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# TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

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

VOL. XIX.]

MONTREAL, MAY 2, 1853.

No. 9.

## The Bottle and "The Field."

Much is said in these days of the growing abhorrence of excess in sensual indulgences found in the upper regions of society, and certainly no one who compares our social gatherings with those of half a century ago can deny the progress of this healthy reform. Every day we have proofs of it. If there was one place, more than another, where we should have expected an attachment to the bottle to have lingered, it is the hunting field or the sportsman's dinner table, where "Tom Moody" usually divides the chorus with "Here's to the Maiden of blushing fifteen," and a variety of kindred compositions. But even there, is inebriety becoming disgusting, and the beauty and worth of temperance appreciated. Of this we have a notable proof in the last Number of *The Field*, now a highly popular journal amongst sporting men,—where the drinking habits of hunting officials is commented upon with much earnestness, and practical application.

"What numbers of otherwise excellent servants," freely observes our contemporary, "there are, who are rendered perfectly useless by this fatal propensity! It comes upon them so gradually, yet so surely, that it is almost impossible to say when sobriety ended and intemperance began. First of all, perhaps, they take a glass because a glass is pressed upon them, then they take a glass because a glass is offered them, then they take a glass because a public-house comes in their way; next they make their way lie in the way of public houses, until it becomes a matter of glass, glass, morning, noon, and night." Great allowances, the *Field* thinks, must be made for the temptations to which they are exposed. "Hunting being beyond all doubt the most popular amusement of any, numberless people are anxious to testify their admiration of it, by pouring something potent down the throats of the hound followers. Moreover, giving the servants a glass is an excuse for people taking a glass themselves; and if, in the course of a ten miles' trot, the huntsmen and whips have to receive a tribute of admiration from Mr. Wheatsheaf, the farmer, another from Brisket, the butcher, a third from Mr. Sharpe, the miller, and top up with a glass before the Hall, their nerves will be pretty well strung for that day at least. But a day of reckoning assuredly comes, and that which to-day braces and sustains, to-morrow shatters and enfeebles. Then, the same process must be repeated in larger and stronger doses, until the hand and nerve of the smart judicious horseman becomes 'dare-devilled,' as it were, and finally merges into that of the timid, irresolute rider. The man is then done as a hound servant, or indeed, any sort of servant, for it is a lamentable fact that people are rarely reclaimed from drinking. They may make promises and resolutions, when dejected by

ill health or adversity; but a restoration to their old haunts generally recalls their old habits, and they keep falling lower and lower, until no one will have anything to say to them. We have seen a man who was once a good huntsman, in a first-rate place, come down to carrying a letter-bag on a donkey."

This kicking of the bottle round the hunting field is such a novel picture, that we must look again:

"If we look at the thing calmly and rationally," continues our contemporary, "it seems odd that there should be any pleasure in pouring alcohol down one's throat under any circumstances, save that of a regular starvation wetting; but we suppose there is a pleasure in 'tippling,' as it is called, that tipplers only know. We once saw a party of hard trotting butchers arrive at a public-house, the leader inquiring of each as he pulled up what he wanted to drink? 'Brandy!' cried one; 'Gin!' shouted another; 'Rum!' roared a third. 'What will you hev?' asked he of a quiet-looking market-gardener, passing along in his gig. 'Nothin' thank you,' replied the man meekly, adding 'I'm not dry.' Why, ye brute beast, d'ye nabbut drink when ye're dry?' demanded the butcher, amid the derisive shouts of his companions.

Hunting and drinking are clearly two men's works, and when a man takes to drinking, the sooner he gives up hunting the better. The worst of it is, that the transition from sobriety to sottishness, as we said before, is oftentimes so gradual and imperceptible, that an establishment may go all wrong before a master finds it out. Horses are abused, hounds hurried on the road and neglected at home, and things, though not perhaps exactly wrong, are still not right; and altogether there is the want of the supervising eye that makes the difference between a neat establishment and a slovenly one. It is not money alone that keeps things right. There is a constant watchfulness necessary to prevent things getting wrong, which is never found where there is drinking going on. Then if the huntsman is a drunkard, the whips must be the same, or they will have an uneasy time of it under him; and the vice is found generally to descend lower. It is far from our wish to check or curtail the liberality of sportsmen to kennel servants, but we should like to direct it into a channel that will neither be productive of injury to the man nor of inconvenience to the masters. We all know there is no greater nuisance than that of changing servants; and if this is felt in the mere 'boots, shoes, and hot-water' relations of life, how much more must it be where the man is a servant essential to the pleasures of a whole country, and who requires training and experience in the country before he can be of much use in it? Let, then, we say, Farmer Wheatsheaf convert his grog into a goose or other domestic fowl; let Mr. Brisket make his into mutton, and each, according to his calling, present the men with something in his own peculiar line, instead of always producing the terrible black bottle that has wrecked so many able hands."

**"License a few Respectable Men to Deal it out as it Ought to be, and Stop the rest."**

*From the Massachusetts Life Boat.*

The above opinion is frequently expressed by many honest and well-disposed persons, who think it, upon a superficial view, a system that would work more effectually in lessening the sale of intoxicating drinks, and drunkenness, than any other. But it is very evident that such have not given the subject much thought or reflection, and are but little acquainted with the history of the license system, or they would arrive at very different conclusions. This has ever been the license system of this state, (until repealed by the present law) and extends back under our colonial government a period of more than 200 years; and it is under the workings of this very system, that we have suffered so much from drunkenness and all its attendant evils, and from which we so earnestly desire a deliverance.

Our "Courts of Sessions" in years past, and the County Commissioners and Mayor and Aldermen of later years, have given licenses to "respectable men" "to sell for the public good," and refused the "rest," or those supposed to be disreputable; and what has been the result? The "respectable" have sold all they could, and so have the "rest;" the latter asserting that they have as good right to sell as the licensed, and that their liquor does no more injury than theirs. The consequence has ever been, as every one at all acquainted with the history of the past knows, an unlimited and indiscriminate sale.—The "rest" have never been stopped, nor will they ever be, under this partial and unjust system. It is because the license law is wrong in principle, partial and unequal in its operation—truly "enriching the few at the expense of the many;" and at war with the whole theory of our government, which presumes that any legitimate branch of business should be thrown open to the free competition of all, that it can never successfully operate. If the traffic in intoxicating drinks, as a beverage, is not an evil sufficient to require its prohibition, why should not all be permitted to traffic in it, as well as any other article of merchandise? Why make a monopoly of it, and that too of a most profitable character to the possessor? If on the other hand, it be a great evil, and the direct and indirect cause of a large portion of all the crime, wretchedness and misery which have scourged our country, why should it be licensed at all? It is not the duty of government to license and protect an evil, but to prohibit it. As well might we talk of licensing the slave trade, gambling, brothels, etc. The only just and consistent course of legislation, therefore, is freedom if the traffic is right—prohibition if wrong.

This apparently plausible scheme of licensing a few respectable men, if not fully comprehended by the well-disposed, is well understood by the liquor manufacturers and large dealers. They know the scheme to be an "arrant humbug"—they know well that it has ever resulted, and ever will, from its unequal and monopolizing character, in an unlimited sale; and that is just what they desire. Many of them, particularly the keepers of drinking and tipping shops, would like very well to have the authority of a license to deal out the destructive liquid, in order to give a legal sanction to the traffic, and, as far as possible, a moral one also; that, when implored by some heart-broken wife or mother to sell her husband or son no more, they can plead the authority of the State, under sanction of license to sell for the public good.

Let us for a moment examine the practical working of this pretended limited license system. The Mayor and Aldermen of cities, and the County Commissioners, give notice that they will grant a limited number of licenses "to respectable men," to sell intoxicating drinks, as a beverage, for the public good—the consequence is, that the traffic is now to have the sanction of law, and whatever has that

sanction is presumed to be right; for law is deemed the exponent of morals, and whoever does legally right, does morally right, otherwise the law should stop him. It is no longer a contraband article. Respectable men apply, and their petitions are signed by equally respectable men. Now let us take for example the city of Boston. The Mayor and Aldermen last spring decided to grant a limited number of licenses, and were to "stop the rest." There were about 1200 applicants—about 600 were granted, many more than they intended, "to deal it out as it ought to be," leaving about 600 rejected, many of them as respectable as those who succeeded. Have they acquiesced and relinquished the traffic? No, they continue to sell, asserting that they have as good a moral right as the licensed. The disreputable, (so called) who did not think it worth while to apply for license, sell also, under the same view of their right. The whole number of places where the article is sold, is computed at more than 1600—leaving the "rest," that were to be stopped, at rising 1000. Have the city authorities attempted to stop them, though possessing a strong and vigilant police? On the contrary, they have thrown obstacles in the way, and why? One reason is the partial character of the system; another, that the large liquor dealers, who are among the wealthy and influential of the city, are opposed to stopping them, for they regard the "rest" as good and profitable customers as those "who were to deal it out as it ought to be," and the ruling principle with them being "sale and profit," it is for their interest that all should sell; thus conclusively proving that though they use the language at the head of this article, it is done hypocritically—that their real design is, as we have asserted, an indiscriminate, unlimited sale.

That city now presents a truthful and forcible illustration of the workings of the license system.—Though the friends of law and temperance deeply deplored, at the time, the action of the city authorities, in granting licenses under the old law, thus anticipating, and virtually nullifying the new; yet in the Providence of God good will sometimes come out of evil; for it has been the means of holding up to the public gaze the odious system, in all its rottenness and deformity. The fountains of the "lowest depth" are there indeed and in fact broken up, the sluiceways of destruction are there thrown open wider than ever the "respectable men" and "the rest," from the gilded pile in the glittering saloon and hotel, down to the lowest pit of degradation and misery, are all in full blast, scattering "firebrands, arrows and death" around them, without stint or limit.

It is from that city, that proceeds the greatest opposition to the present anti-liquor law, and no money or pains will be spared to effect its repeal. It is there that most of the liquors are imported, manufactured and sold for the New England States, and when we consider the fraudulent adulteration and corruption of the most costly kinds, it is unquestionably an immensely profitable business. It is there that fortunes are made from the traffic, the makers living in splendid palaces, "clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day," while the miserable victims of its use are "lying at their gates full of sores;" their suffering wives and famishing children would "gladly be fed with the crumbs which fall from their table." It is on this unhallowed altar of "trade and profit," that the happiness and welfare of thousands have been, and is still demanded for a bleeding sacrifice. It is to sustain "trade and profit" in that city, that our children may be made drunkards, and our state scourged with pauperism, vice and crime. It is to sustain "trade and profit" there, that our toiling farmers and industrious mechanics and working men, and all the producing classes of the community are to be taxed for the support of pauperism and the punishment of criminals, made such by that "trade." Tax-payers—men of Massachusetts—will you quietly submit to all this? No—we hear you, with a

just appreciation of your duty as citizens, respond—but will take that scourge of strong cords, (the Maine Law) and drive from the temple of trade, which they have so long defiled, these wholesale destroyers and blighters of human happiness—these sacrificers of the souls and bodies of men. They shall no longer rum-curse and rum-ride our State. Their dens of destruction shall give place to “houses of prayer,” and homes for the desolate, the suffering and the oppressed.

HUMANITY.

