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# TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

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

VOL. XVII.]

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 15, 1851.

No. 26

## PROSPECTUS

OF THE

### "CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,"

EIGHTEENTH VOLUME.

In penning the announcement of the *Eighteenth Volume* of the *Advocate*, we feel called upon again to thank our subscribers for their support during the past year—we have spared neither time nor money to deserve it, and would hope that we have not altogether been unsuccessful; it has been our study to keep before us the great object for which the *Advocate* was at first commenced, and from the frequent favorable notices of our contemporaries, we see cause to indulge the hope, that in this also we have not failed.

We have contracted with our paper maker to furnish a good quality of paper; and the illustrations of that interesting tale, **THE SEQUEL TO THE BOTTLE**, are now being engraved and will be ready for our next volume. Continued care will be exercised in the selection of good pieces of Music, and additional assistance in the Editorial department has also been secured. Under these circumstances, we hope that strenuous efforts will be made to extend our circulation, and that Subscribers will do us the justice to make their payments in advance. We hope that agents and friends, in different parts, will make it a point to canvass their different localities, not only to ascertain who are willing to continue, but also for the purpose of adding new names to our list, and communicate the result to us before the close of the present volume.

We have no change to announce in the future conduct of the *Advocate*. As heretofore, it will be the uncompromising defender of our cause, and will faithfully note its progress throughout the world, wherever the standard of temperance has been raised, as well as in those Provinces, whether that progress be effected through the instrumentality of the Rechabites, the Sons of Temperance, or the ordinary temperance societies. We have no object to gain beyond the advancement of the cause of total abstinence, and to this every other consideration shall be made to yield.

#### THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT

As heretofore, will be carefully selected from the best publications of the day; and well written original articles, either of prose or poetry, will from time to time find place in its columns.

#### COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

The above is not altogether a new feature in the *Advocate*, but in future we intend that more attention will be paid to it—and great care will be taken to furnish the farmer, and others who are interested, with a full and correct report of the market. It shall in a great measure take the place of the news department, as well as that of the births, marriages, and deaths, except those that may be sent us for insertion in our columns.

#### THE EDUCATIONAL AND AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

Will comprise carefully selected articles of practical value, both to the parent and teacher, as well as the farmer, that our friends in the country who may wish to take but one paper, may find the *Advocate* all they want for a family paper, at a very small price.

We make this early announcement of our next volume that all may be apprized in good time, that we cannot continue to send the *Eighteenth Volume* of the *Advocate* to any but those who

make payment in advance, or send us definite orders for their paper. Hitherto, heavy loss has been incurred by sending to all previous Subscribers the succeeding volume without order, we think the friends of the cause should not expose us to this loss.

The *Advocate* is published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at 2s 6d per annum, payable in advance. As formerly, all orders and remittances to be forwarded to JOHN C. BECKER, Printer, No. 22, Great St. James Street, Montreal.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

We deem it advisable thus specially to call the attention of the friends of the *Advocate*, as well as of the cause generally, to the terms of the forthcoming volume, and which will be found in the last paragraph but one of our Prospectus. And we do so that none may have cause to complain of insufficient notice, should the paper be discontinued at the end of the year. The Post-office arrangements are now so complete, and the facilities of communication so great, that no one can be at a loss to send his name or his money, either directly to this Office, or to one or other of our numerous Agents; hence we feel ourselves at perfect liberty to adopt the plan of sending no paper to any but those who have sent their subscription in advance, or a definite order, for the next volume.

These are the only satisfactory and reasonable terms we can think of, in justice to ourselves, in which a work of so much labor, and involving so much expense, should be undertaken; and we are satisfied that no Teetotaler can find fault with them. The *Advocate* is his own paper, intended for his benefit, as well as those whom he should be interested in taking with him on the same road to health and happiness. No one can be expected to aid us in this work, but the Teetotaler; none but he can appreciate our labors, and we cannot but hope he will do so, and, therefore, we go forward for another year, if spared in health, in undiminished confidence on the friends of order and sobriety, that they will come up in yet greater numbers to our support. Very many contribute no more, in the course of a whole year, to the cause, but the small sum we ask for the *Advocate*; and surely, if that is the case, it is but a small return for the good the principle may have done them; at all events, it bears no proportion to the importance of the work in the benefits it confers on their fellow-men.

We offer to all who exert themselves to increase our subscription list, for the next volume, according to the following scale, one or more copies of the work entitled "THE BOTTLE," which has been printed in tract form, on good paper, with the illustrations, and neatly stitched in a tinted cover.—

For 5 New Subscribers to the *Advocate*, 1 copy of "The Bottle."

" 15 "	"	"	"	2	"	"
" 20 "	"	"	"	3	"	"
" 25 "	"	"	"	4	"	"

Or one copy additional for every five additional subscribers over 25. It must be understood, however, that the subscription money must be sent with the order, or the payment guaranteed, within six months, by known individuals, Divisions, or other Societies. The copies of "The Bottle" will be sent to the parties free of charge.

### Custom's Iron Cage.

'I can't get out, I can't get out.'

[The following admirable paper on the power of appetite, which we copy from the *Scottish Temperance Review*, we earnestly commend to all our readers.—Ed. C. T. A.]

Yorick, in the 'Sentimental Journey,' tried to reason himself into the belief, that the Bastille, after all, is not a very hopeful instrument of human improvement, was at least as innocuous as many other modes of human restraint. He compared it to gout, or other forms of disease to which men are periodically subjected, and under whose restraint they bear confinement without any of the terrific associations which the name of the Bastille uniformly stirs. Change the name, therefore, said he, and the terror is instantly gone. Call it lumbago, sciatica, or other foot-restraining disease, and the horrible associations of a mere name immediately disappear. But as soon as there fell on his ear the voice of the captive starting, uttering its lamentation, 'I can't get out, I can't get out,' and as soon as he had done his best, in vain, to restore the captive to liberty, changed in a moment were all his fancies and whims, and the terrible reality of a never ending dungeon thralldom burst upon his mind.

Amid the millions of captives that fluted before his imagination, and out of whom he has painted one with dexterous felicity, there was a form of captivity which he either would not know, or heedlessly contemned. He has shown the captive in his cell with his glimmering light, his wretched pallet, the hopeless walls, the soul-harrowing creak as the grated enclosure shuts for ever; he has shown him notch the stick that circles the days of his living sepulchre; and he has held him up with the very iron of slavery entering his soul. And all this he has done till the blood curdles with sympathy amid the horrors of the dungeon, or rises with the fervour of heaven to curse every tyrant, great or little, that has ever lived. But the captivity that springs out of man's voluntary choice—as, for instance, the slavery of drunkenness, whose captives, in thousands and tens of thousands of instances, may well exclaim, in the language of the starting, 'We can't get out, we can't get out,'—he did not deem it his duty or his interest to portray. The omission may have had reasons, or it may have had none. But the calamitous captivity at this hour is no less real, and no less afflictive, and in multitudes of instances doying all human aid to rescue from the voluntarily-formed enclosure of Custom's Iron Cage.

A distinguished writer of this age has mentioned a curious, and at the same time melancholy and distressing instance of the power of habit in thoroughly enslaving the mind. An individual, addicted to a special vice, had used every form of resolution, and resorted to every expedient he could think of, in order to break, if possible, the spell of its dominion over him, but in vain. After a season the old indulgence was sought, and the old gratification rioted in. At last, with a view to strengthen principle, invigorate conscience, and if possible weaken and ultimately destroy the power of habit, he resolved to write a book against the special vice by which he had so long been enslaved. He set about the accomplishment of his self-imposed task, and actually composed a treatise in exposure and condemnation of his own special vicious indulgence; but without effect. The evil twist remained. The mental and physical bent towards the condemned gratification prevailed. He arose and did as he had ever done. He cast his resolves, his arguments, his sensations, and his mental labor at once and for ever to the winds—a practical repetition of the words of the captive starting, 'I can't get out, I can't get out.'

To those who have watched the condition of the intemperate—to be found too abundantly in every neighborhood—instances will

not be difficult to recall of men and women thoroughly enslaved by this vice. And out of these, perhaps, here and there, an individual could be pointed to that had, during the progress of life, apparently made the most resolute endeavors to be free; to snap asunder the wretched chain that seemed to bind him to evil, and to walk in the liberty of an intelligent and moral being—when, as if by a fascination which no earthly power could elude, an invisible bond that no human agency could break, the vice-controlled simpleton has arisen, and moved like an ox to the slaughter, or a fool to the correction of the stocks. He has appeared for a season as if he had fairly vanquished the enemy; as if he had said to the tempter, 'Get thee behind me,' as if he had wiped the last taint of vicious desire for ever from his being; and as if now he were of a different stature, texture, mould, and mindedness from the dotard drunkard he has left behind. He is pleased with his liberty; he is almost proud of his new attainment; he is ready to wonder that ever he wore the yoke of such a degrading thralldom. Nay, those who take an interest in the progress of moral reform, who watch the ameliorations which spring up coincident with the downfall of the vice of drunkenness, and who rejoice that another inebriate has gone free, are ready to join in jubilant congratulation, that the victory has been achieved. But after a season the dream is dissipated—the vision utterly dispelled. He appears still on the hook of the old angler, who bids his time in order to make him feel that his freedom was all a dream. He is taken in an evil hour, and perishes in the snare of his own contrivance.

The case of the pauper tippler, as related by an American physician, most affectingly illustrates the tyrant thralldom induced by habitual indulgence. A few years ago, a tippler was put into the almshouse, in a populous town in Massachusetts. Within a few days he had devised various expedients to procure rum, but failed. At length he hit upon one that proved successful. He went into the wood yard of the establishment, placed one hand upon a block, and with an axe in the other, struck it off at a single blow. With the stump raised and streaming he ran into the house, crying, "Get some rum, get some rum! My hand is off!" In the confusion and bustle of the occasion, a bowl of rum was brought, into which he plunged the bleeding member of his body, then raising the bowl to his mouth, drank freely, and exultingly exclaimed, "Now I am satisfied."

What a fearful illustration of the perpetuity of the bondage sometimes found in Custom's iron cage! The craving awakened was even more force than that of the hungry mother who, amid the fell madness of famine, could satiate her appetite on the limbs of her own offspring. The demon-like desire for the habitual stimulant could turn round and devour the members of his own body—could 'eat his flesh like fire.' Truly might he exclaim, 'I can't get out, I can't get out!' when he could attest with such savage ferocity the drinker's engrained nature. It was only equalled, perhaps, by the cool and deliberate declaration of the young man, one of great promise, whom it was attempted to dissuade from habits of intemperance. 'Hear me first a few words,' said he, and then you may proceed. I am sensible that an indulgence in this habit will lead to loss of property, the loss of reputation, the loss of domestic happiness, to premature death, and to the irretrievable loss of my immortal soul; and now, with all this conviction resting firmly on my mind, and flashing over my conscience like lightning, if I still continue to drink—do you think anything you can say will deter me from the practice?' No wonder Dr. Ruah expressed his view of the tenacity and perpetuity of the habitual appetite of the drunkard, when he said, 'If a man was sent to hell, and kept there for a thousand years as a punishment for drinking, and then returned, his first cry would be, "Give me rum, give me rum!"' Men will venture, not only in full view of the physical consequences that result from vicious indulgence, but seeing in the issue the catastrophe of mental, moral, spiritual perdition—they will venture onward, seeking the momentary gratification within the very jaws of temporal and everlasting ruin. Is it not an iron cage? And is its most piteous and doleful utterance not rightly given, 'I can't get out, I can't get out?'

