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# CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

DEVOTED TO

Total Abstinence, Legal Prohibition, and Social Progress.

Vol. XX.]

MONTREAL, JUNE 1, 1854.

[No. 11.]

## The Lunch and the Fly-Trap.

A TEMPERANCE STORY BY A LADY.

"What have you got there," said Mr. Edgar to his little son Charley, as he was just going to his evening's work, from which he seldom returned till midnight.

"A lunch," said Charley, "I am afraid you may want something to eat before you come home, and I don't want you to stop at the Exchange. Please don't, father!"

"What are you talking about, my son? What do you know about lunches and the Exchange? What do you mean?"

"Why, it is in the paper, father, and I asked mother, and she thinks it is to get folks in to drink: Something like a fly-trap."

"A fly-trap! A very dignified comparison your mother has hit upon; truly! Then she had been telling you that I stop at the Exchange, and that I get lunches, and all that? Fine gossip for your mother!"

"O, no, father! she did not say a word about you, and did not know that you went there, until I told her that I found you there the day Bessie was so sick. And, O, father, how bad she looked when I told her!"

"What did you distress your mother for, you 'mischivous fellow? Why did you report such a thing, when you never found me there but once? Do you think I am going to stop and eat anywhere to-night? Why, child, you are crazy!"

"Why, the paper tells them to come just quarter before ten; but please, father, don't stop—come home early, just as you used to when mother used to sing, and play the piano, and you played the flute. O, they were such nice times! I could just lie in the bed, and listen, and it helped me to go to sleep, and have pleasant dreams, too. Come, father, do take it!"

Mr. Edgar was softened, and could not deny the request. He went away not only with a lunch in his pocket, but a weight upon his conscience. He had noticed at the table the troubled countenance of his wife, but dare not inquire the cause. He knew too well already. He repaired to his office, lighted his cigar, and tried to banish unwelcome thoughts, but in vain. What was to be done? A party of his boon companions were soon to assemble at his office, and go from thence to the Exchange. A rare entertainment was in course of preparation, which was to be enlivened with wine and merriment. "Perhaps," thought he, "I can go *once more*, and then break off." But he had no sooner come to this decision, than the pale countenance of his wife, and the importunity of his child, would rush upon his mind. Neither could that formidable fly-trap be forgotten. "Surely,"

thought he, "I was almost *suds'd* the last evening, and dare I venture again? No, there is safety only in flight, and I know it is not an inglorious retreat." He wrote a hasty apology to his friend, stating that the circumstances of his family required his presence, and then returned home. No bright lamp illumined his parlor; only a dim light shone from a solitary chamber. "Poor Mary," thought he, as he found the street-door fastened, "you do not look for me for many a long hour." Noiseless and unperceived, he entered by a side door, and approached the room occupied by his wife and children.

The little son had dismissed his disquietudes for a season, and was sleeping sweetly upon the couch. Little Bessie occupied the crib, and the mother sat by it in her cushioned chair, with her head reclined, resting upon her hand. She would sometimes raise her head, press her throbbing temples, heave a sigh, and then resume her former posture. Mr. Edgar was moved. "Ah!" thought he, "is that my own dear Mary—the only daughter that I severed from dotting parents, whose hearts still bleed over the separation? Is that pale, languid face the same that was once radiant with smiles? Oh, wine! wine! what hast thou done? This heart has been steeped in thy poison till it has ceased to love—to feel—no, thank God! he does—still love—still feel; and, by God's blessing, he will show it henceforth. Here I do most solemnly pledge myself that this liquid poison shall never again enter my lips. Stepping gently forward, and seating himself by the side of his wife, he said, "Why, Mary, are you ill to-night?"

Starting up in surprise, she said, "Why—yes—no, not very. But, Edward, are you sick, that you have come home so early?"

"O, no, not at all; I feel better than usual this evening, but I observed that you looked pale at the table, and have hastened home on your account."

"Dear Edward, do not leave me," said the wife, with a beseeching look, "just stay with me one evening."

"No, Mary, I am not going to leave you; you are to share the entertainment, and it is prepared already," he said, as he drew the paper from his pocket.

"There, Mary, the lunch had well nigh ruined your husband, and I verily believe the 'lunch' will save him, too."

Mrs. Edgar at once recognized the agency that had restored her husband to her side, and smiling amid her tears, she begged the privilege of adding something to the repast.

"No," he said, "nothing but some cold water; let us have Charley's identical lunch, and while you pre-

pare the table, I will wake our young temperance orator, and I think mother will be inclined to excuse this one departure from established rules."

In a few moments the happy two were seated around their entertainment. Charley was mute with pleasure and surprise. He sat and looked first at one parent and then the other; now a smile, and then a tear.

"Come, Charley," said Mr. Edgar, "don't set mother to weeping; but, as you say, they are not sorry tears this time. Well, Charley, you don't think that your father is quite at the bottom of the trap," said Mr. Edgar, with a smile.

"No, father, and I don't think you will ever get there, if you will just take your lunches at home with mother and me. If I had only known we were to eat with you, I would have put up more. But, father, what is to be done about these places when they are making so many drunkards? Why, I could not keep from crying when I just looked on and saw the poor flies getting caught, and then trying to get away, and after struggling a little while they would sink, and others drop right in at the same place. Now, I know it is a great deal worse to kill folks than flies. Father, what can be done about it?"

"Why, my son," said Mr. Edgar, "I don't see as anything can be done while persons continue to place themselves in such danger."

"But mother said the Legislature can help it," said the child, with much earnestness; "but they don't begin right. They act just as Biddy did with my sore finger; you know how much salve she put on, and never tried to get out the splinter. Now, father, I wish you would just speak to the legislature about it, and tell them about my finger, and how it was cured at last."

"Yes, yes, my son, your father will speak to the legislature; and that sore finger, with Biddy's failure, must be reported, and we must all work till we get out the splinter."

"Now, Charley," said Mrs. Edgar, "we have all had our lunch, and you have talked Temperance and State Reform enough for one evening. Now kiss good night, and slip back into your little bed again."  
—*Christian Herald.*

### A Prison Sketch.

BY PAUL BROTHERHOOD.

It is a wet, stormy day. Masons cannot work, cabmen are at a premium, and beggars finding their gains rather small, sink into gin-shops and spend their last penny. Walking along a narrow street we see a pretty little girl in a shocking plight. Her feet are covered with mud, her hair drenched with wet, her fair neck exposed to the biting blast, and her tiny frock is dragged and torn.

"Sally, love, what brings you here?"

"I cannot get into the house, sir."

"Why not, Sally?"

"Father is in prison, sir. He got drunk, and struck a woman, and was locked up for two months."

"And how long have you been shut out into the streets?"

"Two days and nights, sir."

"Poor Sally! Come away with me!"

We walked up a street inhabited by thieves, bad

women, dog-fighters, Jewish clothemen, and cobblers, and soon arrived at the Ragged School. There I left my little street-bird, and wended my way to the prison. It was an immense building. Many an acre of ground does it cover, and within its sweeping walls there chafe and sigh many a score of wretched men. Having come beneath the shadow of its lofty iron-bound gate, I knocked. A very smart young turnkey opened a small door, I passed through it into the court-yard, bolts, chains, and keys jingled and clashed behind us, and then the guardian of the gate said:

"What is it, sir?"

"Be so kind as give this note to the governor."

"Yes, sir."

In a few minutes after a fine, self-possessed, gentle, observant man, with a military bearing, came towards me. It was the governor, Colonel C—n. He glanced at me from the uppermost region of my hat to the toes of my boots. Nothing escaped him. In that glance he 'reckoned me up.' He saw that I was well-dressed, wore gloves, and carried a yellow walking stick. He noted that I was wiry in body, and had a long, pale, thoughtful face. He observed that I fearlessly bore gaze, and was not afraid to endure cross-examination. It soon began:—

"This is your letter."

"It is, sir."

"You want to see John Smith?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"I wish to save his child from destitution."

He turned round and said to the smart young turnkey, "Let this gentleman see John Smith." The turnkey touched his hat, and the Colonel went away. "Wonderful man that!" said the turnkey in a confidential tone. "Have you read his life? Wonderful man! Needs be. Queer place this. Needs clever men. Plenty of people here to look after. Never forgets anything. Wouldn't do if he did. Wonder'ul man! He is. No mistake. Read his life? You read that, sir. Wonderful man—he is." A loud knock at the gate, the rattle of wheels and clang of horses' feet, having brought the smart young turnkey to his senses, he marched to his post, and threw open the door through which I had entered. Three huge dark-painted police-vans stood ready to disgorge their wretched inmates. Here they come! Mexican sailors, beggars, a long Irishman, a greasy butcher, a bare-headed fellow dressed in a blue flannel shirt and red handkerchief looking like a vexed bear, an insolent cabman, a thief, several lads, and an old man whose gray hairs are bedabbled with black mud and red gore. Through iron gates, up stone stairs, and along echoing passages they go, and we see them no more.

"Here is John Smith, sir," cries the smart young turnkey. There he is, sure enough. Prison cap, prison clothes, prison number, prison badge, and worse than all—prison look. Two iron-barred gates separate us, and a sour turnkey stands between them to hear and watch us.

"Well, John, how are you?"

"Bad, sir, bad. Can't be worse."

"I have come to talk about Sally."

"Thank you, sir—thank you." The poor fellow sobbed.

"What brought you here, John?"

'Drink—drink! . . . Where's Sally?'  
 'At the Ragged School. I found her in Long-street' and took her there.'  
 'Oh! thank you, sir.'  
 'What shall we do with her?'  
 'Her mother's dead, I am here, and—and—and—there's not a soul to care for her.' He pressed his face against the iron gate, and looked wistfully at us.  
 'Well, shall I care for her? Will you suffer me to be her father till you come out?'  
 'God bless you, sir,—will you do *that*?'  
 'Yes, I will. But there is another thing. What about your house? The thieves have been trying to get in.'  
 A bitter smile crossed poor John's face, and he then said:—'Fool that I am! I can make thirty shillings a week, and am here. Oh! the drink! Try, sir, to save my things. There are my tools, my work, and the bits of furniture; try to save them, sir. Oh! do, and I shall have a place to come to. But, alas! I am in debt to my landlord. What shall I do?'  
 'Reform, John, and all will be well. Leave the matter to me. I will save your things and take care of Sally.'

