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# CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

DEVOTED TO

Total Abstinence, Legal Prohibition, and Social Progress.

Vol. XXI.]

MONTREAL, MAY 1, 1855.

[No. 9.

## The Factory-Girl.

A Girl of fifteen summers toils in a factory until her heart and brain ache, and she turns away to the lone group at the desolate hearth, and sinks hungry to her fitful rest. The cold-tongued bell breaks in upon short slumbers and drips the slight and weary frame again to its bitter task. Saturday night finds her turning homeward with a feverish cheek and a heavy step. A father calls at the office of the manager, secures her earnings and during the sabbath squanders it all at the dram-shop with his boon companions!

The factory-girl once idolized that father, but hunger, and poverty, and abuse have taught her to hate him; and as he goes to the grocery in the morning, an involuntary prayer goes up from the child's heart that he will no more return. So accursing are the effects of strong drink!

Long and weary days pass away and yet the factory-girl toils, and at night gathers with her brothers and sisters gratefully around a loaf of brown bread. There is a jug of whisky on the shelf, and an imbruted father, slumbering on the hearth.

A dark and cheerless pathway opens to the factory-girl.

The worse than orphans are driven out from the wretched home and scattered here and there as paupers, kept by the town. One little girl, a fair-haired, blue-eyed beautiful creature of three summers is taken by a family. Away in an entry-way, without sufficient clothing, hungry, and no eye but God's to look kindly down upon her, she dies in the winter night—dies cold, hungry, and covered with vermin! and the older sister could not even weep upon the child-pauper's grave, her of the fair and mild blue eye.

With the brand which society once cruelly affixed upon the brow of the drunkard's child, the factory-girl entered into the great battle of life. Without education or friends, she was compelled to perform the most menial drudgery. The shadows that then clouded the sky of her youth have mingled with and darkened the happiness of after years. Her brothers grew up and some of them followed in the footsteps of their father and became drunkards. One was drowned. Another rests beneath the soil. A younger one, a faultless model of manly beauty, and as noble in heart as in form, was taken by pirates at sea, and killed only when he towered the last of his crew upon the slippery decks, and his arm was hewn from his body. Two others wrestle now with an appetite which dogs their footsteps with remorseless craving, and but one lives the soul of manhood and honor.

Thus were those linked to her by the strongest ties that can bind us to each other, wrenched away and driven up and down the world. The father lived on a drunkard, and at a ripe old age died a drunkard by the road side, and a gravestone tells where he sleeps.

Such are but the outlines of a childhood and youth of suffering, humiliation, and sorrow. The details are known only to the sufferer and to God. Memory rolls back upon its bitter tide the history of such scenes, the fountain of tears is opened fresh, and flows as bitterly as in the past. Childhood without sunshine! The thought is cold and dark indeed. This hasty sketching would apply to unnumbered thousands of such cases. As the sand upon the sea shore, the blades in the meadow, or the leaves in summer-time or the stars that glitter in the blue above are the histories of such ravages upon the hopes and happiness of youth. They will never be known until the record of the angel shall be unrolled at the judgment.

That factory-girl—that drunkard's daughter—that child-pauper who toiled while a drunken father drank down her wages—who went hungry for bread—who was deprived of society and education, and entered upon life's stern realities with no inheritance but poverty and a father's infamy—is our mother!

God! how the veins knot and burn as the tide whose every drop is bitter with the memory of her wrongs sweeps to our fingers' ends. Our soul throbs firmly in our nih until we clutch involuntary for a no-od blade, and wish the drink traffic embodied in one demon form, that we could go forth with God's blessing and smite the hell-borne monster. We look upon her head now thickly flecked with threads of silver, and wish that the temperance reform could have dawned in her day. We look upon the tear that steals down her cheek as the dark days of yore are called up, and our manhood's cheek burns with indignation. She was robbed—cruelly, basely robbed. She hungered for bread to eat! She was shut out of society and its privileges because she had no home. She was pointed at as a drunkard's child! She toiled until her heart ached with pain, and the dram-seller clutched from the hands of an imbruted father the last penny of her hard earnings! OUR MOTHER! God of justice and truth! give us but the power to-day, and we would strangle every hydra whose breath is blasting the hope of others as if blasted hers.

To that mother we owe the most of our hatred to the accursed traffic. We imbibed it from her breast, and learned it of her in childhood. A father, too, his strong form unfainted by the scourge, has taught us the same lesson. The memories of his own childhood are darkened by the thoughts of a drunken father. He grappled alone with life's difficulties—commenced his career by working to pay the debts of his deceased father.

Thus from the cradle have we been educated to hate the scourge. That hatred is mingled with every drop in our veins. It grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength. In the high noon of manhood we

swear, by friends on earth and God in heaven, a lifelong warfare, if need be, against the traffic. There can be no compromise. It is a conflict of extermination, and the blows will only fail when the battle of life is ended, and our strong right arm is mingled with its mother dust. We will wear our harness to the grave, and make Hannibals of those who come after us, to fight on.

A few brief years at most, and our old mother goes down to her rest, and if living, we shall, with a heavy heart, lay her head in the grave. But we shall turn away to the strife with a holier faith. We cannot be less a temperance man while she is living. We know we shall not be when she is dead. As blessings are ever the brighter after they are flown, so will her lesson be more sacredly remembered after she has passed away.—She will never die to us. Her spirit will linger around us for the remainder of our brief journey, to watch over and guide our footsteps. Or if our sun shall first go down, her tears shall not scald the green turf over one who moulders in the rayless night of a drunkard's grave.—*Abstainer's Journal.*

### The Trembling Eyelid.

[The following simple narrative is from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, of Hartford, Ct. We publish it as a record of actual, not of possible, events, without any of the adornments of fiction, and interesting because of its truth, and also because of the practical lesson which it teaches—the importance, when exposed to severe and protracted cold, of entire abstinence from intoxicating liquors. It is a prevalent delusion—often a fatal one—that these drinks enable the user more successfully to resist the cold. But we will not here go into the *philosophy* of the matter, but commend the fact, as taught in this sad story, to the consideration of all our readers.]

It was the day before Christmas, in the year 1778 that during the war of Revolution, an armed vessel sailed out of the port of Boston, U. S. She was strongly built, and carried 20 guns, with a well appointed crew of more than 100, and provisions for a cruise of six months. As she spread her broad white sails and steered from the harbor, with a fair fresh breeze, she made a noble appearance. Many throbbing hearts breathed a blessing on her voyage, for she bore a company of as bold and skilful seamen as ever dared the perils of the deep. But soon the north wind blew, and brought a heavy sea into the bay. The night proved dark, and they anchored with great difficulty near Plymouth harbor. The strong gale that buffeted them became a storm, and the storm a hurricane. Snow fell, and the cold was terribly severe. The vessel was driven from her moorings, and struck on a reef of rocks. She began to fill with water, and they were obliged to cut away her masts. The sea rose above the main deck, sweeping over it at every surge. They made every exertion that courage could prompt, or hardihood endure, but so fearful were the wind and cold, that the stoutest man was not able to strike more than two blows in cutting away the mast, without being relieved by another. The wretched people thronged together upon the quarter-deck, which was crowded almost to suffocation. They were exhausted with toil and suffering, and could obtain neither provisions nor fresh water; but, unfortunately, the crew got access to ardent spirits and many of them drank to intoxication; insubordination, mutiny, and madness ensued. The officers remained clear-

minded, but lost all authority over the crew who raved about them.

A more frightful scene can scarcely be imagined—the dark sky—the raging storm—the waves breaking wildly over the rocks, and threatening every moment to swallow up the broken vessel, and the half frozen beings who maintained their icy hold on life, lost to reason or duty, or fighting fiercely with each other. Some lay in disgusting stupidity; others, with fiery faces, blaspheming God. Some, in temporary delirium, fancied themselves in palaces, surrounded by luxury, and brutally abused the servants who they supposed refused to do their biddings. Others there were who, amidst the beating of that pitiless tempest, believed themselves in the home they never more must see, and with hollow reproachful voices, besought bread and wondered why water was withheld by the hands they held most dear. A few, whose worst passions were quickened by alcohol to a fiend-like fury, assaulted or wounded those who came in their way, making the shrieks of defiance and their curses heard above the roaring of the storm. Intemperance never displayed itself in more distressing attitudes. At length death began to do his work. Some of the miserable creatures fell dead each hour upon the deck, being frozen stiff and hard. Each corpse as it became breathless was laid upon the heap of dead, that more space might be left for the survivors; those who drank most freely were the first to perish.

On the third day of these horrors the inhabitants of Plymouth, after making many ineffectual attempts, reached the wreck, not without danger. What a melancholy spectacle! Lifeless bodies, stiffened in every form that suffering could devise. Many lay in a vast pile; others sat with their heads reclining on their knees; others grasping the ice-covered ropes; some in a posture of defence like the dying gladiator; others with hands held up to heaven, as if deprecating their fate.

Orders were given to search earnestly for every mark or sign of life. One boy was distinguished among the mass of dead, only by the trembling of one of his eyelids.

The poor survivors were kindly received into the houses of the people of Plymouth, and every effort used for their restoration. The captain, lieutenant, and a few others, who had abstained from the use of ardent spirits survived. The remainder were buried, some in separate graves, and others in a large pit, whose hollow is still to be seen on the south-west side of the burial ground of Plymouth.

The funeral obsequies were most solemn. When the clergyman who was to perform the last service, first entered and saw more than seventeen dead bodies, some fixing on him their stony eyes, and others with faces stiffened into the horrible expression of their last mortal agony, he was so affected as to faint.

Some were brought on shore alive, and received every attention, but survived only a short time. Others were restored after long sickness, but with their limbs so injured by the frost, as to become cripples for life.

In a village, at some distance from Plymouth, a widowed mother with her daughter, were constantly attending a couch, on which lay a sufferer. It was the boy whose trembling eyelid attracted the notice of pity as he lay amongst the dead.

"Mother," he said, in a feeble tone, "God bless you for having taught me to avoid ardent spirits; it was this

that saved me. After those around me grew intoxicated, I had enough to do to protect myself from them. Some attacked and dared me to fight; others pressed the poisonous draught to my lips, and bade me drink. My lips and throat were parched with thirst, but I knew if I drank with them I must lose my reason as they did, and perhaps blaspheme my Maker.

"One by one they died, these poor infuriated wretches; their shrieks and groans still seem to ring in my ears. It was in vain that the captain and other officers, and a few good men, warned them of what would ensue if they thus continued to drink, and tried every method to restore them to order. They still drank the intoxicating liquor; they grew delirious and died in heaps.

