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VOL. XIX.]

MONTREAL, AUGUST 15, 1853.

[No. 16.]

[FOR THE C. T. ADVOCATE.]

Prospects Blighted.

BY J. W. EMERSON.

"Ah! how my heart aches, how my bosom swells, how my soul groans disconsolate with fear and pain, while I gaze on thy surface, fair waters of the ocean—sweet scenes of my childhood! O, cruel fate! unknown destiny! why drive me hence? why banish me to a strange land, where the lily and the rose bloom not so fragrantly, and the love of appreciating kindred friends touch not the heart-strings so gently?" And a tear fell from her eye, and the fair lady sighed. But the pure odorous exotics flowed their sweet perfume with no less fragrance through the apartment. The lady, a fair creature, about whom the breezes of scarce twenty summers had wafted, sat by the window, gazing on the restless billows as they slowly and calmly rolled upon the beach. Tears drop from her eyes, and her cheeks are pale; which, but a few days since, were radiant with joy. She takes a miniature from her bosom, and presses it to her lips, as the soft balmy breezes of England fanned her temples, and played with a rich profusion of wavy tresses, that encircled the fair creature's brow. She was, indeed, a lovely girl—lovely to all who beheld her.

Emaline Allison was a native of Canada; she was born on the heights of Quebec; and many a time in youth's early day, her little feet played joyously over the memorable spot where the brave Wolfe said, "I die happy." Her father was an Englishman, who, in consequence of the political difficulties of '37, left Canada for his native land, where he engaged in mercantile business, at which he had been exceedingly successful, and made him master of a handsome fortune; built a splendid mansion at Portsmouth, and retired from business. It was at an elegant window of this mansion, that the lovely Emaline was sitting gazing on the rippled waters of the bay, that was swarming with moving crafts, from the little sculler to the giddy masted ship of a hundred and sixty guns. Emaline was a human being; but of almost celestial loveliness. She was an orphan; her parents had both bid farewell to earth, two long years since—long, indeed, they were to Emaline, the dearest and only cherished idol of their affections.

She was now under the protection of an uncle, by whom she was not less beloved, if possible, than by her deceased parents. Many were the rich admirers who bowed at her

feet, and poured their libations at the shrine of her loveliness;—attracted, perhaps, not less by the rainbow bubble of glittering wealth, which floated brilliantly before their eyes. But their appeals were disregarded—their offers rejected. She was no coquette! far from it; though wealth, dignity, and titles danced before her gaze, she preferred to cast in her lot with the young and manly, yet poor and untitled Canadian.

William Freeman was a Canadian, of as manly and enterprising blood as ever blessed the soil of America. His father was a merchant of high standing, and wealthy. He had become acquainted with Mr. Allison, Emaline's father, before his removal to England; after which he became Mr. Allison's customer, and, finally, his principal confidant in America. William Freeman was an educated, brave, and intelligent young man, trusty and competent; he soon became his father's confidant. It is now three months since Emaline first became acquainted with William Freeman; he had, in a visit to England for the purchase of goods, and to improve his own health, been furnished with a letter of introduction to the family of his father's old friend, Mr. Allison. To be sure, he did not find his father's recent creditor, who had now lain so many months in the "cold, dark grave;" but he found in his place, the lovely Emaline, a being certainly far more congenial to his feelings, and more pleasing to his mind.

What a mystery is love! how strangely it works! love that draws and seals two fond hearts together, ere they become acquainted or know each other. When William saw, he loved; and Emaline, the young and lovely Emaline, whose pure and gentle affections had never been disturbed, could not help fancying the intelligent, brave, and handsome young Canadian. William was a man whom all could admire,—a tall commanding figure, graceful in his manners, while his frank, and open countenance was but the index to the free, open, and generous heart that beat within his bosom. His face was as faultless as the sculptured image of Apollo; his well developed forehead, shaded by his curled jetty hair, would bid defiance to any European on the Continent. Such was Wm. Freeman, the accepted, chosen one of Emaline's affections. Her uncle could find no fault with the intelligent and manly object of her choice, still he disavowed his ability to give his assent to such a union. Ah! perhaps, fatal decision. Emaline knew that no per-

suasion would induce her uncle to change his already firmly expressed decision; hence the new device. She proposed that William should return to Canada—settle affairs, and come again and carry her away in spite of opposition, the beloved of his affections—the sweet bride of his bosom.

A more glorious evening never wrapped England in the shroud of quietude and repose, than that on which William bade a fond adieu to Emaline, the beloved, adored idol of his affections. She threw her gentle arms round his neck, tears rolling down her lily cheeks, with the out-bursting emotions of her troubled bosom; she said, "William, you will return again, and make me your bride, will you not?" "If there is a God, and he permits me, I will, Emaline, you angel!" he replied, sealing the covenant with a kiss.

William was gone! This was indeed a severe trial to Emaline, to sacrifice all the endearments of home—the pleasure of friends—the endearing scenes of childhood, desert all—all for one she loved; hence the outburst of passionate feelings that opens the narrative.

In a few days, William found himself in the cabin of a splendid merchant ship, under a pleasant breeze, bound for Canada; he held in his hand a small flowered note, written in a delicate female hand; it was from Emaline, he had received it at Liverpool before sailing. A hand was laid on his shoulder—"Is it possible this is William Freeman?" He turned and recognised the landlord of one of the principal hotels in Quebec. The landlord was almost in ecstasy of joy, and immediately ordered a bottle of cherry. William refused to drink; he had always been a "Teetotaler;" but he was denounced, persuaded, and finally, yielded. O, fatal draught! he had broken his pledge; he had yielded his honor; where now the restraint? Nature had provided him with a strong love, an insatiable appetite for the luring monster; but this appetite had never been fed—had never been aroused: now the spell was broken! that which yesterday was a crime—an unpardonable sin, to-day becomes a duty. From reading, investigating, and cultivating the exalted and noble feelings that pervade the hearts of highly intellectual and congenial beings—bacchanalianism and debauchery become the order of the day. The stately ship is boldly ploughing the blue waters, heaving the dashing spray high up its bow; the sun is pouring its genial rays upon the deck; the passengers swarm, like drones, upon the deck; promiseously arranged, walking, standing, sitting, reading, chatting, and slumbering. William beheld in a little group a fair lady with whom he determined to become acquainted. He was intoxicated—he did so; then, and then only, he imagined her to be a lovely girl. Their intimacy soon ripened into love,—love debased and sensual; he was intimate only when wine instead of reason governed him. Alas! William Freeman, beware the lurking monster!

Cast down the cup! a serpent sleeps
Beneath the rose that crowns its brim.

After all William's good qualities, attributes, and abilities, he was now no man! He was robbed of those qualities that constitute a man; he was now feeble and froward;

he wanted firmness, constancy, and decision of character. His native thirst, like the ravages of a burning volcano, could not be arrested; it knew no bounds. In the day-time he and the fair damsel were together; in the evening, the silvery streams of moonlight played around them, and bound more closely the magic spell. Is it possible he has forgotten his position in society, his honor, the fond, faithful heart of his betrothed Emaline, that now beat for him, far, far behind, o'er the jagged gulf of the raging billows? His conscience reproved; the image of the fair Emaline haunted him in his sober moments; it beseeched him—it begged him—it invited—it beckoned him away! The words of a dying mother—"William, be a good boy, follow me to heaven," rang in his ears, warned him to stop, think, investigate, and turn again to the paths of rectitude; but he only who has experienced it, can tell the power of Alcohol's allurements. William cared not. A magic spell bound his weak exertions. At length the evil hour came; maddened with wine—reason, principle, honor—all absorbed, all drowned under the influence of the "demon strong drink," William fell, fell with his own and his partner's virtue.

He landed. He was now a poor, haggard, debased, depraved and ruined inebriate—dishonored and disowned—scorned by his old associates, even by the monster who gave him the fatal glass of cherry.

The innocent victim of his dishonor, whom he had also promised to marry, now scorned his degraded person. This same William Freeman, who, but a few months since, was as noble, brave, intelligent a young man, as ever graced British soil!

The sequel will be short.

His father grieved, exhorted, and prayed over William, his only son. A fond, loving, and affectionate sister leaned gently on his bosom, and with heart-broken sobs, sweet caresses, and affectionate appeals, tried to lure him again to the paths of peace. All in vain. O, how they wept when, for their own honor's sake, they were compelled to abandon—bid adieu forever to the one beloved, cherished idol of their affections—a father and a sister. If he had died, they might have rejoiced. If he had entered a bloody contest and been slain, they might have been proud. If he had been killed by a bold highwayman, it would have been an honor; but to disgrace himself and friends, ruin his prospects, ruin his body, and finally, destroy, ruin, and lose his own soul, were considerations that weighed heavily on the mind of a considerate and doting father; and certainly not less upon the fine feelings of his fair and gentle sister, by whose side he had so oft wandered 'neath the grove, in whose gentle arms he had so oft played and fondled with childish simplicity. All lost! All gone! Alas, never to return.

Home distracted, lost and gone,
Cursed liquid of the vine.

William would cry and sob, penitent, heart-broken and ruined; but the fiery monster was relentless. William Freeman was no more free, he was a ruined, desolate victim. The fair injured victim of his unholy passion, was

once a pure, a lovely girl. She was an orphan. She was heart broken—with an anguished heart, bitter weeping, deep moaning and wailing, to hide her shame, she dug for herself, at night, clear, still as death, a grave in the angry waters washing the giddy heights of Quebec! She is gone! She is no more! Meantime William is receiving from the pure unchanged Emaline, note after note, glowing with woman's fine, endearing, whole-souled affections. She knows not that he has changed. She invites him to return and make her his bride.

Debased as he is, maniac as he is, one whom the pure Emaline would scorn as she would a scorpion, he determined to return—resolved to leave off the wine-cup;—sent her a note to prepare in four weeks, and sailed in an early trader for Portsmouth. His resolution to leave off the wine cup was powerless—it was broken!

William was now a raving, raging, delirious maniac. He is frequently confined and fettered in the hold, to keep his wild unearthly yells, ghost-like and terrific, from the ears of the crew during the silent watches of the night.

