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# CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

DEVOTED TO

Total Abstinence, Legal Prohibition, and Social Progress.

Vol. XX.]

MONTREAL, MARCH 1, 1854.

[No. 5.

## Philadelphieion.

A stranger to this metropolis, in passing up the busy thoroughfare that connects Charing Cross with Temple Bar, is certain to be interested in the long and bending line of handsome shops on either side, belonging to houses that always seem to us—let not our friends fresh from the country smile—to have a touch of the picturesque about them.

But perhaps our stranger is most arrested with the sight and din of that ceaseless traffic, which continues rattling on the roadway, and pattering on the pavement, until, or even after, the friendly bell of St. Clement Danès has sonorously tolled the midnight hour. At length the pedestrian visitor, wearied with the uniformity of such scenes and sounds, experiences a relief when he arrives opposite a building differing conspicuously from its neighbours—with an oblong entrance, narrow and tall, flanked by fluted pillars surmounted by the Corinthian acanthus; the whole colored, or discolored rather, so as to resemble the complexion of some dusky Ethiop. What can this place be?—a bazaar? a warehouse? a bank? a museum? a gallery of paintings? Not one of these. Let him look up and spell out, if he can, the letters of that word inscribed upon its front, and serving as its indicative premenon. The characters are those of a foreign tongue—but they denote a building such as no city of ancient Greece possessed. In English characters they are Philadelphieion! a name which marks the edifice as consecrated to that holy sentiment of Brotherly Love which ought to pervade the hearts of all whom "God has made of one blood to dwell on all the face of the earth."

In what corner of the civilized world does not the name of Exeter Hall pass current as of sterling interest among the wise, benevolent, and good? How pleasing to contemplate the difference of use to which in the lapse of time its site has been devoted. Formerly, under the name of Exeter Change, a house of merchandise and a menagerie of wild and cruel beasts flourished on the spot, where now a place of concourse is erected for christian men, where the "wonderful works of God," through human instrumentality are recorded, and made the incentive to augmented diligence and zeal. A celebrated living orator, essayist, poet, and historian, was once tempted to speak in contemptuous terms of "the Bray of Exeter Hall," but Mr. Macaulay has probably repented of this indiscretion of speech. Doubtless all is not pure gold and refined silver that goes into, or flows out of, Exeter Hall; but what place in England or the world is so distinguished for the innumerable purposes of pure philanthropy and piety to which it is set apart? Exeter Hall has not yet disgraced the password of Fraternal Love which spans its lofty portal.

And with the utmost propriety the Temperance Society can assemble, as it has repeatedly, and once more lately done, under such a motto, and claim it as its own. If any one is disposed to doubt, we appeal to the origin of our movement. Did it not arise among men who loved their fellows and felt for them a brother's tenderness—renouncing for their sakes the use of ardent spirits; and when that remedy was found ineffective, the use of all that could intoxicate? We appeal to the history of our movement. Whatever the acerbity which has characterized some of its advocates, no faithful observer can deny that it has increased the aggregate of brotherly kindness, both by rescuing thousands from that degradation in which the warmest affections of the soul grow cold and dead, and by the exercise it has afforded to the sober and reclaimed, of manifesting the power of fraternal love in a thousand varied and delightful modes. We appeal to its principle, that it is right to abstain: and why right? Not only because strong drinks injure us, but also because they injure our brethren. The bulk of abstainers we believe would say—"If they did not injure us—if we were insured against any harm or hazard—we would not touch them, because they are baneful to those who "are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," and soul of our soul; and because their influence upon others is deleterious in those respects where the evil surpasses calculation."

In what way can the Temperance reform transgress the law of brotherly affection? Not in the case of the moderate drinker, when it wishes him to prefer, instead of an artificial and sensual gratification, those pleasures which flow from abstinence, for the sake of the victims—innocent and guilty—of intemperance. Not in the case of the drunkard, with whom it reasons and pleads, that it may win him from his path of shame and sorrow, and reinvest him with the dignities of manhood and joys of home. Not in the case of the drink-manufacturer and seller, when it exhorts him to wash his hands clean of a traffic which is dyed all colours, of white and black and red, with grief, crime, and murder. The Temperance Society is the trafficker's best friend, for it urges him to relinquish a business which is not, and never can be, conducted—however scrupulous and respectable the persons engaged in it may be—without the certainty of doing evil, and that continually. Brotherly Love is the rock on which our reformation rests—the temple in which it is enshrined—the light by which it is illumined—the incense which burns upon its altar.

What then is the duty of Christendom towards our cause? We are bold to say, not to repulse or frown upon, but to foster and promote it. Its position towards religion is not that of enemy or rival, but of friend and herald; it is the very agency of christianity for doing in

the best manner, with regard to intemperance, that which it is her high appointment and prerogative to do for every form of human misery and sin. Faster than ever would the golden wheels of the gospel chariot revolve—swifter than before would it speed around the world—if avowed christians everywhere appreciated their catholic sphere of religious obligation and operation. True religion sympathizes with, and assists, every movement which develops and diffuses brotherly love—which relieves the wants and improves the condition of humanity. The Great Brother and Friend of man has set his disciples an example immaculate and complete. How sublime his conception of religion!—but not more sublime than his exemplification of it; for he “went about doing good”—“*healing all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people.*”—*Temperance Chronicle.*

### Pauperism—Its Cause and Cure.

BY WILLIAM TWEEDIE.

The great question of the present day is, How are we to deal with our pauper population?

This question involves not only the welfare of that unhappy class themselves, but it involves the prosperity of the State and the happiness of the community at large.

This question has enlisted the attention of the politicians, and the sympathies of benevolent men, in every age and in every country. In rude times the poor were provided for—and civilization has at least shown a disposition to mitigate their wretchedness. But at the present time the question presses itself more importantly than it ever did before. Agencies have been at work, and are now at work, which rivet the attention of all thinking men. The appalling consideration, that one in every ten of the population is reduced to the wretched state of a pauper, forces reflection, and calls for instant action; nay more, we must not only act, but we must be careful how we do act. When we look at the complex and gigantic machinery at present at work to mitigate this evil, we are startled by the little good their action has achieved. We are taxed by the Government for the support of a poor-law; and we voluntarily tax ourselves an equal sum to mitigate sufferings for which that law cannot provide. Yet in spite of poor-laws, and private benevolent enterprises, this unhappy portion of our race still hangs round our neck like a millstone, and must continue to do so, until we are prepared to deal with causes instead of with results. If one-half of the machinery employed to do for the people was employed to make the people do for themselves, we should save ourselves a deal of trouble, and the world be a thousand times better in consequence.

By facts and figures we could show that strong drink is a fruitful source of pauperism, and not only could it be shown to be a fruitful cause, but it could be demonstrated to be the cause of causes. At present we shall merely show how strong drink frustrates the higher feelings and promptings of our nature, in reference to poverty. Among the important aspects of the temperance question there is not one of greater importance than this, that the use of strong drink in society banishes from our nature true charity, and steals the heart against all sympathy for our fallen brethren. There are very few, indeed, who at some period of their lives have not had experience of this withering fact. We

meet a poor person on the street, we hear his piteous tale, and our first impulse is to relieve his wants, but we bethink a little bit, and we suspect him, we think him an impostor, and with buttoned pocket and hard heart feel glad that we were saved from imposition. Is this as it should be?

We meet another, our heart melts, our conscience tells us we formerly did wrong, the man might be deserving, so we spare a mite, and feeling happy we go on our way. We look back, we miss him, and wonder where he is gone; we return, and a short distance from where we relieved him we find him in a gin shop spending the charity we gave. Our hearts are steeled, and our pockets are buttoned more closely, and we feel determined that we shall believe no tale of distress for the future; many of us have been cheated in this manner at one time or another. And what is the result: the fountains of charity are dried up, and the poor are left with only two alternatives—starvation or the workhouse. Every drunken beggar, whether he be a real cadger on the street or on the road; or whether he pretends to be a tradesman out of work, or in ill-health; is robbing the deserving. He is a robber, he is as much a thief, as the burglar or the highwayman. The real sufferer knowing the amount of imposition which obtains—knowing that he will be suspected of fraud and cunning, hides himself and his misfortunes from the public eye—and in a short time he dies from starvation, a victim to the drinking system, although he might himself be a sober man. There are many a hungry brother and sister at this very moment in our cities, our towns, and even in our villages, who, by feelings the most honourable, are kept from seeking relief because they fear they will be suspected. While the good starve the bad thrive, for their thorough impudence gains a hearing when shrinking modesty cannot. What is the effect of all this? It is self evident. 1st. We lose the happiness of being the ministers of God's bounty to the needy and the distressed. We have to delegate this happiness to others, though this would be of little importance could it be delegated, but it cannot. Charity is of too subtle a nature to be retained by any one at a yearly stipend; charity shrinks from public gaze; and although you may Christianize your large establishments as charitable institutions, depend upon it it is a misnomer. Public charity is a solecism in our language. Charity cannot be made a public thing; it consists in doing good by stealth, and blushes to find fame; it is acting towards our fellows in such a manner that the right hand knows not what the left provides. It blesses both the giver and the receiver. Are any of these definitions of charity applicable to public charities? Can the charity which Christ taught be administered in a workhouse? Does the rates you grudgingly pay for the support of these establishments bless you or the recipient of the bounty? No. No man in his senses thinks it does. But while strong drink reigns in society, State pauperism must be his giant son. Banish strong drink, and the warm sympathies of man will so expand, and so germinate, and private benevolence will so act upon the ills and calamities of life, that workhouses will be closed, and the poor will be provided for by the spontaneous generosity of a sober people.

2nd. If the poor laws relieve a case of distress, they do so at the price of the individual's self-respect; but private benevolence awakens a new tie in the breast of every recipient of its charity. It awakens new hopes,

and the knowledge of the worth of the true friend acts as a stimulus to more decided exertion. Help a man over a difficulty secretly and quietly, and he, clad in his self-respect, will overcome obstacles which seemed insurmountable; but help him even to a greater degree publicly, and you will find him resting upon his oars, able to do little for himself, and that little with no heart and no spirit. Banish strong drink, and what son would see his parents come to want. Banish strong drink, and what parent would allow his children to be without the means of earning a living. Banish strong drink, and the god-like nature of man will be brought out, he will then look upon his fellow-men as a brother; and in faith in God's providence will share his crust with any brother in distress. If you think this desirable—if you would see humanity raised—if you would delight in your own happiness, and be glad to be the instrument of happiness to others, then I beseech you to take the pledge of abstinence, and these things will be accomplished.

### Alcohol and its Effect upon the Human System.

BY PROF. E. L. YOUMANS.

At an early hour, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, Dr. Tyng's Chapel was filled with a highly intelligent and appreciative audience. Dr. Tyng introduced the lecturer to the audience, who received him with much enthusiasm. The lecturer spoke for an hour and a half in an impressive, convincing and eloquent manner; his illustrations and experiments being highly appreciated by the audience, who listened with earnest and untiring attention.

