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# TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

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

VOL. XIX.]

MONTREAL, AUGUST 1, 1853.

[No. 15.]

## George Elton; or Town and Country.

George Elton was born, educated, and served his apprenticeship in the small town of Denbrock. When the temperance movement reached that part of the country, he eagerly embraced its principles, and became the type of a class, whose faculties it has drawn into exercise and rewarded by their development. He was for several years secretary of the Denbrock Total Abstinence Society, a Sabbath school teacher and tract lender. In short, a person ready for any good work. An individual of his excellent character, abilities, and address, soon procured, in a large manufacturing town in the neighbourhood, a much better situation than Denbrock could offer to him. There George Elton found that abstinence was by no means in that ascendant which the boasted intelligence of large towns led him to expect. In the circle into which he had been cast, he, indeed, met with none of that rude and violent opposition which he had been accustomed to in the country. All understood, and many were ready to admit, the claims of the abstinence movement; but to them it was only one of the thousand good objects which existed—one star in a densely-studded sky, whilst to George it had been a planet, and one of no ordinary brightness—a Lucifer, son of the morning. But the absence of censure was joined to the absence of praise. Indeed, if there was any thing on which they could be said to have decided opinions, it was to have no strong views at all. It was deemed the part of a philosopher to adjust the interest felt in any one subject upon a scale allowing a just proportion to every other subject with which he was conversant, or in which he felt interested. To use a comparison, human affection was viewed more as a solid, whose weight or bulk no human skill could increase or elongate, and which, consequently, could only be divided among all righteous claimants in due proportions, than as a liquid or gaseous body capable of indefinite expansion. It may be upon the same principle that the Hindoo, as he rises to absorption in deity, loses even the homeopathic amount of interest in human affairs which George's friends felt, or theirs may be the first step towards that higher state. However that may be, special interest in any one subject was viewed as the sign of limited knowledge, or a limited circle of acquaintances. Enthusiasm and ignorance were synonyms. To retain credit for the absence of the one, the other must be wanting. We need not say that George was influenced by the opinions and character of his new companions—all men are. These operate like the malaria of disease, silently and often unnoticed, but surely. Had he been tempted openly to abandon his temperance principles, he would have resisted nobly and manfully; but gentlemanly bearing and the assumption of superior knowledge were precisely the media by which he could most easily be injured, and by which not a few in similar circumstances have been ruined.

For a time, however, he attended the temperance meetings; but under the influence of the opinions that we have

referred to, gradually withdrew. Let us do him justice. We believe, had there been no one but himself in L., he would not have abandoned abstinence. No one doubted his decision on that head, or attempted to seduce him from it.

But his example only was given. The influence of argument and effort were entirely withdrawn before he was a year in L. About this time, in turn with his shop-mates, he received permission to spend a week in the country, and in due time arrived at his native town.

If the first appearance of a young man from the country in a town exhibits him in a less favourable light than his true character would justify, his return after a time to his native place with the habits, tone, and manners of the town, operate in the opposite way. He becomes a prodigy. George bore the trial well; cast off as much of the town as he could, and appeared as nearly as possible among his old friends in his old character, and was welcomed everywhere; but by none more than by his good, shrewd old maiden Aunt Burroughs. With her he had always been a special favourite. From his earliest day, he had lived rather more with her than at home. They embarked in the temperance cause together; and to say the truth (privately though), the abstinence society of Denbrock owed not less to Aunt Burroughs than to George Elton, as many other good causes do to similar characters who are little heard of often, but whose influence is none the less real and beneficial. George was just what she had expected to find him. Altered, indeed, but all for the better. Without any affectation, and even with more modesty and kind attention to the comfort of others, than he had always exhibited before he left home. After the various family topics had been exhausted between them, the abstinence movement came in, as a matter of course, for remark. 'I need not ask,' she said, 'if you are still holding by the good cause; but how do matters get on in L.?'

'There is,' said George, 'a good deal of bustle, many meetings, lectures, soirees, etc., and I hope there is progress making. The only change on myself is a little more sobriety in the advocacy of the cause.'

'Eh,' said she, smiling, and peering over her spectacles, 'that means, I suppose, that you don't beat upon the table so much now when you make speeches, as you did in Denbrock.'

'Well,' said George, 'I dare say I should not do damage in that way so much as I once did, if I were to speechify in the hall again.'

'Are the meetings well attended in L., and do you speak often at them?' asked his aunt.

'I believe the meetings are tolerably attended,' said George; 'but I have never spoken at one of them, and not been very often at them of late.'

'But how happens that?' she said seriously, and taking off her spectacles. 'Perhaps your business hours do not allow you to attend?'

'Our hours,' said George, 'are short, compared with the hours in Denbrock; but there are a great many things to attend to in a large city—a great many ways of doing and getting good. We must give them all a part of our attention, and this leaves less for each, you know.'

'No doubt,' said his aunt, 'you will teach in the Sunday school?'

'Indeed, I do not,' said George. 'You will lend tracts likely, then?' 'I am sorry to say, I do not that either.' 'No!' said his aunt gravely. 'What occupies your spare time? One of your first speeches in the hall informed us, that though one could not attend to every thing, each should attend to some one means of doing good. You see some things keep a pretty good hold of my memory yet.'

'In a large town,' said George, 'there are public meetings, lectures, mechanics' institutions.' In addition to this, George communicated to his aunt a little instruction about the importance of not allowing the mind to be entirely occupied with any one subject, if we wished to keep it in an unprejudiced and fairly balanced state.

Some lawyers have been represented as needing a quilt to twist in the conducting of their argument. If by chance or design that was removed, their cause was lost. The medium by which Aunt Burroughs got light in any difficult discussion, was by the operation of cleaning the glasses of her spectacles. So much was this the case, that some wags asserted, that through this channel, light entered into her understanding. Others—likely ignorant of the freaks of animal magnetism in tablemoving—denied this, from the circumstance, that although the spectacles were thus thoroughly and repeatedly cleaned, they were never on such occasions worn.

'I dare say,' she said, 'your merchants bestow a good deal of time upon their business, and yet do not view themselves, nor are viewed by you, as deficient in the cultivation of their minds.'

'I dare say not,' said George. 'But devoting one-self entirely to some such subject as temperance, leads a man to be viewed in society, now-a-days, as a bore.'

'Bore!' exclaimed Aunt Burroughs, slowly, as if she had not caught the right word.

'I mean,' said George, 'a man of one idea, a monomaniac.'

'You mean a person of limited knowledge, I suppose,' she said; 'but I see no necessity why that should be the case. Was Isaac Newton a man of limited knowledge, or Howard, or Wilberforce, or any of those that have obtained eminence for the cultivation of some branch of science, or in promoting some particular department of philanthropic labour? And as for people thinking about us, if our own conscience can approve our conduct, you and I long ago got over that.'

'If I was a Newton or a Howard, I might do as you suggest,' said George.

'I cannot boast much,' she replied without noticing the last remark, 'you know of my reading; but if I am not much mistaken, good authority exists for differing in opinion from your town friends on this subject. As regards experience and observation, all mine go to prove the opposite. Take the village here, and begin with yourself; would you have had the general knowledge that you possess, if you had not energetically embarked in the temperance cause? I could go over many other cases, you know.'

'Perhaps I may not have looked at the matter carefully enough,' said George, thoughtfully, 'we are much influenced by what passes unquestioned in the circle in which we move.'

'The history of our temperance movement in this village, past and present, is an evidence of this,' said his aunt; 'but an intense interest towards one thing stunted the general faculties, what would you make of the supreme claim which religion makes upon man's heart?'

'I think I have likely been mistaken, Aunt Burroughs,' said George gravely; 'yet one hesitates, when remembering the readiness with which this opinion is advocated and admitted in the town.'

'We simple folks in the country, from our very ignorance, are often forced to put the question why, and wherefore, till it becomes a habit with us, and at least preserves us from accepting things upon authority alone,' said Aunt Burroughs.

'You must not, however,' said George, 'think that I am cobled to the cause; or, have ever been ashamed of it, or not ready on all occasions which I deemed fitting, to defend it, though I have not taken the same active part in its promotion which I did here.'

'It would have been a change indeed had that been the cause,' said his aunt. 'I should sooner doubt myself than you. But as you think temperance a great blessing, and wish its promotion, you of course think that some parties should take the lead in promoting it. You have been useful here. You do not say that you have withdrawn, because you are not needed in L. But the reason that would justify you for standing aloof from the struggle would justify another; but were all to stand aloof, there would be no united efforts and consequently no societies. That, you cannot have forgotten, has been the creed of the Denbrock abstainers from the beginning.'

'I do not think that in so large a place as ours there can be any want of persons to aid in promoting the cause,' said George.

'I kenna,' replied his aunt; 'but in our town, you know well, there has always been want, though we seem to understand the principles upon which we should act, better than some of your people, at least. Indeed, if the opinions ever come to be generally adopted, that engaging earnestly in any philanthropic cause is injurious to the mind itself, it puzzles me to think by what means abstinence societies will be able to exist at all. But that apart, if your numbers be great in L., the wants of your town must be correspondingly great, and no doubt need the assistance of all.'

'Well, well, aunt, I think I should change my ways, if I am spared to return,' said George.

'But, my boy,' she said, 'there is something more; I was thinking of it before, but it went from me. If that principle of not giving special attention to any one object were right, I cannot conceive how any of the great evils that have grown up in the world, slavery and war, as well as the custom of using strong drink as an article of diet, could be removed. The rooting out of such evils must require efforts corresponding with their magnitude and the hold which they have taken on society. Many men are required to root a tree which a child has planted. The question, whether individuals should consecrate themselves to this work, changes into another, whether or not these evils should be removed; for if they are to be removed by human means, all they must be removed by the employment of all the faculties of some, at least. Without neglecting a measure of attention to all good objects, I think every one should attach himself to some one in particular, and labour for its removal. Did I not once hear you stating something, that, in lecturing upon the division of labour, in reference to benevolent institutions? Think of these things, George; your judgment was eye good, and your heart is still in the right place; and before you visit Denbrock again, you have a better account to give of your own labours'—*Stainer's Journal*.

### Scene in an Old Shed.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN FATHER AND SON.

Son. Why, father, do you visit so often this miserable hovel? What enticing object calls you so much to this wretched spot?

**Father.** Why do you ask such a question?

**Son.** Because I have just discovered a jug of whiskey hid among the rubbish, and I feared you might be the owner, as I have seen you so often visit this place, and could conceive of no other cause for such conduct.

**Father.** Well, suppose it is mine, what then? Must I be watched, my steps dogged and my conduct scrutinized by you?

**Son.** O, father, what wretched infatuation makes you drink that burning fluid? What advantage do you gain by it? Behold the ocean of misery, wretchedness, pauperism, and crime which follow in the train of those who drink strong drink; see their bloated eyes, their tottering steps, and hear their coarse, vulgar, obscene language, and then tell me, have I no interest in your welfare? Can I see my honored father descending, step by step, to shame, infamy and ruin, and lift no warning voice, make no effort to save those I love dear as life? No, dear father, I cannot do any such thing. Long as I live I shall never cease to do all in my power for the welfare of you and our dear mother.