### “Liquor never hurts me!”

This is the almost universal remark of the moderate drinker, whether he believes it or not; and it is not uncommon for the most confirmed drunkard to use the same language when the subject of intemperance is mentioned in his hearing. Habit, which is second nature with the tippler, seems to make him oblivious to the terrible ravages which alcoholic stimulants make upon the human system, and it is only when he is in the very jaws of death, or when recovering from an attack of the delirium tremens, that he realizes his situation and becomes conscious of his having trespassed against the laws of nature. And even then, if permitted to recruit his strength, so seductive is the intoxicating bowl, that unless endowed with more than common firmness, he not unfrequently relapses into his former habits, and his last condition is worse than the first. Tell the regular toper that alcoholic drink is unnecessary to the healthy man—that the system requires nothing of the kind—and he will laugh in your face. Talk to him till dooms-day, and you could not convince him that healthful exercise and bodily labor, without artificial stimulants, is sufficient to answer all the demands of nature. You can never make him comprehend that a man following regular employment, without the use of stimulating drinks, is continually undergoing a regular course of natural stimulation, especially if his avocations bring into play the mental faculties. A person engaged in ordinary labor or employment, according to scientific men, who have written upon the subject, is in a state of excitement sufficient for health; to add to this must be to add to what cannot be good, and what must always inevitably do harm. The nervous system excited by the will, and still further by the rapidly circulating blood, if further excited by alcohol, becomes wild, and therefore unsteady: the stomach pours forth its juice too rapidly, the healthy irritability of the viscous is destroyed, and the natural appetite of health and exercise impaired. The spirit enters the blood, and there its chemical properties come into play, to interfere with and derange the process of nature's laboratory.

We have been led to this train of thought from inspecting an enormous liver, taken from the body of one of our citizens, recently deceased. We were not personally acquainted with the individual of whom we speak, but we understand he had for a number of years lived very intemperately, though for some time previous to his demise, he had reformed and died a sober and respected citizen. At the time of his death he had attained his fortieth year; and it is the opinion of medical men, who examined his internal organization, that he would have lived, in all probability, many years longer, had he led a temperate life. The liver we speak of, was greatly diseased, but its chief peculiarity was its extraordinary size, weighing seventeen pounds. Besides its immense bulk it was covered with tumors, of the character of Gcirrhosis, evidently produced by the excessive use of alcohol. It also presented what Dr. Dungleson terms a ‘granulated’ liver, a disease common to gin or whiskey drinkers. It was exhibited at the office of Dr. Hayes of this city for two or three days, and was inspected by the faculty and the curious. The average size of the human liver Dr. Wilson estimates at about four pounds;—that of the indi-

vidual alluded to, weighed thirteen pounds more than the usual weight.

It is the opinion of the faculty who examined this singular case, that the enlargement and diseased condition of the liver, was the procuring cause of this poor man's death. Its immense size had pushed the stomach out of its natural position, producing inflammation, which was the immediate cause of the extinction of life. Besides inflammation, dropsy of the abdomen had supervened; the pancreas had become affected; in short, the whole internal structure was more or less diseased and deranged.

The subject was a man of medium size, and exhibited nothing peculiar in his appearance. It is supposed that this extraordinary enlargement of the liver had been going on for years; and the astonishment of all is, that he was enabled to carry about with him such an enormous mass of putrid corruption so long. We wished it could have been seen by every liquor-loving citizen of this county. We question, however, if it would have availed any thing, for so deceitful and infatuating is the intoxicating draught, so perfectly powerless is he who worships at the shrine of Bacchus, that even death and the grave have no terrors for the drunkard.—*Chrystal Fount.*

### Deplorable Effects of Intemperance.

The following melancholy incident occurred in Waltham, and has created a profound sensation in its community:

Some weeks ago, a young married lady, named E— G—, left the town of—, Me., accompanied by her husband, and three small children, the youngest then an infant, two weeks old. She was in pursuit of employment, but being taken ill on her journey, she was obliged to desist. Having arrived at the beautiful village of Waltham, with poverty staring in her face, and an intemperate husband to add to her miseries, she sought for a place wherewith she might shelter her head, and die. After having travelled some distance, she at last found a refuge in a barn situated in the west part of the town, near the Central House.

Having remained there for some length of time, against the knowledge of the citizens of Waltham, dragging out a miserable existence, with a protracted illness, she was found there, in an apparently dying condition, by a worthy lady of that town. The news soon spread abroad, and called forth the generous sympathies of many a noble-hearted person, and all earnestly desired to do the best they could to smooth the dying pillow of the unfortunate woman. All the comforts that her condition demanded, were granted to her, but all in vain. She died on the 18th ult., breathing out her thanks to the generous people who had interested themselves in her behalf, and commending her children to the care of Providence, and earnestly praying that her husband might once more become a sober and upright man. The funeral was attended by a number of the prominent citizens of Waltham, and was a most solemn and impressive scene. The almost broken-hearted husband gave vent to his grief in a paroxysm of tears, and vowed, ere her body had been lowered to its last resting-place, never more to touch the fatal cup. May God aid him to keep his promise.

The officiating clergyman was Rev. Mr. Merrill, of the Methodist denomination. The prayer was beautiful and touching. He prayed earnestly for the husband and father, that he might be benefited by the sad experience of that day, and actuated to leave his present course of conduct, and return once more to the path of rectitude and honor. It was very affecting, and many a tear coursed its way down the cheek of those unused to weep. It was a scene of deep solemnity, and will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The case is one without a parallel.

We will here briefly allude to the valuable services rendered by Mr. Potter, the keeper of the Poor House. His

noble heart, ever alive to the generous impulses of humanity, responded to the cries of the distressed, and used every exertion to alleviate her sufferings.—His manifold acts of kindness and charity, in this case and others, has endeared him to all who know him.

And there in the beautiful burial-ground in Waltham she reposes. No unhallowed tongue will speak lightly of her, nor the breath of slander defame her fair character. She sleeps there, the memento of the generous charities of the citizens of Waltham.

How necessary, then, that the salutary lesson which the above melancholy incident is calculated to teach should be duly impressed upon every heart! Here was a young and beautiful woman, possessed of a great degree of intelligence, bidding fair, at the commencement of life, to live as long as any of us, stricken down by the icy hand of death, through the means of an intemperate husband, who had sworn to protect her through life's adverse scenes. But it is one case among a thousand.

Young men! ye who are in the habit of indulging in the intoxicating cup, beware! Your life, bright and prosperous as it seems in the beginning, may, in the end, be productive of as much misery as the case above related. Learn, from this sorrowful incident, to "touch not, taste not, handle not."  
—*Mass. Life Boat.*

### "Temperance Ships."

With the view of cautioning intending emigrants against trusting too implicitly to the professions put forth by some who advertise ships to sail "on temperance principles," a correspondent has forwarded us the following letter, addressed by the Rev. R. Hamilton, Collingwood, Melbourne, to the Rev. W. Watson, of Langholm:—

"The temptations of the voyage are not to be slightly estimated. The natural perils of the deep are nothing to these. Some ships, I believe, are under very excellent regulations, and order, and peace, and comparative purity and comfort prevail. There is one point, however, in the management of passenger-ships generally, which deserves the severest reprobation. The attention of abstinence societies in particular, and of the public in general, cannot be too speedily and energetically directed to the subject. What I refer to is the dispensing of all kinds of spirituous and fermented liquors to passengers for money, to an extent that is exceedingly injurious to morals, and detrimental to prospects entertained of future prosperity in life. Passenger-ships generally get the name at home of being conducted on temperance principles. But what does their temperance amount to? Simply to this, that the sailors are not allowed their daily grog. The captain and officers have an unrestricted supply to themselves. The passengers are allowed as much as they please, subject to the pleasure of the captain, at prices which have been fixed by the owners, and to which the captain has bound himself before leaving the port. In nine cases out of ten, judging from the principles of human nature it may be well conceived how the commander may be disposed to fix the limits of distribution when his own personal purse is directly interested in the amount of sale. The pretext for the practice is the comfort, convenience, and interests of the passengers. And when private profit harmonises, the law of sale cannot be expected to be very limited or stringent in its exercise. Nor are the sailors altogether exempted from the benefits accruing to the passengers from the operation of this *mild and benignant law of nautical government* (?). If not directly, at least through the instrumentality of passenger-acquaintance, the crew can command a supply of the vile drug, while their sense of oppression and injury is ever rankling under the iniquitous arrangement which renders that evil for Jack which is good for the cabin. Besides, it is a contradiction of an Act of Parliament to grant spirituous liquors to

'tween-deck passengers, except in obedience to the doctor's prescription. This act, in practice, has little or no force. It is the doctor's interest, for the sake of the captain's good will, not to thwart his interests. And it is no difficult matter for the unprincipled class which generally fills that important office to wink at a practice which is profitable to the commander in proportion to its prevalence. Thus the passenger ship, making allowance for honourable exceptions, is converted into a dram-shop, of which the captain is the interested publican. A moral atmosphere is breathed of the most noisome and pestilential description. The youth are corrupted. The want of accustomed employment and exercise on board, is a ready plea for social indulgence. The hopes which parents entertained respecting the reclaiming of prodigal sons, after their old associations were broken off, prove a falacy and a dream, from which they are doomed to awake in the agony of heartrending disappointment. The pernicious habits formed or strengthened on board ship, find abundant facilities in the colony for becoming rivetted around their moral and spiritual nature like fetters of iron. Hence the colony swarms with characters of this description, a crying disgrace to their family connection at home. Many are the sons belonging to families of high respectability, and even of religious profession, who either never write, or never furnish a faithful representation when they do write, of what they are, and who are posting headlong under the influence of ungodly, reckless, and improvident habits to a premature grave and a terrible judgment. Strong drink, whatever it is at home, is a great deal more prevalent and more ruinous here. The multitudes whose constitutions are ruined, whose morals are destroyed, whose talents are wasted, whose prospects are blasted, and whose souls are lost through intemperance, are perfectly appalling to contemplate. Every ship that arrives from home, comes freighted with the noxious and desolating beverage. The love of gain seems to supersede every other consideration, and no matter at what expense, the passion must be gratified. And how can anything else than a curse rest on gain that is acquired at the expense of the morals, the everlasting interest of individuals, the comfort and well-being of families, and the prosperity of nations!?"

The attention of Messrs. Griffiths and Co., who are advertising "Temperance ships," having been drawn to the above, those gentlemen have made the following statement:—

27 Rood-lane, Fenchurch-street, London, March 17, 1853.

DEAR SIR,—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favour of the 11th, and regret that our engagements have not permitted us to call and read the letter to which you refer. We have only to state that in our advertisements, we inform the public that no intoxicating drinks were to be allowed on board our vessels except for medical purposes under the control of the surgeon. This rule to be properly enforced, must of course apply to passengers as well as captain and crew. The term "Temperance Ships" has hitherto been applied only to those in which no intoxicating drinks has been allowed to the crew. We are not aware of any emigrant ships besides our own, in which the charterers have announced that they would enforce the rule upon passengers. If no such distinct announcement has been made, we do not think the term "Temperance Ship" includes it, or that the non-enforcement of the rule upon passengers in such vessels, can be called a *deception*. It is manifest that where no grog is allowed, the vessel will be safer on that account; and we hope your readers will see that where it is forbidden to passengers also, *comfort* as well as *safety* must be secured. It will in fact, be the *Maine Law* on board ship, which we trust will thus find its way into Australia, where it is so much needed.

We are, yours truly,  
E. K. M. GRIFFITHS & Co.  
Ship and Insurance Brokers.

