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CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

DEVOTED TO

Total Abstinence, Legal Prohibition, and Social Progress.

Vol. XX.]

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 15, 1854.

[No. 20.]

Tumble Down Farm.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY," "GOING, GOING, GONE!" &c.

(From the Saturday Evening Mail.)

CHAPTER I.

Everybody exclaimed, "What a beautiful place—!"—
Ab, that "if!" Martin Meeke's farm had once produced the finest crops of wheat, and the heaviest. Its Indian corn had been a proverb. Its oats were almost equal to the English, which the emigrants from the fast-anchored isle assure us are the best in the world. Its grazing land nourished famous cattle, and, as to the small crops, they seemed to grow without culture. The lawn, tastefully arranged, was brilliant in knots of flowers, and displayed every variety of shrub and tree, indigenous and exotic. Plenty, comfort and ease attended the place and its possessor—and the primal curse appeared to have been suspended in favor of this beautiful spot. So it might still have been—"if!"

Ah, that "if!" It was not hard to guess. It was the same that we find, all the land over. It was the same hateful let and hindrance which chokes the prosperity of thousands, in country and in town. The place might still have flourished, if the owner had not preferred the debasing pleasures of strong drink to the satisfaction of watching the results of his industry, and garnering the proceeds of his labors.

Martin's daughters were fain to apologise for him:—"Father," they said, "had so much else to occupy him, that he never could find time for the ornamental arrangement of the lawn and the garden. But the merely ornamental features of the place were not all that were neglected. Gates were unhung. Boards swung loosely on out-houses. Pumps and wells were dry. The paths were grass-grown. Crops struggled for existence among graves of rank weeds. Less than a half yield of anything was produced. Fruit trees were unpruned, and matted with parasitical and useless branches. Briars and brambles almost concealed the fences. The air of a wilderness was over the whole premises. The words of Solomon were realized,—“the field of the slothful, and the vineyard of the man void of understanding.”

Martin was lounging at the gate, with the air of one who is conscious of idleness, and heartily ashamed of himself, but has not the nerve to do better; woe-worn with ennui, and forlorn with inward rebukes. Unkempt and unshaven, dilapidated in costume and wretched in appearance, he well represented the visible embodiment of the genius of the place—the spirit—an evil spirit—which haunted it; for if any may be called haunted premises, they are those of him who has surrendered

himself to "the invincible spirit of wine," which Shakespeare apostrophizes. Wine is the poetical word for the whole class of maddening beverages; but very little wine, we fancy, finds its way over the modern inebriate's lips.

And while Martin loitered, waiting and wishing for something or somebody to divert his thoughts, there rode up to his gate a personage of very different aspect. There was nothing in his appearance careless, and nothing absolutely penurious; but you read at once in his guise and costume, that he was very well aware that the price of a pair of new boots is equal to the annual interest of a hundred dollars. A new hat would touch the same figure; and as to a full suit, that would extinguish the product of a thousand. So Pettigrew Pettifogg, Esq., Counsellor and Attorney at Law, clung to his well-saved habiliments while they would cling to him, and paid no heed to obsolete fashion while the texture remained firm, and the seams entire. He was not to be taxed for the folly of young America and the benefit of tailors—not he! It would answer for those to be guilty of such nonsense who had credit with these tradesmen. Pettigrew Pettifogg always paid cash at the end of six months; or before for a handsome discount. His carriage was an antique, but perfectly sound and road-worthy; and his faithful old horse was in keeping with the rest of his establishment. Pettigrew Pettifogg was well to do in the world; but it was apparent enough that careful economy had slowly piled up this result. Nobody knew how much he was worth—and he did not care or desire that anybody should. Pettigrew was "close-mouthed," and it answered his purpose better to be supposed poor than rich. Accumulation was always in his thoughts; and he had such a horror of waste and extravagance that he always stood ready to save—for himself—what careless spendthrifts threw away. He had always been very attentive to Martin Meeke.

Martin supposed this attention was friendship, until the arrears of Pettigrew's kind offices were presented to him in a very one-sided account current. The debtor opened his eyes a little, and "supposed" that his creditor "was in no hurry." Pettifoggers and spiders seldom are in haste, until their toils are carefully woven and adjusted. The preliminaries and approaches are painfully slow; the coup-de-grace is sudden and effectual. So Pettigrew Pettifogg waited a year, and then called again with a still further increased demand. Compound interest and new charges had swelled the debt wonderfully. Martin stared again. Pettifogg hinted at a settlement, and Martin looked hopelessly blank, though strongly inclined to be indignant at the audacity of such an idea. The cunning lawyer suggested that nothing could be easier. Martin had only to execute a mortgage merely as a matter of form—and the account

might stand forever. It would be settled then, and both parties would be saved thinking of it.

Indolent and careless Martin Meeker readily assented to so convenient a method of disposing of the business. The idea of settlement—the first he had ever made in his life, quite charmed him. It looked like business, and then it was attended with so little trouble! So the parties settled; and in just a year from the date of the transaction, Pettigrew Pettifogg rode up to the gate as we have related. He could not forbear an affectionate look of concern over the premises, sorrowing at the neglected state of a property which he considered as already his own. Under his sorrow, there was a latent satisfaction at the thought how a little attention, without any great expense, could put matters on an entirely new footing, and make the neglected farm pleasant and productive.

Martin was not quite comfortable in the presence of his visitor, but assumed an alacrity of welcome which he was far enough from feeling. He hurried his guest into the house, unwilling that his too prying eyes should dwell upon the deficiencies in the farm management. The wife, a conscious slattern, under her husband's ill example and depressing influence, withdrew into some dark recess, vainly striving to draw her children after her. But children are not so readily to be taught to hide themselves, and Pettigrew had more than a glimpse of a ragged and forlorn groupe, who *would* want to see what the Squire could possibly want with their father.

Martin produced the ever ready bottle, and rather congratulated himself that, although he had paid more than one visit to it that morning already, the duties of hospitality demanded that he should compel himself to drink again. It required no effort to persuade the lawyer to take his dram: it was drink at another's expense; and until all drink should be furnished on such terms, there was no danger of Pettigrew Pettifogg becoming intemperate; nor, indeed, even then, if he could perceive that it interfered with his bargains or unfitted him for business.

P. Pettifogg, Esq., was a decided opponent of all restrictive laws; he valued the liberty of the citizen. He was averse to all sumptuary regulations, and was the Sir Oracle of the village bar-room on the constitutionality of a law which, once enacted and obeyed, would abridge his practice and defeat his grasping purposes. What chance, for instance, if the nominal proprietors were sober, could exist of Pettigrew getting a claim on Martin Meeker's farm? And there are many other pettifoggers who are lubricating their victims with honeyed words preparatory to swallowing them—estates and all.

No small lawyer—we mean no mean man—approves of the Maine Law. Freedom in the liquor traffic is his warrant of success, and enables him to join house to house and field to field, till there be none but himself left in possession. Whom the gods would destroy, the ancients used to say they first made mad.—Whom knaves would plunder, in these modern days, they first make drunk. It is not always the summary process of thieves and pick-pockets; slow poisoning answers the same purpose, and is not so palpable.

"A fine glass of brandy," said the lawyer, smacking his lips. Now Martin knew the lawyer lied, for he was a good judge of liquor; and as the farmer's city account

had long stood unadjusted, he was compelled to content himself with second ordinary from the country dealer. But Martin said nothing, though he might have blushed, if his face had not already too deep a color. The lawyer proceeded: "I suppose you have made provision against contingencies, for the fanatics are resolved that a man shall no longer keep the key of his own cellar."

It was a theme on which the two were congenial, or appeared to be so; and Martin Meeker's heart so softened towards the attorney, that he even invited him to dinner; though this act of temerity incurred a not very pleasant debate with his wife. He also recommended that the lawyer should consent to be put in nomination for the legislature on the "liberal ticket," but Pettigrew Pettifogg was too cunning for that. He left to others the open opposition and the obloquy; his cue was quietly to take the birds, while others should beat the bush.

Having dined with his client, and saved half a dollar, Pettifogg made motions to depart. Now if, that moment, Martin Meeker had been put upon his oath as to the character and standing of Pettigrew Pettifogg, Esq., councilor and attorney-at-law, the testimony he would have rendered would have endorsed him as the soul of honor and the heart of liberality—a Blackstone in law and a prince in generosity. They had hobnobbed glass to glass. Pettigrew had petted the children; he had complimented the wife; he had smoked, without a wry face, one of Martin's bad segars. He had expressed a great deal of generous sympathy with his client, and altogether ingratiated himself in the most apparently perfect and delightful manner. He had taken his leave all round and reached the door, attended by the family, children and all; he had drawn on one of his driving gloves and taken his whip from the corner, when suddenly a new thought struck him.

"By the way, Martin," he said, turning back into the house, "I had nearly forgotten my business."—What a positive lie that was!

Martin returned with him to the sitting room, and looked aghast and disappointed as the lawyer produced his drowsical pocket book, and said, "We might as well lock over our little affairs."

"I thought we had settled," Martin ventured to remark.

"O, that was a year ago. The world does not stand still—though for the sake of some good fellows, I often wish it did. Time rolls round Martin—and I feel it, both in years and in business matters. I'm not rich, you know—but I sometimes do wish for the honor of good fellowship, that there was no such thing as money. But as I said, I'm not rich, and I have to look out for my own. I'm not going to be hard on an old friend. I only want to arrange things so that when I am gone—and we don't know how soon we shall both go, Martin, things will be found straight between your people and my people. Here's a little instrument—a mere form, you know—which will save dispute, perhaps, and law and litigation. I do detest anything like that—Just read it, and then sign it. Never sign without reading, Martin. Never trust even a friend too far.—We're all poor weak creatures."

And so with a flourish of magnanimity, Pettifogg placed a paper in Martin's hand. The victim, whose senses were not a little steeped in alcohol, blundered

a few moments among the interminable wildernesses of wharves—and then caught up a pen—

"It's all Greek to me, Pettifogg, but if you say it's all right, here goes!"

He had executed with a drunken flourish, a capital M., when suddenly, like other pens in those days of tricky spirits, his pen flew from his hand, and what was very curious, caused an ink-spatter on the forehead of Pettifogg, very like the letter R. Both parties sprang to their feet in astonishment, and confronted—no disembodied spirit—but Mrs. Martin Meeker, who looked upon them not the least abashed, and proceeded further to tear into bits the document to which her husband had commenced his signature. Perhaps she did not quite understand its significance—though she did understand the character of Pettifogg too well to trust any instrument of his preparation. It was a confession of judgement, which would have authorized a foreclosure on the instant of its completion.