It is midnight on the ocean. A storm sweeps furiously o'er the white crested wave. The pale blue lightnings flashing rapidly, followed each other in quick succession, while the melancholy deep-toned thunder crashed and reverberated through the heavens. The deep gathering gloom settled round the devoted ship, rendered doubly terrific by the lightning's glare, while the storm-blast moaned and whistled through the rigging, and the wail of the discomfited deep sounded in doleful consonance—a warfare of the elements, terrible and sublime. A loud, shrill shriek!—a wail that curdled the blood in the veins, wild and terrific!—a sound as unearthly, as if by supernatural agency! for a moment it was heard, clear, loud and distinct; then died away on the blast. Once again! Again still louder, clearer than before did that shrill shriek ring upon the ear; and when lightning flash followed flash, the momentary glare discovered a white phantom-like figure, seated on the taffrail! Wildly it threw its arms about, while its white raiment streamed and fluttered in the wind. Another flash! it is moving over the deck. It is William Freeman delirious, wandering in his night-clothes—broken loose from confinement!!! Once, again, were heard his raving shrieks and delirious mutterings!—

“To night! Ah, the fatal night! No more of this! I go to meet my bride! Foul fiend, haunt me not with thy presence! Emaline! Ah, she beckons me—she invites me to approach! Emaline, I come!” Another shriek! The lightning glare revealed the fluttering garments, and the insane maniac, as he plunged into the gasping chasm of the boiling ocean! He sank! He was gone! Lost! lost for ever!!!

His trunk was searched; Emaline's letters were found, and other papers explanatory of past events; which the Captain presented to the fair Emaline, and circumstances connected with William's death explained.

A few short months, and the same fond, faithful heart that waited the return of William Freeman, was grieved, wasted, and sank in the lonely, “cold, dark grave,”

until the general resurrection at the last day! His father soon died with despondency and disappointment. His sister cried, grieved, lamented, and declined; her sensitive feelings, her shattered, emaciated frame sank beneath the pressure; and she, too, poor thing, was soon numbered with the dead! Ah, the devastations of Rum! who will tell them? Young man! remember one step in youth is a mile in old age, either for weal or for woe.

A Word to Country Readers.

Much has been done within a few years to improve suburban residences, but that has extended but little beyond the sound of the City Church Bells; and even within these narrow precincts, we occasionally witness an exhibition of taste that gives us a painful realization of the fact, that money is lavished without one single fore-thought of what it is to produce. An expensive, ill-contrived, inconvenient, outside-show, paltry-fire board edifice, of the “Elizabethan style,” is erected “by contract,” fashioned after some English picture, without the least regard to the internal arrangements, which ought to be made to suit the wants of the family, present or prospective; and this *Cottage Orné* being stuck on to some seven-by-nine village lot, is dignified with the name of “our country seat,” by American City residents. It is time this false taste, or want of taste, were corrected; and while the world is all agog with shows of the Industry of all Nations, and we are bragging not a little of the architectural skill and perfection of our Crystal Palace, it seems to us a fitting time to talk about the want of taste in country residences.

Leaving the high-peaked, obtuse-angled, ginger-bread-looking, Gothic cottages of semi-city dwellers, standing, as many of them do, upon unornamented, naked hills, let us go out among the farm houses of old New-England, and into the log-cabins of new New-Connecticut, as Northern Ohio was called within our remembrance, or any of the other settlements of this great country, and see how American farmers live.

Let us take an actual farm house which has been occupied by the same family and their descendants a hundred and fifty years. Look at it. It is forty-six feet square, one story high, with a gable roof; a stone chimney occupies twenty-five superficial feet of the ground floor. On one side, the kitchen fire-place is about as large as a Gothic cottage bedroom, with an oven at the back bigger than the “dressing-room” thereunto attached. The kitchen is one of ample dimensions and fond reminiscences of Auld Lang Syne. At one end there is a passage leading from the “end door,” through which all the wood, in untold countless armfuls and sled loads, has been brought to that great fire-place and oven, and two others in the “square rooms.” By the side of the passage is the spare bedroom and the cellar way, up which the old quart mug has traveled more miles than any steamboat in America, bringing up cider enough to float a seventy-four. At the other end of the kitchen is the pantry and “old folks' bedroom;” the younger ones sleep up stairs. The kitchen, with its great wood fire and family circle, stretching from the old blue dye tub and cat in one corner, by the side of which granny sits knitting, round past grand father shelling corn in the centre, to the boys and their mischief on the settle in the other corner, is a scene of home happiness which few of the wandering children of New-England ever so far blot from their memory, that it does not occasionally return upon them in as vivid a picture of the imagination, as if the reality were palpably before their eyes.

Although I roam on hill or foreign strand,
Or wander over the wide world's flowery earth,
I still revere my native land,
And love with life that dear old kitchen hearth.

It is the only comfortable room in the house. The two

front rooms are cold and dreary, only opened occasionally for company, or on Sunday after meeting, or at thanksgiving or in case of a wedding. Such is the interior. The furniture, plain and useful, is of a kind which endureth forever. Neatness is a cultivated virtue. Now let us look outside. The house stands in an elbow of the road, fronting neither arm, and as it has no cardinal virtues it gives neither of its fronts to the cardinal points of the compass. No fence intervenes between the road and house, nothing to prevent a brood of pigs, with their venerable mother from camping in the cool shade by the side of the great broad stone front-door step, a privilege which they improve in summer morning hours. From two transverse corners of the house, rough stone walls project out into the highway; one of them is a pasture fence, the entrance bars of which are within fifty feet of the front door. The other wall is part of the garden enclosure, if an acre lot of straggling vegetables, and currant and quince bushes can be called by that honorable name. This wall, the road and house, bound a triangular-shaped piece of ground of about a quarter of an acre, the home of the wood pile; the debris of which has not been removed since its first foundation was laid. Upon this triangle, there is at all times a better assortment of old wagons, carts, sleds, stone drags and other breakneck conveniences than ever will be found in the Word's Fair. Cornerwise, across the road from the house, stands a barn, and cornerwise to that another, and correspondingly the corn house stands cornerwise to both, and all open to the road, or rather upon a triangular court, exactly matching the wood-pile tract, except it seems to have been shoved just the length of it out of place. This is the milking yard. The well is in the middle of the road, between the house and barn, and might be driven into by every night traveler, but for the stout oak curb. Here in all its ancient glory, may be seen the old oaken bucket, with its long pole and sweep, hung on a pivot in the well crotch, which in addition to that service, has the honor of upholding the cart body whenever it is taken off the wheels. For tea and drinking, the water of this well has been tabooed. Accordingly water has to be brought by hand from "the spring" nearly a quarter of a mile from the house, though by a water ram it might be sent up in one continuous stream.

Around, or near the house, either in front or rear, there is not a tree for shade or fruit, except a row of quinces along the garden back wall, and a row of mulberry trees below the barn.

This is a true picture, drawn from life, of a New-England farm-house, owned and occupied by an intelligent family, "well to do in the world," who might do better if they had any taste. Is it not high time a better taste were put in training? Is it not high time that Common School teachers were taught to teach those who will by-and-bye come into possession of the old homestead, that taste is one of the most important ingredients of improvement and refined civilized life? Around the new settler's log-cabin we cannot always expect to find these marks of refinement, yet if it is occupied by one who was educated in a school where taste in the adornments of home is taught as a virtue, the effects of the early teaching will show itself in the very incipient stages of transforming the wilderness into cultivated fields, and the song of "Woodman spare that tree" will not be sung in vain.

Unfortunately, however, too many of those who go forth into the wilderness, received their education in just such an old homestead as we have depicted. The consequence is just such a home as the one described in the following extract from the letter of "A Lady in the Woods," in *The Michigan Farmer*. She says.

"Let us give you a sketch from life. There is the 'shell of a house,' and the railfences in front, but the pig-trough is not under it, for although the family have lived there six years they have never had a pig-trough yet—they have not time to make one. Mrs. T. eaves her kitchen slops (what she does not throw down

by the back door) in a large iron pot, and when that is full she sets it by the front gate, inside the yard, with one of the children to stand by and let in one pig at a time till each has a taste, or rather a smell of it; for by the time the second one is to be turned out, if not before, the pot is upset in the struggle between the hog and the child, the gate is unguarded, and the outsiders rush in 'en masse,' and lick up what they can get from the ground. The children consider themselves fortunate if this 'feeding' does not end in a half day's chase over the garden and cornfield. When these porkers are put up 'to fat,' there is a hole made in the ground in one corner of their pen, and water is poured in that, for them to drink. The family seldom have a stick of wood cut before it is wanted, though the wood pile lies very conveniently by the front door; for Mr. T. finds it much easier when he brings up a 'jag' from the woods to throw it over the fence there, than to pull down and cut up the rails, as he must do if he takes it to the back door. There are two or three broken sleds and part of a harrow on one side of the gate, on the other side the wagon and cart stand, when not in use, and piles of old boards and bricks and rubbish of all kinds fill the fence corners. A miserable log shed stands as an excuse for a barn, the cattle are unsheltered in winter, and everything about the premises wears an aspect of negligence, or rather of downright laziness. And who are the managers of this farm? A father and two stout sons nearly grown to manhood. The soil is productive, their cattle prosper in spite of neglect, and yet poverty seems to be their inheritance."

We could give many a picture of log-cabin life far more vivid than this, the truth of which we could vouch for. Yet it is not necessary to go to the woods for specimens of want of rural taste; they are as plenty as blackberries all over the country. The question is, How shall this evil be corrected? for corrected it must be before the starting point of intellectual or agricultural improvement is reached. You might just as well think of civilizing a naked savage without first clothing him, as to make first rate citizens of those who live in houses as naked as the savage of all that should, and would if they were rightly taught, adorn the homes of those who own the soil they till.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Prosperity and the Public Morals.

INCREASE OF DRUNKENNESS.