### A Cold Blast from the North.

The Temperance movement has received attention in Britain from no less a personage than "Blackwood," *alias* "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine." For his own reputation sake, he had better let us alone. The article is amusing, but mortifying; for surely there can be no real pleasure in seeing a learned old man making a fool of himself. Granting there may be some truth in the charges he prefers against Teetotalers,—but it is a sad proof of want of candour, to drag minor errors forward,—for the purpose of obscuring a great and good cause. Many readers of Blackwood know little enough of the Temperance movement, and now, if they look at it only through these spectacles, they will not know much more. But, however, this *cold blast*, as we call it, may incline some to enquire for themselves, and the "consumption decreed" may "overflow with righteousness."

We had just read the article in Blackwood, and were thinking of replying thereto, when our valued contemporary, the *Weekly News and Chronicle*, of April 9th, arrived by the British steamer. Without further remarks of our own, we transfer to our pages the admirable editorial relating thereto, and think it will suffice to show the egregious errors committed by the grave old Tory politician of world-wide fame. The Editor says:—

"Some time back that witty canon of St. Paul's, the late Sidney Smith, took it into his head that Methodism was a great nuisance, and that he would write it down. Accordingly, he collected a set of Evangelical magazines, picked out everything that seemed to him ludicrous, and by taking a passage from its context—there is nothing you cannot make ludicrous if you are so disposed—and published these passages with a running commentary of his own. Alas! in spite of the reverend gentleman's views, Methodism flourished, notwithstanding that he had shot at it the keen arrows of his wit. Blackwood has attempted similarly to put down the Temperance Movement, but with even less success than that which attended the reverend joker. All that we have is a poor copy of a poor original. Sidney Smith's malice, without Sidney Smith's wit. Very appropriately All Fool's Day was the day chosen—a more fitting day could not have been selected for this formidable attack.

Blackwood is hard to please. According to him, "the foolish and the designing" hear that George Cruikshank, Silk Buckingham, Lawrence Heyworth, Joseph Sturge, are "the prominent or, where not prominent, the really moving agents" in the Temperance Movement. The publications connected with it contain often, "in subtle disguise, disaffection to the institutions of our country,—disloyalty and dissent." Teetotalers are steeped to the lips in the matters of bitterness; "their bigotry is disgusting and ridiculous." The writer is angry because their meetings are attended by whole cart-loads of reformed drunkards—because they begin at the beginning and get children to take pledge, thus acting in accordance with the teaching of a very old fashioned book, that you should train up a child in the way in which he should go—and because a movement, born of the people and appealing to the people, cannot use the mixing phraseology and fashionable affectation of May Fair. Such are the sins for which the Temperance Movement has to answer. We grant them at once. Possibly a great number of teetotalers are Dissenters; probably some of them are foolish and designing; many of them are reformed drunkards, thank God for it! and many of them acquainted with human nature can easily understand, are very prone to think teetotalism a cure for every ill; but we cannot agree with Blackwood that for this a great movement is to be abandoned. It is in evidence that a very large proportion of human misery, including poverty, disease, and crime, is induced by the use of alcoholic or fermented liquors as beverages. It is proved that the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence from all such intoxicating beverage; it is clear that such abstinence would greatly contribute to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race; and it is also equally clear that, to an immense number who have become victims to strong drink, abstinence is the only chance of salvation. Nothing, we take it, is more self-evident than these truisms. In proof, we appeal to our police and assize

courts, to the testimony of policemen, to the confessions of our criminals, to the grave declarations of our judges. We look at our land, and we see no other crime so fearfully prevalent as this of drunkenness. For this we see our fellow-countrymen taxing themselves annually to the amount of sixty millions. Against this society has to arm itself with gaols, and policemen, and judges, and the costly apparatus of law. For this our churches are deserted, our schools languish, our mechanics' institutions die out, and our workhouses and hospitals are ever filled. In consequence of this the Temperance Movement exists. It is a specific remedy for a specific ill. It finds a deadly custom prevalent, and it recommends Abstinence. The people who do this may be very absurd people, their language may be very coarse and vulgar, they may be very narrow-minded and fanatic (all earnest men are open to this charge;) but at any rate, they are doing a mighty work, and deserve God speed.

How otherwise are you to combat drunkenness? As society is constituted, to achieve a certain end you must have a certain organisation. An evil exists; you must either let it alone or attack it. If you do the latter, the more directly you attack it the better. Instead of Abstinence, Blackwood recommends the Church Catechism. Gibbon tells us of one of the African bishops who, when he was remonstrated with by one of the churches in his diocese that he had appointed to their pulpit a man sadly too carnal for so spiritual an office, replied that that was all true, but that they had this consolation, that their priest was undeniably orthodox: they might have had a better liver, but they certainly could not have had one more correct in his theological views. Blackwood seems of a similar opinion. We question, however, whether the public at large will receive orthodox belief as a substitute for practice quite the reverse. The former is not always a preventive of the latter. As a people we are undeniably orthodox. Unfortunately, as a people, we are undeniably given to drinking. But Blackwood has another remedy besides the Church Catechism. He tells us "beer-houses and gin-palaces, as they now are, are moral pest-houses; they want severe regulation." Blackwood knows "not how to think decently of this our Government, while notorious haunts of thieves, prostitutes, murderers, are almost protected, and brutalities increase." By the way this last sentence sounds very much like that "disaffection to the institutions of our country," which Blackwood imputes as such a sin to the teetotalers; but let that pass. Beer-houses and gin-palaces, as they are, are moral pest-houses. The aim of the Teetotalers is to keep men out of these moral pest-houses. The question naturally suggests itself, Why are they moral pest-houses? The answer is because intoxicating liquors are consumed in them; because men sit in them till their brains become inflamed with the maddening draught; because men come out of them ripe and ready for the commission of any crime. The Teetotalers say, do away with drinking, and these moral pest-houses will cease to exist. Blackwood wants severe regulations on the part of Government, which is the more sensible course—which is the better remedy—which is the more likely to reach the root of the matter; we leave our readers to settle for themselves.

Perhaps, after all, the best answer to Blackwood is Blackwood. It is well to appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. "Wine! wine! whose praises are clamorously sung around the festive board, and whose virtues supply the song with brilliant thoughts and ardent syllables, what need of eloquence and verse to sound thy fame, while murder and seduction bear ghostly witness to thy potency? Is there a greater crime than thine? name it, and drunkenness shall claim it for a child." This extract we take from Blackwood, when Blackwood was remarkable for its brilliancy and power—when Blackwood was what we fear it can never be again.

In conclusion, we think Blackwood might have spoken more hopefully of the Temperance movement. We protest against any cause being judged by isolated extracts, by occasional absurdities of language or of action on the part of its supporters. The efforts of temperance advocates to save men's bodies and souls, are, at any rate, worthy of honour. Throughout the length and breadth of the land, there are thousands, who, but for it, would have been rotting away in our work-houses, or hospitals, or gaols. To continue this god-like work, to lead back the drunkard to blessedness and peace—is assuredly a noble aim. Men may think the teetotaler mistaken, but at any rate he deserves respect. He deserves even something more than negative praise. Their constant protest against a vice which has thinned the temples of

our worship—which has crowded streets with paupers—which has struck down woman in her beauty, and man in his prime—which has spared no age—nor sex nor rank—but has come down like a curse on all, at any rate should be listened to and revered. To see only its imperfections as Blackwood does, is a mode of procedure as unjust and ungenerous as it is unphilosophical and absurd."

### The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin.

This last production of Mrs. Stowe's genius is rapidly getting into circulation. It does not appear to us that the "Key" can have as great a sale as the "Cabin," and, therefore, many a Cabin will go unlocked; but however forcible the impression may have been from the first work, it cannot be deeper—that is warranted by the facts and details now before us. The fervent appeals of Mrs. Stowe are also applicable to another system of slavery—one which alas prevails in Canada as elsewhere. The colored victims of American Slavery fly to Canada, and here alone of all this vast continent they find freedom; but that freedom may be rendered destructive while our liquor traffic continues. We are seeking its entire abolition, and shall succeed. But we apprehend that the following allegory may be read with much advantage by many persons in Canada, considering it as applied to the temperance reform:—

"Suppose a fire bursts out in the streets of Boston, while the regular conservators of the city, who have the keys of the fire engines and the regulations of fire companies, are sitting together in some distant part of the city, consulting for the public good. The cry of fire reaches them, but they think it a false alarm. The fire is no less real for all that. It burns, and rages, and roars, till everybody in the neighborhood sees that something must be done. A few stout leaders break open the doors of the engine-houses, drag out the engines, and begin, regularly or irregularly, playing on the fire. But the destroyer still advances. Messengers come in hot haste to the hall of these deliberators, and, in the unselect language of fear and terror, revile them for not coming out.

'Bless me!' says a decorous leader of the body, 'what horrible language these men use!'

'They show a very bad spirit,' remarks another; 'we can't possibly join them in such a state of things.'

Here the more energetic members of the body rush out, to see if the thing be really so; and in a few minutes come back, if possible more earnest than the others.

'O! there is a fire!—a horrible, dreadful fire! The city is burning—men, women, children, all burning, perishing! Come out, come out! As the Lord liveth there is but a step between us and death!

'I am not going out; everybody that goes gets crazy,' says one.

'I've noticed,' says another, 'that as soon as anybody goes out to look he gets just so excited—I won't look.'

But by this time the angry fire has burned into their very neighborhood. The red demon glares into their windows. And now fairly aroused they get up and begin to look out.

'Well, there is a fire, and no mistake,' says one.

'Something ought to be done,' says another.

'Yes,' says a third; 'if it wasn't for being mixed up with such a crowd and rabble of folks, I'd go out.'

'Upon my word,' says another, 'there are women in the ranks, carrying pails of water! There, one woman is going up a ladder to get those children out. What an indecorum! If they'd manage this matter properly we would join them.'

And now come lumbering over from Charlestown the engines and fire companies.

'What impudence of Charlestown,' say these men, 'to be sending over here—just as if we could not put our own fires out. They have fires over there, as much as we do.'

And now the flames roar and burn, and shake hands across the streets. They leap over the steeples and glare demoniacally out of the church windows.

'For Heaven's sake, do something!' is the cry. 'Pull down the houses! Blow up those block of stores with gunpowder! Anything to stop it.'

'See, now, what ultra, radical measures they are going at,' says one of these spectators.

Brave men who have rushed into the thickest of the fire come out, and fall dead in the street.

'They are impracticable enthusiasts. They have thrown their lives away in foolhardiness,' says another.

So, Church of Christ, burns that awful fire! Evermore burning, burning, burning, over church and altar; burning over senate-house and forum; burning up liberty, burning up religion! No earthly hands kindled that fire. From its sheeted flame and wreaths of sulphurous smoke glares out upon thee the eye of that ENEMY who was a murderer from the beginning. It is a fire that BURNS TO THE LOWEST HELL!

Church of Christ, there was an hour when this fire might have been extinguished by thee. Now thou standest like a mighty man astonished—like a mighty man that cannot save. But the hope of Israel is not dead. The Savior thereof in time of trouble is yet alive.

If every church in our land were hung with mourning—if every Christian should put on sack-cloth—if 'the priest should weep between the porch and the altar,' and say, 'Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thy heritage to reproach!'—that were not too great a mourning for such a time as this.

O, church of Jesus! consider what had been said in thy midst of thee. What a heresy, hast thou tolerated in thy bosom! Thy God the defender of Slavery!—thy God the patron of slave law! Thou hast suffered the character of thy God to be slandered. Thou hast suffered false witness against thy Redeemer and thy Sanctifier. The Holy Trinity of Heaven has been foully traduced in the midst of thee; that God whose throne is awful in justice has been made the patron and leader of oppression.

This is a sin against every Christian on the globe.

