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TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

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

VOL. XVIII.]

MONTREAL, JULY 15, 1852.

No. 15

The Accountant or Ruined Merchant.

BY ROBERTUS.

"The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind,  
The wreck of passion left behind  
A shriveled scroll, a scattered leaf  
Scared by the Autumn blast of grief."—BYRON.

A few months ago it chanced to be my lot to be traveling alone on one of the principal railroads in the middle States. It was one of those close sultry days in the month of August, when the sun was nearly vertical, and seemed to radiate his beams of fire with unrelenting fury; scarce a breath of air was stirring, the flocks were gathered in clusters under the shady trees, and nought could be seen or heard astir, but the cars speeding their way rapidly to their place of destination. There being in the cars no one I knew, I took my seat at one of the windows, for the double purpose of catching what breeze might be generated by the rapid motion of the cars, as well as to get a view of the surrounding country as we swept along. After stopping at numerous places, we at length arrived at the depot, where it was necessary to change from the cars to the steam boat, for the accomplishment of our journey. The boat was crowded and jammed in all parts, and not a face could I recognize as a friend, and notwithstanding the great heat of the day, everything looked cold and unfriendly. After a hasty survey of the boat and a glance at the physiognomy of the dense throng upon deck, I took my seat on the forward part of the Sea horse, for so it might be termed, for the rapidity with which it glided down the river; in order to avail myself of a more extensive view of it, and the beautiful carpet of verdure which was spread out upon its banks in splendour and magnificence unprecedented in my conception of so grand a scene. The river looked like one broad sheet of silver spread out before us for miles, not a ripple was seen to disturb its sleep, but the waves that were occasioned by the movement of the boat, and even they moved sluggishly, and scarce raised a murmur as they were cast upon the green tufted beach. Occasionally the banks of the shore would rise to high bluffs overtopped with high spreading trees, with here and there a neat latticed summer house occupied by fair forms, whose snow white drapery and attentive look upon us, forcibly reminds me of the days of yore, when the Fairy Queens were the residents of such picturesque spots, and looked down upon the busy concerns of men with disdain; and at their own volition rode upon the wings of the winds, and soared from cliff to cliff, and from mountain top to mountain top. The scene was indeed highly romantic, captivating all the powers of my mind with its gorgeous splendors. As if for variety sometimes the hills would sink down until they were nearly on a level with the river, and instead of the rugged hills, overtopped with thick set groves which obstructed the sight, there would be the most beautiful landscapes spread out before the eye; widening and extending on every side, until they would present to the astonished gaze, the imagery of a Scottish vale. Along the margin of the river were luxuriant growths of flowers, presenting almost the variety of a summer house: in the distance could be seen the haymakers cutting and piling the "sweet smelling grass," while here and there in this beautiful vale, were the most splendid country seats, uniting the grandeur of Oriental scenery and architecture, with the vivacity and energetic life characteristic of our countrymen. The whole scene was truly enchanting, and filled the mind with elevated feelings and conceptions of the Great Architect of the

Universe, for here was certainly the display of his creative power in the diversified hill and dale—the rich verdure with which it was covered—the gentle and unruffled river meandering its way through green clad hill and dale, and the smiling appearance worn by all the things of nature, both animate and inanimate. These things until this time occupied my whole attention, but becoming conscious of my thoughtful situation, I endeavoured to divert my thoughts by a glance at the surrounding personages.

Some appeared to be in their happiest mood knowing nothing of life's cares; others with countenances more grave than gay, bore the mark of reflective minds, but cheerful and serene, as if conscious of filling up life's fleeting years, in doing good to their fellows; while others in another quarter had not countenances so beaming with happiness and uninterrupted enjoyment. I looked at the several classes in turn, and after I had looked upon the gay and thoughtless, and then to the more thoughtful, my eyes fell upon the class with less gaiety of spirit. Pretty soon my attention was fixed upon a man who appeared to be busily hurrying over an account, but soon found it was the effect of intoxication. He held in one hand a book which looked like a small note book used by business men—in the other a pencil which he used in making the calculation. There he sat leaning over his account, nothing appeared to interest him, everything was unnoticed except his account, he would go over it with the most intense attention, and to all appearances have it finished, then he would spit on it and rub it out, then go through the same processes of summing up and rubbing out, which he did an indefinite number of times, though he made not a figure. I stood looking at him a long time, his singular movements so arrested my attention. His appearance was that of degradation, yet in his distorted countenance, and grimaces, which forcibly reminded me that he belonged to the monkey tribe instead of the *genus homo*, I could see something which indicated he had been in the possession of better days, though nearly obliterated by the deep inroads of misery, and the absolute powers of King Alcohol. His intellectual faculties were well developed, his forehead to be prominent, though hid almost by the long hair which he suffered to beat about in confusion by the breeze, and more than all his apparent devotion to business and influence. While I was thus gazing upon him my mind involuntarily turned to the days when he was young and vigorous, engaged in prosperous business, in the possession of wealth, surrounded by a happy family circle, and enjoying all the luxuries of life. I imagined him to be drinking out of the very fountain of pleasure—the cares of life suspended from his sight, and every day a day of sunshine which lightened up his path with the genial rays of prosperity. I became so interested that the desire to know more about his history impelled me to approach him, though at other times a sight like this would make me almost shudder, for there is nothing I dislike to see so much as an intemperate beastly man. I approached and addressed him, again he looked up at me with an idiotic surprise, and seemed to signify he did not want to be interrupted, then resumed his work again. Not to be baffled by this I remarked to him he must have a long and difficult account to sum up, and that it must be wearisome on such a warm day.

He raised his head as if he did not comprehend what I said, and vaguely answered, he did know that it was difficult, but the end seemed hard to find. Well said I it appears to be the all-absorbing thing with you; I presume you have been accustomed to such obtruse accounts? He replied he had at one time in his life many such, when he was in a prosperous business in the city

of New York; and, after a moment's pause, continued, "my accounts are not now so clear as then." By this time the old man had considerably recovered from the intoxicating draught which had so stupefied him, and had a clear conception of what was said.

What, said I, has brought such a reverse of fortune? This interrogation fell with great power upon the old man, and in an instant his countenance changed, his head dropped, and he seemed to be lost in painful reverie, as if his whole life, like a panorama, was spread before him, in which he beheld his happy and unhappy days—the days of prosperity when peace smiled upon him, and plenty was ever in his possession. He remained in this state several moments, then raising his head, faintly exclaimed, "Ah! the evil that has befallen me and my family is too painful to be related." "What, said I, have been your misfortunes?" and paused for a reply.

The old man filled with emotions, and with a voice scarce above a whisper, answered, "Rum! Rum!" and continued, it, like the worm which preys at the core of the tree and deprives it of life, has been preying at the hearts of my family, several already have fallen victims to his mighty power, and here am I, but the mere form of a human being, without home or friends, the monster has drunk up my fortune, my respectability has been buried in my vices, my fortune has vanished like the morning dew before a summer's sun; and soon I shall be sacrificed at the shrine of Bacchus, where I have been a faithful devotee.

Here the old man paused, buried his face in his hands, and like the prodigal son gave himself up to deep remorse, but unlike him, had no source by which he might palliate the miseries of a wounded conscience. After the pangs of tortured mind had somewhat abated, I asked him to relate the history, cause, and circumstances of this great grief? Well, said he, I never like to think of them, they pain me so, and when they come upon me I endeavour to drown them by drinking, but as you are young I will relate them, probably they will become of advantage to you. I thanked him, and requested him to proceed. Well, said he, I shall have to be brief, as a long description would be so tedious, but to begin: My father was a respectable and wealthy merchant in the city of New York, and lived in all the luxury the climate would produce, or the mind devise. My mother was a dear old lady, kind and affectionate; never did an unkind word pass her lips; her devotion to me was as the ever flowing torrents of the Nile: and never was her countenance darkened by an expression of gloom, until I, by my base ingratitude, and flagrant crimes brought it on. I had no brother, and but one sister, who, in my childhood, was my constant companion; we played together, walked together, and if I ever left her to seek employment in the street, she would hail my return with delight, catch me by the hand and lead me to see her new playthings; she was, in fact, my guardian angel; she was so devoted and gentle-hearted, that her influence, like the incessant breath of heaven, surrounded me with an atmosphere of love, purity, and happiness. My father was an indulgent and kind-hearted man, who gratified me to all the capricious notions and childish whims which my youthful fancy could originate; nothing could satiate my propensities.

"I went to a select school until I entered my seventeenth year, when my father wishing me to learn the mercantile business, placed me in his own store. From this time, I date the beginning of that life, which now bears me down. Taken away from the holy influence of a loving mother, whose maternal affection for her son knew no bounds—whose kind endeavors to instill in my mind the advantages and happiness of religion, virtue, and an unblemished character, I soon became indifferent to those kind admonitions, and followed the example of my new associates. Being of a kind disposition, and always having a constant supply of money, my company was sought by many young men.

"At first I was timid about going to the theatre, hotels, and other places of loitering; but they told me there was no impropriety in it, called me a cowardly and effeminate creature, which was too much for my proud spirit to endure, and I consented.

"They pressed me to take a little wine, or as they called it some innocent drink, and after repeated refusals I was forced to drink a swallow. Soon I even relished the social glass—my former forebodings of such things vanished in proportion to my indulgence, and the joy occasioned by the company of my kind mother and free-hearted sister, was no longer as agreeable as in my younger days. Thus I went on, from one step unto another, until I became a confirmed drinker. At the age of twenty-two my father

took me into business with him, and having an accumulated fortune, every desire was gratified without regard to expense. Notwithstanding all my efforts to keep my profligacy hid from my mother and sister, it became too painfully evident to them, and they entreated, besought, and pled with me to abandon my dissolute habits. Encouraged by their entreaties, I resolved to lead a new life, and accordingly joined the temperance society. About this time I courted and obtained the hand in marriage of one of the most handsome and admirable ladies in New York City. She was lovely, intelligent and noble-hearted, and for a time not a drop was wanting to make the cup of happiness full. But meeting some of my old associates, they insisted upon me to take a social glass with them. I refused, and told them the evil that would follow; but one glass, said they, for an old friend—and overcome by their pressing I accepted.

"This drink only gave me a thirst for more, and my old appetite once awakened it arose with double power—tore the good resolution from my heart—proclaimed me his victim—and prostrated me in the lowest state of degradation. This was almost a death-blow to my father's family, and my wife, the emblem of loveliness and purity—the loved one of my bosom, and the idol of my heart. They surrounded me with entreaties—impressed me with the fact that my own happiness, as well as that of my family and dear wife, depended upon my total abstinence from the cursed thing.

"I resolved, and resolved to become temperate, but the power of passion was too strong for principle, and despite the most powerful efforts to redeem my lost character, my base propensities, like the burning of a volcano, are destined to burn until all human principles and even my very soul is consumed.

"My friends seeing every effort proved fruitless gave me up as lost—I neglected my business—my money flowed like water, and my respectable friends one by one left me.

"My wife having been raised tenderly, could not endure such calamities, and the anguish of being brought so low, planted the seed of sorrow, grief and disconsolation, which eventually ripened in death. The last endearing tie which had any influence or restraint upon my ungovernable passion being taken away, I fell completely into the power of the demon, and became his willing vassal.

"At last the thread of life was snapped—her head was bowed, life dropped the distaff through his hand serene; and loving neighbor smoothed her careful shroud, while death and misery closed the awful scene.

"My father and mother have both gone to the grave, having been buried in their old age by my dissipated habits, which bore down on them with great weight, and filled their last days with sorrow. My sister was an early subject of disease; consumption having seized her with an unyielding grasp, and her disease being increased by my prodigality, she sunk into an untimely grave, when she had scarce arrived at the bloom of life.