A few more words, and I said 'Good bye.' The turkey growled out—'Go back to your cell.' The haggard face which had been pressing against the iron bars faded from my sight, I turned away and walked down the paved yard, the smart young turkey opened the little door, I crossed its threshold, and stood beneath the free, open, blue sky. 'Ah! he said, 'it was the drink which brought him to prison.' I lifted my hat, and bare-headed, thanked God for the Temperance Movement.—*British Temperance Advocate.*

### Christian Ministers and the Masses.

It is an object of laudable ambition with many people to lia influence with the masses. With some it is a pure christian feeling, prompted by a desire to do them good; with others, motives of a much lower character may be the impelling cause. That the ear of the multitude has been too easily gained by sham patriots, is a fact that may be at once admitted; and it is quite possible that persons having the ability and willingness to confer upon them substantial blessings may have been received with coldness and distrust. All may be easily accounted for from the fact that the former have made flaming promises in relation to liberty, comfort and elevation; while the latter have not even the ordinary means which prudence has suggested for accomplishing the professed object they are in view.

The present relation of Christian ministers to the masses of the population is far from being such a one all good men must desire. They have neither the affections nor the confidence of the bulk of the people, and they cannot be of much use to them under such circumstances. Many are conscious of this, and they have devised various schemes for conciliating and bending this numerous class. A few have delivered popular lectures on subjects of a taking character, and the result has been on the whole encouraging. But there has been no general moving among the body, no recognition of the necessities of the uncultured and unthinking millions, and no attempt to meet their case by the name.

There is, nevertheless, among large portions of our countrymen, a general respect for the office of the Christian minister. The idea is prevalent, that the station is one of dignity, and entitled to honor. Whence then the distinction between the office and the man, but that the latter fails to surround himself with all the elements of power which the former demands. The standard of a minister's conduct is fixed in the minds of the people generally, and whatsoever practices are excellent and of good report, they expect him to adopt. It makes no difference in their judgment of his conduct whatever their own practices may be; they will patiently bear his rebukes of any particular sin of which they may be guilty, providing his own hands are clean. But let it be otherwise, and there is the impatient look or the disapproving frown.

The conduct of more than three fourths of ministers in reference to the Temperance movement, has tended to lessen their influence over the masses of the community. Even many of those who deliver popular lectures, and to some extent pander to the prejudices and habits of the class they address, make little impression on the general mind, unless there is the evidence of high-toned self-denial, and a courageous eschewing of all customs of a vicious as well as of a doubtful tendency. In illustration of this point we may state that we have been at public meetings which ministers have been called upon to address, and the moderate drinking flaw in their character has given others such an advantage over them, that they have been almost frowned off the platform. And it ought to be stated, that the meeting was not called for the propagation of teetotal principles, but had another object in view. No caviller, no opponent of the Gospel of Christ, ought to be able to silence a minister of that Gospel, on the ground that he is living far below his holy and imperative requirements. With so many motives to extensive usefulness, and the urgent claims presented by the present condition of society, it is cause of grief and humiliation that ministers should occupy such a backward position in relation to our best interests.

Before Ministers of the Gospel can have any influence over the masses, they must become teetotalers. They must wipe their hands of the unclean thing.— Mere professions of concern for the welfare of souls have now lost their power, and they excite disgust in many cases where there is a practice sanctioned which tends to ruin souls. Even the drunkard's sense of propriety is shocked when he sees the brewer's cart stop at the minister's door. The sot believes that teetotalism is a good thing, and it is his misfortune rather than his fault that he cannot practice it. The minister could adopt it, but would not; the inebriate would, but he cannot. This, though not invariable, is the case with thousands. The shepherd must lead the sheep, and in a safe path too, in imitation of his great Exemplar.

It is not a sufficient excuse—nay, it is no excuse at all—that the Temperance movement is not conducted so religiously as some people wish. We see no necessary connection between their drinking an improper article of diet, and the alleged improprieties of Temperance Societies. The practice of total abstinence as a truth and a duty is not deprived of its appropriate reward because some men who are not tee-

totalers do not reflect much credit on the cause through their inconsistency on other subjects. Cleanliness is both agreeable and commendable; but we know persons who are patterns in hydropatic ablutions, who are, nevertheless, given to many evil habits; and yet we are not disposed to give up the pleasures of a clean skin on any such ground as the example of such individuals furnishes. The duty of total abstinence is plain; the folly, not to say wickedness of drinking is evident to all who wish to see it; and if christian ministers are desirous that their work should prosper, that they may be free to reprove the great sin of our country, they must abandon the latter practice and adopt the former.—*British Temp. Adv.*

### The Ruined Family.

"The depopulating pestilence that walketh in noon-day, the carnage of cruel and devastating war, can scarcely exhibit their victims in a more terrible array than exterminating drunkenness. I have seen a promising family spring up from the parent trunk, and stretch abroad its populous limbs like a flowering tree covered with green and healthy foliage. I have seen the unnatural decay, beginning upon the yet tender leaf, and gnawing like a worm in an unopened bud, while they dropped off, one by one, and the ruined shaft stood alone, until the winds and rains of many a sorrow, laid that too in the dust. On one of those holidays, when the patriarch, rich in virtue and years, gathered about him the great and little ones of his flock, his sons and daughters, I too sat at the board. I pledged their health, and expatiated with delight upon the eventful future, while the good old man, warmed in the genial glow of youthful enthusiasm, wiped the tears from his eyes. He was happy. I met them again when the rolling year brought the festive seasons round. But all were not there. The kind old man sighed as his suffused eye dwelt upon the then unoccupied seat, but joy yet came to his relief, and he was happy. A parent's love knows no diminution—time, distance, poverty, shame, give but intensity and strength to that passion, before which all others dissolve and melt away. The board was again spread, but the guests came not. The man cried 'where are my children?' and echo answered 'where?' His heart broke, for they were not. Could not heaven have spared his gray hairs this affliction? The demon of drunkenness had been there. They had fallen victims to his spell. And one short month had sufficed to cast the veil of oblivion over the old man's sorrow and the young ones' shame. They are all dead."

"I too sat at the board. I pledged their health," says our talented author. Was it in water, or intoxicating liquor? If in the latter, the cause of the ruin of this "ruined family" can be easily traced. I knew an aged "patriarch" who pledged his sons at the festive board, and he had six; all of them became drunkards, and five now fill the drunkard's grave, and the aged patriarch has also passed away in sorrow for the fate of his sons, and most probably without a thought that it was his example and practice which brought ruin and desolation on his family. Parents that use or offer intoxicating liquors, have no right to expect that their children will escape the drunkard's doom. Persons who vote for the continued traffic in intoxicating poisons, can hardly expect to escape the effect of the traffic in some branch of their family. Can a man handle burning coals without

being burned? Those that vote for the sale of intoxicating liquors, will vote for the ruin of families. Those that wish to prevent the ruin of their families, and the families of their friends will aid in electing men who will pass such a law as will prevent, hereafter, that desolation in families which the past history of all circles has been obliged to chronicle.—*Washington Irving.*

### Alcohol in Bread.

"Well, Mr. Better-than-others," said young Charles Self-importance, with cigar in his mouth, and his ratan striking his new and tight pants; "you teetotalers had better be consistent."

"How so?" was the reply.

"Why you pretend to have a great abhorrence of Alcohol. You call it poison, and you will have a Maine lay to punish its sale; and yet you take some every day you live, and you could not live without it."

"Ah! how is that?"

"How! Why it is in your bread; and if you eat two pounds a day, you consume a good round gallon of it every year."

"Well, that is news; pray where did you get such information, Mr. Self-importance?"

"Get it! Why where I get a good deal of knowledge; from the study of Chemistry. Has not your bread undergone a process of fermentation?"

"Undoubtedly it has."

"Well, is not alcohol generated in fermentation?"

"Yes, indeed; and so it is evaporated in baking. As alcohol evaporates at a heat of 176 degrees, it all escapes before the dough is converted into well-baked bread at a heat of from 200 to 400 degrees. Have you any thing farther to offer, sir? If you have not, good morning."

### A Knock Down Argument.

A man has a right to do what he pleases with his own, eh? Then, Sir, I can take my gun and shoot you down: it is my gun! I can run my horse over that child in the street and dash his brains out: it is my horse! I can set fire to my house adjoining yours and burn it down, thereby endangering your property and perhaps destroy it. Why not? These are all mine, and according to your ideas of right, I may do what I please, with my own! Away with such stuff. You see how utterly foolish is such a doctrine. It is the doctrine of poor, wicked human nature; fostered and encouraged by the adversary of man and man's happiness.

No, Sir, a man cannot do what he pleases with his own, only so far as he pleases to do right, and without injury to his neighbor. That is it. Now I would respectfully ask the friends of the liquor traffic; is it no injury to your neighbor to set up a groggery near his premises? Is it no injury to him if he goes there and drinks your poisonous rum? Is it no injury to his children and servants? Have not whole families been eternally ruined by the hellish traffic? Has not a bright intellect been blasted under the potent attraction of the dramshop, and fallen at last a disgraceful object into a drunkard's grave? Did a man never go to a licensed hell-pit, and returning home, beastly drunk, force his wife and children out of doors to perish, or perhaps murder them outright? Did a son, after visiting such a place, never, with oaths and horrid blasphemies, curse the mother, to her face, that gave him birth? If these

things have never occurred (and that they have, many can testify), then it is right to license grog-gens, right to keep them open, and right also, basely to cheat your neighbor out of his money and estate for liquor, which is of no value to him or his family.—*N. C. Pap.*

### The Maine Law and the Traffic.

Dr. Jabez Burns, at a meeting in Huddersfield, speaking of a class of the community who would be peculiarly affected by a Maine Law—the traffickers themselves—says:—

‘He knew of no class in the community who would have to be so thankful for a compulsory act commanding them to flee the Sodom and Gomorah, as the traffickers themselves. Nothing was so disastrous to every high and noble and lovely sentiment as the strong-drink traffic, and yet he had known men engaged in it make professions of religion, and even attempt to carry it on Christian principles. Now, if the drunkard could not enter into the kingdom of heaven, he (the speaker) could not think how the drunkard-maker could; for how a man calling himself a Christian, and enriching himself by brewing and distilling, and making bread dearer, managed to maintain that uneasy, awkward thing, a conscience, was a mystery. No class would have so much reason to bless God, by being compelled to give up the traffic, and resort to a business which would neither desolate man nor displease God; and no man should have a business on which he could not ask God’s blessing.’