Mr. Youmans began his introductory, by saying that in undertaking to consider a profound scientific question within the limit of a single lecture, I encounter difficulties at the threshold with which lecturers generally are unacquainted. Those who speak to a popular audience upon critical, literary, ethical, political or historical topics, usually find their hearers educated up to a ready understanding of the elements of their subject and the terms employed to represent them—this is presupposed. But it is not so in a scientific discussion; we are here compelled to presuppose the very opposite—that the listeners are quite unacquainted with elementary facts and principles, and the terms employed to represent them. We everywhere meet with persons of high literary attainments and large intelligence, who nevertheless are deplorably deficient in scientific culture. Were I to speak to you of President Pierce's administration of the laws of this Government, I should be understood and anticipated in everything; but in treating of God's administration of the laws of the human constitution, I must begin with the most primal conceptions. I speak of this only as a serious difficulty in attempting to dispatch an important scientific subject in a narrow compass of time. The sources and nature of alcohol are well understood by all scientific men; with them there are no two opinions about it. But many people are not quite clear upon the subject; for the benefit of such I have prepared a chart, upon which the chemistry of the question is made visible. The lecturer here directed attention to a large and beautiful chart, (the same which accompanies his work,) which exhibits the sources and chemical compositions of alimentary chemical atoms. He showed how mainly from the three substances, carbonic acid, water, and ammonia plants produce all

the principles of food. They organise or build together dead mineral matter into compounds capable of nourishing the animal body, viz: sugar, starch, gum, oil, gluten, &c. Within the animal system those foods are decomposed and destroyed, and restored to the simple or inorganic state. In returning to this condition they give out heat and force, which becomes animal heat and animal power. In a scientific view, foods are only those substances which are capable of becoming parts of the animal body, and then of relapsing into the inorganic state, *without doing injury to the fabric*. All organised or living substances have this tendency to perish or return to simple conditions, and a great number of chemical productions are formed as the successive steps of this backward change. Among these is alcohol. It is not a product of vegetable growth, as are all foods, but a result of the destructive forces of putriferative decomposition, and differs totally in origin, chemical properties, and properties from the aliments which man employs as food. This is the peculiar and active principle of all intoxicating liquors. We now inquire what is its behavior in the human system. When alcoholic liquors are taken into the stomach they do not remain there to be digested like alimentary matter, but are at once taken up by the veins and pass forward to the general circulation. If they remained in the stomach they would stop all digestion, thereby destroying the gastric juice, precipitating its pepsin. Say Todd and Bowman, perhaps the first living authors upon physiological subjects, "The use of alcoholic stimulants also retard digestion by coagulating the pepsin and thereby interfering with its action." Were it not that wine and spirits are rapidly absorbed the introduction of these into the stomach *in any quantity* would be a complete bar to the digestion of the food, as the pepsin would be precipitated from solution as quickly as it was secreted by the stomach. Having entered the circulation the alcohol is distributed throughout the system, or it enters those parts which have the strongest attraction for it. What now are its effects on the animal tissues? The human body is a theatre of the constant change of atoms and particles, and to carry forward these changes and transportations of atoms, water is the great medium—from four-fifths to nine-tenths of all parts, muscles, nerve, eye, and brain. It is just as vital and living an element of the tissues as the solid substances with which it is associated. Leibig made the following experiment:—He took a piece of fresh animal membrane weighing 141 grains, and consisting of 34 grains of dry matter and 107 grains of water, and placed it in about 2½ cubic inches of alcohol; after a time he withdrew it, and found that it had absorbed 51 grains of alcohol *and lost 99 of water*. The alcohol, therefore, drove the water before it displacing thrice its value. This disturbance of the natural composition of a tissue we call disorganization, and it occurs wherever alcohol enters a living part. This action of alcohol—"depletion of the organs," as it is termed—is recognised by Pereira in accounting for its medicinal effects. The next great constituent of the body is albumen, which exists in the blood and all the fluids of the system; white of egg is a sample of it. It is the material from which all tissue structures are derived. With only the addition of warmth, the chicken is produced from it. Throughout the body albumen is constantly changing into fibrin and fibrin into flesh.

It is the foundation material of the living fabric, and the elaboration of tissue from it is one of the grand processes of nutrition. Now albumin is susceptible of a change called coagulation, by which it is solidified. This change in the body is unhealthful, and if carried too far produces death. Heat affects this attraction, and so do certain chemical substances. I have here some samples of albumin; I add to them corrosive sublimate, aquafortis, and oil of vitriol, and you see the effect—the albumin is solidified. These are poisons. I now add alcohol; you see it produces the same effect. We judge of chemical substances as we do of men by the company they keep. We see here by what it does that it asserts brotherhood with the swiftest and deadliest poisons; its claims are just and shall be allowed. Now as commonly taken alcohol does not destroy life, but just in proportion to its extent it exerts this pernicious effect which the powers of a system may for a long time resist, but which finally induces various forms of disease. The effect of drinking, in perverting the nutritious operations, and in depressing the plastic and healing powers of the body, is well known to physicians and discharges them from severe surgical operations in such cases. I should be glad to consider the relations of alcohol to the combusive or respiratory processes of the body; a fruitful and most important topic, but time forbids, and I proceed to other considerations. The power which the living system possesses of analyzing food and appropriating its various elements when they are required, is very remarkable. However various are our foods, they become dissolved and mingled in one uniform mass—the blood—and from this current each part of the body extracts what it needs for growth; at certain points, compounds of lime are withdrawn for the bones, and elsewhere phosphorized oils for the nerves, sulphur for the muscles, &c. Each part exerts a local attraction for the especial constituents that it requires. Now medicines, as every physician knows, and poisons also, follow the same rule. Different medicinal and poisonous substances, when taken into the circulation, are drawn out at different points. Dr. Christisan, the highest authority on the subject of poisons, says that the supposition that poisons act generally on the system is a mistake, they act locally; strychnine, for example, attacks the spinal cord while oil of tobacco paralyzes the heart. Now there is a prevalent idea that alcohol when introduced into the system mingles with the mass of the blood, and by it distributed to all parts, and thus takes equal effect on the general system. It is supposed that the liquor is thus greatly weakened, and hence cannot act very powerfully anywhere. This is a profound mistake. Alcohol obeys the same great laws which control nutrition and the action of medicinal and poisonous substances. It is localised in the system—it is attracted or drawn out of the circulating current by the affinity or special attraction of certain parts; when, therefore, a small quantity of alcohol is taken in drinking a glass of wine, we are not to suppose that it is lost by diffusion and dilution with the fluids of the body, but that it lodges somewhere—that it is withdrawn in some one spot which thus may become much and seriously affected, although the dose were apparently trifling. The question now arises, what, under the action of this great physiological law, is the destiny of alcohol? What part of the fabric does it seek and fasten upon to

establish those disorganising changes which I have shown it produces on the tissues? This is a question of the highest import. You need hardly be reminded that the various parts of the body are of very unequal importance, performing functions whose values are remarkably different. A man without hands or feet or eyes, may be still a man, numerous parts internal, and external, may be diseased or destroyed, and yet manhood in all its august essentials still remains. But if, in the same manner, you disturb or disorder another portion of the material fabric—the brain—how immensely different the effects. The glory of manhood is extinguished. You have stormed and levelled the soul's citadel, you have changed a god-like being, around whom clustered all considerations of grandeur, and whose mind mirrored the order and harmony of the universe, and symbolized the Creator in power, into a senseless and pitiable maniac. Touch the material brain and you change a being who honors the sweet and sacred relations of domestic life, meets gladly his multifarious obligations to society, and recognizes solemnly his responsibilities to the Creator, into a blind and irresponsible agent of evil, shot with aimless and headlong violence athwart the peace of society. Within the undisturbed brain there occurs the sublimest phenomena of the created universe—the disorganised brain the most sad and deplorable. Truly may it be said, then, that this organ is the most sacred material thing that God has made—laboratory of wonders—the masterpiece of the Almighty. It is this organ to which alcohol's first and chiefly attracted, and which is the grand theatre of its ragings. It is withdrawn from the circulating current, and seizes upon the cerebral matter by reason of its special affinity for it. This is proved by its effects. If the chief object of alcoholic assault were some inferior organ of the body—the stomach or liver, or even the heart—the question would be comparatively unimportant. But it attacks and disorganises the brain, and thus dislocates and dislodges the responsible soul, and suspends all the relations of manhood. Here is the warrant for society to interfere. The use of alcoholic beverages breaks down the mental and moral nature of man, producing insanity in all its stages, from its first gentle jar of intellectual and passionate accord to the ravings, ungovernable madness, or the death stupor of complete coma.

It would be interesting, had we time, to trace the unequal action of alcohol upon various parts of the brain—its progressive invasion of the several cerebral functions. We should find that, by first embarrassing and breaking down the higher governing faculties, and thereby stimulating the baser propensities, the effect of alcohol is to augment the tendencies to vice and crime. This is precisely what experience teaches, for it is the concurrent testimony of all who have had the largest chances of observation, that the use of alcoholic beverages multiplies crime in society from a four-fold to a ten-fold proportion.

An interesting question arises here as to where the real responsibility of the crime rests, but I cannot consider it now. Those who are interested to pursue the inquiry may do so by consulting a little work which I have lately offered to the public on the subject.

At the close of this lecture, a meeting was organized by calling Mr. Wm. E. Dodge to the chair, and the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

*Resolved*, That this meeting have listened with great satisfaction and delight to the lecture of Professor Youmans, in which the nature and effects of Alcohol as a poison to the human system, have been clearly proved; and that in the light of the important scientific views, we are renewedly and deeply impressed with the folly and wickedness of all use of alcoholic liquors as beverages, and that the able lecturer has shown the necessity of prohibitory legislation of the sale of alcoholic liquors to be a plain consequence of rigorous scientific demonstration.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this meeting be given to Prof. Youmans for his lecture, and that he be requested at as early a day as convenient to give a full course of lectures in some more spacious place, and that he be commended to the encouragement and attention of all the friends of temperance throughout the city.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

### The Bands of Hope.

In the present day no movement presents such claims upon the Christian, the patriot, and the philanthropist, as that movement which seeks to guard the coming generation from snares and temptations of the drinking system. Those who are engaged in organizing Juvenile Temperance Societies and Bands of Hope in the country are the true reformers of the age. It is the duty of all to assist them in their noble work. The drinking customs are too deeply interwoven with the prejudices and habits of the present age, for us to hope that we shall see the world free from strong drink; but when we know that in Scotland there are 27,000 children pledged in the cause, in England at least 30,000, have we not great cause for hope that the coming generation will see the dawn of a Temperance era. It is said that a little leaven leaveneth the whole; so will that little band leaven British society. In the course of ten years these children will be men and women; they will be the arbiters of fashion; they will take high places in our Mechanics' Institutions, in our Athenæums, in our Churches; and some of them may take the proud position of senators in the British parliament. Now, we may well ask what system can long withstand the will and practices of such a powerful arbitration? The drinking system is but the creature of fashion; therefore we may safely predict that the Bands of Hope every where springing up around us are the instruments whereby it shall be blotted out from the face of this fair world.

Parents, it is your duty to carry forward this movement. Would you have your children to shun those paths which lead to ruin, misery, and moral death? would you have them grow up loved and respected by all among whom they dwell, a credit to you and all around them? Then teach them to renounce intoxicating drink. Warn them from it, build them up in holy resolves to abstain from it. Let them never see it in their homes; divorce friendship, sociality, and good feeling, from the reason-dethroning cup. If you will have the drink, go into the darkest corner of your house, and there in secret have it, but upon no account let your children know its taste, its colour, or its smell. If you will but do this, we shall be better able to dispense with your own abstinence; give us only your children, and we may yet do great things.