It is not meant that every drunkard is ir reclaimable, or that once on the declivity of intemperance, return to sobriety, and the abrogation of the drinking usages, is next to impossible. Many who had been confirmed sots, and many more who had been on the highway to the thralldom of sottiness, have retraced their steps, and stood forth in the liberty of perfect freedom from the dominion

of strong drink. The enlightenment conveyed by temperance reformers throughout the land, and the associated aid rendered by a thoroughly consistent example, have done much to promote the reclamation of inopient or confirmed nebrists. This condition of fact is not to be denied. But it is equally clear that throughout the nation at large there are found, in every community, men and women, so caught in the toils of intemperance, that no moral means hitherto applied have been found adequate to their deliverance. The effect of the alcoholic indulgence on the physical frame has been such, that the very soul has become an imperious demandant of what is now deemed an indispensable gratification. Either continuously or periodically, the burning appetite arises and seeks, with an unquenchable desire, the strong drink solution. No considerations based on life, on health, on property: on reputation, conscience, duty, or God, will debar, for a single moment, the footsteps that rush forth in quest of the devouring beverage. Come evil as a consequence under any possible name; frown in the distance even perdition itself—the palsied hand of intemperance will raise and quaff the goblet that contains the certification of everlasting rum. How many drink and die! How many drink, and then, amid the consequent horrors of the mental desolation, arise and plunge through self-destruction into the night of unknown, interminable consequences? as if the whole being, physical and mental, in revenge for violated laws, gathered itself up with a kind of instinctive, retributive wrath, and hurried the drunkard with inexorable behest to a drunkard's doom. The iron has slowly, but surely gathered around him. Rivet after rivet has fixed the impassable barrier, and gradually so engaged the devotee of vice, that escape there is none. Resolution, and conscience, and terror lacerate themselves in vain against the grievous encasement. Even tears of blood may appear to fall. The encloasure stands in the unbending, mocking tyranny of appetite, now the autocrat of all that remains of life in the sottish, drivelling fool.

How loudly, how imperatively does this vision call on the friends of human amelioration to arise and aid the cause of redemption from the drunkard's thralldom! A bastille may be sacked and scattered to the winds; a political serfdom may be gradually undermined; an African slave trade may be abolished, and the oppressed commanded to go free: but once within the grasp of the strong drink captivity; once sold into the bondage of appetite, awakened by the customary use, and what agency, short of a state of absolute physical restraint, will debar the gratification which seems to be asked for with a thousand tongues? Let the energy of temperance reformers be directed to prevention, to the breaking up of customs whose inevitable tendency is to awaken habits which, in some constitutions at least, take their place as if they were the brand of eternal virtue condemnation of vice, and whose heart-rending utterance here and hereafter is, 'I can't get out, I can't get out.' Let these be opposed and everywhere overthrown, so that the iron cage of this alcoholic vice may be abolished, and removed for ever from our land.

### Reflection's Aids.

'Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer.'

Right ends and means make wisdom.

If wrong our hearts, our heads are wright in vain.

Talents, angels bright, if wanting worth, are shining instruments in false ambition's hand to finish faults illustrious and give infamy renown.

Thy nature, immortality? Who knows? and yet who knows it not? It is but life in stronger thread of brighter color spun, and spun for ever.

A man with knowledge but without energy is a house furnished but not inhabited; a man with energy but no knowledge is a house dwelt in but unfurnished.

Self-consciousness in most men flashes across the field of life like lightning over a beighted plain. The sage has the art to compel it into his lamp and detain it there, and is thus enabled to explore the region where we are born into and dwell in, and which is so unknown to most of us.

Emotion turning back on itself, and not leading to thought or action, is the element of madness.

Man is a substance clad in shadows.

The worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the best which teaches every thing else and not that.

More benevolence is little better than worthless as a first principle of life. To love men without knowing what we are to love in them, is a moral appetite which may easily be too indiscriminate. Faith must stand first, the trustful insight into a truth which shows what we are to love and why, otherwise the love ends in a melancholy dream. It is the moonshine of the mind, which if genuine, and not a stage carpenter's tallow moonshine, points to aid proves a sunshine, a knowledge, and love of good unmingled and pure, and not, as in human beings, muddled with infinite dirt and lies.

Be it remembered that good manners and good taste are, so far as their influence reaches, hostile to vice and folly.

As to politeness, many have attempted to define it. I believe it is best to be known by description, definition not being able to comprise it. I would, however, venture to call it *benevolence in trifles*, or the preference of others to ourselves in little, daily occurrences in the commerce of life. It is a perpetual attention to the little wants of those with whom we are, by which attention we either prevent or remove them. Bowing, ceremonious, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness; that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, and noble; and what will give this but a mind benevolent and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition on trifles to all you converse and live with?

The actions of men are oftener determined by their character than their interest; their conduct takes its colour more from their acquired taste, inclinations, and habits, than from a deliberate regard to their greatest good. It is only on great occasions the mind awakes to take an extended survey of her whole course, and that she suffers the dictates of reason to impress a new bias upon her movements. The actions of each day are for the most part links which follow each other in the chain of custom. Hence the great effort of practical wisdom is to imbue the mind with right tastes, affections, and habits, the elements of character and masters of action.

Many persons have betrayed themselves by their own fears, and knowing themselves never to be secure enough, have gone to purge themselves of what nobody suspected them, offered an apology when they had no accuser but one within, which, like a thorn in the flesh, or like a word in a fool's heart was uneasy till it came out.

A man thoroughly good at heart is like a little spring-pool by the margin of the highway. It may be stirred by the foot of any passenger, and instantly becomes muddled with the loose earthy particles that lie on its borders; but just as instantly does it begin to resume its clear, pellucid, transparent self. A man thoroughly bad is like the stagnant, marshy hole—all manner of noxious reptiles and slimy weeds breed and flourish there. To stir it is only to increase its prolific badness.

The difference between the morality of paganism and the morality of the gospel is the difference between flowers made in wax and living flowers. The former is moulded by the artist from without, the latter is generated by a living power from within.—*Scottish Temp. Review.*

### Half Hogsheads versus Whole Hogs.

In this age of strife and threatened political revolutionary movements, it may be wondered what species of conflict can possibly be adumbrated under this porcupine-like name. Is it literally that the jaws begin to say to the tails, 'We have no need of you; or that the one half of the swinish bumps have arisen to deride and despise the other? Or is it that some new species of political whole hog faith, or religious half hogshead belief has come up on these lands to sow discord and war and fierce contention among the sons of peace, while the matter of dispute is merely whether the whole hog, or the half hog, or the half hogshead, is to be eaten by the non-bacon-repudiating inhabitants of these isles? Is it a literal hog, or a figurative hog, or an equivocal hog that is intended? or simply the disciples of the barrel, versus all who would abolish, in American whole hog style, the barterocracy of these lands, so unblushingly held forth in an expenditure of fifty millions sterling year by year, as Britain's alcoholic taxation?

Certain distinguished leaders of the press have entered the field, if not to bear openly and avowedly the half hogshead design, at least disposed to rally and jeer the followers of the whole

hog. A consentaneousness of thought, if not of feeling, on the part of these journalists, would almost indicate that they had been at least 'as far as Appii forum and the three Taverns.' If there may not be assigned a hoghead origin to their several lubrications, a half hoghead sympathy will not generally be denied. If the playfulness of the wit does not savour of alcoholic antecedents, its influence on it many may not be void of alcoholic conclusions. We are certainly not disposed to deny that the grameous disciples of Nebuchadnezzar, or the *vix et preterea nihil* advocates of mere phonetics, or some of the not anhydrous believers in the pump and well, have done deservice to the cause of sense and reason. Vegetable marrow may cure dyspeptics, but is not likely to be found an antidote to all Hungarian woes. Phonology may accelerate the movements of the stenographic art, but it is not likely to accomplish much where lithotomy is demanded. And so with the pump and well. Water is good provided a man use it *waterly*. Consequently, so far as vegetarian, phoneticarian, or acquarian aberrations are concerned, we could not wish them in better hands than those of their jeering adversaries.

But the evil of sophistication to which the brilliancy of wit is ever prone, is that of confounding the lunacy of the few with the sanity of the many, the intoxication of momentary zeal with the cool and rational defence of continuous advocacy. The *Spectator* in August last said, referring to the many ways in which mankind may be saved, humanly speaking: 'Another not less confident party invades London by thousands with banners, and declares that "total abstinence" will save everybody. Alcohol, say they, is the sole destroyer, the officious slaughterer of mankind. Mankind has not existed all this while—no, not since the days of "Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, Virorum" but has only died anaerocentically, dithyrambically, since Pyrrha and Deucalion moistened their clay. Believe not the teeming ages, trust not Liebig, have no faith in "Od," or galvanic restorations, avoid alcohol, and live as Tithonus might have done, or Marpeass, if they had enjoyed the revelations of Livesey in those heathen days.'

No doubt this is clever, cutting, sarcastic. And if there are those who have believed that the abolition of alcohol would bring man back into Eden, 'abolish death, and bring life and immortality' to dwell for ever on the earth, we hand them over to the castigations of men who moisten their clay, believe in the teeming ages, trust Liebig, and have faith in 'Od.' But the *Spectator*, together with his sarcastic compeers, is not accustomed to sneer at principles, through the aberrant folly of incidental advocacy. Even Socialism, notwithstanding its political phrenzy, its Parisian madness, its hideous glare at property and wealth, finds a calm demand that its politico-economical basis be fairly examined. It is not kicked out of the way with a contemptuous grin. Might not the drunkenness of Great Britain and Ireland, portrayed and certified in the statistics furnished by the Secretary of the Board of Trade, have awakened at last a courteous inquiry as to whether the drinking usages might not with the happiest consequences be for ever done away? No! It points a witicism to assume that the temperance reformers have made the abolition of alcohol the panacea 'for all the ills that flesh is heir to'—that it will save everybody—that it will save from ignorance, from filth, from hunger, from disease, and from every form of political oppression. 'Alcohol,' say they, 'is the sole destroyer.—Hence the laugh of the staid and impartial *Spectator*. Hence the enemy of all bureaucratic dominancy helps with a sneer the half-hoghead or barreloceratic thralldom of our day. He, the friend of progress, of social, administrative, and even constitutional reforms—he who sneers at finality, mocks at colonial misersation, trips up the heels of Palmerstonian impudency and eyes with philosophic coolness the mighty game of European statescraft—feels it becoming his not undignified position, as a ruler of the press, to hold up, in exaggerated caricature, to contemptuous derision, the friends of the temperance reform. Had they been the ragged children of toil, asking the abolition of a bread tax, or the members of mechanics' or other kindred institutions, asking, on the score of certified intelligence, admission within the pale of the enfranchised; or Australian denizens, demanding to be purged of convict defamations, no derision would have tracked their progress along the highways of the city of Westminster. But they don't believe, it appears, in the goodness of moistened clay, especially as found in the neighborhood of St. Giles's or Bethnal Green; they have no faith in drunkards, al-

though they should teem by hundreds of thousands; and they care not for Sir Oracle Liebig, in the face of the pauperism, crime, and swarming ignorance educed from the bowels of intemperance. Is this the head and front of their offending? or is it that the derisive *Spectator* has himself good reason to believe in moistened clay?