Why do we love and adore, beyond all things, our God? Why do we say to him from our inmost souls, 'Whom have I in Heaven, but thee, and there is none upon earth I desire beside thee?' Is this a bought-up worship?—is it a cringing and hollow subserviency, because he is great and rich and powerful, and we dare not do otherwise? His eyes are a flame of fire;—he reads the inmost soul, and will accept no such service. From our souls we adore and will love him, because he is holy, and just, and good, and will not at all acquit the wicked. We love him because he is the father of the fatherless, the judge of the widow;—because he lifteth all who fall, and raiseth them that are bowed down. We love Jesus Christ, because he is the Lamb without spot, the one altogether lovely. We love the Holy Comforter, because he comes to convince the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment. O, holy church universal, throughout all countries and nations! O, ye great cloud of witnesses, of all people and languages and tongues!—differing in many doctrines, but united in crying Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, for he hath redeemed us from all iniquity!—awake!—arise up!—be not silent! Testify against this heresy of the latter day, which, if it were possible, is deceiving the very elect. Your God, your glory, is slandered. Answer with the voice of many waters and mighty thunderings! Answer with the in-



numerable multitude in heaven, who cry, day and night, Holy, holy, holy! just and true are thy ways, O King of saints!"

We shall be excused also, if we add the annexed, begging that our clerical brethren and members of all Christian Churches will ponder on the suggestions in relation to the Liquor Slavery of Canada. "What is to be done?" says Mrs. Stowe—she answers:—

"The thing to be done, of which I shall chiefly speak, is that the whole American Church, of all denominations, should unitedly come up, not in form, but in fact, to the noble purpose avowed by the Presbyterian Assembly of 1818, to seek the ENTIRE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY THROUGHOUT AMERICA AND THROUGHOUT CHRISTENDOM.

To this noble course the united voice of Christians in all other countries is urgently calling the American Church. Expressions of this feeling have come from Christians of all denominations in England, in Scotland, in Ireland, in France, in Switzerland, in Germany, in Persia, in the Sandwich Islands, and in China. All seemed to be animated by one spirit. They have loved and honored this American Church. They have rejoiced in the brightness of her rising. Her prosperity and success have been to them as their own, and they have had hopes that God meant to confer inestimable blessings through her upon all nations. The American Church has been to them like the rising of a glorious sun, shedding healing from his wings, dispersing mists and fogs, and bringing songs of birds and voices of cheerful industry, and sounds of gladness, contentment and peace. But, lo! in this beautiful orb is seen a disastrous spot of dim eclipse, whose gradually widening shadow threatens a total darkness. Can we wonder that the voice of remonstrance comes to us from those who have so much at stake in our prosperity and success? We have sent out our missionaries to all quarters of the globe; but how shall they tell their heathen converts the things that are done in Christianized America? How shall our missionaries in Mahometan countries hold up their heads, and proclaim the superiority of our religion, when we tolerate barbarities which they have repudiated?

A missionary among the Karens, in Asia, writes back that his course is much embarrassed by a suspicion that is afloat among the Karens, that the Americans intend to steal and sell them. He says:—

"I dread the time when these Karens will be able to read our books, and get a full knowledge of all that is going on in our country. Many of them are very inquisitive now, and often ask me questions that I find it very difficult to answer."

No, there is no resource. The Church of the United States is shut up, in the providence of God, to one work. She can never fulfil her mission till this is done. So long as she neglects this, it will lie in the way of everything else which she attempts to do.

She must undertake it for another reason—because she alone can perform the work peaceably. If this fearful problem is left to take its course as a mere political question, to be ground out between the upper and nether millstones of political parties, then what will avert agitation, angry collisions, and the desperate rending the Union? No, there is no safety but in making it a religious enterprise, and pursuing it in a Christian spirit, and by religious means.

If it now be asked what means shall the Church employ, we answer this evil must be abolished by the same means which the Apostles first used for the spread of Christianity, and the extermination of all the social evils which then filled a world lying in wickedness. Hear the Apostle enumerate them:—BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE, BY LONG-SUFFERING, BY THE HOLY GHOST, BY LOVE UNFEIGNED, BY THE ARMOR OF RIGHTEOUSNESS ON THE RIGHT HAND AND ON THE LEFT."

### Miscellaneous Table Talk Topics.

The *Working Farmer*, in speaking of the inefficiency of lime wash, objects to it on account of its quick conversion from a caustic state to the state of carbonate, forming a hard crust upon the surface and preventing the perspiration of the bark. Soap is recommended on account of its well known mildness, and consequent safety of application, at the same time that it preserves its causticity for an indefinite period, assisting in the destruction of insects and their eggs, and softening and cleansing the bark, as each successive rain washes down a portion. A solution of soda (known as bleacher's soda No. 1.) is most strongly recommended for its power to cleanse, soften, and renders healthy the bark. For using, a pound is dissolved in a gallon of water.—We mention these applications in order that our fruit raising readers may be able to give them a fair trial for the comparison of results.

TRIBULATION.—This word is derived from the Latin "tribulum"—which was the threshing instrument or roller, whereby the Roman husbandman separated the corn from the husks; and "tribulatio," in its primary signification, was the act of this separation. But some Latin writers of the Christian church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a higher truth; and sorrow, distress and adversity being the appointed means for the separating in man of their chaff from their wheat—of whatever in them was light, and trivial, and poor from the solid and the true, therefore he called these sorrows and griefs "tribulations," threshings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner.—*Trench's Study of Words.*

PLANTING ORCHARDS.—In planting orchards, whether of apple, pear or peach, we recommend the following course:—Having prepared the ground, as before advised, by deep and thorough working, put out the trees a liberal distance apart, setting them no deeper than they stood in the nursery, and then, plant the field with corn. Mark out the ground in such a manner as to plant each tree to stand in the place of a hill of corn, and in cultivating and hoeing, treat the trees as corn, and give them as much attention as you do the growing crop. If you hoe once more than is common no harm will result.—Under this treatment the trees will grow apace and thrive.

FEMALE CHEERFULNESS.—A woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his better half wears a continual scowl upon her brow. A pleasant wife is as a rainbow set in the sky when her husband's mind is tossed with storm and tempests: but a dissatisfied and fretful wife in the hour of trouble is like one of those lowering clouds which keep us in constant dread of a tempest.

RUM AND MISSIONS.—The friends of temperance are generally the friends of missions, at any rate the friends of missions are always the friends of temperance; and nothing so effectually hedges up the way of the missionary, or destroys the fruits of his labors among the heathen, as intoxicating drinks; and the best and only way to remove this hindrance, is to promote temperance at home, and thus create a public sentiment that shall render it disreputable to send those drinks where the heathen cannot get them.

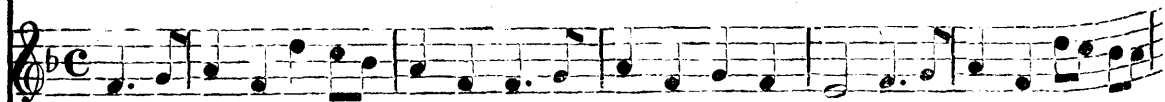
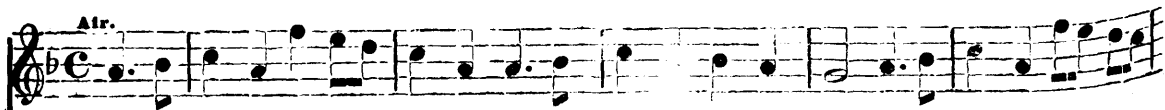
Physicians in India raise blisters with red-hot iron, and dress them with cayenne pepper. If such treatment don't make a man 'smart,' we don't know anything that would. One of the favorite cathartics is made of pills of gunpowder, twelve are given for a dose; a minute after they are down, a coal of fire is administered, when a movement in the particles takes place, that either eradicates the disease, or the invalid—commonly the latter.



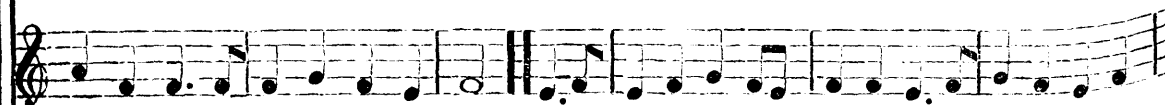
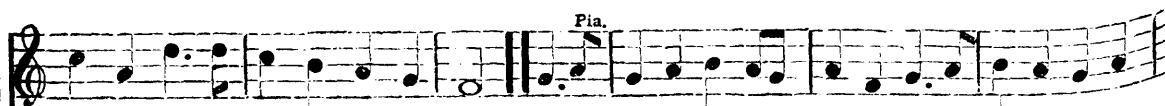
# TEMPERANCE MEETING DISMISSAL HYMN.

The Words by VERNON.

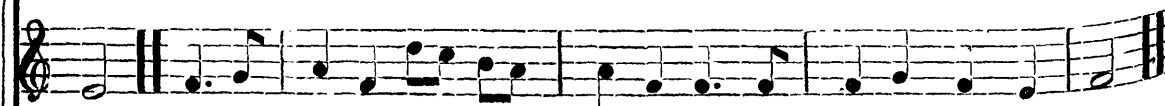
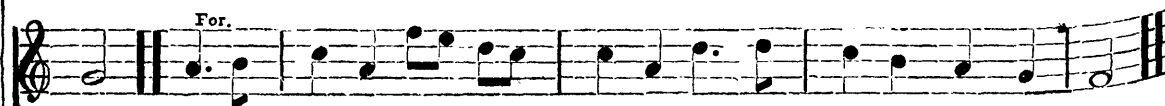
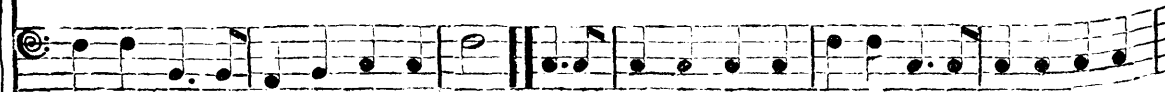
The Music by CHARLES LLOYD, D.G.W.P., Dalhousie, New Brunswick.



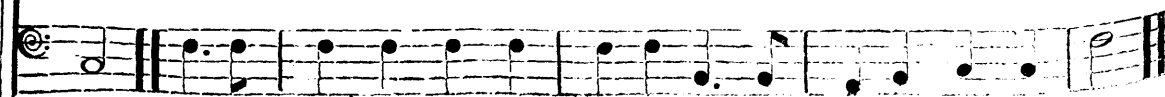
Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, give thy bless - ing While we now this ser - vice end; On our minds each truth im -



press - ing That may to thy glo - ry tend; Save from all in - tox - i - ca - tion, From its evils may we



flee; When as - sail'd by strong temp - ta - tion, Put our trust a - lone in thee.



## Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, MAY 2, 1853.