Let error raise her hydra-head, in spite of all that we do; let ignorance laugh at all our endeavours; let the traffic in intoxicating drink extend, and ramify itself throughout the land; let crime, misery, and woe, entrench themselves ever so deeply; let Christians sneer at our one idea; let learning scout us as fanatics;—these, and all these, we can bear, if you will grant us your children. Give us your children, as abstainers

from the drunkard's drink, and we will defy sneers and scoffs, lukewarm Christianity, and time-serving policy. Give us your children, and we shall—in spite of all the powers of darkness, and of evil, make the coming generation sober. Give us your children, and we shall make Teetotalism triumphant, and render this fair earth an abode worthy of men born with longings and desirings after beauty, holiness, and love—men stamped with God's image and heirs of immortality.

### "Wines and Liquors."

"Of all kinds, warranted of the best brands, and as good as can be purchased elsewhere."

The above, we clip from one of our city daily prints, and is a part of an advertisement of a grocer who has recently changed his place of business, and who in "addition to a general assortment of groceries and provisions, will keep on hand a choice selection" of wet groceries as above.

There are, we believe, but two or three grocery establishments in this city, the proprietors of which advertise their liquors. Once, liquors were advertised as freely as any other articles kept on sale, but public sentiment has driven, if not liquors from stores, it has very generally from the advertising columns of newspapers. And the few, therefore, who now make themselves exceptions to a general rule, evidence a reckless disregard of what the community may think of them. If we do not much mistake there is more than one old established firm in this city engaged in the liquor traffic, that were they to commence business anew, would hardly make the beverage sale of liquors a branch of their business. If nothing else would deter them, their shrewdness would not fail to discern in the signs of the times, the strong chance that this branch of their business would prove too ephemeral to risk in it either capital or character.

If our supposition be true then, what strange blindness must surround that man, who, disregarding previous professions, steps boldly out to confront a well known public sentiment, and with an almost certainty of a speedy relinquishment of his business, compelled by that sentiment which he sets at defiance, embodied into irresistible laws. It needs not a prophetic eye to see that those who now spread their sail in the liquor traffic, expecting to make safe harbor despite the strong head winds and tides blowing and surging against them, will either have to change their course or swamp in the breakers.

Allow us Messrs. liquor dealers, whether old or young in the business, to point you to another column of this paper, and there see yourselves depicted in the results of that traffic which you follow solely for gain. See the work of your hands, in the burden imposed upon your fellow citizens in the shape of taxes;—the poor wretches incarcerated in Watch House and Prison walls—the crime, infamy and degradation—the sorrowing mothers, the abused wife and suffering children—the destruction of those moral and physical faculties which bear Deity's imprint.

Say not, "we compel no one to drink;" true, you do not by physical strength hold them and force the burning, scathing beverage down their parched throats, but you, or some one in the same business did first furnish that which formed the appetite, and have since fed and fostered it; and now the demon destroyer has them

bound hand foot, appetite knowing like "the worm that never dies," drags them to your bars, counters and shops, or to the shops of those you furnish, and you might to all intents and purposes, as well hold your victims and force them to drink. Their appetite forces them, and but for your liquor, they had never had the appetite.

"It is impossible but that offences will come, but woe unto him through whom they come." By you, come these offences. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken." Public sentiment may be disregarded, conventional law may be set at naught, but there is a sterner tribunal—a more inflexible law, less easy to answer to, and escape from. He that despoileth the homes of others, can hardly escape without having his own despoiled. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." Thine, oh! rumseller, is a fearful work; fearful in its effects upon individual happiness and prosperity—fearful in its effects upon the public weal, and fearful in its effects upon the persons and families of those engaged in it

### Public Dinners.

Public dinners, says H. Greeley, are public nuisances—flagrantly so. They are a relic of out-grown barbarism which esteems eating and drinking the chief ends of life, and would show affection as Joseph did to his brother Benjamin—by giving him three times as great a mess as was apportioned to his half-brothers. It is every way unworthy of our age to attempt to honor, reward or show admiration for a public benefactor by feasting him even when (as at Boston) intoxicating liquors are excluded. But an ordinary public dinner, "with a suck in it," is essentially a bestial performance.—Two or three hundred people are assembled to eat an inordinate meal at an unusual and unseasonable hour, paying for it a sum that many of them cannot really afford, and washing it down with incessant libations of villainously drugged cider and cockroach Madeira, which gets steadily worse as the company get more and more enthusiastically and obviously drunk;—then the speeches, beginning with the prosy and foggy, and ending, somewhere in the infancy of the small hours, with the tipsy and the nasty—then the leathery cloud of cigar smoke which, for the last hour or two, is battened down upon the whole concern, afflicting, torturing, demoralizing all well-bred, cleanly, uncorrupted senses—and uh! the sick headaches, the days of misery, and often the fatal illnesses that follow, as Death on the Pale Horse was followed—on the whole, we consider the public dinner the absurdest, stupidest bore of the nineteenth century.

### Temperance Experience.

Fifteen years have passed away since I crossed the broad Atlantic from Liverpool to Halifax—our cook who was also the steward was a remarkable clean and perfect man in his station. I could not help comparing him with others I had sailed with, and placing a very high value upon his perfections, excellent qualities, and superiority over his brethren. It was unusual to leave wine or spirits on a table exposed to a steward, he would generally find a way to use them and sometimes too profusely, but with Tom the precaution was never made, and the remnants always remained untouched. One day on leaving the cabin to walk the deck after dinner, I said to him—I have left some wine for you on the table to drink my health. The answer received was so unexpected and appeared so extraordinary—I shall not forget it as long as I live.

Mr. S.—, I never drink wine, spirits, ale or porter, but I am very much obliged to you. But Tom, I replied, you have been in the habit of using them, and why leave them off? to which he added—He had never tasted any of them, and had experienced so much contentment and happiness without them, and had witnessed so much misery and destruction caused by their use, that he never would touch them. We arrived safe at Halifax—I'm went to sea a few more years, but is now living on shore. I frequently meet him, and the last time I saw him only a few days since—he was the same Tom, with the same smiling, contented and happy, dark face, firm in his opinions, and not a year older than when we were together on board the good barque G—.

The fact of having met a man that had never tasted the intoxicating draught, filled my mind with wonder and amazement, and brought me into a serious course of reflection. I looked upon him then, and have done so ever since, as a being of a superior order, brought up in the most humble ranks of life, a son of Africa—exposed to all the temptations and seductions of the accursed howl to escape from its pollution. What a mind, what a courage must this poor man possess, and how elevated his position, how superior is he to his fellow man! When he made to me the startling enunciation, confirmed by his truthful countenance, which I believe cannot lie, I felt mean and contemptible standing before him, inferior in all the principles of moral greatness—I envied his position; but the accursed, cruel, and exterminating fashion of the day, had such a hold, such a gripe upon me, that I was forced to feel with keenness my degraded state, compared with this poor African, to acknowledge in silence my inferiority, and to live in a state of bondage, until the Creator in His wisdom and mercy assisted me to throw off the yoke, and to abandon forever the terrible infatuation.

Very few men of the present day really know what it is to lead a life of Temperance; they see and hear of total abstinens, but continuing in the habitual use of some one or more of the forbidden list, using them moderately, nay, in the most sparing manner, they imagine no impropriety, they feel not the ill effects, they see them not, but still they continue, leading on step to step by their terrible example, host upon host of their fellow beings, bright-souled, and high-minded, faultless except in one dark failing, until they are shrouded in the dust, to await the last trump of the resurrection.

The very sound of the word temperance chills my heart and fills my soul with horror.—To think that man formed after the image of his Maker, should disgrace, prostitute and debase himself, become a slave to a sensual and deadly appetite, and place himself below the beasts that perish. By nature, kind, obliging, instructive, entertaining, under the influence as the demon, become a fiend, his brain on fire—maddened by the fumes of the accursed liquor—in possession of the devil, bound with his slavish chains, and ready at command to murder, rob, steal, become guilty of the full catalogue of crime and enormity. Elevated to the highest rank and places of society, filling the highest offices; for the gratification of a deadly habit, should cast away every feeling of virtue, dignity and honor, and be hurled from his high position to mingle with the vilest of the vile! In his accursed thirst for the poisoning fluid should forget all the duties and example of a parent, forego all the happiness and comforts of a Christian and domestic life, create misery, discord and beggary in his family, abandon himself to ruin, and die an outcast, a disgusting remnant of his former self, to fill the drunkard's grave! Temperance does all this, all proceeds from the first glass, moderate drinking—it is one of the foulest blots that ever fell upon the heart of man, every feeling of nobility, of religious duty, the sacred ties of marriage, every law of nature, whether moral, mental, or physical, are violated and rent asunder. The poor victim bound with an endless chain, the slave to an evil passion, sold to the monster, may bid adieu to everything in this world that belongs to health and happiness, the deadly mark of the beast is imprinted on his forehead—he cannot hope for any reward in heaven where nothing impure can ever enter.

Temperance, although the most priceless jewel of man's existence, is but little valued except by those who know its worth. Set aside the cost of indulgence in intoxicating drinks which is very great—what pure and extreme delight does that man experience who is free from its snares and temptations! He has not the sin to bear of making drunkards of his children—no dread moments such as those who indulge are subject to, ever enter his breast—and when the confiding hope and trust are placed in the Redeemer, the scourge of pestilence and death is unheeded, the soul safe from passing storms and temptations of life, enjoys an unceasing state of rest and happiness—the dread moment of death and separation from the body passes away, and its triumphant flight is winged to heaven, to mingle with the hosts on high in the pure enjoyment of eternity.—*Provincial Wesleyan.*

### Wisdom in Brevities.

Observe how a person spends his time: thence you may judge with certainty of his inclination and genius.

Never desist in thy pursuits while there is hope; but hope not unreasonably; for this shows more desire than judgment.

He who lies in bed during a summer's morning, loses the best part of the day; he who gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind.

In the case of injuries, it is too common to say 'Both are to blame,' to excuse a listless unconcernedness. This is a base neutrality. Others will cry, 'They are both alike,' thereby implicating the injured with the offender. This is done in order to qualify the matter with the faulty, or to hide a just decision from the wronged.

If industry be no more than habit, it is an excellent one. If you ask me what is the hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence, will conquer all the rest.

When intemperance spreadeth her delicacies on the board, when her wine sparkleth in the cup, when she smileth on thee, and persuadeth thee to be joyful and happy, then is the moment of danger, then let reason stand firmly on her guard.

THE LETTER H.—Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with H, which is only a breath—Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness, and Heaven. Heart is a hope-place, and home is a heart-place, and that man sadly mistaketh who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than heaven.

### The Bottle.

BY J. MILLER.

Leeze me on drink! it gies us mair  
Than either school or college;  
It wakens wit, it kindles lair,  
And pangs us fu' o' knowledge;  
Be't whisky gill, or peany wheep,  
Or ony stronger potion,  
It never fails on drinking deep,  
To kittle up our notion.  
By night or day!—BURNS.

Robin Burns, in mony a ditty,  
Loudly sings in whisky's praise;  
Sweet his sang, the mair's the pity  
Ere on it he wair'd sic lais.  
O' a' the ill-puir Caledonias  
E'er yet preed, or e'er will taste,  
Brewed in hell's black Pandemonia,  
Whisky's ill will scathe her maist.—McNENZ.

Great Bottle! midst this contradiction,  
Let's bind ourselves to truth's restriction,  
And bide by fact, discarding fiction,  
King-making bottle.

And, first—thou canst with rapture swell  
Man's heart, and every dark doubt quell,  
But, then, he wakes like Dives, "in hell."  
Sago-making bottle.

Though for thee some their all have given,  
Still, they enjoyed thy reckless heaven,  
Till hence at last by ruin driven,  
Fool-making bottle.

For mingling in thy votaries' stir,  
Nan falls to feel his fellow's spur—  
Ay—trampled like the voriest cur,  
Brute-making bottle!