**Father.** (*Much excited.*) How dare you talk thus to me? Am I a drunkard? am I going step by step to ruin? What cause have you to address me thus?

**Son.** Must I tell you the reason why I fear?

**Father.** (*Still more excited.*) Yes! you must tell me. I will know who has put such notions into your head. This is what I get by allowing you to go among those miserable temperance fanatics!

**Son.** Dear father, do not be excited.—Listen calmly while I tell you candidly why I fear for you. A few years since, you spent your evenings at home. We were then surrounded by plenty and happiness. Contentment sat as a bright jewel upon the brow of my dear mother. You then taught us to be good and virtuous, if we ever wished to be happy; you then said a man is known by the company he keeps. How are we now? Your evenings are constantly spent at the bar room. Instead of plenty, squalid poverty and wretchedness have come upon us like a flood. The brow of my mother, once bright with joy, happiness and contentment, is shrouded by care, and the tear unbidden often strays down her wretched cheek; her eyes are often swollen with weeping; and, pardon me, dear father, only last week you were brought home so intoxicated that you could not walk, while, with hoarse curses and the most awful imprecations, my own dear mother was driven from the house, and with her little ones took shelter from the pitiless pelting storm in a miserable out house, till you were sane enough to allow her to return. With all these facts before me, how can I help but fear? O! father, abandon the use of the intoxicating cup; be to us what you once were. O, remember your duty to yourself, your duty to your family, and lastly, remember your duty to your God, and the awful retributions which follow in the course of transgression.

**Father.** My son, stop, I have heard enough; at a more convenient time I will converse with you again.—*Sunbeam.*

### Interesting Things in Lowell.

Not houses, mills, people, reader; for these are always interesting and always here. But we speak of things moral, sentimental, sanitary; things of the "bench" and of the "Wool Sack"; the ministration of justice where justice was due.

For several weeks we have had in session a grand court of assizes, where many a poor wight of the rum-selling tribe has been called to answer for a pretty long catalogue of sins, (against the peace of the State, and all good citizens); and it is not too much to say that the good brethren did not always take it kindly, though manifestly less rambling and taunting as their "counts" of conviction progressed along from some half dozen to half a score apiece. Their policy was to ride under foot the rather young and

inexperienced "court"—an experiment, however, which cost some of them several nights in jail, and others the lesson that while they might condemn the persons, they might not insult the dignity of the State reposed in them for the time being; and this, with the cordial countenance of the temperance public, backed up by several of our most wealthy and prominent citizens, gave the affair quite a commendable efficiency, we may say, throughout; and law and order is decidedly in the ascendant in whatever you can sustain by proof.

We do not mean that every one of our two hundred tappers is silent (when tried customers call,) but that they are proximating to the conviction that theirs—with being a very bad business, is also a very hazardous business—as seen by the sudden defile of several of them to parts unknown, and the equally sudden withdrawal of others from all visible appearance of the usual paraphernalia of the Rum Shop.

It is not easy just now to get a glass of liquor in Lowell, till him of the tap has well studied his customer. Now this is just what we hoped and expected; and it is the duty of every place to make the trade just so uncomfortable and hazardous that everybody will get out of it. And this is perfectly practicable where a few young men are found to band in the work. And our success here is entirely owing to the action of a few young men, embodying around them a still more numerous class, termed Vigilant Committee—more often nicknamed "Smelling Club"; but whose sharp eyes and sharp smellers, by the way, are a terror to evil doers; enabling them to search out and register tremendous chapters of sins against their brethren of the tap. It requires no little firmness to carry on the traffic, with some hundreds of vigilant eyes—you know not whom—set upon you. There may be in any three cent trade the elements of a doom of the ever recurring "Ten dollars and costs"; and we have noticed several imbibe this idea and proclamation when it was evident they tasted the bitter of the sting. And we might have had a drop of sympathy, but for the thought of the sting that was at the other end of this series of things: even the feelings of a rum-ridden wife and children, whose defenceless household must constantly witness the wild and frantic workings of this baleful mischief sent ruthlessly on them.

We said defenceless: there is at least something like "avenging" left the injured, where, as in cities, each, stranger to each, the vexed wife or stricken boy sallies forth with bottle and purchase money, and traps the heartless man that was her husband's seducer. Several instances of this kind have happened here, and we have yet to find the first man so heartless and unfeeling as to reproach them for it.

We look with yearnings to the day when the crushed wife shall be further armed with defence, in the appending to our own, the all important item of the present Vermont law, making the bedrunken man swear, in his coming sobriety, where he got his liquor.

We should love to see this sensible put within the reach of many an injured, heart-broken woman in our neighborhood, and our word for it, we should hear an outcry among the offenders of well-being, as though the whip of State had the fitting endowment of "cowhide," and the snapper of—"scorpion."

We are far, as yet, from seeing anything like a perfect working of the prohibitory law, while lawless New Hampshire is some three miles in one direction, and still more lawless Boston near in the other.

But we are most thankful for what we have, and feel that with all the imperfections, there is a power, an energy, a Truncheon, with which the sober, responsible community may defend themselves, at least when the mischief becomes flagrant; and this is what could not be said of any former state of things.

But let every town and place use this Truncheon. They owe it to themselves and neighbouring towns; and I would

not willingly abide the hated conspicuity of some little places we could mention, where the first effort at experiment has not been made. And we hope the good people of New Hampshire, in present legislative session, will not be long tampering with this question, and thus cripple the arm of her border sister States. The scenes enacted in one of her quietest boroughs, bordering on our precincts,—we mean the Sunday rush and rowdiness gathered there where some of our former renegade rumsellers had “pitched tent,”—is enough to make them ashamed of their company, if not of being a place where such vultures and carrion kites might resort with hope of protection.

We leave this question to the grave legislators now assembled at Concord, and whether the political bearing of the same ought to weigh a feather against the immense moral, religious, sanitary interests at stake, and sadly in crisis and peril by the breath of the enemy. The great question in the healing of these border States is, whether there is or is not a wide and putrid plague-spot in the heart's core, sending out disease and death on all the circumjacent territory. New Hampshire can little help us, but she can most effectually cripple our efforts in the present struggle for deliverance; and we hope and trust her wise legislators will not be many months nor weeks in session, without seeing to this thing.

One word to our brethren of the tap, on the ground. You may trouble and retard the temperance movement, by your hidden and stealthy evasions;—may get off a few gallons of liquor every year to tried friends—spite of laws, moral—civil. You may triumph in part, and at times; but your triumph, be it understood, if at all, is always on the side of the devil; and your rejoicing is with the tears of those whose cry comes up before the Lord of Sabaoth.

You may keep by your traffic as long as you are able, but you will at least have the attention of some hundreds of watchful eyes, and 'twill be good fortune if some ghostly catalogue of past sins rise not up hereafter to your pecuniary-dismay and the emolument of the State.

We counsel nothing at present but a more careful study of the public mind; the deep conviction of all good people that something must be done—something to stay the waste that's surging o'er the land, and threatening obliteration to the people.

Your present position is as one on a rail track, and if in chance endowment of Rum Jug and Demijohn we would just intimate here in Lowell—

“All baggage at the risk of the owner,”—and let each vulnerable. “Look out for the engine while the bell rings.”—*Mass. Life Boat.*

### The Responsibility of Moderate Drinkers for the Drunkenness of Others.

Some may be startled at the insinuation implied in such an announcement. Most people think that between moderate drinking and drunkenness there is no conceivable connection. Ere concluding we trust we shall be able to show that the connection is most intimate, and that to the suppression of drunkenness the suppression of moderate drinking is essential. Where, we would ask, is the art of drinking learned? At a parent's table, in the company of friends, in the observance of some one of the various customs with which drinking is allied. Not one of that woful crowd of drunkards, which constitutes the plague-spot of our land, from a self-taught, spontaneous impulse put forth his hand; and drank; and but for those usages, and the false opinion on which they are based—that alcoholic liquors are beneficial—every one of them might have been sober and virtuous. Who that drinks in presence of his household, can be sure that the child which gambols at his knee and nestles in his bosom—or the servant-maid who places before him the ap-

paratus of dissipation—or the wife whom every motive bids him to shield from evil—or the friend who sits at his table,—may not, in a future day trace their ruin, and wretchedness, and woe to his pernicious example? The most circumspet in drinking may be art and part in the inebriety of others, inasmuch as they have afforded the occasion and sanctioned the usages in which it has originated. However much we may have our own appetite under control, we cannot surely pretend to regulate that of our neighbour. If so, then we should beware of affording occasion for its gratification. Or, suppose that the occasion passes away without any visible impropriety, what if there has been originated a taste for liquor which is only to find its ultimate gratification in the most beastly indulgence? Will it exempt from responsibility to allege that the example set was that of moderation and not of drunkenness? As well might the incendiary plead that all that he did was but to apply the match. Oh, it is not in the haunts of vice and dissipation that we would seek for the teacherous guide who, under the smile of friendships, lures the thoughtless from one degree of indulgence to another, till they wake up to the conviction that the brand of drunkenness is upon them; but in the abodes of the respectable and christian, and at tables sanctified by even the forms of religion! In a tavern, a man knows where he is, and what he is about. There indulgence has no concealment; but at the table of a friend, the tempter approaches under the most specious blandishments.

What harm is there in a glass of spirits? To thousands a glass of spirits is the commencement of a course of drunkenness. We have wept with a widowed mother as she consoled herself for the death of her only son, by thinking that God had taken him away from temptations he was too weak to resist. But a few days before, the wife of his employer, on paying him for a job, had given him a dram. Companions were on the watch. Under the influence of the liquor, he was easily persuaded; and the morning found him lying at his mother's door drunk and penniless. That's what a dram can do. And when we think of the thousands who are every day being treated in a similar manner—cabmen, washerwomen, mechanics, and friends—we see a machinery in operation capable of originating and perpetuating evil in its direst form. True, we may see no great evil a glass of wine can do any one; but thousands acting under the same impression may be the occasion of evil frightful to contemplate. In Russia there is a military punishment much after this sort: The criminal is laid upon his face, and as regiment after regiment defile before him, each man as he passes gives him a stroke. A single stroke might do a little harm, but the aggregate, results in a death the most agonising. This it is with our system of dram-giving. It makes men and women drunkards; and those who give the dram must bear the guilt of the result.

But there is an aspect of this question which must, at least, come home to a parent's heart. Around is a generation, rising in all the beauty and freshness of early dawn; a generation as yet free from vicious practices; a generation which has no inveterate prejudices to combat, no established habits to overcome, no vitiated tastes to subdue. Now, were this generation preserved, thirty years would complete the triumph of our cause, and terminate the direst of our social evils. And who are they who assume the responsibility of preventing this blessed consummation? All who countenance the customs which shall convert the simple and comparative innocence of youth into those practices which constitute the hot-bed of every vice.