Regarding the principle of legislative interference, Dr. Burns, in the same address, shows the absolute necessity of it, in this trade:—

‘Few persons were willing to turn the traffic loose on the wings of free trade; and why need the trade be licensed? Bakers required no license to prevent the sale of too much food; free trade was enjoyed by almost all the callings around us; but a freetrader in intoxicants would advocate that all the mad dogs in creation should run in our streets; it was like a sale of gunpowder—dangerous. . . . Recently strange liberties were taken with drinking establishments. Some time ago they got a 14th part of the Maine Law—beerhouses closed half a day on Sunday; and after May next Scotland would glory in a 7th part, for all Sunday would be free from the sale of intoxicating beverages. Before two years passed he hoped to see all barhouses shut on Sunday, for nearly all ministers of the gospel concurred so far; and after, by universal clamour, getting one day in the week washed with pure water, and bright and clean and sober, we should soon be encouraged to ask for more—for all we wanted. Sixty or seventy years ago merchants in Britain dealt in slaves, and so rapid had been our country’s march that a man would be amazingly bold to ask now for a bill to protect that trade. Not long ago men invested capital in those national gambling-houses—lotteries; but English law touched them, and they were put down. Twenty-five years ago a man might have a dunghill before his door, but he must not now, or he would fall under the ban of stringent sanitary regulations. Then a man might beat his donkey to death, but now he could not do what he liked with his own brute even. At that time little boys were sent up narrow chimneys; now they must not go up any sort—wide or narrow. At one touch of the law £200,000 worth of property—500 betting houses—were, in London alone, crumbled into dust. Why, they could not build their own houses even

as they liked. If chimneys were not very high it was thought their smoke would hurt the health of the neighbourhood, so they were obliged to consume their own smoke; and he hoped the law would be extended to another kind of smoke—that arising from tobacco smoking—and that all tobacco smokers would be compelled to consume their own smoke on their own premises; there would then be a good deal less puffing in the world. Why then should the traffic in strong drink fare better than any of the precedents now named? for while they had injured and destroyed tens, it had destroyed thousands of men—mind and body. . . . Did they ask a postponement of the measure because it would fill the nation with calamity? What a calamity, to walk up some fine morning and find no public house in Huddersfield! What pain would it inflict? He thought the less delay the better.’

### THE PUBLICANS AND SUNDAY.

The publicans of Arbroath have petitioned against the shutting up of public houses on Sabbath—which, of course, is all in the way of business. They—the publicans of Arbroath—fail to see how the enforcement of the clause in question will cause the Sunday to be better kept than under the existing system! Undoubtedly!—they *must* fail to see that. They cite the case of Blackfriar’s Wynd, Edinburgh, ‘where the Sunday closing experiment was tried’—it so happens, however, that there was *never* any such experiment tried there! ‘It is,’ continue the publicans of Arbroath, ‘It is, therefore, perfectly apparent that drinking, instead of being diminished, is actually increased.’ O, the hypocrites! as if every one of their trade, by the very fact of his being in it, did not wish to see the drinking increase! ‘The scene of consumption only being shifted—the private house being instituted for the public’—and this taking place, ‘your petitioners can perceive that pernicious consequences will result through driving people into private houses; your petitioners here, of course and of right, assuming that no Acts of Parliament can or will prevent persons drinking on Sunday, if so inclined, as on any other day.’ These conscientious men look with horror at the *private* desolation which would be thus caused—we presume, then, they never send home a drunk father, or husband or brother—more a fiend than a man—to curse and blaspheme, and be a source of terror to relatives at home! What an innocent, injured brood of vipers these men make themselves out to be! From their own style of treating their trade, from the way in which they deal with their own wares, we have the strongest reason why the trade should be swept from the land. There is a covert idea in their language, that their trade is inimical to the public weal—as such the publicans of Arbroath speak of it—and as such we cry—Let it be abolished.

### WHISKY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The following paragraph is copied from the *Inverness Courier*:—‘We are glad to hear that our townsman, Mr. William Mackintosh, has just received an order to ship a quantity of old Highland whisky to the Mediterranean. There is no doubt that this shipment is for the use of the troops *en route* to Constantinople; and it may lead to farther orders, and thus introduce a taste on the Continent for our mountain dew.’ A generous wish, truly! We hope, however, that it will

never be realized—may God forbid such a fearful consummation. The 'mountain dew' has been anything but blissful in its effects where it has been most widely spread. That it has been a fructifying 'dew' no one doubts. But its fruits savour not of anything which blesses humanity. Wherever it has fallen, disease, death, poverty and crime luxuriate. The foliage produced by it—rag; the fruit, like that of Sodom.—ashes, the remains of ruined hopes, blighted happiness, broken hearts. The down-trodden inhabitants of these climes only need this to complete their degradation; let Turkey 'take it,' and Nicholas may have the pleasure of seeing the 'sick man' die without any aid from him. By all means let our commerce extend—the beneficial part of it; but for the sake of God and man, let us keep the 'mountain dew'—the 'dew of death' at home. Enough of curing caused by it here,—enough from our own sons and daughters whom it has ruined; do not let the curse of the ruined of other lands be brought on our heads.

### Gen Jackson the Author of the Maine Law.

Messrs. Editors:—From the movements in various States to suppress the sale of intoxicating drinks, I predict that the time is not distant when there will be some strife for the *honor of authorship* of the Maine Law. Not a few now regard the Hon. Neal Dow as entitled to the credit of *originating* and framing this law. Mr. Dow has done noble service, I admit, in the temperance reform. But it was Gen. Andrew Jackson who *first* suggested, and caused to be executed, this *famous*, as some say, and *infamous*, as others say, Maine Law. Now for the proof. In 1834, when Gen. Jackson was President, it was found that unprincipled, mercenary men, inflicted great injury upon the Indian tribes, by selling to them ardent spirits. They were made drunk, and then cheated, maltreated, and wronged in every way. The old General saw the game that the rumsellers were playing upon his "red children," and his indignation was roused. In that year (1834), Congress passed a law "for the protection of the Indian Tribes." This law had all the stringency of the most radical prohibitory laws of the present time. The United States officers were directed to *seize* and *destroy*, without judge or jury, all intoxicating liquors introduced for sale into the Indian country. The officers discharged their duty fearlessly and faithfully. Those who suffered by the operation of the law, were indignant, but they had no redress. The constitutionality and justice of the law were never called into question, except by that class designated by the couplet—

"No man e'er felt the halter draw  
With good opinion of the law."

These men did not demand remuneration for the liquor taken from them in the Indian territory. This law sanctioned by General Jackson, and executed under his orders, was highly approved of by enlightened Statesmen. Its beneficent influences were marked and acknowledged. So far as I know, this was the *first* Maine Law enacted, and executed in this country. The liquor intended for the Indians, was *seized and destroyed*. Here is the *principle* of all prohibitory laws passed, or in contemplation.

P.S. Mr. Dow *first* introduced the principle into the laws of the States.—*Public Ledger*.

## Philanthropic & Social Progress.

### Wiser and better every day.

As temperance reformers, we have been directing our efforts very specially against one great iniquity. But we are not men of one idea. We do not imagine that when we have put down drunkenness, we shall have put a way all vice; or that when we have trained our countrymen to temperance, we shall have secured all virtue. We seek it as a foundation from which to rear all the virtues, as a starting point from which to set off in pursuit of all that is true, and honorable, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report.

Reformers, then, in one department, let us be ready to lend a helping hand to all other needed reforms. Whatever be the station in which Providence has placed us, let it be our ambition to adorn that station, and to be always, in moral worth and mental attainments, advancing. Wiser and better every day: Let this be our motto for our own sakes. Wiser and better every day: Let this be our motto for the sake of the cause which we have espoused. And in the spirit of that pure and patriot cause, let us do all in our power to lift up, and keep up, and urge onward one another. Let us, humbly depending on divine help, form, individually and collectively, the unconquerable determination to EXCEL; and thus we shall resemble heaven's own bright intelligences, who, though high already, are ever bearing upward to higher heights, and who, when these are gained, drawing encouragement from success, become ambitious of 'all nobler flights,' and with bolder pinions continue soaring, soaring.

But while we would earnestly press these sentiments on all, we are especially anxious to engage the attention and sympathy of our younger and more ardent readers. In them we feel peculiar interest; and as their genuine friends, we invite their earnest consideration of our motto, Wiser and better every day. And, do any ask in all seriousness, *How shall we become wiser and better every day?* We welcome the inquiry; and we proceed with great good will, and with all good wishes for our young friends, to help them to an answer.

And whatever else may be said, we say this first. Be sure you will not become wiser and better without *effort*. And it must be your own effort, your own strenuous, properly directed, persevering effort. There is no royal road to learning. There is no sure path to distinction, but by diligence. There is no security for eminence, either moral or mental, apart from humble, honest, earnest labour.

'All is the gift of industry; whatever  
Exalts, embellishes, or renders life  
Delightful.'

If then you are prepared for exertion, we promise you improvement. If you are prepared for earnest continued exertion, we promise you certain and continuous advancement. But, in no other way do we promise it. Daily labour: that is the way, the true way, the only way to daily progress.

As to the modes of employing this labour, so as most effectually to secure mental and moral improvement, were this a professedly religious journal, we would undoubtedly begin by saying, *While doing your best, always trust in, and seek direction from God*

What says the wise man? 'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.' Prayer and pains; pains and prayer—not the one without the other; but both together. Prayer and pains; pains and prayer—what have they done? what will they not do? what have they not done for others? what may they not do for you? But we must not dwell here on this theme. We would simply say—In the pursuit of mental and moral excellencies, be as active, and diligent, as if all depended on yourselves; and, at the same time, as humble, and dependent, and prayerful, as if you could do nothing. And this you will find the true philosophy of improvement.