"Dear mother, our sufferings from hunger and cold you cannot imagine. After my feet were frozen, but before I lost the use of my hands, I discovered a box among fragments of the wreck, far under water. I toiled with a rope to drag it up; but my strength was not sufficient. A comrade, who was still able to move a little, assisted me. We hoped it might contain bread, and took courage; uniting our strength we burst it open. It contained only a few bottles of olive oil; yet we gave God thanks, for we found that by occasionally moistening our lips, and swallowing a little, it allayed the gnawing burning pain in the stomach. At length my comrade died, and I lay beside him as one dead, surrounded by corpses.

"Presently the violence of the tempest that had so long raged, subsided, and I heard quick footsteps and strange voices amid the wreck where we lay. They were the blessed people of Plymouth, who had dared every danger to save us. They lifted in their arms and wrapped in blankets all who could speak; then they earnestly sought all who could move; but every drunkard was among the dead, and I was so exhausted with toil and suffering, and cold, that I could not stretch a hand to my deliverers. They passed me again, and again.

"They carried the living to the boat. I feared that I was left behind. Then I prayed earnestly in my heart, 'O Lord, for the sake of my widowed mother, for the sake of my dear sister, save me!'

"Methought the last man had gone, and I besought my Redeemer to receive my spirit. But I felt a warm breath in my face; I strained every nerve; my whole soul strove and shuddered within me. Still my body was immovable as marble. Then a loud voice said, 'Come back, and help me out with this poor lad; one of his eyelids trembles—he lives!' O the music of that sweet voice to me! The trembling eyelid, the prayer to God, and your own lessons of temperance, my mother, saved me."

Then the loving sister embraced him with tears, and the mother said, "Praise be to Him who hath spared my son to be the comfort of my age."

**SOBER LEGISLATION.**—Has not the time fully come when the temperance strength of the nation should demand of the various political parties, that their candidates for the National Legislature shall be practically temperance men, and pledged to the cause of prohibition in the District of Columbia? Why should the grog-shop thrive under the legislation of the General Government, if it is the duty of our State Legislatures to prohibit it? This question must be met ere long; the sooner the better. Why should political parties demand our suffrages

for men whose position upon this subject no true temperance man dare sanction, when they have those in their ranks who are not only sound on the question of temperance, but eminently qualified for any office in the gift of the people. Let us have as candidates for office, men who neither make nor vend, nor use the drunkard's drink, and who are well qualified in all other respects, to sustain the honor and character of the nation. Surely, the difficult processes of legislation can be as satisfactorily elaborated in the brain that is free from the poison alcohol, as in that which is inflamed and scorched by wine or brandy. Give us sober men for legislators, and we shall have sober laws. Give us sober Presidents, Cabinets, Judges, Marshalls, &c., and our laws will be soberly administered. I trust that the friends of temperance throughout the State and Union will ponder these simple truths, and in the exercise of the elective franchise, remember how intimately our character and destiny as a people are involved in the sobriety of our rulers. If on this point their wishes are disregarded by politicians, the remedy is in their own hands, and they will not only be wanting in self-respect, but traitors to every principle of morality and every impulse of patriotism, if they hesitate to use it.—*Delavan.*

### The Tree of Death.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Let the king of the grave be asked to tell  
The plant that he loveth best,  
And it will not be the cypress tree,  
Though 'tis ever the churchyard guest;  
He will not mark the hemlock dark,  
Nor stay where the night shade spreads;  
He will not say 'tis the sombre yew;  
Though it springs o'er skeleton heads:  
He will not point to the willow branch,  
Where breaking spirits pine beneath;  
For a brighter leaf sheds deeper grief;  
And a fairer tree is the tree of death.

But where the green rich stalks are seen,  
Where ripe fruit gush and shifo,  
'This, this,' cries he, 'is the tree for me  
The vine, the beautiful vine!  
I crouch among the emerald leaves,  
Gemmed with the ruby grapes;  
I dip my spear, in the poison here,  
And he is strong that escapes.  
Crowd dance around, with satyr bound,  
Till my dart is hurled from its traitor sheath,  
When I shriek with glee—no friend to me  
Is so true as the vine—the tree of death.'

O, the glossy vine has a serpent charm,  
It bears an unblest fruit;  
There's a taint about each tendrilled arm,  
And a curse upon its root.  
Its juice may flow warm to the brow,  
And wildly lighten the eye,  
But the phrenzied mirth of a revelling crew  
Will make the wise man sigh;  
For the maniac laugh the trembling frame,  
The idiot speech and pestilent breath,  
The shattered mind, the blasted frame,  
Are wrought by the vine—the tree of death.

Fill, fill the glass, and let it pass;  
But ye who quaff! O think  
That even the heart that loves must loathe  
The lips that deeply drink,  
The breast may mourn o'er a close link torn,  
And the scalding drops may roll;  
But 'tis better to mourn o'er a painless form  
Than the wreck of a living soul.  
Then, a health to the hemlock, the cypress, and yew,  
The worm-hiding grass, and the willow wreath;  
For, though shading the tomb, they fling not a gloom  
So dark as the vine—the tree of death.

### The Rumseller's only Argument.

The only argument against a prohibitory law is that of those who made silver shrines for Diana: "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth." The rum trade is productive of wealth. Were it not, it would be denounced as an infernal abomination, by the very men who now pursue it.

But so long as there is such a pecuniary temptation to traffic, men will pursue it, deny its wickedness, and keep its deadly results out of sight. And any attempt to break it up will be met by this one argument, *Ye know that by this craft we have our wealth.* And we know, too, that an argument whose strength is measured by hundreds of thousands of dollars is almost omnipotent. It branches out in a hundred different directions, and is masked by almost impregnable batteries. A thousand assaults may have to be made and defeated, before the fortress of such an argument, whose citadel is self-interest, can be carried. "By this craft we have our wealth" is the watchword, all the world over, of interest against benevolence, of oppression against humanity, of profit against conscience.

Selfish men pursue their selfish schemes, regardless of God's law, just so far as human laws will let them. When the law comes in with absolute penalty, then and then only will they stop. If God or men asked them, Where is Abel, thy brother? their answer is the grim, demonic defiance of the first murderer, Am I my brother's keeper? This is pre-eminently true of the dealers in ardent spirits. To all the appeals of men or God, their only answer is, By this craft we have our wealth. All possible considerations and appeals, all the powers of mighty, overwhelming argument, demonstration and excitement, are met with this same inexorable answer of the demon of avarice, coupled with that of the demon of a murderous selfishness, Am I my brother's keeper?

No beings on God's footstool are more perfectly the slaves of Satan than the distillers and venders of the liquid fire. They stand at the devil's sluice-ways, open his turnpike gates, and tend his mightiest and most destructive engines. They who do his will in the heat of hell itself, do it not more thoroughly than those who here on earth, for the sake of gain, keep up his fires; for his fires they are, and the distillers and venders are doing his work. They may scorn to do the dirty drudgery of the distillery, may never stand at the vats, nor drain the fiery draught with smoking ladles; they may be known only as merchants, sitting in the counting-rooms of their great warehouses, occupied mainly with ledgers, invoices and correspondence; but not for this are they less his slaves. The burning rafters of the world of woe do not more truly cover his dominions than they, as fixtures in his machinery, support his burning throne. Had they command of the pestilence walking in darkness, or the destruction wasting at noon-day, they could not so thoroughly compass the extremes of misery and perdition to which they are now consigning whole masses of the human race. If God had given them his own thunderbolts and lightning, or the sweep of bursting volcanoes and earthquakes, to wield at their pleasure, they could not thus become such destroyers of mankind as they now are. For the work of their life is the ruin, not only of the bodies, but of the souls of their fellow men. But the hand of God is against them, and if ever the proverb was fulfilled, "He that is greedy of gain

troubleth his own house," it has been ascertained, by most vigorous investigations into the fortunes and families of distillers, that the business which seemed for a time prosperous to themselves and ruinous only to others, has in the end involved their own perdition and that of their household in time, as well as for eternity.—*From Dr. Cheever's Sermon.*

### The Prohibition Sling-Stone

A MAINE LAW SONG.

(For the *Canada Temperance Advocate*.)

The Gath Goliath monster,  
With armour strong and bright,  
Upon the plains of Judah  
Must have been a fearful sight.  
So strong and mighty was he,  
He did not, would not know  
That David's little sling-stone  
In death could lay him low.

Thus the alcoholic monster  
Is stalking through our land,  
And the strongest of our nation  
Is crushed beneath his hand.  
But he must yet surrender,  
And from our country go,  
Or the Prohibition Sling-stone  
In death will lay him low.

He ruled the world triumphant,  
None could his power withstand,  
Till the Maine-Law Prohibition  
Sant the monster from the land;  
Yes, they have won the battle,  
They have fought the mighty foe;  
With the Prohibition Sling-stone  
They laid the monster low.

Still, in our native country,  
He rears his hydra head,  
Invades our towns and cities  
And leaves their inmates dead;  
But this hydra-headed monster  
Must from our country go,  
Or the Prohibition Sling stone  
Will quickly lay him low.

Our mighty men of valor  
Have tried in vain their skill,  
To stay his fatal progress,  
And stop his power to kill;  
But our laws of legislation  
Will shortly let him know  
That the Prohibition Sling-stone  
Can lay his honor low.

Crime, death, and swift destruction  
Attend him as he goes,  
Dark horror walks before him,  
And blood behind him flows.  
But this life-destroying monster,  
Must from our country go,  
For the Prohibition Sling-stone  
In death will lay him low.

Ye Canadian fellow soldiers,  
Is there nought that you can do?  
Will ye sit in pensive lence  
Beneath this mighty foe?  
Gird on the shield of temperance,  
Go out to meet the foe,  
Take the Prohibition Sling stone  
And lay the monster low.

Stand up for right of freedom;  
Assert your liberty;  
Throw off the yoke of bondage,  
From alcohol be free.  
Come, brethren, to the battle,  
And all your valor show;  
Take the Prohibition Sling-stone  
And soon we'll lay him low.

J. G. M.

## Canadian League Documents.

### The Maine Law Illustrated, &c.,

BY A. FAREWELL AND G. P. URS, ESQs., TO THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE CANADIAN PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW LEAGUE.