There is another aspect of this question at which we must look for a moment. Hundreds are every week making themselves members of the various abstinence societies which have been formed throughout the country. Many of these are the victims of the practices to which we have been alluding. They have felt the serpent's bite, they have

agonised beneath the tyrant's yoke; but hope has once more dawned upon their path, happiness has once more visited their homes. But of those who have escaped the grasp of their tormentor, how many are dragged back to infamy and death! And who forges the chains, and binds anew these fugitives from a galling bondage? Oh, how we would launch our scowling denunciations on the heads of those wretches who would hunt down their black brethren and drag them back to slavery! And is there to be no indignation reserved for those who tempt the weakest of their race to barter their respectability, their happiness, and all for the gratification of a glass? They struggled hard for freedom; and why have they not secured it? They found the combined temptations of tap-rooms and whisky-shops, social drinking usages and the solicitations of fellow-workmen and friends too powerful for a resolution weakened and an appetite strengthened by previous indulgence. On whom, then, rests the guilt of their fall? Unquestionably upon the upholders of that system of temptation by which they were seduced. An actual case may present the connection between moderate and immoderate drinking, and their consequent responsibility, in a more striking light:—A young man, of no ordinary promise, unhappily contracted a love for liquor.—His excesses grieved a large and respectable circle. At length he felt that his only hope was in abstinence. Soon afterwards he met one day at the dinner table his most deadly foe. He resisted one solicitation after another, till at length a young lady challenged him to drink. He had no sooner yielded than he felt that the demon was still alive, and turning to a friend by his side, he said 'Now, I have tasted again, and I drink till I die.' True to his resolution, he abandoned himself anew to unrestrained indulgence; and in ten days that ill-fated youth expired amid the horrors of delirium tremens. It had been a less cruel act had that fair one plunged a dagger to the heart of him whom she lured to his destruction. Oh, there seems a demoniac cruelty in that system which extinguishes the last hope of the drunkard, and leaves him at the mercy of every fiend of hell!

Still another consideration makes obvious the responsibility which moderate drinkers underlie. We are responsible not only for the evil we do, but for the evil we might prevent. To fail adequately to reprove sin when it has been committed, or to fail in taking measures to prevent its repetition, is to become implicated in its guilt and curse. Should a minister witness among his people practices which he believes to be sinful, but, from a fear of giving offence, maintains silence, then he becomes a partaker in the sins he shrinks from exposing. Or should a parent fail to warn and correct his children, and they go astray, he becomes implicated in the guilt of their profligacy. Or should a child fall into a stream and perish because the by-standers do not use proper efforts for its rescue, they are doubtlessly implicated in the death of the child. Now, in virtue of this principle we are bound to devise adequate measures for the suppression of intemperance. It is not enough we withdraw our countenance from the causes and practices of the evil. Our selfishness may take us that length. Self-preservation may induce us to become abstainers; but it is love and not selfishness, that is the fulfilling of the law. Now, a simple and effective remedy for intemperance has been discovered. Dire experience has the credit of its discovery. Other means have been tried, and failed. Magistrates have inflicted pains and penalties, parents have remonstrated, ministers have warned, sessions have rebuked, but all to little or no purpose; drunkenness has remained the disgrace of the church and the curse of the world. Dire experience has driven us to the conclusion, that to get rid of intemperance we must get rid of that by which it is created. By what process of logic, then, can we evade the demand that is made upon us to afford the temperance movement our countenance and aid. The fact is established, that thousands are perish-

ing by means of intemperance; the fact of our obligation to aim at their rescue is equally evident; and the fact that nothing short of abstinence is adequate to the emergency, is supported by all the evidence that reasonable minds can require. The plan is as lawful as it is simple. What law, either human or divine, is violated by its adoption? The long array of stale objections from the 'marriage of Cana' to 'a little wine for thy stomach's sake,' will avail nothing; for so long as no law requires us to drink, there can be no obstacle in the way of the most scrupulous abstaining. If thus intemperance is to be suppressed, who is to suppress it? There is not virtue enough in the world to accomplish such an achievement. But on the other hand, were all the ministers and members of the church to withdraw the sanction of their example from all drinking usages, and embark heart and soul in the blessed enterprise of reformation, there is no power out of the church to resist their glorious march. Can it be denied that were those with whom we plead to abstain, the whole system of making and selling intoxicating liquors would cease. Would the community tolerate for a single day the manufacture and sale of alcohol for the sake of mere drunkards? On our professing religious, moderate drinking friends, then, rests much of the responsibility of sustaining our drinking system, with all its awful attendants of crime, and poverty, and woe. The consequences of drinking intoxicating liquors are now proclaimed, with the voice of a trumpet, and no one can give countenance to the practices with which it is associated, without serving himself heir to all the evils of which the system is productive.—*Abstainer's Journal.*

### A Month's Fruits of Intoxicating Drink.

(From 12th March to 12th April, 1853)

BY UNCLE TOM.

The following catalogue of melancholy facts have been collected almost entirely from one paper, the *North British Daily Mail*:—

1. **FATAL ACCIDENT**.—March 12. In the morning the body of a farmer in Forfarshire, was found in the Dean Water. He was last seen the evening before at a public-house, and is supposed to have fallen in on his way home.

2. **MURDER OR SUICIDE**.—March 13. Sabbath morning, a labourer of intoxicated habits was found dead in Hume's Close, Fountain's, Edinburgh. His wife being also a drunkard, frequent quarrels took place between them. He was found to have been stabbed to the heart with a shoemaker's knife. By his wife's account, he committed suicide; it is suspected, however, that she stabbed him herself. She had been heard threatening to do so, and high words and a scuffle were heard by the neighbours immediately before the time when his death must have taken place.

3. **FATAL ACCIDENT—PERHAPS MURDER**.—Same day, Sabbath evening, a young man about twenty-six years of age, fell, or was pushed down a stair in Gallowgate Street, Glasgow, while intoxicated, was carried in a state of insensibility to the police office, thence to the Infirmary, where he died next morning, having never rallied nor been able to tell his name.

4. **MURDER AND ITS PUNISHMENT**.—March 4. John Williams was hanged at Greenlaw for the murder of Andrew Mather in December last. They had been drinking together in a public-house. On Mather leaving to go home, Williams followed him; and some time after they were found on the highway, the one dead, the other lying asleep on the dead body. The violence of his struggle with the murdered man, and the effects of the liquor he had drunk, had so exhausted him as to cause him to fall asleep on the lifeless body of his victim.

5. **SUDDEN DEATH**.—Same day, a broker of intemperate habits died suddenly in the shop of a spirit-dealer, New Wynd, Glasgow.

6. **SUICIDE**.—March 15. A man named Lyle, a stoker on board the *Ajax* steamer, deserted, and got to Cork; being arrested, he was brought on board, intoxicated. When the vessel was on her way, he leaped overboard, and was drowned.

7. **BROKEN ARM AND KNEE**.—March 16. A porter in the New Wynd, Glasgow, while grossly intoxicated, went up a stair,

and thinking himself at home, and mistaking the sill of the staircase window for his bed, put off his jacket and stepped out, falling into the court below, a height of twelve feet. He was carried to the Infirmary, with his left arm, and the cap of his right knee broken.

8. FRACTURED THIGH BONE.—Same evening, an old woman, a pauper, was brought to the Eastern Police Office, Glasgow, with her thigh bone fractured, while drunk.

9. DEATH IN A DRAM-SHOP.—March 19. A man was found dead in a dram-shop in the Cowgate, Edinburgh.

10. MURDER.—March 20. Sabbath evening, a blacksmith in Maybole, in a state of intoxication, was pushed from the top of the stair in his own house by his wife, who had also been drinking. He lighted on his head, dislocated his neck, and died instantaneously.

11 & 12. TWO SUDDEN DEATHS.—March 21. An innkeeper at Callamton, Devonshire, named Frost, entertained some of his customers with a quantity of wine, spirits, brandy, rum, and gin mixed. They drank so freely, that two of them died almost immediately after.

13. ROBBED.—March 22. A gentleman, so drunk as to be in a very helpless condition, was knocked down near the Parliamentary Road, Glasgow, and robbed of a shooting coat, hat, pair of Wellington boots, and some papers.

14. SUICIDE.—Same day, an inquest was held on the body of W. T. Tucker, a tailor in London, who had committed suicide on the previous day. He had for twenty-two years led a dissipated life till Christmas last, when hearing that his father had died in a workhouse, he was greatly affected, and threatened to commit suicide under the influence of remorse. On Sabbath, he came home the worse of drink, and went to bed. His wife sat up with him all night, and upon leaving him for a few moments to fetch a cup of tea, she found him, on her return, insensible. He had swallowed a quantity of laudanum, and before medical aid could be procured, was a corpse.

15. FALLEN INTO THE FIRE.—March 23. A man named Murphy, while drunk, fell into the fire in a house in Cowcaddens, Glasgow, and had to be taken to the Infirmary, severely burned.

16. DEATH IN THE POLICE OFFICE.—March 27. Sabbath morning, a man was found in Saltmarket Street, Glasgow, in a state of insensibility from excessive drinking. He was taken to the police office, and died the same night.

17. A WIFE CRUELLY BEATEN.—March 28. A glazier in Anderston, Glasgow, while drunk, cruelly, and without provocation, assaulted and beat his wife to the danger of her life, nearly extinguishing the sight of her right eye. The drunken monster was sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment.

18. MURDER.—A BRUTAL HUSBAND.—March 29. A tinker residing in Harrison's Lane, Sunderland, was found by a coroner's jury, guilty of wilful murder; the victim being his own wife. She had been labouring under chronic rheumatism, and he allowed her to lie in a small back room full of filth and vermin, while he was drinking and cohabiting with another woman. She was removed to the work-house, and died a day or two after.

19. A GIRL SHOT.—Same day, a young man, the worse of liquor, fired a rifle, loaded with ball, at a girl in a shooting gallery in Liverpool. The ball lodged in her shoulder; but she is expected to recover. The wife of the proprietor of the gallery narrowly escaped being shot in the head.

20. FOUND DYING IN A COALYARD.—April 1. An old pensioner was discovered in a coal-yard in Greenock in a dying state, caused by drink, hunger, and want of proper care. He was taken to the Infirmary, where he died the following night.

21. SUICIDE.—April 2. A man named Tait, a gilder, threw himself over the North Bridge, Edinburgh, in the market place below. On being taken up he was still alive, but died on his way to the Infirmary. He was of very intemperate habits; and it is presumed, leaped over in the delirium of intoxication.