'Household Words,' notwithstanding his deep and unmistakeable aversion to a whole hog diet, and slashing onslaught on the temperance pig, the peace pig, and the vegetarian pig, has simpletonwise evinced that he has himself a much superior pig of his own. 'After all,' he says, 'my friends and brothers, oven the best whole and undeviable hog may be but a small fragment of the higher and greater work (hog?) called Education.' It is only a question, then, of the Lancashire breed, or Manchester variety. It is not a question whether there is to be a hog, whole and undivisible, but whether the hog of the National School Association, or of some other scholastic pedigree, is not the prize pig of the market. The temperance, peace, and vegetarian breeders, have brought out and exhibited only deformed pigs, or sucking pigs, or stunted pigs. As to voice it is admitted on all hands, their grunt is abominably loud and teasing. To hear it from behind their all but empty enclosure, one might be ready to exclaim, There is the pig of knowledge; the Herculean pig, the world-bestriding, the world regenerating pig, but it is only a grunting vacuity. Look on the other side of the pale. There stands the education hog, sleek, majestic, elephant-like, ready to lift and bear away on his nasal arm a world's woes and a world's folly. Every bristle of the education hog is a spear in the hand of knowledge fitted to thrust ignorance through, and slay the prolific enemies of virtue. Ye pig breeders of every name, behold the emperor pig, in the formation of whose limbs the advocates of peace, pens, and water, may conceive their pig-headed pigmies highly honored if only advanced to form the merest fragments. The real hog, mighty, living, whole, irresistible, is Education.

Simple abstainers sometimes ask, Did not Dominic Hornbook tittle, and did not Professor Porkson, renowned for Greek and academic attainments, tittle, stagger, and sometimes fall? And have not the very ministers of the christian faith sometimes been held up as degraded drunkards? What is to be done with these educated tippers? Whole hog education, in sneering at whole hog temperance, may, notwithstanding his assumed all-comprehensive superiority, be aiding thus, (unintentionally, no doubt,) the dirt-producing, pauperising, criminal making, soul-debasing, roign of the half hoghead.

Toby's Master—*Punch!* heaven bless him! as some forms of the sentimental vocabulary would have it, 'He's a good creature, a kind soul, a sweet heart,' albeit he is so unspeakably funny. Heartless enemy of ours he has never been, nay, rather a jocos and merry making friend. When, therefore, we see his old hump rocking beneath a storm of convulsive merriment, as he eyes the grotesque attitudes of men who labor as if to read the heavens in praise of the pump and well, we sympathise with the native mirth of the old humorist. It is the spontaneous glee awakened by the human oddities that sometimes senselessly injure a good cause. The laugh, after all, is but the laugh of one who would not knowingly hurt a harmless teetotal fly. Perhaps, however, the half-hoghead fraternity, under the fumes of their new liquor, and their inability to appreciate the purest water wit, may unwittingly glory in the semblant auspices of a mere nose, and foolishly imagine Charivari the synonyme of their own punch.—*Scottish Temp. Review.*

### A Voice from Ceylon.

THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT CHARGED WITH PROMOTING INTemperance FOR THE SAKE OF REVENUE.

During the year 1850, Total Abstinence Societies were established in different parts of the Island of Ceylon, and nearly one thousand persons enrolled themselves as members. On the 1st of March, 1851, the first number of the *Ceylon Temperance Journal* was published. It contains much that is calculated to do good in that island, and it brings to light facts which reflect great discredit on the proceedings of the British Government. Before the arrival of Europeans in the sixteenth century, notwithstanding all the vice inseparably connected with a state of heathenism, the people were free from drunkenness. These,

bearing the christian name, however, introduced ardent spirits, and inflamed the people with an appetite foreign to the brutes. Still the work was not complete till the advent of the English. Then distilling fires were made to burn more fiercely in the west, and new flames were kindled in the south. The work was heralded by vice-regal proclamations, and, by the strong hand of government, sources of pollution were scattered throughout the interior, in spite of the protests and entreaties of the people. A tavern was established by Government in a certain district of the western Province, notwithstanding the most earnest remonstrances. The people, to save themselves and their children, twice burnt down the tavern. Government erected one of stone! *The district is now notorious for crime.*

A few facts will point out the increase which has taken place in the consumption of intoxicating liquors in the island. In 1834, the total revenue derived from arrack amounted to twenty-seven thousand pounds; in 1849 it was sixty thousand pounds. During the rule of the native kings, the manufacture and sale of arrack were strictly forbidden, and drunkenness was almost unknown. The English Government when firmly established, commenced opening taverns throughout the interior until at present there are 133. The revenue at first was only a few pounds annually. In 1834 it had increased to £5,672; in 1850 it was £19,805. In 1830, the Matelle tavern was farmed for £15; it is now sublet for about £800. The mass of the people still abhor intemperance; but those who use intoxicating liquors drink immoderately. Grey headed Kandyans and coolies have often been seen with tumblers of arrack in their hands. They will drink so much as to fall senseless after proceeding a few steps from the canteen. Let the work go on for a few years and Government will find, in the words of the report of the Parliamentary Committee on Aboriginal tribes, that "for the extermination of men who are exempt from the restraints both of Christianity and of civilization, there is no weapon so deadly or so certain as the produce of the distilleries."

This system of corrupting the people for the sake of gain has brought a just retribution. It has lost us the respect of the inhabitants. The natives have addressed remonstrance after remonstrance. The Rev. D. Poor, American Missionary, has repeatedly raised his warning voice. The public press, especially the Observer and the Examiner, have often denounced the tavern system. In his report, explanatory of the principal events which led to the rebellion in 1848, the Commissioner states, "The grand themes on which the priests descend in their arguments for the subversion of the British supremacy, are the evil effects its rule has brought on them by the introduction of ardent spirits, industriously spread throughout every district, carrying with it, wherever a tavern is established, the vices of drunkenness and gambling, and the consequent crimes of robbery and murder." The chief Justice also, at the close of the Kornegalle Sessions, in February 1850, ascribed the frightful increase of crime to the multiplication of taverns.

It is hoped that the able and enlightened men, who are now at the head of Government, will endeavor to undo the past, that they will diminish the number of taverns, especially in the rural districts, and as soon as practicable, withdraw from all connection with the accursed thing, so that persons may no longer be licensed by them to scatter firebrands and death throughout the community.

In addition, however, to vigorous government measures, other efforts must be made to rescue if possible, those who have already contracted a love of strong drink, and to prevent the rising generation from falling victims to the destroyer.

What must be the remedy? Shall Education be more widely diffused? Appeal to experience. Are the ranks of intemperance recruited solely from the ignorant? "The sin of drunkenness," says President Dwight "is found in the hall of council and in the court of justice; in the study of the philosopher and in the sacred desk." The fact is notorious that a considerable proportion of the natives who have received the best education which the island can furnish, have turned out intemperate. "Our educated young men," say the Rev. D. Poor, "seem to have imbibed the idea that spirit drinking is part and parcel of an English education, and a proof of advancement in the scale of civilization and refinement." So well aware are the Kandyans of this, that some of them will not send their children to learn English lest they should become drunkards!

Shall the preaching of the Gospel be employed as the remedy?

In Great Britain there are upwards of 20,000 ministers, yet in spite of their efforts, the country is in an awful condition with respect to Temperance. In Ceylon, however, there are only a few missionaries stationed here and there along a small part of the coast, and at one or two places in the interior. Drunkenness is increasing over the whole island, yet probably, 1,300,000 of the inhabitants never once heard the voice of one of God's servants. Let us ascend one of the hills in the neighborhood of Kandy and lift up our eyes round about. Gazing westward, we find the nearest missionary 50 miles distant. Turning southward, with the exception of the chaplain at Newera Ellia, there is no christian minister for 100 miles. Looking eastward, we descry no Mission station till we reach the eastern shore of the island at the distance of 90 miles. Northward, except one solitary native minister at Matelle, there is not a single missionary for 180 miles! To preach the Gospel to the people, the number of missionaries would require to be multiplied fifty fold, but of this there is little prospect at present.

Is the case then hopeless? Must intemperance like a torrent sweep over the land unrestrained? Can nothing be done to roll back its tide? Must survivors on'y raise the cry of anguish, or sit down in silent despair as parents, and husbands, and children, and friends are carried away by the fiery flood? By no means. Thirty years ago, drunkenness prevailed to a greater extent in the United States than it does now in Ceylon. A few benevolent, zealous men, however, rang in the ears of the people, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." When some pleaded their christian liberty, they replied "Take heed, lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling block to them that are weak," "Judge thus rather that no man put a stumbling block, or an occasion to fall in his brother's way." "Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died." The effects have been most astonishing. Thousands of distilleries have been shut up, millions of people never taste intoxicating liquors, and public opinion frowns upon their use. And why should it be so in Ceylon? This is the true mission of christian philanthropy.—*The National Tem. Chronicle.*

### What I Saw in two Hours.

BY A BAPTIST MINISTER.

I went forth to visit the poor. The locality to which I directed my steps has long enjoyed notoriety. Its population is desperately wicked. Poverty, filth, and disease; violence, sensuality and drunkenness are its characteristics. Passing within its boundaries I saw the following scenes;—

A tall, powerful, working man was drunk on the pavement of a gin shop. He could not rise without help. Having seen him in the custody of a fellow-workman, I walked on.

Coming out of a house in which I had been seeking to reform a 'prodigal son,' I found a drunken woman on the door-step. Before I could accost her, a policeman came up and dragged her away. Turning round to speak to the spectators, I saw another drunken woman on the ground. I spoke to her, she got up, and mumbling a few stupid words, reeled down the street.

I then heard a furious noise. It was made by an intoxicated woman. She was screaming and knocking at a door. Some men and women round about her were laughing at her fury. Before I could interfere, a long naked arm was thrust out from the suddenly opened door, and dealt her a violent blow, which made her stagger across the street..... "Ah, sir," said a play actor, "we have these fights three and four times a day."

Standing beside the play actor was an old man—a drunkard. His daughter, a girl twelve years old, was beside him. She ran to me, and taking her by the hand I spoke with her parent about sending her to a school. She can neither read, write, nor sew. A mud impudent, dirty, ignorant, lawless girl it would be difficult to find. Her father has plenty of employment, and good wages. He gives his money to this girl, and then takes her with him to the beer-shop, and the gin-palace. There—seated in the midst of a smoking, gambling, cursing, lecherous, drunken crew—she pays for all that her depraved parent drinks, and having spent some hours in going with him to beer-shops and gin-palaces, she has to follow him as he reels home in a state of intoxication. I have sought to get her to a school, but all my efforts have proved in vain. She seems to be sold to sin, misery, and death.

Leaving this ruined father and child, I went along the passage of a tenement, and found two little boys playing on the cellar stairs.

"Where is your mother?"

"She is dead, sir."

"And your father—where is he?"

"He is out selling stools."

"Well, then, let me have a little chat with you. Do you live down stairs?"

"Yes, sir,—this way."

I groped my way down stairs. There was no door to the back cellar. I looked in, and saw heaps of ashes, vegetable refuse, old straw, and other abominations. (A few months ago I found an orphan boy who had slept for a fortnight at the bottom of these very stairs.) Passing into the front cellar I beheld a scene of misery. The floor was black and greasy with dirt. The walls were clouded with smoke. There was no table, no chair, no stool, no fender, no bed frame. An old kettle, and two plates flanked by a few cups formed the cooking apparatus of the family. Upon a tumble-down dresser lay a heap of rags, and here slept the father and his four children. Two of these—*one nine and the other twelve*—were before me. I examined the youngest. There was a large scar on his head. His skin was encrusted with indurated dirt. On his shoulders hung a toga of rags, which were bound round his waist with a bit of cord. Many patches of his sides and stomach were exposed. On his feet wore a pair of tattered boots through which his galled and naked toes struck out, and on the instep of one of his feet were the marks of an old ulcer. I said to him:—

"Willy, my boy, will you go to my school?"

"Yes sir, I will go."