In proceeding to set before you the means and modes of mental and moral progress more within our sphere, we say,—

1. *Read largely and rightly.*—Read as largely as you can. But be sure that you read always rightly. Get the best books that are to be had on the subjects you wish to study; and then read these books rightly, that is, read with fixed attention, understand every sentence, weigh every sentiment, and adopt or reject according to your own best judgment. And while you fully digest and treasure up all that is most worthy of being called your own, and thus add to your stores of knowledge, remember that mental discipline and strength, mental expansion, and elevation, and refinement, are the principal things to be sought. All this is included in reading rightly. Read you thus daily, and daily grow wiser and better.

2. *Train, yourselves, in all you do, to earnest attention and thorough concentration of mind.*—Let your motto be, one thing at a time, and that one thing thoroughly, and with all you might. Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well. And to do it well, you must do it with fixed, earnest attention. To do much well, in little time, and to have full enjoyment and full improvement from the doing of it, you must be thoroughly in earnest—concentrating on it all your intellectual energies—giving to it all your heart, and soul, and mind, and strength. And while you will find this the best way to acquire knowledge, you will find it also the best way for training and disciplining the mind, and rearing it up to early and thorough manhood.

3. *Husband well your time.*—Some may be lamenting that they have so little time for improvement, and saying, 'Oh, had we what some of our neighbours are, how rapidly would we advance, how rich and varied would be our acquisitions!' You are not aware of that. Do not then murmur at your lot, but, thankful for what it is, resolutely resolve to make the most and best of it. They who have most time, do not always make most improvement. Use well what you are, and if it is little, be all the more careful of it. The little thus used will be great in its results. Our country affords many noble examples; and these results are to him who has achieved them all the more honorable.

4. *Be careful as to your companions.*—He that walks with wise men shall be wise. Improper companions will act as a constant drag upon you, and prevent advancement. Proper companions will stimulate, and strengthen, and help you onward in your course.

And if they are somewhat before you in mental and moral attainment, so much the better. A high standard, a noble ambition, in this respect, we cordially welcome and recommend. And having secured suitable associates, be sure to make the most of them. Keep alive a strong desire for mutual improvement; draw forth your fellows to what will edify, and elevate, and refine: and be yourselves always equally ready to give as to take; to do good as to get good; and thus add to the common stock, and help on the common progress.

5. *Try as soon as possible to have enlightened and steady principles, and to carry out these in consistent conduct.*—The sooner your great principles of action are formed and matured, the better for you, the happier, the safer. And the sooner you begin to reduce these principles to practice; to embody them in consistent character and conduct, in personal virtues, and in deeds of patriotism and piety, the better also for you, the happier, the safer. Let it be yours, then, early to inhale, and firmly to hold the truth. And yours also let it be, by your conduct, as well as your creed, to be ever on the side of purity and piety; the patrons and the practisers of all the virtues, and all the graces. Help on by all the means in your power the welfare of your fellow-men, and try to make the world you live in, the better for your living in it. And remember for your encouragement, that this is all promotive of self improvement. Teaching, you learn; giving, you get; well-doing becomes welfare; duty, delight; and labour its own reward.

6. *Be your own daily censors.*—Every night before you sleep, think over the events of the day, and how you have acted your part in them. If in any respect you have failed, learn caution for the morrow. If you have erred, learn wisdom. If you have done wisely and well, be thankful; take courage, and seek to be more and more established in well-doing. If the day has been mispent and lost, be humbled at the saddening fact, and resolve that such another day shall never witness against you. Thus daily taking yourselves to task, may you not hope to be every day wiser and better?

It will be advisable also to exercise the same censorship over more extended periods. At the close of every week, take yourselves to task for the week. At the close of every month, for the month. At the close of every year, for the year. And let the censorship be solemn and searching, in proportion to the extent and importance of the period under review. This we know has been a mode of self-culture practised by many wise and good men; and they have found in it their reward. Try it; try it fairly and fully, and the reward will be yours.

We have thus given you a few kind honest counsels. We have indicated the path by which you may advance in mental and moral improvement. We have set before you some of the means and modes, by which, with the Divine blessing, you may become wiser and better every day; and now, the result is with yourselves. Where there is a will, there is a way. But where the will is wanting, the way will not be found. Advices, however good, will be of little avail to those who have no desire to excel. By those who have this desire strongly, advices will be little needed; the strong desire will find and make its own way. We trust that most of our readers belong to the latter class; and it



has been our object to guide, and encourage, and stimulate all such to yet firmer resolves, and more earnest labours. And now here is the conclusion of the whole matter—here the sum and substance of the present duty: Mental and moral improvement by one and all of us. Wiser and better every day, by one and all of us. For our own sakes, for the sake of the pure and patriotic cause which we have espoused, by one and all of us, every day wiser and better.

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

## Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, JUNE 1, 1854.

### Lord Elgin and the Maine Law.

As to the Maine Law, he might mention that at a party consisting of noblemen and gentlemen which he attended not long ago in London, Lord Elgin, the Governor of Canada, said there was nothing he was watching in America with so much interest as the working of the Maine Law. The conversation of that party had turned upon the history, the growth, and success of total abstinence societies in our country, and the good which they had achieved. This led to the remark from Lord Elgin to the effect already mentioned. "I believe," he said, "that it is destined to work a very great change on the face of society; I wish the cause the utmost success. They have adopted it in New Brunswick, and I am watching its operations with more interest than that of any cause now under the sun." A gentleman who was there said, "Oh, but is that Maine Law just, Lord Elgin? I understand, from what you say, that a gentleman can have his pipe of wine, and a merchant can have his barrel of whisky; they can go and enjoy their fermented liquors, while the poor man who could only get his refreshment at the public house is denied the opportunity. Is that not unjust to the poor?" Lord Elgin had a very good answer to this: "The poor man," said he, "is the best judge of what is justice, and that law in the State of Maine, and in our province of New Brunswick, was passed by the votes of the poor labouring men themselves."—*Extract from Dr. Guthrie's Speech at Edinburgh on the New Public-house Bill.*

### Important Documents.

The following important papers have been handed us for publication by the officers of Samaritan Tent. It is not necessary that they should be accompanied by any remarks or commendations of our own. Our worthy Mayor has expressed himself in terms not easily misunderstood; and the rebuke he ministers to inconsistent temperance men and hypocritical religious professors, has

terrible point to it, because of its being deserved. How long shall we have to labor for the suppression of drunkenness, while men are so weak and infirm as not to be able to say No! when a wretched rumseller asks for a certificate of his good character?

But we call your attention to the documents annexed:—  
*To the Worshipful the Mayor of Montreal, WOLFRID NELSON, Esq.*

The officers and members of the Samaritan Tent of the Independent Order of Rechabites, united on the principles of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, and for mutual benefit in times of need, deem it our duty to approach your Worship in this form. It is scarcely necessary that we should express our entire approval of your sentiments against the liquor traffic, uttered on the occasion of your inauguration as Mayor of this great commercial city; they must have commended themselves to the conscience of every enlightened and patriotic citizen. Our object now is more especially to assure you that entire reliance may be placed on us to assist you, to the utmost of our ability, in promoting the reforms you contemplate for the diminution of intemperance. Very generally throughout the civilized world, that traffic which produces so deplorable a form of vice, is condemned as morally wrong; and it is our earnest wish that Montreal, under your civic rule, may become more thoroughly imbued with your expressed opinions, and practically anathematize the business of making and selling liquors for mere purposes of beverage.

We beg further to hope, that the city authorities having charge of the licensing department, under your wise suggestions, may be induced to curtail the number of licensed houses, and that the police authorities may be found efficient in suppressing the unlicensed.

The work to be done is great and important; and our hope is, that you will be energetically sustained by the whole people, and that your efforts may be eminently successful.

We are, Worshipful Sir, in behalf of the Samaritan Tent,

JAMES BROWN, C.R.  
JOHN GALBRAITH, R.S.

The reply of the Mayor is in the words following:—

*To Messrs. JAMES BROWN, C. R., & JOHN GALBRAITH, R. S., Samaritan Tent of the Independent Order of Rechabites:—*

**GENTLEMEN,**—It is extremely gratifying to me that my first act in the highly important office conferred upon me by my fellow citizens, should have met with the approbation of the most distinguished, the best and most useful members of our community.

With regard to your kind address, I must be permitted to say that the views and principles which I have expressed, and which you so cordially approve, cannot be realized if all good citizens do not lend an honest helping hand in furthering the great and holy cause of Temperance.

It meets me I should state most emphatically that "The City Authorities having charge of the licensing department," cannot succeed in making a wise and judicious selection of persons fit and proper to keep Houses of Public Entertainment, if, as it often and has very recently been the case, men of high standing in the social circle not only sign the petitions of unworthy candidates, such as they know full well are not deserving of obtaining a license, but actually give them certificates of sobriety, integrity and propriety of conduct, when they are, at the same time, satisfied that some of these individuals have kept receiving houses and dens of iniquity where even villany has been perpetrated. These kind, easy gentlemen do not seem to be aware that by such, worse than heedless conduct, they become responsible, not only to man, for all the evil results of their censurable proceed-

ing, but stand, in the eyes of the Almighty himself, in the position of abettors of all the wrong that may ensue.

If, to the dishonor and misfortune of mankind, the baneful practice of intemperance cannot be entirely subdued, still it is the bounden duty of all upright men to restrain it, and, in its stead, to inculcate nobler tendencies.

That you, and all others engaged in this sacred cause may achieve all the success which can attend human efforts, and that you may also reap the reward which is due to your philanthropic and self-imposed task, is the very sincere wish of,

Gentlemen,  
Your much obliged and very humble serv't,  
WOLFRED NELSON.

Montreal, 15th May, 1854.

PRESENTMENT BY THE GRAND JURY AT THE ASSIZES IN THE COUNTY OF PERTH, UPPER CANADA, MAY, 1854.

[The Assize Court was held at Stratford, the county town, and was presided over by the Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, J. B. MacAulay. The following forms part of the Presentment, and bears tokens of some enlightenment in that county, as regards the disreputable traffic in intoxicating drinks.]

The Grand Jury of the county of Perth beg leave to present. . . . They further present, that in view of the duties imposed upon them by the laws of this country, especially the investigating of cases connected with crime against those laws, and against the general peace and welfare of society, they, on considering the many causes which appear for the existence of crime, besides the various dispositions and phases which the character of man and woman present, are not ignorant that one fruitful cause of crime exists in particular, from which a very prominent evil arises in society, namely, *intemperance*.