As far as the summer assizes have advanced, it has been, says the *News and Chronicle*, made evident that while prosperity has lessened the number of indictments for small thefts, it has added to the list of crimes proceeding from the indulgence of the sensual appetites. Of these, the first is drunkenness. Trace home the cases of cutting and wounding—one, at least, of the parties will be found to have been drinking; or a case of assault, and it turns out to be a public-house row; or a murder, and drinking is at the bottom of it. Sooner or later (as the *Morning Post*, which often contains articles exceedingly interesting to social reformers, observes) it must come to this—that the Legislature will have to punish the sin of drunkenness with a severer hand. At present, it is often successfully pleaded in extenuation of the greater offences to which it leads. A man beats his wife within an inch of her life, and then pleads that he has not the slightest recollection of it, having been drunk at the time. And, strange to say, this is often admitted in mitigation of punishment; whereas, the only right way of dealing with such a plea is to reject it altogether. The man who puts himself, by beastly self-indulgence, into a condition in which he is not master of his own actions, must be answerable for all he does while in that condition. But this is not the only check that may be given to drunkenness. The temptation to it ought to be lessened as much as possible; and this might be done with great advantage by diminishing the number of beer-shops to which a license is granted for the beer "to be drunk on the premises." Upon this head the *Morning Post* remarks:—

"In the suburbs of London, and all over the rural districts, the greatest moral pests which curse the labors of the

peasantry with their contaminating influences are the beer-shops. If there be a quiet parish, whose morality you would pollute, whose pastor's earnest labors you would defeat at every turn, whose youth you would ensnare in the most seductive way, whose homes you would desolate with a heavy scourge, whose women and children you would consign to poverty and all its attendant evils, you have only to plant in its midst a beer-shop—one of those beggarly places, neither inn nor public-house, where nothing but beer is sold—thick, coddled, filthy stuff, neither ale nor porter, and there you will have a centre of wickedness where all the worst characters in the place will sit hour after hour, soaking and soting, spending more of their earnings upon themselves than they spare for wife and family, and planning robberies and poaching gangs, surrounded by every abomination which, by a kind of natural gravitation, gather round those detestable dens."

An instance, illustrative of the kind of evil wrought by these places, is afforded by the assize at Reading. The keeper of a beer-shop, in the parish of Tilchurst, is charged with selling his nasty stuff during the hours of Divine service on Sunday. He denies it. A witness is brought for the prosecution to swear that he purchased the beer. But, lo! he swears point blank that he was not out of his own house the whole of that morning. Thereupon followed a great conflict of evidence. Characters, described as "suspicious," came forward, pledging their oaths against one another in the most point blank manner, till men's souls thrilled who stood by at the awful perjury that lay at the door of one party or the other. With the issue of the trial we are not concerned, but with the evidence; and, more particularly, with the undesigned testimony it bears to the working of the beer-shop nuisance. Who were the "suspicious characters" whose reckless swearing shocked every person in court but the hangers-on of these same pot-houses? They abound in Tilchurst. Turn which way you will among the roads running over its broad common, you will stumble upon a beer-shop. In that scattered parish, extending over upwards of four thousand acres, and having a population of about eleven hundred, there is, at a rough average, one beer-shop for every thirty families. But Tilchurst is not singular in this misfortune:—

"The evil," says the *Post*, "extends over the country, and especially in the suburban villages of great towns. We are anxious to ask how is it that licenses are granted in such profusion? Why is not the same rule enforced in granting beer-licenses as in licenses for spirits? Why is not care taken that the necessity of the house be proved? As it is, nothing is easier than to get a license for the dirtiest hole that ever held a sot; and hence have sprung up a class of drinking houses whose only tendency in the nature of things, is to facilitate every kind of crime and wickedness, and corrupt to a fearful degree the morals of the working classes. That, under certain limitations, beershops might be useful to the public, cannot be denied; but the evils they at present engender, or shelter, cry aloud for some legislative interference to curtail their number, and ensure their respectability. Till this is done, we can expect no amelioration of the criminal list, drunkenness will still be the curse of the country, and entail in its train a long catalogue of other and worse abominations, some of which we have yet to notice."

Obituary.

The Maine Liquor Law was adopted by a popular vote in Michigan on the 20th. Whereupon *The Detroit Tribune* publishes the following:—

DIED.—On the 20th June, Pure C. Brandy, Esq., of drop-
py. The event is not altogether unexpected, as the departed had been afflicted with the disease which caused his death for a long time. Of late the quantity of water accu-

mulating in his system was immense, and he had been tapped by his physicians several times, but without effect. He had a large number of doctors, and some are mean enough to say that that hastened his decease. His loss will be sensibly felt by his many friends who were accustomed to see him daily in our streets.

Also, on the same day, R. G. Brandy, Esq., familiarly known by the sobriquet of "Rot Gut," and brother of P. C., whose death we chronicle above. He took a large quantity of poison (by mistake it is supposed) several years ago. No had effects were realised at first, but for a few years past it had been spreading through his system, and has finally caused his death. It is to be hoped that his death will be a warning to those who have been in the habit of taking poison for a medicine.

Also, on the same day, H. Gin, Esq. The deceased was a member of the Brandy family, and a relative by marriage. He was a native of Holland, and fled to the United States several years ago, in consequence of having been actively engaged in one of the revolutions that characterize that country. He was pursued by the Police, but secreted himself in a cask and landed safely in New York. Since then many of his family have made their escape in the same manner. He left a large family of children, most of whom were born in this country, but we are sorry to say are not characterized by any of the traits of their distinguished father.

Also, on the same day, Rye Whiskey, Esq. Mr. W. was one of the first settlers of Michigan. In early life he was an industrious, hard working man. He has done much to build up our railroads and public works, and could always be found in the harvest field early and late. Some few of our farmers thought they could not harvest their wheat unless Mr. W. was with them to cheer up their hands. How they will manage to do so since his death, we are unable to say. It may lead to disastrous results, and it is feared by some that our farmers may cease to grow wheat, which will inevitably raise the price of flour.

Of late years, however, Mr. W. had grown shiftless, noisy and quarrelsome, and any neighborhood that he visited was sure to be the scene of disturbance of every nature. The too frequent occurrence of street fights got up by Mr. W. was the ultimate cause of his death. He was killed by a blow on the head by a ballot box, in open daylight. The perpetrators of the deed are not fully known, but suspicion rests upon two men whose names we believe are Mr. Law and Mr. Order. Several men from the *Free Press* office are on the watch, and ere this no doubt they have apprehended them.

It is seldom that we have to announce the death of a whole family, thus swept away at one fell swoop. They were all men well known in our State, and have acted in many public capacities; some one of them has been a member of every Legislature since our organization as a State. In primitive meetings and caucuses they have succeeded in nominating their own friends to office and afterwards in electing them. There is hardly an officer in the State but what owes to them his election.

At the request of the friends of the deceased, their remains will not be interred until December next. Those who wish to take "a last fond look" can do so at most of the groceries and saloons in town.

ENERGY OF CHARACTER.—I love the energy that lasts until the end. There is something noble and dignified in it. The man that possesses such a trait of character must be respected, when this energy is employed in a good and worthy cause; and when his hands rest from their labors, and the busy mind sinks in its leaden sleep, science shall weep over departed glory, and society mourn an irreparable loss.

WOO THE WANDERER.

(FROM THE AMERICAN MUSICAL REVIEW.)

GENTLY BUT EARNESTLY.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Woo the wand'rer by thy smile Of
2. Once a mother's tears bedew'd His
3. Long he struggled, long restrained His

char - i - ty and earn - est love ; His wayward feet you'll then beguile To paths of peace that tend above ;
 cheek o'ro sin had him beguiled. Alas! had her dear form been spared ; A mother's prayer had reared the child ;
 passion deep, with none to guide. O, if kind friends his heart had gained, He'd nev - er left pure virtue's side ;

Think not his heart is calloused o'er With ad - a - mant of sin. O, no 'twill throb if
 A father's care he nev - er knew, Nor sister's smile to dawn. Without a joy of
 But tempted off, his yearning heart Fell 'neath temptation strong. Then woo the wand'rer

kind - ness pour its thunder words with - in, O, no! 'twill throb, if kind - ness pour Its
 love to woo, Think ye to save the erring one? Without a joy of love to woo, Think
 sin to part, 'Twill never do thee wrong, Then woo the wand'rer sin to part, 'Twill

ten - der words with - in.
 ye to save the err - ing one?
 nev - er do thee wrong.

The Earl-King;

OR, THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY AND THE JUVENILE MENDICANT.

(From *Punch*.)

Who lurks in the slums? Who goes ragged and wild?
 A villainous father and vagabond child;
 That urchin roams prowling, of swag in pursuit,
 By begging and stealing to keep the old brute.

"Oh father! oh father! that rum cove d'ye twig?
 He looks so hard at me—he knows I'm a prig!
 To hook it, and mizzle, my best way would be."
 "No, stoopid, that cove ain't no crusher—not he."

"Oh father! oh father! he keeps looking here;
 He's coming to nab me—that 'ere blessed Peer:
 It is the Earl-King with his Book and his School."
 "No, no, 'tis some pantiler only, you fool."

"Hi! wilt thou come with me, neglected young wretch?
 I'll shield thee, I'll save thee, from goal and Jack Ketch;
 In work and in study thy time I'll employ,
 And feed thee, and clothe thee, and teach thee, my boy."

"Oh father! oh father! you'd best let me go;
 There's the Earl-King's new Hact; and they'll take me I
 know:

And you'll have to fork out too, yourself, by and by."
 "Oh gammon, oh gammon! that 'ere's all my eye."

"Come, come, and be taught, you young varlet, I say,
 Or else, silly child, I shall walk thee away."
 "Oh father! oh father! I know'd I was right!
 The Earl-King has grabbed me!—got hold of me tight!"

The nice father put down his pipe and his pot,
 And around him, bewildered, he stared like a sot:
 "Hallo! young beggar, vere are yer?" he said,
 But the poor boy to school with the Earl-King had fled!

A GOOD DAUGHTER.—A good daughter! There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than she, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. There is no such thing as a comparative estimate of a parent's love for one or another child. There is little which she needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. But a son's occupation and pleasure carry him abroad, and he resides more among temptations, which hardly permit affection that is following him perhaps over half the globe, to be mingled with anxiety, until the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one of his own, while a good daughter is the steady light of her parents' house.—*Mary Mowatt*.

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, AUGUST 15, 1853.

American Collegiate Commencements.