High words followed. Now Martin Meeker had no great objection to a domestic broil, but he would allow no third party the privilege of abusing his wife. That was a part of his marriage rights, of which he claimed a monopoly—so Pettigrew Pettifogg, Esq., Counsellor and Attorney at Law, was—not very gently or ceremoniously—ejected from the premises. It was a most unlooked for conclusion to his day's work, and he departed full of vindictive fury.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Force of Habit—Opium Eating and Laudanum Drinking.

(From the Journal of Commerce.)

We are all more or less the creatures of habit, and there are few individuals who have not some habit which in their cooler moments, they regard as pernicious, but which, to a certain extent, has become almost indispensable. Look for example at the thousands and tens of thousands, who indulge in tobacco chewing and snuff taking, not to say segar smoking. All these habits, when practised in moderation, are comparatively speaking harmless. But the difficulty is to keep within the proper bounds. There are many inveterate chewers and smokers, individuals who not only enjoy tobacco, but to a certain extent live upon it. To be without it is to be miserable.—And yet the habit of chewing, as well as that of smoking, may be considered as of little consequence, when compared with the practice of eating opium and drinking laudanum. The indulgence of tobacco is moreover a fashionable appetite. It is a popular fancy, and no discredit is attached to it. It is indulged in openly, without any restraint, or the slightest sense of shame. But not so, opium eating and laudanum drinking. These are nourished in secret. The appetite is craving and fiend-like, and unless it be indulged, the victim writhes in agony. It is fomented by various causes. Sometimes the use of opium or of laudanum is induced by some terrible bodily pain, which the narcotic is calculated to soothe and temporarily subdue. It is found necessary, too, in many cases, constantly to increase the dose, so that in time, two ounces of laudanum daily are consumed. Nay, a druggist who resides in the south-western part of the city informs us, that he has, at least, ten regular customers for opium and laudanum, some of whom consume incredible quantities.

They have reached such a condition by indulgence, that they fancy they cannot live without the use, either of the gum or the liquid preparation. Some of them, too, are in very needy circumstances, and thus expend a very large portion of their daily earnings in obtaining and satisfying this want. At times, he says, they will rush into the store, trembling, sallow, and in utter misery, and the moment they obtain the narcotic, they swallow it with wild avidity, as if life itself depended upon the movement. The extent, indeed, to which opium is used in some form or other, is almost incredible. We are assured, moreover, that the habit is rapidly on the increase, and that not a few individuals resort to the drug in the spirit of the Chinese, and with the object of stimulating themselves into a sort of earthly elysium, only to wake and find themselves wretched.

An article in the recent number of the Journal of Physiological Medicine details some curious facts in relation to the uses and effects of opium. It is stated "that if the drug be taken in comparatively small, and frequently repeated doses, it produces excitement and pleasurable feelings before it occasions stupor. The capability of receiving excitement from it, is probably increased by habit, somewhat in the manner that alcoholic liquors give most pleasure to those who are in some degree habituated to them." Mr. Madden, in his travels in Turkey, gives a brief description of the opium eaters of Constantinople.

The coffee houses in which they assemble, are situated in a large square, and on the benches outside the door, they sit and indulge in the reveries to which the drug gives rise. He states that their gestures were wild, their features flushed, and their talk incoherent.—some, however, addressed eloquent discourses to the bystanders, and others appeared to be enjoying the most beatific ideas. Mr. Madden was himself desirous of experiencing the effects. He first took one grain of opium, but an hour and a half elapsed without any perceptible effect. The keeper of the coffee house wished to give him two grains more, but he only consented to half this quantity. However, he subsequently took an additional quantity of two grains, and then he became sensibly excited. Everything now appeared enlarged in volume—there was a sort of curious expansion of mind and matter. But Mr. Madden discovered that the pleasure was chiefly derived from external objects, and that when he closed his eyes the same feelings were no longer excited.

He now determined to make his way home as fast as possible, but as he went he feared to commit some extravagance. He was hardly sensible that his feet touched the ground, but seemed to slide along as if propelled by some invisible agency, which rendered his body lighter than the air. The moment he got home he went to bed, but the same delightful visions filled his mind all the night. The next day, however, he rose pale and dispirited, with headache and feebleness, so that he was all day confined to his sofa. Mr. Madden speaks of the practice as exceedingly injurious to the opium eaters themselves—they lose their appetites—become feeble and tremulous—their necks wry, and their fingers contracted—they are perfectly miserable until the hour arrives for the gratification of their indulgence. Dr. Oppenheim, a German writer, makes a similar statement—"the habitual

opium-eater," says he, "is instantly recognized by his appearance—a total attenuation of body, a withered yellow countenance, a lame gait, a bending of the spine, frequently to such a degree as to assume a circular form, and glassy deep sunken eyes, betray him at first glance." Dr. Oppenheim mentions that the habit is almost impossible to break, but those who make the attempt, ingeniously mix their pills with wax, and daily diminish the quantity of odium until nothing but the wax remains.

The case of the celebrated poet, Coleridge, is referred to. It appears that he became addicted to the habit of eating opium, and was earnestly appealed to upon the subject, by a friend, Mr. Cottle. His reply is painfully thrilling, and we subjoin portions of it, by way of solemn admonition.

"The object of my present reply is to state the case just as it is—first, that for ten years the anguish of my spirit has been indescribable, the sense of my danger staring, but the consciousness of my guilt worse, far worse, than all! I have prayed with drops of anguish upon my brow; trembling, not only before the justice of my Maker, but even before the mercy of my Redeemer. 'I gave thee so many talents, what hast thou done with them?' Second, overwhelmed as I am with a sense of my direful infirmity, I have never attempted to disguise or conceal the cause. On the contrary, not only to friends have I stated the whole case with tears, and the very bitterness of shame; but in two instances have I warned young men, mere acquaintances, who had spoken of having taken laudanum, of the direful consequences, by an awful exposition of its tremendous effects on myself. Thirdly, though before God I cannot lift up my eyelids, and only do not despair of his mercy, because to despair would be adding crime to crime, yet to my fellow men I may say, that I was seduced to the accursed habit ignorantly. I had been almost bed-ridden for many months with swelling in my knees. In a medical journal, I unhappily met with an account of a cure performed in a similar case (or what appeared to me so) by rubbing in laudanum, at the same time taking a given dose internally. It acted like a charm, like a miracle! I recovered the use of my limbs, of my appetite, of my spirits, and this continued for near a fortnight. At length the unusual stimulant subsided, the complaint returned—the supposed remedy was recurred to—but I cannot go through the dreary history. Suffice it to say, that effects were produced which acted on me by terror and cowardice of pain, and sudden death, not (so help me God!) by any temptation of pleasure, or desire of exciting pleasurable sensations. On the very contrary, Mrs. Morgan and her sister will bear witness so far as to say, that the longer I abstained, the higher my spirits were—the keener my enjoyments—till the moment, the direful moment arrived, when my pulse began to palpitate, and such a dreadful falling abroad, as it was of my whole frame, such intolerable restlessness and insipiant bewilderment, that in the last of my several attempts to abandon the dire poison, I exclaimed in agony, which I now repeat in seriousness and solemnity—'I am too poor to hazard this.' Had I but a few hundred pounds, but £200, half to send Mrs. Coleridge, and half to place myself in a private mad-house, where I could procure nothing but what a physician thought proper, and where a medical attendant could be con-

stantly with me for two or three months (in less than that time life or death would be determined,) then there might be hope—now there is none! O God! how willingly would I place myself under Dr. Fox, in his establishment; for my case is a species of madness, only that it is a derangement, an *utter impotency of the volition, and not of the intellectual faculties*. You bid me rouse myself; go bid a man paralytic in both arms to rub them briskly together, and that will cure him. 'Alas!' he would reply, 'that I cannot move my arms is my complaint and misery.' May God bless you, and your affectionate and most afflicted—S. T. COLERIDGE."

This, be it remembered, is the case of a highly intellectual man. Nay, so powerful became the habit with Coleridge, that he took from two quarts of laudanum per week to a pint per day.—On one occasion he took a quart in twenty-four hours. Imagine the condition of a human being so situated, and in needy circumstances. But that condition could not be more vividly described than in the language of Coleridge himself:—

"Dear sir, for I am unworthy to call any good man friend, much less you, whose hospitality and love I have abused, accept, however, my entreaties for your forgiveness and prayers. Conceive a poor miserable wretch, who, for many years, has been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to the vice that produces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven which his crime excludes him from! In short, conceive what is most wretched, helpless and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have. I used to think the text in St. James, that he who offended in one point offends in all, very harsh; but now I feel the awful, *the tremendous truth of it*. In the one crime of opium, what crime have I not made myself guilty of? Ingratitude to my Maker! and to my benefactors—injustice! and unnatural cruelty to my poor children! Self-contempt for my repeated promise breach, nay, too often actual falsehood! After my death, I earnestly entreat that a full and unqualified narration of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that at least some little good may be effected by the direful example! May God Almighty bless you, and have mercy on your still affectionate and, in his heart, grateful—S. T. Coleridge."

Comment is unnecessary. There is, indeed, no more abject wretch on earth, than the victim of opium eating. His anxieties and his agonies may be imagined, but they cannot be described.

EDITOR LIFE BOAT,—If at any time you should be at a loss for a piece of copy for your interesting and valuable publication (an unenviable position which, to appreciate, one must have graduated in that school of experience—the chair editorial) you will find the following humorous and pithy sketch a capital means to "get out of that." At all events it is worthy of your perusal.

Boston, May 23, 1854.

L. F. S.

"Get Out Of That!"

Surely, thought I, it will be difficult for diplomacy to smooth the ruffled feathers of that game bird. Surely the Russiaq bear will learn that he has, for the sake of

a hug, gone a little too far on the trembling branch. Surely he will find that it is impossible for him to—

“Get out of that!”

Exactly so, my friend—

“Get out of that!” exclaimed the voice once more.

I turned towards the speaker, and discovered that it was not an opinion but an admonition he had uttered. That whilst I was philosophising on the probabilities of the future, he was addressing himself to the abuses of the present, and endeavoring to correct them.