Leaving the elder child to take charge of the cellar, and to wait for his father, I took Willy by the hand to lead him to the school. When I emerged from a cluster of alleys, and came into streets where some respectable people were, how they stared at my ragged but smiling little boy. His naked head; his unwashed face; his fluttering rags; his twin-tied boots; his misery—seemed to impel them to rush past. Some paused to watch us. They evidently thought us a contrast. And our outward aspect was different. A well-clad orthodox minister, and an untought, bare-headed, ragged child, walking hand in hand along a crowded street do differ externally; but was not the child who shambled by my side "bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh?" Did not God make us of "one blood?" What a pity it is that men should forget the glorious and blessed doctrine of human brotherhood!

Having arrived at the school, I introduced my boy to our excellent teacher. We got him washed, a pair of shoes fitted on, and a nice blue blouse to wear. Leaving him in the care of the teacher, I returned to the cellar, and, not finding his father at home, I asked a working man's wife the cause of the misery I had witnessed.

"It's the drink, sir," was her reply.

Stepping across a street on my way to another house, I met a female with a fearfully cut head and bruised face. There was blood on her head, face, neck, and naked bosom, and also on a child which she held in her arms. Her face was black and swollen, her hair hung down in disorder; her attire was unclean and torn. Pointing to her bleeding forehead, I said—

"Who did this?"

"My husband, sir."

"What made him do it?"

"Why, sir, he got drunk, and came home, and wanted to get fire to my sucking baby. Was I going to let him burn my child? Did'n't he burn one to death fifteen months ago, and he wanted to do the same with this one. I wouldn't let him, sir, and so he took the poker and smashed my head with it."

Such were the scenes which I saw in two hours. Does not the state of a population such as I have described argue great neglect somewhere? Let the British churches ask, where does the fault lie? Surely, much of the fault may be found in those who refuse to support the operations of Temperance Societies. Were the British churches to sanction those operations, scenes like those portrayed would very soon pass away.—*National Temperance Chronicle.*

## Good Spirits.

How many there are who have recourse to the bottle in order to prove a lowness of spirits! A man who is actively engaged in some honest calling, who cultivates the friendship of the excellent of the earth, who strives to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and towards men, who does not allow the cares of business to occupy too much of his time or thoughts, but who goes early to bed, rises early in the morning, takes exercise in the open air, commands his appetite in eating and drinking, and encourages a perpetual feeling of good will towards all around him, will usually enjoy good spirits. He has not, and he wants not, boisterous mirth; that crackling of thorns under a pot; but the steady glow of a tranquil life. Good men, good books, good water, good food, good sleep, good air, are the means placed within our reach. They, however, who are not content with such things as a wise Providence hath provided, in their haste to be happy, go to the wine that it may gladden their heart, little suspecting that every elevation caused by the artificial means of man's devising, is followed by a corresponding depression; and if the stimulant be frequent, if it be continued for years, the depression becomes more serious and permanent, and ultimately is beyond the reach of any stimulant, and then it will be found that they enjoy the most even flow of good spirits whose beverage is cold water. Thousands can testify to the truth of this; men of every country, of every profession, of every rank in life, have testified to this truth; but amongst those who have clearly denounced alcoholic liquors as being not the cause of good spirits but of bad spirits, and of that melancholy which often leads to suicide, the honored name of Dr. Channing of Boston, U. S., stands conspicuous. These are his words:—"How much depression is to be traced to intemperance! What a great amount of time and strength and money might multitudes gain for self improvement by a strict sobriety! That cheap remedy, pure water, would cure the chief evils in very many families of the ignorant poor. Were the sins which are still lavished on ardent spirits appropriated wisely to the elevation of the people, what a new world we should live in. Intemperance not only wastes the earnings, but the health and the minds of men. How many, were they to exchange what they call moderate drinking for water, would be surprised to learn that they had been living under a cloud, in half stupefaction; and would become conscious of an intellectual energy of which they had not before dreamed. Their labors would exhaust them less; and less labor would be needed for their support; and thus their inability to cultivate their high nature would in a great measure be removed. The working class above all men, have an interest in the cause of Temperance.—*National Temperance Chronicle.*

## Rands of Hope.

A SHORT HOMILY ABOUT LITTLE PEOPLE.

"Suffer the little children: to come unto me and forbid them not."

If you would suffer them to come, suffer them not to go near that house of tipping. Let not the father send his little boy to the beer shop for his pint of beer; let not the mother send the little girl to the gin shop for gin. That bright eyed boy is learning at every step he treads; everything he sees and hears is a lesson of life; send him not for pipes and tobacco, those gods of British heathen. To suffer little children to be in the ways of intemperance and vice, is to forbid their approach to the ways of religion and virtue. Parents, do ye wish well to your children? take heed to your own example:—"Be not among wine bibbers; for the drunkard shall come to poverty." Do you desire for them a happy life? teach them not the drinking customs of society; for "Who hath wee? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? they that tarry long at the wine." Would you prefer safety to danger, both for yourself and them? Listen to the words of inspiration, "Look not at the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Suffer them, your little children to come unto Him who so graciously invites them. Take them to the house of learning; bring them to the house of God. Suffer them to listen while the heavens declare his glory, suffer them to listen whilst the Bible declares his goodness to the children of men. Forbid them not, by placing their footsteps in that broad road of drinking custom which leadeth



to destruction. Suffer them to come unto him by training them from earliest infancy in the way in which they should go. Father! dost thou find it hard to break that yoke of habit, the result of many years' drinking and smoking? That charming son of thine has no such habit: place not upon his neck the galling yoke which he must some day break off or be lost! Mother! dost thou find it difficult to leave off that accustomed gin? Thy beautiful daughter has no such custom; do not teach her this folly! Harken unto Him who speaketh unto you from heaven:—"Suffer the little children to come unto me; and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Your fire-side may be a little paradise; your home may be a little heaven upon earth; O turn it not into a little hell!—*National Temperance Chronicle.*

### Women and Newspapers.

The Tuskegee Republican comes out strong in favor of his female patrons, whom he regards as model subscribers. We copy his eulogy upon the *sex*, as we agree with the editor in every word.—*Utica Teetotaler.*

"Women are the best subscribers in the world to newspapers, magazines, &c. We have been an editor now going on eight years, and we never lost a single dollar by female subscribers. They seem to make it a point of conscientious duty to pay the preacher and printer, two classes of community that suffer more from bad pay (and no pay at all) than all the rest together. Wherever we have a woman's name on our books, we know that it is just as good for three dollars and a half, as a picayune is for a ginger cake. Besides, whatever they subscribe for they read, whether it is good, bad, or indifferent; if they can subscribe for a paper, they are sure to read it, upon the principle, we suppose, that if they did not, their money would be thrown away; as an old lady whom we once knew, for whose sick servant girl the doctor had prescribed a dose of oil; but as the girl would not take the oil, she took it herself, rather than it should be wasted.

Hence we say, they are the best readers. For these reasons we had, at any time in the world, rather have a dozen on our books than one man.

### Poetry.

#### Example.

BY A DAUGHTER OF ENGLAND, WATERLOO.

Mortals take care, are you aware  
How much example can do?  
It does possess, to curse or bless,  
Power fully known to few.  
Little we think, how the eyes of all,  
Are fastened upon our stand or fall;  
Little we think what an influence wide,  
That scarcely knows a bound,  
We shed on the loved ones by our side,  
And the unknown ones around.  
For more than words say,  
Example doth cry,  
We are paving a pathway  
For the next passer by.

Stay, worldling, stay, your thoughtless way,  
Bethink you what you do,  
Your footsteps bent, is a calling sent,  
For others to follow you.  
They seek, they tread, a beaten way,  
The young, the giddy, the wild, the gay;  
Would ye lend them on the path ye tread?  
Would ye have their blood upon your head?  
Would ye hear the vengeance cry?  
You are paving a pathway,  
A dark, tangled pathway,  
For the next passer by.

Forward—along—on, Christian, on,  
Cloudless thy sun should shine;  
With steady force, pursue thy course,  
Upheld by power divine.  
At the *Word's* tribunal bow,  
Never from its dictates swerve;  
Let a life's example show,  
Whose you are and whom you serve:  
And your God shall be your guide and guard,  
Your strength, your victory, your reward.  
On, Christian, on, then, all dangers defy,  
You are paving a pathway,  
A bright, blessed pathway,  
For the next passer by,

### Death and the Drunkard.

His form was fair; his cheek was health,  
His word a bond; his purse was wealth,  
With wheat his fields were covered o'er;  
Plenty sat smiling at his door.  
His wife the fount of ceaseless joy:  
How laugh'd his daughter, play'd his boy:  
His library, though large was read  
Till half its contents deck'd his head,  
At morn 'twas health, wealth, pure delight:  
'Twas health, wealth, peace and bliss at night,  
I wish not to disturb his bliss—  
'Tis gone: but all the fault was his.

The social glass I saw him seize,  
The more with festive wit to please,  
Daily increas'd his love of cheer,  
Ah, little thought he was near;  
Gradual indulgence on him stole;  
Frequent became the midnight bowl.  
I in that bowl, the *head ache* placed;  
Which, with the juice, his lips embrac'd.  
*Shame* next I mingled with the draught:  
Indignantly he drank and laugh'd.  
In the bowl's bottom *bankruptcy*  
I placed—he drank with tears and glee.  
*Remorse* then did I in it pour;  
He only sought the bowl the more.  
I mingled next *joint tort'ring pain*,  
Little tho' less did he refrain.  
The *dropsy* in the cup I mixt;  
Still to his mouth the cup was fix'd.

My emissaries thus in vain  
I sent, the mad wretch to restrain;  
On the bowl's bottom then myself  
I threw, the most abhorrent elf  
Of all that mortals hate or dread;  
And thus in horrid whispers said:  
"Successive ministers I've sent,  
Thy hast'ning ruin to prevent;  
Their lessons naught—now here am I;  
Think not my threatenings to defy.  
Swallow thou *this thy last 'twill be*,  
For with it thou must swallow me."

Haggard his eyes; upright his hair;  
Remorse his lips; his cheek despair;  
With shaking hands the bowl he grasp'd  
My meatless bones his carcass clasp'd,  
And bore it to the church-yard; where  
Thousands ere I would call, repair.

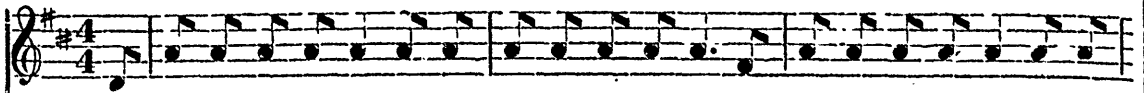
Death speaks—ah, reader, dost thou hear?  
Hast thou no lurking cause to fear?  
Hast not o'er thee the sparkling bowl  
Constant, commanding, sly control;  
Betimes reflect—betimes beware—  
The ruddy, healthful, young, and fair,  
Before slow reason seize the way,  
Reform—postpon'd another day,  
Too soon may mix with common clay.