The period for these interesting re-unions has just passed. We have pleasure in noting the educational progress of America. The exercises and services at the various colleges seem to have been well attended, and marked by many proofs of intellectual greatness. We pass away from all the colleges to the "First Annual Commencement of the Free Academy of the City of New York." We purpose to make an extract or two from the poem then and there delivered by "William Oland Bourne." Why we do so will be ascertained as the reader proceeds. If he do not choose to proceed, we can only regret it; for what we print of this poem will be found appropriate to the *Advocate*, and calculated to benefit the mind and heart. The poem, says the *New York Tribune*, was entitled "Scholastikon Alpeis," and depicted the author's idea of a True Scholar, or otherwise, a True Life. It was written in unrhymed Iambics, heroic measure, and gave evidence of careful thought and elaborate finish. It will undoubtedly rank among the best of Mr. B's productions, and do still further honor to the high-toned morality and love of virtue which are the leading characteristics of his literary labors. We quote the opening, wherein he lays down the cardinal truths to be observed:—

Beauty is Truth, in art, and life, and soul.
Who hath it not, hath not begun to live.
Art fashioneth, but where the Truth is not
All Art is false. Life moves the throbbing veins,
And Thought leads men to action; but where Truth
Guides not the worker, all the aims of life
End in confusion, and his action dies
Dishonored death. Where truth clothes not the soul
In radiant beauty, all that makes him great
Is lost in littleness, or half won good.

Freedom is Truth's wide heaven. The starry skies,
Her azure walks, in which the glorious spheres
Of Love and Duty, with their minor orbs,
Sing strains immortal. Down harmonious space
By spirit chords they reach the living soul,
And in their sweet suffusings filling all,
Attune all things to Beauty. Art, Life, Soul,
Put on a holy image, in which God
Comes down to dwell with Man, and Man with God.

Duty is Freedom's Temple, in which Man
Worships his Maker. Deep the corner-stone
Is laid in Justice, while the radiant spire
Points up to Heaven in climbing deeds of Hope.
Faith is submission and a holy trust
In God. She leads the suppliant worshipper
Within the pearly doors, and bears for him
Obedient works, and on the altar lays
The sacrifice. Thus humble Faith and Works
In Freedom's Temple all their homage pay,
While Love, in Deathless strains of heavenly birth,
As incense, rises to the throne on high.

Life is the path in which our Action treads.
It leads through gentle vales, or flowing meads,
Or over desert wastes, or in the gorge
Where shadows hang at noon around the foot
Of dread abysses, or on naked steeps
Where toils the worker in the scorching ray.

Our paths recross each other. Man to man
Is guide, or guardian, or a deadly foe,
And in his steps leaves waymarks that shall tell
Where he went up, and reached Seraphic heights,
Or sunk from day unhonored.

He then pictures an Eastern land—an Alpine scene, of mountains and vales, and rushing streams, far in the distance one super-eminent snow-crowned peak—the ultimate object of his hero's ambition. Amid this scenery,

Within a quiet vale, a trellised cot
Offered its threshold to the gentle step
Of a sweet child. He played around the door,
And plucked the flowers, or watched the singing birds
That came and warbled to him. All the day
His voice was music, and his heart was love,
And sleep was dreamy bliss. At morn and eve he prayed:
"O, God in Heaven! do thou my father bless!
My mother bless! and make me wise and good!"

Here the child grew up, in communion with Nature in her purest forms:

"The soul within its mortal shell
Expanded day by day,
And seemed right happily to dwell
Within its home of clay:
It sparkled from the wondering eyes,
It lisped upon the tongue,—
It filled each sense with glad surprise,—
The bliss of being young."

As he grew in mental stature, he sought to compass the mysteries around him—insects, birds, animals, heat and cold, the sun, moon and stars, and what was beyond the surrounding hills were all wonders to his mind, and incentives to ambitious inquiry. Trusting in Heaven, he sets out upon a Life-Pilgrimage, attended by a Guardian Angel, and soon finds every step beset with snares, and every new turning leading to a new temptation; but the friendly angel constantly points forward, saying, "Let us press onward—there is rest beyond!" Mr. B. thus pictures the lures and effects of Intemperance:

There are new dangers in the upward way.
Snarers are thick set, and secret foes come forth
With winning words. They meet the toiler's car
And lead him from his path. He stopped to greet
A well loved friend who long before had left
His quiet vale, and now upon the way
Was halting for repose. He held a cup
Of ruby wine, and as it played
And sparkled in the sunlight, "Drink!" he cried,
" 'Tis a new life for weary pilgrims given!
Come and repose. It is unwise to haste!
I will go with you in another hour!"

There were bright names amid the throng that formed
The revelers. The scholar left his path
To quaff the nectar from polluted bowls.
Poets laid down their golden harps and trod
Upon their broken strings. With baser chords
They sung of Pleasures that would dye the cheek
Of Virtue but to name. The ardent youth
Who dreamed of fame lost all his noble fire,
And sunk in riot where he should have won.
The strong nerved man, whose mind was formed to climb
The highest steeps that mortal ever saw—
The weigher of the spheres—the tall browed man
Whom Genius gave her seal—the only son
Of the dear mother who had prayed in hope
Of the bright future—all were bound in chains.
They saw not, but which hourly deeper marked
Their weakened limbs. Along the winding paths
Some tottered, till their stumbling feet were set
On crumbling verges, where they shrieking sunk
In dark abysses, fathomless as Night.
On a green knoll, Nepenthe careless sat,
And wove her dreamy garlands for the brow
Of idle sleepers. From the ample lip
Of her own flower she poured the limpid draught,
And loved to see them drink. A painted door
Swung half way open in the knoll's green side,

And showed a screen within. The angel led
 The thirsting pilgrim, and they saw where throngs
 Quaffed liquid fire in secret caves distilled.
 Large rough hewn niches in the ancient rock
 Made grotesque seats. Base art lent all her skill
 To decorate the vault, where reveling groups
 Sung strains of horrid thought, and coarse, wild mirth,
 Debased the soul. Who loved the Satyr's shades
 And at his glittering board staked heart and life,
 And staked his wealth, his honor, and his hope,
 And staked his life immortal, surely lost!
 The Satyr ever won. Then leading back
 To the dark corners of his hellish den,
 The chain bound fool, he hurled him headlong down
 Cavernous night, where lurid fires woke up
 Blaspheming pains and woe, and from whose gloom
 Blest hope soared weeping to her azure skies.
 The pilgrim wept. His eye turned back to day.
 His Guardian led him safe through snares that trapped
 Unweary feet. He trusting spoke, and said,
 "I faint!" The angel touched a pure white rock
 The wayside near, and liquid crystal leaped
 Into his radiant cup. Ambrosial fare
 Gave him new strength, and girding for the toil,
 He sought his friend well loved. He was last seen
 On a green slope aside. They looked and saw
 Where he had rested, but the treacherous sands
 Had borne him to the gulf. The sides were steep;
 He sought, and cried, and prayed, and stretched his hands,
 And made resolves and weak attempts to gain
 The upward path. But at his foot his Will
 Lay prostrate. All her power was gone. He begged
 New strength. The large tears told his woe. One cry
 And all was over.

With an aching heart
 The pilgrim cried, "O ye who sport with Death!
 "Come on with me! Behold those sun-tipped heights,
 "Where Pleasure and Repose divinely meet?"
 The angel pointed and as ever said,
 "Let us press onward, there is rest beyond!"

The pilgrim, of course, escapes this danger. He next meets the
 vast crowd of gold seekers, the reckless devotees of wealth, and,
 passing these unscathed, reaches the cloudless plain of Wisdom.
 But far in the distance, the shining Mont Blanc of Religion beck
 oned him on, and that, too, and immortality therewith, he nobly
 achieves, under the guidance and assistance of the Guardian
 Angel; and with this the Poem closes:

Onward and upward with an ardor strong,
 The pilgrim moved. Sweet light illumed his form,
 And fire Promethean fell from Heaven's pure fount
 Upon his heart. For him all Science trimmed
 Her glorious lamp, and Wisdom's golden fruits
 On jeweled tables, at the crystal spring
 Where knowledge flowed, were served by spirits pure,
 Who filled their dazzling cups at Virtue's fount.
 Love, is baptismal fire, filled all his soul
 With holy zeal. His toil was ceaseless praise.
 His hymns were gracious deeds. His humble prayer
 A sigh and tear for wanderers from the way;
 He grew more radiant as he neared the peak.
 Who trod his earnest steps, his altar saw,
 And there, too, paid their homage, high and pure.
 They saw him mount, and prayed for equal strength.
 They saw his path, and prayed that they might walk
 All day therein, and made sublimest vows
 To Duty, to their fellows, and to God.
 The summit reached, the pilgrim stopped to look
 Upon the way. A hymn divine woke up
 Surpassing strains. As though from other spheres
 A rapturous melody around him flowed,
 And by a name the angel now declared
 Forever his—a name unknown on Earth—
 He called him. With seraphic voice he spoke—
 "Thou hast all Wisdom sought, and treasures sought,
 And Understanding. Thou hast for Meekness prayed,
 And Purity, and thou hast for light relied
 On Him when Wisdom, Light, and Purity spring!

Thou hast for Understanding prayed and toiled,
 That in thy duty thou might'st faithful be,
 And constant to thy trust. Lo! God hath heard—
 Thy prayers are answered! Thou hast faithful been!
 Let us press onward—there is rest beyond."
 And soaring upward, with sustainin' hand
 He bore the pilgrim, who outwalked the stars,
 And glory found in Heaven's sublime repose.

Liquor Trade in Canada.

Among the varied correspondence for which the *N. Y. Tribune* is famed, we find a letter dated St. John's, C.E. The writer says:—"The progress of the temperance enterprise has not been so rapid in this region as in many portions of Canada West; still there are thousands upon thousands staunch friends of the cause all over Canada East. And even here in St. John's there are some warm advocates of the total abstinence principle, but their number is small I fear when compared with those who drink and sell. There are quite too many square bits of boards nailed to the stores and houses upon which are painted 'Licensed to sell Spirituous Liquors.' These signs are very numerous all over the country and in the cities, and consequently drinking has become a terrible habit with these people, and is hard to be got rid of when so many temptations surround them. This habit hangs like a millstone about their necks and produces untold miseries among these hardy farmers. While many husbands are spending their days in drinking places, their wives and daughters are hard at work in the field. I saw in one bar-room here more than a score of farmers drinking and jabbering in French at mid-day when the sun shone brightly and their grass needed cutting; but what does a man care about haying when his skin is full of liquor and his brain on fire? I know a widow not a thousand miles from St. John's whose son recently died with *delirium tremens*, and yet she continues to deal out the liquid poison to many others who will probably die the same awful death! What argument can convince her?" What argument, indeed, but that of law? And yet does it not seem strange that a mother and a widow should require the argument of compulsion to prevent her from engaging in a business which destroys her own son and ruins her neighbors. "Can a woman forget" her duty and stifle her compassion? "Yea, she may." But, if so, the rigors of a penal law are not to be withheld. The widow and the fatherless are God's peculiar care; but, oh! how sad to see them both in Satan's hands, who, by the sordid love of gain, binds them to the Juggernaut of intemperance and crime. This liquor trade in Canada must cease.