"Now stranger you have my history," said he, "and a sad history it is; just like a book filled with every sort of crimes and misdemeanors, with scarcely a good line in it, except it be in the preface. Had I my life to go over again, no young man, except he be moral and temperate, should be my companion. This is the cause of all my grief, for had I taken a pious mother's counsel, and not gone into such company, I might this day have been a happy man. But instead of that I went contrary to her direction, and now I am reaping the fruits of my disobedience, being an outcast from society, wandering about to and fro in the earth, without a place to shelter my head—clothed in misery and disgrace, and more than all, I am standing upon the edge of an awful eternity, and the swift current of time will soon precipitate me over the mighty precipice." Here the old man stopped, gave a sigh which seemed to shake his weak frame, and turned his face from me. Not wishing to increase his sorrow, which was already too heavy, I did not question him any farther; and by this time the spires and domes of the city of P— were emerging from the thick volumes of smoke which enveloped it like a cloud, and consequently all were preparing for a hasty desertion from the boat.

We parted, doubtless for the last time, but the impression made upon my mind by the man's appearance and simple narrative, was deep and lasting, and filled me with greater horror of that worst of evils—which has, and is still tearing asunder the sacred bonds that unite happy homes and loving hearts.—*Delaware Herald.*

## A Political Economist.

We heard rather a good story the other day, of an incident which occurred on the Owen Sound road. The inmates of a roadside tavern, not a hundred miles from Sydenham, were awakened early one Sunday morning by a peculiar sort of vocal serenade, accompanied by sundry knocks at the door of the domicile, which the hostess, on looking from an upper window, ascertained to proceed from a drouthy customer, whose speech and garb proclaimed him to be a recent importation from the "north country." Sandy was in top spirits, and, under the influence of a modicum of whisky, the bottle which had contained the liquor being still carried in his hand, was regaling himself with a snatch of the old song.

"When I hae a saxpence under my thum',  
Syne I'll get credit in ilka toun;  
But aye when I'm puir, they bid me gang bye,  
O! poverty parts guid company."

At the conclusion of the verse, there was a loud "heugh!" a snap of the finger and thumb, and an abortive attempt at the highland fling with variations, and then another attack on the door with the butt end of the bottle. On perceiving the hostess, who inquired what he meant by making such an uproar on the Sunday morning, the following dialogue ensued:—

Sandy—I say, mistress! I'm no just right this mornin', an' wad be the better o' a gill o' ye'r fusk. Your Canadian broust's sad washy gear. It's no like the Glenlivet. But it's just bettor than nae thing at a pinch. See, here's the bawbees.

Hostess—Go about your business! We don't sell spirits on Sunday, and you appear to have had too much already.

Sandy—Ye dinna sell fusk o' the Sabbath! Weel, that's queer. "The better day the better deed," ye ken; sae ye'll just la'te ha'e a wee drap, my bonny ooman, for there's an awfu' curmurmerin' in my stomach. I could thole a drap just as a medicine—fescically, ye ken.

Hostess—You'll not get a drop here to-day. There's a by-law of the Council against selling liquor on Sundays, or to persons intoxicated.

Sandy—Ou ay! there's routh o' reeves an' councillors about this country side, but nae fusk o' the Sabbath, it seems. We could do brawly wantin' the tane, but we canna do wantin' the tither. They should hae made a law to keep folk frae bein' drouthy o' the Sabbath. But ye're nae safe to swear whilk day's Sabbath in this out-o'-the-world place; an' besides, ye surely dinna mean to insinuate that I'm 'toxicated?

"We are nae fou, but we're canty yet,  
We are nae fou, but we're canty yet;  
The minister kised the fiddler's wife,  
An' cou'dna get prech'd for thinkin' o't."

I say, mistress! ye might just gie's a single gill out at the window; nae ane wad ever ken, an' I'll pay ye for't quietly, an' step on the gate; but gin ye'll no do't I'll smash—

Sandy's throat was rudely interrupted by the descent of a pailful of water on his head and shoulders; and finding his attempts to effect an entrance resisted by others of the inmates who came to the rescue, he went off shaking his ears, and sitting down on the road side, was overheard moralizing on his own circumstances and those of the times, to the following effect:

"Weel, but this is a braw country, whar a chiel wi' siller in's pouch canna get a dram? A free country indeed, whar ye canna get a drink ony day o' the week! Noo, I ca' that an arbitrary principle—an undue interference wi' our fundamental rights. The place 'll gang to the mischief, an' that 'll be seen, shortly. I'll awa' back to Guelph; that's the place whar ony body can get ony thing at ony time—for siller. The Maine Law, as they ca't, canna be muckle waur than this; but I gang dead against it. I'm for a law to gie a' thing to a' body. That's my politics." Here the poor fellow began to nod, and our informant left him to enjoy his roadside *siesta*—"alone in his glory."—*Guelph Herald*.

## Keep it before the People!

Yes, keep it before the people that alcoholic liquors are the source, aye, the procuring cause of a large majority of the poverty, vice, wretchedness and crime in our land. Keep it before the people, that the manufacture, sale and use, as a beverage, has done more to deteriorate the morals and prevent the spread of the

principles of christianity among the people, than anything known to the catalogue of crime.

Keep it before the people, that the whole tendency of the traffic is to procure bad and incompetent men for office, unfit men for their duties as fathers, husbands, or citizens.

Keep it before the people, that the tendency of the liquor traffic is to increase the burthens of taxation by creating paupers to be provided for out of the public treasury.

Keep it before the people, that the liquor business and its consequent use fills your poor houses with paupers, your houses of correction with subjects, your jails and your penitentiaries with criminals.

Keep it before the people, that three-fourths of the cost of your criminal Jurisprudence in the shape of Prosecutors and Grand Jurors' fees, Sheriffs, Constables, Clerks and their deputies costs are the legitimate consequence of the liquor traffic.

Keep it before the people, that the abominable business of buying, selling and using, as a beverage, alcoholic poisons is the greatest foe to domestic happiness, and has caused the shedding of more scalding tears of wretchedness, by the wives and mothers of drunken husbands, and drunken sons, than war, pestilence and famine.

Scatter the above facts before the people in every form, print them in glowing capitals, hang them up in every den of wretchedness, where Drunkards are manufactured by whisky, and robbed through the agency of gambling. Display them in the gilded saloon, where temptation in its most attractive form, lures the unsuspecting victim to destruction and death. Hang it in your Legislative Halls, surround it by the groans, cries, wretchedness and despair of the drunkard's wife and starving family, paint to the life the wretched victim of *Mania a potu* as every nerve and fiber is wrought up to its utmost tension of suffering, draw the ten thousand friends that hold him in their iron grasp, and then in thunder tones ask the Legislature how long, in the name of outraged humanity, in the name of offended justice—how long do you intend to perpetuate this abominable business.

And lastly, write it in characters of living light, lay it upon the family altar, hang it around the pulpit, proclaim it in the festive hall, that the abominable liquor traffic has cost the nation more millions of money than all its wars have thousands, that more money is expended for an article to corrupt the morals of the people with, than would clothe and educate every child between the age of 5 and 16 years in the United States, and then ask the people if this abominable business should not be prohibited by law.—*Sunbeam*.

## "Don't Step There."

A layer of snow was spread over the icy streets, and pedestrians walked carefully, shod with India-rubber, toward the churches, on a cold Sabbath morning in February. Walking somewhat hastily churchward, for I was late, I noticed a bright-looking little lad standing upon the pavement, with his cap in his hand, and his eyes fixed upon one spot on the sidewalk. As I approached him, he looked up to me, and pointing to the place, said "please don't step there, sir; I slipped there and fell down." I thanked the philanthropic little fellow, and passed round the dangerous spot. "Don't step there," was the theme of my meditations during the remainder of my walk.

There are many places, as we journey along the pathway of life, where we slip and fall.—How carefully should we ourselves tread past such places in our future journeyings! Yet how often is it lamentably true, that on the same spot we repeat our stumblings! Wherever, under the temptations of the adversary, or through the wrong impulse of my perverse affections and passions, I have once slipped, let me ever after place a watch, which, to remind me of my former sad experience, shall cry out to me, as I approach, "Don't step there." The friend who truly loves me, who is religiously solicitous for my spiritual good, when he sees me carelessly treading towards a spot where he has himself fallen, will refer to his own misfortune or fault, and kindly say to me, "Don't step there."

And if I cherish benevolent sentiments toward my fellow-men, desire for their own good that they should walk uprightly; if zeal for the honor of the church should awaken solicitude for the consistency and purity of all my fellow-disciples, shall I not, when I see the feet of any of them near the spot where I have myself

fallen, or where I have seen others slip, kindly say to them, "Don't step there!"

Selfishness would hurry away from the place of a fall, muttering, "It is none of my business what becomes of those who follow." Pride would seek to hide its humiliation. Mischief and malignity would wait for a laugh or a sneer at the coming hapless traveler. But benevolence halts for a little to utter a kind warning, and to guard a fellow-being against a calamity.

A thousand times since has the clear voice of that kind-hearted child rung in my ear, reminding me of my own duty to those around me, and urging me to repeat, wherever the repetition promises to be useful, "Please don't step there."—*Watchman and Reflector.*

### A Word to My Sisters.

A few days since a woman was seen drunk in one of the streets here, down upon the ground, with a child in her arms.—*Cryuga Chief, March 24th.*

Well what of that? The liquor which made her drunk was sold according to law, and the man who sold it protected in his 'right' by law; all legal, and of course all tight—and if this woman, this mother, was foolish enough to get drunk, who is to blame? So I fancy I hear some of the friends of legalized poisoning exclaim. But it seems to me there must be blame somewhere, when a mother lies drunk in the streets, with her child in her arms. What matter if she be poor, ignorant and degraded; she is a woman, a sister still, and was once pure and innocent, till rum the liquor-fiend possessed her. Think of her as she lies drunk upon the icy streets, with her innocent baby clasped to her unconscious breast. What a spectacle for angels to gaze upon with pity—what a spectacle to awaken the sympathies and arouse the energies of every heart, not already calloused by the same fearful poison. And must woman remain idle when such scenes are enacting? Can we do nothing to save our sex from such degradation? Must we use no efforts to avert from innocent childhood such ruin? Idle—when every pure and holy instinct of our nature revolve at the thought of such debasement—Idle—when we can gather our children around us in the quiet eventides, and listen to their merry voices, and gaze into their innocent eyes, and teach them how to thank the good All Father for his choice blessings; and yet know that from other homes where all these elements of happiness existed, Rum has driven all joys and planted in their stead Despair, Disease and crime; has robbed parents of humanity and affection, and children of their childhood.

God forbid that we should be idle, when he suffers Rum thus to turn preacher and urge us on to the work. Yes, sisters, let us work, toil for the protection of our homes and affections; for the purity and happiness of our own sex, and the manhood of the other. Let us waste no time in endeavoring to ascertain the boundary of our "sphere;" for that is a "terra incognita" the latitude and longitude whereof no man knoweth, neither are its borders laid down on any chart.—But a little bird has whispered to me that a woman's true sphere is the largest which she has capacity to fill, which being filled, will bring to her the highest happiness, and to others the greatest good.

No one will assert that this poor intoxicated mother was in her "sphere," so in endeavoring to prevent the possibility of such wanderings in future, we may possibly escape the dreadful charge of impropriety. Whatever be woman's rights or wrongs, my sisters, we have too long assumed one right to which we have no claim, that of remaining inactive while intemperance invades our homes, and the fires upon our hearth-stones are fed by Alcohol.

MARY C. VAUGHAN.