The abuses I soon perceived were of a purely human character. I do not mention it as an extraordinary coincidence, but as one that should enlist the sympathies of the reader at the outset. They (the abuses) were centered in a sugar hogshead, and if we are permitted to measure them, were exactly four feet—four very fat, red, and dirty feet.

To condescend to simplicity for once, I will explain that the admonition “Get out of that,” was uttered by a clerk who was standing in the entry of a warehouse eating tobacco. He was of a mild and very much buttoned-up temperament, and wore his hands in his pockets as a part of his professional attire. Having spoken twice with prodigious placidity, he changed the plug in his mouth, and with an unexpensive tin-foil tobacco treasury, held daintily between his thin fingers (on which the envious might detect ink) exclaimed once more—

“Get out of that!”

There was something affectingly paternal in his voice. Something so threatening in word and so feeble in effect, that I found myself powerfully interested in the objects or abuses, that had drawn it forth.

I soon gratified my curiosity. An empty sugar barrel stood before the door, and two bare-legged ragamuffins, like human flies, were inside fattening on the unctuous slaves. That respected man Diogenes was never more absorbed in his tub than they. Provided with imperfect instruments, (indeed nothing but clamshells,) they delved in snug crevices and mysterious knots for the succulent treasure. It was beautiful to see how the genius of our country could adapt itself to the exigencies of its position, and with imperfect instruments surmount great difficulties. Grain by grain, these interesting ragamuffins, (for all ragamuffins are interesting now-a-days—especially if they have bare feet,) collected their masses of vagrant sugar and piled into little hills, (which anywhere else might be called sand hills without any great impropriety.) Then, as a final triumph, they conveyed it to their mouths and smacked their lips with as much satisfaction as my beloved brethren in ebony would have done on the dreadfully debated ground whence the barrel came.

My clerk friend, therefore, addressed himself to the human flies, or rather to their feet, for it is a fact easily demonstrated, that the collector of surreptitious sugar from promiscuous barrels must needs appeal to the general public through the medium of his feet. So to the upturned soles (soiled as most soles are apt to be in this muddy world) he of the tobacco addressed himself.

He desired them to “Get out of that!” and as Alexander Dumas would write—

They did.

But flesh is frail, especially where the sweets of life are concerned, and those who sip them from a clamshell enjoy them as much as you or I. Yes, my dear

Madam, we love and we hate, we enjoy and despise not more powerfully in our tinselled world than in that daller one of whose politer circles the urchins were distinguished members.

Scarcely had they scuttled round the corner than they scuttled back again. The Alexander-like clerk who had offended them was no more. He had disappeared in the labyrinthine mazes of his warehouse. Seduced by what they had tasted; seduced by what they might yet enjoy, these helpless youngsters plunged once more into dissipation and the barrel.

I had not time to moralize on the spectacle, ere I beheld my placid friend once more at the door, not harmlessly as before with mere tobacco as a weapon, but with a long and very unpleasant looking stick in his hand. He bore it lightly—as a man with his lofty magnanimity always does when he is going to punish, and not to be punished—he bore it lightly, so lightly that the unsuspecting innocents gathered round the blissful bungalow were in fatal ignorance of his approach. Their feet (I can scarcely resist being philanthropical when I speak of them, they are so suggestive of corn,) protruded in a manner that would have been irresistible to a Mandarin, and was irresistible to my buttoned-up friend.

“You won’t get out of this?”

One, two, three, and a running accompaniment of yells. One, two, three, in proper bastinado fashion. One, two, three, and a limping, howling, unsatisfactory retreat.

My friend watched them turn the corner. Then examined his instrument of punishment affectionately, as a crusader might gaze on the bright blade that had let out a few thousand Paynim souls. He flung it in the road, turned down his wristbands, took another plug, and sauntered into the warehouse as gravely, as solemnly, as imposingly as though he had been following a dear friend to the grave.

I turned away, not gladly, from the spot, for simple though this incident, it was excellent and instructive. A drunken man, with a hideous leer on his face, and long, lank hands that seemed to clutch at everything, like the claws of a cat when she is in danger of falling, staggered past me. Ah! my bibulous friend, thought I, could you but mark a moral, I would tell you that the barrel you espouse is the wrong one, and that surely as the owner sees you, will the bastinado come, and the bitter, bitter punishment. But what, in the name of common sense, is the use of moralizing with a man whose only intelligible sentence is conveyed in a roar, and expresses that “Jordan am a hard road to travel,” proving it incidentally by rolling into the gutter. He will find it difficult to “Get out of that,” without being helped by an *attache* of the law.

And now that I am conversing with sober ruins, and sunning one in the light of merry eyes, that will pardon a word of admonition, let me whisper a word or two about the general difficulty of getting out of that. It is a matter of perfect indifference to me what the quality, state, or condition of “that” may be. But as every one has a skeleton on his hearth, as every one has a clever piece of darning somewhere that he don’t wish the world to see, depend on it, my friends, that is it, and to get out of it should become an object of the dearest solicitude. Particularly with regard to skeletons, which I take it are like debts—the sooner you get out of them the better. In other respects we will adduce an

instance or two. Suppose, for the sake of argument my charming and accomplished friend, Mrs. Morue, has a delightful habit of saying pretty little things to you just because they are sweet, and when your back is turned, of saying wicked things about you, just because they are bitter—don't you think my charming and accomplished friend would add to her thousand virtues if she would get out of that? Or we will take Mrs. Upton, who is certainly blessed with the fondest and dearest dry goods clerk that ever took the measure of a yard of silk: don't you think it possible that she might contrive to make a decent appearance with seventeen new dresses a year instead of twenty-three—to say nothing of the nine fashionable bonnets which Mrs. Upton looks on as indispensable to her existence? Don't you think that she might reduce the trifling items alluded to? Extravagance is so much a habit, that you will agree with me, the sooner Mrs. Upton gets out of it the better.

At all events you will coincide with the universal application of my moral. Whenever you are doing anything wrong, whenever you are indulging in luxuries that you should not touch, whenever you are enervating yourself with pleasures that may perchance be sweet and stolen, whenever you find yourself getting into these or more questionable moral tubs, be admonished by the clerly voice that exclaimed "Get out of that!"

The Rumseller a Criminal.

It is said to be harsh to accuse the rumseller of being accessory to the crime of murder, but if it is true, it is well to speak plainly upon the subject, without any attempt to cover up the sin. We believe the rumseller is accessory to, and therefore chargeable with, every crime which grows out of the sale and use of strong drink. If this is true, there is no crime known in the land that is not chargeable to him. Let us look at the case. The rumseller of 1854 knows that he sells impure liquor—liquor that is drugged with poisons. He knows that alcohol, without the drugs, is poison. He knows that the use of liquor induces the commission of crime. The records of the gallows, the jail, the prison, the house of correction are familiar to him. He is no stranger to the fact that three quarters, if not seven-eighths, of all the crime committed in the land may be traced to strong drink. Now, with these facts, which have been iterated and reiterated in his hearing, and which stare him in the face continually, he mixes his poisons and deals them but to his neighbors. It matters not to him if some of his customers are in the last stages of intemperance; they may stagger up to the counter with the marks of death on their brow, he will still deal out the poison. Wives and children may visit his shop and tell him of want and destitution, of blows and kicks, of delirium tremens and its attendant horrors, but he will still deal out the poison. The selectmen, the clergy, an indignant populace, may point him to the pauper-house, the tax book, the churchyard, to weeds of mourning, and say to him, "all this proceeds from your rum shop," but he will laugh at them and pour out the poison.

Now, we beg to know if such a man is not, at least, accessory to the crimes which his customers commit? Let a man set up a shop and sell any other kind of poison, we care not what it is, and let similar results follow the business, and he could not live in any commu-

nity a month. If an actual murder is committed, the man who furnished the knife to the murderer is judged by the law to be guilty, and must be hung. Is it said that the rumseller does not know when he sells liquor to a man that he will commit crime? This may be true in individual cases, but he knows that he cannot sell rum without producing crime, pauperism and death; and if he continues in the business any length of time, the individual cases will stand up before him. There is one result of his business which is ever before him. He sees his customers committing suicide every day, and as one after another drop into the grave, he says, "it is none of my business—I am not accountable." The rumseller furnished the instrument with which they destroyed their lives, and yet he is not responsible!

If rumselling is not a crime, then there is no crime under the sun. In magnitude and extent, it is second to no other, and when viewed from any other stand-point than that of interest, piracy and highway robbery are as nothing compared with it. Shall this gigantic crime be outlawed?—*Mass. Life Boat.*

Contentment.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

Blest is the man of small desires,
With whatsoever hath content;
Who to no greater thing aspirés
Than Heaven hath lent.

Thrice happy he whose life is not
By fierce ambition's fire consumed;
Nearth Heaven's smile to cheer his lot,
Sweet flowers have bloomed.

I saw a man who, on Time's ecore
Had not yet reckoned thirty years;
And yet full thrice had lived them o'er,
In borrowed years.

His frame was bony, gaunt and bent;
His limbs were weak—his eyes were dim
Earth's glorious seasons came and went,
But not for him.

Yet Heaven had blest him well at first,
With mind, and peace, and ample store;
But still his heart in secret nursed
A wish for more.

He could not rest on middle step,
While others held a higher seat;
So envy to his heart's cure crept,
To gnaw and eat.

Though fortune smiled along his way,
And home was eloquent with bliss;
He never knelt aside to say,
"Thank God for this!"

I saw a man of eighty years,
Upon whose brow was lightly graved
The record of the cares and fears
Which he had braved.

His step was buoyant, and his eye
Was hopeful as the eye of Youth;
His cheerful smile seemed to defy
Care's ruthless tooth.

"Father," I cried, "though 'till of years,
"Thy brow is smooth, thy smile is glad;
"A pilgrim through a vale of tears,
"Yet never sad;

"Pray, tell me how thou hast passed 'through
"So scatheless—earth's continual strife?
"At what sweet spring didst thou renew
"Thy waning life?"

"The tale's short," said he—"I think not
"Life's sorrows were mine, I mixed with gall:
"But I, contented with my lot,
"THANKED GOD FOR ALL!"

Who is the Gentleman?

We observe that some of our contemporaries are discussing the origin of the word *gentleman*. It seems to us far wiser to consider its true meaning. In a bustling age like this, men have no time for antediluvian inquiries, but require practical information. What, then, is a gentleman?