—*Crystal Fount.*

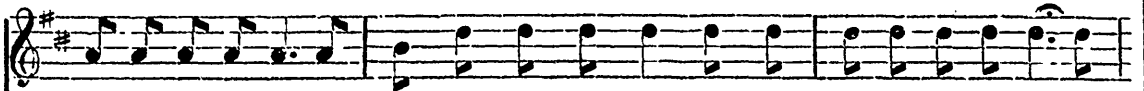
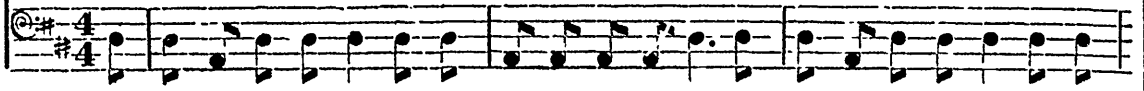
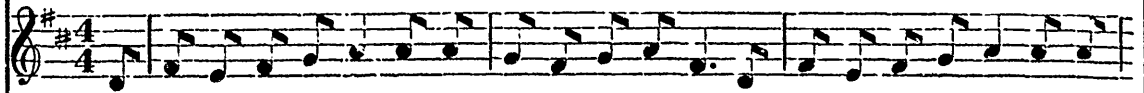


# HER HEART WAS FILL'D WITH ANGUISH.

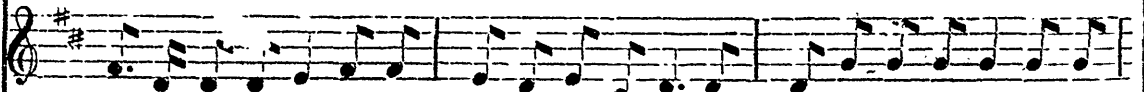
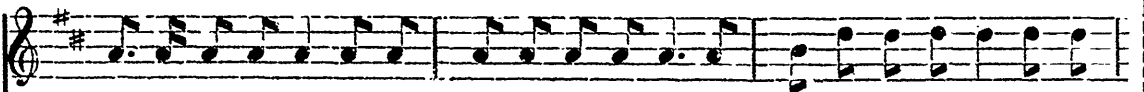
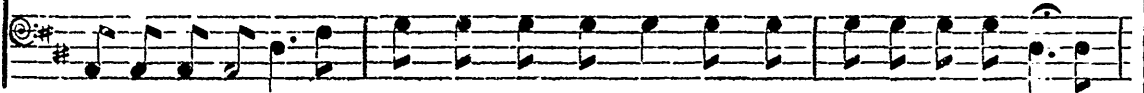
Music—"The Watcher," by Dr. Lardner.



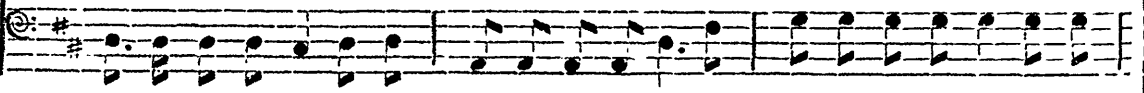
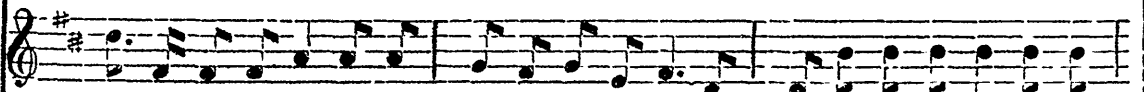
Her heart was fill'd with anguish, There sorrow hold its sway, And ev'ry hope did languish That



brought a bet - ter day; She'd wait - ed and had lis - ten'd her hus - band's step to hear, Ho



came not, and there glis - ten'd With - in her eye a tear. She'd wait - ed and had lis - ten'd, Her



CONTINUED.

hus - band's step to hear, He came not, and there glis.ten'd, With - in her eye a tear.

Ad. Lib.

*Continuation of Temperance Words.*

That day to her was dreary,  
 Now midnight hour had come,  
 Her children, faint and weary,  
 Had left her one by one;  
 And there alone she lingered,  
 Her faithful watch to keep,  
 For, while her husband came not,  
 She could not rest in sleep.

A hundred men are drinking,  
 In yonder gilded hall;  
 And little are they thinking,  
 What binds them in its thrall;  
 And one among that number,  
 Hath drank too deep and long,  
 Unconsciously he'll slumber,  
 'Mid that carousing throng.

The morning light was breaking,  
 And shone o'er hill and plain;  
 When from his sleep awaking,  
 In agony of pain;  
 He passed to where in weakness,  
 All night that wife had lain,  
 She spake in love and meekness,  
 And bade him "sign again."

Had not these words been spoken,  
 Despair had filled his soul,  
 And crushed, destroyed, heart-broken,  
 He'd sought the mad'ning bowl;  
 These words thus spake in kindness,  
 Brought on a better day,  
 No more he walks in blindness,  
 The drunkard's thorny way.

*The Watcher.*

The night was dark and fearful,  
 The blast swept wailing by,  
 A Watcher pale and tearful,  
 Look'd forth with anxious eye,  
 How wistfully she gazeth,  
 No gleam of morn is there,  
 Her eyes to heav'n she raiseth  
 In agony of prayer.

Within that dwelling lonely,  
 Where want and darkness reign,  
 Her precious child, her only,  
 Lay moaning in his pain,  
 And death alone can free him,  
 She feels that this must be,  
 But oh for morn to see him,  
 Smile once again on me.

A hundred lights are glancing  
 In yonder mansion fair,  
 And merry feet are dancing,  
 They heed no morning there.  
 O young and joyous creatures,  
 One lamp from out your store,  
 Would give that poor boy's features,  
 To his mother's gaze once more.

The morning sun is shining,  
 She heedeth not its ray;  
 Beside her dead reclining,  
 The pale dead mother lay.  
 A smile her lips were wreathing,  
 A smile of hope and love,  
 As tho' she still were breathing,  
 There's light for us above.

## Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 15, 1851.

## Close of the Volume.

With this number we close our editorial for 1851. To some persons who consider not how mind acts on mind, or who do not reflect on the important relations that subsist between an editor and his readers, the termination of a definite period of communication with each other, may originate no particular emotions, and may not suggest any special train of thought. But to others, the close of the volume, or any parallel incident, will awaken reminiscences of the past, and be regarded as a suitable occasion for the expression of views concerning the future.

We are bound to present our cordial thanks to all who have in any way assisted in the circulation of our unassuming periodical. Much has been done by individuals whom we are not at liberty to name, but who are the more entitled to our esteem because their efforts have been in many cases unsolicited, except in general terms, and for their exertions—they have neither asked nor received any other remuneration, than the gratification resulting from doing and receiving good. We earnestly desire a continuance of such assistance, and trust that our mutual endeavors for another year will be crowned with abundant success.

Our aim has been constantly to keep before the readers of the *Advocate* the true temperance idea of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. It is not now a novel idea, or an untried experiment. There is perfect unity of thought among all parties engaged in the temperance reformation, as to this point,—so much so, that the advocacy or defence of what was called the *short pledge* is scarcely known, and forms no part of the theory working out by the great moral enterprise of the age. In some parts of England and Scotland there may be a small party a little behind the age in reference to the cure of intemperance; but in Canada, as in America generally, total abstinence is recognized and adopted as the only true and safe basis on which to erect the superstructure of national sobriety. In the maintenance of this view we have urged all, to the utmost of their ability, to use the power of moral suasion in attempting the recovery of the drunkard, and the reclamation of the backslider from temperance principles. But if any will take the trouble to examine our files, it will be seen that during the year, a more decisive tone has been given, both in our editorial columns and in our selections, to the subject of the traffic, and the necessity of the speedy introduction of a law for the suppression of the business of making and selling strong drink as a beverage. There may not be entire unanimity of sentiment on this subject, even among sound teetotalers; but we are convinced that we can only maintain our ground in the temperance progress by bringing the law of the land into harmony with the moral rights and social duties of the population.

In taking a retrospective glance over the columns of our paper, we flatter ourselves that we have contributed to the instruction and gratification of our numerous readers. Among so many, there may be a great variety of tastes, but for some time back we have been convinced that the majority of our readers do not turn over the pages of the *Advocate* when it is received, for the mere purpose of discovering articles calculated to afford amusement. It is felt everywhere, that the great evil of intemperance is not to be charmed away by love stories, nor sound principle confirmed by fictitious narrative. Well written stories founded on fact, in-

structive as well as amusing, we know to be acceptable;—these we have furnished, and shall continue to do so, as far as our limits and the demands of more important matters will permit;—combining the two qualities of *pleasing and profitable*. We feel bound to give useful information and sterling argument from the most enlightened sources, and thus to keep pace with the educational progress of our country, at the same time that we inculcate the simple principle of total abstinence.

To our editorial brethren, both in Canada and the United States, many thanks are due for the kind and flattering manner in which they have uniformly spoken of our unpretending publication. If we have differed from any of them in minor points, our expression of opinion has never been accompanied with acrimonious scolding nor vituperative language, and has always been received in a friendly and forbearing spirit. There is enough of personal bickering in the political press; but, we, who are engaged in a moral warfare, see the necessity of eschewing carnal weapons. In Canada, several papers may now be considered as engaged in the same great work with ourselves. We rejoice in their success. They are not viewed as rivals, but as collaborators.—Considering the variety of organizations which have risen up in Canada, it is not surprising that there should exist a desire for organs through which local and special intelligence may be given. But on the great principle which animates the zeal of all the temperance people of our country, we claim to be *the organ of all*;—and we have regularly endeavored to keep our readers advised of all the movements on foot for the advancement of the cause.—This we shall continue to do, and solicit the correspondence of all societies, that we may be able to judge of their progress, and report their proceedings.

The history of the temperance reformation is emphatically one of progress. It has not been retrogressive,—it cannot be. From local causes, local losses may have been experienced; but there has not been an aggregate loss, because, in other places a glorious prosperity has marked the movement. Success in the past, when the principles enunciated are scripturally sound, may be considered as a prophecy of success in relation to the future. Melville, in one of his eloquent discourses, remarks that "a man whose history is virtually a history of deliverances, should regard that history as equally a prophecy of deliverances, a prophecy from God." It is just so with a great reformation, or a great institution whose features are impressed by the light which shines from the courts above. It is no mere natural light which produces the ineradicable daguerreotype of God's "peace on earth—good will to men." We dare not trust in human skill alone; it is not from thence our victory, thus far, has been derived. And He, whose almighty power and goodness has guided the temperance enterprise, warrants our anticipations of still greater and more permanent successes. Degenerate humanity, wicked customs, and absurd laws, may hinder the good work for a season; but ultimately, if not speedily, our principles must triumph.

Before our next issue the year 1851 will have closed,—all its days and hours gone for ever. We are again reminded of the rapid flight of time, and every one should feel the necessity of "working while it is called day." It is only a short time that the youngest and strongest of us can do anything for the good of our country, or the improvement of our heart. Softly and silently time steals away, and we shall all soon cease from our labors. In every attempt to do good, the most zealous are conscious of many defects, and should seek to remedy them. As time flies, let us aim to redeem it, because the days are evil. Time is—

"Strong as Hercules. I saw him grasp  
The oak—it fell; the tower—it crumbled; the stone,  
The sculptured monument, that mark the grave  
Of fallen greatness, ceased their pompous strain  
As Time came by."

Many effective laborers in the temperance field, during the past year, have fallen,—fallen while nobly engaged against the direst foe of human kind. Providence does raise up others to supply their place. While we are spared, let us seriously consider our duties and responsibilities.

"Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,  
And ask them what report they bore to heav'n,  
And how they might have borne more welcome news.  
Their answers form what men experience call;  
If Wisdom's friend, her best,—if not, worst foe.  
Oh, reconcile them! kind experience cries,—  
'There's nothing here but what as nothing weighs;  
The more our joy, the more we know it vain;  
And by success are tutored to despair.'  
Nor is it only thus, but must be so:  
Who knows not this, tho' grey, is still a child.  
Loose, then, from earth, the grasp of fond desire,  
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore."

