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TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

PLEDGE.—We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use intoxicating liquors as a beverage, nor traffic in them; that we will not provide them as an article of entertainment, nor for persons in our employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the community.

VOL. XVIII.]

MONTREAL, JULY 1, 1852.

No. 14

The Maniac.

BY REV. D. P. CAREY, A. M.

My heart shudders as I think of her—once loved, and beautiful, and pious, now blighted, withered, frenzied, lost. Once a gay and bright maiden; then a subdued and devoted Christian, a wife, a mother; and then a sufferer, a criminal, a maniac. She passed through all these phases so suddenly, and hastened so quickly from the brightest joys to the deepest gloom of despair, that I wondered at the rapid transition; and often have I involuntarily prayed for the poor unfortunate Louisa H., as my mind recurred to her sad history.

Though now an inmate of our state asylum for the insane, I will not intrude upon the sanctity of the family circle if I detail some of the fearful steps of her brief career. Poor Louisa! she has had but little peace or rest since her entrance in this world of sin and sorrow, and probably enjoys as much now in the hallucinations of delirium as she did when her too sensitive soul dwelt upon the unmitigated horrors of real life. Such it was to her. No flowers for years grew in her path, no joy thrilled her soul, no friendship relieved her wants. The public eye knew not, pitted not her condition, till a tragedy—a fearful tragedy—roused the people, and then Louisa was a maniac. True, she once gathered flowers in the wild woods; she once gambled on the lawn, and sang responses merrily to the birds she loved. But when she entered life as an individual, she found her path a thorny one. O, could we get the true story of that wandering spirit pent up in its prison house of clay, and madly looking out on a hated world, we would hear a story that fiction never surpassed—a tale of wrong and blood, of crushed hopes and reckless brutality, of unmitigated wretchedness and wild blasphemy, of savage rage and proud defiance, of exquisite revenge and terrible retribution such as earth only can produce and hell only excite! Through ~~torments~~ ~~solms~~ of despair poor Louisa walks; but we hope, we pray, that God would pity, and pardon, and save, and that the wanderer may return to rest when life gives place to immortality.

I may here give the key that unlocks the mystery hanging around the haggard form of the subject of this sketch—*her father was a common drunkard*. He was an important character in the village near which he lived, and was the most noted fighter of the county of R. in his day. Half drunk, he was a host in his way, and would quarrel, and swear, and raise fights, and, being a most expert pugilist, would engage in them with evident gusto and hence was universally respected (?) and dreaded. He was the hero of every patriotic row, and the soul of every training-day's entertainment. Politicians were ready to court his favor, and his notorious powers made him the object of village gossip for days after elections. The common rendezvous of bacchanals—the village dram-shop—was never fairly graced, and never attractive to the patriotic posterity of revolutionary sires, till the fiery H. had arrived.

Wille, however, the rum-seller, and the grovelling office-seeker, and the town loafer, and the county bully, all rejoiced in the friendship of this profane drunken blackguard, they forgot the place where his meek wife and lovely daughter lived and suffered. When sober he was kind, industrious, and frugal, and made a good living, as it was said. But when drunk he was a demon incarnate; and going home in a fury, he would beat his wife, abuse his children, and perform all other acts and deeds which common drunkards do in such cases.

A change took place, which for a while turned the current of affairs, and altered somewhat the hitherto unvarying misery of H.'s family. The Methodists had a small society at R., and at a quarterly meeting some years ago, a great revival took place. Scores of sinners of all classes were brought into the Church, and converted to God. It was one of these revivals which make a marked impression on society. The very foundations of the wicked were torn from under them, and for many days there was weeping, praying, shouting in the now changed and happy R. The adjacent country partook of the heavenly blessing, and flocked to the mercy seat, and many, very many, were made happy in a Saviour's love.—Among the converts were H and his family. He professed to experience the pardoning favor of God; his wife, too, bowed to Jesus with her loved husband; and in humble contrition they forgot all their troubles, and sought only to glorify God. Louisa was converted. Now she was happy. She seemed to be in a new world. Old things had passed away—all things had become new—a new father, a new mother, a new home, and a new heart. No wonder she shouted, as she often did, when she told in class or in love-feast the simple story of her salvation. She was a beautiful girl. Her temper subdued by grace, her soul kindled into raptures, her voice raised in song, she presented a fair picture. He who was her pastor then told the writer, that a more lovely and interesting girl did not belong to the Church at that time than this rejoicing young convert. Her sweet voice was frequently heard in prayer in the public congregation; and many predicted a happy future for the unfortunate girl.

The family altar was erected in the reformed drunkard's house; a family Bible was purchased; and a few halcyon days passed over the cottage dwellers. The itinerant minister visited and prayed with the happy circle, and everything seemed to indicate a thorough reformation of the courageous and passionate H.

Half a year had gone since this great change was wrought, and still the skies over Louisa were bright; but clouds were gathering, and soon the green, beautiful world in which she dwelt was to be blackened, scorched, blighted, and she a wandering, lost one, to be raving amid its curses.

I would be glad to stop here, and leave that family in the enjoyment of hope, and peace, and pardon; but I feel that the truth ought to be told in this case, and sorrowfully I proceed to my task.

H. had long shunned the dram-shop. No inducement had been sufficient to lead to the fatal stall where cruel men murder souls as well as bodies. He became strong in his self-confidence, after months of trial; and at last yielded so far the rigid determination of his mind as to go for some trifling article to the deathful den of Beelzebub's hated minion. He went too far. He went to the charmed circle; he went from the guardian angel which kept him; he dragged himself from under the shadow of the Almighty's wings, and fell within the black baleful shade of Erebus; he went to the gates of perdition; he went to the mouth of the pit; he climbed to the burning crater's edge; he made a truce with his arch enemy, and forgot that he was a Christian; he took one dram—only one—only one cup from the demon's hands—only one cup of burning poison—one lethean draught—one long draught of liquid woe and death; he was ruined, murdered, damned.

I need say no more about his downward course. He went from home in the morning a kind, Christian father; he came to that home at night a fool, a brute, a fiend. The change in Eden was scarcely greater. The transition was so violent that poor Louisa

lost her self-possession in the bitter grief of that frightful night, when she felt herself to be again a *drunkard's daughter*. She finally sought relief from the blasphemous carousals of her father's house in matrimony.

She had loved a gay young man; she now married him. A few months revealed to her shattered mind the fact that her husband was a drunkard—not an every-day drunkard, but a tippler. She knew too well the course of such a man, and day and night sought to turn from the path of ruin her husband.—But, alas! he was too far gone; and all her pleadings only alienated his now blunted affections; and at last, poverty-stricken, brutalized, and vicious he fled from his wretched home, and left his helpless wife with an infant to stem the raging storm now bursting around her. What could she do now? What refuge could she find? She must either work for a subsistence for herself and child, with feeble health and broken heart, or she must return to be the companion of her abused mother, and share that abuse for the sake of bread. Necessity forced her to the latter alternative, and she was once more at home. O, what a home! No altar to God; no prayer, except when she stealthily sought God in secret; no peace except when the raging madman and infuriated beast, her father, was from home or asleep.

In the yawning abyss of intemperance had sunk all of her hopes and happiness, and the hell invented beverage had destroyed all she prized on earth. Again and again had she heard her father's curses pour on her pious mother's head. Time after time had she seen his brawny fist strike her mother's loved face. More than once had she beheld that mother's bleeding form, and heard that mother's wail. Murder, lust, blasphemy, rage, horrible brutality—these were her daily companions. If she sought relief in prayer, her mother sobbing in another room would arouse her nature and tear her heart.

Grossly deceived, and villainously abandoned, cruelly abused, and dwelling in such a place, she at last sunk under her accumulated sufferings, and every smile was gone; and now moody silence marked her demeanor. She spoke but little; seemed in deep thought, as if pondering some mighty enigma, or planning some supernatural deed which would deliver her from the fires burning around her.

Each recurring day made her prospects more gloomy; and now she thought of defending her mother from the attacks of her brutal father, and of doing something which would relieve her, at least for a time, from the mighty burden weighing on her heart. One day in a drunken fit her father had, as usual, beaten her mother in a most shocking manner. The poor girl, delirious now with one consuming desire of revenge and deliverance, gazed fixedly on the beloved being who had always been her friend—her only earthly friend—and while her clinched hands, her gnashing teeth, her wild look, made her words ominous, said, in a subdued yet resolute tone, "I will kill him if he beats mother again!"

The opportunity does not long delay. A yell from her inebriated father rouses the family circle near the close of day, and cursing and furious from the village human slaughter-pen he comes to rage, and beat and break hearts in his own desolate home. Soon he begins his usual work, and, maddened to the last degree, rushed upon his feeble and retreating wife. Louisa saw the fell monster again with his bloody hand beating and mangling her mother's features; and now, snatching an axe from its place, she hastened to avenge and defend her mother. She struck one blow; she laughed; she looked. Her father was insensible. Again she laughed one loud, wild, vengeful laugh, and, with the eager violence of the tiger, completed the work of death. She looked and laughed again. Her father was dead!

Poor Louisa! she was mad. She lived to be tried for her life, to sit and hear the story told before a jury, and hear the pleadings of eloquent counsel. She was cleared, of course; and now, in one of the wards of our insane asylum, she lives still—a maniac.

Kind reader, have you a heart to pity or pray? Then now, while you finish this article in your loved Repository, ask God to bless the poor inebriate's wife and daughters. I do not write fiction. My heart now swells, and tears now flow from my eyes, while I ask you to pray for poor Louisa. I had once a charge in which her mother was a member, and I have been frequently in the ward where she is confined.—But I tell the tale of the million; and if by writing this I could get ten thousand pious females to pray, while they read these closing lines, for the drunkard's families of this land, I shall do some good; and while you pray, do not forget Louisa H., the maniac.—*Ladies' Repository*.

The Reign of Reason.

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

When we turn to Athens of old, in the palmiest days of the democracy, no sight meets the eye so deeply affecting as that of her greatest moralist. The popular prejudice is stirred, the passions of the multitude enlisted against one who had labored to improve the State by training her sons to virtue and the right use of reason. He is condemned to die—to pay the forfeit of his life for crimes he had never committed, for opinions which were the honor of his intellect, and for the promulgation of sentiments which were the glory of his heart. It is proposed that in the interval between the record of the judgment and the day of doom—in this case lengthened period secured by custom and law—that he should save his life by a clandestine escape from his prison. Socrates ruled to the last by the same perspicacious survey of the wide interests of his own being and of the race at large, refused to secure a brief and ignoble future on the earth, by an act that would certify the pusillanimity of his soul, and the faithlessness of his reason to the principles which he had ever maintained. He remained to die, that humanity might read, even in the movements of its purely heathen elements, how appetite, and passion, and the baser ingredients of our complex frame, may be borne down and held in restraint by the regency of the will, guided by the light of an honest and truth-loving intelligence. His is a figure, that, taken as it ought to be, standing within the region of practical morals, is well fitted to arrest even the gaze of christian philanthropists in seeking the improvement of the many.

For, after all, whether we take humanity as left to the guidance of its natural, self-cultivated powers and capacities, or placed under the clearer light of the christian revelation, this earth is obviously the great battle-field of reason with passion, of conscience with appetite, of the interests of the inward with the propensities and declinations of the outward man. However diversified the terms in which the conflict may be named, and however different the epochs of life, or of natural or supernatural aid under which it is maintained, the conflict lives, and moves, and agitates humanity throughout all time. Whether it takes the phaso of the pursuits of art and science, of the adornments of literature, of the embellishments of civilization, or of the defences of freedom through political ameliorations; or rises into distinct and direct aim at the social advancement of the multitudes through a widening education—the battle of the reason of man with the sensualism of life, through the constant appeal of the material and outward, goes onward from age to age. Multitudes are ever warred and destroyed, while here and there arise the men who vindicate the supremacy of the head and heart over the merely sensual, and avouch, in the living signature of their being, that the victory is for him who has the will to be victorious.

But the aspect of this ethico-intellectual contest which especially concerns the individual, is not in the scuffled hosts who meet and combat on the high fields of political and social reform. Many a statesman has guided the helm of public affairs, whose reason was not liege to some of the simplest dictates of virtue. Many an eye has wept over the fascinations of poetry, or kindled into rapture in surveying this glorious dwelling-place of man, and yet been lured to evil through the flatteries of sin. Many a tongue has been eloquent, and many a pen dipped in the rainbow tints of dramatic fancy, and all but heaven-born genius, whilst their owners plunged again and again beneath the stream of vicious indulgence. What instance, throughout the whole vista of human thinking, from the first of ages until now, could be named before my Lord of Verulam? Raised above his fellow-thinkers of all times in comprehending, with the sweep of his giant intellect, the relation of man's intelligence to the material universe, and pointing with prophetic vision to the onward career of physical investigation, at the same time that human ambition could scarcely ask a more glorious elevation on which to stand and utter the decisions of a just and judicial wisdom—what do we behold? An instance of the weakness, the frailty, the meanness of the human heart, that has ever been approached with a blush of shame, or attempted to be concealed, out of a pious reverence for the tears of repentant sorrow.