### Indebtedness of the Sons to the Old Societies.

We acknowledge ourselves associated with the Sons, and rejoice in their prosperity, but we also cheerfully approve of the remarks generally made by Mr. Silcox at the Fingal meeting and therefore give them insertion:—

Noah Silcox, Esq., said, Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Sons of Temperance, I am here, in an unexpected position, brought on this platform to speak to a large assemblage without any preparation whatever; still, did I not believe that I could say something,

I should not stand before you. Most of you know me, and knowing me, you will bear with me patiently, as I am troubled with a disease that renders it difficult for me to express my sentiments; yet, I hope to interest you for a time, and will not detain you long. Now, I am not a Son of Temperance, but I admire your efforts, and will rejoice in your success. I am one of the old stagers, a member of the old Temperance Society. "But stop, old man," says some of the young ones of the present day; "you are behind the spirit of the age! We go right ahead, sweeping all before us. See our splendid regalia, look at those costly banners, hear that soul-stirring music—you old teetotallers, had nothing of the kind." Stop, young man, let me speak. You put me in mind of a youth that I saw driving a fine horse, in a two hundred dollar buggy, silver-mounted harness, and all complete. "Young man," said I, "your father never rode about in that way; a common wagon satisfied him, and his coat was made from the wool of his own sheep, wove by your mother, and dyed with bark of the bitternut tree; linsey woolsey instead of muslin-de-laines, made your mother's daily dress, and instead of fine Tu-can bonnets, a cotton handkerchief thrown over her graceful neck, protected her from the rays of the mid-day sun. Still, they were virtuous, contented and happy." "I know it all," said he, "and I live on the same farm that the old folks lived on so long, and see how I can figure. Father never managed things right, he was too like old times." Now, I would ask what enabled the young man to sport his fine horse and buggy? Was it not the patient industry, the virtuous economy, and the indomitable energy of that father that spent a life-time in hewing the forests to his will, and making a home for his children? while the ungrateful son, that was not behind the spirit of the age, never split a thousand rails, chopped an acre of land, or made a hundred of black salts, in his life-time. Now, how shall I compare you, Sons, to that son of which I speak? Why, we, the old Temperance men, made the forest clearing, we drove the enemy from many a door, we combated the established prejudices of ages, we made a safe and a commodious platform, and fenced in the ground on which the Sons, and the Daughters, and the Cadets muster now, in unmoisted security, none daring to make them afraid, and were it not for the old Temperance Societies, the Sons would never have been born. So that while I am willing to give you all the credit that you can justly claim, (and that is a great deal,) take my advice and never forget these faithful men that boldly contended for your principles, when to do so, was to expose themselves to the sneers, ridicule, and enmity of thousands that now proudly march under those banners that so majestically float in the breeze.

### Rum Calamity.

Our readers will remember the brilliant Hannegan, of the U. S. Senate, formerly. He bade fair to stand at the top of the ladder of fame, till liquor ruined him and his prospects. He has lived for some time in retirement. But we see by a despatch from Covington, Indiana, that the accursed cup has led him to a fearful crime. On the 8th of May an altercation took place between Hannegan and his brother-in-law, John R. Duncan, when the former struck the latter with a bowie knife, in the upper region of the abdomen, and entirely severed the duodenum. The parts were as soon as possible reunited and sewed together by surgeons, but the wound proved fatal. The sufferer sank from inward loss of blood until next day, about one o'clock, when he expired. He was a brother of the late Hon. Daniel Duncan of Ohio, and was about 45 years of age.—The exciting cause of this unhappy affair, says the despatch was liquor, of which both had been partaking freely. The immediate occasion was some dissatisfaction as to a trade in property.—The event is awfully aggravated by the fact that the parties had been warm friends—Duncan, a sojourner with Hannegan for two years; and it is due to both, to say, that during that length of time their deportment had been such as became their position in society. Hannegan, possessed of passions as noble when himself, as irascible when not himself, is now suffering the keenest remorse. Duncan was a bachelor. His estate falls, by a will made in his last hours, to Mr. Hannegan's excellent lady, and Mrs. Wallace, a widow sister.

What a mercy would it have been to Hannegan, now racked with torturing remorse, had the Maine Law prevailed in Indiana, and had it rooted out every particle of rum. Alas, that for the

single object of enabling liquor makers and sellers to fatten on the crimes of their fellows, the enormous evil should still be tolerated.  
N. Y. Organ.

### "The same old Pond."

Those of our readers, who remember the great law suit between the Albany brewers and Mr. Delavan, will readily understand the following article from the *Washingtonian and Re-chabite*. The groggeries of Albany ale have not much reason yet to boast of their improved purity in their delicious beverage. Perhaps the water that went do for tea, will do very well for beer and grog:—

#### A TRIO OF NUISANCES.

The Grand Jury has at last done a noble deed—indicted three great nuisances—the First Company of the Great Western Turnpike, the Albany and Schenectady Turnpike for a nuisance, as well as that pond on the corner of Lark and Lancaster streets. Our only surprise is that this was not done years ago. Petitions have been presented to the Common Council to have the nuisance abated, but it seems no notice was taken of them. No doubt the pond would have remained there for years, had not the Grand Jury taken the action they have. This pond is the receptacle of dead animals and other garbage, the stench arising from its surface in the summer months, and its disgusting filthy appearance, rendering it highly injurious to the public health, and very disagreeable to those who live in the immediate vicinity. This we should think is cause enough to have such a nuisance removed, and that too, very quickly. At times it has been in such a bad state, as to almost prevent persons from passing by, and yet it has been allowed to remain. We hope that those who have charge of the matter will now see that the nuisance is abated. And as for the roads, a man had to have his life insured before he could risk himself on them.

This is the same pond that caused so much litigation between Mr. Delavan and the Albany brewers some years since, when Mr. Delavan published the condition of the same pond in language much milder than the above, and notwithstanding the statement was literally true and substantiated by the most respectable witnesses, the plaintiffs had the audacity to bring so much rebutting testimony, as to make Mr. Delavan pay some thousand dollars for publishing the truth, and the water of this same pond has been used for maiting purposes as late as last fall. Of course the malt and beer made with water that contains so much nutritious matter must be very nourishing. The only fear is, that some of the animals may have died of *hydrophobia*, and may affect the beer drinkers in such manner, as to make them dread water as a drink. As an evidence of the manner the plaintiff's witnesses in many cases testified as to the purity of the water in said pond, I will give you one example; this witness was a negro who lived near the pond, and of course knew all about it.

Plaintiff's Counsel—"Pomp," (the negro witness) "do you know this pond in controversy?"

Pomp—"Yes, I know the pond near by me, but I nebber heard him called *Controversy*."

Counselor—"Well, do you use the water in your family, and do you consider it good, wholesome, clean water?"

Pomp—"Yes, sir, I does sometimes."

Counselor—"That is all."

Cross examination—Defendant's Counsel—"Pomp, do you really consider the water clean, wholesome water for family use?"

Pomp—"Well, well, I think it will do sir for cleaning the floor, and for boiling potatoes with the peels on, but I wouldn't like to say it was good tea water."—*Albany Knickerbocker*.

### The Art of Thinking.

One of the best modes of improving the art of thinking is to think over some subject before you read upon it, and then observe after what manner it has occurred to the mind of some great master: you will then observe whether you have been too rash or too timid; what you have omitted and what you have exceeded; and by this process you will insensibly catch the manner in which a

great mind views a great question. It is right to study; not only to think when an extraordinary incident provokes you to think, but from time to time to review what has passed, to dwell upon it, and to see what trains of thought voluntarily present themselves to your mind. It is a most superior habit in some minds to refer all the particular truths which strike them to other truths more general, so that their knowledge is beautifully methodized, and the particular truth at once leads to the general truth. This kind of understanding has an immense and decided superiority over those confused heads in which one fact is piled upon another, without any attempt at classification or arrangement. Some men always read with a pen in their hand, and commit to paper any new thought which strikes them; others trust to chance for its appearance. Which of these is the best method in the conduct of the understanding? The understanding must, I suppose, depend a good deal upon the understanding in question. Some men can do nothing without preparation—others little with it; some are fountains, others reservoirs.—*Sidney Smith*.

### A Cider-Drinker's End.

In the early settlement of Pennsylvania, three men of the same name came from Connecticut, and settled in a row along a mill-stream. They all commenced alike in the woods by putting up their log cabins and felling the trees, clearing the land, and tilling the soil as fast as they obtained an opening for culture; and seemed to have an equally fair prospect of comfort and usefulness in the future.

One of them was a member of the Congregational church, and lived to see all his ten children professors of religion.

Another was a Methodist, and had the confidence and respect of the community for his intelligence, piety and stability of character. He too lived to see all his children professors of religion, and one son a preacher of the everlasting gospel.

The third was "not so." Like the survivor of the deluge, he "began to be husbandman," and planted an orchard and drank of the cider, "and was drunken." He had no children. The little fatherless boy that he obtained from a distance, ran away from him as from a monster of brutality, when twelve or thirteen years of age; and that boy and his twin brother are now proclaiming the gospel in the Methodist connection. More than once this man fell into the stream near which he lived, by the influence of his "good old cider," as it was termed. On one occasion, two of his boon companions took him out of the creek when his life was nearly wasted by strangling. So great was their alarm at this revolting spectacle, that they immediately quit a practice so destructive and unbecoming a man. But Mr.—continued cider-drinking. And while his neighbors of his name supported their numerous families genteelly, and supported society also, and had put up comfortable framed dwellings, his cider-drinking habits constrained him to remain in his log house, though it was sinking beneath its own weight by decay. After a long time, however, he began to build; but on a plan so large and ill-adapted to the size of his family and the length of his purse, that he "was not able to finish." Luke 14: 30.

His habit gained so rapidly upon him that he could not finish his house, though he finished his work of suicide. Delirium tremens seized him at times. Finally, his end was as public as awful. He had gone to a camp-meeting on a neighbor's field. There he was seized with the delirium tremens, and ran away in a proxyem of insanity, shouting and crying, and alarming his acquaintances. He hastened through the standing corn, and slunk away through all the rooms of a neighbor's capacious house, to one most retired and secluded; and there begging the neighbors who had followed him to keep the devils off, and slapping himself violently with both his hands, crying out with the most acute pain, "The bees are stinging me to death," he died of mortification, an awful warning against intemperance, which the bystanders can never forget; no, never, never!

Resist the beginnings of intemperance. Venture not with the first drop. One man I knew to fall on his face in the dusty road, and strangle with the dust. Another, not thought to be intemperate, six months after he commenced tavern-keeping, died of *mania a potu*, leaving a wife and five or six children in poverty and want. O beware of the intoxicating cup.—*Am. Messenger*.

### Letter from David Christie, Esq., M.P.P.

In the abbreviated account we gave in our last of the Elora festival, we stated that a letter was read from the gentleman whose name stands above. With great pleasure we now make room for the letter, and bespeak for it a careful perusal. Although evidently written amidst pressing engagements, it contains the very pith of the controversy concerning which opinion is divided. It is much easier to nibble at details and misrepresent facts than fairly to meet the question as it is stated by Mr. Christie. Comment or enlargement by us would just now be unbecoming. We cannot yet judge of the strength of our cause in the House of Assembly, but we entertain the hope that when the will of the people of Canada is expressed, as it will be before the House in the form of petition, that there will not be found a majority opposed to the almost unanimous voice of the people.

Mr. C.'s letter is addressed to the R. S. of the Elora Division, S. of T.