22. ATTEMPT TO MURDER.—April 3. Sabbath afternoon, a noise, and afterward a cry of murder, being heard in the house of a drunken shoemaker in Kilmarnock, named Rollie, the neighbours went in and found Mrs Rollie suspended by a rope round her neck to a hook in a ceiling. Rollie, on their entrance, was apparently trying to take her down. The rope was immediately cut, and she recovered.

23. SUICIDE.—April 6. A spirit-dealer in Tradeston, Glasgow, committed suicide by suspending himself with a handkerchief to a hook in the ceiling of his kitchen.

24. A DRUNKEN MINISTER.—Same day, the presbytery of St Andrews pronounced judgment on the minister of Ferry-port-on-Craig, libelled for drunkenness and other unbecoming conduct. Eleven charges out of sixteen were found proven against him.

25. DEATH ON THE HIGHWAY.—April 7. The body of a man about forty years of age was found on the public highway, in the parish of Cathcart. He appeared to have sunk from the effects of whisky and fatigue, and died from exposure to the severe weather. Supposed to have been on his way from the Kilmarnock steeple races, where much drinking had taken place.

26. DEATH ON THE HILLSIDE.—April 8. The body of a washerwoman named Swanston, usually residing at the Logan Water Works, was found on the hillside, near Muir-farm, in the parish of Glencorse. She seems to have perished from drink and exposure, as an empty bottle which had contained whisky was found by her side.

27. A SAVAGE MOTHER.—April 9. A girl in Wick, seven years old, was found in her mother's house, from which stifled cries were heard by her neighbours, half-suffocated, scarcely able to articulate, with blood flowing from her nose and mouth. Her mother, in a state of intoxication, had attacked her, pressing the child's throat till she was nearly strangled. The unnatural wretch was conveyed to jail.

28. ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Same day, a woman in Dundee, while under the influence of liquor, threw herself into the river. Some sailors having observed her, got a boat, and saved her from being drowned.

29. BURNED ON A LIME KILN.—April 8. A young man was found lying on a lime kiln, fearfully burned from the red hot stones upon which he had stretched himself in a state of helpless intoxication.

30. DEATH IN A MALT SHED.—Same day, a man named Johnson, in a state of intoxication, walked into a malt shed and fell asleep. While in this state the roof above him gave way, and a great quantity of malt fell down into the shed and smothered him. He was taken out quite dead, having been buried from top to twelve inches deep in the malt.

31. MURDER.—April 9. In the little town of Garstang, Lancashire, three young men were drinking together at the Horn Inn, when a quarrel took place about a pint of ale, which one of them insisted upon being paid for by another. Two of them then left the house followed by the other, who, with a knife in his hand, was heard to declare that he would 'do for them.' In a few moments he returned, confessing that he had 'killed them both,' and then delivered himself up to the police. It turned out that one of the two escaped alive though dangerously wounded. The other was found quite dead.

32. HORRIBLE MATRICIDE.—April 11. A man named Hugh Renton, living with his mother near Newry, in a fit of intoxication, attacked her with savage fury, and so beat her that she died two hours after. More than twenty cuts were found in her head, inflicted by the infuriated monster.

[We give the above thirty-two arguments against License Laws from the *Abstainer's Journal* for June. Oh, when will all men open their eyes and consider the true relations of cause and effect in this liquor trade.—ED. C. T. A.]

### Letter from Dr. Jewett,

We extract the following from a letter from Dr. Jewett, dated Catskill, N. Y., July 8, 1853:—

*Friend Williams*:—It is a matter of the first importance that the law, as it is, should be enforced with energy and perseverance in Massachusetts. The hopes of Humanity hang now on that point. Will Massachusetts be able to enforce the law? is a question now put to me at every turn. If the law is permitted to be a dead letter on the statute book of Massachusetts, woe, woe to the cause elsewhere. The people of our State must be made to feel that an awful responsibility now rests upon them, and it must be met and discharged, if it cost a million of our treasures and a thousand of our heads. There must be no delay, but the friends in every town and every neighbourhood, must take counsel together, and bring the law down with crushing weight on every lawless and obstinate violator, until they shall be taught that the law on our statute book, not even those against theft, burglary and

murder, are to be more thoroughly enforced than the law against the liquor traffic. The eyes of millions are now turned to New England, to see how laws against grog-shops and tipping-houses work. It is their practical working that is to settle the question of their permanency and their adoption by other States. Michigan has spoken in a tone not to be misunderstood. Wisconsin will utter a stern condemnation of the poisoning business on the 8th of November, and the great State of Ohio is now being shaken from centre to circumference, on this great question; but ever and anon they pause in the midst of the conflict, and turn their eyes anxiously toward the east to learn how the battle goes there. What they shall see and hear of our struggle, will depress or encourage them. Oh, what a crisis in the history of our country and the world! Let us but pass this point in safety, and a glorious future opens before us. The giant scourge and curse of our country will be annihilated, and the millstone that has hung about the neck of humanity, will be taken therefrom and cast into the bottomless pit. There are noble spirits battling on the side of truth and temperance in the great West, and they work in a style worthy of the cause and their great and glorious home. No where have I witnessed a more vigorous campaign than that which has just closed so triumphantly in Michigan. Brother Yates, formerly of Maine, has rendered most essential service to the cause there, and his energy, perseverance, sound judgment and entire devotion to the work, has secured for him an enviable place in the affections and confidence of the people. Forbes of New Bedford, was one of our most efficient laborers in Michigan. Of the kind of service rendered by Hale of Connecticut, Neal Dow of Maine, General Carey of Ohio, and your humble servant, your readers will need no particular description, as they are all pretty well known in New England. The Press in Michigan, with the exception of one daily paper in Detroit, and one influential weekly, took their position in favor of the law, and sustained it nobly.—The liquor traffic got its death blow in Michigan, on the 20th of June.

With the results of the Ohio State Convention, which met at Columbus on the 29th of June, the press of that State has undoubtedly made you acquainted. That was a glorious gathering of the good and true. The Hon. Chauncey Olds, of Circleville, who presided over the deliberations of that body, is one of the most eloquent orators of the State, and one of the most accomplished gentlemen I have ever met with. Gen. Carey, of Cincinnati, you know. I was pleased to have unmistakable evidence of his popularity at home. Whenever he arose to address the Convention, he was greeted with a perfect storm of applause. He is the Luther of our great reform in Ohio, while Olds is the Melancthon.

Yours in haste,

C. JEWETT.

### Maine Law Lecture.—Kingston.

We noted in our last issue the doings of the "Kingston City Mission," and now we are invited to look at a lecture delivered at Kingston by the "Rev. R. F. Burns, Chalmers' Church." This lecture is a good and useful one, and must be beneficial to all who will give it a thorough reading. The opening paragraph is a vivid description of the evils of bacchanalian idolatry; thus:—

Amongst the Hindoo deities *Kali* stands forth prominent. A hideous monster. Her face reflecting the worst features of our nature. Her form smeared with blood. Her feet planted on the prostrate body of her husband. From her neck is suspended a chain composed of chopped hands and severed heads. From her mouth a fiery tongue protrudes. In one hand is brandished a keen edged scimitar. Another grasps a head steeped in clotted gore. A third points significantly to the marks of destruction strewn plentifully around. A fourth is raised upwards. Within a habitation of horrid cruelty the god is reared.

Rites the most obscene are celebrated. Scores of victims bleed at her shrine. The heart of the Christian spectator sickens. His eyes are a fountain of tears. From the crowd of frantic devotees she turns aside, and sighs for the time when the idols shall be utterly abolished, and the weapons not carnal shall prove mighty through God in the pulling down of Satan's strongholds.

But can we consistently blame these deluded worshippers?

Let him that is without sin cast the first stone. Idolatry is not confined exclusively to the realms of Paganism.

In Islands illumined by the Sun of Righteousness and overshadowed by the Tree of Liberty, there is enshrined an idol of which *Kali* is by no means an inappropriate representation. The embodiment of vices equally detestable—the exactor of victims more numerous still. This idol—which to the millions that acknowledge the creeds of Buddha Brahma, and Mahomet is an "unknown god"—this Christian Idol bears the name of *Alcohol*. We do not know whether there is any relationship to *Kali*. Certainly the resemblance is close. Look at her portrait. Her throat is an open sepulchre. With her tongue she uses deceit. The poison of asps is under her lips. Her mouth is full of cursing and bitterness. Her feet are swift to shed blood. Destruction and misery are in her ways. And the way of peace has she not known. There is no fear of God before her eyes. Look at her worshippers. Their countenance; bloated, swollen, haggard, shrivelled, wan, withered, the fire of genius extinguished, the light of happiness eclipsed, the bloom of health vanished. Their character. Listen to the melancholy recital: They are filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, covetousness, maliciousness, full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, haters of God, proud boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents; covenant breakers; without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful, who knowing the judgment of God that they which do these things are worthy of death, not only do the same but have pleasure in them that do them. The Festival of *Kali* was only once a year. That of alcohol is constant, it knows no intermission. Devotees maddened by the deceitful poison she dispenses, reel round like the giddy waltzers till they drop exhausted into the tomb. But others start up to fill the vacancies their removal occasions, and thus the fatal dance goes on. They sit down to eat and drink, and rise up to play. The glass goes merrily round. The serpent is coiled insidiously beneath ready to spit fire, but he is unperceived. Reason, religion, conscience, experience, all cry, "There is death in it." But the warning voice is drowned in the uproarious shout of boon companionship. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." The victims of *Kali* are counted by scores, or, at the most by hundreds. The victims of Alcohol are counted by thousands. And sad though the scenes by which are annually enacted within *Kali's* gigantic temple, they are not one whit worse than those which are enacted every day within those well known Temples of Alcohol more than one hundred and thirty of which blacken the fair face of good old Kingston. Suppose for a moment the whole of them scattered throughout the world to be gathered into one. What a Temple would that be! As for size St. Peter's at Rome, St. Sophia's at Constantinople, St. Paul's in London, would be motes in comparison. What a spectacle would this mammoth building present! Pile up the stiffened corpses that lie bleached upon a hundred battle fields. Compute the mass of disease that festers in a hundred hospitals and the rage of an appalling epidemic.

Behold! huddled together beneath your mind's eye, the hardened occupants of a hundred prisons, or the skeleton was begone spectres that flit along the corridors, or pine in the wards of a hundred asylums and Poor houses—Steel your Arithmetic would fail. Your vision would prove defective. These would convey to you but a faint idea of the scene which that tremendous Temple erected in honor of the great Goddess alcohol presents. Its floor covered annually with 100,000 bleeding bodies, and at least an equal number of broken hearts. The mighty idol surrounded by 1,200,000 infuriated devotees. The gates guarded by 200,000 stern, steel hearted sentinels. The treasury filled every year with two hundred million currency. The walls sweat blood. The arches ring with the shouts of more than a million worshippers, and the sighs of 5 million pitiable objects that cling tremulously to their skirts.