It is not enough, in answering the question—

'Tell, for you can, what is it to be wise?'

to say,—

'It is to know how little may be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own.'

Or, after having uttered the accents of wisdom, merely to wish—

'And may ye better reck the rede,
Than ever did the adviser?'

It is not alone in the apophthegms, the maxims, or the wise sayings which the intellect of man has gathered up and recorded throughout the progress of all time, that the living and active wisdom of individual men is to be found. It is a personal affair. It is the individual conformity of the life to the individual cogitations of the heart: the struggle daily to make the inward convictions of truth and of duty stand visible and patent in the deeds of the outward man. And however effective the recitation of the saws and proverbial sayings of other times in causing the light of truth to flash athwart the horizon of man's mental vision, the living exemplar of a wise behaviour is immensely more productive of good.

Hence it is that in the progress of the reign of reason the contest is in resisting the dominion of the outward, and setting forth in life the dominion of the spiritual or rational man. It is reason, through conscience and will, accomplishing what the reason clearly dictates. When genius arises, and paints with colourings fresh from the beauties of the universe, a living world as it is, or a living world as it ought to be; or thrills our being with ecstatic visions of the lovely, the beautiful, the sublime; or bears us on the wings of fancy far into fairy regions untrod by the vicious footsteps of men—it is all well; and to the wand of his commanding mastery we yield, wrapt in the enjoyment of almost angelic raptures. But when we turn to the being who has flashed forth those extraordinary coruscations of intellect, and all but overwhelmed us with the gushing emotions of love, and find him irascible, peevish, wayward, sensual—what a melancholy, what a humiliating combination of mental grandeur and moral debasement! Were the foundations of science laid with the might of a Bacon, or the heavens scanned with the eye of a Newton, or life delineated with the intuitions of a Shakespeare, or Paradise lost and regained sung of with the pathos and sublimity of a Milton—and then dipped in the common sensualism of the lowest inebriation the living intelligence appeared—what serves to him the might of genius, the pinion of intellect, or the soaring flights of fancy, when the reign of reason, in the practical government of life, is so miserably negatived—undone; How immeasurably more sublime must the harmony of that being's existence appear, under eye that may survey him from a region of pure virtue, when it is seen that the dictates of right are venerated, the supremacy of conscience maintained, and the superiority of the rational and spiritual life elucidated in the daily activities of the man. What is an Iliad from the lips of a drunkard, or the exposition of the starry universe from a pen dipped in wormwood and gall?

The reign of reason, then, is the reign of virtue; and the reign of virtue is the reign of an enlightened conscience in individual men. No powers conferred by the mechanical sciences, no splendour exhibited in the decorative arts, no advances in the great political movements of nations and communities can ever be a substitute for this personal, individual subjection to the reign of rectitude. Towards this consummation all men who wish well to their kind ought to bend the energies of their being. It is education's ultimate goal. A whetted intellect, unfurnished with a basis of moral integrity, is but an instrument of more subtle and refined iniquity. A taste for painting, and music, and all manner of external adornments, may conceal the spirit of deceit, malignity, and guile—the variegated hues of the snake deluding for a little as to his poisoned fangs. But reason dictating right—and through the regency of conscience, maintaining steadfast loyalty to right—is the rock on which alone the superstructure of human advancement (so far, at least as this advancement is regarded as a human problem, to be solved through the instrumentality of human agencies) in moral well-being—the highest rational dignity of man can be safely and permanently made to stand. Towards this the substratum of every improvement, the basis of every practical elevation, the guarantee that everything done is well done, all attempted educational ameliorations of the multitudes ought to tend—the love of the true, of the real, of the honest, of the upright, in all the social and individual movements of mankind.

No handmaid of moral improvement, under the aspect now named, can claim precedence of the temperance reform. Based

as it is on principles found, under the examination of every light, to be soundly rational, it stands ready to aid the reign of reason. Urging the destruction of the greatest demoraliser of modern times—the greatest enemy of virtue under all names, the foulest fountain of vice under all forms—the temperance reformation arises and bids reason reign; or hails with loudest acclaim every approach, from what quarter soever hastened, of the day when right shall hold dominion, and the dark night of evil shall have for ever passed away.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence;
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

Intemperance and Home Missions.

The missionaries still find *intemperance* a great obstacle to their labours among the people. This evil is more frequently referred to by the agents than any other. Many cases are recorded of the most heart-rending character. 'In visiting to-day,' says one agent, 'I met with a number of careless families; in some of them the wife could not get out to a place of worship for want of proper clothing, the husband spending his earnings in a public house; in others, the women being advocates for an occasional pint in company with their husbands—their families were entirely neglected. In one house where I was urging the necessity of religion, a young woman replied, that she could derive no benefit from going to chapel, for all the time she was there her mind was harassed with the thought of the abuse she would receive from her father on her return home: her mother confirmed the statement. In five successive houses to-day, I found the men were in the habit of neglecting the house of prayer, four of whom are notorious drunkards.' 'In conversing with a woman,' says a second agent, 'I inquired after the health of the family, especially the husband, knowing that he had been much addicted to drinking. She said, "To tell the truth, sir, he is drunk in bed." I am sorry to hear it; for I fear he will bring himself to a premature grave. In reply, she said, with deep emotion, "I don't care how soon; my life is miserable! We have been married for more than thirty years, and would be very comfortable were it not for intemperate habits. This man is not driven to the public house by an untidy wife or disobedient children. As soon as the latter are grown up, feeling shocked at their father's conduct, they leave the house and seek homes for themselves. This woman makes a point of attending a place of worship as often as she possibly can." 'I called, by request,' says a third agent, 'to visit a woman in dying circumstances, but she expired a short time before I arrived. The husband was sitting in a chair in a state of intoxication, and had been drinking for several days. It is believed that his unnatural conduct brought his wife to a premature grave. She had been to a place of worship on the Sabbath previous to her death. He has often marked her by blows on the face for the purpose of preventing her attending the house of God. She was a member of a Christian church, and is now "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest." It is scarcely necessary to state that the beerhouses are a fruitful source of everything that is demoralising. In at least twelve of those dens of iniquity prostitutes are constantly harboured, and in almost the whole of the others every facility for wickedness is afforded. Several of the public-houses are equally injurious.—Report of the Bradford Town Mission, 1852.

A Few Questions and Answers.

Q. Why are present excise laws objectionable?

A. Because they have a wrong object;—regulating instead of suppressing the traffic; they give respectability to the traffic, by licensing it, and thus fail of suppressing intemperance.

Q. Why are they inefficient in suppressing the unlicensed traffic?

A. Because, in their execution, they are mainly dependant upon witnesses manufactured by the traffic.

Q. Wherein does the license law differ from a prohibitory statute?

A. The license law commissions a few to sell, while it prohibits the masses. A prohibitory statute forbids all sale, as a beverage.

Q. Wherein does a prohibitory law differ from the Maine law?

A. The prohibitory law forbids a man from selling, but not from keeping spirituous liquors for sale, if he chooses to sell in defiance of law. The Maine Law forbids his keeping, and disables him from selling in defiance of law.

Q. What are the two most marked features in the Maine Law?

A. The right of search and the destruction of liquor?

Q. Is the right of search peculiar to this law?

A. No. A gambling house may be searched; a counterfeiter's den, a house suspected of having obscene books, ballads, pictures, &c., or any contraband goods.

Q. Is the destruction of property peculiar to this law?

A. No. The den of the counterfeiter, the implements of the gambler, a mad dog, implements of unlawful fishing, when seized, are destroyed. Liquors are destroyed, and stilleries too, by the law of Congress, in the Indian country.

Q. Can the same property both receive protection and demand destruction?

A. Yes. Medical plates in a physician's library would be protected, but would be destroyed if placed in a shop window. Card and billiard tables may be protected in a private family, but would be destroyed when used in a gambling establishment. So liquor may be protected when sold for medical, mechanical, and sacramental purposes, but destroyed when offered for sale as a beverage.

Q. What claim has the sale of intoxicating liquor, as a beverage, to protection from society?

A. None; because it is of little use, and is of vast injury to the community.

Q. Is it the right and the duty of the people to protect themselves from evil, by legislation?

A. Yes; this is a great end of civil government, and if the government fails to do its duty, it is responsible for the consequences.—*Journal American Temperance Union.*

Perseverance.

From an essay on "The qualifications desired in a Temperance Advocate," recently published by William Tweedie, of London, we make the following extract. Mr. Green, the author endeavors to show, that a Temperance Advocate should have "a thorough knowledge of his subject; facility of communication; zeal; courtesy towards opponents; be deeply imbued with religious feelings; and be possessed of perseverance." The perusal of Mr. Green's peroration may afford encouragement to those who like ourselves have been long toiling at this great reform.—
E. D. C. T. A.

'And now, in conclusion, I would say to every one engaged in the advocacy of temperance, "Toil on, temperance advocate, toil on. Intelligently, industriously, zealously, religiously, perseveringly, toil on. Ignorance, sensuality, prejudice, and perverseness may often perplex thee; the shafts of calumny may assail thee; thou mayest be alike annoyed by freezing indifference, or heated enmity; still, toil on. Toil on, though many who should assist thee stand aloof, and some actually oppose thy progress. Toil on, though some of the precious seed thou scatterest is devoured by the fowls of the air, and some, after springing up and presenting the green blade, withers for lack of moisture; though hopeful shoots are nipped in the bud, and promising plantations suffer blight and mildew; still, toil on. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou canst not tell which shall prosper, this or that, or whether both may not be alike good. Toil on; thou shalt doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing thy sheaves with thee." Toil on—in summer and in winter—when cheered by friends or rebuked by foes—through evil report and through good report—still toil on, neither unduly elated nor unduly depressed. Toil on in patience—in patience possessing thy soul, all the days of thy appointed sojourning on earth. Thy labour of love—thy patient self-denial—thy persevering industry—

shall not lose their reward. Thou shalt be rewarded in the testimony of thy own conscience, that, according to the ability God hath given thee, thy aim was to benefit and bless the population in the midst of which thy lot was cast. And thou shalt be rewarded by the testimonies of others to the usefulness of thy labours. Many a youth, preserved by thy timely admonitions and warnings from the path of the destroyer, shall bless thee; and his aged parents, made happy by his filial regards and his upright and prosperous course, shall add weight to the blessing. And the blessing of the poor inebriate, restored by thy affectionate entreaties and advice, to health, to intelligence, to competence, to virtue, and to happiness, shall descend upon thy head. And many a wife shall bless thee, as the honoured instrument of bringing back to her a husband who, through the seductions of strong drink, had long been estranged from her, and had become a burden and a curse. Many a child, brought to rejoice in parental affection, nurture, and guidance, shall bless thee. And many households, converted by strict sobriety into circles where peace and order, plenty and comfort reign, shall bless thee. And many a Christian church, enlarged and benefited by the additions thou hast made to the number and spirituality of its members, shall bless thee. Thus the blessing of many, once ready to perish, shall come upon thee."

'Toil on, then, temperance advocate, toil on. The would-be wise of this world may sometimes meet thee with a sneer, or an ill-timed jest, and a portion of its press may attempt to write thee down. But though the giddy and unthankful may not at present discern thy greatness, or acknowledge the utility of thy labours, even the world shall one day do thee justice, and place thee amongst its noblest benefactors. The state may not pension thee; a statue of marble or of bronze may not be decreed thee; but thy name and thy labours shall be written in an imperishable record, and thou shalt in no wise lose thy reward.

'Toil on, therefore, "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might." He will make thy strength equal to thy day. He will support and bless thee through life. And when that day arrives "for which all other days were made," thou shalt lift up thy head with joy, while that gracious plaudit which comprises in it an eternity of ineffable, unutterable happiness, shall be pronounced over thee—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

National Division Sons of Temperance.

RICHMOND, Va., June 7th, 1852.

Bro. HOOPER.—The National Division closed its ninth annual session to-day at about three o'clock. It has been in all respects most harmonious, and its influence must be felt for good upon the whole country.

In the few moments I have to spare I can only allude to some of the business of importance which has been transacted, and that from memory. A synopsis will soon be published which will give you all in detail.

One thousand dollars was appropriated and placed in the hands of P. M. W. P. S. F. Cary, J. W. Oliver, and P. G. W. P. Charles Eginton, of Kentucky, with full power to procure a new ritual and have it published to the subordinate Divisions. This they will no doubt be able to do, and that satisfactorily, in the course of about three months. The regrets, therefore, which I expressed to you, under date of the 5th, may be somewhat modified.