Brantford, 3rd June, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received yours of the 29th ult., and regret that I cannot attend your festival. To-morrow I intend to go to Quebec on urgent and important business, which will in all likelihood detain me until after the 9th. Although absent, you have my best wishes for your success. The temperance cause is a great cause, it involves the wellbeing of our country. Drunkenness, like a noisome pestilence, bids fair to cover the length and breadth of the land. Were such a pestilence threatening to invade our province, the authorities would be on the alert, taking sanitary measures in abundance. Is it not melancholy that a pestilence more terrible than any which has yet reached us, destroying not merely the bodies, but the souls of men, should be looked on by the majority of men with indifference? A deeper gloom surrounds this infatuation, when *professing Christians* and *Christian ministers* turn a deaf ear to the warning conveyed by the thousands and tens of thousands of miserable victims whom it weekly hurls headlong to the place of woe. Truly, if there be one sin more than another which ought to be held up to public scorn, it is that which fixes with so strong a grasp on the temporal and eternal destinies of man. I go decidedly for the "Maine Liquor Law;" it seems to me to lay the axe at the root of the tree. In urging this measure, we must not be deterred by the cry that it involves a violation of private rights. You know that if such were the case, I would not be one of its advocates. The charge is false, and those who assert it either do not understand the principle of the measure, or, they are ignorant of the nature of the social compact. No member of that compact can possess rights which, if brought into exercise, would destroy the rights of others. To all who lay claim to such rights, civil society has a right to say, "You must desist from such sources of gratification, because, in having recourse to them, you violate the rights of your neighbor." This is precisely our position in reference to the liquor traffic. All history attests that the traffic invariably produces misery, crime, disease and death. Drunkenness is a sin against society, and, therefore, society has a right to put down the traffic in alcoholic drinks. If the drunkard, or the man who supplies him with the poison, could be held responsible for all the consequences of their iniquitous course, there might be something like argument in favor of allowing them to go on; but, since this cannot be the case, and since we must pay for the administration of criminal justice, the cost of three-fourths of which is the result of the traffic, we ought surely to have some say in the matter. It will not do to tell us that we must wait till a man gets drunk before we can properly apply the law. I hold it is absurd to make a man responsible for the effects of a traffic which we not only permit, but declare to be lawful. Moreover, society, in the license system, has asserted the right to interfere. Why are other trades not subject to this interference? Why is the grog-seller required to give surety for good behaviour? Why is not the farmer or the merchant required to do this? If the traffic be free from danger, why put such restraints on it? If it be morally right to pursue it, why do not rum-sellers assert their rights? Let those who stickle for private rights take this course? There would be some show of consistency in it.

It is difficult to say what degree of success we may have in advocating this measure in the present House of Assembly. There

are some of the Upper Canada members in favor of it, and I am told that a considerable number of the Lower Canada members are also in favor of it. In the Cabinet, we have some friends. The Hon. M. Cameron is a warm advocate of the measure, and will do all he can to help it forward. It is said also that Dr. Rolph, the Attorney-General, and the Postmaster-General, are favorable to it. If such be the case, we stand well. Whether we succeed in carrying the measure through the present House or not, we have the hope that, by patient perseverance, we shall ultimately succeed. *The Liquor Law of Maine must be the Liquor Law of Canada. We have nailed our colors to the mast.*

I wish you to state to our Elora friends that I am deeply sensible of the honor which they have conferred on me by asking me to take part in the proceedings of the 9th. Nothing but stern necessity compels me to forego what would have been to me a very agreeable duty.—I am, my dear sir, yours very truly,

DAVID CHRISTIE.

David Kirkendale, Esq., }  
R. S., S. of T., Elora Division. }

### Bible, Cushion, and Desk Presentation.

REV. MR. EDITOR.—I had the pleasure of being present at the gathering of the "Sons" and "Cadets" of Temperance at Weston, on Friday the 11th instant, the object of which being twofold, first the agitation of a prohibitory liquor law, and secondly, the presentation of a beautiful copy of the Bible, with a Chaplain's desk, cushion and candlesticks, to the Maple Branch Section of Cadets, by the young ladies of Weston and neighborhood. At three o'clock P. M., Weston Division, Smithville Division, and other guests, Sons of Temperance: Maple Branch, Coldstream (Toronto) and other guests, Cadets of Temperance, assembled in front of the Division Room, where a procession was formed under the direction of Bro. J. M. Ross, of Toronto, which preceded by the Western Brass Band, passed through the principal streets of the town to the Methodist Church, presenting with their Banners, Regalia, &c., a most brilliant display. On our arrival at the church we found the basement well filled with the ladies of Weston and neighborhood, where an elegant entertainment had been provided by the *Ladies of Weston*. About two hundred were seated at tables, and ample refreshments served up in good style, to the entire satisfaction of all present. Having satisfied the inner man, this respectable assembly moved up stairs to attend a public meeting. Bro. J. M. Ross was requested to take the Chair, and the meeting being opened with a fervent and zealous prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Ward, the Chairman briefly stated the objects of the meeting, and then introduced Misses Eliza Jane McGuire, and Sarah Jane Kempshell, who were delegated to present the Bible, &c., to the Maple Branch Section. Miss McGuire delivered the address in a manner highly creditable to her junior years.

Master Henry Curtis and Master James Lever, jun. W. A., and P. W. A., of Maple Branch Section Cadets of Temperance, were delegated to receive the above handsome gift. Bro. Henry Curtis delivered the reply in a distinct and audible voice.

The address and reply has already been published, but we give the concluding paragraph of the account which we take from the *Toronto Watchman*.

Next the Rev. Mr. Ward was introduced, who in his usual and happy style, spoke for nearly an hour proving the necessity of enacting a Prohibitory Liquor Law, which position he sustained in a very masterly manner. After passing a vote of thanks to the Ladies of Weston, the speakers, the Western Brass Band, and the Chairman, the meeting was closed with prayer by our worthy Brother Pirritte.

The Bank of England covers five acres of ground, and employs nine hundred clerks; should a clerk be too old for service, he is discharged on half pay for life. There are no windows on the street; light is admitted through open courts; no mob could take the Bank, therefore, without cannon to batter down the immense walls. The clock in the centre of the Bank has fifty dials attached to it. Large cisterns are sunk in the courts, and engines, in perfect order, always in readiness in case of fire. The Bank was incorporated in 1791. Capital £18,000,000, or \$90,000,000.



### Sprinklings for Thought, Ideal and Actual.

In the memoirs of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg, it is stated that in the district of Gori, in Russia, at the foot of the Ossentin mountains, there is a hill, on the stony surface of which, the humidity that exudes from the rock, in summer, and in fine weather, is converted into ice of a thickness proportionate to the heat of the sun.

**TO PREVENT BOTS IN HORSES.**—A person of much experience in veterinary science is never troubled with this disease in his horses. His simple practice during the fall months is to keep a greasy cloth in the stable, and once a week rub with it such parts of the animals as may have been attacked by the nit-fly. Grease destroys and prevents the eggs from hatching.

**WHAT IS EXPECTED UNDER CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES.**—"The little daughter of Philip Doddridge was once catechizing a favorite lap dog. 'Do you know who made you?' said she. The unconscious quadruped answered with a stupid stare. 'Oh! shame upon you,' resumed the questioner; 'you, Dr. Doddridge's dog, and not know who made you!'"

**A DEAR CALF.**—About a year ago, a case was brought before a justice in a village in Iowa, about a calf which was claimed by two parties. The witnesses of one party, twenty or thirty in number, swore that the tail was entirely black; and those of the other party, about equal in number, swore that it was partly white. An appeal was taken from the verdict of the jury, and tried in the District court, when the jury disagreed. The legal costs then amounted to \$300. The case was recently tried again, when the jury decided that the tail was partly white.—The costs have now reached \$500, to which are to be added counsel fees and other costs, and all for a calf worth three dollars!

**HEARING WITH THE TEETH.**—Curious as this assertion may appear, it is easy to prove it by the following simple experiment:—Lay a watch upon a table, glass side downward; then stand so far from it, that you can not, in the ordinary way, hear the ticking. Now place the end of a small deal stick—say six feet long—upon the back of the watch, and grip the teeth to the other; with the fingers close each ear, to exclude all external noise; the beat of the watch will then be as audible as if placed against the ear. All other sounds can be conveyed in the same manner, no matter how long the stick is; for instance, if one end is put on a piano-forte in a sitting-room facing a garden, and the stick is thirty or forty feet long, extending to the farther end of the lawn or walk; now, if the instrument is ever so lightly played, "the tune" will be instantly distinguished by any person applying the teeth to the opposite end of the stick.

Deception, hypocrisy, and dissimulation are direct compliments to the power of Truth; and the common custom of passing off Truth's counterfeit for herself is strong testimony in behalf of her intrinsic beauty and excellence.

**THE DECEIVER.**—"There is something awfully impressive in the following verse. Let those who, for their own selfish and ignoble purposes, lead others into temptation, consider well the magnitude of the responsibility they bring on their own souls.

Oh! if there is a doom more dread  
Than others on the judgment day,  
It sure must be from him who led  
A pure and gentle heart astray.  
There may be pardon for the knave;  
And mercy for the knave that stole;  
But Heaven, I fear me, ne'er forgave  
The murder of a human soul!"

**A SENSIBLE LANDLORD.**—The Frankfort Herald is responsible for the following: A little incident transpired some weeks ago at one of our Frankfort hotels, which, under the present temperance excitement, is not unworthy of notice. The names of the parties we shall withhold from the public for shame sake. A little girl entered the tavern, and in pitiful tones told the keeper that her mother had sent her there to get eight cents. "Eight cents," said the tavern keeper. "What does your mother want to do with eight cents? I don't owe her any thing." "Well," said the child, "father spends his money here for rum, and we have nothing to eat to day. Mother wants to buy a loaf of bread." A loafer remarked to the tavern keeper to "kick out the brat." "No," said the keeper, "I will give her the money, and if the father comes here again I'll kick him out."

### Poetry.

#### THE POOR MAN'S BOOK.

BY GEO. W. BUNGAY.

The winds have blown the smoke away—  
Cold is the forge and hushed the mill;  
The "toil-worn colter" rests to-day—  
Traffic is mute and Labor still.

The unharnessed horse feeds on the green,  
The laboring ox rests in the shade;  
A holy calm pervades the scene,  
And beauty smiles from hill and glade.

The modest flowers that light the clod,  
Like drops of sunshine from the sky,  
Bow their sweet heads and worship God,  
And send their fragrant praise on high.

Beneath his fig-tree and his vine,  
Beside the lowly cottage door,  
The poor man reads the precious line  
Of promise to the humble poor.

The Bible is the poor man's law,  
A blessed boon to mortals given;  
A ladder such as Jacob saw,  
With angels coming down from Heaven.

#### TOO POOR TO PAY.

We were so poor when baby died,  
And mother stitched his shroud,  
The others in their hunger cried,  
With sorrow wild and loud;  
We were so poor we could not pay  
The man to carry him away.

I see it still before my eyes:—  
It lies upon the bed,  
And mother whispers through her sighs,—  
"The little boy is dead."

A little box of pine  
His coffin was—and may be mine!

They laid our little brother out,  
And wrapped his form in white,  
And, as they turned his head about,  
We saw the solemn sight;  
And wept as little children weep,  
And kissed the dead one in his sleep!

We looked our last upon his face,  
And said our last "good-bye,"  
While mother laid him in the place  
Where those are laid who die:  
The sexton shoved the box away,  
Because we were too poor to pay!

We were too poor to hire a hearse,  
And could not get a pall;  
And when we drove him to the grave  
A wagon held us all:  
'T was I who drove the horse, and I  
Who told my mother not to cry.

We rode along the crowded town,  
And felt so lone and drear,  
And oft our tears came trickling down,  
Because no friends were near.  
The folks were strangers, selfish men,  
Who had not lost a baby then!

We reached the grave, and laid him there,  
With all the dead around;  
There was no priest to say a prayer  
And bless the holy ground.

So home we went in grief and pain;  
But home was never home again!  
And there he sleeps, without a stone  
To mark the sacred spot;  
But though, to all the world unknown,  
By us 't is ne'er forgot.

We mean to raise a stone some day,  
But now we are too poor to pay!