We can better describe what he is by telling what he is not. He is not the man of mere fortune, birth, or even education. Something more is required to make a gentleman than wealth, family, or a college diploma; in fact, none of these things touch the essentials of the real gentleman. A millionaire may be rude to strangers, brutal to his family, indifferent to suffering, careless of the state. A man with "the blood of all the Howards" may, nevertheless, be a fool, a coxcomb, or a tyrant. To construe Greek is not necessarily to be gracious, humane, or polite. Every man knows that some of the greatest bores in manners are to be found among professors, among "the upper ten," among merchants who roll in riches. In fact, an exclusiveness of any kind, whether literary, social or financial, is apt to lessen sympathy with mankind at large, the chances are that fewer real gentlemen will be found in the classes we have designated than elsewhere.

Nor does being a gentleman consist in wearing a fine dress. It is the heart that makes the gentleman, not a tailor, hatter nor boot-maker. Keeping an equipage, or driving a fast horse, do not make a gentleman either; for if this wastes case coachmakers and jockeys would be the quintessence of gentility. A moustache cannot make a gentleman, though it may make a fop. Neither does the knowing how to bow, to dance, or to compliment the ladies, constitute a gentleman. As little is a gentleman made by the ability to tell when a certain wine should be drunk at dinner; whether the napkin should be folded up at the end of the meal, or thrown under the table; how to eat an egg; or when to call for this dish or that. We know there are hundreds who think that nobody can be a gentleman who is not familiar with these things. In popular phrase, indeed, to be a gentleman, and to understand etiquette, are synonymous. But our idea of a gentleman is of a loftier kind. He only, in fact, is a gentleman, who is sincere in his politeness, and everybody else is but a pretender, if not a designing cheat.

The conventional code of politeness, indeed, is at best but the imitation of true good breeding. It teaches, for example, that we should never censure a neighbor. But why? Because we may hurt his feelings. The true gentleman, however, always respects the feelings of other, and only violates this rule when superior considerations compel him, as for instance, when he has to expose a knave. And here arises a striking difference between conventional politeness and real gentility. The former is affable to all men alike, who it is "the thing" to know at all. The latter turns us back, without scruple, on the scoundrel in fine clothes. Ordinary politeness does not recognize the laborer in his working dress, nor the man of business who has been unfortunate. But the true gentleman never "sees" the humblest acquaintance, who is worthy, whether they meet each other in an alley or in a crowded street. The real gentleman looks to the

heart, not the accessories. The truly fine gentleman is governed altogether by appearances. The one does homage to the man, the other to the tailor that has made him up.

The real gentleman, in a word, is governed by the maxim, "do unto others as you would be done unto." If he sees a feeble old man, in peril of being knocked down at a crossing, he remembers that some day he may be aged also, and hastens to assist the totterer. If a poor woman with a child in her arms, stops an omnibus, he does not gruffly say, "no room" but reflecting that he is better able to walk than the weary mother, rises and offers his seat. If he is a shop-keeper, he does not give his smiles to ladies who come in carriages, and reserve his frowns for others, who have, unfortunately, shorter purses.

It is always the weak and friendless whom the real gentleman first assists. He is never supercilious to anybody, but if it could be so, it would be a shallow pretence. He breathes "good will to all men" He conscientiously labors never to inflict needless pain by thoughtless words. He avoids exaggerating a neighbor's faults, and refuses to abuse men behind their backs. He respects himself, and consequently respects others. If all men were real gentlemen, what a grand world this would be!—*Phila, Ledger.*

The Doings of Strong Drink.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I saw a little girl,
With half uncovered form;
And wondered why she wandered thus
Amid the winter storm:
They said, her mother drank of that
Which took her sense away;
And so she let her children go
Hungry and cold all day.

I saw them lead a man
To prison for his crime,
Where solitude, and punishment,
And toil divide the time:
And as they forced him through the gate
Unwillingly along,
They told me 'twas intemperance
That made him do the wrong.

I saw a woman weep,
As if her heart would break,
They said, her husband drank too much
Of what he should not take:
I saw an unfrequented mound,
Where weeds and branches wave;—
They said, no tear had fallen there—
It was the drunkard's grave!

They said, these were not all
The risks the intemperate run;
For there was danger lest the soul
Be forever undone!
Since wax then is pure and sweet,
And beautiful to see,
And since it cannot do us harm,
It is the drink for me.

A HINT TO THE MARRIED.—"I have heard," says Mr. Henry, "of a married couple, who, though they were both of a hasty temper, yet lived comfortably together by simply observing a rule on which they had mutually agreed, 'Never to be both angry together.'"

BROKERS' CIRCULAR.

MONTREAL, Oct. 14, 1854.

FLOUR.—The receipts during the past week have been large, but owing to a considerable portion of them having been stored for higher rates, and the demand continuing good, prices have advanced to 36s. 9d. to 37s. for good brands, at which rates, however, the demand is not large. Sales of Extra have been made at 36s.—now held for 37s. 6d. For delivery, sales for all this month, at 35s., for May at 30s., for December at rates that have not transpired. There are sellers for November delivery at 33s. 9d.

WHEAT.—No shipping parcels in market. Small lots of inferior are sold at 7s. 6d. per 60lb.

INDIAN CORN.—In improved demand. Holders asking 4s. 6d. Buyers at 4s. 3d. per 56lb.

PROVISIONS.—Without change in price, but demand smaller.

ASHES.—Pots in good demand at 35s. 9d to 36s. Pearls are dull.

FRIGHTS.—Nothing doing.

Postage Free Throughout British America.

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 15, 1854.

Canadian Maine Law.

When the Hon. Mr. Cameron introduced his prohibitory Bill last session, we only gave a synopsis of it, but as the matter must now be near fully discussed and as there are a greater number who take an interest in the measure we publish the Bill entire which has been introduced by Mr. Felton. It is the same as Mr. Cameron's, with the old error in the numbering of the paragraphs, which we have again corrected. Canadians, send on your petitions in favour of this measure and write to the member of Parliament who is your representative and urge him to support it. Read and approve.

An Act to prevent the traffic in Alcoholic and Intoxicating Liquors.

WHEREAS the common traffic in intoxicating Liquors and their use as a beverage is a fruitful cause of crime, poverty, disease and demoralization; And whereas it is the first duty of Government to protect the people against these evils: Be it therefore enacted &c., that from and after the time limited for the commencement of this Act, it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to manufacture, barter or sell, directly or indirectly, to any other person any alcoholic or intoxicating Liquor or any mixed Liquor, a part of which is alcoholic or intoxicating (and every such mixed liquor shall be included in the expression "alcoholic or intoxicating liquor" when used in this Act), except for medicinal, chemical or mechanical purposes as hereinafter provided.

II. Any person not being a licensed manufacturer or an agent duly appointed under the provisions of this Act, who shall, by himself, his clerk, servant or agent, manufacture, expose or keep for sale or barter, or shall sell, dispose or exchange for any other matter or thing, to any other person any alcoholic or intoxicating Liquor, except according to the provisions of this Act, shall be liable to a fine of £ on the first conviction, £ on the second, and on the third and every subsequent conviction to such last mentioned fine and imprisonment for a period not more than six calendar months, such fine to be paid over to the Cham-

berlain, Treasurer, Clerk, or Secretary-Treasurer, of the Municipality in which the offence shall be proved to have been committed, for the use of the Municipality, and to be applied to such public purposes as the Council thereof may direct; and in default of payment of any fine imposed under this Act, with the costs of prosecution, at the time of conviction, the offender shall be imprisoned until the same be paid: Provided that nothing contained in this Act shall be construed to prevent any Chemist, Artist or Manufacturer, in whose art or trade they may be necessary, from keeping at his place of business such reasonable and proper quantity of distilled liquors as he may have occasion to use in his art or trade, but not for sale or barter.

III. If any clerk, servant or agent, or other person in the employment or on the premises of another, shall sell or manufacture, or assist in selling or manufacturing, any alcoholic or intoxicating Liquor, (except under the provisions of this Act) for the person in whose service or on whose premises he may be, he shall be held equally guilty with the principal, and shall suffer the like penalty.

IV. Any Justice of the Peace, any Reeve or Mayor of a Township, Village or other Municipality, any Police Magistrate, or recorder of any City or Town, any Judge of a Circuit or Division Court or Commissioner for the Summary Trial of Small Causes, shall and may hear and determine any case arising within his or their jurisdiction under this Act; and every person who shall make complaint against any other person for contravening this Act or any part or portion thereof, before such Justice, Reeve, Mayor, Police Magistrate, Recorder, Judge or Commissioner may be admitted as a witness, and if the Justice, Reeve, Mayor, Police Magistrate, Recorder, Judge, or Commissioner before whom the examination or trial is had shall so order, the defendant shall not recover costs, though the prosecution fail.

V. No Appeal, Certiorari, or Orders for removal shall be allowed to any person complained of or convicted under the preceding Sections, or against whom any order shall be made or judgment rendered for an offence against any of the provisions of this Act, unless he shall enter into a recognizance or bond to the Municipality in which the offence is alleged to have been committed, in the sum of £25, jointly and severally with two good and sufficient sureties, to prosecute his appeal, certiorari or order for removal, and pay all costs, fines and penalties that may be awarded against him upon the final determination of the case; and no recognizance or bond shall be taken except by the Justices, Reeve, or Police Magistrate, Recorder, Judge or Commissioner before whom the complaint was made or the offender tried, and if the appeal shall not be successful, the recognizance or bond shall be forfeited, and the amount thereof shall become a debt due to the Municipality within which the offence was committed, recoverable by action by and in the name of the Municipality, and it shall be the duty of the Secretary-Treasurer, Clerk, or Treasurer or Chamberlain of such Municipality to prosecute the same and the money shall be applied in the same manner as the fines here in before mentioned: And if the recognizance or bond mentioned in this Section shall not be given before or within forty-eight hours after conviction, order made or Judgment

rendered, the appeal, certiorari or removal shall not be allowed.