The negro question was renewed by means of a memorial from the East, but was disposed of by a unanimous reaffirmation of the vote of the National Division in 1850.

The difficulty between the Eastern and Western Grand Divisions in New York was finally adjusted very satisfactorily to the representatives of both of those Grand Divisions, by the unanimous adoption of the following resolution introduced by Bro. Reid, of Connecticut, viz.: "Resolved, that the M. W. Scribe be instructed to have an exact copy of the Charter of the New York Grand Division, engrossed, and, if possible, signed by the officers who signed the original; or, if not, certified by the M. W. S., as a correct copy of said charter; and that he be also directed to record the division of said Grand Division into two jurisdictions, upon the face of both charters—said engrossed copy to be placed in possession of the G. D. of Western New York, and said Grand Divisions to stand upon the roll as now arranged." This places both on an equal footing, except that E. N. Y. stands first on the

roll, which honor was cheerfully conceded, as a matter of courtesy, by the representatives of W. N. Y., a year ago, at Toronto.

The subject of a "Social Degree" lies over till next year, when it is hardly probable it will be adopted, although it is not improbable that wives, daughters and sisters of members may be admitted as spectators at Division meetings.

An effort to obtain the admission of acting Grand Scribes to membership in the National Division failed, as also a proposition to make no person eligible to the office of G. W. P., who has not served a regular term as G. W. A., and to exclude acting G. W. A.s from the N. D.—no change being made in the composition of that body.

An amendment to the constitution of subordinates was made, by which, under dispensation from the Grand Division, Divisions in Colleges or institutions of learning, may elect to the offices of W. P. or W. A. members under twenty-one years of age. This I regard as one of the most important acts of Session, as our Colleges, Academies and Seminaries stand greatly in need of the influence of Divisions, and could not well sustain them under the old clause in the constitution.

The subject of Honorary Membership was discussed without definite action. It seemed to be conceded that the object sought could be attained, or nearly so, by each Division by an amendment to its by-laws.

The National Division decided that it is constitutional for Divisions to have by-laws excluding from all privileges of membership, those who may be in arrears for dues; also, that a brother convicted of violating article 2d does not hereby lose his membership, and when reinstated, is immediately again in good standing and entitled to benefits, if he were a benefit member before, unless precluded by a by-law of the Division.

Such are the amendments and decisions that come to my memory. A circular will soon be issued from which you can obtain the remainder. I think there were no others of much importance.

Yesterday at half-past four o'clock, P. M., Gen. Cary addressed a multitude of people in the Capital Square, whilst Judge O'Neall was speaking to the colored population in the African Church. The General made one of his happiest efforts and for the space of two and a quarter hours, held that immense audience almost breathless listeners to his eloquence. His remarks were adapted to the day and the occasion—tempered with religion and enforced with truth. Many of the members of the Legislature, and the Governor of the State were present. In the evening I was permitted the pleasure of listening to a chaste and forcible address from Bro. C. N. Olds of Ohio, a warm hearted brother and a polished and exceedingly effective orator. Two public Temperance meetings have been held each evening since our arrival, and their influence is already very perceptible in the city. The members of the National Division leave for their respective homes with the grateful assurance that their assemblage will result in great benefit to Virginia and in fact the whole South. H. S. M.
—Cor. N. Y. Organ.

Report of Committee on the State of the Order.

The Order in every locality within our jurisdiction has been fulfilling its mission with more or less faithfulness and success. The attentive and careful student of the temperance reformation cannot fail to see that it has been marked by distinct eras, each one more important than the preceding, and yet all necessary parts of one great and perfect whole. Thus each association for the promotion of this great cause has been adapted to the particular work assigned to it. None can fail to recognize in every successive step of progress the guiding hand of God. In the inception of our Order, and through all the years of its useful existence, there have been those who doubted the propriety of such an organization; yet no one at this day will deny that it has accomplished, and is accomplishing a mighty, beneficent and glorious work. Our past is interesting, our present full of importance, our future pregnant with hope. But we have no time to rejoice over past victories, or exult in present attainments; but the Providence of God clearly bids us press forward, while the same Providence as clearly says, "This is the way, walk ye in it." It seems to your committee that, whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the means by which the work is to be accomplished, there can be no doubt that the mission of our Order is to secure the utter annihilation of the manufacture of and traffic in intoxicating drinks.

To the accomplishment of this end all our energies and efforts should be directed.

We regard these as indisputable facts: That the traffic in intoxicating drinks is the fruitful source of pauperism, wretchedness and crime; that the train of evils is not merely incidental to the traffic, but inseparable from it; that no police regulations, however strict, can prevent or greatly mitigate these evils; that the object and duty of Government are not to regulate but prohibit wrongs—not to license but punish crime; that for the injuries inflicted upon society by this gigantic wrong, there is and can be no redress after the injury is done; and that, consequently, the only adequate remedy must be a preventative one.

It has been settled by the supreme judicial tribunal in this country, that no person has a right to introduce into any community anything which will corrupt its morals, destroy its life or endanger its peace. Upon this acknowledged principle is based all that legislation that asserts the right to seize, confiscate and destroy the tables of the gambler, the dice and implements of the counterfeiter, and which absolutely interdicts the carrying on of certain useful and lawful trades in given localities—in short, all that class of enactments which is founded upon the inherent right of self defence. Your committee, from the very nature of the evil to be removed, are fully convinced that any legislation will be utterly inefficient which does not provide for the seizure and destruction of the instrument—which does not brand it as an outlaw and abate it as a nuisance. If Government has no right to interfere with a man's business, when that business is destructive to all the best interests of his fellow men, individually and socially, then is the declaration that we have a right to enjoy and defend life and liberty—acquire, possess and protect property—pursue and obtain happiness—a miserable falsehood, a worse than poetical fiction; as no man or society of men can enjoy any of these asserted rights in a land of distilleries and dram-shops.

These facts being all admitted, it has yet been denied that our Order is instituted to interfere with the legislation of the country, and it is asserted that, as Sons of Temperance, we cannot legitimately assail the established usages of society. We apprehend that, as citizens, we have a right, and that it is our duty to exercise it, of interposing the strong arm of law—embodied public opinion—against the terrible outrage upon the peace and well-being of society, perpetrated by the manufacture of and traffic in ardent spirits. By uniting with this Order we surrender none of our rights as citizens; and the very fact that temperance is the basis of our organization, and the bond of our union, imposes upon us an additional obligation to unite in removing every obstacle in the way of the ultimate and speedy triumph of our godlike reform. It is expected of us by the world that we should point out the way by which our race is to be delivered from this body of sin and death. It is also expected that we shall stand with our armor on, in the front of the battle.

Your committee feel that while the members of our Order should be true to their Division rooms, and to all their obligations as Sons of Temperance, they should be exhorted to regard the extinction of the liquor manufacture and traffic, in their several jurisdictions, as their special business, not forgetting at the same time to direct their attention to the National Councils, and seeing that all foreign liquors shall be speedily placed under eternal quarantine.

Let the brethren, not merely as Sons, but as citizens, fathers, brothers, men, see that the public mind is enlightened, quickened, energized by addresses, sermons, temperance tracts and newspapers, not omitting to employ, where it is possible, the secular press in the publication of short articles on the subject of legal enactment for the suppression of the traffic, and take care that the public sentiment is properly represented in the legislative, judicial and executive departments of the Government.

That laws are enacted in each appropriate jurisdiction, embodying the principle of seizure and confiscation of liquor; and that such laws, when enacted, are enforced in their letter and spirit.

Let these things be done, and with the blessing of God, no many annual sessions of this body will have passed, before other and less laborious duties will devolve upon those who wear the badge of the Sons of Temperance.

The Committee, in concluding this report, would submit the following resolutions:

First, Resolved—That as members of society, as citizens, we have the right, and it is our duty to exercise it, to suppress, by all

legitimate and honorable means, the manufacture of and traffic in intoxicating drinks.

Second, Resolved—That in becoming Sons of Temperance, we give up none of our moral rights, and are exempt from none of our duties as citizens.

Third, Resolved—That we desire, will have and will enforce laws in our respective localities, for the suppression of this man-destroying, God-dishonoring business.

S. F. CARY, of Ohio.

JOHN BELTON O'NEALL, S. Carolina.

NEAL DOW, Maine.

Sprinklings for Thought, Ideal, and Actual.

Oh! tell us not of others' love, it cannot surpass that of a sister's. What can be purer than her caresses, what can be more heavenly than her smile? The memory of a sister's kindness, and the consciousness of her affection, have been a balm to our hearts in every ill. They have cheered us in sickness, and sorrow, and absence; they have been to us beacons of hope and happiness. And will continue with us, thank God! until we shall have done with toils of life.—*Graham's Magazine*.

In consequence of the death of a lady in Madrid, the other day, from canine madness, a general *battue* has been made against dogs, and upwards of 700 carcasses of those animals were carried out of the city in one day. (Was there in Madrid a terrible hue and cry about destruction of property.)

The Boston Journal describes, as one of the curiosities of the age, an electric clock, which has recently been completed, on an entirely new principle, and pronounced by scientific men to be the most perfect and simple of any. All wheel-work in the time-keeping part is dispensed with; therefore all friction is overcome. The time keeping part of the clock is simply a pendulum, an electro-magnet, and two armatures.—The vibrations of the pendulum break and close the circuit of electricity, while the combined action of the electro magnet and armatures keep it in motion.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.—The Fairmount (Va) True Virginian says:—We are informed by Col. Haymond and others, that a portion of a regularly Macadamized road has been discovered on the opposite side of the river from this place. We have not seen it ourselves, but learn that it extends pretty much along the bank of the river.—Its width is about 16 feet, and the track well graded. The bed of stone seems to be about two inches thick, and made precisely after the plan of our Macadamized roads, the stone being broken to about the same size as that used for our roads. The discovery was made by the washing away of a hill side which partially covered the road. When, and by what race of people this road was made, is unknown at the present day, but it gives evidence of the existence of a population here at some former age of the world, as far advanced in civilization, or at least in the art of road making, as ourselves. There was found in the bed of the road the stump of a chestnut tree, which was ascertained to be 150 years old at the least, and how much older, our informant could not tell, as the stump was hollow. Here is food for thought. Who were the people that made this road—when did they make it—and what has become of them?

A TESTAMENT SPOILING A DOG.—A poor African came to Mr. Moffat, the missionary to South Africa, with the sad story that his dog had torn a Testament to pieces and eaten some of the leaves. He said that the dog had been very useful to him, guarding his property from wild beasts and hunting them; but he feared he was now useless. Mr. Moffat asked him how this could be? He could get another Testament, and why could not the dog be as useful as ever? "I am afraid," he replied, "The dog will be of no further use to me. The words of the New Testament are full of love and gentleness, and after the dog has eaten them, it is not likely that he will hunt or fight for me any more. Of course he was not long in finding out that the dog was made neither better nor worse by eating the words. How many are there upon whom those words, so "full of love," have no more effect for good than they had on the poor African's dog.—*Macedonian*.

A GOOD RULE.—Dr. McClintock has on the cover of the *Quarterly Review* a standing notice to correspondents, to the effect, that he wishes nobody to send him an article, unless with the perfect understanding, that he shall amend or abridge as his judgment dictates. The rule has good sense in it, for if an editor has

no discretion in regard to correcting and abridging articles, he might as well give his office up and go home, and let the foreman of the printing-office do the editing. Writers for newspapers, however, frequently become very much excited if their communications cannot be set, letter for letter, and line, for line, just as they are written.

AGE is surrounded by a cold mist, in which the flame of hope will hardly burn.

ONE OF THE strongest characteristics of genius is the power of lighting its own fire.

CONFRONT improper conduct, not by retaliation but by example. REMARKABLE.—In a Toronto paper the Biographical sketch of a good man lately deceased is concluded by the following rather flat sentence "Five brothers, and a concourse of friends saw where he was laid."

MICROSCOPES.—Upon examining the edge of the sharpest razor with a microscope, it will appear fully as broad as the back of a knife—rough, uneven, and full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly small needle resembles an iron bar. But the sting of a bee, seen through the same instrument, exhibits every where the most beautiful polish without the least flaw, blemish or inequality, and it ends in a point too fine to be discerned. The threads of a fine lawn are coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors. But a silk worm's web, appears perfectly smooth and shining and every where equal. The smallest dot that is made with a pen appears irregular and uneven. But the little specks on the wings or bodies of insects are found to be the accurate circle. How magnificent are the works of God!

Education.

IMPEDIMENTS IN THE WAY OF EDUCATION.

We commend the following article to the attention of legislators, and educators, and to all who are interested in the promotion of mental and moral improvement.—[Ed. C. T. A.]