What makes the hearthstone dark and cold?  
Makes young men prematurely old?  
Makes lenders shy, and cravens bold?  
The "generous" bottle!

What oft makes genius lightly prized,  
And die with hopes unrealized?  
Makes age unrevenced, youth despised?  
The "friendly" bottle!

What shakes the strong man's hand like grass?  
What drags man down from class to class?  
What makes the man of sense an ass?  
The "inspiring" bottle!

Who turns the healthy visage pale?  
Who bares the back to winter's gale?  
Who thins the kirk and crowds the jail?  
The "social" bottle!

Who can proud spirits meanness learn?  
Who makes still less what poor men earn?  
Who binds worse than worst despot stern?  
The "glorious" bottle!

Who can to youth bright pictures draw,  
As fair as dreamer ever saw,  
Mid song, and laugh, and loud huzzas,  
And happy madness;

While stealing on his dreamy soul  
The waves of misery darkly roll,  
And "christian" like he drops his "scroll"?  
The "sparkling" bottle!

What makes man proud and mean by turns  
What makes him what the wise man spurns?  
What blasted Scotland's Robert Burns?  
The "jovial" bottle!

What levels worth with fool and rogue,  
To court their friendship, learn their brogue,  
Throw off the man, assume the dog?  
The "cheering" bottle!

What, after all his erudition  
In Tory schemer and Whig coalition,  
Enslaves the pot-house politician?  
The mouthing bottle!

Darkness and storm slay on the main,  
War strows his "thousands" on the plain,  
But thou'st thy "tens of thousands" slain,  
Tremendous bottle!

Great Lucifer, in Hades pent,  
In conclave sat with black intent,  
And made, and to this world sent  
Thee, cursed bottle—

"Go," said he, "make man's world a hell,  
Make husbands hate, make wives rebel,  
Delude, destroy, bid clamour swell;  
With grinning, idiot-laughter spell  
Befool, betray, blast, blight, flob, fell,  
Until thy deeds no tongue may tell;"—  
And thou hast done his dark work well,  
O'er many a hope thou'st rung the knell,  
OH DAMNED BOTTLE!

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

## Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, MARCH 1, 1854.

### To be Read Carefully.

Notwithstanding the fact, that we printed a much larger number of *Advocates* than last year, the whole edition is so nearly exhausted that we are under the necessity of respectfully requesting those persons who have received our first numbers for 1854, to return the same, if they do not intend to take the *Advocate* for this year, being particular to let us know from whom the paper comes. Those who design to be our subscribers will do well to apprise us as soon as possible. We wish to supply all from the beginning of the volume, and as our list is continually enlarging, early application must be made. But, if our stock should be exhausted, we promise to print a second edition of the first number, if the orders continue to come in. We urge therefore all our friends to make a vigorous effort to raise the ten thousand. We are approaching that number, and with a very little exertion shall reach it, and more. Go a-head friends—let us hear from you speedily.

### Maine Law Movements.

The Hon. M. Cameron was recently called to visit Albany, as one of the Committee appointed by the World's Convention, to meet Messrs. Dow, Delavan, Keener, and Carey. They resolved to sustain a new paper, the *Prohibitionist*—to put forth an address to the world—to recommend that on the 14th day of June next, simultaneous meetings be held in all parts of the world, and that various other measures of a general nature be adopted. Mr. Cameron then visited Perth, Ramsay, Renfrew, Pembroke, Lanark, and Smith's Falls, C.W., and meetings for the purpose of discussing the Maine Law question were called at each of these points.

These meetings, we are informed, were numerous and enthusiastic, varying from 2 to 800 persons at each. We learn that the one held in Perth, on Saturday night, was one of the most interesting ever held there. Mr. Cameron spoke of a reported decline in the prosperity of the cause there, and of intemperance that prevailed, he reminded them of the labour of 21 years, and the faithfulness of those who had sown the seed, and expressed his hope that though the Township in rear seemed now more alive, and first watered by reviving showers of grace, and the first likely to be last, that yet the people of Perth would revive, and the last be first again. He dwelt fully on the causes pertaining to himself, which had led him to feel as he did. He spoke of the early training on this subject by his mother, when necessity required her to sell, and the fact that her influence under those trying circumstances had been so powerful that he had never tasted spirits in his life.

This mode of address, coming to facts within their own knowledge, and severe only on his own friends, seemed to

have a wonderful effect, and with ut eloquence or imagination or even attempts at rhetoric, the audience was in tears, hearts were touched, and a vote and cheers for the Maine Law were unanimous.

We may as well state in this connexion, that Mr. Cameron's zeal does not exhibit itself in mere words. He has generously pledged to give £100 toward the objects of the League, a reference to which is made in the following extract of a letter from a gentleman of Toronto to a friend of ours in this city:—"A gentleman at Oshawa, a 'Son,' and a friend of mine, has offered £100 towards a fund of £500 for Maine Law Lecturers, and the Grand Division gives the second £100. Another friend of mine at Quebec, and a leading Temperance man, has since proffered a third £100, so that the League only requires £200 more; mention this last £100, as I see Mr. Becket has published the other £200."

The above was unavoidably crowded out of our last number; but the delay gives us an opportunity of adding the following authentic account of the proceedings of the first meeting of the Committee of the World's Temperance Convention:—

The first meeting of the Committee, comprising the Hon. Neal Dow, of Maine, Chairman, the Hon. Malcolm Cameron, of Canada, Christian Keener, Esq., of Maryland, Judge O'Neil, of South Carolina, Gen. Carey, of Ohio, and E. C. Delavan, Esq., of New York, took place in Albany, Jan'y., 23rd, and continued through the greater portion of the 24th.

Proceeding immediately to business, they elected the Rev. Henry Mandeville, D. D., Corresponding Secretary, Azor Taber, Esq., Recording Secretary, E. Conning, Esq., Treasurer.

It was then Resolved, That as soon as means can be obtained to defray the expense of the measure, the committee will proceed to appoint an agent to visit the several states of the Union and the British Provinces.

It was also Resolved, That it be and hereby is recommended to the friends of temperance in every part of the world; to hold simultaneous meetings on the second Thursday in June next, to be conducted, as may seem to them best fitted to advance the cause they have at heart.

It was further Resolved, That it be and hereby is recommended to temperance men throughout the country, to procure petitions to Congress to abolish the spirit ration in the Navy, for a Prohibitory law in the district of Columbia, and for a law forbidding a Post-office to be kept, in any part of the United States, in a grocery shop or store in which intoxicating liquors are sold as a beverage.

It was furthermore Resolved, That the document known as the "Declaration" of the Presidents of the United States, in favor of total abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks, and recently engraved by Mr. R. H. Pease, is worthy of a place in every family in the nation; being fitted, in their opinion, at once to adorn the dwelling, and instruct its inmates, especially the young.

It was Resolved, That the committee adopt the *Prohibitionist* as their medium of communication with the public.

An address to the World, having been read and approved by the committee,

It was finally Resolved, That it be and hereby is ordered to be published, and that H. Mandeville, A. Taber, and E. C. Delavan, be a committee to superintend its publication.

After which the committee adjourned *sine die*.

AZOR TABER,

Recording Sec.

### Periodicals and Books.

The *Templar's Magazine* continues to be published at Cincinnati by J. Wadsworth, and a very valuable periodical it is. The current volume is superior to all its predecessors, both in literary and mechanical merit, and we are glad to hear that its list of subscribers is on the increase. Monthly; One Dollar; 32 pages.

*Matrimony, or Love Affairs in our Village 20 years ago*, is the title of a 12mo. work of 320 pages, published by M. W. Dodd, of New York, and sent to us by E. Pickup, Montreal. We took up the book with prejudice against it, not because of its title, for that is peculiarly enticing, but because on that subject there is issued from the press a great deal of sickly sentimentality. Beginning to read, however, we were soon satisfied that this work was not a trashy affair, and we went on and on right through, and now we commend the book as treating in a very sensible and rational way on a topic of great social importance:—"It is a series of sketches from private life, with only fiction enough as a frame work to set off the pictures." The authoress, who is pleased to call herself Mrs. Caustic, is sometimes severe, as much on her own sex as on ours; but her aim is good, viz., "to call the young, especially young christian professors, to a consideration of the follies which pervade fashionable circles, and the evil consequences which certain courses of conduct in love matters are sure to bring in their train."

*The Prohibitionist* is the title of a new monthly, devoted to Maine-Law advocacy in the State of New York and elsewhere. It will be a repository of argument and appeal worthy of every body's support, if we may judge from the first number before us. We are glad for ourselves that this monthly is started. We have been writing and arguing on this question in the *Advocate*, for about three years; now, thank God, we are getting help from every quarter. Truth is triumphing.

*Mother's Assistant and Young Ladies' Friend*, published by Stone & Halpine, 21, Cornhill, Boston, is a monthly of 32 pages, at one Dollar a-year, having three respectable and talented Editors. It is a repository of correct principles relating to domestic education and training, including physical, intellectual, and moral duties. Mothers and daughters will derive great advantage from a regular perusal of this instructive counsellor. E. Pickup, Montreal, will order it for you if you wish.

*The Brockville Recorder* deserves a vote of thanks for the issue of that Extra containing Mr. Dow's oration; but we advise any others who intend printing it to follow our copy. It is not perfect, but it is more nearly so than any other.

*The Early Days of Elisha*, one of Krummacher's best works, has been issued in a neat and substantial 12mo., by M. W. Dodd, of New York. This Edition has an introduction by Dr. Gardiner Spring, who very judiciously observes that the Discourses in this volume are distinguished for "simplicity of thought, beautiful and original imagery, and for that ingenious and striking expressiveness which leaves strong and vivid impressions on the memory." Happy should we feel if we had the assurance that our introducing such books as this to our thirty thousand temperance readers should induce a few—why not many?—to become purchasers and serious readers of the elevating and purifying truths to be found in the glowing pages, furnished so cheaply by Mr. Dodd, who promises that "The Early days of Elisha" shall be followed by other volumes of Krummacher's works. E. Pickup, Montreal, is the Bookseller through whom we have this valuable book.

*The National Magazine*, devoted to Literature, Art, and Religion, continues to give a large amount of most interesting and vigorous matter, for the entertainment and instruction of all classes. This enterprise is worthy of general support. It is a repository of literary refreshment, unsurpassed on this continent, and equalled in Britain only by the "Leisure Hour" of the Tract Society. The "National" is a fit companion for any, even the "best society." Our readers are recommended to order it of E. Pickup, Montreal, who continues to act as Agent.

A Small Pamphlet has been received containing the Constitution and Bye-Laws of a new order of Temperance young men called the "Guards of Honor"—the same in principle with the "Sons." Some months have elapsed since their establishment, and we shall be glad to hear of their efficiency and prosperity. There cannot be too many workers in the good cause.

*The Youth's Temperance Advocate*, from the office of the American Temperance Union, has not reached us since last October. The *Journal* comes better stored than ever before.

#### Notes to Correspondents.

— A paragraph respecting the progress of the Hon. M. Cameron, in several places he visited recently, was in type when the note of our Correspondent "A.M." arrived. We thank him, nevertheless, for his attention.

— Our friends at St. Laurent shall have a corner in our next.

— The admirable speech of Neal Dow has asserted its right of priority, and even "St. Lawrence Division," of Quebec, will be content to wait for our next.