Here is a wife who shrinks from the murderous blow of a demon husband. There, the husband whose head bends like a bulrush over a dishonored wife. Here a sister's cheek is wet for a beloved brother is dead while he liveth. There a brother's cheek is crimsoned because of a doating sister's shame.

Now, we behold the scene in the vineyard of Noah repeated, children covering a fallen parent's nakedness, screening his besetting sin. Then we witness a sight perhaps the most doleful of all, grey hairs brought down with sorrow to the grave. A mother weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they are not. A father watering with his tears the fresh beat-



an sod that roofs the sepulchre of the pride of his heart, and making this, his plaintive elegy, "Oh, my son, would to God I had died for thee!"

This is no fancy sketch, it is a sober fact. It is not a dream of romance, it is stern reality. When the grand assize is ushered in, and the book of remembrance opened in which the transactions of earth are registered by an unerring and impartial hand, it will be fully borne out that not one-tenth of the havoc has been wrought by Kali on Pagan, as has been wrought by its hideous representative Alcohol, on Christian soil. Shall we do nothing to effect the abolition of this most unnatural form of idolatry, to arrest the progress of an evil which with the stealthy trail of the serpent seizes on its victims, and with the resistless impetuosity of the Simoon sweeps them to perdition. Must our stock of sympathy be all reserved for the "poor heathen" abroad, when there are worse than heathen at our very doors who have fallen among thieves, and whose gaping wounds invite us to act the good Samaritan's part.

Shall we content ourselves with heaving sentimental sighs, and shedding useless tears over those pitiable objects who have been caught in the snare of that enemy who like his father has been a "robber and a murderer, from the beginning," and yet with the chilling indifference of the Levite pass by on the other side. If it be so, then ours will be the brand of Cain and the curse of Meroz. We may drug conscience and shrug up our shoulders whispering contemptuously, "Am I my brother's keeper?" But certainly when the inflexible Judge arises to make inquisition for blood, the voice of our brother's blood will cry against us from the ground.

We may pride ourselves in a "dignified neutrality" fondly supposing that if we do not evince a leaning to either side we shall not be implicated in the result. But this is a contest in which that watchword of the Captain of Salvation proves pre-eminently true—"He that is not with me is against me." There can be no middle ground. Neutrality is impossible. We must be ranked either with the friends or with the foes of this accursed system. Supineness is equivalent to hostility. "Curse ye Meroz. Curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

We are furnished in this lecture with a clear statement of what the Maine Law is and what it proposes. Objections are answered. To the one about the waste of property, the author thus replies:—

But some niggardly purse-bearer starts up, and tauntingly cries, "to what purpose is this waste." What waste? Why you cannot but be aware that this is a remunerative traffic. It puts a great deal every year into the public chest. If your views be carried out, all this will be lost. Well, what if it should? Why, friend, you look only to one side of the account. For one dollar lost to the Revenue, there will be at the lowest estimate, 20 in hard cash saved to the country at large. The revenue derived to the Imperial Exchequer from Intoxicating Liquor, is in round numbers somewhere about five millions sterling. The expenditure—the gross loss thereby caused reaches One Hundred Millions. It is not far short of the same proportionally in this country. Now to lose a hundred million for the sake of five, seems something like being penny-wise and pound foolish. And this is a foundation on which to rest our country's prosperity, a foundation of broken hearts and rifled homes, diseased bodies, and lost souls. Can any good come out of money secured at the expense of whatsoever things are true, honest, lovely and of good report.

"We have read of savage tribes who adorned the rude palace of their King, with strings and pyramids of skulls, the trophies of barbarous wars: but, to our eyes, he proposes something more revolting still, who would maintain the splendor of our crown out of the miseries of our people."

"But if you have no respect to the interests of the government, pray have respect to those worthy parties who are engaged in this traffic, and whose earthly all depends upon it." Every great public reform demands sacrifice of some kind. In order to its being achieved, some parties must suffer. Without pronouncing any opinion on the respective merits of protection and free trade, it is sufficient for us to know that the latter was not attained without serious injury being sustained by some great landed proprietors, and farmers unitedly suffered. But was this deemed a

sufficient reason for refusing, or postponing that radical change? It was carried in the teeth of a reclaiming landocracy, on the simple footing that the interests of the few must yield to those of the many. So it must be in the case before us. We must not allow a morbid sympathy for the owners of distilleries and dram-shops, to close our ears to the sighing of the poor and the crying of the needy in their distress. The cancer is spreading—the patient's life is in danger. We must not be prevented by any sentimental whining from the grasping the lancet, probing to the quick, and boldly cutting it out. But will these parties really suffer? For a time, they may. In the long run they will not. The really worthy will not stand idly by and cry "pity the sorrows of." They will apply themselves vigorously to other branches of business, their consciences unburdened by the thought that they are receiving the wages of unrighteousness. They will share in the benefit of that healthy impetus which trade will receive when the crushing incubus of this traffic is removed. They will be the very individuals who in the end will thank us for placing them in a position where they can honorably wring their daily pittance from the sweat of their brow, and not from the tears and blood of others. And as for the worthless amongst them, why, if they will not reform, the sooner we are quit of them the better. But even though this were not to be the case, it would assuredly be decidedly preferable to repeat that noble act of our illustrious father-land, when twenty million sterling was laid on the altar of humanity for the liberation of the West India Slaves. It would be better to grant a retiring pension to the whole regiment of Distillers and Dram Sellers, than that the present system should continue. Rather let them go about like gentlemen, with their hands in their own pockets, than that they should plunge them so deeply into the pockets of the public.

"But you forget the drink—pity to have so much of one of God's good creatures lost. I cannot think of its being poured into the common sewer." One can hardly listen with gravity and patience to this objection which is one of the most common of the lot. It makes me think of the servant Dinah and her mistress, down South.

Dinah had been trained up in habits of strict economy. Her mistress was a pious woman (so far as one making human flesh and immortal souls marketable commodities can be) She instructed her maid regularly to pray that Satan's Kingdom might be destroyed. "I doesn't know 'bout that," answered Dinah.

"What, not pray for the destruction of satan's kingdom," demanded the mistress. Don't you desire it? Dinah could not rise above the influence of her ruling passion. "Destroy" seemed a harsh word. It grated on her ear.

"I does'nt, missus, lub to see anyting wasted," was her significant rejoinder.

So it is with these so called disciples of Joseph Hume. They don't, 'lub to see anything wasted' when it suits their own purpose, and puts money into their own purse.

When a punchoon is pierced and the liquid fire is seen flowing out into the mud, these would-be Economists lift their hands with pious horror, and shout 'waste.' But when a living cask is seen rolling in the mud, filled with that same liquid fire, they cry: 'Drunken Beast,' and pass by, on the other side: although in the one case only the drink is lost, in the other, the drinker and the drink together.

*Better far, surely for a man to throw rum into the ditch than that rum should throw him there."*

We cheerfully recommend this lecture to the League, and to all friends of the cause in which we are engaged. Let it have an extensive circulation.

**PLAIN TRUTH.**—Girls that are daily gadding the streets in silks, while their poor mothers are sweating in the kitchen in linsey, will make miserable wives, if men are foolish enough to marry into such a tribe. If they succeeded in getting husbands, which appears to be the object of their lives, their only chance of happiness is in the fact that men of talent will not have them, and the ones they get are too big fools to discover their unworthiness. They seem to think if they can gain the man, no matter by what means, their object is accomplished, that he is caught, and must make the best of it. Poor fools! they ought to know the heart must be bound, as well as the hand, or happiness will vanish with novelty, and misery be the household God and preside over the family circle.

## Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, AUGUST 1, 1853.

### Neal Dow in Canada.

The distinguished author of the Maine Law has paid a short visit to Canada. We are glad that so keen an eye has looked upon our fair country. He will not be likely to disparage it, or set aught down in malice, but he will have seen two things; first, that we have a dreadful rum power to contend against; but, second, that we have a combined and accumulating moral power of Temperance men and women, who will not rest until they accomplish their design in the downfall of the traffic in rum.

The Hon. Neal Dow paid a visit to Hamilton. He was well received, but we have no report of the meeting held there, other than a very brief one in a Hamilton paper. Mr. Dow spoke for two hours, and his speech was replete with irrefutable arguments, novel facts, and graphic illustrations, which elicited the warmest approbation.

At Toronto the honorable gentleman was enthusiastically received and worthily treated. From the *North American* we learn that the representatives of the various Temperance associations met to await the arrival of the steamer from Hamilton. Seven carriages drew up; and the steamer heaving in sight, the party proceeded to the wharf to await its arrival. A mutual congratulation soon followed; and having reached the head of the wharf, the party seated themselves in the carriages and proceeded to make a range of the city, that the hon. gentleman might form some idea of its extent. Mr. Mink's large crimson carriage, drawn by four excellent grays, led the way, and in it were seated the Reception Committee and the Hon. Neal Dow. The next was the handsome private carriage of Fred. C. Capreol, Esq., with his beautiful grays, which had been put at the service of the Secretary of the League for the occasion. The other five carriages followed in order.

Having reached the Normal School, the whole party was kindly welcomed by the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, and having entered their names on the visitor's book, were shown through the whole of the building, the Dr. leading the van. The hon. gentleman frequently expressed his delight at the grandeur and magnificence of this useful institution were unfolded to him. The party also ascended to the tower where an excellent view is got of the city, and having feasted their eyes on the interesting prospect, they completed the survey of the building, and left accompanied by Dr. Ryerson,—who was requested to occupy a seat beside the Hon. Neal Dow. The party then proceeded to the University, thence down the College Avenue to Queen street, down York street, along King street, down Church street and up Wellington street to Bay street, to the residence of E. F. Whittemore, Esq., who had invited the hon. gentleman to be his guest during his stay in the city. The party then separated.

In the evening the Hon. Neal Dow delivered a most

able lecture, the substance of which we may give in our next. The St. Lawrence Hall was little more than half filled, but the loss was on the side of those who were absent. Not all the circus amusements, or operatic performances for a generation, would compensate to an earnest, intelligent, benevolent mind, for the loss of such a lecture. It was calm, truthful, dignified, benevolent, noble.

Toronto seems to have been resolved to give honour to whom honour is due; and assuredly we have seen processions in that fair city, not half as creditable to the people as the one of which an account is given above. But it appears that was not enough, there must be a public breakfast, a very good idea, but because of the opportunity afforded for interchange of thought and the rehearsal of facts. So to breakfast let us go, and there we find upwards of forty gentlemen, representing the various interests in the city, surrounding a well-spread table, in the American Hotel, foot of Yonge street, where, under the auspices of Mr. Pearson, they enjoy a most comfortable repast. E. F. Whittemore, Esq., Vice-President of the League, occupied the chair, supported on the right by the Hon. Neal Dow and Rev. Mr. McClure of London, and on the left by the Rev. Mr. Roaf, President of the Temperance Reformation Society, and J. Cameron, Esq., E.C.L. R. H. Brett, Esq., Treasurer of the League, occupied the Vice-Chair, supported on the right by W. McDougall, Esq., and on the left by J. M'Nab, Esq., of the Executive Committee of the League.