VI. If any three persons being voters or entitled to vote at the Municipal election of the Municipality within which the complaint is made shall make oath or affirmation before any Justice, Reeve, Mayor, or Police Magistrate, Recorder or Judge of a Circuit Court or Division Court or Commissioner for the summary trial of Small Causes, that they have reason to believe and do believe that alcoholic or intoxicating Liquor intended for sale or barter are kept or deposited in any steamboat or other vessel, or in any carriage, or vehicle, or in any store, shop, warehouse, or other building or place in such Municipality, or on any river, lake or water adjoining the same, by any person not authorised to sell the same under the provisions of this Act, the said Justice, Mayor, Reeve, Police Magistrate, Recorder, Judge or Commissioner shall issue his Warrant of Search to any Sheriff, Police officer, Bailiff or Constable, who shall forthwith proceed to search the premises or place described in said warrant, and if any alcoholic or intoxicating Liquor be found therein, he shall seize the same and convey them to some proper place of security, and there keep them until final action is had thereon; but no dwelling house in which or in part of which a shop or bar is not kept, shall be searched, unless one at least of the said complainants shall testify on oath to some act of sale of alcoholic or intoxicating Liquor therein or therefrom, within one calendar month of the time of making the said complaint; and the owner or keeper of the Liquor seized as aforesaid, if he shall be known to the Officer seizing the same, shall be summoned forthwith before the Justice or person by whose Warrant the Liquor was seized, and if he fail to appear, and it is shown to the satisfaction of the said Justice or person who issued the Warrant that the said Liquor was kept or intended for sale or barter, it shall be declared forfeited, and shall be destroyed by authority of the written order to that effect of said Justice, Reeve, Mayor, Police Magistrate, Recorder, Judge or Commissioner, and in his presence, or in the presence of some person appointed by him to witness the destruction thereof and who shall join with the Officer by whom the said Liquor shall have been destroyed, in attesting that fact upon the back of the order by authority of which it was done; and the owner or keeper of such Liquor shall pay a fine of ten pounds and costs, or be committed to prison for three calendar months in default thereof.

VII. If the owner, keeper or possessor of Liquor seized under the provisions of this Act shall be unknown to the Officer seizing the same, it shall not be condemned and destroyed until the fact of such seizure shall have been advertised, with the number and description of the packages as near as may be, for two weeks, by posting up a written or printed notice and description thereof in at least three public places, and if it shall be proved within such two weeks to the satisfaction of the Justice, Reeve, Mayor, Police Magistrate, Recorder, Judge or Commissioner by whose authority said Liquor was seized, that it is actually the property of any person authorized to sell the same under the provisions of this Act, it shall not be destroyed, but shall be delivered to the owner, who shall give his receipt therefor upon the Warrant, which shall be returned to the said Justice or person who issued the same.

VIII. It shall be the duty of every Justice of the Peace, Mayor, Alderman, Councillor, Reeve, Deputy Reeve, Constable, or Policeman who shall have reason to believe, or who shall receive notice that any intoxicating Liquor is illegally kept or sold in any tent, shanty, booth, hut, or place of any kind for selling refreshment, in any public place on or near the ground of any cattle show, fair or exhibition, or public meeting, or occasion of any kind, to search such suspected place, and if such Officer shall find upon the premises any intoxicating Liquor, he shall seize the same and arrest the keepers or keeper of such place, and (except he be merely a Constable or Policeman) the Officer making such seizure may then and there order the Liquor to be destroyed, and it shall be destroyed accordingly; and if such seizure is made by a Constable or Policeman, or if the Officer making the same shall have any doubt as to the fact of the Liquor being alcoholic or intoxicating, and being illegally kept for sale or barter, the Liquor and keeper or keepers thereof shall be taken forthwith, or as soon as may be, before some Justice, Reeve, Mayor, Police Magistrate, Recorder or Judge of a Division or Circuit Court, or Commissioner for the summary trial of Small Causes, other than the Officer making the seizure, and upon proof that the said Liquor is alcoholic or intoxicating, and that it was found in possession of the accused in a tent, shanty, or other place as aforesaid, he shall be fined five pounds, or sentenced to imprisonment for thirty days, and the Liquor so seized shall be destroyed by order of any Justice, Reeve, Mayor, Police Magistrate, Recorder, Judge, or any such Commissioner as aforesaid.

IX. Any payment or compensation for Liquor sold or bartered in violation of this Act, whether in money or securities for money, labor or property of any kind shall be held and considered to have been received without consideration, and against law, equity, and good conscience, and the amount or value thereof may be recovered from the receiver by the party making, paying or furnishing the same, and all sales, transfers, conveyances, liens, and securities of every kind, which, either in whole or in part shall have been given for or on account of alcoholic or intoxicating Liquors, shall be utterly null and void against all persons and in all cases, and no right of any kind shall be acquired thereby, and no action of any kind shall be maintained either in whole or in part for or on account of alcoholic or intoxicating Liquors sold or bartered in contravention of this Act.

X. And whereas it is expedient under proper restrictions to allow the manufacture of alcoholic Liquors for medical, chemical, and mechanical purposes, but for no other,—Be it therefore enacted as follows:—The Municipal Council of any County, City, or Town may grant a license to any person to manufacture alcoholic or intoxicating Liquors therein, for medical, chemical, and mechanical purposes only, which license shall be in force for the term of twelve calendar months only from the date thereof, and may be annulled at any intermediate time on proof to the satisfaction of the Council that such person has violated the conditions of such bond or any of the provisions of this Act, and every such person, before obtaining such license shall execute and deliver to such Council a bond, executed by him jointly and severally, with two good and sufficient sureties, in the penal sum of £250, in substance as follows:—

"Know all men by these presents, that we A. B. (*the principal*) and C. D. and E. F. (*the sureties*) are jointly and severally held and firmly bound unto her Majesty in the penal sum of £250, currency, for payment whereof we bind ourselves and each of us binds himself, our and each and every of our heirs, executors and administrators firmly by these presents, sealed with our seals, dated this day of one thousand eight hundred and fifty Whereas the above bounden A. B. has been duly licensed to manufacture alcoholic and intoxicating Liquors within the County (or City or Town) of for medicinal, chemical and mechanical purposes, and none other, for a period of 12 calendar months from the day of . Now the condition of said bond is such that if the said A. B. shall not during the said period of twelve months, sell, barter or in any way dispose of any alcoholic or intoxicating Liquor to any person or persons except the Agent of a Municipality appointed under the authority of Section of the Act passed in year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, intituled, 'An Act, &c. (*the title of this 'Act'*) or a person having the written permission of such Agent, to purchase a specified quantity of alcoholic or intoxicating Liquor for some chemical, medicinal or mechanical purpose, and shall not contravene any of the provisions of the said Act but shall in all respects conform thereto, then this obligation shall be void, otherwise it shall remain in full force."

XI. Any person who shall obtain a license and deliver a bond as mentioned in the preceding Section may, during the continuance of such license manufacture alcoholic or intoxicating Liquors at the place specified in such license only, for chemical, medicinal and mechanical purposes but for no other purpose, and may sell such Liquors to any lawfully appointed Agent of a Municipality, or to any person having the written permission of such Agent to purchase a specified quantity of alcoholic or intoxicating Liquor for a specified chemical, medicinal or mechanical purpose, and the manufacturer shall, before delivering any Liquor to any person exhibiting a written permission purporting to be signed by the Agent of a Municipality, satisfy himself that such signature is genuine and that the purchase is *bona fide*, and he shall keep the writing so produced to him.

XII. The Municipal Council of any City, Town, Township or incorporated Village may appoint some suitable person as the agent of the said County, City, Town, Township or Village, or the Municipal Council of any County in Lower Canada only, to sell, at some central and convenient place within the Municipality, spirits, wines and other alcoholic and intoxicating Liquors for the purpose of being used medicinally, or in some chemical or mechanical process or manufacture and no other, and such Agent shall receive such compensation for his service as the Council appointing him may allow, and shall in the sale of such Liquors conform to such rules and regulations as the Council shall prescribe for his guidance, and such Agent shall hold his appointment for one year, unless sooner removed by the Council which appointed him.

XIII. Such Agent before he enters upon his duties shall receive a Certificate from the Council appointing him, under the Seal of such Council, (if the Council have a Corporate Seal) authorizing him as the Agent of the Municipality to

sell alcoholic and intoxicating Liquors for medicinal, chemical and mechanical purposes only, but such Certificate shall not be delivered until the Agent shall have executed and delivered to the Council a bond with two good and sufficient sureties in the sum of £200 conditioned as follows:—

"Know all men by these presents that A. B. (*the principal*) and C. D. and E. F. (*the sureties*), are jointly and severally held and firmly bound unto Her Majesty in the penal sum of £200 of lawful money, for payment whereof we bind ourselves, and each of us binds himself our and each and every of our heirs, executors and administrators firmly by these presents, sealed with our seals, dated this day of , A.D. one thousand eight hundred and fifty : Whereas the above bounden A. B. has been duly appointed Agent for the Municipality of , to sell within and for on and account of such Municipality, alcoholic and intoxicating Liquors for medicinal, chemical and mechanical purposes, and no other, until day of , A. D. one thousand eight hundred and fifty : unless sooner removed from such Agency. Now, the condition of this bond is such, that if said A. B. shall in all respects conform to the provisions of an Act passed in the year of the Reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and intituled, 'An Act, &c.,' (*title of this Act*), and to such rules and regulations as now are or shall be from time to time established by the Council of the Municipality of , then this obligation shall be void, otherwise it shall remain in full force."

XIV. No action shall be maintained by any person to recover the value or possession of any intoxicating Liquor sold, taken, detained, injured or destroyed, unless the plaintiff shall prove that such liquor was sold according to the provisions of this Act, or was kept and owned by him for lawful purposes.

XV. Every person who shall sell or deliver to any other person any alcoholic or intoxicating Liquor, contrary to any provision of this Act, shall be liable for all damages which may happen or result to any other person from any act, negligence, carelessness, inadvertence or default committed, suffered or done by the person to whom such Liquor was sold or given, or by any person who drank the same, or any part thereof, if such person was in a state of intoxication, produced by the Liquor so sold, or delivered at the time he committed the said act, or was guilty of such negligence, carelessness, inadvertence, or default.

XVI. Any person may maintain an action in any Court in this Province against any other person who shall sell or deliver any Liquor, contrary to any provision of this Act, to the husband, wife, parent, child, guardian, ward, apprentice or servant of the plaintiff, and it shall not be necessary in any such action, to aver, or prove any special damage resulting to the plaintiff by such sale, or delivery, but the Court or Jury, before which such action is tried shall, on proof of such sale, or delivery, as aforesaid, assess the damages of the plaintiff therein at not less than one shilling, and if any special damage be shown, for such higher sum as may be just, and judgment shall be given accordingly: any married woman may prosecute and maintain such action in her own name, with or without the consent of her husband, and upon the trial of any action under this Section, the defendant, plaintiff, wife or husband of the plaintiff, may

be examined as a witness, any law or rule of Court to the contrary notwithstanding. And the plaintiff in any such action shall be entitled to full costs upon obtaining a verdict or judgment for any sum whatever.