### The Traffic and New Railroads.

Most earnestly did we plead some months ago for the suppression of the liquor traffic along the lines of Railroad in course of construction, and then about to begin. Now, many of the latter are employing a large number of hands, and we dread to contemplate what must be the consequences of continuing the present system of liquor selling indiscriminately to all who choose to buy, or offer good security for future payment. We know places somewhat remarkable for sobriety and quietness, into which already this spring large quantities of high wines have been imported; and the orderly people are trembling at the fearful results they foresee. We have no patience with the authors of this foreseen mischief. It is all very well to lecture us on the necessity of temperate feelings, and meekness, and such other qualities as are always commendable; but when we see men so wholly swallowed up with the love of gam, and lost to shame, we are not going to be mealy-mouthed in denouncing the traffic under such circumstances. It is an offence unutterably vicious and devilish. We do not think his Satanic Majesty ever did a thing so mean and disreputable as these modern rumsellers are doing. Everybody (except venders and drinkers) says something must be done to put a stop to it. Well, what is that something? Is it some scheme of "regulation?" No! nothing short of annihilation will effect the change we want. Men of the Hincks and Blackwood school may talk about liberty and property, until they are hoarse, but all the while the evil grows, and intemperance prevails. For our part, if we cannot have the whole Maine Law for the whole country, we should now go for a brief law empowering the Executive Council to annihilate the traffic on the Railroad lines. We are not much accustomed to swinging an axe, but we confess ourselves able and willing to use that implement in smashing every rum cask and demijohn that comes under our notice, if we could get legal power to do so.

Our friend of the *Sherbrooke Gazette* has nobly and earnestly pleaded the cause of humanity for his part of the country. Sherbrooke is but 24 miles from the Richmond station, where the Quebec and Richmond unites with the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railroad. From that point outward to Quebec, large quantities of liquor have been sent, and ordered. What have been the effects of this business on other roads? Why, we have a special commission issued for an assize at Sherbrooke, to try prisoners who never would have been in prison but for liquor, and who are naturally as amiable as the judges or juries who will try them.

The *Sherbrooke Gazette* shall speak for itself—thus:—  
We are sorry to learn that Liquor shops are rapidly multiplying in the vicinity of the Richmond and Quebec Railroad, and as one might expect as a natural consequence, the scenes of riot and outrage recently so prevalent on the St. Lawrence and Atlantic road, are being re-enacted there. The gov-

ernment under the present wretched license system, grants every man who can raise sufficient money to pay for a shop license, no matter what his character may be, authority to deal out grog by the three half pints, and hence our railroads, while in building, are lined from one end to the other with government grog shops, and when they produce riots and bloodshed, the government is called on for troops to punish the victims of its own folly; and the people who are the greatest sufferers from these drunken rows, have to foot the bill. It is true that at present, the railroad having by proclamation been put under a police force, the railroad company has to bear the expense; but is it not gross inconsistency as well as gross injustice—nay, a gross violation of the rights of the subject, first to lay a train of groggeries to create disturbance, to raise mobs to break the heads of her Majesty's subjects, and then to require the innocent victims to pay the piper. Are we not right in holding the government as the authors, or *particeps criminis*, in nearly all the murders, riots, and breaking of heads that have occurred in this district for the two years past? We call upon Messrs. Hincks, Drummond, and every other member of the Cabinet, as well as the members of Parliament, to look at this subject in the light of common sense, and to plead not guilty if they can. Look at that grogery, not more than three miles from Sherbrooke. On one end of the building is paraded the sign "Temperance House"—on the other another sign "Licensed to sell spirits"—both kept by the same man under government sanction, both the offspring of the present license law. Count up the gain to the public chest from the licensing of that grog shop, and then if you can, the sin, and shame, and misery, and degradation, which it is bringing into that otherwise quiet and orderly village. Strike the balance, and tell us how much the public are gaining by the operation, and how much they would lose by the enforcement of a Maine Liquor Law.

In a subsequent number of the same excellent paper, we find the following editorial. The facts contained in this paragraph, are worth infinitely more than mere fine spun theories, especially when these are constructed in opposition to common sense and established fact. Mr. Walton says:—

Since writing the article published last week, on the subject of the liquor traffic, (the one quoted above,) in connection with works on the railroad, we have conversed with several Contractors, who all assure us that one of the most serious drawbacks to success in their undertakings, is the traffic in intoxicating liquors, which the Government now virtually encourages along the line of their operations. We asked a contractor, "What per cent. on the amount of your contracts, does the liquor traffic cost you?" "It is quite impossible to estimate it," said he, "we procure the required number of men and overseers, and were it not for liquor they would be peaceable and diligent, but as there are groggeries near almost every section, the men drink, become quarrelsome, leave work, and in consequence we sometimes have but half a compliment of hands, while the same number of overseers must be paid. The damage is incalculable." Another said: "£75 would not make up the loss I have sustained during the past year, in consequence of the rum trade." Another, in relating the difficulties he had encountered from the same cause, said that on one occasion he went with a complaint, to several magistrates, of outrages committed on his section,—when, after consultation by the conservators of the peace, they informed him that they dare not issue a warrant against the offenders, lest they might be attacked, or their building burned. Thus we see that rum influence, patronized by government, paralyzes the arm of the law, and leaves the public without protection. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that murder, and arson, and other crimes, soon after followed, and that the High Sheriff, with his posse, were set at defiance.

Said an intelligent gentleman, whose duty called him to visit the boundary line recently, "It was humiliating, while witnessing the promptness and energy with which the grog shops and their attendant evils were disposed of by the authorities in Vermont, to reflect upon the contrast on this side."

We notice that Mr. Hincks opposes Mr. Cameron's liquor bill. Well, this will gain him the respect of the grog sellers, whatever others may think of his reasoning. If he defeats that measure, he is at least bound to afford us some protection from the demon which he is determined shall go at large. He must send an efficient armed force to keep the peace on the lines of railroad in the townships, unless he is willing that even worse scenes than have yet occurred, shall be enacted.

Well, Mr. Hincks may send an "armed force;" but two things are to be noted. First—While the liquor remains the armed force is a perilous remedy, and may itself get drunk. Secondly—If ever so efficient, will the rumsellers, for whose sole benefit the traffic is continued, pay the expenses of that armed force, or are we, the respectable sober portion of the people, to pay? Of course we must pay.—The whole country pays!! Again, we ask, how long shall these things be.

### Rumsellers' Raillery.

In our city papers last week we had a specimen of the morality and decency which characterizes too many of those engaged in the bad business of rumselling. One of these gentry, "about to retire from his present business," and start a more creditable one it is hoped, advertizes a large stock of "liquors, wines," &c. &c., at a great reduction. He says he will make one step further towards the much desired good of the Maine Liquor Law, and "he guarantees that the poison now vends, being a genuine article, and really paid for, it will kill only in reduced ratio, according to its reduced price." We understand, then, that this man's poison is less poisonous than his neighbour's, having reduced it one fourth, not so much as to price as by the addition of 25 per cent. from the St. Lawrence. Does the *Advertiser* object to this view of the subject? He does decidedly, we hear. Well then let him know that it is a solemn thing to trifle with the life of man, and as he knows his poison will kill, let him beware lest the brand of Cain be stamped upon his brow. Retribution is coming from an unerring hand. The "New Dodge" is only the repetition of an old artifice, but by and bye it will require considerable skill in dodging to evade a law, which by all its provisions, enacts what the God of heaven and earth long ago proclaimed as his will, "Thou shalt not kill." To kill in a reduced ratio, will not exempt the killer from the penalties incurred, and to utter sarcasm about such a crime will only aggravate the offence. But it was long ago declared on high authority, that a certain class of persons, "fools, make a mock of sin."

### The Day Dawns.

We direct attention to two most important articles in our present issue, the one entitled "Temperance Ships," and the other "The Bottle and the Field." Both are valuable, as showing the folly of drinking liquor in any of the relations of life, high or low. Lovers of pleasure in the chase

are embarrassed by servants who drink, and servants may often blame their masters for teaching them to drink. There is an easy way for both—abstain from drink. Then as to ships and sailors, and emigrants, let the article on that subject be read, and what is the inference? why clearly that every ship ought to sail under the flag of Temperance, not moderation, nor regulation, nor partiality; but total abstinence and prohibition. Let not liquor go on board either for use or commerce.

We say the day dawns, and so it does. The wealthy and dignified readers of "The Field" will obtain light. Their sensibilities have mended even among sporting men. We commend not their sports, but if they will follow the bounds, and hunt for pleasure, we shall not regret to know that even on ground not consecrated some degree of morality and decency are permitted to bear rule.

Again say we—the day dawns, and it is utterly impossible for such sentiments as are uttered by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, of Melbourne, Australia, or rather Victoria—to be without an influence for good. We thank the Editor of the *Weekly News and Chronicle* for these excellent papers, and sincerely hope that every one of our subscribers will take pains to read them thoroughly.

### The Grand Jury on Prohibition.

There was no lack of useful material for thought and practice in our last issue, but we regret that the Grand Jury presentation was crowded out. It is well that these important and constitutional guardians of law and morals, should be heard; and although we are a little behind the time, we will give the principal paragraph, as follows:—

"The Grand Jury (of the District of Montreal) regret to be compelled to state, from the evidence which came before them, that, in a large proportion of cases, the offences were committed under the influence of strong drink, and that the prisoners were either at the time of committing the crime, in a state of intoxication, or were habitual drinkers. In one case, it was proved that a youth, (who has since pleaded guilty) had gone direct from the bar-room, after drinking, and set fire to his employer's premises. The Grand Jury believe that with such facility of obtaining strong drink at the multitude of taverns, licensed and unlicensed, which exist in our city, and in the surrounding country, and with the present wretched system of prison arrangement and discipline, all efforts at thorough reformation, or repression of crime, must prove, in a great measure, abortive; and therefore the Grand Jury would suggest and recommend earnest and immediate attention to these important subjects, believing, also, that the adoption here of such prohibitory laws, as may have been found practicable and salutary in the experience of other countries, would greatly benefit Canada."

### The Eagle Hotel, Montreal—Francis Duclos.

Thus conspicuously and with earnest pleasure we call the attention of all our readers anew to this very respectable Temperance Hotel. Business men and others will find it to their advantage to domesticate themselves with friend Duclos while in this city. Especially let our Temperance and Maine Law advocates be consistent when from home. The Eagle Hotel has only fair charges, and Mr. Duclos has no combination with liquor sellers for any purpose. We have no room to say much, but what is written, is written with a hearty good will, and an earnest desire to further the interests of a good Temperance house in this great and active city.

**Send the "Advocate" to Members of Parliament.**

This has long been our desire, but we have always been backward in doing so, in case they might think we were intruding our paper upon them; now, however, we feel quite at liberty to do so from the following:—

Extract from the Minutes of the Committee of the Montreal Temperance Society.

The secretary brought up the subject of sending a Temperance paper to each of the eighty-four members of the Legislative Assembly. Mr. J. C. Becket, publisher of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*, offered to send that paper to the members, provided the Committee agree to pay one-half the annual subscription.

Whereupon it was noted, seconded and unanimously resolved: That this Committee avail themselves of Mr. Becket's liberal offer; the paper to be sent to the members at Quebec during the Sessions of Parliament, and to their own residences when Parliament is not in Session.

**Canadian Temperance League.**

The press of valuable matter has obliged us again to omit the expression of our views on various points of practical importance. The proceedings of the meeting held in London on the 21st of March, have, we hope been pretty widely circulated, and will be generally approved. The *Manifesto* is a very sensible and appropriate document, and must commend itself and the cause to the good sense of the people of Canada. The articles of the constitution are substantially those we published in our issue of April 1st. After these were adopted:

"It was then resolved, That until the next General Convention of the League shall take place, and permanent Officers be appointed, the following shall be the Officers of 'The Canadian Temperance League:'

**PRESIDENT.**

JOHN WILSON, ESQ.,.....London.