# THE TEMPERANCE TREE.

*Spiritoso.*

1. Ti - ny stalk of tend - er form, Was our cause in oth - er years; Now to bat - tle

2. O'er our land its shade is thrown, Cool - ing pas - sions noon - time heat, And our na - tion's

3. On its fair de - li - cious fruit, Fruit of love and hope and truth, Pin - ing forms their

with the storm, High its gi - ant trunk it rears. Blast which have their on - set made,

pulse hath grown, Stea - dier, strong er in its beat. Shel - ter from the tem - pests keen,

strength re - cruit, And its leaves re - new their youth. Sweep, ye winds, our temp'rance tree,

Our young tree to ov - er blow, Gave its roots a firm - er braid, Round the rocks which lie below.

Do its stretching branches wreath, And an army's hosts are seen, Taking refuge underneath.

Waft those leaves from shore to shore, Whereso - e'er in - e - briates be, Tell the world's worst plague is o'er.

# Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, JULY 15, 1852.

## Ecclesiastical Action.

One of the most gratifying aspects of the present reform movement for the deliverance of our beloved country from the curse of liquor, is the very general unanimity that exists among the various churches; and which unanimity is exhibited in the united co-operation of Christian Ministers on public occasions, and when the energetic action of all is rendered necessary. This has especially been the case for the few years last past; and we trust it may be regarded as a marked indication of the favor of God toward our cause, and be considered as especially favorable in the present crisis of the great enterprise. We are come to the point when it is essentially necessary to secure the assistance of all good men; and when the churches, as such, may generously give their countenance to further the interests of morality which are really connected with the temperance movement. Of course we are well aware that the churches embracing necessarily both ministers and people, should naturally be looked up to as patterns of morality, and as the guardians of the public morals. As a matter of History, it may be averred that the church of Christ has been the great conservator of right, and the great diffusor of sound principles of morality. But in these modern times unhappily some opposition has been received from sections of the Christian church, in matters of reform, the propriety of which opposition could not be discerned by even common or ordinary intellects. The painful fact is that the great and terrible evil we combat in the temperance reform, had worked itself into the church—had tainted the very fountains of public morality and corrupted virtue, in the source from which only goodness should have proceeded. On this ground originated much of the opposition temperance societies have had to contend with. We are well aware that, with respect to one large section of the Church of Christ, the hostility to our organizations rests on other grounds than that just alluded to, but that must shortly give way just because it is equally irrational and unscriptural. But casting our eye over the whole country, we rejoice to witness so much energy and co-operation, for the achievement of an end so decidedly advantageous for the general interests of morality and virtue. Synods, Presbyteries and Conferences, have blown the trumpet in Zion, and with no uncertain sound, the churches, looking up to these several official authorities are directed in the course to be pursued in these times of evil. Throughout the United States ecclesiastical action has been taken, and rum-selling is doomed; and for ever hereafter the traffic takes its legitimate position of direct antagonism to the gospel of Christ. In Canada various meetings of ministers representing several influential Churches, have recently been held, and through them the people have been advised as to their proper duty in reference to the approaching sessions of the legislature, from which we are unitedly to ask a law prohibiting the traffic in liquor as a beverage. The general Conference of the M. E. Church of the United States—a body not without its influence in Canada—adopted a report and resolutions worthy of themselves and the cause. For the benefit of Methodist readers of whom we have many, we give the report only, omitting the preamble.

“The position of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in relation to the cause of temperance, is well understood, and needs not now to be particularly defined. By the restoration of Mr. Wesley's rule, the power of Church discipline has, to its fullest allow-

able extent, been brought to the aid of this cause, thus placing it, so far as our Church is concerned, upon a high and impregnable basis. In the opinion of your committee, the Church needs no additional rules upon the subject. But a faithful supervision of the interests of her membership does not discharge her whole duty. We cannot be indifferent to the struggle that is going on around us. The cause has reached a deeply interesting stage of progress. For some time it had been stationary, if not retrogressive. There was a comparative relaxation of effort among its decided friends. They stood still as if awaiting the advent of some new principle, the introduction of some new temperance dispensation. A brighter day has dawned. The dispirited hosts of temperance have rallied for a decisive conflict. The persuasive influences of the pulpit and the press, and the more strenuous influences of Church discipline, have been recently reinforced by several prohibitory laws passed by the legislatures of States. Other legislatures will, we doubt not, sooner or later, follow their example. We do not suppose that the most effectual prohibitory measures will put a full end to intemperance. Men will do wrong in despite of law. Sin is the transgression of the law. But these measures will divest the evil of legal protection, and remove temptation from thousands, and promote, upon a large scale, the temporal prosperity, the domestic comfort, and above all, the spiritual salvation of our fellow citizens. Deeming a lengthened and elaborate report unnecessary, your committee submit the following resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That the use of intoxicating liquors, to any extent, as a beverage, is deeply to be deplored and deprecated, as tending to the forming and maturing of pernicious habits, and leading, by natural consequence, to diversified crime, wide-spread misery, and the final ruin of vast multitudes for whom Christ has died.

2. *Resolved*, That we greatly rejoice in the recent manifestations of public sentiment upon this subject, and especially, that God is putting it into the hearts of civil rulers to interpose the authority of the State for the protection of society against what we hold to be an enormous social wrong—the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks.

3. *Resolved*, That the encouraging aspects of this great cause presents no just occasion for relaxation of effort on the part of its friends, but, on the contrary, call upon us to renew our diligence, in the use of all proper means to spread and consummate those plans so obviously traceable to a propitious Providence, and so richly fraught with the blessings of peace and good will to men.

4. *Resolved*, That we recommend the calm, judicious, but firm and impartial enforcement of our excellent disciplinary rules upon the subject.”

Subsequently to the session of the General Conference, the New York Conference met and passed the following resolutions:—

*Resolved*,—That it is the duty of all Christians, and especially of all Christian ministers, heartily and efficiently to co-operate in the great Temperance Reformation.

*Resolved*,—That while we appreciate the power of those moral agencies that have been employed, and rejoice that so much has been accomplished by them, we are fully convinced that the legal prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating drinks is indispensably necessary to the success and final triumph of the Temperance cause.

*Resolved*,—That as the Maine Liquor Law, prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating drinks, presents the most feasible and the most efficient mode of action upon the subject, we earnestly and affectionately exhort all our people to co-operate with the efforts being made to secure to this State the blessings of such a law.

At the same time the New York East Conference met, and passed the following:—

*Resolved*,—That we rejoice in the assurance that the provisions of our discipline, prohibiting as immoralities the buying and selling spirituous liquors, to be used as a beverage, or drinking them, except in cases of extreme necessity, meets with the cordial approbation of our people, and that these provisions are very generally reduced to practice among them.

*Resolved*,—That we hail with much satisfaction the increasing interest in favor of the cause of total abstinence that now pervades the public mind, and we pledge ourselves individually and officially to aid in carrying forward that interest.

*Resolved*,—That we look upon the system of licensing the traf-

fic in ardent spirits as a beverage, as a stupendous moral, social, and political wrong, demanding the condemnation and active opposition of all friends of religion, social improvement, and good government, and we deny the right of all legislative bodies to make any law on the subject, except for its prohibition.

We rejoice in this course taken by the Conferences, and in this connection cannot help expressing our regret that the Canada Conference in connexion with the British Conference, and the District meeting of Wesleyan Ministers in Lower Canada, did not officially express their judgment on this subject. If resolutions favorable to the Maine Law did pass those bodies, they have not come under our notice, and not wishing to do any injustice to them we shall most happily retract our statement. It was doubtless an oversight, for we think a majority of the ministers are actively connected with the cause, and advocate the principles of the Maine law. The *Christian Guardian* of June 30th contains a long and valuable article in favor of the law, which we should have liked all the better if it had appeared before the Conference. As it is, we trust the effect upon the societies and ministers will be beneficial.

The Methodist New Connexion Conference, at its recent sitting, adopted resolutions favorable to the Maine Law, and the ministers agreed to give lectures thereon, in accordance with the wish of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance. We have already recorded the facts, that the Free Church and United Presbyterian Church Synode, and the Congregational Union of Canada West, have done their duty in maintaining the claims of religion and humanity against the claims of the rum power. Turning again to Lower Canada we rejoice that the Congregational Union of Canada East passed the following resolution:—

*Resolved*,—That whereas the whole system of licensing the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors is founded in error, and is virtually and practically the legalizing of what tends to demoralise individuals and communities; and, whereas we are bound to put forth every legitimate effort to elevate the degraded, therefore, resolved, that we most earnestly recommend our churches, and others, to petition the Legislature for a law similar in principle to the Maine Liquor Law, as the most effectual means for putting an end to the wide-spread evils of intemperance.

Where we have had the resolutions themselves in our possession, we have preferred to give them in the words chosen by the respective bodies, for two reasons—first, that each may speak for itself, and secondly, that all parties, particularly outsiders, may perceive that however on some points the churches may differ, on this topic of the Maine law there is a wonderful and, to our mind, delightful harmony. For this we thank God and take courage. Our eyes will yet see the salvation of God. The day of our country's redemption draweth nigh!

### The Brockville Recorder.

This paper, one of the best of our exchanges, has always exerted an influence favorable to the temperance reformation. The number of June 17th contains an article on the Maine Law, not exactly to our mind, and not exactly opposed to the law. It proposes a course of action somewhat novel for Canada, and which, if attempted, would certainly defeat itself, or at least greatly delay success. In the opinion of the *Recorder*, the first thing to be done is to ascertain the will of the people. It is proposed that the Legislature shall set apart a day on which a ballot could be taken for or against the principle of the Maine Law. We have no fear as to the decision, if that were done; but we do think it a novel scheme for Canada, and not accordant with the genius of our existing institutions. The right of petition is in the hand of every man. Here we have universal suffrage, and in this case can exercise it at once in such a

way as to convey to the Legislature the sense of the people, and already "moral force" is "set at work" to convince the people of their duty. The operations of the agents of the Grand Divisions of the Sons, will be, in our opinion, a most effective way, both for ascertaining and affecting public opinion. We must say also that we do not subscribe to the opinion, that the Legislature ought not to pass the anti-liquor law we ask for, unless they are satisfied that it would be acceptable to the people. There are many cases in which the law itself moulds and fashions public opinion. There are laws now on our statute book containing the very same principle as the Maine Law, for which not one single petition ever went before the House, and on which public sentiment could not be known. It is the right and duty of the Legislature to guard public and private property, to protect the lives of the community, and to preserve our liberties. They are authorized to prevent the existence of anything that stands opposed to the general wellbeing, even though by their Legislative interference individual rights were sacrificed. The adjustment of rights is in their hands, and there are occasions when the decisions of Parliament precede the formation and expression of public opinion.

The *Recorder* also thinks that the Legislature would do well, once in two years, to empower the township authorities to fix a day "on which a ballot should take place for or against the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks." We must think that this proposition is made without due consideration. Is the country for ever to be at the mercy of covetous men, who would be ever ready to pander to a vitiated taste, and who if *anywhere* permitted to engage in this wicked business, would everywhere within a certain circumference create an amount of evil with which we ought not to have to contend? Moreover, it does not seem proper—not according to the spirit of the age in which we live—that such a question should ever remain an open question, to be debated and argued through successive generations. Hitherto, temperance men have fought a good fight. They are still carrying on the glorious warfare, but it is not a battle for ever to be fought; the day of conquest and comparative rest is approaching. But the traffic must be put down. The forces of evil in the heart of man are sufficiently powerful without being fostered by a law which constantly presents the means of gratifying worldly lusts, and fortifying a diseased appetite. We cannot consent to ask a law less stringent or less efficient than the Maine Law, and we are prepared to go to Parliament without farther postponement, and say—Gentlemen, this bad business of liquor selling must "cease and determine. No longer can men be allowed to sell for a beverage that which science and experience declare to be a poison."

### Temperance Jottings.—No. 10.

There is something pleasing in the *idea* of UNION. It brings before our minds various combinations, associations, contracts and ties; it excites the most delightful emotions, and it suggests lessons of the most interesting character. In how many objects do we see the principle of union developed!