#### Sons' Soiree, Cameron Division, St. Johns, C. E.

The first Annual Soiree of the Sons of Temperance of this village, took place at their Division Rooms on Thursday evening, the 23rd ultimo, and was, considering the very inclement state of the weather, tolerably well attended. After partaking of tea and other refreshments, the company adjourned to the Methodist Chapel, the use of which was kindly granted for the occasion. Addresses were delivered on temperance by William Coote, Esq., of Rouse's Point, a "practical" worker in the cause, F. T. Hall, Esq., a talented lawyer of St. Johns and a member of our Division, who bids fair to be a valuable acquisition to the temperance ranks, and by the Rev. W. Scott, of your city. The Reverend gentleman pictured in eloquent terms and in that effective manner which shows deep thought, the evils and temptations of intemperance to all classes, both high and low, rich and poor, clergymen and laymen; and he has left a lasting impression on his hearers by the unanswerable arguments he advanced in support of a Prohibitory Liquor Law for Canada. The excellent admonition to the "Sons," to be ever mindful of their trust, will, I hope, not be lost on them. There is no place in Canada where the active exertions of temperance men is more needed than in St. Johns, and the rapid growth of our Division since its organization, is a proof that it is not without its effect on this rum-drinking community.

### Temperance and Literature.

For the remarks on this very important subject, which we here insert, we are indebted to our esteemed contemporary, the *Montreal Witness* :—

We have often thought it an unwise policy in editors and literary men to oppose the Temperance reform, seeing that its partial success has tended so much to promote the circulation of papers and the diffusion of general literature. In this point of view, papers upholding the drinking customs of society are, to a great extent, limiting their own circulation, and, at the same time, increasing the proportion of bad debts. From our own knowledge we can affirm, that our losses, by unpaid subscriptions, on account of intemperance, have been greater than from all other causes. Thousands are now taking papers and magazines, buying books, and subscribing to libraries who did none of these things before they became temperance men. Thus, the movement has greatly benefited periodical and standard literature. Many men now take two or three papers who took none before they adopted the principle of total abstinence from alcoholic drinks. They were either too poor, or wanted the inclination to read and think, or they were satisfied with the news current at the tavern, discussed amid the fumes of alcohol and tobacco. The money spent in such places would have much more than paid for several papers, and these being read at home would interest and instruct not only the man himself but his family. If the high position and influence of a country depends greatly upon the intelligence of its people, and that intelligence of mind is only fostered by reading and thinking, it becomes a matter of importance to remove whatever interferes with reading habits, and to encourage and foster the literature best fitted for strengthening and furnishing the mind. We find in a community where moderate drinking prevails, a class whose minds are continually under an unhealthy stimulus. They are too hazy clearly to understand anything requiring the exercise of a clear intellect, and unable to grasp anything having a strictly moral aspect. Their reading, if they read at all, is confined to the mere details of the periodical press. Murders, robberies, &c., soon form the staple of their intellectual exercises. The clear reasoning and close arguments which form food for thinking minds, are beyond their grasp or beneath their notice, and they become a prey to designing men and political demagogues—the tools which unworthy men use to obtain a living or to step into power.

Take the same community under the influence of total abstinence principles. The minds in that community are freed from the unnatural excitement produced by alcohol, and the strong craving of the mind for a stimulus is met in the well-conducted paper and good book, or popular lecture. The newspaper agent readily induces the men of such a community to subscribe for papers; the book agent or colporteur finds an easy sale for books, and the establishing of a library becomes an easy matter. Under such circumstances the people will grow in intelligence and usefulness. The habits they form will strengthen by exercise, and the demand for good papers and books will steadily increase with their growing intelligence and love for knowledge. Now, such a community is not at all an imaginary one; we can point to such in more than one locality, and mainly attributable to the temperance movement. The direct tendency of the reform has been to increase the demand for papers and books. It has called into existence an improved literature. It has led to the examination of those principles upon which society is based and by which it exists. It has led men to examine into the relations of man to society, and the duties of society to man; and as these matters have been thought over and discussed, periodical literature has assumed a higher and more enlightened tone, and its moral influence upon society has been greatly increased. It is our belief that the

valuable social reforms of the age owe their origin in a great measure to the temperance movement, and when we consider the large portion of the periodical press devoted to these several reforms, we may have some idea of the extent to which total abstinence has effected and led to the improvement of literature.

As Temperance men will probably soon form the majority, and perhaps do so now, of thoughtful and intelligent readers, the newspaper press should wisely adapt itself to their requirements, maintaining a high and dignified moral tone, and not thoughtlessly raise obstacles to the progress of a principle which has done and is doing so much to sustain literature.

### Special Effort to Sustain Mr. Kellogg.

SQUARES £1 EACH.

(Rev. Dr. Taylor, £1; James Court, £2; John Dougall, £2; Rev. J. McLoud, £1; John McWaters, £1; Dr. Bernard, £1; J. C. Becket, £1; H. Lyman, £1; T. S. Brown, £1; N. S. Whitney, £1; B. Lyman, £1; E. Atwater, £1; A. Adams, £1; John Leeming, £2 10s; C. Alexander, £1; Jos. McKay, £1; Mrs. Mills, £2; Jas. Ferris, Jr., £5; C. P. Watson and Rev. J. H. Marling, £1; Mr. Duclou, 20s; Mr. Talham, 20s; Cote St. S. School, £2; Councilor Corse, 20s; N. S. Frost, 20s; Geo. Hagar, 20s; Mr. Hilton, 20s; J. Sinclair, 20s; J. Hyatt, 20s; Hope Tent, Daughters of Rechab, £2; Perseverance Tent, £3; Samaritan Tent, 20s; Daughters of Temperance, 20s, Mr. Green, 20s; St James Street Wes Sunday School, £2; George Hunter, Ramsay, 20s; P. LeSueur, 20s; American Pres Sunday School, £2; Dr. Taylor's Sunday School, £2; George Muir, 20s; J. H. Dorwin, 20s; Howard Division, £2; Jonadab Division, £2; Inspector Watson, 20s; Swinburn, 20s; James Cooper, 20s; Wm. Easton, 20s; Wm. Gemmill, £2; Mr. Patton, Carpenter, 20s; James Morico, 5s; R. Latham, £1 5s; John Ansley, £2 10s; J. B. Greenshields, £2 10s.

Contributions received by F. W. Kellogg, at the following places :—

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### THE GRAND UNITED TEMPERANCE DEMONSTRATION—THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY—YOUNG MEN'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY—PERSEVERANCE AND SAMARITAN TENTS, I. O. OF R., AND THE HOWARD AND JONADAB DIVISIONS, S. OF T

For a long time back, the friends of Temperance in Montreal had been anxious to unite in a demonstration of their strength, and to make the occasion one of advantage to the cause they have at heart. Many hindrances seemed to interpose, but the chief one was, that having resolved to secure the services of the Father of the Maine Law, it was extremely difficult for him to fix a time for visiting Canada; having to exert his utmost ability in aid of prohibitory legislation throughout the United States. He was, however, at last enabled to say "I will be with you, God willing, on the second day of February." Arrangements were made accordingly. An efficient committee exerted themselves heartily and generously. Everything was devised with skill. Harmony prevailed, and, therefore, the work was done, without jealousy or rivalry, for the common good. Anxiety there was, lest some railroad apparatus should give way, and a disappointment occur; but we were all

most agreeably surprised, when, on the first day of February, it was known that the subject of our anxieties was in the city. It was a happy thought of the Committee, immediately to placard the city with the announcement, "Neal Dow has arrived, and will lecture this evening in the City Concert Hall." The hour came. The approaches toward the Hall began to be thronged early. It was quite evident that an interest was awakened, and many a Christian heart prayed that God would carry the truth home to the hearts and consciences of that great audience. The Committee were busy in the Hall, assisting in the accommodation of the gathering multitude. The time has arrived for opening the meeting. John Redpath, Esq., takes the Chair. He regretted that somebody more competent had not been selected for the occasion, but he fully approved of the aggressive movement of the day, in favour of prohibitory legislation; and urged such a pressure upon the Legislature, as would speedily secure the condemnation of the traffic in strong drink.

The Band then performed admirably, and the Chairman afterwards called up Mr. Dougall. He was delighted with the Hall—with the Band—with the audience—with the standard character of the gentlemen on the platform—but more especially he was gratified that all would have an opportunity of hearing the honored and respected Father of the Maine Law, the Hon Neal Dow. He (Mr. D.) was sure the audience would wish to hear as much as possible from Mr. Dow, and, therefore, he should not detain them by any further remarks.

Mr. Dow was then introduced, and received with applause. His discourse was a continuous and rapid stream of pure thought and pure argument. He is not a man of powerful appearance, physically considered, but rather otherwise; yet if anybody, from his exterior, should suppose him weak, the error will soon be dispelled by contact and observation. There is a strength of nerve and will, and an indomitable courage of heart about Mr. Dow, which has admirably qualified him for his late campaigns. There he stands in the midst of this sinful city of Montreal, like Paul on Mars Hill, reproving superstition. His voice is mellow and distinct—heard throughout that vast edifice. To attempt to report that speech fully would be a vain work.—The reporter of the *Herald* has not given half, and with his material might have published a much better sketch than he did. Many inaccuracies occur—many passages that cannot be understood. We have shaken out some of the foldings, and have added passages from our own notes and memory, and to the readers of the *Advocate*, we commend this speech as a fair record of Mr. Dow's sentiments.

### Report of the Oration.

It has been at some inconvenience to myself that I appear before you to-night, but I could not resist the pressing invitation sent me to visit Montreal, and to talk for a little while, upon a subject of vast importance, involving our interests and happiness in all the relations of life. This matter has occupied much of the attention of the people of the United States for the last thirty or forty years. Next to our personal relations to God, there was no subject of more intense interest. I speak of the protection of the people from the traffic in intoxicating drinks. Those ideas now prevalent and carried out in Maine, are extending through the Union and the British Provinces, even to the Old World.—Every civilized nation has felt the evils of this traffic, and has

set itself to limit the ravages inflicted by it. Every civilized government has enacted laws more or less stringent and severe against it, according to the experience of the people, but always ineffectually. The evil has been extending, and the results of the traffic are being experienced with tremendous effect all over the world.