It appears to them, that the common traffic in intoxicating liquors, and their common use, are a fruitful source of crime, poverty, disease, and demoralization.

They are of opinion also, that whatever tends to the lessening of the expenses of the administration of justice, whether as regards the gaol, public officers connected with such administration, officers' fees, &c., must be viewed as so much benefit to the county and to the country.

They would wish to impress on the inhabitants of this fertile county, that much remains with them in the selection of proper men to fill the offices imposed by the Municipal laws; as on the officers appointed by them, devolves many duties for the regulation of the local affairs of the county, a proper exercise of which will always have an influence as regards the social relations of its people; a proper regulation of one of these duties, namely, the licensing of places for the sale of Intoxicating Liquors, will undoubtedly assist so far as to be a bar to the commission of much crime, and a sure and certain way of increasing the temporal welfare of the inhabitants, and the prosperity of the County of Perth.

They would also present, that there is much, and they consider unnecessary, travelling on the public roads in the county, chiefly travelling on the main road, on Sundays, by teams loaded with goods and being conveyed for the purpose of traffic, (not for emigration purposes) and they consider that the Magistrates should direct the special notice of the Constables to the same, and have the law enforced to prevent such traffic.

ADAM LAMBIE,  
Foreman Grand Jury.

Stratford, 3rd May, 1854.

### The Liquor Traffic—a Monster.

The following from the *London Atlas* is one of those startling representations which on any other subject but the

traffic in liquor might be regarded as exaggeration, but, as the *Prohibitionist* says, falls below the truth.

"Instead of beating about for objections to the legal suppression of the liquor traffic, every patriotic citizen should inquire, What shall be done with this dire, this dreadful cause of evil? Suppose some monster had appeared in these lands; and in one place he seized a man's hand and made him cut his throat; in another, he made one throw himself out of a window; in another, he instigated a woman to murder her husband; then he subjected a man to so much bodily and mental torture that he drove him out of his mind; then he entered a happy family, and induced the parents to half starve the children, and to make their home most desolate; then he got on the sea, set ships on fire, run others ashore, made the captain treat the men most barbarously, and committed all kinds of cruelties and excesses; and suppose he carried on his depredations on so extensive a scale, that the victims whose death he occasioned, or whose character and circumstances he ruined, amounted to thousands in the course of a single year; while at the same time he costs the British nation, to prevent, detect, and punish the crimes he either attempted or effected, several millions of pounds annually: and suppose he had carried on these depredations for a series of years until he had brought the myriads to disease, poverty and death:—what a sensation it would produce in the nation! We should hear of nothing but this monster. Every newspaper in the kingdom; every railway and electric telegraph; every judge, magistrate, policeman and constable would be laid under tribute to catch, convict and punish such a wholesale criminal. Whenever the British Parliament met, the first question, the all-absorbing topic would be—"The Monster! Who is he? Has he been captured? Where is he to be found?" Yes, and in the destruction of such a murderer of her majesty's subjects, such a ruiner-general, it would not be thought too much to employ both the army and navy.

And suppose this monster was detected? and not the slightest doubt remained as to his criminality, what a thrill of joy would run through the whole nation! And if the judgment of the whole nation was taken as to what should be his doom, who would plead for his life? Would not every one who presumed to urge lenient measures in a case of such complex and aggravated guilt, be suspected of being a criminal accomplice? Every voice, excepting the voice of his aiders and abettors, would demand 'death! death! utter destruction! no punishment can equal the monster's crimes!'

"Such a monster has appeared in these lands. His depredations have been as numerous, and far more horrifying than we have described. They have been continued for centuries. We have found him out. His guilt has been proved beyond a doubt. He was tried before a Parliamentary Committee, and not a ghost of a question remained as to his criminality. Members of Parliament, judges, lawyers, magistrates, policemen, naval and military officers, clerics, and even his own mercenary dependents, have all borne swift witness against him. What will you do with him? Will you say, 'Spare him for he is a good creature of God? Just cramp his energies a little, and fetter his operations? Keep him due bounds and he will do no one any harm?' What, has he not had a fair trial? Has he not often been placed under various restrictions, and broke through all? Has he not bidden defiance to every restraint, and trampled under foot every law of God and man? Has he not deafened his ear against the pleadings of the senator and the preacher; against the admonitions of the judge, and the threats of the executioner; the appeals of honour, and the entreaties of love? Has he not trampled beneath his remorseless foot authority, example, influence, and driven roughshod over the best interests of society? Applying the infallible test, 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' is it not as clear as sunshine, that alcohol is the most cursed of all that the art of man ever extracted from the bounties of Hea-

ven, with which to blast the happiness, and ruin the bodies and souls of his fellow-men?

"Then in the name of justice and mercy, religion and virtue, the blessing of the life that now is, and the hopes and joys of the life to come, we demand that

"This mighty slayer of his thousands shall be slain."

"Never more harbour him in your cellars, nor allow him to defile your decanters, nor disgrace your side-boards or your daily repast. Never again take within your lips that filthy, blood-stained monster, called Alcohol. Hold no more intercourse with that violator of every law, the perpetrator of every crime that can stain the history of fallen man.

Kidsgrove, Staffordshire.

GREGORY A. PAGE,  
Wesleyan Minister.

### Important to Insurance Companies.

The annexed remarks from the *N. Y. Tribune*, are commended to the attention of all parties. Not merely are they valuable to companies who take risks, but they give practical and unquestionable proof of the value of total abstinence, and supply an argument for prohibition. What a dreadful expense to every form and feature of civilization is that horrible traffic in alcohol!

It is generally known that a portion—we apprehend but a minor portion—of the vessels from time to time sent to sea are fitted out on the principle of Total Abstinence from Intoxicating Liquors, while the residue are supplied with Alcoholic Beverages and officered by drinking men. The public as well as the underwriters have a deep interest in knowing how many of the shipwrecks, of late so frequent and so disastrous, are experienced by the Total Abstinence vessels aforesaid, and what is the per centage of disaster occurring to these as compared with that encountered by others. It is the plain duty of the Insurance Companies to institute the inquiry here indicated, to make it as thorough as possible, and to report and act upon the result.

A friend who has followed the sea for the last five years, giving some attention to this subject, is confident that no vessel sailed on strict Temperance principles has yet been lost within these five years. We consider this too strong; yet the simple truth, could it be ascertained, would be startling. Our friend says a searching inquiry into the circumstances under which shipwrecked vessels were severally lost would trace these calamities to Liquor in more than half the cases of their occurrence. In one case which came within his knowledge, where a merchantman was wrecked on the evening of a recent Fourth of July, the captain, officers and crew were all drunk, and there was not even a look-out on deck when the ship, through sheer criminal negligence was stranded and lost.

We urge the managers of Insurance Companies to look closely into this matter. The losses of the past six months must bear very heavily on many if not most of them, depriving many stockholders of the dividends whereon they depended for subsistence. We are to have a formal investigation as to the origin of each fire occurring in our City: why not do likewise with regard to wrecks along our shores? Rely on it, investigation will show that many of them are dishonestly caused, while a great many more might, with care and capriciousness, have been avoided by employing temperance officers and keeping each vessel scrupulously clear of Alcoholic Liquors. A few Insurance Companies taking risks only on vessels employing none but devotees to Total Abstinence, whether as officers or men, and allowing no liquors to go on board them, no matter on what pretext, would soon work a revolution in shipping most advantageous to all concerned. Goods would gradually cease to be shipped, even by drinking men, in any other than Temperance ships, if these were abundant, and there were offices in which none others were insured; and their superior safety and dispatch would soon insure

them a general preference. Is it not high time for a vigorous movement in this direction?

### The Maine Law in Action.

The *Commonwealth* of May 6, says:—"At the moment while the people of this country are sending forth armaments by sea and land, to resist the encroachments of a barbarous power upon a remote people, not very remarkable for either virtue or intelligence, the Americans are vigorously pursuing the paths of industry and social reform. In the latter department their achievements are calculated to astonish the slow-going natives of the British isle. While we talk, the Americans act; and before we have "concluded" what to do, they have their work done. They combine moral and coercive action in a manner at once prompt, startling, and instructive.

One of the most recent examples of this transatlantic characteristic occurred on the twenty-eighth of March. On that day Mr. Thornton Alexander, of Winchester, Indiana, a man of more than ordinary ability, and of a generous disposition, ceased to exist. His widow and five young children were thus left destitute. The medical men who examined the body, found the membranes of his stomach destroyed, and pronounced the deceased to have been "murdered by whisky." It seems that Thornton, in his last agony, had said, "I am dying: whisky has done it. May those who have sold me the poison die as painful a death as mine." The wish so strongly expressed is, doubtless, deficient in charity; but great allowance must be made for the feelings of a dying man towards his passive destroyers.

About four o'clock on the same twenty-eighth of March, some fifty of the women of Winchester, with their bereaved sister at their head, marched in procession through the streets. They visited and closed every whisky-shop in the town, and compelled the keepers of them to sign a pledge to sell no more strong drink.

The owner of the first store demurred; but the women were resolute, paid him the value of the intoxicating liquors in his possession, and then poured them out into the street. Another dealer refused to sign, and shut the door in their faces. "They chopped it down," says the *New York Tribune*, "knocked in his window, rolled the barrels into the street, and poured out the liquor." Another stubborn dealer declined, but his own daughter, one of the most active of the pioneers, went into the shop, brought out a keg of liquor, and smashed it in the street. He had to sign the pledge. The other dealers, finding it useless to attempt resistance, gave in their adhesion to the movement, and Winchester, in a couple of hours, was emancipated from the presence of strong drink. Moreover, the widow has instituted legal proceedings against the storekeepers for causing the death of her husband. Many thousands in this country will rejoice if the decision should be in favour of the widow.

### Lights and Shades.

The *Christian News* says, "The third annual report of the Glasgow United Total Abstinence Society has reached us. The document is of a cheering character; and while it is satisfactory to see the amount of work done, it is equally satisfactory that there is the wherewith to do it, as the

treasurer's report shows. The appendix consists of a condensed abstract report of the City of Glasgow Temperance Mission, in which the results, or some of these results of the mission are mentioned. From this appendix we extract one or two passages which, we think, will be interesting to our readers.