Gentlemen,—Commissioned as we were by you to visit New England, to ascertain the practical effects of the Maine Law in those States in which it had been enacted, we have much pleasure in herewith furnishing an accurate Report of our mission in connexion with that great movement, which is now engrossing the attention of nearly every State in the Union. We listened with an impartial ear to the remarks of friends and foes of the Maine Law, and from all we saw and heard, have no hesitation in declaring, that the virtue, the intelligence, the industry, and the worth, of the New England States, are pledged to a thorough enforcement of that Law, as the only antidote to intemperance,—the prolific source of the vice, the crime, and the pauperism, which afflict Society. The Law has made friends for itself wherever it has been vigorously enforced; and, although evaded in some instances, and violated in others, it is almost universally acknowledged to be as successful in its operations as any other penal law that was ever enacted. Nor has its most vigorous enforcement led, in any one instance that we could ascertain, to the frightful results, so boldly predicted, and pathetically conjured up, by those who were nervously apprehensive that the sanctity of the domestic hearth would be invaded by the operations of this law. Under no circumstances has the home of the peaceful citizen been more secure, for in this, as in every other case, while the law is a terror to evil-doers, it is a bulwark of strength to them that do well.

To the many kind friends, who so cheerfully aided us in our work, we here respectfully tender our most cordial thanks. As the mere repetition of our acknowledgments, so justly due to each, would, of itself, fill a large space in our Report, we prefer being thus general, and we trust that this, our only reason for not being more specific, will be accepted in good faith by all.

#### REPORT.

Left in a measure to take whatever course we deemed best for the successful accomplishment of our mission, we proceeded to Albany, as the New York State Legislature was then in Session, to confer with the Committee who had charge of the new bill prepared to supersede the one vetoed by Governor Seymour, and to ascertain what remedies they had provided for the defects which were felt to exist in the laws passed by other States. We found that a bill much more stringent than the one vetoed by their late Governor had passed its second reading, and had been referred to a committee to report it for final action by the Legislature. This committee was composed of six gentlemen from the majority, and three from the minority of those who had voted upon the bill, viz.: John W. Stebbins, Charles C. Leigh, L. S. May, Levi Miller, N. M. Master, and C. P. Johnson from the majority, and William B. Aitken, P. S. Dumont, and George H. Searing from the minority.

Mr. Stebbins, the Chairman of the Committee, and one of the most prominent members of the Assembly, very frankly explained to us the position of matters in the Legislature, "Our former law," he said, "was not so well drawn as we could have wished, but the veto put upon it has given us an opportunity to prepare one much more stringent in its provisions. My own experience is, that the laws which have operated best, are those which are the most stringent in their details. Laws which have been drawn in part to please the rum-seller, or the timid temperance man, who wished to make a sort of compromise with the traffic, have failed in their aim, while laws such as that of Connecticut can be enforced successfully. The Michigan Law was well drawn, and being very stringent, the respectable portion of the people made up their minds to obey it, and its immediate effects were very beneficial. It went into operation on the 1st of December, 1853, but having been submitted to the people, it was decided by some of the Courts unconstitutional, in consequence of that submission, and its enforcement has been retarded. An instance of its success in that State was related to me by a friend who shortly before the passing of the Law travelled through that State about 96 miles by stage. Every few miles there was a tavern at which the stage stopped, that the passengers might get some refreshment. A few months after the law went into operation, he travelled the same route, and every liquor establishment was shut up except one, and not a passenger thought of leaving the stage in quest of liquors.

"In Massachusetts the Courts decided the seizure clause unconstitutional at the very commencement of the operations of the Law, and the liquor sellers who had taken alarm at its threatened enforcement, and left off their peculiar calling, summoned up new courage, and the larger cities were again flooded with liquor.—To show that the people have the utmost confidence in the principle of prohibition, not a State that has passed a Maine Law, perfect or imperfect, has by any subsequent popular vote receded from it. More than that, every political party which has dared to array itself against the Maine Law, has been entirely overwhelmed by it. Old Maine, a Democratic State, from time immemorial, put herself in opposition to that law, and her democracy has been entirely crushed.

"Our bill has been referred to a committee to make such amendments as they deem advisable, and from the favor with which it was received by a great majority of the representatives, I have no doubt that our report will be adopted without much discussion. I shall have pleasure in introducing you to Mr. Aitken, who has drawn up a report from the minority of the committee against the law. He will be able to tell you for himself the grounds of his opposition. This one thing I wish the friends of Temperance in Canada to keep before their minds,—Let them endeavor to get a Law as stringent as it can be made, but at the same time as simple as possible. We cannot deal with the transit from one State to another, and we do not attempt to interfere with the manufacturer. What we aim at is to prohibit the sale, and the giving away, of liquors by any person, except for mechanical or medicinal purposes, and for these purposes we do not allow it to be kept anywhere unless in one of the places appointed as the agency of the locality. In a private dwelling house,

or during transit from one State to another, or while stored for transit, we do not wish to exert any control, and any family may have in their house whatever quantity of liquors they may choose, unless they attach a store or grocery to such dwelling house. Whatever is kept for sale as a beverage is declared contraband, and if discovered will be destroyed.

"The majority of the Committee to which was referred so much of the Governor's Message as related to the subject of intemperance and the sale of intoxicating liquors, introduced the present bill, accompanied with a brief report on the principle of prohibition. We stated, to the effect, that we entirely concurred with the Governor in his views as expressed in that portion of his Message referred to us. We are also satisfied that the time has arrived when sound and wholesome legislation, which shall effectually put a stop to the sale and public use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, is demanded alike by the voice of the people and the highest interests of the State. After referring to various opinions given regarding the immorality of the traffic in ardent spirits, the committee say, 'we are aware the bill now submitted, although prepared with much care, has imperfections, for all human laws are imperfect. We are aware, too, that its imperfections, viewed through the coloured medium of self-interest, will be magnified and distorted if possible into hideous spectral forms to stalk the State and terrify the people, yet we confidently believe that should the bill we submit become a law, it will prove effectual in suppressing by much the larger proportion of the traffic in intoxicating liquors. We have called to our aid the experience of the past, and some of the ablest in legal ability, and wisest in practical knowledge. Nor have we been unmindful of the opinions of the opponents of prohibition. Those we have received and carefully weighed, and in the light of all sought to frame a bill, not unnecessarily stringent in its provisions, and yet sufficiently so to secure obedience, and accomplish the great end in view. To aim at less than this would be folly, to seek more, tyranny.'"

Having had a little conversation of a general nature with Mr. Stebbins, he resumed his seat in the Assembly, as he was at that sitting to move the postponement of the Report of the Committee, on the Orders of the day, until the end of the following week. He proposed his motion, but unfortunately it was so close upon the hour of adjournment, that we were deprived of what threatened to be a very fiery speech in opposition to the bill.

Mr. O'Keefe, one of the representatives for the city of New York, rose to speak to Mr. Stebbins' motion. He said, "The motion now submitted was simply to the effect that those gentlemen, the majority of the representatives on the floor of this House, would grant to you, the minority, the helpless, miserable minority on this temperance question, the glorious privilege of discussing the subject. We wish to shew you how magnanimous we are to give you such a privilege. But so far as I am concerned I ask no concessions from them whatever. If they are determined by force and by ingenuity to cram down the throats of the minority, this most infamous bill, then in God Almighty's name, let them do it. I only ask" [here the Speaker's hammer checked the torrent that was about to burst, and the House was declared adjourned,] a circumstance which we very much regretted.

After the adjournment we had an interview with Mr.

Aitken, but could not learn much from him in a tangible form in regard to his opposition to the bill. He, however, kindly furnished us with several documents on the question, one of which was a copy of a report, which he, as the chairman of the opposition committee, had submitted to the House. This report, he stated, contained the grounds of his opposition, and might be used by us as if drawn up in answer to our enquiries.

After an allusion to the vetoed Bill, the committee proceeded to review the Bill now before the House, and they say,

"But while the undersigned acknowledge in the altered language of the bill and its subtle modifications, a concession to public opinion and a desire not directly to confront and assail the Constitution, they recognize in the bill the same intrinsic errors, and the same dangerous consequences that distinguished the condemned and repudiated bill of 1854. The same summary processes are authorized, the same dictation and perversion of evidence, the same trifling with the obligations of contracts, the same endowment of the lowest class of magistracy with arbitrary powers, the same tampering with the right of jury trial, and the same subordination of informers and prosecutors. The theory of absolute prohibition is retained, while the right of search is ostensibly more guarded, when conducted upon the warrant of a magistrate, yet section twenty-five of the act which declares that 'all liquor kept in violation of any provision or provisions of this Act, shall be deemed and is hereby declared to be a public nuisance,' re-opens the door for still more fearful abuses. The undersigned cannot but believe that the philanthropic men under whose superintendence this measure has been brought forward, were ignorant of the purport and of the scope of this sweeping clause. It breaks down all the guards which protect property and the privacy of dwellings and individual rights, and gives up the privilege of search and seizure, and destruction of property to the arbitrary will and unregulated violence of a mob. \* \* \* Much misunderstanding of the relation of the State to the business of the people has grown out of the term 'license,' which is used to define a pecuniary fine or tax, but which in its more general acceptation signifies a special permission and approval granted by a superior to an inferior. The several statutes which authorize the issuing of license to auctioneers, pedlars, victuallers, pawnbrokers, cart and hackmen, and the exhibitors of public shows, do not intend to imply that the class of dealings which these persons pursue is injurious to the public welfare, or that the State, by licensing them, connects itself with them or becomes morally, or in any way responsible for them. The 'license' is intended, first, as a tax imposed in a mode easily collectable; and second, as a method of remuneration and identification which greatly facilitates the operations of police. The tax contributed from these sources is large, and cannot well be dispensed with, now that the pressure of municipal, county and State taxes has been so largely increased. The bill reported to your House, however, does acknowledge the principle, and establish the practice of 'licenses' in the more obnoxious meaning of the term. It first outlaws the traffic in spirits, wines and ales, and provides sweeping processes against all engaged in it, and summary modes of executing them by search, seizure, confiscation, fine and imprisonment; and then it authorizes two thousand persons to be specially appointed to deal in liquor, without fees, tax or reward.