**VICE-PRESIDENTS:**

- Messrs. Charles Askew.....London.
- B. F. Lazier.....Dundas.
- J. R. Jackson.....Ingersoll.
- J. T. Owen.....Guelph.
- Rev'd. Jonathan Short.....Port Hope.
- Mr. John Dougill.....Montreal.
- Rev'd. R. V. Rogers.....Kingston.
- Hon. M. Cameron.....Quebec.
- Mr. C. H. VanNorman.....Hamilton.
- " J. C. Becket.....Montreal.
- " John McNab.....Toronto.
- Rev'd. W. Ormiston.....Clarke.
- R. J. Evans.....Corresponding Secretary.
- Wm. Rowland, Junr.....Recording "
- D. J. Hughes.....Treasurer.

**EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:**—Messrs. Bissell, J. B. French, George Belton, Rev. W. F. Clark, Rev. R. Boyd, Rev'd. Wm McClure, Messrs. Wm. Rowland, sen., James Egan, J. K. Brown, S. Morrell, H. Blinn, Rev. C. C. Brough; Who shall hold their Office until the next General Convention of the League, which shall take place on the Fourth Tuesday of May next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at St. Catharines; and that each General Convention of the "Canadian Temperance League" shall be composed of Delegates from all Branches of the League, throughout Canada.

**Resolved,**—That all the friends of Temperance, and all Temperance Associations in Canada, are hereby earnestly requested to aid by their co-operations and contributions, the object sought after in the formation of the "Canadian Temperance League."

**Property against Property.**

A Son of Temperance, in Montreal, writes for the *Advocate* the following remarks:—

The Hon. Mr. Hincks fears the Maine Law would prove injurious to Property. Really one can hardly suppose the honorable gentle-

man to have been serious in making this objection, when the constant evidence of Grand Juries, Police Courts, daily journals, &c., are so palpably demonstrating that the sale of intoxicating drinks is one great cause of the poverty, loss of property, and reason of capital not increasing more rapidly than it does in a community where almost entire freedom of commerce and industry are allowed. If by property he meant the capital sunk in distilleries, groceries, licenses, &c. &c, he is perfectly right; but I apprehend the honorable gent<sup>l</sup>eman is aware, at the same time, that such property is employed to take away and injure other property of a more valuable description, viz. the health, lives, and comforts of the laboring poor, and to rob their wives and families of those comforts and resources which make up a large sum of their daily happiness. What, but the Maine Liquor Law, can put a stop to such nefarious practices as are at present employed in some public establishments in the city, where public property is daily injured and jeopardized by the intrigues of the drunkards in those establishments, harassing, persecuting, and driving away, their sober and total abstinence fellow workmen to make room for those who will countenance their drunken practices and habits. Oh! "try moral suasion," says the honorable gentleman; why there is scarce an apprentice boy, or half wit, but well knows that you may as well attempt to persuade the mighty Niagara to cease his roar and stay his progress to the St. Lawrence, as to prevail upon men who are bent upon doing evil, and are permitted by law to do so, to change their course, and allow Temperance and morality to prevail. The experience of every Temperance Society has shown that the relapses of the thousands who have signed the Temperance pledge has been occasioned by the insidious practices of the moderate and immoderate drinkers, instigated and supported by the publicans whom the law licenses to do it, to prevent which, no other remedy than the Maine Law can be available. No—no—Mr. Hincks, you know this as well as they do, and yet you have joined in giving the subject only a six months' hoist. In the mean time how many will be ruined, and how much property will be injured or destroyed for want of the Law of Maine? And will not the blame and sin rest at your door, and that of your compeers who have endeavored to arrest the progress of reform for a pitiful popularity from those who are feeding with fuel the flames which are destroying our country?

**Death from Intemperance.**

On the morning of Thursday, the 11th inst., in the parish of St. Jacques, near to Rawdon, a person named Jacques Contant, came to his death under the following circumstances:

"The unfortunate man was one of the few who rejected the good example shown by the rest of the Parishioners, and frequented a house in Rawdon, near to him, where spirituous liquor was sold without license; and when in a state of intoxication, he was turned to the road to go home, and the door slammed after him. He fell within a few feet of the door, where he was found dead next morning, leaving a wife and five children, who totally depended on him for their support. An inquest was held on the body by P. Dugar, Esq.

From the way such houses are kept, other like accidents must follow, if the law is not put in force in such cases. In all probability, the death of the unfortunate man will be overlooked, as none will interfere to have the guilty party punished. And, moreover, the party giving the liquor say, that they are not amenable to the 37th Section of the Act 14 and 15 Vic., Chap. 100, because they sell liquor without a license. The government should look to this, and see that the laws of humanity are not trampled upon."

[We give the above just as it was sent to us, and think it will serve at least one purpose; that is—to shew the futility of attempting the suppression of the traffic by any thing short of the Maine Law.—Ed. C. T. A.]

[FOR THE "CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE."]

**A Few Thoughts on Bygone Days.**

SIR.—There is something sublime in any effort, however weak, made with a view to the bettering of the condition of our fellow beings; and how that sublimity shines forth, when talent, coupled with truth, and a heart burning with sympathy for those who will not feel for themselves.—I say, how beautifully the sublime shines forth in such an one, when those graces join and perseveringly contend to bring happiness to man.

Having in childhood, and boyhood too, been a sufferer from the demon Intemperance my heart burns with sympathy when I see the innocent brought to the lowest pitch of suffering and degradation by its accursed influence. Having been spared to maturity, and fallen, for a time, as a victim of this demoralizing vice, I do equally sympathise and feel for those who are racing post-haste, to the drunkard's grave.

Is it not heart-rending, Sir, to think that without exception every one you address knows individuals about their several localities confirmed drunkards, who are termed good-for-nothing sots and such like. And yet these individuals will tell you, that those same sots, generally, if not all, are in possession of capabilities in the shape of education, trades, callings, &c., which, if it were not for the thralldom in which they are held by the monster enemy of our race, would be an honor to themselves and connections, adorn their vicinity, and move in a sphere as widely different as day from night to that in which they now move. But they are down, and down they must remain, until some special effort redeem them from his grasp. Oh! Sir, what have whiskey venders to answer for? License givers must also see to their part in the business; for He who hath said, "I will not hold him guiltless that taketh my name in vain," will not look with complacency on lawgivers who grant a license for the issue of a stimulant that is the reservoir from which more blasphemy proceeds, than from all the other sources that infest our world. In reference to the rumseller, I would say, the man who takes out a license to, or persists in spreading desolation around him at this noontid of light, under cover that he is protected by law, is either playing the villain with his conscience, or has blinded himself to the consequences of his business.

I remember a man, Sir, who could earn at very hard work the scanty means of supporting his family; I have heard him on a Saturday (pay day) tell his sainted wife to be prepared to go to town by his return in the evening. The hour came, she was prepared; but he arrived not. I have seen that patient wife and mother so situated, time after time, and as often constrained to console herself with the reflection, that her husband had been again entrapped, and she and her family left to live as best they might, for another week. I have known her to send her boy to look for him; alas! that boy knew but too well where to go. I have heard him enquiring of the landlord, if his father was here; who, in a menacing manner told him to be off, that his father was not there; and away he went with an apron tucked up at one corner, and with an air of consequence that might have done credit to a noble cause, to see that fair play was done in the distribution of the liquid flame that was continually emanating from his uncle's hands. The poor little fellow, to make sure that he was not deceived in his conviction might be seen standing at a window, one foot on top of the other, to impart a degree of warmth to both, and hearing his father's voice distinctly, might again be seen retracing his steps and telling his sad story in the ears of her whose heart was well nigh broken. Again he has gone about the first hour of Sabbath, asked the same question, when my host apparently yawning like an opium eater returning from his stupor, but, with an affirmative this time, "Yes,

boy, your father is inside there—I wish you would take him home; some folk have no decency about them, but sit drink, drinking—keeping decent people out of bed until this hour on the Lord's day morning." And is this the experience of only one mother and one boy? I would to God it were; how much weeping and wailing would be saved, and comfort and happiness substituted. I venture to say it is only an echo to the cry of thousands upon thousands of mothers and children at the present day. Hence the necessity of teetotalism.

Sir, the foregoing is very rough, but I assure you it is also very true. Aware of my own deficiency, I cannot aspire to its publication; but having a determination to oppose drunkenness, by a manly adherence to my principles, and the putting in of "a word in season," although I never attempted writing before, I thought the relation of it might give rise to a fresh idea in your already well stored mind; if so, my object is attained, and we shall all be benefited.

I am, Sir, yours, &amp;c.,

A KINGSTON SUBSCRIBER.

[FOR THE "CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE."]

**Respectability of the Liquor Traffic.**

Your views of the liquor trade, no doubt, would suffer a shock from seeing it termed respectable, if you were not aware that it is considered so by many in almost every community. Perhaps you will allow me to examine the subject briefly, through the *Advocate*.—a paper, by the bye, that stands pre-eminent in the Province, in its consistent advocacy of the Temperance cause, standing aloof, as it does, from offensive political allusions, and being free from any charge of antagonism between theory and practice. It has been said that the liquor traffic is viewed by many as being respectable; but while such has been, as is partially public opinion, a very large number on the other hand look upon it as deeply vile and disgraceful. Now, how has this opposition in sentiment arisen? It is somewhat difficult to decipher, it must be acknowledged, except it be accounted for on the principle that many are inclined to adopt their opinions and their wishes on supposed interests; a test, it must be admitted, of a most dubious and uncertain character. On this principle, the thief or the pirate, no doubt, view their depredations with far more indulgence than the judge who may be called to pass upon them the penalty of an outraged law, in behalf of an outraged community. But those who embrace this class of opinions, when they can obtain the sanction of legality for them, fall into a state of self-complacency quite akin to confirmed convictions, as if human law was invariably the correct personification of truth and justice; sad, however, would be their position, if they had a no more permanent foundation for any of their opinions, than the fluctuating basis of judicial policy. Such a standard for telling truth would fail on its very first trial; for in that case, religious persecution, slavery and war would become amiable virtues,—a conclusion it is presumed, none would be willing to embrace. Then to settle the respectability of the liquor traffic, it would seem to be unjust to bring forward the fact either that it is legalised, or that it affords profit to those engaged in it; and hence it must stand on its own merits, its general utility or otherwise; and here we join issue with the votaries of the traffic. To attempt to discuss the point whether it would be better to annihilate intoxicating drinks from society, would be little short of impertinence at this late day, when we see the almost unanimous voice of Legislatures, as an echo of the voice of the States they represent, declaring that the traffic shall be abolished in all their limits. The inference then is, that none of the grounds of true respectability be-

long to dealing in intoxicating agents as a beverage, and whenever a vender receives any thing like public respect, it must be put to the credit of that false homage paid to wealth, irrespective of how it was obtained; or to some more creditable business with which the sale of alcohol is often coupled, or to that sycophantic servility which thirsty rum-drinkers generally show when they approach the enthroned king of the bottle, to ask favors at his hand, instead of a heartfelt approbation of his hellish business. We have lately had some striking exhibitions here of its effects upon some prominent dealers in the fiery poison.

About two years since, Gough lectured not far from this, when he was interrupted in his address by one of those rumsellers styled "highly respectable," and where is he now? he is said to have died the other day with delirium tremens.

Another gentleman still more deeply engaged in the "respectable business," rumour says, died prematurely with the same disease, a very short time since. Oh! when will the evil end? Oh! respectable rumsellers, would society be less respectable without your business? if not, if your business be neither respectable nor useful, give it up, and aid in repairing the evils you have done, that you may become blessings and not nuisances in the world.

AQUA PURA.