'To-day,' says one of the agents, 'I visited a family, and witnessed a case which, if told of a savage heathen, would raise universal indignation. The husband had been reared by pious parents, who gave him an excellent education, a good trade, as well as a Christian example, although not, I am sorry to say, a total abstinence one, but the dangerous and delusive moderate rule—to use strong drink, but never to abuse it. He married—commenced business for himself—fell into habits of drinking—lost his trade—sunk into poverty—became a sot. This morning he had torn the last remnant of clothing from his sickly wife, and rushed to the pawn shop, that a few pence might be got to consume upon his insatiable appetite for drink.' Well might this missionary exclaim—'What other thing on earth or out of hell can be compared to strong drink? Where is now this man's early training to religion? Where his pledged faith to a trusting wife? Gone!—sacrificed at the altar of our British Moloch, and his family left to perish!'

The following is a picture on the other side:—

'One day lately,' says a missionary, 'I was sent for to see a woman who was said to be dying. After a short but pleasant interview with the departing saint—for such I found her to be—I arose to depart. She stretched out her thin wasted hand, and pressing mine, said faintly, "I cannot let you depart without mentioning one thing: You are a temperance missionary. Look around you. You see this house—it is full of worldly comfort. You see my dear husband sitting there weeping. You have heard him say, the Lord's will be done. You have seen how a weak woman, as I am, can look calmly at a fast coming death-bed; because she has seen her Saviour who has taken away his sting. Listen to me; it was total abstinence which banished poverty and brought plenty here—it was total abstinence which drove the drink-demon from my own and my husband's heart, and sent us repenting to the feet of Jesus. And yet," she added, after a pause, "I never made total abstinence either my God or my Saviour, but the blessed means in His hand of leading me to Himself."

'I have just returned,' says another, 'from a pleasant interview with a reformed inebriate. This man was so debased that he drank himself homeless, houseless, and friendless. He had drunk with the drunken, when he had money—herded with the miserable, when he had none—felt the delirious excitement of intoxication, and suffered the horrible madness of confirmed debauchery. One day rendered desperate by his woes and his wants, he went deliberately to a shop window in this city, and drove his elbow through the glass, that he might be sent to prison. His object was gained; he was sent to prison for thirty days. And being compelled to be sober, was sent, at the expiry of confinement, out to the world, free at least from the influence of alcohol. Happily for him, he met a temperance friend, who spoke kindly and faithfully to him, gave him a tract, and urged him to abstain; pointed him to happy days and restored character, as yet within his reach. The tears

fell fast—he saw the the gulf he had been rushing into—he became, through the sought assistance of Him whose ear is ever open to the cry of the needy, a total abstinence—got employment—is now a member of a Christian church—has a happy home—is blessed with a virtuous wife, and is full of zeal that others should be brought to the same condition as himself!'

One of the missionaries thus describes what took place during one of the trades' pleasure excursions which were so numerous last season:—

'Altogether we had eleven serious quarrels; in seven of these there were blows and strikings, and in two of them blood was flowing plentifully; all of which I unhesitatingly declare my conviction, proceeded from drink—and drink alone. I counted 25 bottles in use on the deck at one time during the voyage downward. I further affirm that if means are not taken to prevent drink from being brought and used on these occasions, by a law of the most stern kind, they will turn out to be the curse of the working classes.'

The city had been divided into sections for the purpose of visitation, and for the ascertaining of the amount of intemperance, &c., in each. The following is given in the report:—

Taking the best of these sections, we find that of 1662 families visited, containing 7145 individuals, there are 326 males, and 209 females, who are reckoned intemperate—that is to say, out of 7145 individuals, 535 are, more or less, given to drunkenness. This is 7.49 per cent, or one in every 13. But in the worst section visited we have out of 1797 families, visited, containing 7423 individuals, no less than 602 males, and 537 females, addicted to intemperance; which gives 15 per cent., or one in every 6½—nearly a victim to every family. The same gloomy result is exhibited in the other items of inquiry. For example, in this last mentioned section nearly one-third of the families visited go to no church, and one-fourth had no Bibles; and large numbers of children were found wandering without education or school attendance of any kind whatever.

A comfortable, pleasing picture, truly! 'Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the word' by all means—but the 'bottle' sadly interferes with that. Not much 'flourishing' here, at any rate. How does the above look alongside some of the flowery oratory of our religious platforms? A nice commentary, certainly! It is had enough being a drunken nation, don't let us be known as a hypocritical one, pretending to be what we are not.

We subjoin two other illustrations from the same report, they show how the work of 'degradation' goes on:—

'This month,' writes a missionary, 'I have visited a district inhabited by clerks, men in business, and the most respectable tradesmen; but even here I find the so-called moderate use of strong drink gnawing like a worm at the root of domestic happiness, and surely, though to themselves imperceptibly, fast bringing down husbands and wives to the fate of the drunkard—misery and wretchedness.'

Another writes—

'In this district we have many respectable families who keep lodgers—of the best class of tradesmen and mechanics; and here I expected some exemption from the common cause, but, on minute investigation, I found habits of tipping and party-drinking carried on, which was ever and anon send-

ing victims further and further down the stream of intemperance, at last to be landed in the 'waste places' of our city, to die the drunkard's death—unpitted and unknown."

All this in Glasgow—and how feeble the efforts put forth for the arrest of the work of the fearful destroyer! How feeble the support this and kindred societies receive from those who profess to have the best interests of men at heart! We hope, however, for an improvement in this.

### Prohibitory Laws.

The Norwich *Examiner* says:—"That which contributes nothing to the wealth or happiness of the community, but saps the foundation of both, cannot be justly classed among the legitimate articles of commerce. It ought to be strictly prohibited.

"This proposition embraces one of those first principles of which we never should lose sight in discussing the details of legislation for the suppression of intemperance. In a series of brief articles, we purpose to discuss this principle in its application to the traffic in intoxicating drinks.

"Every man who is entitled to a living in this world is bound to contribute something to the common stock. The cultivator of the soil does this. He is a producer. He furnishes food and material for clothing. He may claim an honorable position in society. His business should be protected by law, and every facility afforded him for the exchange of the fruits of his labor.

"The mechanic and the manufacturer are producers, for they add to the value of the raw material as it passes through their hands. They are entitled to a living and to the protection of the law, in the prosecution of their business.

"The merchant is a producer, for he increases the value of the goods which he furnishes, by placing them within the reach of those who need them. He is entitled to the protection of the law, and to compensation for his labor.

"The lawyer, who defends your rights and facilitates the administration of justice, contributes to the common welfare, and may therefore draw his supplies from the common stock.

"The teacher, who educates your children, does good service to community, for which he is entitled to a valuable consideration. He has added his quota to the commonwealth.

"The physician, who by his skill contributes to others' health and length of days, has rendered a service which justly entitles him to share in what they produce.

"And the minister of religion, who labors to make men better in all the relations of life, and to inspire them with hope of heaven, is not a pensioner upon their charity while he derives from the common stock a competent supply for himself and his family.

"The occupation of all these different classes of persons add to the wealth and happiness of community. Like the different members of the human body, they are each in their appropriate sphere, essential to the welfare and protection of the whole. They are, therefore, entitled to protection and remuneration.

"But here is another man, who attempts to fasten himself upon community, and who, through indolence or some

other cause, refuses to contribute anything to the common stock. What claim has he to countenance or support? Not only will he contribute nothing to the common welfare, but he employs himself in destroying what others produce. He is at the same time a consumer and a destroyer. He employs his capital and his skill to depreciate the value of his neighbors' property; he diminishes the produce of their farms, he obstructs the labors of the factory, he paralyzes the energies of all who come under his influence, and sheds a blight upon the prosperity of a once peaceful community.

"Ought this business and its capital to be protected by law, and sanctioned by the public voice? Ought he to be placed upon the same footing as the public benefactor? He proclaims himself an enemy, and common justice demands that his business should be outlawed.—This is due to society by the law of self-protection.

"These views thus presented in the abstract must command universal assent. The application of them in the concrete we reserve for another article."

### A Learned Opposition.

The following evidence of modern advancement is addressed to the *Prohibitionist*. Is the School Master abroad, or are we got back to the year one of the days of reform? Read on if you can:—

Greene wood P o Dekalb Count Alabma  
march the 3 1854.

Dear sur I hapned to get one of your papers with the prospesctions and I now send you a few lines after nodising your paper and the greate caus you espouse I consider it aronious in its nature and avoilation to the republicking government of boath God and man therefore I umbely ask you in the name of all mighty God to cal in your papers and never publish another of the kind have you arite to say what I shall plant in my farm I plant corn and coten you plant what you please I rais wheat ry oais and potatoes you rase wat you pleas I plant my orchid of peech trees apple trees plume and cherish you plant wt you pleas I drink coffe for brackfus and super you drink soop or any thing else you please I still my frute and make brandy still con and make whiskey you make bear or any thing else you pleas have you any rite to say that I shal not by a ginger cake with my one money or have you a rite say I shal not by a galon of sperits for my gne familys use I anser not my dear sur if we are afre republichen people les never yeald to a tyraniel or despotic law but les rais our voises as the vois of one man to the throne of heaven and ask for protection I se in your paper you recommen the cause of tempranc as being connect with all most all othr mishenary instutions sich sonday schools track societys and all other branches of mishinar order my dear I look on all them with the very same esteme that mosed did at Aarons call the are built on aspeckalation all the want is money I vew them to be children of mises babelon now rising up again and striving for power again I there fore ask you in the name of hi heavens to reconsider your paper and remember that if there had ben a law that could have geven life then veriley richeousness shold have come by the law therefore we se that we can never pase a law to compel men to serve god and let us never sirain at a gnat and swolow a camel se Pro 31 : 6 giv strong drink unto him that is redy to perish aud wine onto those that be of heavy hart let him drink and fergit his poverty and rember his misery no more se Paul to Timothy 5 : 23 drink no longr water but use a litle wine for thy stomach sake thy thyne often infermites John the 2 : 7 Jesus sauth unto them fill the warter pos with water and the fill them

up to the brim and he saith unto them drow out now and bare unto the governor of the feast now hear was speris maid and tank in a publick cumpeny by our blessed savior or rather made by the saviour and drank by the govmer of the feast and shall we by law forbid men there right that god all mighty has garentee to them let us not judg one anothe any longer in meets or in drins or with regard to an holy day my dear sur time would fail to point out all so I will close in a few words I sende you these lines with the prospectious hoping tha you will receive them as from a friend hoo wishes you wel and lounes to hear of return back to the true republ. can principles again.