The parties who appoint them are the Judges of the Courts, and the qualification for the office is an affidavit that the applicant does not use intoxicating liquor as a beverage, and will not infringe the limitations of the law. These limitations are, that he shall sell such liquor only for mechanical, chemical and medicinal purposes, and pure wine for sacramental use; and it is enacted that the seller must have good reason to believe, and must believe, that the same are purchased with the intent to be used for one of the purposes mentioned. How far the law can be enforced, which declares that one man shall believe in the intention of another, or that the other shall do as he intended, is a question which has never yet been practically solved. \* \* The provisions of this Act will have the effect of bringing before the Courts the question not only of what is a medical use of wines, &c., but what is a Sacrament, and what are its characteristics and its limitations. The undersigned cannot conceal how deeply they deprecate a result, which, by bringing in the tribunals of State as interpreters of the Word of God, has always in other lands and under less favoured governments, where it has been attempted, proved equally disastrous to religion and to liberty. \* \* It is also to be noticed that in this bill all the provisions are so contrived to work together, as to discriminate against certain classes of society, and to interpose barriers against the poor and humble, which the rich are afforded facilities to overleap. The barrel of cider is not prohibited, though the single glass is. The wine grower may raise his own wines, and sell them to the authorized purchasers. The epicure in foreign liquors may import brandies and rare old wines from abroad, in the original package. The owner or renter of a single dwelling may revel in the possession of an unlimited supply of intoxicating drink, while the citizens who live in houses, which in part are occupied as stores, offices, or work-rooms, &c., are not legally permitted to retain in their houses the smallest quantity of any admixture of the liquors prohibited by the Act. \* \* It may be regarded as one of the peculiarities of modern legislation on this subject, that this law, after declaring an article of nearly universal consumption for centuries, "a nuisance," yet makes special provision for its use as a sacrament of religion, and connives at the means by which the so-called better class of society shall have the freest access to it! Such characteristics of a law are not calculated to conciliate towards it that respect and that loyal obedience which a republican people should at all times extend to laws passed by their representatives."

"These are the main features of a bill which, in many other respects, especially in its attempts to regulate the transportation of goods between States, and to obstruct the reception of imported goods, conflicts not only with the laws of trade and the rights of citizens, but with the provisions of the United States Constitution. These arbitrary provisions; this seizure of property; this search of houses; this perversion of evidence; this disorganization of the jury; are, perhaps, necessary steps to enforce the provisions of the law which assumes to prohibit, absolutely, a traffic not forbidden by religion, and in itself not injurious to public morals, or the well-being of society. \* \* \* In a republican system, the introduction of force is always more dangerous, because the theory of such government rests upon the assumption of man's capacity for self-government, and its administration should

always be directed to the elevation of the citizen to his true dignity, by education; by the amelioration of his condition; and by the guarantee of his individual liberty of action.

The efforts of the teachers of temperance, by moral suasion, to lead men to abstinence from intoxicating drinks, directed as they were in appeals to the intellects and the hearts of men, had more success than any teachings not of divine inspiration. The customs and habits of society were changed. The influence of woman was brought to aid in the discountenance of intoxicating drinks. Liquors were excluded from the family board, and temperate fathers inculcated the virtue of self-restraint to their children. The example of such a reform, founded upon the judgment of men and their moral and religious convictions, gave evidence of a race of sturdy-minded people. It was a part of their intellectual training, which promised the most gratifying development. It was most unfortunate that this system of persuasion to virtue and prudence, was ever abandoned for statutory restraints. Thus far the practical consequences of the change have been, that the efforts of good men to resist the spread of habits of vicious indulgence have been relaxed, and the evil has become of wider influence. It is to be feared that the transfer of this moral question into the hands of the sheriffs and constabulary and police of the State, will without effecting its end, tend indirectly to degrade the cause of temperance and discourage its true friends, by identifying it with the idea of violence and coercion, and staining it with the suspicion of hostility to individual freedom!"

On the day following this interview with the gentleman named, we had the pleasure of attending a caucus meeting of upwards of fifty members of the Legislature, friendly to the bill, and met to discuss its various provisions in order to avoid discussion, when it came to be reported by the Committee. We spent from four to five hours very agreeably in that caucus. They differed now and again upon the phraseology of some of the sections of the bill, but all united in one harmonious declaration of adhesion to the principle of prohibition,—and that the traffic in intoxicating liquors is a crime against society. We spent a short time with O. Scovill, Esq., the publisher of the "Prohibitionist," and received from him several documents connected with the movement, and also an outline of its progress in the several States.

#### SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

From Albany we proceeded to Springfield, Massachusetts, which we reached on Saturday evening about 8 o'clock. In the cars from Albany we met with the Hon. H. W. Bishop, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Massachusetts, on his way to Boston, to open his term in that neighbourhood. As every opportunity of gaining information of the Law was turned to account, we soon fell into conversation on that question, with Judge Bishop. His answers to our preliminary enquiries were:

The criminal business has very much increased under the new Law. It is accounted for in this way: the violations of the Law itself add, very materially, to the criminal business. I had, in my last term in the County of Middlesex, no fewer than 104 indictments under the new Law; I should think that five-sixths of the whole were convicted. The operation of this new Law has diminished the other class of criminal business very

much. It is accounted for in this way: the majority of other criminal business proceeded from intemperance. I say, without fear of contradiction, that nine-tenths of all crimes of personal violence—assaults in their various forms,—are committed in a state of intoxication. Crimes of personal violence have hitherto constituted, at least, two-thirds of all our criminal business, and if the source of the evil is dried up by this new Law, it is easy to see that Judges, by and by, will have very little criminal business to attend to."

## SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Semi-Annual Session of the Grand Division  
S. of T.

### CANADA WEST.

THE Officers and Representatives of the G. D. SONS OF TEMPERANCE C. W., will take notice, that the next Session of this body will be held at BRANTFORD, C. W., on the FOURTH Wednesday in May next, at eleven o'clock A. M.

By order,

E. STACEY,  
Grand Scribe.

April 25.

## Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, MAY 1, 1855.

### Temperance Affairs in Quebec—Maine Law passed the House!!

We are greatly indebted to our Quebec Correspondent for the very clear and succinct narrative which he furnishes of the proceedings in Parliament on the Prohibition question. It is a sort of "Journal of the Siege," and to some will be of as much interest as the letters of the *Times* Correspondent from the Crimea. Our enemies, like the Russians, seem fond of making night sorties, but that game we hope is up forever, and we further hope the "nays" will not be forgotten when they appear before their constituents. Since we received our Quebec letter telegraphic information has reached us from Mr. Felton that the Prohibitory Bill which he had in charge has passed the House of Assembly by a large majority. Three cheers for Canada. We shall publish the yeas and nays if they reach us in time. The bill is now in the hands of the Legislative Council. We have strong hopes that they will pass it by a large majority. We hope every gentleman in that house will read the "unimpeachable testimony" to the practicability and utility of the Maine Law, which appears in this issue. We shall put it in their power to do so, and may God guide them to proper and Christian decisions. In the Lord do we put our trust. The curse shall be removed. Obstructions to Christ's reign shall be taken away. Prohibition is right! Right shall prevail!! Let a public meeting of the friends of the law be called at once in this city!

### The Maine Law Illustrated.

We regard the report of the gentlemen who, in behalf of the Canadian League, went on a mission of investigation respecting the working of the Maine Law, as one of the most important publications of the day. We predict for it a wide circulation in the Colonies, and a still wider in England, where the Alliance will employ it usefully for public enlightenment, and the deliverance of the country from the drink trade. We commence the republication of the document which we design to give our readers entire.

We hope every statement will be carefully read. If there be any justice in the liquor press, such as the *Montreal Gazette* and *Toronto Leader*, their conductors will, at least, give a summary of this pamphlet, stating the leading facts and general conclusions of this commission. But if they should not, it will only be accordant with their usual tactics on this subject. Nevertheless, the day of redemption draweth nigh.

### Unimpeachable Testimony.

The following letters are in reply to inquiries addressed to the several authors, by the President of the N. Y. State Temperance Society, concerning the practical operation of the Law of Liquor Prohibition. It will be seen that they are from gentlemen of the highest character, morally and intellectually, and occupying the highest social position. Their testimony is explicit and unimpeachable, and the documents are most earnestly and respectfully commended to the attention of our Canadian Legislature. Read and judge—then give us a true Maine Law.

No. I is from the Hon. Samuel A. Foote, of Geneva, late Judge of our Court of Appeals. No one will question either his intelligence or his candor.

No. II is from Kev. Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, who, for more than a quarter of a century, has been justly recognized as standing at the head of the Congregational clergyman of Connecticut, and whose "praise is in all the churches."

No. III is from the Hon. Thomas S. Williams, late Chief Justice of the State of Connecticut. Both of these gentlemen occupy positions that entitle their testimony to great weight. They speak of facts that transpire under their own observation; and against their word, the electioneering paragraphs of political partisans, cannot have the weight of a feather. We commend these letters to the careful attention of all honest inquirers, whether the friends or opponents of Prohibition.

No. IV is from His Excellency, Henry Dutton, Governor of Connecticut, whose high personal qualities, even more than his official position, command for him the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens. Having taken special pains to make himself acquainted with the practical workings of the Prohibitive Policy in his own State, he gives the results of his inquiries: so that his testimony is that of a man of unquestionable integrity, affirming truths of which he is personally cognizant.

No. V is from His Excellency the Governor of Maine. His letter is distinct, straight-forward, manly. Remember it is a voice from the highest authority in the State of Maine.

I.—LETTER FROM THE HON. SAMUEL A. FOOTE, OF GENEVA.

Geneva, Feb. 26, 1855.

E. C. DELAVAN, Esq.—DEAR SIR: In accordance with your request of the 23d inst., I take pleasure in stating that until last September, I had serious doubts of the policy of enacting in this State a Prohibitory Law, in consequence of my apprehension that it could not be executed, and for that reason, would retard rather than promote the cause of Temperance. But last September I made a visit to a nephew of mine, who resides in the State of Connecticut. He is a practical farmer, but a gentleman of intelligence and good sense. He informed me, as indeed, I knew before, that he opposed the passage of the Maine Law in that State, because he considered it tyrannical, and its execution impossible—particularly in the cities of New Haven and Hartford; and in the manufacturing villages where a majority of the people are hard and habitual drinkers. But, said my nephew, "experience shews that I was entirely mistaken—the law has been executed *everywhere* without the least difficulty—and its blessings are incalculable—with the cessation of drunkenness (for it has almost ceased among us), crime and pauperism have comparatively ceased. It will diminish the poor rates in our town full three quarters, and we do not have one arrest now for

crime in our County where we had ten before—there is one element, and a very important one, to be taking into account in executing the law that I had not thought of, and that is, those who would be riotous under the influence of liquor are passive and submissive without it. With the free use liquor through the State there would be riotous opposition, without it, there is none."