Within thirty or thirty-five years wise and good men in the States and Provinces, and in Scotland have endeavoured to create a public sentiment against the use of intoxicating drinks, and thus millions have been induced to abstain from them. The cause has been making progress by several stages—each stage supposed by its friends to be the last. The men who began the movement thought only of restricting the people to a moderate use of liquor. Soon after, they announced the principle of total abstinence from distilled liquor, then from wine, and then again from all intoxicating liquors. It was then imagined that intemperance would totally disappear, but how greatly have they been deceived? A new generation was coming on the stage—boys of fourteen or fifteen were becoming men of full age every seven or eight years, totally unacquainted with the reasons on which the reform rested. They became an easy prey to temptation, and being led away by the error of the wicked, and while one generation of drunkards were being buried, another rose up and the ranks were replenished. Intemperance still prevailed. It was necessary to make another movement, and the question now arose, has not society the right to protect itself against the evils of the traffic? This was demanded on every hand, quietly and patiently, till at last the answer came from every quarter—yes! yes! society has the right, and having the right, must also have the duty to extend to the people of the country and to their children, protection against this terrible evil. We now, therefore, come to the last stage (the last according to the light at present possessed, though it is possible we may hereafter find ourselves mistaken; as our predecessors have done) and this last stage is the everlasting extirpation of the traffic in intoxicating liquors.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, how does it happen that we must collect together in such large numbers to stimulate each other thus to protect ourselves? If the influential classes would throw themselves into this movement—if the men, whose opinions are potential, would support it, the whole traffic would disappear like the cloud before the rising sun. But they will not do so, and this has been the case with every movement of reform since the time of Christ. Large masses of the people still think the temperance men mistaken. We say, however, that the reform we advocate is of more importance to the people, and more conducive to their welfare and happiness, than any other question, or all the other questions which can be debated, except that single one of our personal relations to our Creator and the eternal world. Great numbers, however, think we are mistaken. If, say they, the temperance men were correct, would not the wise men and the educated men join them with all their power? As they do not, the inference is that the temperance men are mistaken. No! They have not joined us. The great and influential have stood aloof, but the inference is not that we are wrong, but that they are recalcitrant to their duty, their country and their God. But, perhaps, we ought not to be too severe: there are men who are conservative by nature and habit—who shun mingling in the contest, and hesitate opposing the interests or practices of bad men. They are for going slowly and cautiously, reminding me of something amusing which I will tell you of. Some time ago, in the city of Portland, before the Maine Law had been enacted, we had a meeting almost as large as this, and efforts were made to stir up the people to refuse the use of intoxicating liquors. The first speech was made by a venerable clergyman, the representative of the progressive school. Whilst he warmly pressed on the people his arguments for action every body could see from the animation of their faces, that he had their sympathies. The next was a member of the Conservative School—also a clergyman—but cautious and moderation were the burden of his story. He was as sincere as the first; but the people were not with him—you could see it in their down-cast eyes. At last, to illustrate his idea, he said to them—How often is it you

see a waggon with a team of oxen, toiling painfully up the steep ascent of some hill, till at length they reach the top and prepare to descend. The driver then takes off a pair of the oxen from the thill, and yokes them on behind; so that by applying their heavy energy in the momentum of the vehicle, they may keep it from rushing too fast down the declivity. Which pair of oxen in such case is most useful, said the speaker—that which draws the wagon forward, where it would go by itself, or that which prevents it from hastily going to destruction? Why, of course, it must be the pair which is what we Yankees call tailing down. When he had done, the other clergyman started up:—"Ah, yes," said he, "that is all very well; but with this load of ours, we have always got a dead pull up hill, and don't want any one tailing down." Most useful reformers, and ideas of progress, have at first met with hostility. When a philosopher first announced that the sun was the centre of our system, and that the rest of the planetary bodies, including the earth, moved round it, you recollect how the wise and good men of that day compelled him, on his knees, and with his right hand upon the open bible, to retract what he had said—to deny what he knew was the truth. Yet on rising from the earth, "it does move, nevertheless," was his whispered exclamation to his friend. So when another philosopher discovered the method of creating a vacuum, by exhausting the air, he was compelled to deny that any vacuum could exist, for God, it was said, abhors a vacuum. I was lately reading an English book of much interest to me, describing the commencement of the English railroad between Liverpool and Manchester. A great array of wisdom and wealth was brought to the consideration of that project, and a Committee of the Legislature was appointed to hear evidence upon it, before which Committee there was brought the first Civil Engineer in the country. He told the Committee that if a railroad were constructed, he believed a train might be driven upon it at the rate of eight miles an hour, and perhaps, he added, of twelve miles. He was a shrewd man, who understood human nature as well as the nature of steam engines, and when he saw the surprise of the Committee at this statement, he hesitated, and then retracted the twelve miles an hour, and said on consideration he should say eight miles would be a safe rate of speed. When the subject came up in the House of Commons, the Chairman of the Committee alluded to the circumstance—the engineer, he said, had at first stated twelve miles an hour as the probable speed of the train; but this he had been prudent enough to retract, and he added, that if he had been imprudent enough to insist upon twelve miles, the Committee would have reported against the whole project as the scheme of a madman. So it is with every project of advancement in the world. It is met with success of incredulity, and the men who bring it forward are stigmatized as enthusiasts—as men of one idea who cannot be relied on. Influential gentlemen, educated gentlemen, denounce us as fanatical, as men of one idea. Well, in some sense we admit it. We have one idea, for our only object is to reduce the terrible amount of vice and misery by which we are surrounded. But let us look at one of these men who taunt us?—he is a politician!—but what is his idea? Personal aggrandizement is his idea. All his efforts and aims are for this one—the elevation of self; and yet this politician has the blindness, if not impudence, to stigmatize us as men of one idea, whose simple purpose is the salvation of ourselves and our children from the most dreadful scourge that ever swept over our world. Another of our accusers is a business man—a sensible, intelligent, active merchant—and what is his idea? It is the making of a fortune for himself and his family, the heaping up thousands and tens of thousands, and, if possible, hundreds of thousands—the same idea as that which belongs to the Ohio pigs of whom it is said, *how fat they die?* Yet he too will stigmatize us as men of one idea. Another class are the literary men, highly educated and intelligent. They are earnestly endeavoring by all means in their power to create for themselves a name in the earth that shall live after they are no more. That is their idea—thoroughly selfish as are those before named—and yet forsooth these people ride into us as men of one idea those who are striving to relieve all people from the curses of intemperance.

We Yankees are a shrewd people, always, it is said, seeking for money; but we want to know that we are wise men as well as shrewd, and that while we care for money, we have the highest regard for those other things which concern our best interests and national happiness. We come then to the question of absolutely preventing the use of intoxicating liquors, and ask how it may be done. It can be accomplished in that way only by which society seeks to relieve itself from every other evil, by wise legislation, affixing penalties sufficiently stringent and severe. In Canada the trade in intoxicating liquors is regulated and restrained; so it is in most of the States, and by all civilized governments; and

why? Because the public good requires it; for the same reason as many other trades are restrained, and some prohibited; they do not contribute to the general good. Thus you do not regulate gambling houses or the publication of obscene books; nor do we regulate brothels; you forbid all these. If the liquor trade has been regulated instead of being forbidden, it was because there existed an idea that the traffic was necessary for the general good; but we think we understand this matter better than our forefathers—we do not believe the trade is for the general good; but absolutely inconsistent with it. We therefore wish to change our legislation accordingly, and prohibit where we have hitherto regulated. How then is such a legislation to be procured? Only by sending to the Legislature, men that will give us laws, with processes summary enough, and penalties severe enough to meet the occasion.

But here we are met by a formidable difficulty; it is the objection made by many against bringing this question into politics. That is the outcry in the States; men seem to take it for granted that politics are so corrupt that any good movement being brought into contact with them must necessarily be polluted. But let me ask what are politics? If a politician who had made this objection were asked the question he would, as we say, look seven ways for Sunday, and about nineteen-twentieths of trading politicians, if they answered honestly, would reply: "Office for myself and my friends." The true reason why such people object of our present movement is, that if the question be carried to the ballot box, there would be no way of making the people pull straight in the collar, to employ a figure familiar to us of Maine. In the States we are all Whigs or Democrats, and we are compelled to do what we are required to do by those who pretend to be our leaders, just like oxen or horses, and when we give our vote we have just about as much to do with the job done as the oxen or horses. When told to pull, we pull, and then we look round till we are told to pull again. In Maine we do our farm work with oxen, and possess some of the finest specimens that can be exhibited in any part of the world. I have sometimes seen teams of ten such animals, all admirably disciplined, so that when the driver goes into the yard, and calls the ox by his name, holding up the heavy mass of wood which forms the yoke, one end supported on the ground, the ox will come gently up with his clumsy gait, and put his neck fairly into it. His mate will follow him in the same way, and so on till all are yoked up. That is the way in which we are politically trained, and when we have done our work, the politicians, like the drivers, turn us out to grass. Such men have reason for disliking the subject to be brought into politics—they know that it may make us swing out, and as we say of an obstinate mulish fellow, may make us turn the yoke. They know that in that case they must rely on their merits, and that then they will probably be forced to go and work at the plough or the axe for themselves.

If influential men and men of mind and wealth and eminence could be left to make sacrifices for the general good, how easily could that good be accomplished. Are there not men in Montreal, whose voices are sufficiently potent, from wealth, social standing, or some other means, almost by themselves to accomplish what we desire? But among influential men, sacrifice for the general good is not common. It is found much more frequently among the humble. A sailor saw a woman standing on the side walk, surrounded by her children and crying; his heart was touched, for a sailor's heart—witness the gallant men who saved the crew of the *San Francisco*—is always open to the cry of distress; and he said, "Ma'am, what's the matter?" He learned that the landlord was just then turning her out for rent, and bringing her little furniture into the street. "How much does the lady owe you?" said Jack. "Fifteen dollars." "There it is!" and then he came out and gave the woman twenty dollars more, and wound up all by bestowing on the landlord a hearty—what the sailors call—blessing, which I won't repeat; but which you can easily guess. There are many such examples in humble life. On the southern coast of Massachusetts are two large Capes with a wide Bay between them, without any shelter for vessels that may find themselves there in tempestuous weather. Towards the fall of the year, about the period of the equinoctial gales, the fishermen of that part of the coast observed a magnificent ship in the offing, with close reefed sails. No ship ought to have been there; it being out of the track of vessels to or from Europe. They continued therefore to look at the ship, which was constantly driving more and more near to the shore, and endeavoring with all her art to claw off the land. Even the wives and children of the fishermen had collected on the beach, and sheltering with their hands their eyes from the driving sleet, they witnessed, in the greatest excitement, the rapid progress of the vessel towards the Haycock, a terrible rock which lies in that bay

The fishermen strained their eyes as she approached the black and threatening spot—Now she seems inevitably lost—No! she has seen the danger—She has put her helm down—She is coming about, and for the moment is saved. "Now," said one of the men on the beach, "let us go off to the ship." "No," said another, "that's no use; no boat can live in that sea, and besides, with the wind where it is, you can't get through the Herling Gut—as a passage through the rocks is called—to board her." Nothing more was said for some time, till the excitement grew so much stronger, that the first speaker repeated—"Let us go to the ship and offer her a pilot." "Well," said one "if you say the word, we won't hold back, though it seems certain no boat can live in that sea." Then they pushed out under the lee of a ledge of rocks, but when they got into the sea way, it seemed really as if no boat could live; and their friends on shore, when they saw them descend into the hollow of one were never expected to see them mount another. At length through all the foam and hurricane they succeeded in getting under the lee of the ship—"Do you want a pilot?" "No," was the reply, to the great disappointment of the boatmen; but presently they were again hailed by the captain, who had been below for a moment, and asked to put a pilot on board. A pretended pilot was on board, and it was he who had declined the first offer. It was impossible to go alongside the ship, for a moment's contact with that solid mass in the raging sea would have dashed the boat to pieces; but a rope was thrown and one of the fishermen having tied it round him, was dragged through the surf on board the ship. After a shake or two, "Captain," said he, "what sort of a ship have you got?" "A capital ship." "Does she stay well?" "Yes." "Then away, sloth boys, and shake out a couple of reefs." "She won't stand it," said the captain; "but she must stand it," he replied; and when the reefs were shaken out she went staggering through the water, as though every moment the masts would be over the side. "Steady as she goes," said the pilot, as walking forward to the heel of the bowsprit, he looked out on the coast he was approaching. The captain was close at his elbow, saying over and anon, "is it not time to go about," and he constantly replied by the command to the helmsman, "steady! steady! again! keep her full as she goes!" At last the time came, and then in a voice of thunder, he exclaimed, "now hard down your helm," and the ship coming up beautifully into the wind payed off the other way, and, when the order was given to fill away the foretopsail, she fairly went off on the other tack.—Along that dangerous coast she pursued her way seeming instinct with life, and conscious of the desperate game played for existence, determined that nothing on her part should be wanting to its successful issue. Again as they approached the frowning rocks, the firm voice of the pilot gave the word, "Steady! keep her as she goes! Keep her as she goes!" The sea was standing round with faces blanched by fear, began to whisper that unless he went about quickly it would be too late. The captain by this time knowing that he was in skillful hands did not venture to interfere, and still the order from time to time rose above the blast—"Keep her as she goes!" It was too late to go about, the ship was in the breakers, but covered with foam, staggering like a drunken man, she still pursued her way as the pilot still repeated to the helmsman.—"Steady now! steady again!" and a few moments more she had passed through a narrow passage of the reef into quiet waters, and the vessel was saved! This was an instance of self-sacrifice. If the example of that humble man carrying help to the ship and her gallant crew, at the risk of life itself, were only followed out, how soon we should escape the perils growing out of the sale of intoxicating drinks.