JESSE EDWARDS.

## Original Correspondence.

### Letter from Mr. Kellogg.

Picton, May 27th, 1854.

For the last four weeks I have been travelling in Upper Canada, and I certainly think it the most delightful and flourishing portion of British America. The whole country is exceedingly beautiful, and in natural advantages, every way ranks with the most highly favored portions of the continent. The lands are fertile and well watered, the climate temperate and healthy, and the increase in wealth and population almost unparalleled. When the numerous railroads are completed, and the vast resources of the country fully developed, the population will be numbered by millions, and if proper attention is paid to their physical and moral culture, they must in wealth, happiness and social comfort, equal any people in the world. England cannot call these Canadas a "Colony" much longer; but if the connection between the two countries continues, it must be considered as a partnership, rather for mutual profit and advantage. Why cannot Queen Victoria visit this splendid portion of her empire? Let the Grand Trunk Railway be completed as soon as possible, and then the people of Canada should invite Her Majesty, with Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales, to come over and make the tour of these wealthy and powerful provinces. She would return with enlarged ideas of the Empire over which she reigns.

But my speculations on these subjects are of no importance, and so I will leave them and say a few words about the good cause we are engaged in, and to the advocacy of which your paper is specially devoted. There is less doing here for the promotion of the Temperance Reform than I expected; I have visited some of the principal towns and cities, and delivered 20 lectures under the auspices of the League, and expect to deliver 10 or 12 more before I go into summer quarters to recruit for the fall campaign. Few public meetings, comparatively, have been held the past winter; but the League has commenced operations in good earnest now, and will employ several able advocates to visit every portion of the province the coming autumn, and address the people in behalf of a prohibitory law. The G. D. of the Sons of Temperance held a Session in this place the present week, and I understand the reports from the Subordinate Divisions are of the most cheering character. The G. D. voted a donation of £200 to the funds of the League, and appointed a Committee to co-

operate with them. They also recommend the Subordinate Divisions to apply a portion of their funds in the same way, and without doubt most of them will do so. Everywhere the people are anxious to hear about the Law, most men viewing it as the only measure worth discussing, and the only efficient remedy for the evils of intemperance. From every quarter we hear good news of the progress this Law is making in public favor and estimation. Its popularity in the United States is astonishing, and in England and Scotland it has been received with unexpected favor. I have recently read with deep interest the proceedings of a great meeting in Edinburgh, since the passage of the New Public House Act, the benefits of which are confined to Scotland, and by which the sale is allowed but fifteen hours out of twenty-four during the week, and prohibited entirely on the Sabbath. The speakers were all men of distinction, and handled the subject with great ability. The traffic is evidently becoming more and more disreputable in Scotland. Treasurer Dickson said—"he would not say there were no respectable men in the spirit trade, but he thought it was not a trade for respectable men to follow." He also read some extracts from the letter of a publican to his landlord, soliciting a reduction of rent. The spirit dealer says—"The New Public House Bill which comes into operation in May, will very materially decrease my business. Instead of opening at six o'clock in the morning, I will not be allowed to commence business till eight o'clock, and on Sundays when more business is done than on any other two days of the week, I will not be allowed to open at all. All this you will at once see not only seriously diminishes my income, but also serves to reduce the value of the shop. In these circumstances I trust that you will kindly allow me some reduction in my rent. I assure you that at present I feel the pressure very much, and will feel it to a much greater extent after Whitsunday. I may only add that were it not a matter of great necessity I would never have made this application." Comment on this is unnecessary. All the speakers spoke of the Maine Law with enthusiasm, as one that must sooner or later be adopted by the whole civilized world. Rev. Dr. Guthrie, in a speech replete with wit and eloquence, gave the publicans fair notice that this was the beginning of a movement that would end with the entire prohibition of the traffic. He declared the Maine Law as the *Terminus of the Temperance Reform*, and said "he could see it now, though he could not say how far we were from it." The Rev. Doctor stated that he was at a party of noblemen and gentlemen recently, when Lord Elgin was present. The conversation turned on the history and progress of the Temperance Reform, and the effect and operation of the Maine Law. Lord Elgin said—"I believe that it is destined to work a very great change on the face of society. I wish the cause the utmost success. They have adopted it in New Brunswick, and I am watching its operation with more interest than that of any cause now under the sun." This is good news for us. Let the friends of Temperance do their duty, and the next Parliament, elected by the people of Canada, will enact a Prohibitory Law. There need not be a doubt of it.

I am Sir, yours,

F. W. KELLOGG.

### Queries for the Thinker.

Storn Winter, with ice and snow, has passed away. The wheels of time, with ceaseless motion, have brought another Summer to gladden us with music and sunshine, and, as we extend a friendly hand to welcome her, it becomes us to ask, with deep earnestness, what has been accomplished, during the past winter, in the great cause, for which we profess so much interest? How many fallen brothers have been raised, and encouraged to break from the tyrannical thralldom of "King Alcohol?" How many desolate hearths have been gladdened by the untwonted presence of their brightest star? How many wives have felt their hearts expand with new life, as they have seen their husbands renounce forever the soul-destroying draught? How many innocent children have had occasion to wonder "what makes Papa so good?" And last, though far from least, how many young men have been saved from the vortex of Intemperance, more fatal to them than the "Maelstrom" on the Coast of Norway to the tempest-tossed mariner? In other words, how much progress has the Temperance Cause made? how much nearer are we to the passage of a prohibitory Law than we were six months ago? These are questions of serious import—questions which should come home to the heart of every friend of the Cause. It is high time to awake from our lethargy, and work in earnest. It is not enough that a "Gough" or a "Dow" fights in the van of the "Cold water Army," that the spirit-stirring appeals of a "Kelllogg," echo through the ranks. Each soldier must do his duty at his post, with a whole heart, or the battle will be lost. Nor does this victory depend alone upon men; every woman has a part to do. If it is important that this monster evil should be uprooted from our soil; that the air we breathe should not be tainted by the deadly miasma of intoxication; that the lips of our loved ones should be unpolluted, then should each Mother, Sister, Wife, be able to respond with a hearty negative to the question, "Do you take wine?"

In view of the deep interests at stake, let every friend of reform gird on, anew, the Temperance armor, and go forth to the battle.

Up, brothers! up, the day draws on  
When the victory must be won;  
When, hand to hand in deadly fight,  
The hosts of darkness, and of light  
Must meet on the heroic battle plain.  
And ye in the victory must gain—  
Quit not before the coming foe,  
But let the blue-eyed tyrant know  
That Right must conquer, Wrong must die  
Before Truth's standard lifted high.

EDLA.

Montreal, May 26th, 1854

A DIALOGUE.—Rumseller: "I don't believe whisky is poison."

Temperance Man: "Well, if you don't believe it, drink a quart of whisky at once, and if you are not dead in half an hour, I will acknowledge my error, or prove that your whisky is below proof."

Rumseller vanishes in evident distress.

### Petty Tyranny.

Some dignitary connected with a college at St. Bees, it would seem, interposed his 'little authority,' to prevent some five and thirty of the collegians from being present at Gough's lecture in Whitelaven the other week. Mr. Gough thus noticed the matter:—

'Some thirty or forty of the students of the College—(hear, hear, and cheers) at a little distance from this place, made arrangements for coming to the meeting last night. Was there any harm in their doing so? Had they been present, would they have been innoculated with principles tending to make them worse Christians or worse citizens than they ought to be?—('No,') Yet they were threatened with expulsion from the College if they dared to come—(cheers, groans, and hisses.) I am surprised at this. Is it not right I should mention it?—('yes, yes,' and much cheering.) Suppose I had been able to say, and had said to-night, that the Principal of the College had permitted the young men to come, and that I hoped they would be benefited by their attendance—would there have been any harm in that—('No,')? Then why not mention the contrary, which is the fact? I believe that in publishing this I am publishing what has become historical truth; and as surely as I am a living man, in every place where I speak, I shall tell of that College—(hearty and long continued cheering.) I do think the prohibition was an act of tyranny, and I pity the young men most exceedingly. I did not think of speaking of the matter, but it happened just now to come up—(laughter).

### The Song of the Drinker.

BY W. H. M'CALLA.

Fill up! fill up! the sparkling cup,  
Deep, deep with the wine's red glow,  
For what care we, though we drink and see  
Grim death in the shade below.  
Oh! what care we, though we drink and see  
The forms of our suffering wives;  
While the glasses chink, of naught we'll think,  
But to gleefully pass our lives.

Oh! what do we care, if the floors are bare,  
And our children in rags are dressed,  
We will quaff of the bowl, and with all our soul,  
Drown thought in the sizzling jest.  
Our drinking song shall be loud and long,  
Keeping time with each starving man,  
While we've money to spend, the landlord's our friend,  
And the tavern our welcome home.

Oh! Spirit of Rum, that makes good men shun  
And loathe us e'en while we drink,  
While thee we hold, our hearts grow bold,  
And we care not what others think;  
Thou biddes't away, every kindly ray,  
Of good feeling within the breast,  
And the seems to our eye, that bids others sigh,  
Ard to us but the mirthful jest.

Our children we meet, each day in the street,  
With out shoes on the cold wet ground,  
But the sight is in vain, our hearts know no pain,  
While a drop in the glass is found.  
Let them shiver and shake, let their mother's heart break,  
Let them all to the almshouse flee;  
Let them rot in the grave, the more we can save,  
To keep up our drinking fee.  
Then fill up! fill up! the sparkling cup,  
Deep, deep with the wine's red glow,  
For what care we, though we drink and see  
Grim death in the shade below.

Pittsburgh, Feb., 1854.

## A Page for Young Folks at Home.

### Dialogue between Charles Towuly and James Graham on the Maine Law.

Ch. Good morning, friend James. They do say the great men at Albany are going to give us the Maine Law. What will your father say to that? His hotel won't be worth owning.

Jas. Great men! Great fanatics; as if they could stop men from doing as they are a mind to; I guess my father ain't dependent on a hotel for a living; and, if he was, he would not regard such laws very much. If people want liquor, they will get it. They will not live on bran bread and cold water, you may depend on it.