The above are the words in substance, and most of them the identical words, of a practical, well informed Connecticut farmer. They removed every doubt from my own mind; and were I a member of our Legislature, should vote for the law lately passed in the Assembly, most cheerfully.

Respectfully your Friend and Servant,  
SAM'L A. FOOTE.

II.—LETTER FROM REV. DR. HAWES, OF HARTFORD, CT.

Hartford, Feb. 26, 1855.

Mr. E. C. DELAVAN—DEAR SIR: Yours of the 23rd inst., has just been placed in my hands; it finds me confined to my house by illness, and I shall not be able to give that attention to the subject about which you wish information, as in other circumstances I should be most happy to render.

In regard to the working of our Prohibitory Law, I have no doubt from all I hear from different parts of the State, that it is producing all the good, and more than all the good that was ever anticipated by its friends. In the country towns generally throughout the State, the Law is enforced. Of course the quantity of liquor sold and used is very greatly diminished, and intemperance with its bad consequences prevented in the same proportion. Doubtless in many of the towns liquor is stealthily introduced and disposed of by those who are determined to evade the law and keep up the business of making drunkards. But wherever this is done, it is done secretly. Rum taverns and rum shops, known to be such, are I believe very rarely to be found.

In respect to our cities, this city for example, it was always supposed that it would be more difficult to enforce the law than in our country towns. And such is the fact. And yet the Law is enforced here and in other places like it, far beyond what I or the friends of Temperance generally ever dared to hope. I have just been told by a gentleman of high standing, and who has the best means of knowing, that there is not a place in the city where liquor is known to be kept for sale. Prosecutions and convictions have been frequent, and it is now understood that whoever openly violates the law must suffer the consequences.

There are secret club rooms, as they are called, where those who are determined to have liquor, provide it for themselves; and in this way I do not doubt there is a good deal of drinking kept up among us still. But it is done under cover, and done to a very limited extent compared with former times.

The testimony is clear, and no one, I suppose, questions it, that the Law has produced the most happy results among the mass of the people, especially the laboring classes, and that many, very many families are now in comfortable circumstances, and happy as families which but for the Law would be suffering from poverty and the other miserable concomitants of intemperance.

I have written the above as expressing my own sentiments; but from what I know of the opinions of my brethren in the ministry here I have no doubt that all, or nearly all, would readily subscribe to the truth of what I have said; as would Judge Williams, Judge Parsons, and any number of others of our most intelligent, judicious and Christian men. I could readily undertake to get names to substantiate my statements, if my health allowed, but it is not necessary. I send you therefore what I have written, with the earnest prayer that your Legislature will give to the people of the Empire State a good, strong Prohibitory Law, fully believing, as I do, that they would thus confer upon their constituents the greatest blessing they have it in their power to bestow.

Affectionately yours,  
J. HAWES.

III.—LETTER FROM THE HON. TH. S. WILLIAMS, OF HARTFORD.

Hartford, Ct., Feb. 28, 1855.

E. C. DELAVAN, Esq.—DEAR SIR: I am asked my opinion as to the effect of the Prohibitory Law upon intemperance in this State; and whether drunkenness has diminished in consequence, and requested to direct my answer to you.

Had I not seen some statements in certain papers, showing an apparent increase of drunkenness, by returns from our prison, I should hardly have supposed the question needed an answer. I should sooner have expected it would have been said, that suppression by Mayor Wood, of the sale of liquor on the Sabbath, was the cause of increased intemperance in New York.

The only argument I have known in support of the position, is that our jail records show more commitments for drunkenness, than in an equal period before the Law. This is not improbable. While the drunkard was allured by every artifice into the dram shop, he was rather an object of pity, than of censure; and the public eye was directed to the seller, rather than to his victim. A common drunkard was sent to the workhouse, not to jail; and very few prosecutions were made for single acts of intoxication; and when convictions were procured, the fine of two dollars was so small, that it was settled with each by such persons as cannot pay the increased fine of twenty dollars. Now, in most of our towns every known offender is brought to trial; and if convicted must go to prison, if he cannot pay the fine; and notwithstanding this, we are informed that in some of our counties the jails are almost empty. How this may be I know not; I do not profess to give the statistical but so far as my own observation extends, I think I have not, since the first of August, seen one intoxicated man, where I saw ten before; and there has been a marked difference in the state of our streets during the night, so far as I have been able to observe. The universal testimony of all the friends of the Law that I have met with, is, that the effect of Prohibition has been great, and equal to every reasonable expectation; and it is known, that some of the strong opponents of the Law now acknowledge their mistake and testify to its beneficent effect.

In this town, where there were at least one hundred and forty places where liquor was openly sold, only one is licensed, and he an agent of the town very much restricted. If it is to be had in other places it is in darkness and secrecy, as other crimes are committed; and in most of our towns a similar state of things exists, and the Law is generally enforced. Under such circumstances it would seem as if no rational man could doubt that the use of liquor must be greatly diminished, and intoxication therefore much less frequent.

I will only add, that with the aid we hope for from New York, on the one side, and Massachusetts on the other, our hearts will be cheered, and our work will be light.

I am very respectfully yours,

TH. S. WILLIAMS.

IV.—LETTER FROM GOV. DUTTON, OF CONNECTICUT.

New Haven, Feb. 24, 1855.

E. C. DELAVAN, Esq.—DEAR SIR: The public denial which has in some instances been made to some of my statements, has led me to give the subject of the operation

of our Prohibitory Law a more particular examination. The result is a more thorough conviction, that the Law is efficient; that it is generally enforced, and that it is and has been productive of a vast amount of good. I have no doubt that there are men of intolligence in the State, who will contend that this is not so. They are prejudiced agatnst the Law; they hear the complaints of those who have been broken up in business, or who consider themselves aggrieved because their liquor has been seized, their ears are open to exaggerated statements, as to the amount of intoxicating drink used privately or in clubs; and they irrationally suppose that because there are more prosecutions for drunkenness now than before the Law went into operation, there is more drunkenness now than there was then. But among those who sincerely wish to put a stop to the evils of intemperance, and who certainly do not desire the trouble, not to say expense, of enforcing a Law, unless it is productive of good, I can say with confidence, there is no diversity of opinion—they would regard the repeal of the Law as the greatest calamity that could befall the State.—I have no doubt that the Law is to some extent evaded by secret clubs. This cannot be entirely prevented, so long as there are no great facilities for obtaining liquor, in small quantities in the city of New York. A Prohibitory Law in your State, effectually enforced, would materially aid half New England, in preventing the evils of intemperance. That such a law will receive the sanction of the Legislature, is the sincere wish of

Your ob't servant,

HENRY DUTTON.

V.—LETTER FROM THE GOVERNOR OF MAINE.

*Augusta, Me., March 5th, 1855.*

DEAR SIR: Your esteemed favor of the 27th ult., is received. I rejoice for the sake of humanity that your noble State is being aroused and is putting forth its strength in favor of the cause of Temperance, as indicated by the popular branch of her Legislature, to which you refer. I most ardently hope the Senate will act equally worthy of the "Empire State."

I trust the enemies of Temperance will not succeed in misleading any friend of Temperance in your State, by falsely asserting that the Law we have does not work well in this State. No man who has carefully watched the operation of it, in suppressing the liquor traffic, will deny that it is doing a great work, and fast extinguishing those haunts of vice, drinking-houses and tipping shops, which have so cursed our State. The people of Maine have decided that those nuisances shall be abated, and they have the utmost confidence that it can be done by Prohibitory Law.

Notwithstanding the opposition the law has met from political men, who have courted the smiles of rum sellers and rum sympathisers; and moreover, the armed neutrality which Executive officers have manifested in relation to the enforcement of the law, it has accomplished a great amount of good. In very many towns where it has been enforced, the rum traffic has been annihilated and the sources of drunkenness and crime dried up. Throughout the State it has immensely diminished the quantity of intoxicating liquors, heretofore used, and the friends of Prohibitory Law, yes, and its enemies too, are fully convinced that the sale of intoxicating drinks, can be as completely suppressed by penal enactments, as any crime known to our laws of equal prevalence and magnitude.

The Legislature of this State, now in session, will, I have no doubt, add more stringency to the law, and among other improvements, punish the offender with imprisonment for the offence. Public sentiment demands additional penalties for violation of the law, and our Legislators are determined to give them.

Never was the cause of Temperance so prosperous, and the Maine Law so strong in the hearts of our people, as at the present time; and looking at the results which a partial enforcement of the law has produced, the friends of Temperance, feel the fullest confidence that the days of rum-selling in Maine are nearly numbered. Grog-shops will be closed. The traffic in intoxicating drinks will soon be so thoroughly restrained, that offences of that kind will be as rarely committed as those of larceny and other crimes, for the suppression of which penal statutes have been resorted to by all intelligent communities.

Wishing you every success in your labors for the promotion of Temperance, I am, very truly, yours.

ANSON P. MORRILL.

EDWARD C. DELAVAN, Esq.,

President N. Y. State Tem. Soc'y.

### Swedish Laws with Respect to Intoxication.

The *Gloucester Journal* says that the laws against intoxication are enforced with great rigor in Sweden. Whoever is seen drunk, is fined, for the first offense, three dollars; for the second, six; for the third and fourth, a still further sum; and is also deprived of the right of voting at elections, and of being appointed a representative. He is besides, publicly exposed in the parish church on the following Sunday. If the same individual is found committing the same offense a fifth time, he is shut up in the house of correction, and condemned to six months' hard labor; if he is again guilty, to a twelve months' punishment of a similar description. If the offense has been committed in public, such as at a fair, an auction, &c., the fine is doubled; and if the offender has made his appearance at a church, the punishment is still more severe. Whoever is convicted of having induced another to intoxicate himself, is fined three dollars, which sum is doubled if the person is a minister. An ecclesiastic who falls into this offense, loses his benefice; if it is a layman who occupies any considerable post, his functions are suspended, and perhaps he is dismissed.

Drunkenness is never admitted as an excuse for any crime; and whoever dies when drunk, is buried ignominiously, and deprived of the prayers of the church. It is forbidden to give, and more explicitly to sell any spirituous liquors to students, workmen, servants, apprentices, and private soldiers. Whoever is observed drunk in the streets, or making a noise in a tavern, is sure to be taken to prison and detained till sober, without, however, being on that account exempted from the fines. One-half of these fines go to the informers (who are generally police officers,) the other half to the poor. If the delinquent has no money, he is kept in prison until some one pays for him, or until he has worked out his enlargement. Twice a year these ordinances are read aloud from the pulpit by the clergy, and every tavern-keeper is bound, under the penalty of a heavy fine, to have a copy of them hung up in the principal rooms of his house.