Newfoundland Sons of Temperance.

We are glad to perceive a good degree of activity among the temperance friends of the Sea-girt Isle. The *Courier* of St. John's gives an interesting report of a festival held by the Sons, on the 7th of July. We were particularly gratified with the way in which the *Courier* noticed the affair, when announcing the advertisement for the days, proceedings. In our own city papers, when a pic-nic or excursion is coming off on temperance principles, we are

treated to a short editorial notice, written generally by one of the party interested in the success of the trip, but who evidently feels that he must not commit the Editor to anything more than a *warm* desire that the company may be large and happy. But turning to the *Courier* of St. John's, we have a capital article, in defence and support of the principles which distinguish the Sons of Temperance.—Indeed it is worth copying, so here it is, for the encouragement of the Sons and others :—

In our advertising columns will be found a notice announcing that the Annual Festival of the **SONS OF TEMPERANCE** will be held at the Grove Farm, on to-morrow, Thursday. We deem it to be our special duty to give the subject all the prominence which its importance, we think, demands. There is no popular movement of the times more laudable, more essential to the well-being of society generally, nor one which so imperatively and unconditionally claims from every right-minded person a more hearty support and countenance than the great and glorious struggle which is now maintained in all quarters throughout British America and the United States against the horrid, prostrating, and deplorable vice of *Intemperance*. It has been long a satisfaction to us that our country so readily caught up the soulstirring motto of "Love, Purity, and Fidelity," which waved upon the banners of our neighbouring Republican brethren, and which was so well calculated to attract around the standard of Temperance all lovers of the good cause, irrespective of country and of all other distinctive classifications. In what we deem our just pride at the success and advance of Temperance under the auspices of the "Sons," we have no desire to detract from the merit due to other Temperance Societies, but we cannot avoid remarking, that an apathy and indifference had just begun to overshadow a great body of the Newfoundland totalitarians when the star of the "Sons" appeared, and when by the earnestness, and energy, and faithfulness of the different divisions of the Order, a new impetus was imparted to the cause which instead of declining by the efflux of time, seems to be gathering more vitality and greater efficiency every day. Every man desirous of seeing the decorum of civilization maintained, must applaud the self-denying efforts of the Sons of Temperance. The homes of the humble are rendered dismal and hideous by the demon of Intoxication—the once joyous and happy fire-side of the middle orders is rendered cheerless and forsaken, because the head of the little circle has become besotted in his indulgence—even the tapestried chambers of the rich and great lose their charms, and those who had hoped to live on in their enjoyment, surrounded by all the blessings of domestic happiness and love, find, too often, that the drugged cup has marred their cherished prospects, and has entailed an existence of misery and never-ceasing anxiety. We do not exaggerate the picture—the ablest pen could not over-rate the horrors of which Intemperance is so awfully fruitful; and it is under the conviction that every effort, no matter how small, in the holy cause of Temperance, effects some good, that we claim general approval for the Order of the Sons of Temperance.

We expect to witness, as usual, a large assemblage at the annual Festival to-morrow. We hope the weather may be propitious, so that the temperate pleasures and innocent recreations of the party may be uninterrupted. We need not claim the attention of our fair friends to the great importance of gracing the festivities by their presence and countenance; every lady—wife, mother, and maiden—should cherish the cause; TEMPERANCE is the foundation of their earthly happiness, and they know that when it ceases to be observed, the reign of "love, purity, and fidelity" in the domestic circle has ceased to exist.

The above appears in the *Courier* of the 6th of July. On the 9th we have the account of the festival which took place, it appears, on the 7th. The Editor says—

At the appointed hour (ten o'clock) the Brethren, numbering nearly 300, under the direction of the Grand Marshal, on horseback, Mr. Mark Coxson, started from the Division Room, and walked first west through Gower and New Gower Streets, down Hutchings' Street, then east through Water Street, up Cochrane Street and round to the eastern gate of the Government House Grounds, where they entered, and passing in front of Government

House, they drew up and gave three times three cheers for Her Majesty the Queen, three cheers for His Excellency the Governor, and three cheers for his Lady, which being acknowledged by His Excellency, the procession passed on through the western gate along the Military Road into the Queen's Road to the Division Room, in front of which the procession halted, and giving three cheers respectively for the success of the cause, for the merchants who had closed their shops and places of business during the day, for their absent though not forgotten friend, J. J. Rogerson, Esq., and for the Apostle of Temperance, the Rev. Father Mathew, the Sons separated to meet their friends in the afternoon in the celebration of their annual Festival.

The place selected for the Festival was the field of Mr. Jocelyn (occupied last year for a similar purpose), situated on the northern side of the beautiful lake of Quidi Vidi. About two o'clock the company began to assemble, and at half past four when the party was seated at tea, it was supposed that not less than 800 persons were around the tables.

The afternoon was spent—with the exception of the time occupied in partaking of refreshments, which consisted of a sumptuous tea at half past four o'clock, and a well prepared dessert at half past six—in the exercise of a number of interesting and healthful gymnastic games by the juvenile portion of the company, while the more sedate were engaged in promenading through the grounds and otherwise amusing themselves.

After dessert, Mr. R. J. Pinsent, jr., proposed a vote of thanks to the ladies who had presided at the several tables, which was seconded by Mr. James Baird.

The Band of the Royal N. Companies (which, by the kind permission of the Hon. Col Law, was at the Festival as well as at the Procession in the Forenoon) added much to the enjoyments of the day, and the excellent arrangements of the committee of management, and the unceasing efforts of the stewards to please all, were deserving of much credit. The caterers for the occasion were the Messrs. Lash, and they did ample justice, for the articles provided were good in quality and abundant in quantity.

We can only add our hearty wishes for the success of the good cause in Newfoundland. May they there soon have the Maine Law.

Liquor and Slavery.

It seems that liquor is good for nobody and almost for no purpose. Even slave property is less valuable by the curse of liquor. We have no sympathy with slaveholders, but shall be glad to hear of the downfall of the liquor traffic in the South; not because the traffic diminishes the value of a man in the market, but because sobriety will make a colored person more valuable to himself and society, when he obtains his freedom; and if a slave, will preserve him frequently from brutish debasement unworthy even of manhood in chains.

We have been led to the subject by the following from the *Crystal Fountain*, of Tuscaloosa, Alabama :—

The late pretended *emancipator* of the black population of New Orleans, however much it was ridiculed by the press, has brought to light the serious truth that the comparative worthlessness of the negro property in that city is owing, according to the *Picayune*, "to the facilities offered them by the numerous groggeries in obtaining intoxicating liquor." Every reader of the *Picayune* knows the uniform candor and plain honesty of that paper, and must feel assured that it does not exaggerate the enormity of the evil as it exists in New Orleans.

We have always been of the opinion, and we have so expressed it on several occasions, that the ease with which negroes can procure liquor has a tendency to depreciate the value of such property. This is a subject of serious import to our planters, and well worth their investigation. In vain have we enacted laws prohibiting the sale to negroes. For does not every body know that so long as liquor is sold at all, sales will be made clandestinely and contrary to law? As so long as we permit the traffic, will negro property, in many individual instances, become more and more trifling and worthless. Nothing short of entire prohibition

can effect a radical reform of this vast evil, an evil which affects the interests of a large majority of our people, so nearly. One vicious and drinking black can corrupt many, and the extent to which this evil may grow, if nothing is attempted to stay it, is incalculable. People who cannot see it, and who are indifferent or opposed to the remedy prescribed by the Selma Convention, are blind to their own interests, and none is so blind as he who will not see.

The Alabama Bill, or something similar, is the only sure remedy that can be administered now. The statements thrown out by the opponents of it, that the law can never be effectual, are simply absurd. As the majority of the people have first to sanction the law in their precinct before it can take effect, we think that that majority can see to it that the law is carried out. Besides the very statements of liquor drinking people, that the law cannot be enforced, proves that they believe the sellers of liquor to be opposed to the will of the people when that will conflicts with their own interests, and are therefore not a law abiding people.—They themselves, acknowledge they believe it, and in the face of this acknowledgment, can we deny it?

Another one of their arguments is to the effect that, if Beat 3 vote down the sale, and Beat 4 sustain the sale, then all the tipplers of Beat 3 will flock over to Beat 4 to drink, fight and become a nuisance generally; and so the good people of Beat 4 are to suffer from the drunkenness of people from Beat 3. We say, serve 'em right—why did'nt they vote like Beat 3? *Down with the liquor traffic!*

The Irish Exhibition and Liquors.

A Manchester Citizen addresses the Editor of the *News and Chronicle*, on a subject of grave importance, after the example of England, so nobly resolved on by Prince Albert and his colleagues, we regret that Ireland should have given occasion to sad stories of drunkenness in connexion with her Exhibition, otherwise so worthy of a place in history. We fear the facts are so as related below, and we give the whole letter as a warning to all sorts of Committees having the control of public exhibitions in our own country.

Sir.—If there was one regulation laid down by the Royal Commissioners in regard to the supply of refreshments at the Great Exhibition in London, which by universal consent was allowed to be judicious, and which in its enforcement was acknowledged to be safe and satisfactory, it was that wise rule which excluded INTOXICATING BEVERAGES. On every hand we heard persons of every cast of mind, and in every rank in life, giving testimony to the obvious advantages resulting from that arrangement. So well did this regulation work, and so generally was it approved and applauded, that those who have been entrusted with the framing of the Royal Charter for the New Crystal Palace at Sydenham, have felt themselves bound, in the execution of their important commission, to introduce a clause to the effect that no INTOXICATING LIQUORS shall be sold or supplied as refreshments in that magnificent building or its spacious premises for ever. This is something like a Maine Law in perfect miniature, and will doubtless be a model rule of propriety and sobriety, which will greatly, though quietly influence the thinking and the sentiments of millions, and will have a practical tendency to suggest and induce similar arrangements in regard to the various places of amusement, recreation and instruction throughout the United Kingdom.