With this recommendation we take our leave for the present:

### Small Streams from Temperance Springs.

Mr. St. Germain of the Ontario Division of the Sons of Temperance, accompanied by some of his brethren, recently visited the Toronto Section of the Cadets. It was suggested that much good might be done by delivering a course of lectures to the youths, and they were recommended also to commit their thoughts to writing, and read their sketches or essays before the Section. Both very good and practical suggestions. Mr. St. Germain offered to deliver the introductory lecture of the season. His promise was fulfilled on the 5th ult., when a large and respectable meeting of Cadets, as well as Daughters and Sons were congregated in the Division Room. An abstract of the lecture has been sent us, from which we have pleasure in making the following extract:

There is a great evil in the world. Thousands of young men have been ruined by relying for a good name on their honorable parentage, or inherited wealth, or the patronage of friends. Flattered by these distinctions, they have felt as if they might live without plan and without effort,—merely for the r own gratification and indulgence. No mistake is more fatal. It always issues in producing an inefficient and useless character.

Be not satisfied at standing still among your playmates. It is an old proverb, that he who aims at the sun, to be sure will not reach it, but his arrow will fly higher than if he aimed at an object on a level with himself. So it is in the formation of character. Let your standard be high; and, though you may not reach it, you can hardly fail to rise higher than if you aimed at some inferior excellence. *You may be whatever you resolve to be. Resolution is omnipotent.* Determine that you will be something in the world, and you shall be something. Aim at excellence and excellence will be attained. This is the great secret of effort and eminence. *I cannot do it, never accomplished anything; I will try, has wrought wonders.*

You should make it a point that your intercourse in life should be with persons of decided *virtue and excellence.* We are creatures of imitation; and, by a necessary influence, our temper and habits are very much formed on the model of those with whom we familiarly associate. In this view nothing is of more importance to Cadets than the choice of companions. If you select for your associates the intelligent, the virtuous, and the enterprising, great and most happy will be the effects on your character and habits.

By your permission I will make a few observations on the pleasures and benefits of reading, and then close.

It is an unspeakable blessing that the Creator has made man capable of endless improvement in knowledge, virtue, and happiness. And it is the exalted privilege of those who dwell in this favored land, that they enjoy, in rich abundance, the means of such improvement. Among these means, books hold a prominent place. They are our principal instructors. *To acquire useful information, to improve the mind in knowledge and the heart in goodness, to become qualified to perform with honor and usefulness the duties of life, and prepared for a happy immortality beyond the grave—these are the great objects which ought ever to be kept in view in reading.* And all books are to be accounted good or bad in their effects, just as they tend to promote or hinder the attainment of these objects. As to the miscellanies of the day, such as newspapers, pamphlets, and periodicals, of various name, it is difficult to assign them a proper place in a course of reading. Some acquaintance with them seems indispensable. Unfortunately, however, we are, at the present day flooded with miscellany, overrun with light fictitious publications, which so engage the time and attention of our people, that they have no leisure—and, in many cases, no disposition—to read any thing else. Works of solid thought and substantial merit are disrelished and thrown away as dry and uninteresting, while a constant insatiable demand is made for what is light and superficial. Let you, my young friends, guard against this vicious taste for Novel Reading, which is nearly, if not quite, as bad as the use or desire for spirituous liquors, or tobacco.

We think it will be admitted that true piety in the young, will be their surest safeguard against a disposition to waste the time in frivolous roading.

The Rev. Dr. A. Alexander, of Princeton, recently deceased at the advanced age of eighty years, was long well known as an able and useful writer for the American Tract Society. His last appeal was addressed to the young, and is published in the December number of the *American Messenger*. The affectionate counsel of an aged Christian pilgrim ought to be valued highly by those just entering on the duties and responsibilities of life. We insert it here in the hope of rendering the sound advice a wider circulation, and thereby promoting the present and everlasting welfare of the young. Dr. Alexander's appeal is entitled, "A word to the young."

Beloved youth, when I, who am old, look upon your condition, I cannot but pity you. I do not envy your gayety and pleasure. The cup which you hold in your hand is merriment, it is poisoned. The pleasures which you are seeking are "the pleasures of sin," which are short-lived, unsatisfactory, and leave a sting behind. Many are cut down like the flower of the field in the midst of their earthly career. Oh how many are hurried away in an unprepared state. Many others, when the season of youthful gayety and thoughtlessness is past, are visited with sore afflictions, in the suffering of which, all their former pleasures are forgotten, and often embittered by the reflection that they were sinful pleasures or were mixed with sin. Remorse for the sins of youth is an unwelcome visitant, but one which cannot easily be shaken off. When afflictions are sanctified they become real blessings. But many suffer, who, instead of being made better, are made worse by all their sufferings. They become impatient and murmur at the dispensations of God towards them, as though they were punished more than their sins deserved.

Oh, young man, permit me to call your attention to your soul's salvation. This you cannot but know is your great, your highest interest. And why do you neglect it? Why do you put far off the evil day? Your continuance on earth is altogether uncertain. Prepare, I beseech you, to meet your God. "Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." You will lose nothing, but be great gainers, by giving your hearts to God in the days of your youth. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

A good conscience, and a lively hope of everlasting life, are the purest sources of joy upon earth. When affliction falls on the pious—and they are not exempt—there is a gracious promise that it will be for their good, yea, that it will work out for them an "exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Let the summons of death come when it will, they are ready. The day of death is such is far better than the day of their birth.

Young man, as you have but one short life to live upon earth, have you no desire that it should be occupied in doing good? Are you willing, at the last account, which all must give, to be in the class of those who have lived to no good purpose, who have done nothing for the benefit of their race? You say that you intend to be religious hereafter. What a delusion! Evil habits will grow with your age, sinful desires will not be lessened but increased by indulgence. O'ld age, if you are permitted to reach it, will find you a hardened sinner; your conscience seared, and all your habits of iniquity confirmed. Oh, could you hear the wailings of a multitude of souls now in hell, methinks their lamentation would be that they procrastinated attention to the salvation of their souls. Why will you run the dangerous risk? Consider that eternal life and eternal death are now set before you; and God calls on you to choose which you will have.

There may be a wide difference in character and standing between Dr. Alexander and Ebenezer Elliot, but we are persuaded that the religion recommended by the former will produce "The Home of Taste," poetically described by the latter. Religion and Temperance will thus be seen hand in hand, not one separated from the other. Here are Elliott's verses:

You seek the home of taste, and find  
The proud mechanic there,  
Rich as a king, and less a slave,  
Throned in his elbow chair;  
Or on his sofa, reading Locke,  
Beside his open door.  
Why start? why envy worth like his?  
The carpet on his floor.

You seek the home of sluttory;  
"Is John at home?" you say;  
"No sir, he's at the Sportsman's arms,  
The dog-fight's o'er the way."  
Oh! lift the workman's heart and mind  
Above low sensual sin;  
Give him a home—the home of taste;  
Outbid the house of gin.

Oh! give him taste; it is the link  
Which binds us to the skies;  
A bridge of rainbows thrown across  
The gulf of tears and sighs;  
Or like a widower's little one,  
An angel in a child,  
That leads him to her mother's chair,  
And shows him how she smil'è,

### Shocking Tragedy.

It is seldom our painful duty to record the particulars of a tragedy so horrible, even in the annals of rum, as those which are given in the subjoined dreadful narrative. How hardening to the human heart must be the use of liquor, and how thoroughly diabolical it must be to make and sell it as a beverage. And for the whole system of iniquity to be protected by the law of the land—oh! it is monstrous. Peruse the following account and then say how the law ought to read. We copy from the Albany *Reckabite*. The tragic scenes occurred in that city.—Ed C. T. 4

One of the most revolting scenes we ever witnessed came under our personal observation yesterday. During the morning, intelligence reached us of a bloody tragedy that had been perpetrated on the Delaware Turnpike, about five miles from this city, the victims being a man and his wife. We at once proceeded to the spot where the deed had been committed, and found our informant had but faintly described the same.

From the evidence of the witnesses examined before the inquest, held by Coroner Brower, we glean the following particulars:—The deceased were named John Moore and Elizabeth Moore his wife—the former about 40 years of age, the latter about 30. During the forenoon of Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. Moore had been in the city, and on returning had stopped at La Grange's tavern,

where they both drank quite freely of liquor. They then went to the house of John Day, about an eighth of a mile from the bridge crossing the Normanskill creek. Here they met Mr. D. and one or two others, and liquor was drunk freely by all present.

James Riley testified that he was present at the time, and drank with Moore six times, and probably more, and thinks Moore had drunk considerably when he, witness, was not by. Witness did not see Mrs. Moore drink any except when sharing a pint of spirits with five others. He did not hear Moore speak harshly to his wife, nor did he notice any ill-feeling between them. He had never known M. to quarrel with his wife, but, on the contrary, he had always spoken favorably and kindly of her.

John Day testified that he took Moore and his wife home; that both were very much intoxicated, and that Mrs. M., upon getting out of the waggon, fell down. She went into the house and got a candle, and upon coming out handed it to her husband, when witness says he used very severe and harsh language towards her.

This is the last they were seen alive by any person. About six o'clock yesterday morning a man named Samuel Wolley, while passing down the road, heard a boy say that Mrs. Moore was dead. He went directly to the house and found Mrs. M. laying about five yards from the door, just inside of the fence, her head partially blown off, and laying in a pool of blood. He then went in the house and found Moore laying by the stove with a double barrel fowling piece by his side, one charge of which had been lodged in his right side, penetrating his heart. At his feet he saw two little girls—the one five years and the other two and a half years old—were standing in their night clothes, weeping as if their little hearts would break.

Dr. T. J. Van Allen, after examining the bodies, gave it as his opinion that Mrs. M. was shot by her husband, and subsequently that he had put an end to his own life.

From the general opinion of the neighbors, and the evidence, the following conclusions were arrived at:—That the deceased were both very much intoxicated; and after Day had left them, and they had gone into the house, they quarrelled together; that during the dispute Moore took his fowling-piece and discharged both barrels at his wife, both charges entering her head on the right side, and shattering her skull in a most horrible manner; that he then re-loaded the gun, and going in the house, placed the muzzle to his side, and with his foot upon the lock, discharged one of the barrels. It is almost certain that both barrels were discharged when he shot his wife, from the fact that he must have re-loaded the gun, as one of the barrels was loaded when found yesterday morning. What should have led to this truly bloody deed cannot be imagined; they lived happily together, and were never known to have quarrelled. Moore had been accustomed to drink, although when inebriated he never was seen to quarrel with his wife. Maddened by liquor—which was worse than deadly poison, as it deprived him of his reason—he must have lost all control of his passion, and, in a moment of frenzy, while quarreling with his wife, he must have conceived and immediately carried into effect his horrid purpose.—They have lived in the house where the tragedy was committed for several years, and the neighbors assert that they have never witnessed any difficulty between them. Consequently the poisonous dregs which Moore had been drinking, induced the criminal action which first sent his wife into eternity, and perhaps a temporary feeling of remorse urged him to put an end to his own miserable existence.

The two orphan children appeared to be well aware of the melancholy proceedings which had thus early in life deprived them of both father and mother. They wept bitterly when told they should never see their parents again. The mangled remains of the wife, and the livid features of the husband's corpse, would have caused the stoutest heart to sicken at the sight.

The jury of inquest, after carefully deliberating, rendered the following verdict: That Elizabeth Moore came to her death by being shot by her husband; and that John Moore came to his death by shooting himself—both being intoxicated. Coroner Brower saw them safely interred on the same lot where the deed was committed, and then returned to town. The little girls will be sent to the Orphan Asylum, where they will be properly taken care of by the worthy Matron of that Institution.