### The Brewers' Petition.

To the Honorable the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Canada, in Parliament assembled.

RESPECTFULLY REPRESENTETH:

That your Petitioners and other Brewers have, under the authority and protection of the laws of the Province, vested large sums of money in the purchase of land, the construction of buildings, and the erection of machinery and apparatus, necessary for the establishment and prosecution of the business of brewing porter, ale, and beer.

That your Petitioners purchase annually, for the purpose of brewing, large quantities of agricultural produce, such as hops and barley, and employ a considerable number of hands.

That your Petitioners produce annually a large quantity of good, pure, and wholesome porter, ale, and beer, which is sold for consumption in this city and district.

That your Petitioners have seen with great alarm the introduction of a bill into the Provincial Parliament, entitled "An Act to prevent the traffic in alcoholic and intoxicating liquors," by which the trade and business of your Petitioners, hitherto protected and encouraged by law, will, for the future, be absolutely destroyed, and your Petitioners reduced to ruin.

That your Petitioners conscientiously believe the only certain effect of the law, if it pass in its present form, will be to inflict injury upon the farmer, by curtailing the demand for his hops and barley, and on the lawful distiller, by greatly reducing the demand for spirits, whil实现 will effect the entire destruction of all the breweries in the Province, by putting an absolute stop to sales of ale, beer, or porter, which articles are never kept for medical, chemical, or mechanical purposes; while, on the other hand, it will act as a premium to the smuggler and illicit distiller.

That whatever may be asserted as to the mischief arising from the abuse or over-indulgence in spirituous liquors, your Petitioners believe that similar objections have not been generally urged against the use of ale, as a beverage; nor are your Petitioners aware that crime, poverty, disease, and the demoralization, have ever been attributed to the use of ale, beer, or cider.

That should your Honorable House, nevertheless, deem it expedient to include within the operations of the law all porter, ale, and beer, your Petitioners most respectfully hope that the benefit, thereby proposed to be attained, will not be sought for by the utter ruin of your Petitioners, but that a just and reasonable compensation will be paid to all brewers in the Province now lawfully engaged in business.

Wherefore your Petitioners most respectfully request that your Honorable House will take the premises into your favorable consideration, and exclude from the operation of the proposed law all porter, ale, beer, and cider, made in the Province, or insert a provision in the Act, granting a just and reasonable compensation to all proprietors of breweries now actually and lawfully engaged in business throughout the Province.

And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, shall ever pray.

(Signed),

THOS. LLOYD,  
JOSEPH KNIGHT BOSWELL,  
JNO. McCALLUM,  
PAUL LEPPER.

Quebec, 4th April, 1855.

[The reasonableness of the prayer of the above petition must recommend it to the good-feeling and common-sense of every just and candid man in the country—the folly and fanaticism of the intemperate advocates of temperance to the contrary notwithstanding.—ED. MONTREAL HERALD.]

We publish the above ably drawn petition, which will doubtless be extensively used against the proposed Law, for the purpose of replying to the arguments it contains, and we give the accompanying remarks of the *Herald* to shew what unfairness a respectable paper may be betrayed into by hostility to this measure. To stigmatize as foolish and fanatic those who are conscientiously seeking to promote the best interests of the country and their fellow men, is the way to which they are led by long and careful

investigation and without any possible motive of pecuniary gain or personal appetite to gratify in the matter, is surely an abuse of terms. If the Editor of the *Montreal Herald* will scan the judgment and motives of those who oppose the Maine Law, he will find them perhaps more open to criticism than those of its supporters.

The most important point attempted to be made in the petition is that the brewing business has been protected and encouraged by law, and that it is not fair to ruin those who have embarked their capital in it by putting a stop to it. To this it may be replied, 1st, that public interests must override private interests. 2nd, That the mere toleration of a business which is all that law has ever done towards the manufacture of, or traffic in, intoxicating drinks, does not imply a perpetuity of that toleration. If licenses are granted one year, they may, without involving any claim for vested rights, be withheld the next. 3rd, The prohibition of this traffic is not coming on the brewers without warning, inasmuch as it has been in one shape or another before the country for several years, and the rapid progress of the measure in adjoining states has surely given them ample notice. 4th, The loss would not be so great after all if they were to turn their establishments into mills, as has been the case with one of the largest distilleries in Scotland, or use or sell them for some other kind of manufacture. Besides, the gain of getting out of a morally bad business, and one extremely dangerous withal to personal habits, would be a set off against pecuniary loss.

The petitioners call their liquor pure and wholesome, and say that whatever may have been urged against spirituous liquors, similar objections have not been brought against ale and beer. This statement betrays great ignorance of the later stages of the temperance reformation, from which the prohibitory law takes its rise. In the earlier stages of that reformation fermented liquors were not included in the pledge, but since 1833, or for more than twenty years, they have been as distinctly condemned as distilled liquors, and with as good reason. There is, probably, as much alcohol in a tumbler of ale or porter as in a tumbler of whisky and water, and it is generally mixed in the former with far more deleterious substances. We know not how "pure, wholesome" malt liquor is made in Quebec, but in Britain and the United States, cocculus indicus, nux vomica, tobacco juice and other bitter and stupefying narcotics have figured largely in its manufacture; and the malt liquor drunkard is found, in consequence, to be more bloated, stupid and brutal than any other, whilst he will ruin himself and family quite as surely.

The petitioners urge the oft-repeated argument that their business is a benefit to the farmer; but the farmers of Canada have, ere this, seen through this fallacy, as is obvious from the result of elections in rural districts. The fact is, that whatever immediate profit is derived from the brewery and distillery demand for grain is far more than lost in other ways—such, for instance, as increased taxes, diminished labor, intemperance in families, and, in the greatly diminished market for agricultural produce, in the case of all the families which are ruined or partially ruined by strong drink.

We trust members of the Legislature will not be influenced by this plausible petition, or the bitter remarks which anti-Maine Law papers may append to it. At all events, we do not think that either will have the least weight with their constituents.

We have only one thing to add, and that is, if pecuniary indemnity to all brewers, distillers, tavern-keepers, and grocers were the only price at which the Maine Law could be purchased, it would still be cheap at all the money. Were Government to buy all their establishments at a valuation before the Maine Law takes effect, and sell them by auction afterward, we believe it would gain by the operation; so great will probably be the rise of property in consequence of that measure. But there is no ground for this indemnity. How many business have been ruined by the changes of tariffs? But in no case was there any indemnity.—*Montreal Witness*.

## Quebec Correspondence of the C. T. Advocate.

QUEBEC, April 24, 1855.

Matters wag about as usual. The House is more disposed to work, and as a natural consequence less disposed to talk than when I last wrote you. The approach of summer and the expected opening of the navigation appears to have excited a desire for home. The members are anxious to get to their farms, their counting houses and their law offices. One question alone remains which appears of sufficient interest to arouse the lethargic feeling, and work members into something like an animated debate. The opponents of the Prohibitory Liquor Law, foiled in every stratagem whereby it was sought to defeat the measure, have now made up their minds to talk it down, and as the time of the House is very much occupied, and it is almost impossible to get anything before it until a very late hour, unless it happen to be a first order, they hope to be successful. On Monday night this was tried. The question did not come up until about 10 o'clock, and at half-past 1 no vote had been taken. It was deemed more prudent to permit an adjournment, as the opponents of the bill seemed determined to prevent, if possible, a vote being taken. It is hoped that it may be brought up for discussion at an early hour on Monday evening next, and then it is determined to sit it out. If the opponents of the measure are determined to attempt a prevention of the vote by talkers against time, the friends of the measure must only make up their mind to exercise a little patience and endurance. Cold water ought to be able to stand a night's work as well as Eau-de-vie.

In the meantime there are abundant amendments suggested. Mr. Dufresne, a very intelligent and worthy member of the House, has given notice of quite a list of alterations, all of which he hopes to have introduced into the measure. The amendments are introduced in good faith, and by a gentleman who feels the evils of intemperance, and so far as his own conduct is concerned exercises a wholesome influence on the subject. They, therefore, deserve a serious consideration, and will, no doubt, command much attention from the House. I do not approve of them, and should regret very much to see them adopted. They would entirely destroy the character of the law, and render perfectly nugatory all attempts at its enforcement. The budget of amendments commences as follows:—

"The retailing of intoxicating liquors, in the manner which is denominated 'by the glass' or 'by the dram' is prohibited, and the sale of such liquor in any quantity, with a view to its being drunk on or about the premises where it is sold, is a selling by the glass within the meaning of this section.

"The places commonly known as 'dram shops' or 'grog shops' are hereby prohibited, and declared public nuisances, and the establishment or keeping of one shall be held presumptive evidence of the violation by the keeper thereof of the preceding section.

"The establishment or keeping of a place of any description whatever, and whether within or without any building, coming within the spirit and intent of this Act, and the establishment or the keeping of a place of any description where other persons are accustomed to resort, providing their own liquor of the prohibited character, purchased elsewhere, and drinking it there, shall be taken to be keeping a 'grog shop' within the meaning of this Act, and to be prohibited."

To every one of these propositions I could readily assent. They are already recognised in the prohibitory law, and

the mode of expressing them adopted by Mr. Dufresne is certainly sufficiently comprehensive; but in the very next amendment the whole groundwork is destroyed, and the comely superstructure must, of necessity, tumble down. Here it is:—

"The sale of any Intoxicating Liquor in a less quantity than one gallon is prohibited, but nothing in this Act shall prevent or prohibit the sale of Intoxicating Liquor in any quantity demanded, to any sick person, or for the use of any sick person, if a certificate of the Physician attending such person, or of a Priest, or of a Minister residing in the locality, attesting that such liquor is required for such person, is exhibited and delivered to the person selling such liquor."

This is virtually converting every dram shop into an apothecary store, and every druggist's establishment into a dram shop. The idea of making the sale in quantities less than one gallon criminal, and in quantities over that quite legal. Does Mr. Dufresne imagine for a moment that intemperance will less prevail, even if liquor were sold in quantities not less than a gallon? In Upper Canada a gallon of whisky can be obtained for 1s. 6d. currency, and less than that quantity is seldom bought, except when purchased by the glass at the tavern bar. I am much afraid that the law, if so amended, never could be enforced, and that even if it could, it would go but little way in relieving the country from the evils of intemperance.