"The glorious universe around,  
The heavens with all their train,  
Sun, moon and stars are firmly bound,  
In one mysterious chain.  
The earth, the ocean and the sky,  
To form our world agree;  
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,  
Compose one family.  
God in creation thus displays  
His wisdom and his might,  
While all his works with all his ways,  
Harmoniously unite."

And how true the saying, "*Union is strength*"! That beautiful arch which decorates the heavens,—the rainbow,—shows her seven colors in striking union; and considered merely as a natural phenomena, it is the most magnificent display of the colors of nature that the Creator has exhibited. The particles of sand which surround the sea-shore may be separated one by one, yet in union they exert a power, by the decree of Heaven, that tends to stay the proud waves of the mighty deep. A single thread may be powerless, but a combination of them constitute a cable, and serves to steady a ship in the storm, and to keep her at anchor.

Union characterizes all societies, from the family circle to the largest community; and in every great and useful undertaking, the principle of union is called into exercise. Marriage, friends, ship, the domestic circle, neighborhood, institutions and societies, and the various divisions and engagements of a community, proceed necessarily and advantageously upon this principle.

A most beautiful picture might be painted in glowing colors on the theme of union in its general application, but this we shall not attempt. Our object in these *Jottings* is to view everything in its bearing on Temperance.

The writer was recently on a visit to Quebec, and in its suburbs, beautifully situated, on a lovely day, witnessed a *bridal scene* which he can never forget. It was a sacred, solemn, delightful season. Two fair ones were there united to two brothers, a beloved daughter and a dear young friend were given away to the objects of their choice, and the marriage union was consummated before many witnesses, with becoming cheerfulness and fondly-cherished hopes, without the presence or influence of alcoholic drinks. Pleasant drinks were there, with everything necessary for the occasion; but intoxicating liquors received no countenance. They were not needed—they could not have added to the interest of the event, nor ministered to the joy of any.—Without reflecting on those who on such occasions sanction the strictly moderate use of these stimulants, we cannot but express the hope that marriage unions may be consummated more frequently upon the abstinence principle, and that those thus united may unite to uphold that principle in the development of their new and responsible relations.

But apart from such occasions, how desirable is united exertion among all the friends of Temperance! The present times demand this! With whatever organizations we may be connected, and however we may differ from each other in our preferences, we should combine our strength as avowed teetotalers, to accomplish the great objects of our benevolent associations, and aim to attain yet greater results. In a very important sense, Temperance societies, in their various ramifications, are "the salt of the earth," and they should strive to use their influence for the greatest amount of good. In particular they should labor unanimously and energetically to affect the public mind with reference to appropriate Legislative enactment, similar to the Maine Liquor Law. Men, women and children should raise a loud voice on its behalf, and urge its consideration, its discussion, its adoption.—There is a strong feeling in its favor throughout the country, but it never can become law unless the professed friends of Temperance are more united and more energetic in their movements to render it increasingly popular, and to surmount the difficulties which the enemies of abstinence will continually present. We should be as the heart of one man on this topic. No nationalities, no mere local interests, no difference of creed, whether in religion or politics, should keep us apart. In this enterprise we should be one. Every call to action should be responded to.—

The signs of the times should be carefully studied, and onwards we should proceed to universal triumph.

Whitby, 2d July, 1852.

J. T. B.

### Temperance Envelopes.

It is right by all lawful means to strive to make an impression on the public mind, in accordance with what we believe to be right and for the public good. This being the case, we must say that we highly approve of the notion of our enterprising publisher, in the matter of the temperance envelope. Of the thing itself as a device, and of the execution of the same, we hardly know how to write, for fear of incurring the censure of the pseudo critics, who might suspect us of self-praise or some other unworthy motive. Be that as it may, we must say that as we neither devised nor executed the envelope, we take this opportunity of commending the scheme, and trust the thousands of our readers and other temperance advocates, who are desirous of discussing and arguing the Maine Law with friends at a distance, will avail themselves of an opportunity of enclosing their thoughts in an envelope which itself, through the eye, delivers two or three good temperance lectures. On one hand is intemperance and its baneful effects, on the other, temperance and its benefits, pictorially delineated, and tastefully executed. We believe it is the intention of the publisher to place these envelopes on sale in the principal towns and cities of Canada. We hope, indeed, that all British America will send for a supply, and if the law of New Brunswick has been disallowed by the home government, we hope ten thousand remonstrances will go back all enclosed to the Colonial Secretary in these Maine Law envelopes. For terms see another column.

### Streams from Temperance Springs.

It is rumored that the anti-liquor law of New Brunswick has been disallowed by Her Majesty's Government at home. If so, we deeply regret it, unless indeed there be some provision of the law which can be dispensed with, without any violation of the essential principle. It is said to have been disallowed on the ground of unconstitutionality. That is a very vague averment not easily proved. The *Temperance Watchman* of Maine has some good remarks on the subject of constitutionality which we here transfer to our columns, remarking only that the same principles of rights are recognized in England as in America, as will be seen by the quotation from Blackstone:—

If we may believe the best judges and lawyers in the land, the bill is constitutional and transcends in none of its provisions, the bill of rights, the Constitution of the United States, or the Constitution of the State. It is not necessary to repeat here, what has been frequently published, viz: the opinion and decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the license cases involving the constitutionality of the laws passed by the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New Hampshire. Their decision sustains our present liquor law, as evidently as it sustained the law of the above mentioned States to which it directly referred. Chief Justice Tancy says that "he sees nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent it, (the States) from regulating or restraining the traffic, or from prohibiting it altogether if it think proper." All of the other judges agree with him substantially in this opinion. It is too late therefore to talk of the unconstitutionality of the MAINE LIQUOR LAW; and if it be not unconstitutional, why talk of modification? The fact is, the rum-selling business is a nuisance, it is worse than a nuisance, it is an unmitigated rascality, a barbarous and inhuman traffic; and were a tenth part of the mischief done to community in any other way, the whole land would arise in rebellion and lynch the men who occasioned it, unless there were laws to prevent the mischief, and these were executed. Blackstone has defined what are nuisances, and what may be abated as follows:—

"A man's building his house so near to mine that his roof overhangs my roof; erecting a house or other building so near to mine that it obstructs my ancient lights and windows: keeping noisome animals so near to the house of another that the stench of them incommodes him, and makes the air unwholesome; a setting up and exercising an offensive trade—as a tanner's or a tallow chandler's; erecting a smelting house for lead so near to the land of another that the vapor and smoke kills his corn and grass and damages his cattle. And so to stop or divert water that used to run to another's meadow or mill, or to corrupt or poison a water course, by erecting a dye-house or lime pit for the use of trade, in the upper part of the stream, is a nuisance which society has a right to abate."—3. *Blackstone*, 217, 218.

Now where is the man who had not infinitely rather than any of the above named nuisances should be set up near his dwelling than to have a filthy debauching rum shop right at his door, to send forth its corrupting stench, its pestiferous moral influences, to destroy his and his neighbors' children. We say therefore, no compromise with the enemy, no parrying about modifications, keep the law as it is, put an end to the infamous rum business, and close up every drinking house and tippling shop in the land.

It will be seen that the above is designed as an argument against any change in the present law of Maine. We cite it as an argument why we in Canada should not ask for any thing less than the law of Maine.

From the same number of the contemporary above named, we cut the following—read it:—

A miserable victim of the rum jug living in a town a short distance from this, was induced by the cravings of an appetite which the heartless rum-seller had helped him to form, to take from his wife's ears, while she lay dead in the house, and that too, almost before her body was cold, a pair of gold ear-rings and exchanged them with a being in human form for rum. The dealer knew the circumstances, knew that his victim's wife was brought to a premature grave by the brutality and abuse of her husband, knew if he had the liquor he would be drunk at the funeral, as he was; still he took the rings, gave the man the rum, and called it a fair business transaction. Will moral suasion drive such scoundrels from the business? What think ye who oppose the liquor Law, of moral suasion for such a villain?

But is not drunkenness increased by moral suasion? Yes, the bar is opened, the tippling shop is entered, and as the law protects the sale the poor infatuated victims of carnal pleasure are deceived and betrayed. The moral suasion working so much evil to which we refer, is finely expressed, and a faithful warning given respecting it by the Cayuga Chief.

"What'll you take," is a question which is heard in every bar room, and often in the street, as it is used by men who are treading on the very verge of the crater of ruin. It is the stereotyped and oft repeated vernacular of the grog-shop. It slips easily from lips already perfumed with rum, appeals to the degraded appetites and habits of associate tipplers—It is the voice of temptation; and meets the foulhardy at every corner.

What'll you take, asks the old sot of one equally as besotted as himself, as they stand at the bar.—We know what they have been taking. They have been taking steps which can never be retraced. They have taken that which has wrecked all the hopes of their earlier manhood and now bears them to a dark and forbidding shore. They have taken the wrong course in life and now look back and find but little which they would wish to remember. In exchange for property and reputation, they have taken that which has robbed them of both. They have taken the part of a fool indeed, and as they dream fitfully in their sober moments, their thoughts rest upon no pleasant memories or look forward to a future hope.

What'll you take, asks a young tippler as in the vigor of youth, he and his young comrades stalk jauntily into the saloon and call for drink. That is a fearful question to put. A feeling of dread will creep over us as we hear it. The future floods in upon our vision, and we see two palsied, broken down and degraded old men, lingering like fallen spirits around the portals of the dens of death, looking dimly out upon a world which is all dreaminess to them. We see them shunned by all,—dreaded at home—dying uncared for.

Young friend! for God knows we are a friend to you—we would not take your steps by all that is sacred on earth and hoped for in Heaven. You are taking a step that will lead you blindly to ruin.—You are taking a viper to your bosom. A naked fang glitters in the bottom of the cup, and the flash of the bubbles on the brim, is the bright but deadly light of the serpent's eye. Your wild heartless ha! ha! is the echo of the maniac's laughter. You are grasping dead sea fruits and you will find them fearfully bitter. You seek pleasure in a course which is marked by physical, intellectual and moral ruin. The spectral shadows of manhood's wreck, fall around your footsteps. The chill gloom of the alms house and prison, gathers ahead of you. Your steps are guided by the gibbet and grave stone. You shout in your revelry while the stench of the dead breathes around you like a pestilence. The livid death light which is fed on the Upas vapors of dead men is the beacon you follow. You go to an un-honored grave, and no records of good deeds to fall there like mellow sunshine to speak pleasantly to the living. Take yourself away from the grog-shop—take a higher and more honorable course—and you can take and keep a position in the world which will make that world the better for your living in it.

Good advice that, "Take yourself away from the grog-shop." Well will it be for all when the grog-shop shall take itself away, and when, therefore there will be an end to that "What'll you take."

### Grand Division.

We have recently been favoured with copies of proceedings at the Quarterly Sessions of the G. D. of Western New York, G. D. of the State of Massachusetts, and the G. D. of New Brunswick; also the Semi-Annual Reports of the G. D. of the States of Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana, and of Canada West. It would occupy too much space to extract from all these documents, but, suffice it to say, that the impression made on our minds from their perusal, has tended to deepen our convictions of the vast power of this order; and, so far as we have been able to see, that power has been exercised in the right direction. We hope the direction of the affairs of this body will be continued in the hands, or rather, always committed to the hands of good and wise men, so that the good the order is capable of doing, may be fully brought out, and the sources which are at their command may be employed only for the legitimate work of the order. We cannot close without complimenting the officer in charge,—who, we suppose, is the G. S.—for the promptness with which the Divisions have been supplied with printed copies of the proceedings of the last meeting of the Canada West Grand Division. It speaks well for his qualification for the responsible office which he fills. We are glad to perceive that the cause, in general, is still onward, and though, from a few quarters, the order does not seem so vigorous as formerly, yet we hope that the seed already sown will yet spring up. We have already referred, at considerable length to the proceedings of the G. D. for Canada West, which renders a lengthened notice at present unnecessary.