But I have digressed too far, and I return to the question of bringing this matter into politics. An intelligent man would say that politics included whatever involved the interest of the State and people, and, if this definition be true, must it not include the question we speak of to-night? Why, this involves the welfare and happiness of the people more than all the political questions of the times—the salvation of the lives of thousands of men—the salvation of thousands of women from a cruel and despicable—and a thousands of children from sufferings incurable to any but the children of drunks. But then, we are told, "you have no right to enact the law," and we are asked if we are in favour of destroying the rights of citizens. We are not in favour of it, and the lawyers who make this objection, if they are intelligent, know that no man has any private right inconsistent with the general good. This law is a principle as old as Justice, and is as good a law in England, the United States, or Canada, now as it was then—*Salus populi suprema lex*—the welfare of the people the supreme law. And yet they talk of our prohibition being inconsistent with private rights, though the principle that the welfare of the people is the great rule of action—is the foundation

of the law in every free country. Perhaps in Russia or Austria it is otherwise. You pay taxes—light ones I believe in Canada, but light as they are, the tax gatherer takes from your pockets just as much as he thinks your proportion of the payment to the general fund, and thus shows in this simple matter, that the whole property of the citizens is held to belong to the State, to the extent necessity may require. You are about to develop the resources of Canada to an extent unknown to any part of this continent, and you will do it by running railroads over every man's land, no matter whether he likes it or not. The public convenience requires it, and the road goes. I remember a story of some half dozen young larks rowing up the Thames, when the coxswain said to the rest, that he thought it was dinner time.—"Yes," said another, "there is a good tavern just here." "Ah! I did not think of that," replied the first: "I thought of dining with his Lordship there," pointing at the same time to the palace of a nobleman, whose beautiful lawn came down to the water's edge, and terminated with a handsome stone water stair, to which were moored a number of equally painted barges. One declared they would have an invitation to dine with his Lordship, and a wager was bet to that effect. After some explanation they went ashore, each planting an oar at a certain distance from his comrade, and the steersman making signs along them. Their operations being noticed by some ladies on the lawn, were quickly made known to his Lordship, who, coming down to the water's edge, inquired the occasion which had procured him the honor of a visit. They were making a railway they told him, which ought to pass through his grounds. His Lordship was mortified, as you can easily conceive, at the idea of grounds which had cost him so much money and trouble being thus spoiled, and at the prospect of a railway engine passing daily under his drawing-room windows. He remonstrated, and at last was assured by our coxswain that he fully appreciated his Lordship's objections, and that so far as he was concerned, every effort should be made to find another route. This good nature was so gratifying that the whole party received an invitation to dine with the nobleman. The whole story turns upon the fact, that the nobleman and the peasant stand on the same ground, if the public interest requires his land to be taken; and yet there are people who pretend that the Maine Law is an infringement of personal rights. Just as if a man had any personal rights at variance with the public good. Then we are asked if the application of our principle is to be without limit? And we say yes. Can a man's family be taken from him?—Yes. Can his fortune?—Yes. There was a man who became intemperate, and the law took away from him both his property and his children, a guardian was appointed, who drove up to his house one day, and handed his two daughters out into a carriage, as if it were merely to take them to dine, or spend the evening, for the public good required that these young girls should not be exposed to the contaminating influences they might be expected to meet in the home of a drunkard. When the father ceased to be the proper guardian, society thrust him out from the guardianship of his children. So in times of great fires, when conflagrations spreading with the velocity of the wind, I suppose you have some authority—in the States it is the Chief Engineer—to direct the destruction of houses. He says, tear them down, and they are torn down. Perhaps the wife or children see strong men laboring at the foundations of these houses; but they must get out, it is imperative, for the house must come down. The Engineer says, put a keg of powder into the cellar and blow up the house. Suppose the owners protest, what matter! When the public exigency requires it, we have precedents just as arbitrary and despotic as are to be found in Russia or Austria. We have the conscription by which in time of war, the Executive may cause all persons of legal age to be assembled, and compel them to take knapsack and gun, and to abandon their families, to fight the battles of their country. Is there anything more arbitrary than that? One man comes up and makes the excuse that he is sick—he is told to go to the regimental Surgeon and get, if he can a certificate from him. He says he is earning \$16 a month, and hopes the State will pay him as much—\$7 is the reply. The man must go, for the public good requires it. If all men were good men, then, indeed, we should not want many of these stringent laws; but laws are wanted because many men care neither for God nor their neighbor; and society tells these men it will try to restrain them. In the case of passing counterfeit money, or even that of highway robbery, the offender's personal liberty is adjudged inconsistent with the general welfare; or in the case of setting a man's house on fire, the offender's life is deemed inconsistent with the general welfare, and the law tells the criminal you shall be hanged by the neck till you are dead. Thus you see *salus populi suprema lex*. But we shall be told, well, what of it? What of it?—why, the inference I draw is,

that if we may take away a man's property, family and life, we may surely shut up a grog-shop for the public welfare. Our opponents won't admit this—they think they have got us in the position of a man I saw pictured in a comic almanac. He was a very fat man, in a very little chaise, mounted on very small wheels, and he was drawn by a very large horse—rather he had been drawn, for the horse had broken the thill, had got away from the chaise, and was turning round looking at the man. Under the whole was written, *non sequitur*—it don't follow. But I submit it to you, ladies and gentlemen, whether it does follow or not. I think we are right—I think the grogshop keepers on this continent must cease to be the privileged class which they have been. Every other man was held to answer for his acts committed against the general good, but these people knew full well that they could not sell rum without mischief, and asked how can we continue to do it if we are to be held responsible for our acts. Their business they know is to convert good men into bad, good husbands into wicked ones, good fathers into demons; by the principles of the common law they were responsible, how were they to go on! To this our fathers have unfortunately replied we will give you authority, and then you may go on in spite of the common law, so that the license laws are at variance with common law. I read in the newspaper, of a German in Chicago, whose wife, passing by a garden wall was struck by a ball that came over it and killed her. The ball was thrown by some persons who were playing in the garden; the proprietor was not present, nor did he know who threw it; but he was held responsible, and the German recovered \$5000. This was the operation of common law; but alas! how many wives are destroyed—how many children ruined for time and eternity by the sellers of rum, and there is no redress. I am inclined to think they have revived in their favor an old English institution called benefit of clergy, by which, if any man were arraigned for crime though it might be murder, he was enabled to escape in this way. A book was put into his hand, and if he could but read, the penalties were not enforced, against him. I think this defunct principle is applied for the benefit of rum-sellers, so that supposing any one of them was put on his trial, he may say to the judge, "Please your honour, I am a rum-seller," in which case of course he would be told to go free. I lately read of a man put into the dock who pleaded this benefit of clergy; but when the book was put into his hand, he could not read. However, his counsel raised some quibble by which sentence was postponed, and as the assizes were almost over, he could not be sentenced, and remained in prison till the next term. Then he came up again, and now sure enough he could read; he had made good use of his time. The judges had never heard of such a case before; but they consulted together, and at last the determined to give the man his benefit of clergy, but to punish the jailer who allowed him to learn to read in prison. By quibbling, rum-sellers say to escape, but the time is coming when all will be in vain—they must give up.

We in Maine hold the traffic in intoxicating liquors to be one of the greatest of crimes; but in Canada you authorize and permit it. You may think us fanatics, but what I tell you is precisely what we say, that the selling of liquor is the gravest crime a man can commit, and that before we have done with it, we will place it in the catalogue of the gravest crimes. I wish to impress your minds with the fact that in this we are right, and you wrong. What is a crime? That which the law makes one, whether it be a sin or not, for there are many crimes that are not sins, and many heinous sins which are not crimes; for instance, it was lately a crime in Maine to pass bank bills of less than \$5; but it was so absurd thus to legislate that nobody thought it a crime to pass a bill of lesser amount. Interference with the happiness of the people is crime, and when Legislatures are called on to make new laws, they never think of enquiring whether the offence is against God's law. They merely ask if it is opposed to the happiness of the people. Apply this rule to the traffic in intoxicating drinks, and I will venture to say, that it inflicts more mischiefs than all other evils put together—yes, more evils in a year, than all other evils for a quarter of a century. If this be true—and, alas! who will deny it?—are we fanatics, if we say we will place this act of liquor selling in its proper position in the scale of crime? I think, indeed, we should be, because in reality it has no proper place—no scale of crime is sufficiently low for it. In Maine we have a place called Downingville, where resides General Jack Downing, once, if we take his word for it, the confidant of General Jackson, but now cultivating his farm, and occasionally writing to the *National Intelligencer* at Washington. Once in describing a cool snap down in Maine, he said that the bark of the trees was rent, and the branches broken down, and the inhabitants alarmed by what at first they took for a rolling fire of musketry; but which turned

out to be merely the popping of the nails drawn out of their frame houses by the frost. He said moreover that the thermometer was 40° below zero, and that it would have been colder, only the mercury could not get lower. So it is with liquor selling; it is below the point to which the thermometer can fall—it is below murder, or robbery, or all other crimes put together. We may be asked if we expect to educate public opinion to this point? I answer yes; but perhaps I should have said no, if we had not had, in a matter precisely parallel to it, a trade carried on for many years by good and pious men, but which we now, in England, America and France, stigmatize as piracy and punish with death. How was it with Wilberforce and Clarkson, who they denounced the slave trade? Driven by a mob from Liverpool, they were thrust out of Parliament, on the ground that £8,000,000 of British commerce was invested in the business. In England there was one Captain of a slave ship, so pious, that his memoirs have come down to us, and are most interesting for that reason. There was a clergyman, too, in New England, who once sent out a barrel of rum to buy a slave boy, who came over accordingly, and learned to read English. One day, passing through the kitchen, he saw the boy crying, and on asking him the reason, was told that he was thinking of his mother. Then, for the first time, his conscience smote him, and he made the only restitution in his power, by giving the boy a first rate education. In the same way I hope to see opinion changing on the sale of liquor. I may be asked, whether we mean to punish rum-selling with death? I say no—unless it is necessary. But the men of Maine mean to protect their children, and it is for the rum-sellers themselves to decide what they want. We want no penalties, if they do not; but if they say halter, we say halter. The whole movement is in their hands; nothing but stringent law will answer their demands, and we give it them: it is all a concession to them. We are spending money, health and trouble, and they call us cruel, instead of benevolent. Many years ago, Dr. Edwards passed through the United States, preaching on the topic of the essential immorality of the traffic in intoxicating drinks, though there were, at that time, as good men as any in the land engaged in the liquor trade. I went to the lecture, and while he was speaking of the necessary results of the traffic, I heard him, in his peculiarly forcible manner say, after each exposition—that's not right—that's not right. This simple but forcible expression, often repeated, made every man feel that no thing should be done but what was right; it produced a great impression upon my heart and conscience, and upon all those whose consciences could be touched at all. Many good men were there, who went home next day, ceased from selling rum, and those who they did not want any law. One partner in a large firm, whose profits from it were \$5,000 a year, when he went home, asked his wife—how about giving up the rum trade? His wife said "No, I have wished long that you would." "Yes," said he, "but it will ruin our business." "Never mind, I will go out and wash." He gave it up, and he has since said that he never could see that he had lost one dollar from it. Such a man wanted no law. But there is another sort of men, who will speak thus: "Now, it's no use talking about this right and wrong; we don't care for that; we want law." So in 1846, we prohibited the sale of liquor by law, imposing penalties of from \$1 to \$20.—The same people then said:—"Now look here—this ain't no use. Why we can pay all these fines every day, and make money at that. Then we added three months in the States Prison. At that stage the greater number took their hats and bowed themselves out of the business saying they guessed that would do; but the others said they guessed they'd try it. We asked then whether three years or a life in the States prison would be enough for them; because whatever they required they could have, for we are determined to protect our children against their infernal practices, if it takes all the hemp in Kentucky. A few years ago the whole world was electrified by a crime, which never seemed to have been heard of before. In Edinburgh thirty or fifty persons in good health suddenly disappeared—some young men and some young women—and the greatest alarm was felt in the city. At length a student of medicine went one day to the College of Surgery, and while walking up to the table, whereon were two bodies a male and a female, he suddenly exclaimed "Margery Campbell, Margery Campbell, why I met her in the streets yesterday, and then she was well." The body was examined; but no marks of violence or disease were discovered, and while the students were proceeding, one of the Professors came in. He had bought the dead bodies from Burke and Hare, two men, of whom one confessed that they had jointly murdered many persons for the sake of the £10 10s., which the Doctors gave for the bodies. On one occasion they had murdered a mother with her child, an infant, and not knowing what to do with the little crea-