We are pleased to find that the subject of Juvenile Depravity continues to receive a large share of public attention. Its importance must be increasingly felt, the more it is examined in detail. The neglected children of the streets, who by care and proper management might be trained up as useful citizens, contributing by their labor to the national well-being, are left in gross ignorance, thrown into vicious associations, and by becoming paupers, mendicants, and thieves, lay a heavy and inexorable tax upon the sober and industrious working classes: who are at the same time engaged in a struggle to provide food, clothing, and education for their offspring. The evil is seen to be great, not only on account of its pecuniary cost, but that its existence is a source of temptation and pollution to the children of the better conducted classes: in fact the ramifications are wide-spread, and no class in the community is unaffected by the mischiefs it entails. A remedy is sought on all hands. The most popular notion is that free schools for the indigent, and reformatory schools for the criminal, are the appliances most practicable, most wanted, and most likely to succeed.

We believe that reformatory and industrial schools are required to meet the wants of the population. It seems desirable that the youth whose infancy and childhood have been neglected, should receive when in prison, wholesome counsel, and religious as well as secular instruction, and that in addition to all this, they should be taught some means of obtaining a livelihood when the term of their imprisonment expires. But it must be always remembered that such schools are only palliatives; before they can teach the child he must already have committed crime, and the word of kindness, the lesson inculcating truthfulness, honesty, and industry, are brought to bear upon a mind already corrupted, and to a considerable extent confirmed in a love of low pursuits and vicious pleasures. That much can be done to reclaim such erring and guilty beings, the reports of many of our excellent reformatory institutions fully prove. We have however a more grave consideration before us; how can we cut off the supply, how can we prevent the children of the present generation, from falling into, and filling up the ranks of the vicious, the intemperate, and the idle. It may be urged that ignorance is the parent of vice, and that poverty deprives children of education. Both assertions must be taken, if taken at all, with very considerable

qualifications, and in our judgment free schools would not meet the difficulty.

We have urged again and again that parental neglect, or the intemperance of parents, are the main producing causes of juvenile depravity. The school may be opened and the diligent and anxious teacher may extend his invitation, but how is he to proceed, if the father or mother will not relinquish the small earnings of the child in order that it may attend school, or if the parents do not feel the desirableness of securing education for their children. Supposing, again, that the children attend school, but return day by day to a home rendered miserable by the intemperance of one or both parents, the lessons are lost, as the home influences will always be stronger than those of the school. In order to have a fair field for the operation of our educational establishments we must break down the habits of the people, those habits of self-indulgence which are obstructions in the way of all progress.

We return to this subject at this time, because we find that in the last report "of the Council of the board of Education," this view is borne out by the statements of many of the Inspectors. They tell us that the wealth or poverty of certain districts—that the large or small earnings of the working classes—have really little to do with the numbers attending school, or with the duration of attendance; those receiving the lowest wages, often doing the most for the education of their children. They complain greatly of the want of co-operation of parents. Mr. Mosely, says "to the success of the school, the first condition is the co-operation of the parents of the children. In recording my belief that this co-operation is in a great measure wanting, I am but giving expression to an opinion entertained by all those persons interested in education with whom I have conversed." Mr. Kennedy says, "The condition of the employed of the poor, themselves, in factory districts, presents perhaps the greatest difficulty in the way of education, and one which it will be arduous to surmount. These are, the impediments arising from the social state and habits of the parents. They work hard, but they also drink hard. They earn good wages, but they also spend them, and acquire no prosperity. This proletarian condition, this living from hand to mouth, always generates the greatest carelessness and neglect of duty. To-morrow, is a word which has no place in their vocabulary. From this results a bad régime, which causes the education of the children to be wholly neglected." Mr. Symons said in 1847, in relation to the population of Monmouthshire. "The children gain from 2s. 6d. to 10s. per week, and the parents almost universally regard this as a sufficient reason for keeping them from school, and it is rarely that they resist the temptation. Unfortunately they seldom apply the wages thus earned to any means of improvement, but solely to the fond for sensual and animal pleasures;" he then goes on to say, that a lady at one of the Iron-works informed him, "that finding a promising girl removed from school to pick coal at the pit's mouth, for which she could earn only 2s. 6d. or 3s. a week, the lady went to the parents to expostulate. The man declared he could not afford to spare the girl's wages—and this he said whilst pouring rum into his tea. This is a very small fact, but it depicts a habit." Many equally striking instances might be quoted from the various reports, if space would permit. Perhaps there is no worse feature of our drinking system than this, that many of our working men, who are earning wages sufficient to keep their families in comfort, and the mother at her proper place, taking care of her home and her children,—are spending nearly all they earn at the public house, rendering it necessary that both mother and children should toil.

We have evidence in many of our police reports, that the prosperity of several large towns has been attended with an increase of offences traceable to drinking houses and to drink. We are admonished by these facts to believe that the success of our schools does not depend so much upon their being cheap and abundant, as upon the spirit we can awaken in our people, and the desire we can create in them to secure its blessings for their children. We have observed that wherever men become members of temperance societies, they almost universally seek to improve their homes, to clothe themselves decently, and to send their children to school. We have little hope that the school will invite, while the gin-shop and public house spread their attractions to the workman. Unless he conquers his appetite for drink, we have no faith that he will care about his home, or the school. As ardent friends of education we desire to see the pathway opened

—the threshold cleared of the obstructions that crowd around it. We have no fear that when we can get all classes to see how mighty a hindrance our drinking habits have become to all education and improvement, and to assist in removing the facilities for drinking, that we shall soon after trace the effects upon the character of the population. Above all are we anxious that no effort should be thrown away, but that while we are laboring to establish schools, we should at the same time endeavor to overturn the impediments that stand in the way of their success. We believe that Temperance Societies, by teaching men to be sober, are among the best educational instrumentalities of the present day.—*Bristol Temperance Herald.*

Agriculture.

Everything in its Place.

"Nathan, where is the shovel? here I've been hunting long enough, to do my work twice over and cannot find the shovel."

The farmer was wroth.

"I don't know where 'is, father; summers about, I suppose.

The two joined in the search.

"Nathan you have left the shovel where you have worked, I know. Why don't you ever put the tools in their places?"

"Where is the place for the shovel, I should like to know, father?"

He couldn't tell. It had no place. Sometimes it was laid in the wagon, and occasionally accompanied that vehicle when harnessed in a hurry. Sometimes it was hung up with the harness, to fall down when not wanted, or get covered up when it was. A great deal of shoe leather had come to nought by that shovel. It had at times more than the obliviousness of Sir John Franklin, and defied discovery.—So it was with all the other tools. They would seem to vanish at times, and then come to light rusty as old anchors.

The farmer's barn was crowded. He had no "spare room" there. There were several in his dwelling. But the barn was always crammed—it was a kind of mammoth sausage—stuffed every year.—So there was no room for a special apartment for tools. In his imagination he never saw his hoes hung on a long cleat, his chains all regular in a row, his rakes and his forks overhead, certainly he was never anxious for such a convenient room. Why?

His father never had a tool-house, and his father was called a good farmer.

So he was, then—in his day—but there are better husbandmen now, let me say, and I desire to shoek no one's veneration.

Did they find the shovel? No! they might as well have searched for the philosopher's stone seemingly. Nathan started for Mr. Goodman's to borrow one. Their work must be done, and borrow he must.

"I don't know as you can find one in my tool-house," replied Mr. Goodman.

Nathan noticed that he bore down on some of his words like a man on a plough-beam. Did'n't he mean something? Nathan went to the tool-room thoughtfully.—A wide door on wheels opened with a slight push, and there were Goodman's tools—enough, Nathan thought, to equip a company of Sappers and Miners! Hatchets, axes, saws, tree scrapers, grafting-tools, hoes, diggers, shovels, spades, pick-axes, crow-bars; ploughs, harrows, cultivators, seed-sowers; sieves, trowels, rakes, pitch-forks, flails, chains, yokes, muzzles, ropes, crow-twines, baskets, measures,—all were there neatly and compactly arranged. It was Goodman's ark—to save him from the deluge of unthrift! Here every night the tools were brought in and wiped clean and hung up in their places. The next morning a job could be commenced at once. Goodman knew. He partitioned off a large room in his new barn for tools. It was central and easy of access. It was a pleasant place for a visitor; the tools were the best of the kind. Every new shovel or rake, or fork, before used, was well oiled with linseed oil, which left the wood smooth and impervious to water. Goodman frequently says, "I had rather have the few hundred dollars I have spent for tools so invested than the same in railroad stock. It pays better."

Now there is no patent on Goodman's plan, and I hope many will go into it:—the more "successful imitations," the better.

Salting in Damp Hay and Grass.

Damp hay, or even grass, may be stacked with layers of straw, or even of old hay, sprinkled with salt to prevent heating, and to draw out the juice from the damp grass, which is then absorbed by the straw. Mouldy hay, put together with salt, from eight to twenty-five pounds per ton, was better relished by the cattle, and did them more good than sound hay packed without salt, of which many instances are recorded. A good farmer at Landrake, in Cornwall, many years ago, stacked damped hay with salt, which came out almost a paste when the rick was opened, but the cattle devoured it greedily. In Germany they even cure fresh cut grass one pound to the hundred weight; it comes out quite a paste, and it is said to go farther in food than the same quantity of grass made into hay; and in this country other green food has been kept in like manner. The advantage of dry straw, to absorb the juice drawn out by the salt is twofold—first, in preventing the scouring of the grass—and second, in rendering the straw itself nourishing and palatable, by the juice thus absorbed. The proportion of straw may vary from one eighth to one fourth; and the salt from one to three pounds per hundred weight, according to the dampness of the new hay. If old hay is used instead of straw, it must be in larger proportion, because less absorbent. And when neither can be had, chaff or young furze might do; or even bran, if salted enough to prevent fermentation.—*Agricultural Gazette.*

MANURE FOR FRUIT TREES.—No tree appears to be more benefited from animal manures than the peach tree. We may often observe that when it grows near a barn yard, so as to reach the manure, that the growth is greater, the leaves greener, and fruit larger, than when it stands on sterile ground, and even as a general rule, fruit of the same variety is flavored in proportion to its size; the larger, the finer. Urine may be very advantageously applied to this tree, especially while it is small, as well as to young apple trees. It not only hastens their growth, but its offensive odor repels the borer from the latter, and the peach-worm (*Aegeria*) from the former. A small tree will bear a pint once a fortnight, and perhaps more and oftener; I have never injured my trees by this application, and consequently have not ascertained the amount which may be used upon them; certainly large trees will bear much more.—*American Quarterly Journal.*

Poetry.

Mr. Charles Dickens.

This rapid writer of fact and fiction, whose keen insight respecting the follies and fallacies of mankind is surpassed perhaps by no living man, has exhibited an anomalous antipathy against teetotalism. He is a staunch friend of all sanatory reforms, as far as he discerns their application, but fails to perceive that the root of much terrible mischief is in the drinking habits of the people, from which they cannot be delivered by moral disquisitions on moderation. Our lively novelist is a great enemy of "King Dirt," and Queen Slut or Slatern finds little mercy at his hands, even though she be enveloped in vast schemes of human philanthropy. We know it happens that drunkenness and tipping do not always revel in "dirt." The rich and affluent have often worshipped at the shrine of Bacchus. But from what we know of the condition of the poor and dirty in both the old and new world, we aver that another king—one Alcohol—generally bears away where "King Dirt" has fixed his throne. The poverty, wretchedness, and filth so truthfully delineated by Dickens would hasten to wash themselves in the pure streams of that cleansing liquid plentifully provided by the God of purity. Oh! if there were universal temperance, how would the power and authority of "King Dirt" be diminished!

We have sketched these thoughts to introduce the following piece from the periodical edited by the gentleman whose name stands above.—*Ed. C. T. A.*

KING DIRT.

A NEW SONG ADAPTED TO A SLOW SANATORY MOVEMENT.

(From *Dicken's Household Words.*)

Drink from the dark and mantling pool,
With festering weeds begirt,
A deep black draught to the lazy rule
Of poverty's king—King Dirt!
Though I stoop my head, and trail the skirt
Of my robe in the miry way,
All know that the ragged and old King Dirt
Hath a potent and patent sway.
I laugh to see
How all devoted my people be,
Groveling low, and bepraising me.

And many friends, wealthy and steadfast, have I,
Though they oft look askant, as they pass me by;
And many a purse-proud burgher, wise
In his generation, on me relies;
And many town councillors, seeing no hurt,
Sneer down my enemies—proud of King Dirt!
And I laugh on still, while they let me be,
And extend my realm unceasingly.

Opponents of progress, who love the inert,
Who claim for inanity wisdom's desert,
Loving friends, around me cling!
Fill high the bowl, and sing,
Long live your lazy king—squalid King Dirt!