After some remarks about toasts and sentiments, the Rev. Mr. Roaf, after many very excellent remarks, proposed what is called a sentiment, as follows:—

"It affords us extreme pleasure to meet with the Hon. Neal Dow on the present occasion, and to recognize in him the author of a Law so happily adapted not only to benefit the society among whom he resides, but to spread its hallowed influence throughout the world at large."

Mr. James Leslie, of the *Examiner*, responded.

"He rejoiced in meeting with Mr. Dow, the acknowledged instrument in the hands of Providence in suggesting and carrying forward this great improvement. He rejoiced at the opportunity of having been present last night to hear the strong and irrefutable arguments which he brought forward in support of his cause. Notwithstanding that he (Mr. Leslie) had been favorable to such a law, yet he had some latent doubts with regard to the propriety of totally abolishing the traffic by law, especially in the case of brewers who have large amounts of money embarked in their business. He had also strong sympathy with those who were induced to use other instrumentalities for the accomplishing of the work of moral reformation; but he was now more and more satisfied that the great interests of society demand this law. (Hear, hear, and applause) He believed firmly in the principle laid down and so admirably defended last night, that 'The welfare of society is the supreme law;' and all our individual interests therefore must be subservient to this great principle. In conclusion, he wished again to congratulate our citizens in having the honor of meeting with Mr. Dow, not only as a friend to the State to which he belongs, and as a friend to the Union, but as a friend to humanity generally."

After Mr. Leslie resumed his seat amidst much applause, the Chairman submitted the sentiment, and it was carried with acclamation.

Mr. Dow rose amidst great applause. He said, permit me to express my acknowledgment for the kind and generous manner in which you have received me here at Toronto. It was to me entirely unexpected. My idea was to come here and say a few

words in regard to this matter, and then pass on without much ado. I had no expectation of being received in this very flattering style. I have been engaged earnestly and laboriously in this great matter, endeavoring in this brief life of mine, to benefit my fellow-men. It seems to me that this should be the great idea that should animate every man, that his brief life should be employed and devoted in the best way to benefit his fellow-men. It is a beautiful sentiment—aside altogether from his relations to his God, and from the ties which bind and endear him to the little circle in which he finds a home,—so to live that when he comes to die, his fellow-men shall have been the better for his having lived amongst them. How comforting for him to have the sweet satisfaction of knowing that his fellow-men have been the better and the happier for his having lived amongst them. There was once a shoemaker in some country village in England, a very industrious frugal man, who worked hard and saved up all his money. He had a phrase which he kept constantly before him—"He wanted to leave the world no worse than he found it." There was in his neighborhood a green shady lane, leading to the market town. It had been open for many generations; but the Ranger of the district took into his head to shut up the lane. It had been employed by the young people for their rural sports, and it had been used for a quiet and speedy way to the market town. But it was shut up, and the young people excluded from it, and were obliged to forego their rural sports or have them on the dusty road, and the people were obliged to wander round a long way to get to the market. The shoemaker did not like this arbitrary step, and he went to enquire of a lawyer whether the Ranger had a right to shut up the lane. The lawyer said he had not. The shoemaker then said that he had eight hundred sovereigns, the earnings of an earnest industrious and frugal life, and he would devote that to the purpose of getting the lane opened up again. The lawyer stated that it would not require anything like that sum to gain his object. A process was entered against the gentleman for shutting up the lane, and as soon as the Ranger knew who was his prosecutor, he sent for the shoemaker and asked how he came thus to interfere in this matter. The shoemaker's simple reply was, "I want to leave the world no worse than I found it," and he told the nobleman that he could not think of going out of the world leaving that lane shut up, for then he would be leaving the world worse than he found it, and his earnest entreaty had the effect of again opening up that green shady lane to the young people of the village. (Applause.) Very few of us are aware of the importance of acting in this determined manner. In this room a few of us have assembled together with reference to the extinction of the traffic in intoxicating liquors. Some few generous hearts propose that the work shall not be thoroughly accomplished until the traffic be thoroughly extirpated from the Canadas as well as the States, and from the civilized world indeed, for my feeling is strong that this work will go over the civilized world, and that good men and wise men will combine together and will co-operate in the promotion of the great and glorious work, the redemption of their fellow-men from the traffic in intoxicating drinks. In some distant day the people will look back with pious wonder that we submitted to this evil so long. You have here an intelligent people. I have seen none more so anywhere, and I rejoice to find so many who have their hearts in the right place and who are ready and willing to make personal sacrifices and to encounter difficulties in this great work. I was in Detroit a short time ago at the time of the final vote on this question, and all the Temperance men with one single exception said, the result would be otherwise than it was, and we were greatly disappointed but very greatly pleased. Even the City of Detroit, inhabited by foreigners, chiefly Dutchmen and Germans, who do not take part in our movement, notwithstanding that it gave a majority in favor of the Maine Law of 299 (great applause) and throughout the State the vote comprises a majority of all the legal voters of the State. While thus the enemies of the movement declared that they had made no exertions or they would have voted the measure down, we see that the result could not have been different from what it was. The majority would have been the same. The people of Michigan have declared three to one that they will try the experiment of diminishing the traffic. I went to Ohio. The people assembled there to the number of 10 000. The procession was more than two miles long. They also are resolved to try the experiment, and I hope it will succeed. I saw gentlemen there distinguished in public life, and amongst them a gentleman who occupied a place in the Ministry,

and he expressed decidedly that this movement will go through Ohio and all the States, so that we will set the example to the world, of protection to ourselves and our children from intoxicating drinks. What a glorious people we shall then be, shall we not? in the States and in Canada when we vote all the grog shops down (applause); when poverty, and crime, and vice, and misery, resulting from the traffic in intoxicating drinks, shall all be banished from the face of society. (Great applause.) Permit me to give a sentiment before I sit down:—"The people of Canada and of the States—may there be no rivalry or strife between them, except as to which shall excel the other in the earnest endeavour to bless and benefit mankind."

To Mr. Dow's sentiment Mr. Brett responded, and the meeting approved.

The Rev. Mr. Lillie spoke to the following:—

"That inasmuch as the earnest and undeviating efforts of one individual have produced so great a revolution in the State of Maine, we resolve that the influence of this example shall not be lost upon us; but that we will raise our united voices in the Temperance cause, until the Province of Canada enjoys a Law similar in character and tendency to that Law which already has produced so satisfactory a change upon the prosperity and domestic comfort of the State of Maine."

After a few introductory remarks, Mr. Lillie said:—

"Sometimes we reason forward from things we know and sometimes we reason backward. In the present case he was prepared to reason backward. He was perfectly prepared to receive any statements as to any description of action characterised by intelligence, and generous feeling, from the gentlemen to whom allusion has been made. He had heard a great number of addresses by men standing high,—and deservedly so,—amongst their fellow-men. But never had he listened with more entire and hearty satisfaction than he did to the address of the Hon. gentleman on the previous night. He felt, as the Lecturer was proceeding, that that was exactly the mode in which to carry on the work. Not a word of railing, not a word of censure, nothing of rashness,—but a calmly, generous statement of propositions and such an illustration of these propositions, as to his (Mr Lillie's) mind would make it difficult indeed, for any person at all characterised by candour to remain in doubt as to the propriety of the course he recommended. He trusted that in this mode of dealing with the subject, they would follow the course set amongst them; and although he would willingly receive any suggestions as to the course to adopt, he still thought that the example the hon. gentleman has set—the calm, manly, generous exhibition of the subject he has given us, is the very best hint we could get. His impression was, that if we go on and fall out, that example, treating those courteously with whom we differ, and making them understand that we are determined to gain our object, though it should take a considerable time to accomplish it; he was persuaded that we would get the Maine Law, or a law involving the same principle, very far sooner probably than we have been anticipating. The sentiment he had read, declares that 'this example shall not be lost upon us.' This he trusted, would be the case, and that we will raise our united voices in the temperance cause, until the Province of Canada enjoys a Law, similar in character to that Law which already has effected so satisfactory a change upon the prosperity and domestic comfort of the State of Maine. This law has been happily described as a revolution, not one of the bloodiest, but one of the best that the history of the world exhibits. It is a revolution in which every generous minded, honourable man can concur, and into which he can throw his own heart. It is a revolution in which no blood has been shed, and in which there is to be none shed while it is carried on. It is a revolution, the aim and tendency of which is to save life, to save property, to save everything valuable, and give to the whole community the full enjoyment of all the rights which God intended them to have, and through the exercise of which they will benefit one another as well as secure their own individual happiness."

After Mr. Lillie, the Rev. Mr. McClure, of London, rose to support the sentiment. He said:—

"He felt very much gratified indeed in meeting so many of his old friends whom he knew to be steel to the backbone in the cause of temperance. It was particularly gratifying to him to meet

their distinguished guest, the Hon Neal Dow, on such an occasion. He had often heard of his indefatigable labors and of the extraordinary success that lately crowned these, and it gave him the greatest pleasure that they were now able to look at the day of the Coronation, and not at the struggle which precedes it. All victories are the result of toil, indefatigable toil, and none more so than the cause of Temperance Reformation. He felt much more sanguine of the speedy and happy results of the struggle than his esteemed brother, Mr. Roaf did. He thought they would get the Maine Law sooner than Mr. Roaf expected. He had lately attended six or eight large meetings in the Western part of the Province, in reference to the license and traffic in ardent spirits, and at every meeting there was an overwhelming majority in favor of the adoption of a prohibitory Law. It was a pleasing circumstance that such was the mind of the country upon so important a subject, and it was encouragement for every good man to hold on in the good work in which we are engaged. It was an easy matter to make a few pleasant remarks upon the happy effects of this law, but it is well that every individual should be prepared to act it out to the very letter, and to do so, it should be our duty to prepare the mind of the people for the change which, in the providence of God we trust, is not far distant. It is frequently said, you may gain the Law, but on whom will rest the working of that Law. Certainly it will rest on the temperance men. We cannot expect those who have always opposed the movement to carry out our law. If we had the Law to-morrow we must be individually at work as temperance men to see it carried out. The Rev. gentleman here referred to some length to his experience in the Temperance Reformation, particularly enforcing the principle that we should be honest and hearty in all our endeavors to promote the welfare of society."

Mr. M'Dougall, of the *North American*, proposed the resolution or sentiment committed to him:—

"We rejoice that the clergymen of the City of Toronto have so generously responded to the request to preach a course of Temperance Sermons on Sabbath afternoons, as we anticipate therefrom additional influence and support to the Temperance cause."