ture, as the Doctors would give nothing for it. They agreed to kill it. Burke took it up for that purpose; but the baby smiled in his face and he could not do it. He took some brandy, and again he tried; but again his courage failed him. He drank again, and then taking the child he killed it, by breaking its back over his knee, after which he threw it into the middle of the floor, and left it to expire writhing in agony. Horrible crime! And yet there is no mother nor father if they properly considered it, who would not rather their children should die so, than by the crime of the liquor seller. And yet men of Canada, I have to night to call on you not to permit your children to be sent to a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's eternity. If it comported with my position here to-night, I would say to you, men of Canada, shame upon you! Is there not manhood enough in you to stand up and interpose between these helpless, defenceless ones, and those unscrupulous men, who seek gold, and will clutch it, though it be clotted with the best blood among you. Whatever you may choose to do, we, the men of Maine, have resolved that we will not let our children be destroyed before our faces.

There is one other point. Those who object to this law, say it cannot operate favorably, since it is a failure in Maine, and will be so every where else. They would go, say they, for such a law, if it could be successful. We come then to that point, and we say the law is no more a matter of experiment; its success has been demonstrated in Maine. When once the law was passed the wholesale trade in rum came immediately to an end, and the liquor was sent out of the State. It went away like rats from a burning barn. The Municipal Governments usually issued a sort of proclamation, saying that as the law was passed, they would allow a reasonable time to send the liquor out of the State to where the government still permitted it to be sold. That was a Yankee trick and we are ashamed of it by this time, like a boy of whom a young clergyman once told me a story, without, however, adding, as I suspect was the truth, that he was himself the hero of it. There was a child's party in the town, and at the end of it, the little gentleman said to a little lady, that he should, he hoped, have the honour of seeing her home. The little lady of course assented, and on the way he told her stories of his kites, and tops and marbles, and she probably replied by stories about her dolls. At last having got to her door, he looked up and was pleased to see there was no one looking; so while handing her in—"I say," said he, "don't tell any one you know, about this." "Oh no," said she, "you need not be afraid that I shall tell any one, for I am as much ashamed of it as you are."

Some idea of the complete success of the Maine law, might be gathered from this fact—the law permitted the sale of liquors in the cases in which they are originally imported. A man recently came to Portland from New York, and having brought some original packages of liquors, to the amount probably in all, of not more than ten barrels, he sent his circulars all through the state. He had a monopoly of the business, and as I said, had not more stock in all than ten barrels; yet so little success did he meet with, that he had in a short time to pull up his stakes for New York, with nearly all the liquors he had brought with him. As to the retail trade—when the law was passed respectable people immediately abandoned it. It was given up by all except the most disreputable of the foreign population, and as far as known now, the only place where liquor was still sold publicly at a bar in the State, was at Moose Head Lake, about forty miles beyond Sunday—a resort for sportsmen and visitors from all parts of the States and Canada. To show how thoroughly drunkenness was exterminated, he (Mr. D.) told a story of a friend of his who had to do with a witness in a case of law who no feared would be drunk when wanted. The witness arrived from a distance and was absent all the day before the trial came on. At length he appeared. What said the gentleman, so here you are at last and sober too. "Yes," he replied, "I have been looking for liquor seven miles round, and could get nothing to drink." There are still secret grog shops, there are still some drunkards; but drunkenness has disappeared from our streets. One man kept up his red face as usual after the law was passed. I had misad him for some time, however, and one day went into a shoemaker's shop to enquire after him.—"Oh," said the shoemaker, "Thompson always boasted he could get his grog, and that when he could not he would clear out, but he came here at last with his face the same color as other peoples, and when I asked him how that was, he said he found it such a damned bother to get the stuff, that he had to give it up. In Portland Police Station, there are eighteen cells for drunkards, and before the Maine Law passed, they were always full. Now, they are full, instead of drunkards, they are full of the liquor that is waiting to be condemned, and poured into the gutter. A great waste of property, says some one. How so?—It went into the

gutter before the law passed, and then it took the men with it; now it goes into the gutter alone—that's all the difference. Our almshouses were once crowded with paupers, so that we had to consider about building new ones. Four months after the law came into operation, whole ranges of that almshouse were empty. In Kennebec, Franklin, Somerset, and other counties, a great decrease has occurred in the jails—in the last, only seven prisoners being found in the jail in March, 1851, against 25 in March, 1852, and of these seven four were there for rum-selling; so that there were really three against twenty-five. Such is the connection between rum selling and poverty, and such the result of the prohibitory law with us. Our present position in consequence of it furnishes reasons which make us think it not at all cogistical on our part to call on you to follow the example we have set. Those who have gained so many advantages may well ask others to tread in their steps.

Maine calls to other States and to Canada, and to all the civilized world to follow her in the career of legislation and success. She is justly proud of her name and motto. We believe that all those States and provinces which follow us will have an advantage experienced by a great fleet from following the wake of one ship whose captain knew better than the rest the way to an anchorage. It was during the continental war on the Syrian coast, when one of those tremendous gales arose, which are common to those seas. The fleet was near the land, and the Admiral knew it ought not to be there, and that in case of disaster his government would hold him responsible. He accordingly ordered all the ships to the wind, on a taut bow line, as the sailors say. Nevertheless, they still drove towards the land, and the commander knew that though yet at a great distance off, the coast of Syria would bring them up at last to destruction. He also knew that there was an ancient port in that neighbourhood; but he did not know the way into the harbour, and he accordingly signalled to ask if there was any one in the fleet who could pilot them in. One ship replied, yes, and that one was ordered to take the lead, and the rest to fill away and follow. The captain of the leading ship found that night would come upon them speedily, and that, unless the utmost expedition was adopted, they must be lost, as it would be impossible to enter the port in the dark. He, therefore, signalled to make all sail, and sail was packed on till they could stagger under no more. In this manner they approached closely to the coast. The anxieties of the admiral being awakened, he signalled again, "A great responsibility rests with you, Captain Douglas." There was no hesitation in the reply, "Follow me," was the return signal, and all held on their way, till at length, having attained a projecting breakwater, they turned a point with admirable skill, and entered the ancient port in perfect safety. WITH THE LIKE CONFIDENCE IN HER LEGISLATIVE NAVIGATION THE PINE TREE STATE CRIES FOLLOW ME. SHE THROWS HER BANNER TO THE BREEZE, AND TAKING THE LEAD SHE EXHIBITS HER PROUD MOTTO, DIRIGO. IF CANADA WILL FOLLOW, SHE WILL FIND PROTECTION AGAINST THE DREADFUL EVILS RESULTING FROM THE TRAFFIC IN INTOXICATING DRINKS.

It is scarcely necessary to say that this splendid peroration carried all candid hearers to the highest point of delighted appreciation and conviction of right. The speaker sat down, while the Hall reverberated with the reiterated and hearty applauses of the whole multitude, who for two long hours, (which appeared short), listened to his stirring eloquence, and witnessed the orator's burning zeal for his noble principles. We go to the refreshment tables—so do many, but for nearly half an hour of recess, all the conversation turns on the admirable success of Neal Dow's visit to Montreal. Our warm-hearted friend and coadjutor, Kellogg, was to have spoken, but it was too late to begin such a speech as he can make, and, therefore, after a few words of advice, respecting our future course, from Mr. Dow, the assembly began to disperse, and before midnight, we hope, all were comfortably asleep; none troubled with evil dreams except the few rumsellers who had been there, and heard their business so truthfully pictured.

This visit of Neal Dow to Montreal, will long be remembered. May it be the commencement of a new era of thought and action in Montreal, leading to the speedy suppression of the liquor traffic.

[WRITTEN FOR THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.]

## Song for the "Maine Law."

God speed the Temperance cause,  
Guard it with wholesome laws,  
While people shout applause,  
And crime is stay'd.  
Thus hearts with sorrow rife,  
The drunkard's child and wife,  
'Mid scenes of want and strife,  
Have wildly pray'd.

And shall our ears be deaf?  
Shall we bring no relief  
To sooth their weighty grief,  
And banish wrong?  
We'll raise the Temperance cry—  
We'll lift our banner high,  
Till ev'ry sufferer's sigh  
Is chang'd to song.

On Rum we'll legislate,  
Fit work for ev'ry state,  
Though dealers rant and rate,  
And all oppose.  
Each husband—brother—sire,  
Who deals in liquid fire,  
Shall feel our potent ire,  
And call us free.

The myriad drunkard's homes,  
Whose pleasure never comes,  
But pale, gaunt hunger roams  
Unchecked and free.  
The wives—then widows worse,  
The babes that heir a curse.  
Not found alone in verso,  
We'll bid them see.

Then ask them how, at last,  
When life's short dream is past,  
In the assembly vast,  
Before the throne,—  
Those ruined souls they'll meet,  
Whose wayward, wand'ring feet,  
From virtue's safe retreat,  
They tempted on?

Mothinks from ev'ry sod,  
Where Rum's cur'd foot hath trod,  
Some hapless brother's blood  
Cries from the dead.  
While God, with jealous care,  
Treasures each heart-rung pray'r.  
And every bitter tear,  
In secret shed.

And His right arm ere long,  
Shall smite the giant "Wrong,"  
And free the wretched throng  
No long hath sway'd.  
Then speed the Temperance cause,  
Guard it with wholesome laws,  
While millions ho t p l a u e,  
And crime is stay'd.

Montreal, Feb. 13, 1851.

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OR,

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February 15.

## DR. CARPENTER,

## ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF ALCOHOL,

AND

Edward Paxton Hood's British Temperance Melodies

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H. W. JACKSON,

Toronto.

Toronto, Nov., 1853.

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