There 's a low-roomed house in a ruinous street,
Where filth and penury lovingly meet;
And the cobwebbed roof, and the rotting wall,
And the rag-stifled cement, dark and small,
Are unheeded there, among many more—
So wretched the homes of the wretchedly poor.

A poor worn weaver there works for his bread—
Working on, working on, far in the night;
His daughter breathes hollowly, lying a bed.
And the wasting clay
Lets the spirit play
Over her face, with a flickering light.

The clock of a neighbor ticks solemn and low
On the neighbor's side of the crazy wall;
And the loom clicks on with an answer slow,
And the shuttle flies silently to and fro,
As it weaves the robe for bridal or ball.

But the loom is stopped; and down by the bed
The father kneels by his dying child;
But vainly he speaks—her time is sped;
No answer there comes to his outcry wild;
For the child stares out with her glazed eyes,
Till the eyes turn back—and she silently dies
And they call it a fever,

Putrid or low;
But I and the weaver
Both of us know
That the fetid well-water, and steaming eyes,
And the choked drains' gases, that unseen rise,
Subtle and still,
Sure and slow,
Certain to kill

With an unheard blow,
Are the fiends who poisoned that maiden's breath,
And cling to her still as she sleeps in death.

And the weaver, haggard and worn to the bone,
With clasped hands and despairing moan,
Knowing the poison that lurks in the room,
Still doggedly stays till he meets his doom.

I laugh to think
How they greedily drink
Of the poisoned cup,
Till they drink it up!
And ever to time-honored filth revert,
And love to the death their old King Dirt.

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, JULY 1, 1852.

Legislative Protection.

If the question were asked, what is the chief difference between the state of barbarism and that of civilization? the proper answer would seem to be, that in the latter, society is protected against the rapacity and selfishness of individuals. In a condition of barbarism every one does what seemeth good in his own eyes; yet it will be observed by the student of history, that except in the very lowest stages of savage life, there is even among barbarians an unwritten acknowledgment of rights that is not to be violated with impunity. Civilization unfolds itself in the recognition and enforcement of human rights. Ignorance and weakness are defended against the machinations of the cunning and the strong. Law, issuing from an authoritative source, is supposed to be the expression of a nation's will, and in every case presupposes the possibility of an infringement of human rights. The law itself, in consequence of the ignorance and shortsightedness of both rulers and ruled, has often been found at variance with the first principles and undoubted rights of humanity, and since error cannot perpetuate itself, there will arise contentions and struggles for the restoration of powers or privileges of which the many or the few may have been deprived. In due time, and when the highest state of civilization shall have been attained, there will be an adjustment of conflicting views and claims, and then will be the reign of temperance and peace. We may be far off from this happy epoch in the progress of humanity, but there was never a period in the history of man when more generous and systematic efforts were made to remedy existing evils and correct the errors of former times. It is felt, however, that evils transmitted from former generations, and which have come to us robed in the habiliments of venerable legislation, are hard to remove. We are unwilling to question the wisdom of our ancestors. We are shy of revolutions, because they have been accompanied with destructive elements. The cleansing of the statute book from gross mistakes is considered a questionable undertaking, because the effects and consequences of error are not fully felt, or they have been mitigated by superior elements of moral force, or in the lapse of time and by a combination of circumstances they have become invoven with all our habits and associations, so that an evil effect is not seen in relation to its cause, or, what is really a sad state of things, reason seems to approve what religion disavows. Considering these things, we are not surprised at the mode of argument pursued by those who are opposed to legislation against the liquor traffic. It is quite clear that some of them have been brought up in a part of the country whose atmosphere is terribly tainted. They have contrived to live there, and they imagine that nobody need be afraid of disease where they breathe freely, whereas a discerning physician, acquainted with the whole science of life, will pronounce it an impossibility to live long or perpetuate a healthy race in the midst of so much miasm and noxious effluvia. Our present license laws are the source of moral malaria to our country. This cannot be doubted. The law itself is opposed to human rights, and originates innumerable wrongs. On our mind there rests no doubt as to what a Canadian Legislature should do at its very next session. We regret that any of our countrymen should waver on this subject. We are grieved at apologies for laws that eat out the very life of progress and prosperity. We are mortified that there should be in some quarters, querulous quibbling at the details of a proposed law, which would be nugatory and totally ineffectual without such details. Is then that which we ask altogether unheard of before? Have we

not abundance of legislation in which is embodied precisely the same principle? Are not the details of these very laws quite as arbitrary as the most hot headed moral reformer ever dreamed of? Is civilization to stand still? Or are its proposed advocates to allow the life to be choked out of it by unjust and oppressive acts, authorized, it is true—but not less immoral on that account? Fine friends of freedom are those, who at this time of day, aver that if our present license laws were understood—we should "hear no more about the Maine law." The people of Upper Canada have a much better law than those of Lower Canada. Candidly, we believe they understood it—yet every county in Upper Canada will petition for the Maine Law. In Lower Canada less must not be done.

Be it remembered that prohibitory legislation in reference to the liquor business is no novelty. The majority are now prohibited from engaging in it. A committee of the British House of Commons in 1834, recommended "*absolute prohibition*." The Report of that Committee in full is now before us. The evils of intemperance are fully shown therein. We give an extract or two on the remedies to be applied, and earnestly entreat all parties to give them an attentive perusal. We number the paragraphs as they are in the report.

21. "That the remedies to be applied to the cure of evils so deeply rooted, so long established, so widely spread, and so strongly supported by selfish indulgence, ignorance, prejudice, custom and pecuniary interests, are twofold—first, legislative; and secondly, moral; and these again divide themselves into immediate and prospective."

22. "That the right to exercise legislative interference for the correction of any evil which affects the common weal cannot be questioned, without dissolving society into its primitive elements, and going back from the combined and co-operative state of civilization, with all its wholesome and lawfully-imposed restraints, to the isolated and lawless condition of savage and solitary nature."

23. "That the power to apply correction by legislative means cannot be doubted, without supposing the sober, the intelligent, the just and the moral portion of the community unable to control excesses of the ignorant and disorderly, which would be to declare our incapacity to maintain the first principles of Government by insuring the public safety."

24. "That the sound policy of applying legislative power to direct, restrain, or punish, as the cases may require, the vicious and contaminating propensities of the evil-disposed, cannot be disputed, without invalidating the right of government to protect the innocent from the violence of the guilty, which would in effect declare all government to be useless, and all lawful authority to be without any intelligent object or end,—an admission that would undermine the very first principles of society."

From among various suggestions under the head of "Immediate Remedies, Legislative and Moral," we subjoin the following:—

40. "The encouragement of temperance societies in every town and village of the kingdom; the only bond of association being a voluntary engagement to abstain from the use of ardent spirits as a customary drink, and to discourage, by precept and example, all habits of intemperance in themselves and others."

41. "The diffusion of sound information as to the extensive evils produced to individuals and to the State, by the use of any beverage that destroys the health, cripples the industry, and poisons the morals of its victims."

42. "A national system of education which should insure the means of instruction to all ranks and classes of the people, and which, in addition to the various branches of requisite and appropriate knowledge, should embrace as an essential part of the instruction given by it to every child in the kingdom, accurate information as to the poisonous and invariably deleterious nature of ardent spirits as an article of diet in any form or shape, and the inculcation of a sense of shame at the crime of voluntarily destroying, or thoughtlessly obscuring that faculty of reasoning, and that consciousness of responsibility, which chiefly distinguishes man from the brute, and which his Almighty Maker, when he created him in his own image, implanted in the human race to cultivate, to improve, and to refine,—and not to corrupt, to brutalise, and to destroy."

CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

Concerning "ultimate or prospective remedies," the British Parliamentary Committee made the following remarks in their Report:—

46. "The absolute prohibition of the Importation from any foreign country, or from our own country, of distilled spirits in any shape."

47. "The equally absolute prohibition of all distillation of ardent spirits from grain, the most important part of the food of man in our own country."

48. "The restriction of distillation from other materials to the purposes of the arts, manufactures and medicine, and the confining the wholesale and retail dealing in such articles to chemists, druggists, and dispensaries alone."

Such were the views of a large and influential Committee of British Legislators, eighteen years ago. During each of those eight-
een years, evidence of the necessity of stringent legislation has accumulated fearfully. Since then thousands of lives have been sacrificed on the altars of Bacchus. How many more are to perish before we enact a protective law? To your tents, O Israel! but only to prepare for active duty in the battle for life and liberty.

Grand Division of Canada West.

In our last we did little more than allude to the proceedings of this body, and we recur to them now only to commend them the more; we refer especially to their action on the "Maine Liquor Law," and the means they have adopted for carrying out their views, in the division of the Province into four districts or divisions, with a sub-committee for each, and an appropriation of £75 for the payment of efficient lecturers. By this act the Grand Division have merited the thanks of every friend of this country. We are exceedingly pleased with it for several reasons. The enemies of our Order have frequently sought occasion to condemn us and object to our Order, because our efforts and objects were selfish; but the plan proposed by the Grand Division for the spread of information on the all engrossing topic of the press and the people, will, we should think, remove this cause of offence. It now remains with the Sub-Divisions to carry out the important suggestions of the G. D. in their respective localities, by which every possible objection will be finally and we hope forever removed, and our Order stand out as well calculated to effect great good.

The Grand Division has done well in thus appropriating \$1200 for this important work, but it is not enough. Let the Sub-Divisions add \$1600 more, and we may expect greater and more immediate results. In connection with the Grand Division of Canada West, there are now 385 Divisions. Suppose they make up the above sum, it would be little more than four dollars each. We are sure no one of them would refuse this small sum, and every individual must see the immense good that would result from the Sub-Divisions thus seconding the efforts of the G. D.

We are surprised to hear from so many quarters of the rapid spread of the principle of the Maine Law. It was but the other day, at the meeting of the Synod of the Free Church, which met in Kingston, the United Presbyterian Church which met in Toronto, and the Congregational Union of Western Canada, that resolutions were passed unanimously, approving of the principle of the Maine Law, and that the same should be introduced into Canada. Some of our contemporaries in the country are busy spreading the report that the people of Maine are tired of the law, and that a reaction has already commenced unfavourable to the continuation of this law. We are glad to know that just the reverse is the case, and that every week the "rum interest" darkens. They need not look for a return to the old law; they must make up their minds to the fact, that their former

occupation is gone, and turn their attention to some more useful and honorable employment. The short experience that the people have had of the present law has been so entirely satisfactory, and the benefits so wide-spread and decided, that there can be no prospect of its repeal. With the view of setting our friends in the country right on this point, we subjoin the following queries with their answers, which have been suggested by reports circulated by the enemies of the cause, similar to those hinted at above. We select but two letters from amongst many others of a similar kind, which appear in the *Massachusetts Life Boat* of the 23rd ult.

OPERATION OF THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

The testimony of two such men as Professors Upham and Stowe, of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., will be read with interest by all who wish to know the truth in regard to the practical operation of the new prohibitory liquor law in Maine. The letters were written, as it will be seen, in answer to enquiries from Rev. Louis Dwight of this city.—*Boston Traveller*.

Brunswick, Maine, May 5th, 1853.

Rev. Louis Dwight:

Dear Sir—I regret to say, that your letter has found me in such a poor state of health, that I am unable to reply to it at length. I can only say, that I approve of the law; and that, so far as I am able to judge, it has worked well. I have no doubt, that it will be sustained; especially if it should be adopted in Massachusetts.

I have just seen Prof. Stowe, who has informed me, that the same series of questions has been proposed to him; and has also stated to me the answers he has returned. Prof. Stowe has done great and effective service in this cause, and understands the state of things well. I think his views can be relied on, and I entirely concur in them.

Wishing you success in the excellent cause in which you are engaged, I remain very sincerely yours.

THOMAS UPHAM.

Bowdoin College, May 6, 1852.

Rev. L. Dwight:

My Dear Sir—Your questions in regard to the workings of the Maine Liquor Law in the State of Maine, I shall answer directly and without preface.

1. To what extent has the law been carried into operation, &c. Ans. To the same extent as the law against theft, forgery, counterfeiting, and the like, in all the towns in which I am personally acquainted with the operations of the law. There is a great difference among towns, in this, as in all other respects, and some are very negligent; but I do not know of a single place in the State where liquor is openly sold.

2d. Has what has been done been done without violence? Ans. A very few instances of violence, but no more than occasionally occur in the execution of other laws; and law and order have, in every instance which has come to my knowledge, been finally triumphant.

3d. What has been done with the alcoholic liquors? Ans. Generally spilt on the ground, where it cannot be gathered again; or kept under lock and key awaiting orders, and sometimes sent back to the original owners.

4th. What effect has the law produced already? Ans. A most admirable, heart cheering, soul-gratifying effect. I am travelling very frequently, and I have seen but three men drunk in Maine since the law was passed; and one of these was in the cars, direct from Boston, and the other two were in Brunswick, the second night after Neal Dow's defeat in Portland. Neal Dow's successor, however, enforces the law.