**Combination for a Good Purpose.**

An important movement has taken place amongst the Temperance Societies of the Midland District, to which we beg to direct attention. A number of Divisions of the Sons of Temperance have been opened in that section, and the various friends of the cause, feeling the desirableness of union and co-operation, have formed a Central Organization, designed to embrace all the Temperance men in the District. The plan seems to be well conceived, and we hope it will find many imitators. There is no cause in which the truth of the old proverb has been more sensibly felt, that "union is strength," than the cause of Temperance. It ought never to be forgotten that our past successes have been gained by means of concentrated action; and if we are to make farther progress, which there can be no doubt we will, union will be found indispensably necessary to it. We have felt convinced, for some time back that some general Temperance organizations were necessary to unite the Sons, the Reclaimers, and the Old Temperance Societies, so that the influence of the whole might be directed towards a common object. We think our friends in the Midland District have hit upon the plan; we cordially wish them success in working it out; and would take the liberty to recommend their example to others.

At a meeting of the Officers and Delegates of the County Temperance Society, (formerly the Midland District Temperance Society, called together by the President and Secretaries, at Mr Clark's Temperance House, at Mill Creek, on the 11th October last, the following Revised Constitution was adopted:—

Whereas, on account of the organization of various Divisions of the Sons of Temperance in these counties, and certain existing circumstances, we deem it advisable to revise the Constitution of the present County Society, so as to provide for their co-operation in advocating our common cause, be it therefore

**Resolved**, That the Constitution of the former Midland District Temperance Society be amended as follows:—

1. That this organization be called the Union Total Abstinence Society of these counties.

2. That, in each year, between the 1st of September and the 1st February ensuing, conventions, composed of the officers of the local Temperance Societies, the officers of the Sons of Temperance disposed to unite with us, magistrates, ministers, councillors, and school teachers pledged to temperance, be held in each township, and the city of Kingston, for the election of township and city officers.

3. That the township and city officers shall be seven or more in number, viz: a President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, and a Committee of three—five of whom shall form a quorum for the transaction of business.

4. That these township and city officers shall attend to the affairs of our cause in the city and townships, by calling public meetings, by employing agents, by reporting annually, before the 1st of February, to the County Secretary, and by adopting such measures as they shall deem expedient for the advancement of the cause, within the limits of their society.

5. That the officers of the township and city societies, with the ministers and councillors who are disposed to meet with them, shall assemble in convention, annually, in the month of February, for the election of county officers, and the receipt of a report from the county secretary.

6. That the officers of the Union Society shall be a President, three Vice Presidents, a Secretary a Treasurer, and a Committee of seven.

7. That it shall be the duty of the officers of this organization, at the call of the President, to meet; and in addition to the functions usually performed by such officers, viz: presiding over county meetings, recording county proceedings, and keeping county funds, to take upon themselves the supervision of the temperance cause generally, in the counties; to call county Conventions of the Society, or county demonstrations; to devise means for the

furtherance of the cause, by employing Agents, making out and publishing County Reports, &c., &c.

8. That five of these officers shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

9. That any pledged temperance man, of good standing, may be elected either as township, city, or county officer.

10. This Constitution may be altered or amended at any annual Convention, or Special Meeting, duly called for that purpose.

11. That the present Executive Officers remain in office until the meeting of the County Convention, in 1852—said meeting to be called by them.

After the adoption of the above Constitution, it was moved by R. Aylsworth, and seconded by James Allan:—

That the officers of the County Temperance Society call township conventions, and organize township societies, according to the present adopted Constitution of the County Society.—Carried.

Moved by Mr Rudston, of Kingston, and seconded by Mr Burnett:—

That 100 copies of the Revised Constitution be printed and circulated.—Carried

It was also resolved:—

That Robert Aylsworth and N. Fellows, Esq., be appointed delegates to meet the delegation of the Sons at this place, at their next quarterly meeting, to lay this Constitution before them.

ISAAC B. AYLSWORTH, Cor. Sec.

At a convention of delegates of the Sons of Temperance, held at Clark's Temperance House, Mill Creek, on Saturday, the 29th November, the report of the Wilton Division of the Sons of Temperance, as to the expenses of the celebration, held there, last June, was received and adopted.

The delegates of the former convention, R. Aylsworth, and N. Fellows, were afterwards introduced, and the revised Constitution read and discussed;—when it was moved by D. B. Stickney delegate from Newburgh Division, and seconded by E. C. Hammond, from Napance Division:—

"That this convention do approve of the revised Constitution of the Union Total Abstinence Society of these Counties—and recommend its immediate execution."—Carried.

A resolution also passed that the next Annual Celebration should be in Napance.

ISAAC B. AYLSWORTH, Sec.

Newburgh, Dec. 6, 1851.

P.S.—A society has been formed in the city of Kingston, and is prospering, on the plan of the revised Constitution, and another in the Township of Camden East.

**Important Movement.**

Want of space prevented us from stating in our last issue, under the head of Transatlantic Retrospect, the particulars of a most munificent proposition recently made by the High Sheriff of the County of Northumberland. It is certain to be the means of enriching our Temperance literature, but will also have the effect of bringing the subject under the notice of many persons of distinction. The *Bristol Temperance Herald* announces the terms and intentions of the honourable Sheriff; and we doubt not that the best talent of Britain will compete for the prizes, not for their own sake alone, but with the laudable design of communicating correct views on a most important subject. The following is the announcement:—

*Three Prizes of One Hundred Guineas Each.*—An offer has recently appeared in some of the Newcastle papers, of One Hundred Guineas, in a Silver Vase, for the best Essay on Temperance,

*Religiously* considered; also One Hundred Guineas, in a Silver Vase, for the best Essay on Temperance *morally* considered; and One Hundred Guineas, in a Silver Vase, for the best Essay on Temperance *Statistically* considered. This splendid offer is made by the High Sheriff of Northumberland—Sir Horace St. Paul, of Ewart Park, Wooler, Northumberland, to whom all Essays must be sent by post.

The *Moral Essay* is proposed to embrace the physical, social, and domestic influences of temperance, as the pioneer of popular education and improvement.

The *Statistical Essay* is intended to aim at the impolicy (irrespective of the sinfulness) of our laws in winking at the drunkenness of the people for the sake of keeping up one source of revenue, while it thereby lessens many others—lessens also the means of the middle classes to bear taxation, by incalculably increasing the public burdens now necessary for paupers and criminals.

The word "Temperance" is here used as generally understood by the societies to mean total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors.

In laying this noble offer before our readers, we cannot refrain from expressing the great satisfaction it has afforded us—conceiving it remarkably calculated to direct the attention of the public to the importance of our cause in some of its most important bearings; the ignorance respecting which, amongst even the intelligent classes, we not unfrequently find to be very great.

Through some unaccountable oversight, the following communication from Adhesive Division, No. 118, Sons of Temperance, Niagara, has been overlooked till the present. We give it insertion, without comment, as information to the brotherhood:—

According to the Constitution of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance, by which all Subordinate Divisions are necessarily in a great measure governed, a member of a Division on removing from any locality, and becoming a member of another Division, is not entitled to benefits until the expiration of six months from the period of entering such Division. This, in the opinion of your Committee appointed to enquire into the matter, is injurious to the interests of the Order. Members have frequently occasion to remove from one place to another, and were this Regulation generally known, it is probable many persons would be deterred from associating themselves with the Institution.

As it is desirable to remove every hindrance out of the way of the successful operation of an organization so benevolent in its object, and so beneficial in its results, as that with which we have the happiness to be connected, your Committee would recommend the adoption of the following Resolutions:—

**Resolved**,—That it is manifestly unjust, and calculated to retard the prosperity of the Sons of Temperance, to require a member who joins any Division by card, to remain six months before he can be entitled to the benefits of the Order.

**Resolved**,—That it is highly expedient, that every brother in good standing, who may have occasion to remove from one Division to another, should, on paying a fee of five shillings, be placed in the same position, in regard to privileges, as he occupied in the Division to which he had previously belonged. And in the event of such brother becoming sick, during the first six months of his connection with such Division, the expenses to be chargeable on the Division which he left.

**Resolved**,—That a copy of these proceedings be sent to the Grand Division accompanied by a request that, if agreeable to them, they will, as early as convenient, take the necessary steps to have the Constitution amended, in conformity with these Resolutions.

**Resolved**,—That a Circular be printed and a copy sent to every Subordinate Division in the Province, respectfully requesting their co-operation in afflicting the desired improvement, should they concur in the sentiments above expressed. All of which is respectfully submitted

ALEX. DAVIDSON, *Chairman.*

ROBERT CONNOR,

WILLIAM H. GILLAN,

DAVID MILLER,

F. M. WHITELAW,

A. P. CARPENTER.

} *Committee.*

F. M. WHITELAW, R. S.

## IMPORTANT.

We beg to call the attention of the Agricultural Societies in the District of Montreal, and elsewhere, to the following example of the lately Christianized and civilized inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands. In discussing the following point, these quondam savages, whose minds were unperverted by the follies and prejudices of civilized life, brought the question to the test of reason and common sense, according to which, they could not have arrived at any other conclusion than the one indicated.

### AN IMPORTANT DISCUSSION.

The following item of information is contained in a letter of Mr. Clark, now a corresponding member of the Sandwich Islands mission. He is still in charge of the First Church in Honolulu.

Yesterday a deeply interesting discussion took place before our Hawaiian Agricultural Society. This society embraces nearly all the agriculturists and merchants in the Islands, and many of the mechanics. There has been a disposition, on the part of some, to connect distilleries with the sugar-making business, in order to convert the skimnings, refuse sugar, &c., into an article of commerce, as is done in the West Indies. This has been strongly recommended even by the Minister of Foreign Relations. At the present time planters are embarrassed by a depreciation in the price of sugar and molasses. On this ground a resolution was brought forward, recommending that the government should allow spirits to be made by the planters, under certain restrictions. It came up yesterday for consideration, and occupied nearly the whole day.

The discussion was conducted with much courtesy and calmness on both sides, before a full and interested house. The friends of temperance, as you may well suppose, rallied their strength. On this side of the question the American Commissioner, Hon. L. Severance, and Chief Justice Lee, not to mention others, rendered essential service. The discussion assumed the character of a thorough-going temperance debate, and the temperance side came off quite triumphantly. The final decision showed only three or four votes in favor of the resolution; and to the honor of the planters it should be said, that nearly all were in the majority.

I need not say that we feel greatly cheered by this result. An important advance has been made. We have had many fears that the distillery would be let loose among us; but the danger is now past, at least for years to come. And not only so, the discussion will have its influence on public sentiment, in promoting the cause of temperance in our community.

## A True Narrative.

How vast the number who have fallen victims to the ruthless destroyer—intemperance! It is heart-rending to trace its blighting, desolating influence; to see the promising and youthful fall beneath its iron grasp. They sacrifice all—their threefold being, with the responsibilities, duties, hopes, and joys of earth, and an eternity of unalloyed bliss, on the polluted altar of Bacchus.—But I will hasten to record one of the sad scenes of blasted hopes and prospects, withered joys and affections, which meet my eye daily. M— in her childhood days was bereft of a kind and affectionate father, and a fond and indulgent mother, and being a helpless orphan, penniless and alone, came here to reside with Mr. and Mrs. W—, who deeply sympathized with her in her early trials. She grew up to womanhood under the most salutary influence, surrounded by every facility for spiritual, intellectual, and social improvement. The development of her mental powers, in connection with her fascinating manners, and beautiful person, drew around her many admirers. Her hand was early sought by the wealthy Mr. H. He won her affections; and her young enthusiastic heart beat with all the ardor of first love. Her lonely heart was cheered and her drooping spirits revived, while the soft words of kindness and affection fell upon her ear from the lips of him who was to be her husband.