Our space compels us to omit a part of Mr. M'Dougall's excellent remarks. He said:—

"He did not wish their distinguished guest to go away with a false impression. For the credit of our city and country, we should not on such a subject go beyond the truth. He had been a citizen of Toronto for some years and had watched this movement with attention, and he felt convinced that our clergymen, taking them as a body, had given the weight of their influence in behalf of this great reform. As compared with other classes, with other professions, they have done their share, and the presence of several rev. gentlemen of different denominations, and their remarks on this occasion, show that their heart is in the work. It is, perhaps, necessary to explain, for the information of strangers, that in this country the peculiar nature of our political questions has given rise to the feeling—and a very prevalent one it is—that clergymen do well not to interfere too much in politics. Probably this is the reason they have been a little behind in the agitation for the Maine Law—a political question. Do what we will, as our hon. guest told us last night, this question must enter into our political combinations; it must be settled at the polls; and it was not, therefore, surprising that many clergymen had shown some hesitancy in joining the movement. They have regarded their work as moral, rather than legal suasion; and in our former movements he could bear witness that ministers had devoted much time and displayed much zeal in the moral improvement of society. To use a simile he had recently met with,—they have assented to lay on the moral suasion *lash*, but the time had now come to attach the Maine Law *cracker*. The politicians, much as they have been decried, must aid in this operation, and see that it is well knotted too. He had no doubt our clergymen generally would do their duty in this new movement, and that at no distant day the Maine Law would be enforced in Canada."

Brief addresses were given by Messrs. Cameron, M'Nab, Walton, Nichols, and M'Lear. The party then separated, and escorted Mr. Dow to the steamer.

visit and lecture, but hope they were well received, and beneficial to that city.

Concerning Mr. Dow's contemplated visit to Montreal and Quebec, it was thought advisable to postpone his public reception until later in the season, when more of our merchants and others will be at liberty.

The *Witness* of July 20th says that the Hon. Neal Dow arrived in this city on Saturday last, and left on Monday for Portland, without remaining to lecture at this time, but giving the friends of Temperance a gratifying assurance that he intends to comply with their request, to lecture in Montreal at the time of the Provincial Exhibition in the end of September next. He states his opinion, that the Temperance cause is in a very advanced state in Canada West.

We are glad that Neal Dow has made this short trip to Canada. He has by his demeanour and public efforts, favourably impressed our people. He will be most enthusiastically received in September, and we pray to God that his life and health may be preserved until he sees the Maine Law passed and executed all over this continent.

### Summer Excursions.

Montreal is remarkable for many things. In winter we have abundance of lectures and soirees,—in summer we have lots of excursions and pleasure trips. The Jonadab Division took the lead among the temperance hosts, and had a pleasant steamboat ride down the St. Lawrence.—There numbers were not great, but those who were there would be very likely to enjoy themselves more than if there were a terrible rush, such as we have sometimes seen. Our friends of that division have not furnished us with any particulars, so we are necessarily short.

On the fourth of July another trip was arranged, so that the friends of temperance in Montreal and others could meet at Rouse's Point, in the State of New York. We found ourselves of this party, and enjoyed the jaunt very much. From the Rouse's Point *Advertiser* we gather a few particulars. The Sons held their meeting in the Depot of the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad Company, which had been hastily fitted up for the purpose, and over which waved in friendly proximity, the glorious "Star Spangled Banner" and the time-honored "Meteor Standard," which has so long braved the battle and the breeze in every clime.

At 11 o'clock the steamer *Utica* arrived from St. Johns with a goodly number of sons, and daughters too, who were met on landing by the other divisions, when all defiled through the building, led by the Odelltown brass band, and marshalled by our friend Mondeau, whose tact and bearing during the day elicited well earned praise.

The opening prayer by the Rev. C. C. Gilbert, was most appropriate and impressive. The declaration was read well. The oration by the Rev. J. H. Woodward, was a noble performance, characterised by large views, deep

From Kingston we have no authentic report of Mr. Dow's

thoughts, sound reasoning, and good taste. It will be published in the *Canada Temperance Advocate*.

The dinner at the American, National, and Temperance Houses, followed, and was all that could have been looked for by the most exacting.

The afternoon proceedings opened with a real heartfelt, spirit-stirring speech from Rev. W. Scott, of Montreal, which caused a general feeling of regret, that it was not longer.

Brother Hungerford followed in a speech of some length, in course of which he said many things hard to be gain-said, showing how completely he has mastered the whole subject and made it his own.

On the whole the *Sons* have much reason to be satisfied with the events of the fourth. The result cannot fail to advance the cause of temperance; while the occasion has tendered to bring into view and to strengthen kindly feelings which so happily exist between ourselves and our neighbors over the Line. So let it be."

We add our "Amen" to the "so let it be" of our neighbour. Let us work together in harmony and see which can procure the prohibitory law first—New York or Canada.

Perseverance Tent, so very popular, and generally so very successful in their enterprises, made their arrangements for a Grand Railroad Excursion to St. Albans, in the State of Vermont, on the 20th of July. The Committee of arrangements sent us complimentary tickets, and, notwithstanding the "streaming showers" of the morning, we could not help finding oneself on the wharf—on the cars—and in St. Albans. Our excellent friend, T. S. B., has given a graphic account of this cold water visit in the *Gazette*. He says:—

"The steamer *Iron Duke* was crammed with passengers the moment she made fast to the wharf; and many ran to give their friends notice that there was 'no mistake.'—When we all got over, at the second trip, the party filled twenty-one covered cars, in two trains. All snug and comfortable, like Tam O'Shanter, they

'Cared not for the storm's whistle.'

After passing St. Johns, the sun came out, and all were congratulating themselves on good luck; but somehow the leading Locomotive got the sulks, and we were detained one or two precious sun shany hours on the road, when we should have been in the fields. Cause—the Champlain road had too generously lent our engine to the next road, where one was broken the day before.

On reaching Saint Albans, we found galleries, eminences, and even flat house tops filled with people, awaiting our approach. On alighting, gentlemen on horseback cleared our way through the dense crowd, and off we marched in grand style, Ledcompte's Band leading with *Vive la Canadienne*, and banners flying.—The English ensign waved, (in compliment) where it probably never waved before,—and cannon roared a full salute from the Park, under the 'British flag,'—and even the clouds, which had suddenly gathered for the occasion, in compliment to so respectable a "cold water" assemblage, commenced most inauspiciously to pour down their acknowledgment. We reached the beautiful grove only to leave; what dinner could be exposed, instead of being 'washed down,' was washed away; what was to be the great affair of the day, did not even begin; for the ladies of St. Albans who were all dressed, to join us sociably on the Hill, and the little girls in white, who were to present our ladies with bouquets, were compelled to stay in doors. The Hotels could not accommodate such a rush, and many, for all I know, came home like myself, ruminating on our good breakfast. A friend had provided a dinner for myself, and such as I chose to invite.

I found the guests—there were plenty on the highway—but having many cares, I had no time to eat a mouthful.—(Until the rest had done.—Ed.)

At the hour named, we returned to the cars, and by the time we were comfortably seated, it stopped raining. There was a deal of fine weather through the day, only it came at the wrong time. From the time we were fairly clear of St. Johns, till we got home to Montreal, it rained for about three hours only, and two of these, occupied all the time we were at St. Albans. How the clouds managed a coincidence, is at present beyond my comprehension.

The Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad is certainly in admirable order, and all should return thanks to Messrs. Meyers, Maguire and Mondou, conductors for the occasion, for the pleasant manner in which they executed their duties. Never could there be a more pleasant ride—the same people may travel many times without finding another so agreeable. Not one single accident occurred. Thanks are due to the Captain of the *Iron Duke* for his civility, and to Mr. Bryan and the Water Police for admirable order on the wharf.

All must feel the acknowledgments due to the people of St. Albans for the warm reception given, the great politeness shown, and the farther cordialities intended, which were 'spoilt by the rain.' I think we should do the thing over again. The first trip certainly wetted the peoples appetite for a second."

Well! If you will, "try again;" but don't overdo.—There are other excursions yet to come off. Everybody knows what "Perseverance Tent" can do, and their popularity never was more fully proved than on this occasion,—crowds accompanying them under such *heavy wet* disadvantages. For ourselves we were much gratified with our visit to St. Albans. Vermont has the Maine Law,—not one sign to be seen, reading "Licensed to Retail Spirituous Liquors." We dare not ask the Vermonters to come here,—the curse of liquor would meet their eye every where. Oh! Earth! Earth!! hear the word of the Lord. "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness."

### Gunpowder Plot—The Satanic Press.

Certain contemporaries avail themselves of every opportunity to make the impression that a prohibitory law against liquor will not be obtained, or if obtained, will not be practicable. In New Brunswick there is a kind of Maine Law, but not the whole figure. It is enough, however, to raise the devil, and excite the malice of those who have sold themselves to work wickedness, and thereby gain filthy lucre. Some of the friends of mammon and liquor, undertook to blow up a Temperance Hall in New Brunswick, and we believe they succeeded.

This fact is quoted by the Montreal *Gazette*, without a word of condemnation, and as though that gunpowder plot was a sufficient reason against the working of a Maine Law. Just the contrary, and fully proves that New Brunswick must knock her beer barrels on the head as well as the whisky kegs. And then why does the satanic liquor press quote that paragraph about Boston and New York, purporting to show that the latter without the Law is better off than Boston with the Maine Law? Does not everybody conversant with temperance matters know, that the liquor merchants of Boston are moving earth and hell to produce the impression that the law won't work? They will give or sell, or in some way get liquor down the throats of the peo-

ple—defying law, and making all pandemonium ring with approving applause. Go on they may to their own ruin, and the murder, most foul and unnatural, of thousands, but their end and the end of their bad business is nigh—What a shame that good type should be used to keep alive a bad cause, and perpetuate wholesale slaughter.

#### Grand Division S. of T.—Canada East.

By a resolution of the last session, this delegated body of Sons, will meet at Aylmer, on the second Wednesday of August, at 10 o'clock, a.m., for the transaction of the quarterly business of the order. It is hoped all the subordinate divisions will be represented, and that the order will be found in a flourishing condition.

The worthy Grand Scribe, brother Rose, has favoured us with a communication from brother C. Symmes, of Aylmer, who is authorised to invite the cooperation of the Grand Division in celebrating the anniversary of the formation of the Aylmer Division.

Brother Symmes further states, "I am requested also to state that conveyances for the members of the Grand Division will be in waiting on the wharf at Bytown on the arrival of the boat, Tuesday evening, to take them to Aylmer, that you may have an early session on Wednesday. Your session will only be broken on the afternoon of Thursday by our soiree or demonstration."

Brother Symmes also says in his letter to brother Rose, "The Divisions in this locality have all been invited. The Bytown brass band will be in attendance. Mr Scott, of Bytown, furnishes the tables, and we shall erect a large tent to set them in."