XVII. Upon the trial of any complaint or civil action under any provision of this Act, proof of the manufacture, sale, barter or keeping of alcoholic or intoxicating Liquor by the defendant, shall be sufficient to sustain an allegation that the same was unlawful, and unless he proves the contrary, judgment shall be rendered against him. It shall be the duty of every Constable, Policeman, or Watchman, whenever he shall see any person grossly intoxicated in any public street or place, to apprehend such person and to keep him in some safe and convenient place, until he shall become sober, and thereupon, forthwith to take him before a Justice of the peace, Reeve, Police Magistrate, Commissioner for Small Causes in Lower Canada, or Judge of a Circuit or Division Court, and it shall be the duty of such Justice, or other functionary, to administer to such person an oath or affirmation, and to examine him for the purpose of ascertaining whether any offence has been committed against any provision of this Act, and if such person shall refuse to be sworn or to affirm or to answer any question pertinent to such examination, he shall be committed to the common gaol, there to remain until he shall consent to be so sworn or to affirm or answer; and if, upon such examination, it shall appear that an offence has been committed against any provision of this Act, it shall be the duty of such Justice or other functionary to issue his Warrant for the arrest of the offender and search his premises, and to convict him if found guilty.

XVIII. It shall be lawful for any Justice of the Peace, Reeve, Police Magistrate, Recorder, Commissioner or Judge, authorized to hear and determine offences against this Act, to summon any person who may be represented to him as a material witness in relation to any offence against this Act, and if such person shall refuse or neglect to attend, pursuant to such summons, the Justice or other persons authorized to try the offence, may issue his Warrant for the arrest of the person so summoned, and such person shall be brought before the Justice or person issuing the Warrant, and if he shall refuse to be sworn or to affirm or to answer any question touching the matter under investigation, he may be committed to the common gaol, there to remain until he shall consent to be sworn or to affirm and answer, and all the provisions of any Act or Acts for the protection of Justices of the Peace when acting, or to facilitate proceedings by or before them, in matters relating to summary conviction and orders, shall, in so far as they may not be inconsistent with this act, apply to every functionary mentioned in this Section or empowered to try offenders against this Act, and such functionary shall be deemed a Justice of the Peace within the meaning of any such Act, whether he be or be not a Justice of the Peace for other purposes.

XIX. Every Justice of the Peace, or other functionary who shall neglect or refuse to perform any duty required of him by any Section of this Act, shall, upon conviction thereof, in any Court of competent jurisdiction, be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished by fine not exceeding *One Hundred Pounds*, and such conviction shall work a forfeiture of Office in all cases.

XX. Every person who shall wilfully and corruptly swear, or affirm falsely, to any material matter, upon any oath or affirmation, taken or administered under any provision of this Act, shall, upon conviction thereof, be adjudged guilty of perjury, and shall be punished by imprisonment not exceeding three years.

XXI. The following fees and no other shall be allowed for services rendered under the provisions of this Act; and whenever judgment shall be rendered for costs, there shall be included therein fees for such prospective services as shall be necessary to enforce such judgments.

To any Justice of the Peace, Reeve or other Officer, performing the following services:—

	£	s.	d.
For administering every oath.....	0	0	6
For every Warrant of any kind.....	0	1	3
For every Subpœna or Summons for a witness....	0	1	6
For taking security by Recognizance, Bond or undertaking of any kind.....	0	1	6
For the trial of any complaint or claim.....	0	2	6
For a Certificate of conviction.....	0	1	6

To any Bailiff, Constable, Policeman or other Officer performing the following services:—

	£	s.	d.
For executing any Warrant of Arrest or Attachment, or making an arrest without Process, for each person arrested.....	0	2	6
For Serving a Subpœna, Summons or Order of any kind.....	0	1	3
For conveying any person to gaol.....	0	2	6
For executing any Warrant of Search.....	0	5	0
For conveying Liquor seized to place of storage, besides expenses.....	0	2	6
For executing Warrant or Order for the destruction of Liquor, besides expenses.....	0	5	0
For every mile more than one necessarily travelled in performing any services under this Act.....	0	0	6

Upon judgment of affirmance of any appeal, and for any other proceeding under this Act not specified in this section which shall be had before a Justice, Reeve or other functionary, the costs shall be the same as are now by law allowed for proceedings of a like nature, and in actions and proceedings in any higher Court, the costs shall be the same as are usually allowed in such Court.

XXII. No action or other proceeding, Warrant, Judgment, Order or other Instrument or Writing, authorized by or which may be necessary to carry out the provisions of this Act, shall be held void, or be allowed to fail for defect of form; but all Justices, Municipal Councils, Judges and Courts and all Public Functionaries or Officers who may be required to perform any duty under this Act, shall regard the same as a remedial Statute, and shall so construe its provisions as to advance their remedy and suppress the mischief mentioned in the preamble.

XXIII. So much of each and every Act and provision of law now in force in any part of this Province, as shall be inconsistent with any provisions of this Act, shall be void and is hereby repealed.

XXIV. This Act shall commence and take effect on the 1st day of January, 1855, and not before.

Let us hope this Bill will speedily become an Act, and then be faithfully executed.

Our Next Volume.

In the next number we will enclose a prospectus, and a sheet for the names of subscribers, in each copy of the *Advocate*, and hope that the friends everywhere will be active in getting up our list to the 10,000.

Canada East Grand Division.

While this number is being issued, the members of the above body are in annual session. We shall in our next take some notice of the business done.

The Daughters of Temperance.

We are indebted to Bro. Wm. Easton, Deputy of the National Union Daughters of Temperance, for the following Resolutions, which were unanimously passed at the meeting of the Eastern Star Union, No. 1, D. of T. of this city, who hold their weekly meetings on Monday evenings at the Temperance Hall, Wolfe Street, Quebec Suburbs. Their number is now extended to sixty-two, and in their hands are the welfare and happiness of many. May God bless them in their arduous and Christian duty.

Resolved.—That the members of this Union respectfully and devoutly acknowledge the many mercies bestowed upon them by the Giver of all good since their organization.

Resolved.—That the members of this Union express their heartfelt and humble thanks to Almighty God for His ever merciful kindness in averting from their habitations the epidemic and death which has scourged their fair city during the past summer, and for preserving the lives of those of its members whom it has pleased Him to visit with that direful malady, and for permitting them to assemble once more to prosecute the good work in which they are engaged, and which they promise to renew with zeal and forwardness, always holding in their view the principles of their noble order,—Virtue, Love and Temperance.

LIQUOR ADULTERATION.—The venders and guzzlers of alcoholic drinks brand as a lie the assertion that liquors at the present day are vitely adulterated with poisonous drugs, and that most of what is called “genuine imported” is made up of these drugs infused into common whiskey and flavored to suit the morbid taste of the drinker. Were no other evidence offered in proof of the assertion it would be sufficient to point to the long array of horrid diseases, crowned with that most terrific one, *delirium tremens*, resulting according to medical authority from indulgence in the use of these liquors. But other testimony is not lacking. Some dealers whose consciences were not entirely seared by the influence of the traffic have been awakened to a sense of duty, and remorsefully acknowledged that they had systematically aided to poison their fellow-men in this way before the light of truth entered their minds and convinced them of their wrong doing. Besides, it is no uncommon thing to observe advertisements in several of the New York papers, showing that it is no longer thought expedient to conceal the fact, or else, cupidity exceeding discretion, a consequent willingness is manifested to allow a participation in the profits to as many as choose to pay the price. Those who fancy that the liquors they buy and drink are “pure” may judge what security their is against imposition when such facilities are afforded for deception.—*N. Y. Reformer*.

The Tomb of Milton.

Two minutes scarcely elapsed after I rang the sexton's bell at St. Giles' church, Cripplegate before that personage ushered me urbanely into the aisle. The roof of the building is modern, but the dark carvings on pulpit and choir indicate an age of two centuries. I stood at the altar where Cromwell and Ben Johnson were married; marked the pavement beneath which Fox, the author of “The Book of Martyrs,” is buried; and read the inscription on the Lucy vault—a family satirized in the character of Shallow, and which incarnates for everlasting ridicule the sapient justice who would have proved Shakspeare a deer-stealer. I examined the quaint old tomb of the historian Speeds; and, from a window, looked upon a fragment of the Roman wall—the greatest antiquity of London, hard by the venerable Cripplegate.

Over against a pew, a familiar bust marks the spot beneath which are the mortal remains of Milton; and his epitaph is grand in its simplicity—“The author of *Paradise Lost*.” He and his father before him were attendants of this church. How sublime to the imagination is this otherwise not remarkable temple where that beautiful head was bowed in prayer! I recalled his image as it lay in youthful beauty, one summer afternoon, on the greensward, under the classic trees of the college-lawn, when a fair lady hung entranced above the sleeper, and left a scroll in his nerveless hand. I saw him in his prime conversing with Galileo, and looking forth, with all a poet's rapture, upon Val d'Arno from the wooded summit of Fiesole. I beheld him when time had silvered his flowing hair, with sightless orbs uplifted, as his fingers ran over the organ-keys, and the calm devotion softened the lines of care and grief in that majestic countenance.

The picture he bequeathed of Eden, fragrant and dewy as creation's morning, the forlorn glory of Satan, and the solemn cadence of the verse that embalmed, in perpetual music, the story of “man's first disobedience,” came vividly back upon my heart beside his sepulchre. Stern Cromwell's rugged face grew mild as his marriage response woke again from the silence of years, and blithely sounded the footsteps of rare old Ben, as he walked again, with his beloved, in my vision, up that solitary nave. What a changed aspect bears the world since Roger Williams talked with Milton of the prospects of religious liberty in America, and the latter plead for the freedom of the press; and yet, with all the triumphs of science, the revelations of the bard have lost not a ray of their spiritual beauty; his “high argument” remains in all its original significance; his mighty song wakes the soul to-day as when first its eternal symphony burst forth; his intact career, unwavering faith, and sustained elevation, reproach the sordid and win the brave forever.