5th. Will the law, in your opinion, be repealed. Ans. No— not unless by foreign influences; for in the State its works praise it—and it gains rather than loses favor. I believe its friends number in the State 25 or even 50 per cent more now than they did, when the law was passed.

6th. Has it been injurious to the friendly relations of society? Ans. Not at all, but most highly beneficial; banishing the cause of almost all quarrels. Litigation and hard feeling have, indeed, in some instances, grown out of it; but where it has made one quarrel, it has prevented fifty. This, at least, is my deliberate and sober judgment.

7th. Has it diminished poverty, vice, and crime? Ans. Diminished them all—in some places 25 per cent. in some 50, in some 75, according to the previous habits of the place, and the vigor and thoroughness, with which the law has been executed. On this subject, see the reports of the municipal authorities of Bangor, Augusta and Portland; and the letter of Rev. Mr. Hadley and the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, ministers at large in Portland; and other like documents.

In short, this law, though we do not claim perfection for it, any more than for any other human enactment, has been a blessing, a blessing only, and an unspeakable blessing, ever since its enactment. I wish every State in the world, had the same law, or one still more effective and thorough.

Truly yours,

C. E. STOWE.

TEMPERANCE.

The Freewill Baptists of New Hampshire passed the following at their yearly meeting just closed:—

Whereas the evils of intemperance are among the most alarming and heart-rending that curse the church and the world, and are causing untold miseries for time and eternity; and whereas the traffic in intoxicating drinks as a beverage is one of the most fertile sources of crime, misery and shame that exists in our land; and whereas the manufacture of intoxicating drinks for indiscriminate sale, stands at the gateway of this mighty stream of moral death; there-

1. *Resolved*.—That the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks, as a beverage, promote evil and only evil, and that continually.

2. *Resolved*.—That we recognize as the legitimate object of the present temperance movement, the harbinger of great good to the cause of God, and the removal of the vile and alarming cause of intemperance.

3. *Resolved*.—That it is our duty as Christians to labor and pray for the enactment of a prohibitory law for the suppression of those factories of infamy, misery and death, familiarly known as tippling houses and drinking shops.

Streams from Temperance Springs.

Those who think we dwell too much upon one theme in the constant discussion of the Temperance question, will do well to consider the argument contained in the following article, we cut some time ago from the *Temperance Telegraph*. It contains a wholesome rebuke to those who, while they depreciate the exertions of the philanthropist absorbed in the completion of a great work, are themselves doing little or nothing for the emancipation of mankind from misery and woe. The article we here subjoin is entitled "One Idea-ism."

It is amusing to witness the complacency with which some men, not remarkable for a superabundance of wisdom, speak of the *one-idea-men*, as they are pleased to designate the ever-working, thorough-going advocates of Temperance. If these gentlemen of affected superiority had but an idea that was good for anything, they would know that, so far from being a reproach, the *one-idea* of the Teetotalers is an honor to themselves and a blessing to the world. If they pursue one object with a zeal and a devotion that knows no ceasing—if they regard all other evils as *minor* subordinate, or resultant from intemperance—if political questions and party ties sink into insignificance, and are lost to the eye beside the magnificent project of striking off a nation's chains by the simple expression of the nation's will—if a determination to do right, because it is right, to exercise the talents with which God has endowed them in the assertion of principle while life lasts—if, in short, they regard the dethronement of the rum-potter, a *chef d'oeuvre* worthy a lifetime of effort, it is because their *one-idea* is of more worth than the thousand trifles with which the world is jaded from year's end to year's end, just as the *one-idea* is more excellent than the thousand lesser brilliants that encircle the brow of majesty. *One-idea-ism!* The world is improved by *one-idea-ism*. It is by this *one-idea-ism* that every thing is brought to perfection. The smith, bending over his forge and beating the anvil for years together, learns to give a keener edge

to the axe that fells and fashions the noble forest-trees for man's necessities. The sculptor, shutting his mind's eye to every day thoughts and shapes, and fixing it steadily for months on a single object in the ideal world, strikes out a new creation from the shapeless marble, and carves himself a niche in Fame's proud temple. The philosopher, at the risk of being called eccentric, the butt of the wit, the martyr of the tattler and the silly-body, pursues some favorite study with undeviating purpose and industry, until, in the excess of gratification at the solution of a difficult problem, he excites the curiosity, perhaps the mirthfulness of his countrymen, by the Archimedian cry of *Eureka! Eureka!* Columbus, with prophetic vision, beheld afar, beyond the waste of waters, uncleft by a single keel, a bright new world; and undeterred by jeer or threat, or fear of ill, launched his bold bark with the *one idea* of its discovery. Franklin condescended to *play the boy* with kite and string until he demonstrated the practicability of ordering the lightning; and another generation pursued this *one-idea*, step by step, until the electric fluid is converted into a swift messenger whose exploits would have shamed even Mercury, had he lived in this our day. In fact, it is by *holding on* to new ideas, in whatever department of human industry, until reason or experience demonstrates the impracticability of turning them to good account, that the highest triumphs are achieved and the most important benefactions are conferred on the family of man. If the world had to wait on those wordy, windy, vain, and flippant philosophers, who fancy they can pierce through the mysteries of nature with the power of their will, instead of the silent, hard working, patient and courageous men who toil unseen, we fear that few reforms and improvements would be numbered among the facts of the present century."

It is matter of thankfulness that the world will not wait on those "wordy, windy, vain and flippant philosophers." We remember among the noticeable things that occurred during the great discussion for and against the Maine Law, in New York, that the enemies of the Temperance cause boasted that their remonstrance or petition was not signed by "women and children." No woman had been induced to put her name to the document which condemned the zeal of the friends of Temperance, and prayed for freedom to get drunk and traffic in drink. Be it so. No woman opposes the Maine Law. To the honor of the sex be it spoken. To the eternal dishonor of the rummies, they stand confessed the opponents of woman's will and woman's welfare. Before the *New England Diadem* became changed in name to the *Temperance Advocate*, we cut the following from its columns, and think it too good to be flung into the waste basket. Here it is, and it concerns the rights of "women and children."

"It is objected by wise legislators that women and children signed the petitions which were sent to our General Assembly for the Maine Law. Very well—and what of it? We did not rest the constitutionality of the law on the fact that these petitioned for it. We did not say that because they petitioned, therefore the law could be enforced. If a woman signed the petition, we only claimed that she wanted the law. If a person under twenty-one years of age signed it we only claimed that he or she wanted to suppress drinking houses and tippling shops. Do not women and children have wants? Do they not know what they want? May they not state their wants, without subjecting themselves to the charge of impudence? We know of one woman who signed that petition—a poor washer-woman—and the next day was refused credit for a loaf of bread, by a rum-seller, because she signed it. She buried a husband two years ago, who was a drunkard. She has a son in the army, who is now, and has been for five years, a drunkard. Did she violate any law of propriety, by signing the petition? In the eyes of men, with hearts, is not her petition worth more than the remonstrance of five thousand men whose business it is to make drunkards?—than even the petition or the remonstrance of a voter, who has never felt the wrongs which rum-selling inflicts upon the community? Was not hers, in all probability, an earnest petition, such a petition as even Jehovah himself has promised to listen to?"

Three women of one household signed the petition—a mother and two daughters. Only a few years ago, the husband and the father, was a man of generous feelings and noble impulses—a kind husband and a careful parent! He became a drunkard, and even

before he had squandered his wealth, died in jail of *delirium tremens*. Did not that widow and those fatherless daughters know what they were petitioning for? Did they not feel all and even more than the petition set forth? If, with the same earnestness, they should kneel before their heavenly Father, and petition Him for a blessing upon the earth, would he thrust them aside and say, *These are only foolish women?*

And yet our legislators sneer at these petitions of women and children, as though it were beneath their dignity to listen to them. They have an idea that the whole of the rising generation, and half of that which has arrived at maturity, have no right to list their wants. They can learn only of those who have lived out their lives, and have no longer any interest in the State, save that it shall guaranty to them a decent burial. Is there wisdom in this? Is there true dignity in it? Might it not be as well for these public servants to remember that some of these women have husbands, and brothers, and sons, and that some of these children have fathers and friends, *who can vote?*

It is well that thus the influence of the female portion of the community is considered and admitted. Indeed, the whole influence and power of all who agree with us is needed to mould and fashion the balance, and secure a perfect unanimity in this greatest of modern enterprises—the annihilation of the liquor business. Multitudes and Parliaments often move slowly in enacting reforms. To awaken the mind, arouse the energies and move the sympathies of our readers we add the following from *The Tennessee Organ* :—

“If we could estimate the number of drunkards which have lived and died since the dawn of history, and present it to the view of the present generation, it would be a lamentable disclosure. But history tells us of a few great men only who have fallen drunkards, while thousands who never arose to notoriety, have used the intoxicating liquid, and who presented the most lamentable instances of its power. Dungeons have been filled—prisons have been overstocked—hospitals have been crowded by the crimes and diseases which this poison has produced. And is this sad tale to be concluded in this day? Will the age of telegraphs and railroads wind up the grand scheme of man's improvement by the abolition of intoxicating drinks? We tremble for the result, for man progresses slowly in all great moral improvements, and it requires time to perfect them. Originally, man was warlike, and in continual wars with his neighbors. But what is the aspect of the world at the present day? Do kingdoms and empires commence a war without an apparent or manifest violation of their rights? They do not. And if a despotic prince wages a war without a violation of right, he is particular in forming a plea. Nations have learned by the lessons of many centuries that war is an evil, and that a nation which unjustly wages a war is a murderer in the sight of all good men. No great moral advancement is the work of a day. It must be hoary with age, and have received the sanction of those who have gone before us.

Some of the heroes of the world whose names and whose deeds have given honor to our species have demoralised themselves and tarnished the brightness of their glory by becoming habitual drunkards. Some in moments of emergency have thrown off the shackles of intemperance, and have arisen superior to the dangers that threatened, only to sink the lower when those dangers were removed. Some have conquered cities and empires—erected kingdoms and republics, but when honor's cup was full, have quaffed the cup of intemperance. Some have braved the commotions of the elements—have withstood the shock of contending armies—have witnessed the flames of burning cities, and heard the crash of falling empires, and stood firm; but alas! when upon the summit of fame, from that high abode, to which nations look for exemplary conduct, have fallen the victims of their passions and appetites.

Temperance Demonstrations, &c.

Fingal, C. W. From the *Middlesex Prototype* we have the particulars of an interesting meeting which took place on the 9th June, under the auspices of Division 239. The Sons mustered in

full strength headed by the London Rifle Band. The *Prototype* says :—

“We have witnessed many a demonstration of the same description, but one more imposing, more respectable, and more calculated to inspire every sensible man with increased respect for the temperance movement, we never attended. The committee of management deserve credit for the admirable arrangements that contributed so much to the comfort and satisfaction of all present. The tables were well supplied with all the delicacies of the season, and none complained of the absence of intoxicating fluids. The chair was taken by the Rev. Mr. Lowe, Methodist minister, who called the Rev. Mr. Duart, of St. Thomas, to open the meeting with prayer.”

Mr. Duart also addressed the meeting very impressively and was listened to with great attention. The speech of Mr. Silcock will be found on another page, if we have room this issue. The Rev. Mr. Taylor addressed the meeting at great length, but in consequence of rain no notes were taken. Freeman Talbot, Esq., spoke to the following resolution, which was carried by an unanimous vote :—

Resolved,—That in the opinion of this meeting, a prohibitory liquor law is peculiarly adapted to the wants and wishes of the Canadian people, and that we approve of the method now being adopted in this country, namely, petitioning parliament for a stringent legislative enactment, calculated to suppress the liquor traffic, and all the fearful vices that follow in its train.

“The band played God Save the Queen. Mr. Duart pronounced the benediction, and the procession re-formed and marched to the Town Hall, where the proceedings of the day ended. Long may the 239 flourish; no despot's chain can ever bind them to worship error!”

Elora, C. W. From the *Guelph Herald* we learn that an excellent Temperance Festival was held in celebration of the first anniversary of the Elora Sons Division. The *Herald* says :—

“Soon after noon a procession was formed, which, headed by the Elora Band, perambulated the village, returning to a grove in the vicinity of St. John's Church, where refreshments were prepared, but the enjoyment of which was sadly marred by the descent of a super-abundance of cold water, which, however much approved by Temperance men, as the most salubrious beverage, is not, under certain circumstances agreeable when applied externally. An adjournment having been made to the Wesleyan Chapel, the chair was taken by Mr. D. Kribs, who read letters of apology from several gentlemen who had been invited, but were unable to attend.”