But her hopes were blasted in their early budding. Scarce had



she, tasted of conjugal bliss, ere she quaffed the bitter cup of disappointment and shame. He who had vowed at the hymeneal altar—solemnly vowed to protect and cherish—forgot his pledge at the maddening bowl. Scarce three years had passed, when the sad M—— returned to her foster parents, to mourn in silence over her early sad misfortune. She had buried an infant son, who had concentrated the fond affections of her maternal heart. Her affections were ardent, but their deep current returned to its source, and she now sits in retirement far exceeding widowed loneliness. M—— indulged the fond hope that by her influence and love she could prevail on him to desist his course, listen to the voice of reason and duty. But alas, it was too late! Such is the force of habit, and the enchantment of bacchanalian revelry, that the best facilities of reform often, very often, are futile. It is lamentable that ladies will condescend to take the fashionable glass, and thereby encourage this baneful practice, when they are the sufferers. By so doing, they lend their influence to one of the greatest vices that curses our world; and they (though it may be ignorantly) are the cause, indirectly, of the ruin of thousands who might be filling important spheres in the intellectual and moral world. I beseech such to ponder well their course. They not only narrow the circle of influence, but are productive of untold misery here and hereafter. By this silent influence, many a promising bride is brought to poverty and widowhood;—dooming sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, to infamy and shame. O that fervent, constant supplications may ascend from the altar of Christian hearts to the God of all grace, that every root of this baneful tree may be extracted from the moral world.

Lima, N. Y.

PERMELIA A. POST.

### Notices Respecting Contemporaries, &c.

*The National Temperance Chronicle*, (London,) for November, 1851, is a very interesting number. The "Battle of Life," is the leading article, and is a well developed sketch of actual conflict. A man who had acquired many bad habits—smoking, drinking, snuffing, and taking opium—is represented as fighting against them all, and finally gaining the victory. The article is too long for us to copy, but it affords ground for any man to hope that he may overcome the most inveterate and besetting habits. The "Vow of Sir Matthew Hale" is a capital exposition of the practical goodness of that distinguished man. The minor articles of the number are all good, and show the delightful position taken by the temperance men of England.

*The Missionary Magazine and Chronicle*, published by the London Missionary Society, contains interesting accounts of the progress of the work of God in Calcutta, China, and Polynesia. Peace has been restored at Samos, and it is hoped that prosperity will accompany the labors of the devoted missionaries. The Rev. Dr. Philip, who was for upwards of thirty years superintendent of the Society's missions in South Africa, died, at Capetown, on the 27th August last. From the same source we learn the Rev. R. Hamilton, who was during thirty-four years associated with Kuruuman mission, died on the 11th July last. On the 20th of October last, the Rev. E. J. Evans left Southampton for Bombay.—He is appointed to Mizzapore, East Indies. This periodical is worthy of support by all who desire to know the condition of the missions directed by the London Missionary Society. We receive it monthly.

*The British Temperance Advocate*,—published monthly as the organ of the British Association for the Promotion of Temperance—is received, for November. By original contributors, grave topics are discussed. T. R. Young writes well on "Broken

Plodges,—their nature, effects, causes, and cure," and G. Willson on "Teetotalism and General Education." It appears from this and other periodicals recently received, that the press has taken unusual notice of the temperance movement. The articles which have appeared in Dickens' *Household Words*, the *Times*, the *Leader*, and the *Dispatch*, are all of a questionable character, and deserving of rebuke. They have been a little chastised for their temerity, but the leaders of the temperance enterprise regard the outspokening of these papers as a favorable sign. It will bring the subject before the public mind, and induce enquiry.

*The Journal of Education* for Upper Canada is again on our table. In addition to the matter selected with great taste and discrimination, topics of great importance are editorially discussed. "Practical lessons on education, from Baxter," are excellent. Dr. Ryerson's clear judgment and appreciation of things that are excellent were seldom more strongly exhibited. We presume this *Journal* has a large circulation in Upper Canada; and in the unsettled state of scholastic affairs in Lower Canada, we should be glad to be the means of inducing a greater number in Lower Canada to procure this useful monthly. Terms 5s per annum—address Mr J. G. Hodgins, Education office, Toronto. By the way, we should be glad if the Editor would send us the Annual School Report for 1850, and any other school documents of general importance.

A *Pamphlet* has been sent us, bearing a formidable title page—thus,—“A protest against the corrupt practices introduced by the Rechabites, Sons of Temperance, and others, in the advocacy of total abstinence; delivered in the Temperance Hall, Guelph, on Monday evening, August 4, 1851.” This protest is written and published by Mr James Miller. We presume the author to be a sound temperance man, but his views and arguments are rather too transcendental for our taste, and withal destructive. We do not see how association for any mutually beneficial purpose could be justified, if Mr Miller be the infallible guide. He has doubtless meant well by this publication, but the wisdom and discretion of the attempt are rather questionable.

A *Journal of the Proceedings* of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, of the State of Tennessee, for the year 1851, has been forwarded to us. It is a long and able document of seventy-one pages, printed at Nashville. The brethren appear to transact their business in a masterly manner, and are going ahead—toward Maine—cautiously.

*The New-York Tribune* is published daily, semi-weekly, and weekly, and sent to single subscribers for five, three, and two dollars. For the weekly, a club of twenty can have it for one dollar each. The *Tribune* is well conducted. We have read its principal editorial matter and foreign correspondence, generally, for some years, and can bear testimony to their great value. Where we have differed in judgment, we could not but applaud the independence of the writers. Mr Greeley the chief editor, has long been known as a sound and consistent Temperance advocate, and now stands by the Maine Law. The Commercial intelligence may be relied on, and at the present time, Mr Bayard Taylor (whose letters from California were so accurate and interesting) is on his way to the recently discovered ruins of Nineveh, and thence will proceed to Upper Egypt and the source of the Nile. His classical communications will appear from time to time in the *Tribune*. We certainly do find ourselves occasionally differing with the editor and his correspondents, but at the same time, on the whole, we like the *Tribune* best of all the political journals we receive from the Great Republic. We subjoin the

following extract from the prospectus for 1852, only further observing that, as far as we are able to judge from the past, we do not consider the paragraphs as containing any mere self-glorification, or ostentatious pretension, but a very fair and honest exhibit of what the *New York Tribune* is from week to week.

In the sphere of Opinion, The Tribune labors at all times to conserve whatever is good and reform what is evil in the laws and customs which govern mankind. Attached by conviction and sympathy to the Whig party, as that which least imperfectly combines the love of Freedom with that reverence for Order and Law so vital to personal security and National prosperity—as that which best obeys the Apostolic injunction to 'Follow Peace with all men,' and realizes that the mission of this country is pacific and industrial, not beligerent and subversive—as that which alone uphold the great truth that Government has constructive and beneficent as well as repressive and defensive functions, and alone maintains the policy and duty of Legislative aid and protection to the introduction of new and the maintenance of imperiled branches of the National Industry—we wear no party fetters and do no leader's bidding. So far as we act with a party, we are impelled to do so by a belief that those public objects which seem to us most important can be more effectively promoted thus than by isolated and desultory effort; but we know no obligation to cloak iniquity nor uphold wrong when perpetrated by men of our own party. Should we ever perceive or have reason to suspect that the great end of elevating and ennobling Labor by diversifying its employments, increasing its efficiency, and bringing Producers and Consumers into more immediate and economic relations, can better be subserved out of than in the Whig party, we shall not hesitate to renounce that party's support. And every proposition or idea which contemplates a radical improvement in the Laborer's condition—whether by the abolition of Slavery, the reformation of Trade on the basis of Direct Exchanges between producer and consumer, the Organization of Industry on a Republican instead of the Feudal and Monarchical basis which we have inherited—shall have our hearty good wishes, even when we may not be able to concur in the wisdom and feasibility of the precise mode and measure of Reform which may be suggested. We will not surrender our freedom of action to any one idea, whether Political, Religious or Social. We are content to be stigmatized both as pro-Slavery and ultra-Abolition, as bigot and infidel, as puritanic and licentious, rather than put on the harness and mouth the Shibboleth of any little sect or faction which has fastened itself to the corner of some great truth and refuses to see anything beyond.

*The Banner of Temperance*, having three mottoes, "love, purity, fidelity," which the "Sons" will understand, is published every alternate Saturday, at St. John's, Newfoundland, at 6s. per annum. The articles and news are appropriate, and indicate prosperity existing in that province. We perceive the Editor goes strong against legalizing the traffic. His conclusion is, "We can not see any one substantial reason in favor of granting licenses to sell spirituous liquors, when the result is so detrimental to the welfare of the community in every respect."

### The Elections.

A great many constituencies have already elected their representatives. At the time we are writing, others are busily at work. Hitherto, as far as we have heard, great harmony has prevailed, and we hope the total result will prove favorable to temperance and morality.

Since our last we have received a communication from "a temperance man," dated "Sutton," which is in Missisquoi County, calling our attention to the paragraph relating to the temperance pretensions of one of the Candidates—Mr. Seneca Paige. As we then said, we judge only from what we read in the address to the electors. But the information given by our correspondent is most painfully adverse to the inference we supposed ourselves authorized to draw. It seems Mr. Paige has said that he would "carry the election by whisky, rather than be defeated." The

Sabbath has been violated, and it is stated that open houses are kept in Dunham, Sutton, and Stanbridge. "He deals the accursed stuff out by kegs." Now, supposing these statements to be true, they will be an eternal disgrace to the man, who, by false pretences, could attempt to cajole a constituency, and hypocritically mislead the honest electors. Nothing that we can say will effect the election any way,—the agony will be over when this reaches Missisquoi; but if our correspondent, well known to us as a man of truth, has in this instance maintained his integrity, and justified our opinion of him, we sincerely hope that Mr. Paige will be elected to stay at home, and look after his extensive tan-neries and saw-mills.

### THE MONTREAL ELECTION.

We have great pleasure in recording in the pages of the *Advocate*, that the election for our city has passed off without the usual consequences. It is not our province to speak of the merits in their political character, but we cannot withhold our cordial approval of their, we understand, unanimous adoption of the suggestion, that neither of them should keep what are called "open houses;" to this, we have no doubt, we are mainly indebted for the peace of the city. While on this subject, we should not omit to notice the exertions of the mayor, and other civic authorities, who did all that could be expected of them, and through whose arrangements, energy, and watchfulness, the citizens owe a deep debt of gratitude.

### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

In accordance with the intimation already made, this will be the last number of the *Advocate* we will send to subscribers for 1851. We cannot continue it for 1852, unless it has been ordered through some one of our agents, or by direct application at the office of publication, of which the address will be found below.

We have found it impossible to prepare for this last number of the vol. the title page and index, but will take care that it is sent to all the present year's subscribers about the first of the year.

We may state here also, that with the first number for 1852, we will enclose a suitable Calendar to all subscribers for our next volume; and with that number we commence that interesting tale, "The Sequel to the Bottle," with illustrations.

We are compelled, on account of the press of original matter, to omit several advertisements which should have appeared in this number.

### BIRTHS.

Montreal—27th ult, Mrs M Samuel, of a son. 1st inst, Mrs Robert M'Indoe, of a daughter.  
Toronto—29th ult, Mrs J G Judd, of a son.

### MARRIAGES.

Edinburgh, Scotland—12th ult, by the Rev John C Fairbairn, the Rev William Leishman, late Minister of the St Gabriel Street Free Church, Montreal, to Margaret Cross, eldest daughter of William Gibb, Esq, North Belleville, New Jersey.

### DEATHS.

Montreal—2nd inst, Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr Henry Ross, Printer, aged nineteen months and twenty days. Samuel Greenfield, Esq, aged 72 years.  
Blainford, C.W.—23rd ult, the Rev James Cairncross, of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, a native of Scotland, aged 64 years.

## Temperance House

BY J. SIMMONS,

Trent Village, Canada West.

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