### Petitions for the Maine Law.

Let the friends of temperance everywhere, by whatever name they may be known, exert themselves to the full, to obtain a free expression of the public mind on this all important subject. We want this law, but not unless a great majority of the people petition for it, and thereby uphold the government should the ministry yield to the force of truth, as well as sustain the officers of justice in the administration of the law. It is said that the Queen will "disallow" the bill, no matter if she should see fit to do so, which we would be inclined to question, it will at all events show our strength, and be a clear and undeniable expression of our wishes. We have thought it advisable to give in this number of the *Advocate* a form of petition, which is now in circulation by

the Sons of Temperance, and which we regard as well suited for the purpose; we should not omit to state that it was at first drawn up by the Guelph society, and has since met with universal approval:—

To the Honorable the Members of the Legislative Assembly in Parliament Assembled.

*The Petition of the Undersigned, Inhabitants of the Town—of—*

*Humbly Sheweth.*

That your Petitioners regard intemperance as a great moral, and social, evil, destructive of health, virtue and happiness, and producing only disease, lunacy and crime, entailing heavy burdens on society, and erecting a fatal barrier in the path of individual and national progress.

That your Petitioners regard Total Abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors as the only effectual means of prevention or cure of this great evil, but while rejoicing that many thousands of their fellow countrymen in this Province are persuaded of the truth of these statements and act on such persuasion, your petitioners regret that many from interested motives, consequent on their peculiar avocations, or from the blinded influence of vitiated appetites, are in this matter, still unmoved, and apparently unmovable by the remonstrances of moral suasion.

That your Petitioners deem it the duty of a wise and patriotic government in such circumstances to protect the community from the immense pecuniary sacrifices, the mental and physical maladies, the outrages on life and property, and the moral contamination consequent on the use of Alcoholic Beverages.

Your Petitioners, therefore pray your Honorable House to pass a Legislative Enactment, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal and mechanical purposes.

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

It will require to be signed in triplicate for the three branches of the government, and the heading of course will be changed accordingly. Should any of the friends in the country desire copies of the petition, we have a few on hand which they may have without charge.

Since the above was written, we have seen the following in the *Telegraph*, published in St. John's N. B., it is just what we had expected:—

THAT RUMOUR.

We notice a statement in one or two of the papers to the effect that the Bill for suppressing the sale of liquors, passed at the last session of the House, has been refused the Royal assent. An attentive friend at Head Quarters has sent us the following communication in relation to this rumor.

Fredericton, 26th June, 1852.

WORTHY BROTHER,

I presume you have seen it stated in the *Loyalist* that Her Majesty had disallowed the Liquor Bill passed last winter. I have it from the *best authority* that this is not the case; but on the contrary, this Bill will in due time be confirmed by Her Majesty's Government.

Yours, very truly,  
ASA COY.

**New Division.**

We are glad to learn that on the 11th of May, a Division of the Sons of Temperance was organized in Clarence, by Bro. D. G. W. P. Higgins of Vankloekhill. May they go on and prosper.

**Fourth Section.**

As was to be expected from the evident sincerity and unanimity which characterized the proceedings of the Grand Division of Canada West on the Maine Liquor Law, no time has been lost, for we find that the Sub-Committees are already at work. In the *Brookville Recorder* of the 24th ult., we find a list of appointments for the Fourth Division, of which W. H. Ellerbeck, A. B. Pardee

and E. Perry, Jr., are the Sub-Committee. We are sorry that it did not reach us in time for our number of the first, as these are out of date for the present number. We hope, however, that the brethren have made ample arrangements in the districts and towns they intend to visit, that we may have a full and fair expression of the opinion of the population on this most important measure. We hope they will not be discouraged by the report that the Queen has disallowed the New Brunswick bill. If it is true, which we are inclined to doubt, it should only spur us up the more to prove that the country really wants such a measure, and no doubt it will be granted.

Before leaving this subject we would suggest that such an arrangement might be made between the two Grand Divisions as to have the petitions from Canada West presented to the Legislature at the same time with those of Canada East on the same subject. No doubt the proper authorities will see to this.

**Shefford County.**

We are sorry to hear that the Municipal Council for the above county, have, at a *special meeting*, granted ten licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors. We feel grieved at this, not only because we had, in a previous number, given the Council credit for refusing all applicants for licenses of this kind, but because of the real injury this act of the Council will entail on the community. We have sadly misunderstood the meaning and intent, (we cannot say for the wording, for we were not favoured with a copy as it was passed.) of this law, if the Council can, at a special meeting, grant licenses, after having refused them at the regular meeting, when it was understood all applications should be made; but, no doubt the friends of the cause, in that quarter, will look well into this point. One thought presses itself upon us at the moment we write, where were the teetotal members of the Council? Were they not invited? Did they stay purposely away? For we would not for a moment suppose that the opinion of a certain Q. C., especially when they had the benefit of what the Quebec judges had done, would so alter the views of the Council.

**Notices respecting Contemporaries, &c.**

*The Weekly Advertiser*, of Prince Edward's Island, contains a prospectus of a new Temperance Journal, to be issued monthly. It is to be quarto, 8 pages, and of good paper, with new type; price 3s per annum. We wish our brother success in his undertaking.

*Frederick Douglass' Paper* contains a letter from Gerritt Smith about as long as a President's Message, all about Koseuth. It is a very able letter, but seems to be summed up in this sentence— "I sympathise neither with the most favorable nor with the most unfavorable opinions entertained of Koseuth."

*The Temperance Battery*—yes, Battery—a title used by Brother Snow in a military sense, we doubt not. A valuable auxiliary in the great battle, and so situated on the Mississippi as to do good service both in Missouri and Illinois. Go on brother—but you need no stimulating word of ours. Persevere as you have begun, and you will have the 10,000 subscribers you ask for.— Send yours in exchange please.

*The R. I. Temperance Advocate* is not quite sure about the present position of General Pierce, the Democratic Candidate for the Presidency, as to his teetotalism. It seems he was all right, but may have got wrong in bad company.

*The Guelph Advertiser* is not without respectability, and there-

fore we have noticed the editorials against the Maine Law. We have no room for direct reply. We consider Mr. Stevenson as having done justly to the subject, and the editor equitably in admitting the letters of his correspondent. Before the *Advertiser* again writes on the subject of our license laws, let him ask himself,—“*Did God so will it*”; or let him read again the poetry by Eliza Cook, in his issue of June 3rd.

*Semi-Weekly Tribune*, New York. By the regular receipt of this paper from New York, we are kept pretty well posted up on all matters relating to the progress of temperance and the Maine law. As to other things, if there be more vigilant editors and contributors to the public press, we know them not. If any of our Canadian readers want to keep well informed of the progress and termination of the Presidential campaign, they had better send for the *Campaign Tribune*, which they can have 22 weeks for 75 cents. Send 22 cents for postage, and then all will come right. The *Tribune* says Scott and Graham are to be elected; the *Evening Post* says the election will turn in favor of Pierce and King. Who lives will know.

*The Snow Drop*, R. W. Lay, Montreal. The June number of this interesting juvenile monthly is before us. Some difference of judgment existing between the Editors and Publisher, a separation has taken place. We regret this, as we do not think it wise to have two juvenile monthlies rivals to each other. Sometimes the public may get an additional penny's-worth, but there is friction somewhere, even when the thing is done in self-defence.—*The Snow Drop* has greatly extended its circulation in Mr. Lay's hands, and if he goes on with the proposed *Maple Leaf*, and works with energy throughout the country, he may establish it without materially interfering with the other.

*Of British Periodicals* we have received by mail: The Bristol Temperance Herald, The British Temperance Advocate, The National Temperance Chronicle, and the Scottish Temperance Review, all for the month of June. We have had laid on our table by E. Pickup, Fortification Lane, the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, the Christian Miscellany, and Early Days, all for June. By Mr. Dawson's agency we are in possession of Harper's Magazine for July; also, Blackwood's Magazine (reprint) for June; the Edinburgh Review for April, and the North British Review for May, also reprints. The Family Friend, twice a month, London, England, is on our table for May 1st and 15th. Having read the most of all this heap of literature since our last, besides our ordinary exchanges, we can only regret that so small a portion of it can reach our readers. They cannot all be subscribers to these periodicals, and our twice a month, for two and six pence, will not admit of our doing more than is at present done.

*The Christian Sentinel*. We have not seen it!!

### Demonstrations.

*Markham, C. W.*—Cumberland Division, No. 174, seem to have selected the 9th of June for their Anniversary. It was an unpropitious day, but the truth is “many waters cannot quench love” for our good cause. The Sons and Cadets met at Button's Corner, according to previous arrangement, and marched through Buttonville. There was a band of music—a good repast—a beautiful grove, and capital speaking. The Maine law was adopted—the National anthem was played by the Band—the Doxology sung by the people, and all went home delighted. Temperance and happiness are combined. So let it be! evermore.

*Weston, C. W.*—There must have been a most agreeable and prosperous gathering of the temperance hosts in this village and

from the neighborhood on Friday the 11th of June. There was Brother J. M. Ross quite at his ease in marshalling the forces—the ladies of Weston provided an entertainment of refreshments.—Bible, cushion and Chaplain's desk were presented by the ladies of Weston to the Maple Branch Section of Cadets—this was received with a beautiful address and appropriate reply, after which there was good speaking from various gentlemen, and harmonious departure homeward.

*Asphodel, C. W.*—Westwood Division, 306, held their anniversary on the 24th May. This division was organized on the 13th Feb. 1851, with 17 Chartered members. It now numbers 46 in good standing. Some old friends of temperance were there, as well as new ones.—A choir of Rice Lake Indians gave interest to the meeting, and among other speakers there were two Indians who gave a very impressive account of the evils of fire water drinking. The meeting all through was delightful, and ended agreeably.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

Demorestville, 25th June, 1852.

SIR,—As in the generality of towns and villages, previous to the establishment of our benevolent Order, the friends of the good cause here had ceased to agitate the question, it seemed as if to have sunk unheeded, aye, neglected by its ardent, tried advocates. Societies for the dissemination of Temperance principles became almost disorganized, and drunkenness, with all its concomitants, gave a degrading aspect to the surrounding community, infesting with noise, turbulence, and poverty, many a family circle, but happily for the salvation of some worthy members of our population (exclusive of their drinking propensities,) a charter for the establishment of a Subordinate Division was obtained, and duly organized on the 10th Dec. 1849, by Rev. Mr. Wilson, of the Episcopal Methodist Church. \* Notwithstanding much opposition, there were nightly accessions to its numerical force during many months, when, for a multiplicity of reasons (now buried in oblivion) an evident falling off and apathy were too apparent. Sufficient vitality, however, remained amongst a few kindred spirits to keep in existence the cause of all mankind, ere long to receive under a different aspect, in more glowing colors, and with all the energy of men heartily opposed to the drinking usages, and the foul vendors of the poor deluded Indian's “fire water.” Let me assure you, I feel elated at our present success, matters of a trivial nature heretofore rendering almost abortive our endeavors, have vanished, and now those oblivious recollections serve as an incentive to redoubled exertion, each seems to vie with the other in reclaiming their fellows, and thereby swelling the ranks of a fraternity, having for its object, that great and good purpose, the conversion of the miserable drunkard.

The division room is an excellent School for the cultivation of those qualities of mind which distinguish the true Son of temperance, and calling forth those sympathies of the heart, which cement, so to speak, the framework of Society: witness the joy that beams from every countenance on the announcement of an additional Candidate, and with what promptitude pecuniary benefits are ordered and paid to solace the sick brother in his hour of distress; and should that malady be protracted even to death, we with what anxious care and watchfulness each brother in rotation performs the office of nurse, administering medicines and drinks from night till morn, and when human aid proves unavailing, and the afflicted is compelled to throw off this “mortal coil,” sufficient funds are appropriated to defray his last expenses, and with all



due solemnity his remains are escorted to the grave by a sorrowing train of that brotherhood, whose kindness and sympathy he received when travelling along this transitory scene.