Indeed the idea has already taken deep hold of the minds of many intelligent and influential philanthropists, and a society, with the Bishop of Manchester as President, and a spirit-merchant as honorary secretary, has been formed, called "The Manchester and Salford Association for the Better Regulation of public-houses, and other places of entertainment." The very Rev. the Dean of Manchester, and the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, and many other distinguished men, are on the list of Vice-Presidents. This association has drawn up a *form of petition to the Right Hon. the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and to the Hon. the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland*, in which they humbly pray the enactment of a law which shall render unlawful the sale or consumption of any kind of intoxicating liquor in any place opened for public amusement, &c. I was therefore the more grieved and dis-

appointed in regard to the Crystal Palace and Exhibition in Dublin to find that not only are intoxicants not prohibited, but that they are so freely supplied to visitors, that persons are to be seen exhibiting themselves in an offensive state of drunkenness! Surely our Irish friends did not intend to give their sober visitors such disgusting sights as these, and we hope, for the credit of the exhibition, the Commissioners will not put many elaborate sketches of the articles in this department, in the stereotype catalogue hereafter to be issued.

United Kingdom Alliance.

Our friends in Britain are proceeding with caution and prudence towards emancipation. We are in possession of documents from England bearing date the 6th, 7th, and 9th of July, although the time of this present writing is but July the 22nd. Thus swiftly is the age moving, let us hope, toward a happier future. The Honorary Secretary of the British Alliance has deemed it necessary to correct some misapprehensions of the nature of the new movement. His explanations show the identity of our League principles with those of the "Alliance." We copy what follows from our talented contemporary, the *News and Chronicle*, (it was crowded out from our last number):—

SIR.—In advocating the claims of the United Kingdom Alliance, with which I have the honour to be officially connected, I find a considerable misapprehension on the part of all classes as to the extent and scope of the legislative suppression we seek.

Will you allow me a few lines in your paper to set the Alliance in its true position on one, at least, of these points?

The Alliance does not advocate any interference with private or individual judgment. As an organization, we express no opinion whatever on the question of personal abstinence, much less do we ask for any legislative enactment, having for its object the legal enforcement of Teetotalism. Such an enactment, we believe, would be clearly beyond the province of the Legislature. The object we seek, on the contrary, is as clearly within that province, being nothing more than the suppression, total and at once, of a notorious public nuisance, in its results, of course, pauperism and degradation—a nuisance alike injurious to every member of the community, whether total abstainers or not.

Those of us who are total abstainers rely upon the moral influence of temperance principles to ensure their ultimate triumph in individual habit and conduct, but we all unite cordially desiring to sweep away a crying and shameful evil which involves no moral conviction for its appreciation, but simply requires the ordinary activity of the senses. We oppose the traffic in alcohol, but because we see that this traffic results in county, and police, and poor-rates, and in misery and degradation to all who approach it.

Show the same effects as resulting from any other traffic, and our arguments would carry us against that too.

Such is briefly the position the United Kingdom Alliance wishes to assume as regards the existing Temperance organization which we hope to see pursuing their own work without hindrance from us. Their course is moral, ours political and social.

I have stated it as distinctly as possible at once, because, though at all times very desirous of giving every information, and affording every possible opportunity for discussion of this and other matters of policy in private correspondence, the executive cannot allow themselves to be drawn into public controversy save on the general and most important question.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN POPE, Hon. Sec.

Manchester, July 6, 1853.

The following excellent letter has been addressed to the Hon. Secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance:—

Halifax, July 7th, 1853.

ESTEEMED FRIENDS,—Considerations of the expediency and the desire not hastily to identify myself with a very important organization, have alone prevented my giving my adhesion to the Alliance for the total suppression of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, and, by a close and estimate sequence, for the prevention of the greater portion of the miseries that afflict our fellow-countrymen.

Though, in common probably with the council, I regard the day as far distant when our object will be fully attained in this

land, yet I rely on the gradual progress of enlightenment in public opinion to bring it about; and we know not by what apparently insignificant agency, or *how soon*, an over-ruling Providence may utter his fiat—"Let there be light," wherein the evil will be seen and acknowledged in its true and useful character.

Happy day for the human family when this element of sin and suffering is for ever banished from dietetic use!

Whilst thus adopting the extreme view ourselves, I must express my earnest desire that the advocacy of this extreme measure may be marked by a most judicious discretion, and a kind and charitable consideration towards those who, whether engaged in the traffic as dealers, or with the articles as consumers, have not as yet had their eyes opened, or their hearts influenced, to see and act as we desire. I remain with sincere desires for the accomplishment of this great object, my friends,

Very respectfully,

JOSEPH THORP.

To the Hon. Secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance, 52, Princess-street, Manchester.

The Cause in New Brunswick.

We make the subjoined extract of a letter from an efficient agent and correspondent in New Brunswick. It will be read with interest.—ED. C. T. A.

"I perceive by the *Advocate* that the rum influence still occupies a most prominent position in Canada. This is the case in New Brunswick. We have what is called by some a prohibitory law. It is a law, however, that reflects any thing but credit upon our Legislators. It carries the impress upon its very enactments that its framers, while they were compelled to yield to the pressure of public opinion, were determined to afford facilities for the indulgence of a depraved, an unholy appetite. The working of our law is strongly in contrast with that of our neighbors "over the line." I was informed by a person just returned from an extensive tour through the New England States, that he and another gentleman during a travel of sixteen days did not perceive a single person disguised with liquor; and that they could not taste, smell, nor even see the *crathur*, although careful inquiry had been instituted in almost every city, town, and village through which they passed. This was not the case on their return to New Brunswick. On taking a steamer up the St. John, the first thing that met their gaze was a certain Honorable ———, member of a certain Government, so gloriously elevated, that he was Governor, Commander-in-Chief, and everything else; and after a time became so dead drunk that he rolled off the sofa in utter helplessness. No doubt, poor fellow, he could bear testimony to "many ups and downs in life." When men occupying high and (as they suppose) honorable positions do thus openly, and with impunity, set the law of our land at defiance, what respect can they suppose will be paid to it by others. Temperance men in New Brunswick are determined to press forward. They will not allow the drunken example of Honorables and members of governments to retard their exertions. They have commenced, and they are determined to agitate until they secure the Maine Law, not merely in name, but in reality."

Notes to Correspondents, &c.

We assure our Cornwall correspondent, A. M. Mc., that had we entertained the least idea that our principles were not distinctly known on the matter of advertising liquors, we should have explicitly avowed them, when the controversy was going on between certain papers in Western Canada. We have directly and indirectly announced as sound, fundamental, temperance doctrine, that no temperance man can consistently receive money or profit for liquor advertisements. Yet, we did not deem it advisable to enter into the dispute referred to, because we did not like the spirit manifested on either side. It was calculated to create strife, and divert the Sons from their proper work. Now is the time for union. Especially in view of the open-

rations of the League, we are anxious to blend and harmonize all parties. It is a great work that lies before us. All must be at it, and always at it.

Concerning Duclos' Temperance House, if our friend will turn to the *Advocate* of May 2nd, he will see a notice of it, and will now be glad to hear that it is doing a good business.

— Inquirers concerning "Mapleton" are informed that we shall have a Canadian Edition ready in a few days.— We think we shall be able to send it by mail in neat paper covers for half a dollar. The American Edition costs about a dollar. Due notice will be given. Perhaps before this number goes to press, we shall have the book in such a state of forwardness as to advertise all particulars on the last page of this issue.

— A Son of Temperance in London, C. W., furnishes a melancholy account of death by *delirium tremens*. Well may he say, "Let us have the Maine Law—the sooner the better."

— The R. S. of Friendly Union Division sends us an account of a meeting held in their vicinity, at which a banner was presented to the Sons. The occasion was a very gratifying one, speaking, singing, and music all first rate. Go a-head brethren.

— The Committee engaged in promoting the presentation of a suitable testimonial to the Hon. M. Cameron, are anxious to hear from all the Divisions, East and West. A goodly number have remitted sums, but all must contribute, in order to make the affair worthy of the cause, and of the man. The Daughters we hear are in the field with reference to this matter. They may put the Sons to shame. Send on to Quebec forthwith.

— We have still on hand a number of the "Trial of Alcohol"—three shillings and sixpence per dozen—about a copper a piece postage; 22s 6d per hundred.

— We shall do what we can for the Library of the Sons, Quebec.

— We most respectfully decline "Cheap Whiskey, Death & Co."

— We hope hundreds of our citizens will go to Portland on the Cheap Trip, under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institute. There the "Maine Law" prevails. Go and see for yourselves; but don't smuggle liquor in your trunk or bag. Honor the State of Maine and yourselves by going and returning on abstinence principles.

— The communication from "Pointe a Cavagnal" is unavoidably postponed. We were just preparing for press when it arrived.

Delay not Necessary.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have just been reading in a Temperance paper, the opinion, that it was well the Prohibitory Liquor Bill did not pass last session, for the people were not prepared to receive it, but he (the writer) thought they would be the next session. I would ask that gentleman to show wherein the people of Canada would be better prepared next session or any other time than they are now? The battle field is the Christian world—the Heathens and Pagans have it not to contend with. Will that gentleman ask the poor unhappy drunkard's wife, mother, and daugh-

ter, what are their hopes of reclaiming their husbands, sons, and fathers? and ask the drunkards themselves? Ask every one of the 1,600 prisoners now shut up in our jails—put there, tried and supported, at our expense—how they came there, and what would be their prospects if they had their liberty? Does that gentleman believe they would be of his opinion?—it was well to put off passing the law another session. If the unfortunate, talented, learned, and gentlemanly Mr. U. could be consulted or brought back from the world from which no traveller returns, does that gentleman believe that Mr. U. would be of his opinion? and would tell him that he would have had the delirium tremens, and have committed suicide if the Maine Law had been in operation? Go, gentleman, ask the Widow L. who lost her son and husband by whiskey. The husband was a distiller, and the son helped in the works; the father took a batten of the stuff, went into the woods and was found dead. The son was a drunkard; the devoted and pious mother preached to the son to refrain, which he did for a season; but passing a tavern, when out from home, went into the house, drank, got drunk, went into the woods and hanged himself on a bush; and his mother never after spoke to any person, but went down to the grave in sorrow. And I would ask that gentleman if he has a son, or a son-in-law, and if they, or one of them, should come to such a death as I have mentioned, would he still plead for another year? And if he has neither son nor relation that will suffer by the liquor traffic, there are others that have sons just as dear to them as his to him, that will suffer and die, that might have been saved if the law had passed.