Mr. Dufresne, however, goes further in his effort to entrench as little as possible on the traffic:—

"Provided always, That a Tavern-keeper or Hotel-keeper duly licensed, shall not be considered as selling Intoxicating Liquor by the glass within the prohibition of this Act, or as selling the same in contravention of this Act, by reason of his selling wine to any traveller or to any person lodging and boarding in his house; Provided such wine is sold and drunk at the ordinary meals of such traveller or boarder.

"Provided also, That any Tavern-keeper or Hotel-keeper, who may be convicted of having permitted or suffered any such traveller or boarder to get into a state of Intoxication with Liquor so furnished at the ordinary meals, will be considered as having sold Liquors by the glass or by the dram, contrary to the provisions of this Act, and shall be subject to the Penalty herein provided for such offence."

This completely destroys any effect that could possibly be produced by the preceding restrictions. The law if amended as Mr. Dufresne desires, would simply be a further traffic, which, being an irregularity in itself, having no fellowship with the great brotherhood of professions, cannot be regulated.

Mr. Gamble has given notice of the following:—

"On the Motion for receiving the Report of the Committee of the Whole, on the Bill for Prohibiting the sale of Intoxicating Liquors.—That the Report be not now received, but that it be resolved that an humble address be presented to His Excellency the Governor General, praying that he will be pleased to issue a Commission for the purpose of visiting those portions of the United States where laws prohibiting the sale of Intoxicating Liquors are in force, enquiring into the operation of those laws, now far they have been enforced and proved successful in the suppression of intemperance, and their general effect upon the tone and condition of the social communities in those States, and reporting the result of their investigations, to His Excellency, for the information of the Legislature."

The motion would be a good one, if the Bill were defeated, with a view of bringing additional facts to bear on the House during another session. It is to be hoped however that it will not be required.

T. W.

### Speech of Jacob Dewitt, Esq., M. P. P., in Parliament, on the Canadian Liquor Law.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—We have abundant proofs that the use of intoxicating drinks is the cause of immense evils.

It has been demonstrated that about nine tenths of the crimes against our laws, have been committed through the influence of strong drink, and many of the accidents by frost, by flood, by fire, in steam-boats, and on rail-roads and otherwise, are caused in the same way.

The Honble. Member who spoke last, said, we have the right to legislate to suppress the traffic in intoxicating drink.

I agree with the Honble. Member that, we have the right, but, Sir, I do not stop there, I go much further and say we have a solemn duty to perform in this House. When we look around and see the taxation, caused by the expense of the criminal courts, the jails, hospitals, penitentiaries, insane asylums, and all the multitude of expenses which bear on our constituents, who will say we have no duty to perform in this matter? When we see the father and husband, working three and drinking the other three days in the week—leaving nothing to support his wretched family, or in other cases, drinking up what should have furnished his suffering family with food, fuel, and clothing; sometimes selling the last garment of his children to gratify his terrible appetite, leaving them in the depth of misery depending on the support of the benevolent. When we look at the broken hearted wife and innocent children, who implore your aid with no relief but their tears, dare we neglect the duty of saving them, or have we the right to abandon them to their fate?

There are husbands and fathers sacrificing their health, fortune, character and lives, consigning their children to want and degradation, (perhaps to the third and fourth generation), and sinking into the drunkard's grave; Sir, can you say we have no duty to perform in this matter?

It has been asserted that, if we pass this law it will increase the practice of using strong drink, now Sir, I think those who use that argument can hardly believe it themselves—or can be sincere, because, if it were so, all who profit by the traffic would be in favor of the bill.

It has been said, this law cannot be enforced, and will be violated, and therefore should not be enacted! Oh! what an objection!

How is it with the law against murder, is it not violated, and therefore shall it be repealed? So with arson, theft, forgery, and other crimes. Suppose we repeal all laws which are violated, then we should have no statutes.

I feel that I ought to do all in my power to prevent the use of intoxicating drink. If I do not, I consider that I shall be accessory to all the blood that may be shed, which my efforts could have prevented; I could not rest, unless I did what little I could to prevent the traffic. I do not say that this would be the case with all who oppose this bill, I leave the matter with their consciences.

Some say that it is too great a loss to throw so much property into the ditch. Now, I say, as the liquor will go into the ditch, will you let it run there without the man—or will you attempt to save it by sending the man with it? Why not let the liquor run and save the man and his family?

It is said it would have been a great loss to the revenue, 1853, if no strong drinks or cordials had been imported; the diminution of the customs revenue that year would have been about 7½ per cent, or about £76,000. Now, Sir, if we consider the vast expense which the use of intoxicating liquor causes the country in a great variety of ways, I am sure it must be admitted that for one dollar we get on this revenue, we must pay a pound. Will you omit to receive a dollar when it will save you a pound? This is only the pecuniary view of the case.

Now it is said that large fortunes have been made and invested in the machinery for carrying on this traffic, and that it would be unjust to pass a law to reduce the value of this property without paying the damage. But we daily hear of the loss of lives and fortunes by the use of intoxi-

cating drink, the produce of their traffic, and, inasmuch as many thousand of deaths and a vast amount of misery, degradation and loss of fortunes actually occur in consequence of the trade carried on by their investments.

I would like to ask the gentlemen how many more lives they would like to have sacrificed?—how many families reduced to degradation, misery and want?—how many wives made widows?—children made paupers, in order to indemnify those who have already destroyed so many in acquiring these establishments.

We also hear of various ingenious devices to evade the law and conceal drinking practices, but this only proves to my mind that the lovers of strong drink are ashamed to drink openly, they know it is not reputable, and therefore wish to avoid the light.

Sir, there is a dreadful enemy in our land, that is annually carrying thousands to destruction, covering the people with mourning and filling the land with graves. As all the drunkards were once moderate drinkers, and as the drunkard ranks must be renewed from the moderate drinkers, who would belong to that class from which an annual conscription must be drawn to make up the drunkards?

Many say moral suasion is sufficient and all that should be used. It is possible, in this our day, that such a proposition could be made by any man in a sane mind! Oh! how weak. When the cries and tears of the loved wife and dear children, the loss of character, the sacrifice of fortunes and all things which makes life dear to man—when death and an open grave in full view before him will not restrain the inebriate—how feeble will be moral suasion?

Many proposals have been made for paying jurymen, which I think right; but sir only enforce the Maine Law and then we shall have very little work for jurymen, so little that I think none will complain.

Again, many advocate that the death penalty should be abolished, Sir, I would pass and enforce the Maine Law, and thereby nearly abolish the death penalty of the murdered and the murderer. Instead of the murdered wife and the incarcerated husband for life, I would preserve both to their children in comfort and happiness.—Will you do it, Mr. Chairman? Is there one member in this Hon. House who will, who can refuse to join me in this great, this glorious work?

Sir, in conclusion, I must again say that I feel under the most solemn obligation to use every effort in my power to drive this monster of intemperance from our land.

### Truth Eternal.

HYMN—DEDICATED TO J. B. GOUGH.

I.

Though chilling years have o'er us roll'd,  
Warm at our hearts this faith still hold—  
Whate'er may die, and be forgot,  
Work done for God it dieth not!

II.

Though scoffers ask, Where is your gain?  
And, mocking, say, Your toil is vain!  
Such scoffers die, and are forgot:  
Work done for God it dieth not!

III.

Press on! True men can never fail;  
Whoe'er oppose, they must prevail.  
Opponents die, and are forgot:  
Work done for God it dieth not!

IV.

Press on! press on! nor doubt nor fear;  
From age to age this voice shall cheer—  
Whate'er may die, and be forgot,  
Work done for God it dieth not!

T. Knox.

## Editorial Scrap-Book.

PREPARE FOR CHANGE.—One cannot but feel for the industrious man who is threatened with the loss of his little trade; and even for the capitalist, whose larger concern, the distillery, may some day be left unproductive on his hands. Grant the hardship to them, and let it not be spoken of with any approach to levity. But let it be remembered, that there is a larger public interest concerned on the other hand. Those who are engaged in any branch of the liquor trade, should well see how questionable is the permanence of a system involving so much misery to mankind, and which many believe to be as much a cause as an effect of the moral depravity connected with it. They should set their houses in order, and at least be contriving that, if fall they must, they shall destroy by their fall as little of their realised means as possible. They ought to be on the constant outlook for other and better methods of employing their time, their industry, and their money. Let them not be too easily carried away by the idea, that what they do live by, they ought to live by, or that they have any vested right in the dealing of perdition to the bodies and souls of their fellow creatures, for most undoubtedly there is no solid ground for the soles of their feet in these ideas. The most moral of trades is liable to decline under changes of taste and of fashion; and it is the duty of those who suffer by such changes not to sit down and cry how hardly they are dealt with, but to try the next best course of remunerative industry which is available to them. In the simple fact, that money spent in any sort of extravagance or dissipation is now known to be money lost, not merely to the spender, but to the community, we see a revolution which must sooner or later lead to new relations in business. The spendthrift has lost one great protection to his self-respect, in knowing that he does no real good to anybody more than to himself. In the assurance that the millions spent annually on intoxicating liquors are millions utterly lost to the community, since the industry devoted to producing these liquors had to be sustained out of the products of other industry, the unthinking multitude itself has received a correction which cannot fail to tell upon its conduct.—*Chambers's Journal.*

GAMBLING AND ITS ACCESSORY.—Of all the countries I have ever visited, said Madame Pfeiffer, of all the vile immoral places I have ever seen or heard of, in savage or civilized lands, the gambling saloons in California are the worst. I went there in company with friends; the doors were open, everything inviting entrance. Splendor in every form, temptation most subtle and powerful, combined to lure the soul and body to destruction—splendid curtains, carpets, exquisitely painted pictures, whose subjects were so impure that I involuntarily placed my hands over my eyes—wine, liquors of all kinds, free and to be had for asking, all combined to lure the poor mortal to sin and death. Yet all was so voluptuously respectable, so perfectly in good taste, so refined in appearance, so beautiful to the eye, that its influence stole into the soul like the deadly poison of the upas tree. What wonder if, with awakened passions, and brain made insane by liquor, allured by lovely young women, who preside at the table and overlook the game, with gold around and on every side of him, the poor victim rushed to the gambling-table for a new excitement and a new phase of stimulation.

## The Drunkard's Song.

BY GEORGE HOOD.