Yours, &c.,

JAMES ALLEN, M. D.

Lachute, 29th June, 1852.

The Temperance cause is advancing nobly here. Last August, a division of the Sons was organized, with 19 members. At first our progress was slow, we were beset with difficulties, from the sympathy and indifference of some, and the ridicule and misrepresentation of others, but our members were united as a man, to maintain their position. Their motto was onward, and they laboured with zeal and diligence to disseminate their principles, and to stem the torrent of intemperance, which was muddating its victims with misery and woe. Public temperance meetings were held monthly. Numbers, on these occasions, signed the pledge, most of whom have kept it to this day. Our number was increased from 19 to 90, embracing 4 clergymen, and some of the most influential persons in the settlement. The temperance cause is becoming popular. Public opinion is setting in in favour of the Maine Law.

A few weeks ago, a petition, numerously signed, was presented to our Municipal Council, praying that no certificates for license to sell ardent spirits be granted to any person residing in the parish of Lachute. The petition was favourably received, although, from a pressure of business, it was laid over till the next Quarter meeting. On the 24th inst., we held a great demonstration meeting. At 10 in the morning, the Victoria Division proceeded to the Beech Ridge, in order to meet our brethren from St. Andrew's, who had been invited to participate in the festivities of the day. The Sons of St. Andrew's came out nobly on the occasion, testifying to the world the unity of purpose, and harmony of the brotherhood. They were accompanied by their ladies, and, like all true sons of St. Andrew, were preceded by a band of Highland pipers. All marched through the village of Lachute, in procession, and then returned to Col. Barron's Grove, where a picnic had been provided. The procession was an imposing sight. Such an assemblage of bonded brothers, in full regalia, accompanied by their ladies, was never before witnessed in Lachute.

The procession being over, the Rev. Mr. Scott engaged in prayer, after which, about 600 persons sat down to the table, which was spread in a beautiful maple grove, and plentifully supplied with good things, both to eat and drink. Tea being over, Col. Barron took the chair, and opened the exercises of the meeting by a few appropriate remarks. The meeting was then briefly, but ably addressed by the Rev. Messrs Scott, King, and Hammond. Then came the speaker of the day, Mr. Seaver, who delivered a lengthy lecture, which was listened to with profound attention; his wit and sarcasm was truly withering, whilst his earnestness and depth of reasoning brought conviction to every heart.

During the intervals between the addresses, the audience was entertained by a select choral band, who executed their pieces most admirably.

After a cordial vote of thanks to the speakers, and three hearty cheers for the sons and daughters of St. Andrew's, the meeting broke up, evidently much pleased with the entertainment of the day, and with a decided impression in favour of the Maine Law.

A. B.

Caledon, C. W., June 30, 1852.

On Tuesday, 22d June, the Sons of Temperance, Centre Road Division, Caledon, held a Soiree. Upwards of 200 persons were present on the occasion. The Ladies made a present of a Bible to the Division, by way of testifying their approbation of the principles and aims of the Order. The presentation was made through Mr. Samuel Johnston, who accompanied it with the following address:—

Sir,—The Ladies of Caledon have witnessed, with approbation, your praiseworthy efforts to sustain the interests of the Temperance cause in our own community, and they have appointed me to appear before you, on the present occasion, in their names, and to present you this Bible as a mark of the pleasure these efforts have afforded them, and of their great desire that the blessings of Temperance may be universally diffused. This book bears on it the stamp and impression of Deity; it is emphatically and really "the Word of God," and, consequently, it is the most precious gift they could offer, or you receive. On their behalf I now present it to you, and, through you, to the Centre Road Division, No. 294, Sons of Temperance. O cherish the Bible with devout affection, take it as the man of your counsel, as a lamp to your feet, and a light to your path, to guide you in your work of benevolence and reform. Believe what it teaches, and do what it enjoins, and you will be not only Sons of Temperance, but Sons of God. This book will teach you how to discharge all the duties of this life, and prepare you for an inheritance in that better land, where all is love, purity, and fidelity.

The reply to the address was made by the Rev. Thomas Dickson, as follows:—

Ladies,—In accepting this beautiful and appropriate token of your approbation, permit me, in the name of the Division which I have the honour of representing on this occasion, to thank you sincerely. We respond, with much pleasure, to the sentiments which your address contains, and we regard, with particular interest, the very kind wish that this Holy Book may be instrumental in making us not only Sons of Temperance, but also the Sons of God. We deem ourselves happy, indeed, that you have thought us worthy of your sympathy and co-operation. Your approval cannot fail to encourage our hearts, and strengthen our hands in the great work of humanity in which we are engaged. Ladies, permit me to say, in closing, that this valuable present evinces not only your kindness, but also your wisdom. You have not only given us a public expression of your regard for our Order, but the manner in which you have done so, is peculiarly and happily appropriate. Be assured that this Holy Book will be consulted at all times, in the place of our meeting, and that it shall be alike the pleasure, as it is the most solemn duty of the members of this Division to turn to the pages of this blessed book, and seek instruction there. In behalf of Centre Road Division, No. 294, I again thank you sincerely for your approving smiles, and your precious gift, and may the Great Author of this sacred book, this highly valued present, bring sinners to Himself, enrich them with his grace, and exalt us all, in due time, beyond the reach of intemperance, and every other evil.

A procession was then formed, and accompanied by the Boulton brass band, the Olive Branch, and Onward Divisions, they extended a considerable distance along the road. After tea, Dennis Lynch, Esq. of Brompton, was called to the chair, and the meeting was addressed, on the subject of Temperance, in an interesting and appropriate manner, by the Rev. R. J. Williams, Congregationalist, the Rev. A. L. Thunton, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Rev. R. Panous, of the Primitive Methodist Church. The proceedings were enlivened by the performances of the instrumental band of music. A choir of excellent singers was also in attendance, and by their cold water melodies, they added much to the interest of the meeting.

WARSAW, 1st July, 1852.

Sir,—In behalf of Warsaw Division No. 201, S. of T., I take my pen, in order to give you a view of the present and future prospects of Temperance hereabouts. The old Temperance Society hav-

ing got into so sound a sleep that she could not be awakened, made an opening for the organization of this Division, which took place on the 21st February, 1851, with 23 Charter Members, and has increased to upwards of 50, and I am happy to state is still progressing. About a month ago we had the pleasure of assisting Bro. T. G. Chost, D.G.W.P., to organize a Section of Cadets of Temperance here, which is increasing rapidly, having 20 Charter Members, who take a great interest in their enterprise. With regard to the ladies, I have much pleasure in stating that they have on different occasions manifested a deep interest in the cause,—the cause of all mankind; they have also organized themselves into a union of "Daughters," thereby working in union with the "Sons," "Cadets," and friends of the cause, and doing all they can for the "good of mankind." Take the following as an example of their efforts:—A few evenings ago our Division Room was visited by a deputation of Ladies and Cadets, for the purpose of presenting us with a copy of the Holy Bible, and a stand handsomely covered with velvet, which, in being presented, was accompanied with the following address:—

"WORTHY PATRIARCH,—We, the ladies of Warsaw and vicinity, who are, with yourselves, deeply interested in promoting the cause of Temperance, moral and intellectual improvement, and the cultivation of friendly and benevolent feeling in the community to which we belong, take this opportunity to present to your worthy body a copy of the Holy Bible and a Stand, as a tribute of respect to the Warsaw Division Sons of Temperance, for their praiseworthy efforts and untiring zeal in suppressing the odious vice of intemperance, and promoting sobriety and good order.—That a careful perusal of its pages will assist you in your onward progress, and ultimately guide you to that haven of eternal rest, is the sincere prayer of the donors."

After which Bro. Wm. Hanley, P.W.P., in the name of the Division, replied as follows:—

"LADIES,—In behalf of Warsaw Division S. of T., I beg to return you our sincere thanks for this precious book, and to assure you that we regard it as the pillar and groundwork of truth.—And as we firmly believe the order of the S. of T. to be based upon its immutable principles, we do most cordially hope that our deliberations and movements may be guided by its precepts. To know that you approve of our order, and wish us prosperity, not only affords us great pleasure, but will stimulate us to increased exertion for the removal of the drinking usages and habits which have too long been the curse of society. The fearful effects of strong drinks we regard as a sufficient reason why you should feel a deep interest in our success, for it is "not the Son of Temperance whose wife drinks at his advance," nor are they his children "who fear and shun him." We feel confident that with your co-operation, influence and prayers, and with the blessings of the great God above, we shall be able to effect much towards the suppression of the monster evil intemperance, the restoration of men to sobriety and virtue, and the furtherance of those principles of benevolence "which we are united to perpetuate." In conclusion allow me again to thank you for the kind sentiments and wishes contained in your address, and especially for the beautiful and precious gift which you have presented, and may we all be guided by its light to that land where temptations never assail and where sorrow is never known."

EDWARD KENEDY, W.P.

### Hornby Soiree,—The Maine Law, &c.

A very interesting Soiree came off here on the 25th ultimo. A grand procession was formed at the Division Room, numbering about 200—Brother P. W. Dayfoot acting as Marshal. We proceeded to the Fallon Beech Grove, where refreshments being in readiness, Brother Joshua Van Allen, D. G. W. P., from Georgetown, took the chair, and presided over the meeting with his usual ability. After tea being served, the assembly (numbering about 350) was addressed by Brothers Donaldson, Denny, Dunbar, and Jefferies; also, by the Rev. Schuyler Stewart. The

Hornby and Georgetown brass bands were in attendance, and added much to the interest of the meeting.

The Maine Liquor Law appeared to be the topic of the evening. Each speaker in succession urged upon the minds of the audience the necessity of a prohibitory law. The cause has done much in this place, but there is enough for the Maine Liquor Law to accomplish yet.

It is a pleasing thing, Mr. Editor, to see those who, only a few months ago, were enemies to the Temperance cause, now zealous in promoting its advancement. But this wonderful revolution does not appear to have suited the feelings of an old innkeeper not 15 miles distant from our Division room, who, at every little move of the Sons, appears almost frantic, and exclaims, "My best customers are gone," and is almost ready to cry out, "What shall I do with my rum," and, upon his sign board is stretched a huge lion, with jaws extended wide, as it ready to tear the poor drunkard to atoms. O what a beautiful representation is this, (I have sometimes thought), of the traffic that is going on inside, also, of the trafficker.

In this neighborhood we had an extensive brewery, which has, for the last five or six years, been carried on with considerable benefit to the proprietor, but, alas, for him also, for the past six months it has been a losing business, owing to the rapid growth of the Sons in this Township, we would suppose, but, unlike the above gentleman to whom we have referred, he takes it more considerate, and rather deals with it as a misfortune. Now, in conclusion, we would say to both of these gentlemen, by way of consolation, join with us, and exert that influence (which you have hitherto exerted, in not only destroying the bodies of your fellow-citizens, but also their immortal souls) in raising fallen man from a state of degradation and misery, to a state of sobriety and happiness. How can you resist, with that awful denunciation before your eyes, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to his mouth, and maketh him drunken."

Hornby, July 5, 1852.

A. BOOMER.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are compelled for want of room to omit in this number a communication signed "Moral Suggestion," which will appear in our next.

For the same reason we are obliged to leave out the market notice and advertisements.

### MAINE LAW ENVELOPES.

THE Subscriber has just published a beautifully executed Vignette, illustrating the evil effects of the Liquor Traffic, and the beneficial effects of the operation of the Maine Liquor Law, on ENVELOPES of good size and quality.

Price 20s. per 1000, or 2s. 6d. per 100.

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J. C. BECKET,  
22, Great St. James Street.

Montreal, July, 1852.

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