BANKRUPT.—Few words have so remarkable a history as the familiar word “bankrupt.” The money changers of Italy had, it is said, benches or stalls in the bourse or exchange in former times, and at these they conducted their ordinary business. When any of them fell back in the world and became insolvent, his bench was broken, and the name of broken bench, or *banco rotto*, was given to him. When the word was adopted into English it was near the Italian than it now is, being “bankrot,” instead of bankrupt.

Editorial Scrap-Book.

ROM AND MURDER.—We learn from the *Belleville Tribune*, that one Mr. Louis Shangree, a Frenchman, formerly a stage driver for George Mink, was murdered on Tuesday, by an intoxicated person, named Z. Knapp. It appears that Shangree had been sick for some time in Kingston, and was travelling to his brother's, at Cobourg by stage, and was, at the time he was assaulted, merely waiting for the stage to change, when this Knapp, who was intoxicated, came up to him and said, "You are the man who struck me on the bridge." Shangree said, "that is impossible, as I have just arrived from below, by the stage, and I don't know who you are." With that the inebriate struck Shangree, knocking him down, and then jumping twice upon his face and head. At this moment Mr F. C. English, Mr. Mink's agent, came up and drove Knapp away. Shangree died, of the injuries received, on Friday morning. An inquest was held under coroner Munto, and a *post mortem* examination at the same time, was made by Drs. Hope, Lister, and Ridley. The body was found in a healthy state; but on the brain was found an extravasation of blood, caused, no doubt, by the injuries, and which, undoubtedly, caused his death. The verdict of the jury was, that he died from the effects of blows inflicted by the above named Knapp. Here is a case for Mr. Justice Richards to sit upon, who voted against the Prohibitory Law, when in the House of Assembly. His Lordship, probably will view it, that this poor drunken murderer, who, perhaps, when sober, is an inoffensive man, is all to blame, and that the liquor dealer, who measured out the poison to him, is in no case accessory from this fact. But were it not for crime, how would the officers of the law subsist.—*Picton Times*.

CAUTION TO BOYS.—The *Horn Journal*, in condemning the tobacco-using propensity so strong of late among boys, mentions the following fact:—A few weeks ago a youth of sixteen arrived in this city to prosecute his studies with a view to professional life. He came from a distant State, and was to remain here for some years. A week or two after his arrival, he was seized with a paralysis in both legs, which advanced upward till nearly the lower half of his body was benumbed and apparently lifeless. The most distinguished physicians in New York attended the case, but no relief being afforded, the unfortunate young man was taken to his home, and there is but little hope of his recovery. The cause of his disease is stated by the physicians to be *tobacco-chewing*—a habit which he early acquired, and persisted in to the time of his attack.

TO A MOTHER.—You have entered upon a ministry of love and faithfulness; an angel might tremble to assume, namely, the education of an immortal being, for time and for eternity. Education, truly and faithfully accomplished, is the full and well proportioned development of all a man's physical, intellectual and moral capacities; such as sends him into the conflict of his earthly probation; a sound mind in a sound body, to fulfil the dictates of a sound heart. There, in that unconscious infant, lie dormant the germs of the intellect and the affections, as the flower and the fruit are enveloped in the tender bud of spring; there they lie, and you are the heaven-appointed agent to call them forth to light and beauty.

Your blessed mission is, thus to aid in the development of all the God given talents of that miniature man.

It has been affirmed that bad temper, strong passions, and even intellectual peculiarities, are communicated to the infant *through the medium of the mother's or nurse's milk*, and that hence it is of great consequence, in choosing a nurse, to select one of a cheerful and amiable character.—But while admitting that the quality of the milk may exert an influence, I am disposed to believe that effect upon the child is caused more especially by the natural action of the nurse's evil passions stirring up, and in a manner, educating the corresponding passions in the child.—*Combe*.

A CLERGYMAN'S FARM.—Rev. H. W. Beecher has a farm in Berkshire county, Mass., put into his possession by some of his friends. While spending a summer recreation upon it, he wrote to the Independent a letter, from which we make the following extract. He writes thus:—There is something in the *owning of a piece of ground* which affects me as did the old ruins of England. I am free to confess that the value of a farm is not chiefly in its crops of cereal grain, its orchards of fruit, and in its herds, but in those larger and more easily reaped harvests of associations, fancies and dreamy broodings, which it begets. From boyhood I have associated classical civic virtues and old heroic integrity with the soil. No one who has peopled his young brain with the fancies of Grecian mythology but comes to feel a certain magical sanctity for the earth. The very smell of fresh-turned earth brings us as many dreams and visions of the country as sandalwood does of oriental scenes. At any rate I feel, in walking under these trees and about these slopes, something of that enchantment of vague and mysterious glimpses of the past which I once felt about the ruins of Kenilworth Castle.—For thousands of years this piece of ground hath wrought its tasks. Old s. umberous forests used to darken it; innumerable deer have tramped across it; foxes have blinked through its bushes, and wolves have howled and growled as they pattered along its rustling leaves with empty maws. How many birds, how many flocks of pigeons, thousands of years ago, how many hawks dashing wildly among them, how many insects nocturnal and diurnal, how many mailed bugs, and limber serpents, gliding among mossy stones, have had possession here before my day! It will not be long before I too shall be as wasted and recordless as they. Doubtless the Indians made this a favorite resort. Their sense of beauty in natural scenery is proverbial. Where else in all this region could they find a more glorious amphitheater? But thick studded forests may have hidden from them this scenic glory and left it to solace another race. I walk over the ground wondering what lore of wild history I should read if all that ever lived upon this round and sloping hill had left an invisible record, unreadable except by such eyes as mine, that seeing, see not, and not seeing, do plainly see. Then, while I stand upon the crowning point of the hill, from which I can see every foot of the hundred acres, and think what is going on, what gigantic powers are silently working, I feel as if all the workmanship that was stored in the Crystal Palace, was not to be compared with the subtil machinery all over this ground. What chemist could find solvents to liquify these rocks?—But soft rains and roots like threads dissolve them and re-compose them into stems and leaves. What

an uproar, as if a hundred stone quarries were being wrought if one should attempt to crush with hammers all the flint and quartz, which the stroke of the d^gw powders noiselessly! All this turf is but camp of soldier roots that fight their battle with the elements with endless victory. There is a greater marvel in this thistle, which defies the farmer's wits taxed for its extermination, than in all the repositories of New York or London. And these mighty trees, how easily do they pump up and sustain supplies of moisture that it would require scores of rattling engines to lift! These rocks, that lie in bulk under the pasture trees, and all this moss that loves to nestle in its crevices, and clasp the invisible projections in its little clinging hands, and all these ferns and sumach, these springs and trickling issues are mine! Let me not be puffed up with sudden wealth.—Let me rule discreetly among my tenants. Let me see what tribes are mine. There are the black and glossy crickets, the gray crickets, the grasshoppers of every shape and hue, the silent, prudent toad, type of conservative wisdom, wise-looking, but slow-hopping; the butterflies by day, and the moths and millers by night; all birds—wrens, sparrows, kingbirds, blue birds, robins, and those unnamed warblers that make the forest sad with their melancholy whistle. Beside these, who can register the sappers and miners that are always at work in the soil—angle-worms, white grubs, and bugs, that carry pick and shovel in the head? or muster all the mice that nest in the barn or nibble in the stubble-field, and all the beetles that sing bases in the wood's edge to the shrill treble of gnats and myriad musketoes? These are all mine.

CIVIL SOCIETY.—If civil society be made for the advantage of man, all the advantages for which it is made become his right. It is an institution of beneficence; and law itself is only beneficence acting by rule. Men have a right to live by that rule; and they have a right to do justice as between their fellows, whether their fellows are in politic function or in ordinary occupation. They have a right to the fruits of their industry, and to the means of making their industry fruitful. They have a right to the acquisitions, of their parents; to the nourishment and improvement of their offspring; to instruction in life, and consolation in death. Whatever each man can separately do, without trespassing upon others, he has a right to do for himself; and he has a right to a fair portion of all which society, with all its combinations of skill and force, can do in his favor. In this partnership all men have equal rights.—*Coleridge.*

A RAT STORY.—The following rat story was related to us by a neighbor, and did it not come from a source which entitles it to the utmost credit, we should feel somewhat dubious about the truth of the matter: but as it is, we believe every word of it:—Our neighbor says: that he was very much harrassed by these animals, and had devised various plans for their destruction. Among the expedients employed was a barrel placed upright, which he had prepared by sawing a hole in the upper head about six inches square. Bait was put in this barrel near the bottom, just above a few inches of water—hoping the rats might be induced to jump in and be drowned. From time to time the delicious morsel was taken away and no rats entrapped. Feeling anxious to know by what means this was accomplished, he placed himself in a favorable position to watch progress. The secret

was soon out. Several rats collected, one larger than the rest taking the lead. This one let himself down into the barrel by clinging to the edge of the opening. Near this was a small auger hole in which he inserted one of his fore paws, while with the other he clung to the edge of the larger hole, there by securing a firm grip. Then another would descend until he would embrace the first one around the hips, and so on till a perfect chain was formed, tails downward, reaching to the bait. Then a rat which had held himself in reserve, ran down the chain and bore away the prize! But the most curious part of the story is yet to come. Our informant says that when the bait was brought out, not a rat ventured to touch it until the chain was unlinked, and all were present to share in its disposal.—*Westfield Transcript.*

LIQUOR DEALERS, ATTENTION.—By enclosing twenty dollars to the box No.—, New York Post Office, you will receive the receipts of one of the oldest dealers and mixers in this city, who is about to retire from the business. These receipts are of great value to any person engaged, or wishing to engage, in the liquer trade. They are for manufacturing all kinds of Liquors, Wines and Cordials. One of the receipts alone, is worth hundreds of dollars. All letters must be post paid, and contain the above amount to secure attention.—*N. Y. Reformer.*

VICTORIA AND THE SABBATH.—The following interesting anecdote of Queen Victoria was originally published in the *Court Journal*. It is probably true, and if so highly honorable to her:—

A noble lord, not particularly remarkable for his observances of the holy ordinances, arrived at Windsor, not a month ago, late on Saturday night. "I have brought down for your Majesty's inspection," said he, "some papers of importance; but as they must be gone into at length, I will not trouble your Majesty with them to-night, but request your attention to them to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning?" repeated the Queen; "to-morrow is Sunday, my lord!"

"But business of state, please your Majesty."

"Must be attended to, I know," replied the Queen "and as of course you could not come down earlier to-night, I will, if those papers are of such vital importance, attend to them after we come from church to-morrow morning."