A letter was read from David Christie, Esq., M. P. P. for West Halton, which we design to publish in our next. All the speeches were good, if they were any thing like the one reported as delivered by the Rev. Mr. Middleton. We regret, we have no space for these excellent arguments, but express a pleasure in finding the provincial press so ready to publish what otherwise would be ephemeral if not lost. The *Herald* adds :—

“The speeches were pleasingly diversified with instrumental music by the Band, and Temperance glees by the Fergus Cadets, and thanks having been voted to the Ladies and the Band, the meeting broke up, gratified with the proceedings of the day, interrupted although these had been by the unpropitious weather.”

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Temperance Advocate*.

Sir, —It has again been the painful duty of the Gough Division of the Sons of Temperance to consign to the grave the mortal remains of a brother. Brother Morgan, died on Monday morning, at about five o'clock, after a short though severe illness. During one week he was deranged, excepting at occasional moments, but just previous to his death he recovered the use of his faculties, and

was enabled to testify to the pardoning grace of God, through the merits of the Redeemer. He had been but a short time a Son of Temperance, but during that time many times expressed himself as happy in the society of his brothers; and his parents and friends now testify to the benefits of our order in the trying moments of affliction, when the body is racked with pain, and the prospect of death is near. Then it is that the cardinal principle of the order, stands out in bold relief. Then, that we may manifest our love for our brethren just when it is needed; and the poor suffering brother, and his afflicted friends, find that he has been associated with those whose hearts are able to feel for the sufferings of a brother, and who are willing to sacrifice their own comfort and rest to become the watchers in a sick chamber.

The Sons turned out yesterday to perform the last duty towards our departed brother, and although the rain came down in torrents, not less than one hundred and twenty preceded the corpse to the grave, clothed in the mourning badge of the order.

The St. Lawrence Division turned out also to pay a last tribute of respect to brother Morgan, for although not a member of their division, he was not the less a member of the Great Temperance Fraternity. The respectable appearance of the Sons, who were dressed all alike, in black, with white gloves, and the regalia, giving an increased appearance of regularity of dress, elicited the admiration of our citizens, and if we may judge from current rumors, the effect produced is likely to redound to the benefit of the Temperance cause in Quebec.

THOS. WHITE, JR.

Wellington, June 8, 1852.

Sir,—The cause of Temperance in this place, I am happy to say, is progressing. For some time past the cause has been languishing, through the apathy and indifference of its professed friends, and we have been almost discouraged; but still there were a few faithful and active members of our society, who, in connection with our Division of the Sons, have kept the subject before the public. On Wednesday evening, the 2nd instant, we held a public meeting in the Methodist Chapel, in this place, for the purpose of discussing the propriety of petitioning the Legislature to enact a law similar to the "Maine Liquor Law," prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks; and after listening to addresses from the Rev. J. A. Williams, Mr. A. Diamond, and Dr. B. S. Cory, the expression of the meeting was decidedly in favor of the passage of such a law.

On the 6th instant, we had the high satisfaction of having the justly celebrated J. B. Gough pay us a visit, and deliver a very interesting and impressive lecture on the subject of Temperance, when several of our most influential inhabitants, who have hitherto stood aloof from the Temperance movement, were, through his eloquence and the power of his reasoning and arguments, brought to see their duty and their danger, and were induced to come out and sign the pledge, and give their influence on the right side.

With these encouragements we are cheered, and are looking forward to the time (which we hope is not far distant) when the grog-shops, which yet disturb and disgrace our otherwise peaceful and pleasant village, will be closed, and when the families in this vicinity, whose means of support and comfort the liquor-sellers now receive, will be happy in the enjoyment of those blessings which Temperance brings.—Yours, &c.,

S. HUYCKE, Sec.

Niagara, June 11, 1852.

"Who will sign the petition to the Provincial Legislature for the adoption of the Maine Liquor Law?"

SIR,—This question is frequently asked by both friends and foes of the glorious cause of Temperance. Only let us get the petition set a-going, and depend upon it we will get an overwhelming majority of the population to sign it. Fathers and mothers will sign it as their only hope for some erring idol of their heart; sons and daughters will sign it as the only redemption for a dissipated father or mother; husbands will sign it for the sake of restoring a weak and erring partner of their bosom to the paths of virtue and sobriety; and need I say that wives innumerable will sign it, to restore to them the long estranged affections of a once loving and kind husband; Sons, Daughters, Rechabites, Buds of Hope, Templars, Cadets, and last, but far from least, all Temperance society men will sign it; all truly pious Christians will sign it, for they look upon alcohol as being the devil's principal agent in ruining the souls of men; but, ah! sir, there is still another class that will sign it; need I name the poor enslaved drunkard. This last class look upon the Maine Law as their last hope; in proof of this, let us look around among our present or former acquaintances, and see if we can't think on some poor dissipated but talented individual, one who is always promising and always striving to overcome his appetite for strong drink, but who as often falls a victim to the many temptations by which he is surrounded. I happened to come in contact the other day with one of the poor despised class (despised only by the individuals who made them what they are); he at that time was seemingly in a "shaky condition." He asked me to drink with him. No, I said; I am a "Son," and won't have anything to do with the dangerous draught. He wished myself and the cause every prosperity, and said if I knew what he had to bear from a dissipated and degraded wife, I would excuse him for using it. I told him I knew well how he was situated, for all the circumstances of himself and family are well known in Niagara. I added, your only hope, Mr. S., is the Maine Liquor Law; will you vote for it? Clapping his hands together, and casting his eyes heavenward, he said with deep emphasis, "Sir, if you could gather all the whisky in Canada into one heap, I would dig a hole to bury it in!" Such is the expressed feelings of one who is evidently a confirmed drunkard. The state of this man and his family are truly deplorable; the mother frequently wanders about the streets for several days in succession in a state of half delirium; there is not a dealer in the accursed article in Niagara but knows her well, and yet these agents of the devil will, for the sake of 1½d, help to keep this poor imbecile creature in this state. Although I only point to one instance of evil effects of the uncontrolled sale of intoxicating drinks, yet there are many, very many such in Niagara. Now, I just ask the ruling powers in Niagara, who caused all this misery, degradation, and suffering? Every particular evil has its source, and so has intemperance, and that source is the legalized instead of the prohibited manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks to be used as a beverage. Mrs. S., the individual in question, does not manufacture the infernal draught herself; then the question is, where does she get it? It is easily answered; she is supplied by our smiling tavern keepers, who, for the sake of filthy lucre, help to keep this mother of a large family in a state of degradation and misery beyond the power of any pen to describe. Where is the use of talking of moral suasion to tavern-keepers; their hearts are as hard as the nether millstone; they actually live upon other people's misery; every 1½d they take from a poor man

in exchange for their compound of all that is poisonous, they take a pound of bread from some starving family. We want the strong arm of the law to say to such, "Thus far hast thou gone; thou shalt go no further." Almost all drunkards are convinced that Total Abstinence is a good thing, but tavern-keepers are determined they will not be convinced. Let us try the other tack with them, and remove these peat-houses by legal assuasion.

I make no distinction between saloon, hotel, tavern, or recess keepers; they are all embarked in the same trade; and the fruits of their labor are all one, viz., misery and suffering. Cease not, sir, to lift up your voice in behalf of the poor drunkard. Let us all join heart and hand and throw off this dead weight, this incubus that threatens to drag all society to the lowest depths of misery and vice.—Yours, &c.,

X. Y. Z.

MARKHAM, June 11, 1852,

DEAR SIR,—It is with feelings of the greatest pleasure that I transmit to you a short sketch of the proceedings of the Temperance Demonstration, which took place here on Wednesday, the 9th inst., by the publication of which you will confer a kindness upon the officers and members of Cumberland Division, No. 174.

According to the advertisement the Sons and Cadets of Temperance were to meet at Button's Chapel, at 11 o'clock, A.M., and march in Regalia through the village of Buttonville; but on account of the rain during the night, and the consequent dampness of the morning, the march was postponed until 20 minutes to 12, when the procession, with the Unionville Brass Band in front, proceeded from Mr. Steinhoff's Grove, in which there was prepared a most spacious and beautiful bower for the occasion, through the village as far as the residence of John Button, Esqr. Thence it returned to the place of rendezvous, where upwards of 200 partook of a most luxurious banquet. And here I would just remark, that great praise is due to the ladies of Buttonville and its surrounding vicinity, for their indefatigable exertions in the preparation and management of the culinary department.

After all had been satisfied with the very good things set before them, and the people having resumed their seats opposite the platform, Mr. J. H. Hair was called to the chair. In a short but most pithy address, he brought before the audience the great object of their meeting on the occasion—the putting down of intemperance. He also touched most appropriately upon the utility of the Sons, and the benefits derivable from the order.

The following gentlemen were then called upon by the Chairman to address the meeting:—The Revd. Mr. Brown, Yonge Street; the Rev. James Boyd, Supt. of C. Schools; Messrs. McConnell, Lightbody, Ecroyd, W.P., Shepherd, W.A., and McClure.

The Rev. Mr. Brown, after making some playful but most interesting remarks, went on to prove, which he did conclusively, by a syllogistic process of reasoning, that Alcoholic Liquors are incapable of reviving the system when worn out by fatigue, or in any way of yielding nourishment to the body. He also made some beautifully simple and cheering remarks respecting the reformation which is now being achieved through the instrumentality of the Sons and other kindred societies. As usual he was exceedingly clear upon the evils of intemperance, and the death-like silence which pervaded the densely crowded benches, told far better than words could express, that the touching appeals and the glowing eloquence of the speaker were really felt.

The Rev. James Boyd, after giving some very interesting statistical information, and tracing the rise of the first Temperance Societies, went on to show the absolute necessity of striking a death-blow at the root of intemperance. In his illustration of this subject he was most happy. For instance, he compared intemperance to a river, at the source of which there was no difficulty in passing over. But as it flowed slowly along between the surrounding hills and towering mountains, and through the wide extended valleys, it gradually acquired strength, until it approached the ocean, when it became a mighty torrent, carrying all before it with irresistible impetuosity, striking the timid spectator with terror, and bidding defiance to the art of man to stop its progress. After various remarks upon the evils of intemperance, well calculated to impress his hearers, the Revd. gentleman concluded by saying that "the only way to eradicate drunkenness, with all its concomitant evils, from the country, was to strike at the source —to put a stop to the Liquor Manufacturing System."

The other gentlemen who spoke made many very suitable and pointed remarks; but time will not permit to give even an outline of their speeches. We took particular notice, however, of a few very pertinent observations made by the Worthy Archon, Mr. N. Shepherd. He stated also that only a few weeks ago the Section of Cadets here was formed, and which now numbers 33, with a good prospect of further increase. He concluded by giving a short address to the Cadets, by way of encouragement, exhorting them to be true to their colors, and always to stand fast to their profession.

The Band then played (as it did after every speaker) a favorite air, one of those for which this Band is so justly distinguished. The day being far spent, the Rev. James Boyd rose and moved the following resolution:—

Resolved,—“That this meeting hereby agree to petition the Provincial Parliament to introduce into this country the ‘Maine Liquor Law,’ for the suppression of the Manufacture, Sale and Use of intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal purposes and religious ordinances.”

The Rev. mover said that he had much pleasure in stating that the good effects arising from the operation of the Maine Liquor Law were such as should make us (the inhabitants of Canada West) put forth every effort for its introduction into this country.

The resolution was seconded by the Revd. Mr. Brown, who stated that he was exceedingly happy in being permitted to second a motion which had for its object the reclaiming of the poor inebriate, and which he knew would be productive of much good to all classes of the community. The Chairman then put to the people the motion, which was unanimously carried!!!

After several rounds of cake, we prepared for another march.—With the Band at our head we proceeded to Brown's corner, and thence returned to the bower. The National Anthem being played by the Band, and the Doxology sung by the Buttonville Choir, this large and respectable assembly dispersed, each countenance beaming with joy, and each seeming highly delighted with what he and she had seen and heard, without the slightest accident.

Yours, dear Sir, &c.,

WM. McCLURE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received several communications, all of which will appear in due course.

The Spirit of old Connecticut.

The following from the Hartford *Fountain*, which we understand to be from the pen of Barnum has the right spirit in it. We feel sure that the next election will set the matter right in that State if the friends of the cause continue organized, laboring earnestly.

"Of course you quit this temperance business now and give it up. The election has gone against you, and now of course you will give over this Maine Law mania."

To such remarks are the friends of temperance obliged to listen at this time and to these remarks we reply—

"Yes, 'of course' we never are to speak in favor of temperance or the Maine law again;—*provided* you prove to us that the late election has dried the tears from the eyes of the inebriate's wife; has removed the anguish from the inebriate's daughter; has brought the sweet smile of innocence and hope to the inebriate's son, and has restored the inebriate himself to peace, health, industry and happiness.

