, just as the skin which lines your hand is continuous with that which covers your face. Now nothing uncommon is shown, when by a process called metastasis, irritation of the stomach suddenly ceases, and irritation of the throat immediately appears. To seek a cure of the difficulty by applying to the membrane of the throat caustic commonly called lunar caustic, is useless. No irritation is cured, it is only transferred. This disease is curable, but in no way which does not involve the sufferer, is a most rigidly simple diet, freedom from public speaking, judicious hygienic treatment, and abundant muscular, vigorous exercise. If evidence is wanting that this view is the correct one, it may be seen in the general giving way of the strength of the subject. The symptoms it puts out are almost exactly such as dyspepsia gives forth. In fact, it is in most cases neither more nor less than dyspepsia, whose local point is in the throat. Just as far as this disease exists in your ranks, it cripples your strength, and is an obstacle in your way.

A Page for Young Folks at Home.

Tom Bond.

A SHORT STORY FOR BOYS.

About seven years ago, Tom Bond, of Indiana, graduated with the highest honors at one of the western institutions of learning, and returned to the home of his childhood, and to a circle of warm friends from whom he had been long separated.

The fame of Tom Bond had flown before him; and the hearts of his parents were made glad by the voices that spoke in his praise. He was courted in society; he was admired everywhere. His truthfulness, his learning, his wit, his benevolence, made him the favorite of all, and the bright centre of every social circle in which he moved. Many a time, when the good and the wise were speaking of him, they would say—"That young man has virtue, and genius, and learning; and if he lives he will some day hold a high rank among the great and good men of his country."

Such a man was Tom Bond, when I knew him, about seven years ago. Where is he now?

Some time in the month of January, 1854, a stranger was passing through the suburbs of one of the principal cities of the west, when his attention was arrested by the voices of angry men, who were quarrelling in a very loud tone, and uttering the most horrid oaths, and the most blasphemous imprecations. The sound of these voices came from a low dirty, looking frame building, upon the weather-boards of which was written in chalk, the sentence, "Whiskey for sale here."

Suddenly a man was forced violently from the house. He made several staggering steps forward—paused for a moment—then shouted the name of the stranger, and reeled towards him to grasp his hand.

The stranger saw the tattered and soiled garments, the watery and inflamed eyes, the bloated and ulcerated face, the purple lips, the tremulous hands, and the unsteady step; but he could trace no familiar features in the face—no familiar sound in the voice—of the miserable wreck of humanity that stood before him.

"What!" exclaimed the wreck of a man, "don't you know me? Don't you know Tom Bond?"

Poor Tom Bond was a loathsome drunkard; sinking, sinking, into degradation, infamy, and death. Intemperance had prostrated his intellect, and corrupted his heart. His relatives had abandoned him. His early friends shunned his presence; and he was left an outcast and a wanderer, in a land that his genius and his virtues might have adorned and blessed.

As long as his mother lived, he was not utterly forsaken. There was one star that would still glimmer over his sad destiny;—there was one heart that would still struggle to lead him back into the paths of temperance and virtue. But even the tremendous energy of a mother's love cannot endure all things; and death deprived Tom Bond of his first, and last, and best friend.

This is no sketch of fancy. It is truth; and it presents only a single instance of the desolating power of intoxicating liquors.—Oh! boys! oh! men! you who have true and manly hearts, do not by your voices, or by your votes, defend the use of such spirits as a social beverage. They prepare victims for the gallows—they fill the prisons of the country with criminals—they destroy the happiness of families—they obstruct the progress of knowledge—they taint the purity of religion—they make man a tyrant, and they make him a slave—they move over the earth like a pestilence, leaving their blasting traces upon the brightest, the best, and the purest institutions of human wisdom, and corrupting and crushing, in their course, even the most glorious works of God.

Many a parent has mourned the loss of a son. Many a sister has wept over the ruin of a brother. Many a wife, borne down by mental agony, and suffering from sickness

and poverty, and hunger and cold, has drawn her shivering infant closer to her heart, and sobbed aloud in bitterness of spirit, over blasted hopes and crushed affections, while the demon of drunkenness has stood by her side, to howl curses in her ears, and to mock her in her desolation.—*Temperance Union.*

I'll Never use Tobacco.

I'll never use tobacco, no!

It is a nasty weed!

I'll never put it in my mouth,

Said little Robert Reid.

Why, there was idle Jerry Jones,

As dirty as a pig,

Who smoked when only ten years old.

And thought it made him big.

He'd puff along the open street,

As if he had no shame,

He'd sit beside the tavern door,

And there would do the same.