With features bloated and pale,  
With breathing heavy and long,  
The toper sat over his flagon of ale,  
And sang this desperate song:  
Quaff—quaff—quaff—  
In misery, madness and woe;  
Mid frenzied roar, and trauchorous laugh,  
And my reason's fading glow.

Drink—drink—drink—  
From dewy eve till midnight hour;  
And drink, drink, drink,  
Beneath the demon's power,  
Whose sad and dreary reign  
Is in palace so dim and low:  
Where pleasure leads on to sorrow and pain,  
And is fraught with many a woe.

Drink—drink—drink—  
Till the head begins to reel  
Drink—drink—drink—  
Till the heart now ceases to feel.  
Thought and feeling are gone—  
Why did I drink it up?  
And the soul, the gem that so brightly shone  
I lost in the streaming cup.

Drink—drink—drink—  
Till the moonlight wanes away;  
Drink—drink—drink—  
Till appears the morning gray.  
Pot and tumbler and pipe—  
Pipe and tumbler and pot—  
Till over the benches I fall asleep,  
And dream of my hopeless lot.

Home—home—home,  
There is no home for me;  
I am never happy unless I roam,  
Afar from my own roof-tree.  
For oh, my wife's sad smile  
Strikes through my soul like a dart  
So free from guile it glows awhile,  
Yet sorrow is in her heart.

And now my lonely child,  
His features I never see,  
For his looks, so meek and mild,  
Sneak deepest anguish to me.  
They tell me of better days,  
Of gladness and joyful hours,  
Well spent in wisdom's happy ways,  
In bright and sunny hours.

I grow untimely old—  
My cheek is thin and wan—  
My heart, more lifeless, grows cold—  
I scarcely feel like a man;  
For bound to a tyrant's car,  
A weak and a helpless slave,  
Beneath a dark and malignant star  
I sink to an early grave.

What would I give to be free—  
To feel as I felt in youth—  
And gaze again on the blooming lea,  
And worship the God of truth?  
Yet drink—drink—drink—  
I may not break the spell;  
Drink—drink—drink—  
That makes my heart a hell.

To the dreary grave I go,  
My being and nature curd,  
There is no drink in shackles below  
To quench ne'er ending thirst.  
My face is bloated without,  
My mind is darkened within;  
Black thoughts encompass my mind about,  
Of grief, and woe, and sin.

With features haggard and pale,  
 With breathing heavy and long,  
 A toper sat o'er his mug of ale,  
 Telling to youth a warning tale.  
 And sang this desperate song.  
 Quaff—quaff—quaff—  
 In misery, madness and woe,  
 'Mid frozied roar and treacherous laugh,  
 And his reason's fading glow,

THE GREATNESS OF CREATION AND THE GOODNESS OF THE CREATOR.—“Imagine a railway from here to the sun. How many miles is the sun from us? Why if we were to send a baby in an express train, going incessantly a hundred miles an hour, without making any stoppages, the baby would grow to be a boy, the boy would grow to be a man, the man would grow old and die without seeing the sun; for it is distant more than a hundred years from us. But what is this compared to Neptune's distance? Had Adam and Eve started by our railway to go from Neptune to the sun, at the rate of 50 miles an hour, they would not have got there yet; for Neptune is more than six hundred years from the centre of our system.” By reading the above you can form some idea of the vastness in which we live, and which God made. The sun, the moon, and all the stars that shine so beautiful above us, by day or by night, are all the workmanship of God, who requires us all, both old and young, to love him. Why do you love your father? You answer:—“Because he is good to me.” Why do you love your mother? “Because she loves me and takes care of me,” must be your answer. Why do you love your friends? “Because they are kind to me,” is the reason given. Now, think of God who is good to you, because he has given you life, health, and enjoyment—who loves you, or he would not have surrounded you with all the beautiful things that man's eye has ever seen—who is kind to you, or he would not have given you the light of the sun by day, or that of the moon and stars by night. Little children should think of the greatness and kindness of their Heavenly Father, that they may in early life learn to obey and serve him. He who learns in early life will not be apt to forget it in old age. And he who truly serves and loves God from childhood to old age, is the happiest man in the world. Such a man is not only blessed by his God, but he is loved, honoured and respected by his fellow-men.—*Christian News.*

THE HOME MOTHER.—Some one, writing for the *Masonic Mirror*, has drawn a charming picture of a home loving, child-loving mother! “We must draw a line, aye, a broad line, between her and the frivolous butterfly of fashion who flits from ball to opera and party, decked in robes, and followed by a train as hollow and heartless as herself—she who, forgetful of the holy task assigned, neglects those who have been given in her charge, and leaves them to the care of hirelings, while she pursues her giddy round of amusements. “Not so, our home mother! Blessings be on her head. The heart warms to see her in her daily routine of pleasant duties. How patiently she sits, day after day, shaping or sowing some article for the use or adornment of her little flock! And how proud and pleased is each little recipient of her kindness! How the little face dimples with pleasure and the bright eyes grow still brighter, as mamma decks them with her own hands in the new dress she has made! How much warmer and more comfortable they feel, if mamma wraps them up before they go to school! No one

but her can warm the mitts and overshoes, or tie the comforters round the neck! There is a peculiar charm about all she does—the precious mother. They could not sleep, nay, for that matter she could not if she failed to visit their chamber, and with her soft hands arrange them comfortably before she slept! Her heart thrills with gratitude to her Creator, as she looks on those sweet blooming faces; and when their prayers are done, she imprints a good night kiss on each rosy little mouth. It may be, too, a tear will start for one little nestling, laid in its chill narrow bed, for whom her maternal care is no longer needed. It sleeps, though the sleet and snow descend, and the wild winter winds howl above its head. It needs no longer her tender care! A mightier arm enfolds it! It is at rest! She feels and knows that it is right, and bends meekly to the hand that sped the shaft, and turns with a warmer love, if it be possible, to those little ones who are left her to love. How tenderly she guards them from every danger, and with what a strong, unflinching love she watches by their bedside when they are ill! Blessings be on the gentle, loving home-mother. Angels must look with love upon her acts. Her children shall rise up and call her blessed, and the memory of her kindly deeds shall enfold her as a garment.”

### The Voice of the Grass.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Here I come creeping, creep: everywhere:

By the dusty roadside,  
 On the sunny hill side,  
 Close by the noisy brook,  
 In every shady nook,

I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere:

All round the open door,  
 Where sit the aged poor,  
 Here where the children play  
 In the bright and merry May,

I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;

In the noisy city street,  
 My pleasant face you'll meet,  
 Cheering the sick at heart,  
 Toiling his busy part,

Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;

You cannot see me coming,  
 Nor hear my low sweet humming;  
 For in the starry night,  
 And the glad morning light,

I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;

More welcome than the flowers,  
 In summer's pleasant hours;  
 The gentle cow is glad,  
 And the merry bird not sad

To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;

When you're numbered with the dead,  
 In your still and narrow bed,  
 In the happy spring I'll come,  
 And deck your silent home,

Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;

My humble song of praise  
 Most gratefully I raise  
 To Him at whose command  
 I beautify the land,

Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

## The Birth of the Year.

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

Let us speak low, the infant is asleep,  
The frosty hills grow sharp, the day is noar,  
And Phosphor with his taper comes to peep  
Into the cradle of the new-born year;  
Hush! the infant is asleep;  
Monarch of the Day and Night,  
Whisper, yet it is not light,  
The infant is asleep.

These arms shall crush great serpents ere to-morrow,  
His closed eyes shall open to laugh and weep;  
His lips shall curl with mirth, and writhe with sorrow,  
And charm up Truth and Beauty from the deep;  
Softly, softly, let us keep  
Our vigils! visions cross his rest  
Prophetic pulses stir his breast,  
Although he be asleep.

Now Life and Death arm'd in his presence wait,  
Genii with lamps are standing at the door;  
Oh! he shall sing sweet songs, he shall relate  
Wonder and glory, and hopes untold before.  
Murmur memories that may creep  
Into his ears, of old sublime;  
Let the Youngest born, of time  
Hear music in his sleep.

Quickly he shall awake, the East is bright,  
And the hot glow of the unrisen sun  
Hath kiss'd his brow with promise of its light,  
His cheek is red with victory to be won.  
Quickly shall our King awake,  
Strong as giants, and arise;  
Sager than the old and wise  
The infant shall awake.

His childhood shall be froward, wild and thwart;  
His gladness fitful, and his angers blind;  
But tender spirits shall o'er take his heart,  
Sweet tears and golden moments, bland and kind.  
He shall give delight and take  
Charm, enchant, dismay, and soothe;  
Raise the dead, and touch with youth;  
Oh! sing that he may wake!

Where is the sword to gird upon his thigh?  
Where is his armour and his laurel crown?  
For he shall be a conqueror ere he die,  
And win him kingdoms wider than his own;  
Like the earthquake he shall shake  
Cities down, and waste like fire;  
Then build them stronger, pile them higher,  
When he shall awake.

In the dark spheres of his unclosed eyes  
The sheeted lightnings lie, and clouded stars,  
That shall glance softly, as in summer skies,  
Or stream o'er thirsty deserts, wing'd with wars;  
For in the pauses of dread hours  
He shall fling his armour off,  
And like a reveller sing and laugh,  
And dance in ladies' bowers.

Oftimes in his Midsummer he shall furo  
To look on the dead blooms with weeping eyes;  
O'er ashes of frail Beauty stand and mourn,  
And kiss the bier of stricken Hope with sighs.  
Oftimes like light of onward seas,  
He shall hail great days to come,  
Or hear the first dread note of doom,  
Like torrents on the breeze.

His manhood shall be blissful and sublime,  
With stormy sorrows, and severest pleasures,  
And his crown'd age upon the top of Time  
Shall throne him, great in glories, rich in treasures.  
The sun is up, the day is breaking,  
Sing ye sweetly, draw near,  
Immortal be the new-born year,  
And blessed be its waking.

## BROKERS' CIRCULAR.

April 14th.

Flour.—4,000 barrels has changed hands since our last, at from 48s 9d to 51s 3d per barrel for Superfine. Holders are now asking 52s 6d, while Extra is held at 55s. 42s 6d would be given for all May.

INDIAN CORN.—Offering for sale for May delivery at per 56 lbs. The present retail price is 7s.

Provisions.—Beef is purely nominal. Pork has slightly advanced; the stock of Mess being much reduced, we quote its value at \$19.

ASHES.—Without change in our quotations from last week.

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Montreal, Jan., 1855.

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VOLUME XX.,  
FOR THE YEAR 1855

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