To church went the royal party; to church went the noble lord—and much to his surprise, the sermon was on 'the duties of the Sabbath.' 'How did your lordship like the sermon?' inquired to the Queen. 'Very much, your Majesty,' replied the nobleman, with the best grace he could. 'I will not conceal from you,' said the Queen, 'that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be the better for it.'

The day passed without a single word on the subject of the papers of importance, 'which must be gone into at length.' His lordship was—as he always is—graceful and entertaining; and at night, when her Majesty was about to withdraw. 'To-morrow morning, my lord,' she said, 'at any hour you please--as early as seven if you like--we shall go into those papers.'

His lordship could not think of intruding at so early an hour upon her Majesty--'nine would be quite time enough.' 'As they are of importance,' said the Queen, 'as they

are of importance, my lord, I would have attended to them earlier, but at nine be it.' And at nine her Majesty was seated, ready, to receive the nobleman, who had been taught a lesson on the duties of the Sabbath, it is hoped, he will not quickly forget.'

A Page for Young Folks at Home.

When we are Dead.

1. There will be some honest sorrow. A few will be really sad, as we are robed for the grave. Fewer, probably, than we now suppose. We are vain enough to think our departure will produce considerable sensation. But we over-estimate it. Out of a small circle, how soon shall we be forgotten! A single leaf in a boundless forest has fallen! That is all.

The gay will laugh,
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will share
His favorite phantom.

2. The world will go on without us. We may have thought a very important wheel in the great machinery will be ungearing when we are gone. But the world goes clattering on as if nothing had happened. If we filled important stations in society; if we have wondered what would, or could be done, if we were removed; yet how soon others will fill our stations! The world can be a bustling active world without us. It was so before we entered it. It will be when we are gone.

3. When we are dead, affection may erect a monument. But the hand that sets it up will soon be as powerless as ours, and for the same cause. How soon they that wept over us will follow us! The monument itself will crumble, and its dust will fall on the dust that covers us. If the marble or the granite long endures, yet the eyes of affection will not endure to read the graven letters. Men will give a hasty glance at the name of one they never knew, and pass on, with not a thought of the slumberer below.

On my grassy grave
The men of future time will careless tread,
And read my name upon the sculptured stone;
Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears,
Recall my vanished memory.

4. When we are dead, our influence will not be dead also. We leave epitaphs upon indestructible materials. Our manner of life has been writing them. We have stirred up thought, and awakened emotion. The wonderful machinery of mind has felt our presence. We have pressed the stamp of our character into the warm wax of our moral sensibilities around us. Footsteps toward immortality have been well guided or misdirected by us. Our places of business, our social resort, may know us no more; but living accountable beings, feel the influence that survives our personal departure.

5. When we are dead, the kingdom of God will not die. It did not depend on us for existence. And onward will it go, when we have ceased to live. Happy, indeed, if it had been the honour and joy of our labors to have promoted it. Blessed is it to be remembered as having loved Zion, as taking pleasure in her stones, and favoring the dust thereof.

Sacred, consoling thought! The kingdom of Christ moves on, when we drop our earthly relations to it. Other servants

of God will rise to fill our places. A brighter star may rise for one that has fallen. Stronger hands than ours may come into the ranks.

6. When we are dead, some will think of us. Perhaps not a large circle. And what will they think? Our present course of life is furnishing them with themes of thought. Coldness and indifference to the kingdom and glory of God—of that will our survivors think, if it marked our characters. And in sadness will those that truly love us ponder it. And thoughts, how many, and how comforting, will rise amid the pangs of real sorrow over our departure, if we had shown forth the praises of him who called us to glory and virtue. O reader, think, into which of these channels am I likely to turn the thoughts of men?—*Puritan Recorder.*

The Penitent Scholar.

School is out. The last lesson has been recited, and the evening hymn sung; and now the shouts of merry voices are heard on the green. Their spirits overflow like long pent up waters.—But one of their number is still imprisoned. All is quiet now in the school-room. There sits the teacher at her desk, with a sad and troubled look. At one of the desks before her sits a boy, whose flushed countenance and flashing eye tell of a struggle within.—His arms are proudly folded, as in defiance, and his lips are compressed. He will never say, "I am sorry; will you forgive?" No! not he! His breath comes thick and fast, and the angry flush upon his cheek grows a deep crimson. The door stands invitingly open. A few quick steps, and he can be beyond the reach of his teacher. Involuntarily his hand snatches up his cap, as she says, "George, come to me." A moment more, and he has darted out, and is away down the lane. The teacher's face grows more sad; her head sinks upon the desk, and the tears will come, as she thinks of the return he is making for all her love and care for him.

The clock strikes five, and slowly putting on her bonnet and shawl, she prepares to go, when, looking out at the door, she sees the boy coming towards the school-house, now taking rapid steps forward, as though fearful his resolutions would fail him; then, pausing as if ashamed to be coming back. What has thus changed his purpose?

Breathless with haste, he has thrown himself down upon the green grass by the side of the brook, cooling his cheeks in the pure sweet water; and as gradually the flush faded away, so in his heart died away the anger he felt towards his teacher.

The soft south wind, as it stole by, lifting the hair from his brow, seemed to whisper in his ear, "This way, little boy, this way;" and voices within him murmured, "Go back, go back." He started to his feet. Should he heed those kind words—should he go back? Could he go? Ah! and here was the struggle. Could he be man enough to conquer his pride and anger, and in true humility retrace his steps, and say "forgive?" Could he go back? As he repeated the words he said to himself, "I will go back;" and the victory was won. Soon, with downcast eye and throbbing heart, he stood before his teacher, acknowledging in broken accents his fault, and asking forgiveness. The sunbeams streamed in through the open window, filling the room with golden light; but the sunlight in those hearts was brighter yet. And, children, if you would always have the sunlight in your hearts, never let the clouds of anger dim your sky.

He was a hero. He conquered himself; and says,—"He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that ruleth a city." At first he cowardly ran away; but his courage came again; he rallied his forces, and took the city. Brave is the boy who has courage to do right, when his proud heart says I will not.—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Sea-Boy and his Sister.

BY MISS JEWESBURY.

"What shall I bring thee from the isles
Whither our vessel goes?
Bright are the sea-shells scattered there,
More bright than the English rose;
And dust of gold, or diamond,
May be bought where points our prow,
Some shall be thine and mine, ore death,
But what shall I bring thee now, sweet girl?
But what shall I bring thee now?"

"Fear not the sea, thou timid one,
My master and king is he;
And I brook not a word of treason heard,
Not a word, though it come from thee;
Nine weeks and a day have I dwelt on land,
Summer sports and labor seen,
I am sick of the flowers, I am tired of the tree,
I long for the shadows on ocean's green,
For the smoll and the foam of the sea.

"Let me go, for my heart beats thickly,
Not more drowey thy wheel, than I,
But one touch of the ropes, one breath of gales,
And less light the dolphin fly:
I am wearied to death of landmen's talk;
My friends all tread the deck;
But I love thee, sister, and ere I go,
Say, what shall I bring thee back, dear girl?
Say, what shall I bring thee back?"

"Ay, go, my brother; first and last
That e'er bore such name to me;
Go, while the courage, ebbing fast,
Remains to bid farewell to thee.
I've watched thy boyish years unfold,
I love thee as a brother now,
Yet go, for restless dreams have scroled
The name of rover on thy brow.

"Think not I blame thee—thou art kind—
Hast left me in this cot at ease—
But oh, thou canst not make me blind
To the deep perils of the seas!
Thou speakest of them with pleasant tongue;
Thou say'st thy heart and home are there;
But oft I think, with spirit wrong,
Thou wouldst not, if I were not here:—

"An orphan with a pallid cheek;
A frame, too, somewhat overworn;
Enough—the heart is slow to break,
And sorrow comes but to be borne;
The hardest is to see thee go,
Thus in thy youth, time after time;
To live upon thy toil, and know,
For me thou wearest out thy prime!—
Yet I must think thou lov'st the sea,
'T would madden me to doubt it long."

"Love I the deep?—now credit me,
I love it with a love as strong,
As thou thyself—it is my joy,
Has been my home, shall be my grave;
I tell thee, tempests ne'er alloy
The bliss, the triumph of the wave!
So what shall I bring thee back, dear friend?
So what shall I bring thee back?"

"Bring back to me," said the gentle one,
"That which no caves may hide;
That which the deep can never quench;
Thy Love—no gift beside!"

THE LILY.—The lily is expressed by the term *Shushan* in Hebrew, which denotes light, and is said to have its name from the property it possesses of reflecting light. One of the capital cities of Persia is named *Shushan*, from the abundance of lilies of a beautiful kind which grow in its neighborhood. They were common in Judea, and grew there in the open fields; hence the allusion to them in the passage, "And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the fields."—*Scripture Garden Walk*.

CIRCULAR.

To the Ministers of Religion in Canada, and others
friendly to the cause of

TEMPERANCE,

AND IN FAVOR OF

LEGAL PROHIBITION
OF THE TRAFFIC IN ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES.

FEELING earnestly desirous to assist in effecting the Legal destruction of the Traffic in Intoxicating Beverages in the Province, I intend to publish immediately, a series of Letters in Pamphlet Form, on the subject indicated above. The Pamphlet will bear the following title:—

OUR "CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS" VINDICATED;

Or, an Argument for the Legal Proscription of the
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IN SIX LETTERS TO THE

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GEORGE CASE,

WESLEYAN MINISTER,

Stratford, Perth, C.W.

October, 1854.

Grand Division, Canada East.

THE ANNUAL SESSION of this body will be held in MONTREAL, on WEDNESDAY, the EIGHTEENTH OCTOBER, at TEN o'clock, A.M. At this Session the Officers for the ensuing year are to be elected, and other important business transacted.

A full attendance of Representatives is requested.

J. S. HALL, G. S.

Sept. 1, 1854.

Grand Division Sons of Temperance, Canada West.

THE ANNUAL SESSION of this body will be held in BYTOWN, on WEDNESDAY, the TWENTY-FIFTH of OCTOBER next, at ELEVEN o'clock A.M. At this Session, the Officers for the ensuing year are to be elected, and action taken upon the changes made by the N. D.

Representatives are requested to attend.

By order,

E. STACEY, G. S.

September 1, 1854.

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Great St. James Street, Montreal.

February 15.

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