I request that gentleman to go, as I have done, first visit our jails from Quebec to Sandwich; see the bloated faces, and ragged haggard-looking prisoners, male and female; then view the empty jails of the State of Maine, Vermont, and the other States that have the law in successful operation. Attend the court, hear the judge say to the jury there are no cases on the calendar for them to try. See them going home to their farms, workshops, and other occupations, while our courts, with all their increased numbers, new benches of judges, and divisions of counties, continue four weeks, and even then not all the cases tried.

The Honorable Malcolm Cameron was blamed for not retrenching the expenses of the government; and yet, if the other members of the government had assisted him in carrying the bill through that he has worked so hard on, that one bill would effect a greater retrenchment in pounds, shillings, and pence, than all the other bills they could pass in two years; and save more property and lives of their constituents, which they ought to be the guardians of, than all other measures they can adopt; and save the people of Canada of making it a test question, which must be done at next election. "Maine Liquor Law" must be in large letters on the banner of every successful candidate at next general election for Canada.

ROWLAND BURR.

Continuation of Quebec Notes.

(No. 6.)

MR. EDITOR,—The next paragraph in the petition under consideration, certainly yields in absurdity to none that precede it.—We have therein a vast amount of verbiage, and the only way in which I can account for its forming part of the petition at all, is, that the petitioners considered the writer a very clever fellow, and of course, *this* must of necessity, be very clever too. But to the point.

1st.—It is asserted "that the Bill is at variance with the Christian dispensation." I must differ *in toto* with the petitioners,

as I believe that "the Maine is a Christian Law," and *could prove it so*. Besides,—but I forbear,—(I was only going to ask the petitioners what they know of the Christian Dispensation, and of the duties of the Christian—but I won't just now.) Methinks I hear the oft-repeated, and as often answered argument about the Wine at the Marriage in Cana, and the advice of Paul to Timothy. But these prove nothing in reference to the point under consideration; indeed so far as regards the wine at Cana, I must throw upon the petitioners the onus of *proving from the text, that there was any wine at all drunk at that marriage*; and as to Paul's advice, it is a waste of time to stop and remark upon it.—Next time Mr. Kellogg pays us a visit, I shall ask him to repeat his argument on that passage, and Messrs. Petitioners may hear, and if they choose, may desire some instruction from it. I'll not forestall Mr. K. as he may be here soon.

2nd.—"That the laws of the Creator have tolerated and sanctioned the moderate use of wines and strong liquors,* as one of the many blessings conferred upon humanity," &c. Well! what next? Is the Almighty a God of disorder and confusion? Is he really the author of evil, as some would make him? I throw not. And *if not*, then the above assertion is false. But could we admit for a moment the premises laid down; it must be shown by the petitioners that the wine of Scripture was a trash similar to that sold in our day, bearing that time-honored name; and if they cannot show this, they must cut the statement above out of their petition. As to "strong drinks," which are advised to be given "to him that is ready to perish," I question whether it has any resemblance to the drugged liquors of all kinds which are offered for sale in this nineteenth century. "For further particulars," the petitioners are referred to "Anti-Bacchus," a work which *may do them good* if they read it.

3rd.—"To the honor of Canada, the vast majority of her people is composed of persons whose characters are utterly unimpeachable on the score of sobriety." Granted, for the sake of argument. And have this "vast majority" no cause to complain of the havoc made by alcohol? Are they not justified in asking for an enactment which will stop the progress among them of the mischief ever resulting from its use? An enactment which will not render them obnoxious to heavy taxation for the support of gaols, lunatic asylums, penitentiaries, criminal prosecutions, and houses of correction,—a taxation involving an amount of money equal at least to seven times the revenue derived from the traffic. Yea, verily, they are justified in *so doing*, and *will do so* without "subverting" their "good name" as a "great majority," or their responsibility as "moral agents."

Yours truly,

NO QUARTER.

Quebec, 25th July, 1853.

(No. 7.)

MR. EDITOR,—The next paragraph in the petition under consideration is of a piece with what has preceded it, with perhaps this difference, that its object is not so easily discernable, and consequently the untenableness of the argument adduced not so readily perceived.

We are with all self-sufficiency informed "That the moral regeneration of any class of society can never be accomplished by arbitrary laws imposing degrading fetters upon a whole people; and that an enactment designed to prevent drunkenness, by an absolute and penal prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drinks,

* Of course the petitioners mean wines and strong drinks similar quality to the modern articles.—NO QUARTER.

would be as unjust and as odious as it would be to consign an individual to a dungeon, in order to prevent him from committing theft or burglary."

Now, Sir, what can all this mean? Of two things, one. Either it means that arbitrary or coercive laws are wrong in principle, and ought never to be enacted, or that if enacted they are not to be enforced.

That man, at best, is a fallen being, is generally acknowledged and in order to meet his case the MORAL LAW was given him as a rule of conduct. Is there any thing in the form of law more complete than that code? Is it not as stringent (coercive, if you please) as any merely human enactment? Are not all our best laws based upon this code? And is it not a fact that these very "arbitrary laws" tend to keep "society" in check, and to its "moral regeneration?" And if the wide-spread influence of the use of intoxicating drinks as beverages is so visible as to create a necessity for another prohibitory enactment, will it be more unjust to promulgate such a law than it was to declare against murder, or theft, or false swearing. I think I have shown in my former notes that the state of society is such that drunkenness is a wide-spread evil, extending through the length and breadth of our land, and I opine that I have now given sufficient reason why an enactment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks should not be considered arbitrary.

But what did the petitioners mean when they said that an "absolute and penal prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drinks would be as unjust and as odious as it would be to consign an individual to a dungeon in order to prevent him from committing theft or burglary?"

Do they mean that it would be "unjust and odious" to shut up an innocent man for fear of his turning thief or burglar? If this be their meaning, I shall go hand in hand with them; but as it is evident that the sentiment is intended to bear on the liquor question, it will be necessary to show, that it is not wrong to use intoxicating drinks as beverages; that the country is not deluged with these poisons; that what is consumed is promotive of good to the population; that it really adds to, instead of subtracts from, the revenue; that happiness, comfort, and all the blessings of life are promoted by them; and, in a word, that without them (as some have been bold enough to assert) the country would speedily be ruined.

But until the above are proved, I shall hold to the position, that a law is absolutely necessary to restrain the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, if the population of the Province will avail itself to its full extent of the prosperity now so abundant.

Yours truly,

NO QUARTER.

Quebec, 9th August, 1853.

Still they Come.

To the Editor of the Canada Temperance Advocate.

DEAR SIR,—The following is a preamble and resolution adopted at the Canada Christian Conference, held in this place on 1st inst., a copy of which I am instructed to forward to you for publication in your valuable paper, if you in your wisdom, think it worthy of a place there, and oblige

Your humble and obedient Servant,

J. W. COLLINS,

Clerk C. C. Conference.

"Whereas, in view of the evils connected with the use, as a beverage, of all intoxicating liquors, we think that no man can fulfil the duty, in the present state of society, which he owes to his God and to his fellow-man, and at the same time make use of, or

countenance in any way, the use, distillation, or vending, in the community; and we deem it the imperious duty of every one who has vowed to yield submission to the precepts of the Bible, to make use of every proper means to do away with the evil,—therefore,

Resolved—That it is the duty of every member of this Conference to use his best endeavours to obtain from our Legislature, at the earliest opportunity, a *prohibitory Liquor Law*."

Name the Road.

The *Philadelphia Register* makes the following statements with regard to one of the principal Railroads running out of the city of New York, but does not state which it is:—

"A few months since, we had the privilege of inspecting a diary kept by a conductor, who had been, for some time, employed on the road alluded to. He was a man who never drank intoxicating drinks. From this diary we learn that at one time, he was riding on an engine with an engineer who had charge of a train of fifteen loaded freight cars. *The Engineer was drunk*, and, at one time, while running on a down grade, at more than double the speed prescribed for the freight train, and coming near a short curve, he spoke to the engineer to slacken speed, according to the positive orders when rounding a curve. The engineer did not stir, and, on examination, he found him *fast asleep, with a full head of steam on!* He shook him so as to awaken him, and the reply of the engineer was, "I always pull her open and let her run." This was a freight train, but it was running at this terrible speed, *out of time*, to make up a long stop at the station, where the engineer, with other railroad operatives, took time to drink and be merry. Had the engine run off, when going at such speed, every car in the train must have been destroyed, and probably every life of the hands on board. Besides this, they were out of time, and might have met an up train, if the engineer had not a man to awaken him. The diary further shows (giving all the names and dates) that engineers on passenger trains were in the same habit of drinking and absolutely drunk; that they had staggered to the engine which was to draw the loads of human beings, under the guide of such a man,—facts, in regard to the drinking *at every station*; of one engineer running up and fastening his train (freight) to the one just ahead, before leaving a station, because too drunk and stupid to attend to his business; of the meeting and drinking, by conductors, spending in the course of Sunday \$30 or \$40, of *somebody's money*, and keeping up such a life whenever they met. It also discloses the fact that, of all the conductors and engineers on the road, there was not another one who did not drink intoxicating drinks."

It took Six Days to Make the World.

Now and then we meet with a temperance man of little faith, who has become disheartened because the law has not accomplished what he expected it would, and he is unwilling to work more in the cause, and seems ready to give up the ship. This will not do. Those who expected that the great work of shutting up the grogshops could be done in a minute, were very much mistaken. If we labor on five years or even ten, until the law shall have been made perfect, and the business of making men drunk shall be comparatively unknown among us, we should rest contented. "The world was not made in a minute." Our law is now imperfect: our great aim should be to amend it, and never for one moment think of putting off the armor until the work is done. Poor soldiers, indeed, should we prove to be, if, in the midst of the battle, we should surrender to the enemy. There should be no cessation in this war, until victory perches upon our banner. "Fight on till death; the battle ne'er give o'er," should be the motto of every man. Onward to the work; buckle on the armor anew. Take fresh courage and press on. "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," and so long as there is an enemy to fight, stand by the guns.—*Mass. Life Boat*.