Ch. Well, that's talking very wild now. Be they fanatics or not, if the law comes, it has got to be obeyed; and the liquor must and will be poured out, and, as the old saying is, "It does no good to cry over spilt milk."

Jas. They don't empty any liquor out of our hotel this year, I can tell you.

Ch. No, I suppose not, there won't be any there to empty.

Jas. You don't know that; that will be as we please.

Ch. Well, you will please not to have any. Your father is too respectable a man to be a breaker of the law, and have the sheriff come upon him, and the courts punish him.

Jas. Well, I know that. But they have no right to stop his selling liquor, when he pays for his license, and he has paid for it these twenty years.

Ch. But if he kept a box of rattlesnakes, and let them loose in the streets, and they bit some boys and men, would it not be right to forbid it; and if he still did it, would it not be right to take the rattlesnakes from him, and kill them; now, it is a great deal worse to be bitten by the rum-sharks than the rattlesnakes. You may not think so, but I do. As a natural evil, *delirium tremens* is about as bad as hydrophobia, or the bite of the worst serpent; and, as a moral evil, ten times worse. Don't you remember Tom Wiggins yelled and screamed, and tore off his coat, and was ready to fight every body as he ran down the streets, when he had had the man with the poker after him? Now, Tom was bit at your father's bar, and had you been Tom's father or brother, would you not have had that bar shut up, rather than have had Tom bit there?

Jas. But if he had not been bitten there, he would have been some where else.

Ch. But we don't mean to have people bitten anywhere. That is the Maine Law, and I think it is a great law. Now, see what it will do in time for all the boys. I have been thinking of it a good deal, and I tell you it is going to be a great affair. First of all, it is going to save 10,000 boys in the State from becoming drunkards. Next, it is going to save 10,000 boys from becoming vagabonds and paupers, and committing crime, and getting into poor-houses, and houses of correction, and penitentiaries. Next, it is going to save an untold amount of disease and early death, for how many die from the rum-shops, who can tell? Next, it is going to save millions of money, now worse than wasted, and enough to make almost every body comfortable and happy, and then it is going to help to save men's souls, for the Bible says, "No drunkard hath any inheritance in the kingdom of God."

Jas. Quite a picture, to be sure, you draw; but you forget how many you are going to wrong and impoverish. Why, my father says there will be fifty millions of property destroyed in the State of New-York.

Ch. Well, James, how much is a man worth?

Jas. Worth; I don't know; a good negro sells for a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars, and a good white man ought to be worth a deal more—five thousand.

Ch. Well, liquor destroys 10,000 men in the State of New-York every year. Now, which is worse, to have the liquor destroyed, or the men?

Jas. I would not have either.

Ch. But you can't do that, Master James. If you

sell the liquor, you must destroy the men. There are no two ways about it. And if you destroy the liquor, you keep the men.

Jas. I see you are determined to get me up in a corner with your Maine Law; but I think you should have made it years and years ago, before you put men to so much expense in preparing hotels and saloons, &c., as they have been.

Ch. I suppose every one of them has got his pay long since, and some have grown enormously rich; so I tell you they won't have much sympathy from the people as they are broken up. If they cannot turn their building to some better use than a rum-shop, I am sorry for them, so good bye to you and all your objections and arguments. But, say on, you'll give them up bye-and-bye.

### Boys, take care of your Brains.

What are brains good for? Good for? Why, for thinking. What is a man good for without brains? The larger and better the brain, the larger and wiser the man, and any thing that injures this is man's greatest enemy. We may say of this as Shakespeare said of a good name. "He that steals my purse, steals trash, but he that steals my good name," or my brains,—you remember the rest. Now alcohol is a brain thief, for it is a brain poison. It disturbs and destroys all its beautiful powers. Therefore, it is asked, "Why should a man take that into his mouth which steals away his brains?" But our little readers will wonder how this is done. Does not that, they will say, which goes into the mouth, go down into the stomach. How then can it get up into the brain? Now, we do not know that we can explain this to children, so that they can understand it, but we think we can. Well, the virtue of what we take into the stomach, goes into the blood; the rest is thrown away. The blood takes up what is good, and carries it round the system for its nourishment. If there is any thing thrown into the blood which does not nourish, but which poisons and kills its vitality, you see it must be its great enemy. Well, the blood goes up into the brain, and does it carry alcohol along with it? It carries a poison, for such is alcohol. It carries nothing which soothes, and quiets, and nourishes it, but that which inflames, and maddens and destroys it. Perhaps some of you will be disbelievers in all this. A great many men have ridiculed the idea. But ridicule is not always the test of truth. Many things have been ridiculed which have been found to be truths, and serious truths. One Dr. Percy, of Edinburgh, ejected some alcohol into the stomach and veins of animals. After the death of the animals, the alcohol was taken out of their brains. A man died in London who had drunk a pint of gin for a wager. His head was dissected, and there, in the brain, was found a teaspoonful of the gin. A candle was set to it, and it burned blue. So boys, take care of your brains. What makes a drunken man talk as he does; now, silly as a coot; now saying what he did not intend to say; now talking as if he was rich, when he is poor; now in a suspicious, quarrelsome strain; now angry, furious, profane, blasphemous, obscene? The alcohol has got up into his brains. And what is it that makes him fancy that there are devils about him, that some persons are going to kill him, and causes him to scream, and makes him hide himself in bed, because vermin and serpents are crawling over him? And then, in an awful hour, puts an end to his life? Alcohol has got into his brain, or it drives the blood so furiously as to make him deranged.

Perhaps, you say, a very little will not get into the brain. If it does, it will not injure us. Have you ever tried the little, and not felt the room swim round, and feared that if you did not take hold of something, you should fall down. Your little, moderate drinker, has gone into your head, and your brain. You can't trifle with this fatal enemy. So, boys, before it is too late, sign the pledge, and take care of your brains. Never drink wine, brandy, gin, cider, beer, or spirits of any kind, and you can never become a poor, idiotic, or crazed drunken man.—*Youth's Temp. Ad.*



## Trade and Spade.

BY CHARLES MACHRAY.

Between two friends in days of old  
A bitter strife began,  
And Father Spade with Brother Trade  
Disputed man to man.  
"You're vain, undutiful and proud,"  
Said Spade with flashing eyes,  
"You earn your thousands while I starve ;  
You mock my children's cries ;  
You ride in state with lordly looks,  
You dwell in bower and hall ;  
You speak of me reproachfully  
And honor in my fall,  
So from this hour, in shine or shower,  
We'll learn to live apart ;  
I ruled the earth e'er you were born,  
I cast you from my heart."

And Trade lost temper in his pride ;  
He uttered words of scorn ;  
"You do not know the ways of men,  
Amid your sheep and corn ;  
You doze away the busy day,  
Nor think how minutes run,  
Go put your shoulder to the work,  
And do as I have done.  
You've all the earth to yield your wealth—  
Both corn and pasture land ;  
I only ask a counting house,  
A room whereon to stand.  
And from this hour in shine or shower,  
We'll learn to live alone ;  
I'll do without you well enough—  
The world shall be my own !"

And thus they wrangled night and day,  
Unfair, like angry men,  
Till things went wrong between them both,  
And would not right again.  
But growing wiser in distress,  
Each grasped the other's hand ;  
"It was wrong," said Spade, "to rail at Trade ;  
He loves me in the land."  
And Trade as freely owned his fault ;  
"I've been unjust," he said,  
"To quarrel with the good old man,  
Who grows my daily bread.  
Long may we flourish, Trade and Spade,  
In city and in plain !  
The people starve while we dispute—  
We must not part again."

And all the people sang for joy,  
To see their good accord,  
While Spade assembled all his sons  
And piled his plenteous board.  
He fed them on the best of fare,  
Untaxed the foaming ale,  
And prayed in England's happy shore  
That Trade may never fail ;  
And busy Trades sent fleets of ships  
To every sea and strand,  
And built his mills and factories  
O'er all the prospering land,  
And so we'll sing God save the Queen !  
And long may Brother Spade  
For sake of both the rich and poor,  
Unite with Brother Trade.

## NEW STORE—NEW GOODS.

**M**ODUNNOUGH, MUIR & Co., have OPENED those spacious Premises in Muir's Buildings, No. 141 Notre Dame Street, with an Extensive Assortment of FANCY and STAPLE DRY GOODS, SILKS, HABERDASHERY, &c. &c.

June 1, 1854.

## WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

For the week ending Tuesday Evening, May 30, 1854.

**FLOUR.**—There were no arrivals from Upper Canada last week. Prices show a slight decline upon last week's rates. Superfine at 38s 6d to 38s 9d ; Fancy and Extra at 39s to 41s per barrel—equal to 31s 10d to 33s sterling. For future delivery, the sales have been to some extent at 38s to 38s 6d for Superfine.

**WHEAT.**—Has been sold during the week at 9s 3d per 60 lbs. Prime samples of Upper Canada High Mixed, are inquired for at 9s 6d for shipment.

**INDIAN CORN.**—Retail sales have been made at 4s to 4s 3d per 56 lbs.

**PEAS.**—Held at 6s 3d per minute.

**ASHES.**—Have been in good demand at 34s 9d to 35s for shipping parcels of Pots, and 31s 3d for Pearls.

**PROVISIONS.**—No transactions.

**FREIGHTS.**—Amount of produce offering for shipment is light, engagements have been made for Ashes at 30s to 31s 3d sterling per ton, and some Indian Corn at 8s to 8s 6d sterling per quarter to Liverpool.

**STOCKS.**—Banks—No change since our last. Montreal Mining Company's Consols—Several sales through the week at 61s 3d ; to-day they are in the market at 59s. In Quebec and Canada Mining Companies—Nothing doing. Huron Copper Bay Mining Company—Small sales at 3s. Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad—Inquired for at 37½ per cent discount. Grand Trunk Railway of Canada—In demand at 37½ per cent discount. Government Debentures—A large amount, having 20 years to run, has been placed at par. In other Stocks—Nothing doing.

## LA SEMEUR CANADIEN.

N. CYR, EDITOR.

**THIS EVANGELICAL PAPER**, the only one published in French on the continent of America, is issued every Friday, at the late "Canada Gazette Office," 11, St. Theresa Street, Montreal.

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Montreal, May, 1854.

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February 15.

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