### A Child Smothered by its Mother.

A correspondent sends us the following painful incident:—

On the evening of Saturday, the 9th inst., three women, residents of this village, and who are in the habit of carousing together upon every possible occasion, had procured from one of our legalised grog-sellers a quantity of ardent spirits. (about ten pints of high wines, equivalent to, at least, two gallons of common whiskey.) With these extensive resources at their command, they at once proceeded to enjoy themselves, and unable to drink no more, one of them went to bed, and in this state of beastly intoxication she lay upon her infant, bruising and smothering it to death! The succeeding morning, the morning of God's hallowed day, found these women again returning to the cup, apparently quite regardless of the awful consequences of the previous night's debauch.

And this is them iddle of the nineteenth century,—this the boasted age of civilization and enlightenment.

"How long, O Lord, how long."

HORATIO.

Vankleekbill, 12th April, 1853.

### Quebec Correspondence of the Temperance Advocate.

Quebec, 11th April, 1853.

I have noticed your request that I would furnish you with the names of those members who exhibited so much indifference and indeed contempt for the subject of intemperance during the late discussion on the Maine Law; I shall not do so in this letter as I have had various causes given me for what has been so apparent indifference, such as the lateness of the hour, the fatigue of members and so on. I shall however keep a sharp lookout; depend upon it, a recurrence of the conduct complained of in your last shall not go unnoticed. The projects of adding a clause to the bill making its final passage conditional on a vote of the people, seemed to be generally felt among these members who are in favour of the measure. A great deal of confidence is felt in the people, and it was thought that even if a sufficient majority could be obtained in the House, it would be better to take a vote of the

entire population. Our battle has heretofore been carried on at too great a distance, we must soon seize the grappling irons of truth and morality, and beard the monster iniquity in his very den. We shall soon be called upon to bring our principles to the Poll, and victory or defeat must depend entirely upon the conduct of Temperance men themselves. If they are content to be laggards in the moral march of improvement, and while the devil and his agents are busily employed in filling drunkards' graves, and colonizing a drunkard's hell,—are willing to stand with folded arms, while their unhappy friends are being dragged after the ruthless car of intemperance, we cannot of course help it. We can only pity their conduct and weep over their misanthropy. But if they are determined upon asserting now their principles, if they are willing to stand against the powers of darkness, that will be brought against them in the coming mighty struggle for human bodies and souls, if they are resolved that our country shall be freed from a worse than African slavery, that the tear of the widow and the orphan shall no longer flow in torrents for murdered husbands and fathers, and if they are anxious that the mother as she nestles her infant boy, shall no longer look to the future with a feeling of instructive horror, lest the child that is now all of happiness to her, should one day become a besotted drunkard,—the matter is in their own hands, let them do their duty, and victory will be theirs. I often fear that some of our Temperance men will be flattering themselves with the idea that the fight will be an easy one, that the enemy will not venture upon asserting his position in face of such an array of evidence as can be brought against him. Let them not be deceived.—They have heretofore, it is true, kept aloof from offering that violent opposition to us, and we might almost have expected; but we stand now on different ground. Then we persuaded the moderate drinker to become an abstainer, and the drunkard to give up his cup; now we come to the drunkard maker, and proclaim that he shall no longer carry on his infernal traffic. Then we appealed to man's better nature, now we appeal to the strong arm of the law for protection against the hideous monster. The question is not only a moral but a legal one,—the war is a war of utter and complete extermination.

Another suggestion that I have heard mention, has been the remuneration, or indemnification I should rather call it, of distillers. The reason for indemnifying distillers, and not dealers, is that the distilleries having been built for the express purpose of manufacturing intoxicating Liquors, and can be used for no other purpose without considerable alteration. As I understand the proposition, it is not intended to pay distillers the full price for their distillery, but only to pay the amount which the building will be depreciated in value, in consequence of the cessation of operations. The length of time which the building has been occupied in the distillation of intoxicating liquors, will also be taken into consideration. These are matters which of course would have to be settled by arbitrators, appointed by the government. There is considerable opposition evinced to this suggestion, and it will not be adopted, if the bill can be got through without it. If however, it is found necessary to adopt it in order to secure the passage of the measure, it will be submitted to, such is the feeling that exists as to the absolute necessity of securing some such law, at all any cost.

The Orchestra of the Sons of Temperance gave a Musical Soiree on Saturday evening, in the new Music Hall. I was prevented by business from attending, but have learned, that although the music, both vocal and instrumental, was all that could be wished, in point of attendance it was a miserable failure. There were not it is said more than about eighty persons present, and

nearly half of those in complimentary tickets; and there were not a dozen Sons in the Hall, besides those immediately connected with the Orchestra. As to the reason for so small an attendance, it is hard to arrive at any. It is true that there have been a great many concerts, and other public entertainments this winter in Quebec, but I think if it were known, the Sons as a body have not attended them. It is really too bad; and if Temperance men themselves will not support these things, we can hardly expect others to do so. The money received at the door will not I learn cover the expenses of printing, so that they will be very heavily in arrears.

T. W.

### Literary Notices, &c.

*Trial of Alcohol*, by Jury. In several places, particularly in Montreal and Quebec, the friends of Temperance thought good to impeach King Alcohol, and with a view to create an interest in the conspiracy against him, to invite the public to the trial. In no place was the trial more worthily conducted than in Quebec, during three evenings, before crowded audiences. The whole was faithfully reported by Brother J. Morphy of the Gough Division, and our publisher, Mr. Becket, has printed the whole in his best style, forming a very neat and valuable pamphlet of 34 pages. It ought to be circulated everywhere throughout Canada and the British Provinces. For terms, see advertisement.

*Beatrice, or the Unknown Relatives*. By Catherine Sinclair. Dewitt & Devenport, New York; B. Dawson, Montreal. This book is remarkable in many respects. Its aim is religious, of the Protestant type, and the author conveys her views in a style at once clear and forcible. She embodies in a "fictitious narrative, what she knows to be true, of the irreconcilable hostility with which the Italian school of superstition looks upon the moral principles and domestic peace of a happy English fire side." The work has been mentioned along with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as there are many vivid scenes of life and action, which seem to correspond in their efforts with the class of emotions produced by Mrs. Stowe's extraordinary book. Perhaps the comparison is hardly just; but "Beatrice" has had a wide, and will have a wider circulation than falls to the lot of most works of that class of literature.

*The Faithful Minister*: a Memorial of the late Rev. William Squire. By the Rev. John Jenkins. We thank the author for an early copy of this memorial. To thousands in Canada who knew and loved Mr. Squire, this book will be acceptable, and will not only be read with pleasure now, but laid up and transmitted to other days and families as a precious memento of departed worth. The author has delineated the character, life and labors of Mr. Squire with great exactness and beauty. The sermon which Mr. Jenkins preached in Montreal on the occasion of Mr. Squire's death is affixed to the memoir, and is worthy of its place there. All this, together with a fine portrait, clear white paper, good type and superior binding, make a suitable monument to the memory of departed worth. E. Pickup, publisher, Montreal.

*The Scottish Review*: a Quarterly Journal of Social Progress and General Literature. We regard this new periodical as calculated to effect great good. Its superiority in every respect will make it respected, and find it an entrance where more ephemeral and less elaborate matter would be rejected. Persons of cultivated taste and high literary attainment will not find anything in style and matter with which to be offended, of course making allowance for differences in critical opinion. The volume contains 96 pages, at one shilling sterling. It can be ordered through Mr.

Dawson, who gets a monthly parcel from Europe, and we shall be glad to hear that in Canada the "Scottish Review" has a large class of readers.

*The Weekly News and Chronicle*. We direct attention to Mr. Tweedles' advertisement, and beg to say that our knowledge of this newspaper warrants us in saying, that all who procure it, attracted by the description given, will not be disappointed. It is one of our best sources of information, for which we have cheerfully paid, that our readers may not be behind in anything. Those who order it may remit their subscriptions to the publisher direct; or Mr. Dawson, of Montreal, will execute the order on the same terms as for other British papers.

*Blackwood's Magazine*, for April, is on our table. The first article is entitled, "Temperance and Teetotal Societies," being an unworthy attack on the great reformation of modern times. For a refutation of the absurdities of "Blackwood," we direct attention to an article entitled a "Cold Blast from the North," which will be found in another column.

*The Peterborough Review*. We have received the Prospectus of a new periodical to be issued semi-weekly, at Peterborough, C. W., by Messrs. Romaine and White. It is clear from the statements made by the projectors, that they fully understand the wants of the age and of the country; and we confidently anticipate from them a sound and useful paper. Mr. White is known to us and to our readers also, and we are sure he will be found on the right side of those questions, which are being solved for the improvement and progress of our country. The *Review* is to be an independent journal, and we shall have pleasure in commending it to our readers if it maintains, as we believe it will, the high tone of "thorough practical reform" which is promised in the prospectus.

*The Sun*. On the third of May, Messrs. Moore, Oowler, and Stevenson propose to issue a new paper with the above title. It is to be a "Tri-weekly Penny Paper," "conveying to the public a large amount of varied intelligence, political, commercial, local and literary." "With sympathies strong and decided in favor of material and intellectual progress, the *Sun* will at all times earnestly and fearlessly strive to promote it." We shall soon have an opportunity of judging whether this *Sun* will shine brightly and usefully; and if so, then we shall sincerely wish it may be appreciated and sustained by the country.

*The New York Tribune*. We published a few weeks ago the advertisement of the *Tribune*; since that time all its regular issues daily, semi-weekly and weekly, have been enlarged and beautified. A much larger sheet, bold typography, and able conduct, altogether constitutes the *Tribune* about the best newspaper we receive from the United States. It will now require a larger circulation, and more extensive advertising patronage, to make it pay a just return for great outlay and indefatigable industry; and we believe the *Tribune* will get it.

*The Canadian Friendly Visitor*. The first number has reached us. It contains some very choice selections, is a religious paper, principally of the "Primitive Methodist School," and quite right in the temperance reform. The "Visitor" is about the same size as our *Advocate*, with large type, to be published twice a month, one dollar a year. John Garnett, Editor and Proprietor, Bowmanville, C. W.

### Another Shocking Tragedy.

The annexed particulars need no remarks from us; but we cannot let the facts go before our readers, without entreating every one to consider his or her duty in reference to a business which leads to results so deplorably shocking. What father is there who does not sympathize with the bereaved Judge Keeler?

Yesterday, says the *Washingtonian & Reformer* of Albany, N. Y. Judge Keeler "called on us," and gave fuller particulars than had previously been published respecting the death of his son and daughter in law, Mr. and Mrs. Keeler.



Simon O. Keeler, the deceased, was about thirty-seven years of age. He was a man of good general character, industrious, well educated and enterprising, and was the owner of a good farm under cultivation, from which he derived his support. At the time of his decease, however, he was residing with his father, upon a farm owned by Judge Keeler. Mrs. Keeler, the wife of Simon O. Keeler, was about thirty years of age, who was also well educated, intelligent, and of excellent moral character, unblemished reputation, correct deportment, and refinement. As a general rule, the utmost affection and confidence prevailed between this couple. The deceased husband, however, was subject at times to excessive drinking, which continued upon him sometimes for weeks together, and which affected his nervous system to a great extent, rendering him almost insane. At such times, he was beset with jealousy toward his wife, which rendered him fierce and overbearing in his deportment toward her, and at such times their previous good understanding and affection were replaced by feelings in entire contrast to those of their real nature.