Agriculture.

When should Grain be Cut.

A most important question, just at this time, for the Northern farmer. Careful observation, and some little experience during twenty years' residence in a great wheat growing country, has convinced the writer that it is fully ten per cent profit on the crop to the farmer, to cut his wheat before the grain is fully ripe. Our rule is to commence cutting as soon as the earliest part of the crop has passed from the milky into the dough state. There is no occasion to let it lay to cure, when cut while the straw is still partially green. Bind it up as fast as cut, and set the bundles in stooks, "Dutch fashion,"—that is, two and two leaning together, in dozens, or twenties, or any given number, so as to give an even count. Set in this way, the most unripe grain will cure and perfect itself.

The advantages are,—the grain is heavier, sweeter and whiter; there is less loss of shattered grain; the straw, where that is an object, is so much better feed as to make it worth while to cut early, even if there were a loss on the grain, which is not the case.

For seed, the best portion of the field should be set apart and left to mature until fully ripe, and then carefully cut by hand, and very carefully handled, because the very grains which should be saved for seed, are the ones most easily shattered. Give these bundles a slight threshing, and give the grain a thorough winnowing; screen out all but the most plumb kernels, and sow those for your next crop, and you will succeed in improving both quality and product.

This question of "when should grain be cut," has been agitated for many years, both in this country and Europe, and no doubt many a reader will exclaim, "what is the use of writing anything more about that—don't everybody know all about it?" No, sir. You know, perhaps, or what is the same thing to you, you think you do, and won't learn any more, but somebody else will. You forget, or else, in your self-conceited folly, you don't think, that about ten per cent. of all the farmers who ever make any advances in the science of farming, are not to the manor born; do not possess a sort of intuitive knowledge how to do just "as father did," and never do or think of doing anything else.

There is at the present day a vast number of people in this country just beginning to learn farming. Such persons want a constant succession of lessons—even old ones repeated are fresh to them, though they may be stale to you.

This theory of cutting grain, before it is fully ripe, is no new one.

In the 2d volume of *British Husbandry*, pp. 136, 137, it is said:

The question has been for some time agitated regarding the state of ripeness on which grain should be reaped; and it has been recommended, as a general rule of practice, to cut down the crop before the uppermost grain can be shaken out. Taking all things into consideration, it seems to be the most prudent plan to have the grain cut before it is fully ripe; but in this a medium course should be adopted; for, although grain, if allowed to become too ripe, assumes a dull, husky hue in the sample, yet, if not ripened enough, it shrivels in the drying.

Cadet de Vaux asserts that "Grain reaped eight days before the usual time, has the berries larger, fuller and finer, and better calculated to resist the attacks of the weevil. An equal quantity of the corn thus reaped, with corn reaped at maturity, gave more bread and of a better quality. The proper time for reaping, is that when the grain, on being pressed between the fingers, has a doughy appearance, like a crumb of bread just hot from the oven."

Mr C. Howard, in the Report on Select Farms, says: "Wheat ought never to be allowed to remain uncut till it

is fully ripe. Experiments, easily made, will prove to every cultivator of it, that by permitting it to stand until the straw has lost its succulency, it gains nothing in plumpness or bulk of grain, but loses much in its color and fineness of skin; besides which, he incurs the risk of shelling, by the high wind; or by its being cut under the influence of a burning sun.

When fully ripened by standing in the shocks, no dry hour should be lost in getting it well secured."

London observes, that "in harvesting Wheat, the best farmers, both in England and on the continent, agree that it ought to be cut before it becomes dead ripe. When this is the case, the loss is considerable, both in the field and in the stack-yard; and the grain, according to Von Thaer, produces an inferior flour."

An experienced Pennsylvania farmer of our acquaintance always cuts his oats while the straw is green. This he learned to do, contrary to all old practice of his father and all his neighbors, by accident. His hay crop was short one year, and he determined to cut his oats green; that is, five or six days too soon, as he thought, losing the grain for the sake of the straw. For seed, he left a strip through the middle of the field, where the oats were best. The grain of those cut was just in the dough and milling state, and he expected they would all shivel up. What was his surprise when he came to thrash, to find the early cut straw yielding as much and as plump grain as that which stood till it was dead ripe, while the straw was incomparably better—in fact, the stock ate it as rapidly as they would timothy hay.

Hay Making—Sweating, &c.

There is said to be philosophy in sucking eggs, and so there is in making hay—in the period of ripeness—protection against dews and rains—manner of curing—and in housing and stacking. Medicinal plants contain the greatest quantity, and in the greatest perfection, all of their peculiar qualities at the period of full blossom, and this we are disposed to believe the best period for cutting grass for hay; for the moment the blossom falls the plant ceases to enlarge, and very soon passes into the "sere and yellow leaf"—the saccharine and mucilaginous portions decompose and evaporate, and soon become the mere woody fibre, like the straw of the cereal grains. Many persons say that timothy should not be cut till the seeds are fully ripe—that it goes further—spends better. It may be true; and the same may be said of bad bread and rancid butter, but it may be doubted whether there is the same quantity of available nutriment contained in any plant—its foliage and stems, after perfecting the seed, as if cut at its greatest vigor. This doctrine will not apply, at any rate, to clover and June grass, as both of these articles are nearly worthless, if left to stand till the seeds are ripe.

All the grasses, and clover most decidedly, make a better quality of hay if cured by the sweating process, rather than by entire sun and air drying. In good hay weather, when the grass is not over stout, what is cut in the forenoon, by being spread out—and where it is light by simply turning it over with the rake—will do to put in the sweating cocks, of about 75 or 100 lbs. size, the same day.

Rake into winnows with the horse rake, or by hand, and make the cocks by flakes or forkfulls, and not by rolling, except in extreme cases of hurry to get it out of the way of showers or night exposure. If made up of small diameter, and as high as they will stand, they may be left for two, three, and even five days, without injury. On a fine sunny morning, as soon as the dew is off, open them freely to the sun, and by 10 o'clock they are ready for loading. Hay cured in this way is infinitely superior to the dried, sun burnt and discoloring process of sun and air drying. While one is the green *Hyson*, the other is *Bohea* or *Souchong*.—*Rural New-Yorker*.

Midsummer.*(From the N. Y. Tribune.)*

I lie beneath the quiet trees
That murmur softly, like a song,
Breathed gently through unconscious lips,
Happy as summer days are long!
I lie and gaze, while pulse and thought
Flow on with deep and lingering tide.
The one into my dreaming heart—
The other outward, vague and wide.

The drowsy hours, full-freighted, drift
Along life's ocean, as of old
Deep laden argosies went down
To Eastern cities, fraught with gold,
And tropic fruits, and spicy drugs
Whose very names and fragrance bear,
As vases which have held rich flowers,
Betray the sweetness once was there.

Not of the future dream I now:—
The spring will with those dreams return;
And hope and energy will wake
When winter's fires again shall burn.
Nor of the past—let mem'ry sleep
Till autumn's pensive touch once more,
Shall tune my heart to sad delight
And paint lost visions fondly o'er.

Hope—memory—regret—despair—
Gone are your hours of light and gloom;
Midsummer days are not for you,—
For the rich present now make room.
The womanhood of nature breathes
Its warm fruition everywhere,
And the deep triumph of her heart
Fills like a passion all the air.

I breathe its inspiration in;
She bears it brimming to my lips;
Not half so full of rosy joy
The wine the flushed bachante sips.
So Hebe bore the fabled cup
To bless the heathen gods of yore,
So, deep drank they the fragrant bliss
From the full chalice running o'er.

Oh weary heart, with passion sick,
Has thy deep love—unanswered—lost—
Brought no repayal to the breast
Which gave it at such fearful cost?
Has life grown weary in its noon—
Uncrowned—inglorious—incomplete?
The flower faltered in its bloom
Withholding its most precious sweet?

Around its fragrant centre, still,
Folding in darkness and decay
Those inmost petals, which in love
Blossom life's fragrant joy away?
Oh come with me beneath the trees!
Forget thyself in nature's joy!
Here dwells no baffled, longing pain,
No disappointment to annoy.

Here triumph in her full success;
Here revel in her boundless bloom;
Blend her sweet consciousness with thine,
And take her sunlight for thy gloom.
Thus shall thy inmost spirit feel
The thrill of deep victorious song,
And life be crowned with happiness
When fair midsummer days are long.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.*Compiled for Montreal Witness, 10th Aug.*

FLOUR.—Considerable transactions at the end of last week—25s for No. 1 Superfine. The demand and supply are both small this week. O'ld Flour, in small lots, is selling at 24s 6d to 24s 9d. No. 2, 23s 6d to 23s 9d. Sour, No. 1, 22s to 22s 7½d.

WHEAT.—5s 3d to 5s 6d for small parcels; no good shipping parcels in market. Oats inquired for at 1s 9d, but cannot be obtained.

ASHES.—Pots, 27s 3d to 27s 6d; Pearls, 27s.

PROVISIONS.—Beef, Prime Mess, 57s 6d to 58s 9d; Prime, 45s to 46s 3d. Pork, Mess, 92s to 93s; Prime Mess, 66s 3d to 67s 6d; Prime, 61s 3d to 62s 6d; Cargo, 55s to 56s 3d. **BUTTER.**—None.

FREIGHT.—Little tonnage in port. Flour, 4s 3d to 4s 6d. Pot Ashes, 35s to 37s 6d. Grain, 9s.

EXCHANGE.—10 per cent. for Bank 60 days.

BANK STOCKS.—Bank of Montreal 26 per cent.; British North America 20; Commercial 15; City 7½; Bank du Peuple 2, all premium; Bank of Upper Canada, none in market.

RAILROAD STOCKS.—Declined. Champlain 15 per cent.; Atlantic 15½. New York, sellers at 16—no buyers—all discount.

CONSOLS.—36s 3d. Gas Stock, 6½ discount.

Forsyth & Bell's Timber Circular of 5th instant, quotes White Pine in demand at 5½d to 9d; Red Pine very scarce at 9d to 11d; Oak 1s 1d to 1s 4d; Elm 8d to 10d; Tamarac 7d to 11d; Staves £42 10s to £45; Freight, scarce and high, 40s to 45s.

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