"Of course we are satisfied, if the recent election has answered the prayers of the distressed father, mother, wife and child, which have gone up for the restoration of the deluded victim of the cup—if prostrated hopes have been revived—if crushed affections have been recalled to life—if crime, misery, vagrancy, disease and death, caused by the use of alcoholic beverages; have been displaced by virtue, tranquility and joy.

"Of course we 'give it up' if the late election has brought peace, prosperity and plenty to the drunkard's fire-side, and driven the tempter forever from the land, for that is what we have striven for, and when that is accomplished we are satisfied."

But if the late election has not completed this good work—if our taxes must still be paid to support the liquor traffic, in defraying the expenses of paupers and criminals made such by the traffic—if prisons and poor-houses are still to be crowded by the victims of alcohol, and men still be permitted to disgrace humanity by living on money wrung from shattered constitutions, pale and emaciated bodies, palsied intellects, and the scalding tears, "wrung by anguish from breaking hearts;" then, if we have one drop of the milk of human kindness left, or one emotion of conscience in our souls, we declare most emphatically that we do *not* give it up, but on the contrary we shall go on hoping, striving, pleading, imploring and working, with renewed energy and determination, and shall never desist until we have secured the enactment of a law which shall destroy a traffic more appalling in its enormities than any other course which ever visited this earth, but which every man, the inebriate and the trafficker themselves included, confess was never beneficial to any community, but is always productive of incalculable injury.

"Give it up!" When not a single defender of the iniquitous traffic can be found in any civilized community!

"Give it up!" When the liquor dealer himself acknowledges that it is a mean and demoralizing business, and that the only reason on earth why he does not abandon it forever; which may benefit instead of injuring the community, is because he can make more money by it!

"Give it up!" When thousands on thousands of the loftiest intellects and the most generous hearts in our community, are annually destroyed by this evil.

"Give it up!" When multitudes of poor broken hearted wives, and worse than fatherless children, are imploring the friends of temperance to persevere unto the end, and secure a triumph which shall restore to them their deluded and wretched husband and father, and bring joy and felicity to their now desolate hearthstone.

"Give it up!" When the drunkard himself is calling on us in his misery, and beseeching us from the depths of his inmost soul, to give him that shield which shall destroy the tempter, whose siren voice will otherwise ever seduce him to destruction!

No! no! no! a thousand times NO! We do not "give it up!" We dare not "give it up!" Deeply as we may cherish our old political associates and associations, and fervently as we may hope in due time to enjoy them again as heretofore, seriously as we may love our personal peace and tranquility, yet there are considerations of infinitely more importance than all of these combined, considerations which those who have hearts to feel cannot abandon, and therefore do we say, and we reverently call God to witness our promise, and to prosper us as we shall keep it, we will never "give up" that principle which even our enemies confess is right, and the establishment of which we know will spread bless-

ings broadcast throughout our land. We see nothing to dishearten, but on the contrary we see everything to encourage us. Political demagoguism, sordid avarice, and morbid appetite combined, may for the moment conquer, but every such opponent adds strength to our cause, day opens the eyes of many who have hitherto stood aloof, and every hour helps to dissipate the falsehoods circulated by the enemies of temperance.

Stand firm then, friends of temperance. Rejoice! the day of our deliverance is at hand. You know that our cause is just, and God will speed the right.

Rum Eloquence.

The following speech, which we find in a Western paper, goes to the very bottom of such "hethenish abominashuns" as the Maine Law. It sounds marvellously like some effusions of the Portland rum "Expositor"—excepting, of course, the orthography, which looks a little *Bonseyish*, and is of a questionable character:—

Feller Citizens.—This is a great meeting. It is a spontaneous bustin out of feelin'.—It is a pertinashus bublin' and bilin' over of public endurance. What is this Maine Law, that is torn thro' the land like a raterode or a megnetic penegriff broke loose? This, feller citizens, is what we've met this ere night to consider. What is it then, I ax yer agin? Why its about the onholiest thing ever skeered up in a free and onmitigated country. Its agin the constertoshun, its agin the nat'ral and inexplicable rits and parquishes of civilized man, and is calkerlated to onhang the instertoshuns of the hull world and the rest of mankind in general. This Maine Law is a heathenish abominashun of detershushun. Whar did it cum from?—Why, feller citizens, from all the larin' I have upon the subject, it was dug up about a year ago, in a little town called Mane, on the very outspirts and tip ened of this great illumious republican empire, and is now spreddin' over the land with the speed of a bullging on a down-hill track, with the cars onhitched, and accordin to all acc-unts, its just the pisonest thing ever set agoin.' Feller citizens! paws and reflect on your ignominous siterashun, your penitenshous posishuns. Will you submit to have nothin' but cold water put down your free and independent throats, till they aint no better than town pumps, and your abominable rejons are big reservoirs? I know you won't. I see the old fire of liburtee sparklin' out from your noses. I see your bosoms swellin' with eternal indignashun commoshen, like the mountaneous billows of the specific oshun. Feller citizens, strike for your rites;

Strike till this orful foe conspires,

Strike, for your liberty and sires,

Strike, for your freedom to swaller just what kind of licker you most admires;

And when you strike be shure you hit, and knock this comprehensive measure into the onmitigated shades of the future. It threatens to onderpin the very tenthook of humanity and sap the foundations of individoal generations, besides breakin' things in general. Feller citizens, will yer do it? Will you, echo repeats the cry, will you?

BIRTHS.

Montreal—16th inst, Mrs S Smyth, of a son, 23d inst, Mrs B Hutchins, of a son. 24th inst, Mrs W H Fleet, of a son, 29th inst, Mrs W Carman, of a daughter.

Dundee, Scotland—29th ult, Mrs Chas D Chalmers, of a son.

Quebec—18th inst, Mrs W J Pickett, of a daughter.

St. Thomas—19th inst, Mrs William Gilmour, of a son.

Toronto—21st inst, Mrs (Capt) J H Lefroy, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Montreal—16th inst, by Rev Dr Leach, Mr Thomas Gordon, of London, C.W., to Amelia, fourth daughter of Mr J H Reynolds. 24th inst, by Rev John Cordner, Mr Alex Empey, to Louisa Frothingham, only daughter of Mr John Johnston.

Brockville, 16th inst, by Rev John Whyte, David Robertson, Esq, to Ruth Elizabeth, second daughter of Hon Judge Malloch.

Chambly—24th inst, by Rev J P White, Lieut, the Hon J J Bury, to Charlotte Theresa, only daughter of Thomas Austin, Esq.

St Laurent—24th inst, by the Rev R McGill, Ebenezer Muir, to Janet, youngest daughter of Mr Robert Boa.

DEATHS.

Montreal—21st inst, Mr Robert Robinson, aged 61. 26th inst, Elizabeth Barnard, aged 33 years and 4 months, wife of Mr James Forster.

Hayville—14th inst, Mary, second surviving child of Dugald McLachlan, aged 2 years and 22 days.

Pembroke—14th inst., Jane, wife of Andrew Irving, Esq.
Quebec—21st inst., Edwin John, second son of Mr D Morgan, aged 25 years and six months.
Toronto—19th inst., Frances Ann, wife of Ogle R Gowen, Esq, aged 49 years.
Woodstock—9th inst., Samuel, youngest son of S Charlesworth, aged 15 years.

MONTREAL BROKERS' CIRCULAR.

(From the Montreal Herald.)

Montreal, June 26th, 1852.

FLOUR—With moderate receipts—prices have receded about 6d per brl; the market being without demand at the reduction. At the same time, any considerable quantity of the best brands would not be procurable under 18s 3d for No 1 Superfine.

WHEAT—Is in fair request, and sales to some extent have taken place at 3s 9d to 3s 10d for inferior "Upper Canada Mixed;" and 4s 5½d for good "Upper Canada Mixed." 4s 4½d was, to-day, offered and refused, for 10,000 bushels "Ohio Red," of good sample.

BARLEY—Nominal—no transactions upon which to ground quotations.

OATS—Askd for—would readily command 1s 8d.

PEAS—Holders ask 3s 6d, but there have been no sales of shipping parcels during the week.

INDIAN MEAL—Trifling sales at 15s 9d, in bond, at which it is to-day offered.

OAT MEAL—Nominal.

INDIAN CORN—No sales. 3s is asked.

PROVISIONS—There is more demand for Beef—"Prime Mess," in tierces, selling readily at 87s 6d. Pork continues to advance—100s being offered and refused for "Mess"; 78s 9d for "Prime Mess"; and 73s 9d for "Prime," small sales of "Prime" being made at 75s; and "Prime Mess" at 80s.

ASHES—Pearls have still further declined—26s 9d being the highest rate to-day asked.—Pots have been in demand throughout the week—good shipping parcels readily commanding 25s 3d, while Inferiors and small bills sold at 25s.

FREIGHTS—No London ships in port. To Liverpool—Flour is taken at 2s 9d; Ashes at 25s a 27s 6d; and Grain at 5s 6d. To Clyde—the rate for Flour has advanced to 2s 9d—3s being to-day asked; Ashes being taken at 16s 3d; and vessels offering to take Grain at 5s.

EXCHANGE—Has, receded one-half per cent., at which there is little demand.

STOCKS—Bank of Montreal—Steady at 14½ Premium, with few sales. Commercial bank, M. D.—None in market. Bank of British North America—None in market. City Bank—Has receded ¼ per cent. Sales having taking place at 10 discount. People's Bank—Sales during the week, to some extent, at 24 discount, at which it is to-day asked for. In Other Stocks—Nothing to report.

ENGLISH MARKETS.

Trade in the manufacturing districts was moderately good. Money plenty, and Consols continued at par. The bullion in the Bank of England amounted to £11,900,000. The corn market was very dull, and declining. Provisions were active, and on the rise. Beef had advanced 4s. per tierce, and Pork 2s. per brl. Ashes dull, and slow of sale.

MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

THE Subscriber has now a Supply of the above work, which was noticed at length in number 7 of the *Advocate*. Price 2d each, or 7s 6d per hundred. This work may be sent by post for one halfpenny per ounce.

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

Montreal, April 1, 1852.

SONS AND CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

THE Subscribers beg to announce that they are prepared to furnish BANNERS for Divisions and Sections of Sons and Cadets of Temperance in the best style, at from £12 10s to £25 currency, each. They are also manufacturing, and keep constantly on hand, Cadet's Officers' CAPS, Regalia, and Sashes; Grand Division Regalia; Deputies' Emblems for Sons and Cadets; Sons of Temperance Emblems; Blank Books for Divisions, etc. Seals Engraved to order. Odd-Felloes' Regalia kept constantly on hand.

P. T. WARE & Co.,
King Street, Hamilton;

D. T. WARE & Co.,
Dundas Street, London.

March 6, 1852.

WINDSOR (FORMERLY ROSEBANK) NURSERY.

THE undersigned has upwards of 200,000 FRUIT TREES coming forward for the Market, comprising all the best varieties of Apples on Standard and Paradise Stocks; Pears on Standard and Quince Stocks; Cherries on Standard and Mahaleb Stocks; Plums, Peaches, Nectarines, Apricots, &c. Also, Grape Vines, Gooseberries, Currants, Raspberries, and Strawberries, of all the most approved sorts; together with Roses and Flowering Shrubs, and a fine assortment of Lilies, Hyacinths, Peonies, and other Bulbous and Herbaceous Flowers; and a very extensive and choice collection of named Tulips.

Orders, accompanied with the money, received during winter, will be carefully attended to, and safely forwarded in Spring. Orders may either be left with JOHN DOUGALL, Montreal, or sent to the Subscriber,

JAMES DOUGALL,
Windsor, C. W.

Temperance House

BY J. SIMMONS,
Trent Village, Canada West.

FIRST CLASS TEMPERANCE HOTEL, Front Street, Belleville.

TRAVELLERS and others, will find every comfort and convenience to be obtained at any other Hotel, —but no Alcoholic Liquors,—the best and most commodious Stabling, with an enclosed Yard, and a faithful Ostler in attendance.

* * * Passengers and Luggage, taken to and from the Boats—free of charge.

BENJAMIN PASHLEY,
Belleville, April, 1852. Proprietor.

S T A R C H .

WHITE CRYSTAL, No. 1.
 BLUE CRYSTAL, No. 1.
 SATIN FACE POWDER Superfine, and
 MAIZE ARROW ROOT,
 Commonly called CORN STARCH, manufactured by SHEPSTONE & CO., at the VICTORIA WORKS, Mont St. Hilaire. For sale by the Subscriber.

J. SINCLAIR,
No. 101½ St. Paul Street.

June 7, 1852.

THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE is published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at 2s. 6d. per annum—Agents receiving one copy gratis—by J. C. BECKET, Office, 22, Great St. James-St.; Residence, Brunswick-St., Beaver Hall, Montreal.