On Friday, March 25, Judge Keeler went from his residence, to be gone until Sunday the 27th, leaving his son and wife the only persons at home. For about three weeks previous to that day, Simon O. Keeler had been constantly indulging to excess in the use of liquor, so much so that his appetite for food had forsaken him. Before leaving home, Judge Keeler (between whom and his son and wife the strongest affection subsisted) took occasion to admonish his son that his drinking, if persevered in, would soon lead him to the drunkard's grave. Judge Keeler exhorted him to put his foot down and promise that he would not drink another drop of liquor, until the 1st of January, 1851, promising him, in case he would so promise, and knowing from his character that if he so promised, he would perform, to give him the free use of the farm, which is well stocked, with a span of horses, wagon and harness, two yoke of working oxen, twenty-five hogs, cows, sheep, &c., and with all necessary farming utensils, and to make him a present besides of hay, provisions, &c., amounting in all to about \$500. The son admitted that he was killing himself with liquor, but evaded making the promise desired by his father, and saying, "Well, father, I will think it over, and when you come home, we will make it all right." These were the last words ever spoken between them.

Judge Keeler departed on his business, and the awful tragedy which followed was not witnessed by mortal eye, so far as is known. Sunday afternoon Judge Keeler returned to his home, finding the house shut. Failing to arouse the inmates, and with foreboding of evil, he effected entrance into the house, when the first object which met his eye, was the corps of his daughter-in-law decently disposed upon the floor of the sitting-room, her face bound up with a handkerchief as if for burial, and the limbs straightened and stiff with death. A pillow was under her head, and by her side were evidences that another person had lain down. She had been shot through the heart. Upon entering the bedroom through the open door, he discovered the body of his son, stiff in death, but distorted and convulsed as though he dragged himself in the agony of dying from the side of his wife to the bed which they usually occupied, and had there died in extreme torture. Upon searching for the cause of his death, the father found that a large piece had been shaved off from a lump of opium, and to this agent he attributed the death of his son, though a post mortem examination failed to give evidence of that or any other positive cause.

Judge Keeler, who of course was intimately acquainted with the habits and character of his son, is strongly of opinion that he never intended the death of his wife, even under the sudden influence of passion created by strong drink, but rather supposes that in one of his temporary fits of jealousy, he sought to work upon the fears of his wife, and that she shot herself was accidental, and being seized with despair and remorse at what he had done, he took means to terminate his own life. Appearances indicate that he had taken every possible means to restore animation to the body of his wife, before committing the last fatal act against himself.

The grief of Judge Keeler, who, to use his own words, is "now a lone old man," was touching in the extreme. He gave us the foregoing particulars in youthful simplicity, and as we believe, earnest truthfulness: his words were broken and choked by the powerful and agonizing emotions with which his heart was filled. The monition must furnish its own comments. It is not for us to add a drop to the overflowing cup of sorrow which an inscrutable

Providence presents to the lips of this worthy and heart-stricken old man, nor is such comment necessary. His frank and full statement gives of itself a stronger and deeper lesson to all who read it, than any attempt on our part to enlarge or moralize upon it a rule.

### Sabbath Meditations.

#### A WORD TO CHRISTIANS.

Brethren, pray. Though in various sections the revival spirit prevails, the prince of darkness is also at work, and most mightily do his servants fight for victory, and the setting up of his kingdom.

Pray, for the love of many is waxing cold; pride and the increase of wealth are eating like cankers at the hearts of many professed Christians; they find little or no time to pray for themselves, and unless God interpose and wake them from their sleep, they will be awakened only in hell. Pray, for great is the neglect of God's word. How deep lies the dust on the lids of the Bible, and how seldom are its leaves opened, or its light implored for guidance thro' this dark world! How much time is found for reading almost everything of an earthly production; but how little, O how little is found for reading the gospel of liberty and life!

Pray that strife among brethren may cease. If they that be of Israel's household engage in warfare, the enemy will come and mock. If brethren must indulge in heat and controversy, the interest of Zion will languish and bleed, the food of spiritual growth will be kept from hungry souls, and many will wander from the fold, and starve to death on the barren mountains.

Pray that the God of Israel would undertake his own cause. Too long have we boasted over our own strength; too long has the arm of flesh been trusted in for safety and defense. Too long have we shouted, the one of us for Paul, the other for Cephas, a third for Apollos, and but few for the right hand and the strong arm of the Almighty.

Pray that the dark cloud settling down on the world may be dispersed. O, how deep and dreadful the iniquity that is prevailing, how trumpet-loud the tones of the sinner, and the ungodly! While here and there only a pilgrim keeps his feet in the narrow way, how many are ploughing their course, through the filth and mire of iniquity, to perdition! While on our right hand and our left, thousands upon thousands are sinking to the chambers of eternal night, cannot we lift one petition on high for their deliverance?

"Jesus, thou sovereign Lord of all—

The same through one eternal day—

Attend thy feeblest follower's call,

And O, instruct us how to pray!

Pour out the supplicating grace,

And stir us up to seek thy face.

Come in, thy pleading Spirit, down

To us, who for thy coming stay;

Of all thy gifts, we ask but one—

We ask the constant power to pray;—

Indulge us, Lord, in this request,

Thou canst not then deny the rest."

*Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Examiner,*

#### "OCCUPY, TILL I COME."

Ab, not so, my father; the world is bright and beautiful around me; flowers breathe their perfume and soft winds fan my brow; let me live to enjoy this sunshine and beauty. I would rest in the tempting bowers, linger beside the low murmuring waters, sleep upon the soft mossy banks. Scenes of enchantment rise about me; hope's bright fancies shed gleams on my path. Let me tarry for a season, delight myself with their charms, and be borne on "flowery beds of ease." Others may labor, my spirit shinks from the task; others have better abilities than I, let me watch their efforts: others respond to the call, "Go, work in my vineyard," "I pray have me excused."

"Occupy till I come" is the command of my Father, and I see I must not "sleep in enchanted bowers;" I have been an "unprofitable servant," and must redeem my time; working with my might before the darkness gathers, let my earnest cry be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

"Occupy till I come." Again my spirits shrink; orrows have fallen upon me, clouds gathered over me, friends have been torn from my closest embrace, earth's bright visions all faded and deceived me; pain and suffering have wasted my frame, "the world is cold, and dark and dreary." Let me go at once to the land of peace; "hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest." There tears are wiped away, and mourning is ended; let me break these earthly fetters, and enter upon the blessedness of heaven. And a voice whispers, "Till I come, patiently endure, cheerfully toil; a long life is before thee, and rough is the way, but repine not nor murmur; the weary shall rest. If thine eye cannot pierce the gloom before thee, raise it above; if the tempest beats upon thine head, flee to the "Rock of Ages;" persevere amid sorrow, disappointment and woe; "be faithful unto death," and when I come "I will give thee eternal life."

[FOR THE "CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,"

### The Ship of the Sons.

Our noble Temperance ship well manned,  
With a sweet and pleasant gale,  
Resolved on leaving Tipsey land,  
She spreads her swelling sail.  
Our noble Pilot takes the helm,  
And steers from dangers free;  
Whilst away and away our good ship goes,  
Leaves Tipplers on the lee.

High in the air our colors bright  
Are boldly brought to view;  
The Temperance crew hail with delight  
The red, the white, the blue.  
With hearts so bold they scorn for gold  
To sell integrity;  
So away and away our good ship goes,  
Leaves treachery on the lee.

The cargo that we have on board  
Was purchased from above;  
Benevolence and sweet concord,  
Fidelity and love.  
With Temperance for its broadest base,  
And fairest purity;  
Thus away and away our good ship goes,  
Leaves intemperance on the lee.

The ladies fair, both far and near,  
They wish our ship success;  
And cherub infant's voices low  
Our noble crew they bless.  
While angels bright, with fond delight,  
Watch o'er our destiny;  
As away and away our good ship goes,  
Leaves dull care on the lee.

May our noble ship and gallant crew  
Prevail o'er wind and tide;  
Until the white, the red, the blue,  
Float o'er the world so wide.  
And from the thrall of alcohol  
The mortal race be free;  
Then away and away our good ship goes,  
Leaves misery on the lee.

### DIED.

Masconche.—March 18, Elizabeth, daughter of Anthony White, aged 19 years and 8 months, after a short illness of 3 days.

### MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

Compiled for the *Montreal Witness*, Wednesday,  
April 27, 1853

**FLOUR.**—Since last report a farther decline has been reported from England, and the price has fallen here to 22s for delivery, at which it is difficult to make sales. On the spot 22s is offered, but declined.

**OATS.**—Have been sold to some extent at 1s 9d to 1s 9½d per minot. In other kinds of grain no transactions.

**ASHES.**—Both sorts are in rather better demand at 27s to 27s 3d, but as there are few offering, no transactions worth quoting have taken place.

**PROVISIONS.**—Nothing doing.

**EXCHANGE.**—Continues at 10 per cent for Bank.

**Groceries and Hardware** nothing doing till opening of Navigation. **Dry Goods.**—The finer descriptions have been imported via Boston, and considerable sales are taking place.

**Maple Sugar.**—is coming in freely and brings \$5 per 100 lbs. for good quality.

### The Weekly News and Chronicle.

To the Readers of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*.

Believing that the Temperance Movement is now in a position to secure the earnest attention of all thinking men, and that the newspaper press is the most likely means of bringing its claims prominently forward, several staunch friends of the temperance cause have long contemplated starting a newspaper that should unite to the usual intelligence of a weekly journal, a fair record of the progress of temperance principles.

Many grave difficulties stood in the face of such an undertaking. 1st. The great risk attending such an enterprise, and the injury to the cause which failure would be sure to bring; and 2nd. The fact that such a newspaper would not be likely to command other than tectotal readers, and therefore would only circulate in quarters already well supplied with temperance periodicals.

These difficulties could only be surmounted in one way, viz., by buying up the interest of an old established first-class newspaper, in a prosperous condition. This I have great pleasure in informing you has been done, and the *Weekly News and Chronicle* (established in 1836), circulating in the highest circles—in Clubs, in Literary and Mechanics' Institutions, and largely in homes of the educated and refined—is now under my management. I hope by employing the first literary talent of the day, to keep up that high tone which has hitherto been its characteristic, and shall, above all, endeavor to keep it a thoroughly family newspaper. In Politics it will advocate Extension of the Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, Financial Reform, National Education, and other liberal movements. Temperance, Sanitary Reform, Freehold Land Societies, and kindred institutions will find in the *Weekly News and Chronicle* a faithful exponent and enlightened advocate. Intending emigrants will find the fullest information on all subjects relating to their future homes, and the friends they leave behind will be kept informed of every interesting movement in the Colony. Merchants will find the Markets carefully arranged, and Bankruptcies properly chronicled. The man of leisure will find the best works issued from the press independently reviewed, and extracts from works of sterling merit copiously given.

The family circle will find a never-failing medium of information upon all questions likely to interest—while great care will be taken to exclude from its advertising columns all that could offend good taste or moral sentiments. It will contain the fullest information on all the current events of the week, at home and abroad; the cream of the American journals, as well as all the Fashionable and Official News and Literary and Club gossip from original and authentic sources. In short, Liberal Politics, High Class Literature, Social Progress, and Independent Criticism in the Arts and Sciences will be the characteristics of the *Weekly News and Chronicle*. The first edition is published every Friday evening—the second edition every Saturday evening, in time for the British Colonial Mail.

Terms, 6s. 6d. per quarter, or 26s. per annum—payment in advance if supplied from the office, or the paper may be ordered through any news-vender in town or country.

Earnestly soliciting your esteemed orders, I am, yours very respectfully,

WILLIAM TWEEDLE.

Weekly News and Chronicle Office, 337 Strand.