He spent his time and money too,

And made his mother sad;

She fear'd a worthless man would come

From such a worthless lad.

"Oh no! I'll never smoke or chew;

'Tis very wrong indeed;

It hurts the health, it makes bad breath;

Said little Robert Reid.

"I'll never use tobacco, no!

It is a nasty weed!

I'll never put it in my mouth,"

Said little Robert Reid.

—*Religious Telescope.*

Inquiries and Thinkings.

How can any one see those bright spring days that so be-token the coming of flowers and birds, and many superior beauties, and not feel a gushing of gratitude to his God?—How can he look at yonder setting sun, each ray seeming to throw out new glories from the source of glory, without praising the hands of the Divine Painter? How can he view that just formed bud, feeling certain that it will yet expand into Spring-time fullness and Summer fragrance, without tracing the perfect workmanship of the Infinite in Power? How can a person be literally surrounded with so much that is beautiful, lovely and good, and yet close his eyes to all and his heart to their sweet influences?

O there is a joy, a *delight*, a *real benefit*, ministered to the soul from these *excellent* pages of the book of Nature.—Would we open our hearts to receive their lessons, they would grow bigger and better, and these teachings would go hand in hand with those of Revelation, to make us fit for an eternal companionship with the author of good.

The poor inebriate who passed just now—he might have appreciated the works of God. Yes, the Creator of these beauties might have been his father. These spring birds that are beginning so sweetly to join the chorus of new life that is waking the earth, might have been singing their songs to him, and his heart might have enjoyed all this nature-music. But ah! 'tis all in vain for him. The fine-strung chords of his once sensitive soul have lost their tension. His eyes are closed—his heart asleep—his sensibilities dead.

But, should this catch his eye in a sober, waking moment, let him cast one glance around upon the animated face of nature and ask, "All this for me and I enjoy it not? Let me rather shake off this death-spell that Alcohol has thrown about me, and in the fullness of renewed life let me enjoy what God means for me, both here and hereafter."—*N. J. Reformer.*

Let your desires and aversions to the common objects and occurrences in this life be but few and feeble. Make it your daily business to moderate your aversions and desires, and to govern them by reason. This will guard you against many a ruffle of spirit, both of anger and sorrow.—*Watts.*

Typhus and Cholera.—An Eclogue.

Scene:—A LODGING-HOUSE. TYPHUS HOVERS OVER A CROWD OF SLEEPERS.

Cholera (without).

Sister! Sister!

Typhus.

I am here,

Doing my work for to-morrow's bier,
Nine and seven lie each in a row—
Two are gone, and two will go.

Cholera (enters).

Sister! Sister! you work too slow;
For here, where the tide has left its slime
To mix with the filth of a hundred drains,
And the hovels are rotting in damp and grime
While the landlord is counting his daily gains,
And his slaves are groaning with chronic pains,
You linger about, till famine and gin
Must finish the work which you begin.

Typhus.

Chide me not, sister! my work is sure,
The days are many since last you came;
But you passed away, and your fearful name
Was soon forgotten; but I endure,

Cholera.

Again I come,
The knell shall be tolled,
But not for one;
Ere set of sun
Some work shall be done:
For a hurried grave shall these sleepers hold,
And the proud shall then think of the earth's poor scum.

Typhus.

No meddling spies disturb my reign;
The black dite creeps in the populous lane;
In the mouldy cellar the infants huddle;
The alley is dark with the filthy puddle;
And the breath of heaven ne'er visits the den
Where the poorest dwell. Leave, leave me here.
I make no noise, and the well-fed men
See my victims die,
And pass quietly by,
With no vain lament, and no idle fear.

Cholera.

Me they shall fear.

Typhus

But stay not long

Take a few away that are wholly mine;
My pleasant places are willingly thine,
But go not the rich and the happy among.

Cholera.

I'll take thy leavings, with nobler prey;
Shall wretches pine beneath thy sway,
And those escape who have known 'tbe wrong?

Typhus.

Leave me, rash sister, leave me here,
To fill the graves from year to year;
For our trade shall go to a swift decay
If you gather the crop from day to day.
Then the hovels will fall and houses rise;
The rich and the poor will both get wise;
And the law will open its hoodwinked eyes.
No more shall we ride on the tainted gale,
Where foul trade flourish and men grow pale;
Where the slaughter-house floods the slippery stones,
And the roek is heavy of boiling bones.
They will drain their streets, and build their schools,
And hunt us out.

Cholera.

Twice turned, the foals

Still keep us here, and here they still will keep;
For the Justices wink and the Vestries sleep,
And red Tape ties the willing hand,
And *Laissez-faire* still rules the land.

—Times.

S. T.

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