We rather guess that this meeting of the Grand Division will be the best ever held in Canada East. We hope the weather will be auspicious, and that the Ladies of Aylmer and vicinity will lend a hand to the Gents. If they do not, something will go wrong. It is all-important to have the sympathy and aid of the fair sex.

#### Our Contemporaries and Exchanges.

We mean none of our friends any wrong in delaying a notice of their improvements, or in halting the appearance of any new laborer in the field of literary enterprise.

The *Peterborough Review* is entitled to a friendly notice. It has started in good hands, and has shown itself worthy of patronage.

The *New York Organ* has started a new volume, and continues to present to its readers a great deal of valuable and useful reading, very cheap.

The *Spirit of the Age*, after a brief dormancy has revived, and promises to do good service in the war of the times.

The *Tennessee Organ* is now the "State Sentinel" also, and will keep a good look out for the cause of Temperance and against the traffic.

The *Maple Leaf*, of Montreal, commenced a new volume on the first of July, and with a new frontispiece and other attractions, is likely to be a pleasant family companion for all classes.

The *Sun*, a new tri-weekly of this city, is going on well, and increasing its value, and consequently its patronage.

The *Cayuga Chief* is a welcome visitor, and so is the *Odd Fellow* from London, C. W.

The *Ohio Organ* will be quite a favorite if it comes regularly. Friend Carey stands high in our estimation.

The *Indiana Cadet* is received and placed on the list of exchanges.

Other periodicals—quarterly, monthly, and weekly—are lying in a heap, but who would think of expecting long notices this very hot weather; who would read, even if we were to write?

#### Repository of Contemporary Opinions.

We have frequently published articles and observations on the relative importance of female influence and activity in the Temperance reformation. They cannot be too highly prized, nor can we possibly say too much on so grave and momentous a question. The *Bristol Temperance Herald* publishes an "Address to the Women of England," on the subject of Temperance. We quote it here:—

"It is not needful, in the present enlightened age, to bring forward arguments to prove the usefulness of female agency, in carrying on the various plans of religious and benevolent effort, which distinguish our nation. The Bible, Missionary, Educational, and other societies abundantly testify to this. But perhaps it has not occurred to many of the Ladies of England, that their energies might be as usefully directed towards preventing the enormous amount of evil, which they are so assiduously, and often so vainly, endeavouring to cure. The extent of their influence is unbounded, and a responsibility rests upon them for its right employment, which is almost fearful to contemplate. We much wish that all would conscientiously ask themselves, if it could be said of them, as it was of one formerly, by him who knew the human heart,—"She hath done what she could."

It is not in public prominence that their power is experienced; but in the quiet, gentle influence of every-day life, which distils like the dew from Heaven, not seen but felt. In early childhood, in school days, in opening manhood, in married life, in declining years, are not men more or less affected by this influence, and does it not involve a deep responsibility, not to be slighted but encouraged, and acted upon in a spirit of unaffected humility, combined with that patience and perseverance which insure success?

It is with these convictions, that we would urge upon our sisters in all the towns and villages of our land, to establish Associations for promoting the cause of abstinence from all Intoxicating Liquors. The precise form which such associations may take, must be decided by the wisdom and experience of local committees. Some of those already in existence have been most useful in visiting families and schools, distributing tracts, and supporting missionaries in their own districts; and if only two or three were willing to commence the work in any place, the Secretary of the National Temperance Society will assist in the selection of tracts and books; and it would be most desirable if a Depot for the sale of Temperance publications, could be opened in the towns.

We would especially entreat them to interest the women and children in this important work. In many cases we have seen the wives of reformed characters selfishly persisting in their own indulgences, regardless of the temptations they place in the path of a husband, or the evil example set before their children, and strangely appearing to forget all

the poverty and degradation from which they have so recently escaped. The formation of Bands of Hope is an easy and pleasant task; but how can we expect a little child to be faithful to the principle of abstinence he has learned, when his own mother teaches him an opposite and dangerous lesson? How many parents, when too late, have to mourn with bitter tears over their ignorance and folly!

But not only in visiting their poor neighbours would we solicit the help of our sisters, but in endeavouring to spread right principles and habits amongst their own class in society. None know better than they the sickness, the suffering, and the misery of the poor; but do they always trace these sorrows to their real source? Do they know that amongst this wretched and degraded class are men of talent, education, and feeling, who have sunk from the position in society which they might have adorned, and have disappeared to perish unknown and unlamented? And they do not sink alone:—the extent of intemperance, even amongst the educated daughters of our land, is greater than most persons, except medical men, have any conception of, and is a subject almost too distressing to contemplate.

We invite our sisters every where, for the sake of their dependents—for the sake of their families—their acquaintances—their country, and their religion, to unite their efforts in this great work,—in the love of Him who “came to seek and to save that which was lost,”—feeling assured that by this means, they will do more to promote the joy of the prosperous, and alleviate the misery of the afflicted, than by any amount of eleemosynary relief.

By checking this source of unnumbered evils, they may also attain a still higher object and remove those impediments to the careful study of the word of God, and the reception of his truth, which at present render the work of the Missionary and the Minister of the Gospel so disheartening, and often productive of so little fruit.”

To the above we add the following from an American exchange. It shows that in some places the “women are in the field.”—

“A large number of women in Newcastle, Pa., have formed an association, not only to agitate and discuss the Temperance question, but to use their influence to secure the nomination of such legislators as will enact good prohibitory laws. In their declaration of sentiments and objects, they say when the conventions meet for the nomination of candidates for the Legislature, they propose sending a Committee of ladies with petitions to each of those Conventions, praying them to nominate only such men as they know to be thorough-going Temperance men. And, in order to ascertain how the men feel on this subject, whose names are announced as candidates for nomination, they will immediately address letters to each of these men, asking them to pledge themselves publicly in their county-papers, at the earliest opportunity, to take up and carry through the Maine Liquor Law, (should they be elected for the next session of their Legislature.) “If they pledge themselves unhesitatingly to carry out our wishes, we bid them God speed; but if they evade our question, we will set them down on the side of the enemy, and go in with heart and hand for those with whom we can trust such a momentous question.”

That veteran in the temperance field, the *Cayuga Chief*, has a stirring leader in one of his last issues worth reading. You will find out the subject as you proceed. Read it all!—

We do not blame men for that mental organization which cannot comprehend the plain principles of justice; yet the elevation of such men to offices whose duties have to do with the most important interests of the community in which they live, is both unfortunate for them and others.

There has been a lamentable degree of ignorance upon the question of licensing men to destroy by the sale of rum. But after all that has been said and written upon the injustice and wickedness of the license system; after its widely spread ruin through all the avenues of life has been made as plain as noon-day, it is tasking charity too severely to believe that any man of moderate common sense, is honest in that act which continues to fasten upon society the great wrong. Hence we feel often called upon to apply caustic of the most burning Saxon to him who discards all light, spurns the sympathies and appeals of injured humanity, and deliberately puts himself on record as a friend of that which merely as a social evil, is enough to put the wickedness of devils to the blush.

Evils in society which fade into purity by the side of liquor selling, are sternly placed under the weight of penal statutes. Interests comparatively trifling, are watchfully guarded. But when petitions, prayers, tears and eloquent words, backed by ages of history where poor hearts have been crushed and their hopes all destroyed, are borne up from the firesides of a great people, those who should guard us from wrong, turn away and deliberately help to roll on the accursed hood. The alms house and the prison cast their shadows into the very halls of our Legislature. The daily record of murder states out in every printed column, and in the highway, the bloated features of the ruined and those of the sorrowing and broken hearted, look deep damnation upon the system which is so bitter and sweeping in its desolations.

Against all this light and in the midst of this ruin, our city fathers have boldly perjured themselves and outraged humanity by giving legal sanction to rum selling. They cannot put in a single plea in extenuation. They cannot excuse or justify their wickedness. We arraign them before the tribunal of public opinion as men who boldly committed what they knew was wrong.—Every one of them who voted for rum licenses has put his name to an infamous lie, for not one of them believes what he has there said. It is a record of *official perjury*, and no reasoning can wrench a man of them from the relentless grasp of the position they have themselves chosen.—These are plain words, but not plainer than the truth that the man is a perjured wretch who puts his official oath to that which he knows is utterly and unequivocally false. There is not one of the number, however reckless he may be who dare before the people of this city, stand up and with his hand upon the Bible swear before God that he believes a rum shop absolutely necessary anywhere on the face of God's green earth. Yet as much before that God, they have said, and men are this day scattering fire brands and poisoning the community under their sanction.

Let us look a moment at an official watchfulness of the city's interests. Alderman Markham a creature of the rum power and a most rampant instrument of those who elected him, assumes a large share of conscientious guardianship in all matters pertaining to his official duties.

“LOOK ON THIS PICTURE.”

A boy ten years of age, climbed an elm shade tree near the Market, and broke a limb, the thickness of a finger, therefrom. Alderman Markham heard of the great wickedness, and with the stern heroism of a watch dog marched the child to the Police Office. The injury to the tree was of the most trifling character, and the perpetrator a mere child. But appeals were of no use. The great hearted Alderman was not to be moved. Justice demanded a victim. A most glaring and high handed crime had been committed in the broad light of day. A city ordinance had been violated—a shade tree had been injured. It would not do to spare the child and trust to his future good conduct. An example must be made and the majesty of the law vindicated. The

conscientious Alderman no doubt felt great responsibilities resting upon him as he stood before the diminutive perpetrator of the deed. The child was fined twenty-five dollars, and sent up to jail! As the relieved Alderman went home at night, he must have had great thoughts of the important part he had acted in securing the triumph of law, and when he thought of the child safely under bolt and key among felons, felt that the city was safe!

In all efforts to have the child released from his confinement, Markham was as unyielding—as cold and heartless as he is mulishly stubborn.—Alone he stood against the release. Himself a paragon of perfection and utterly above all human frailty, he could forgive nothing in the child-culprit. He knows nothing of mercy—of our common nature—of that more humane policy which is ever more effectual with young offenders than relentless enforcement of extreme penalty. With the stubborn bull-doggishness of revenge, he clung to full punishment. The boy had broken a limb from a shade tree.

## AND THEN ON THIS.

Look at the Alderman, stern and expansive under the great responsibilities of his position.—There he stands before that child, with the fume of brandy on his lips and fresh from the Council Chamber where he has put his name to a great falsehood. He stands with the brand of a moral Cain upon him—a man who has written himself down an enemy of all that is noble in manhood, bright in human happiness, or blessed in domestic peace. With the unyielding scent of a sleuthhound he clings to the child and drags him to the altar with a hand which has just been, through instruments, putting the bottle to his neighbor's lips. He stands without a blush! He is proud of his agency in the Heaven-cursed business of dealing rum. He is protecting a tree from the rude hand of a boy. And yet that same Alderman did what he would to scatter ruin broad-cast through a community of human souls. Hearts with all their binding ties, their earth's day happiness and their joys and hopes, are nothing. The inanimate tree which may wither and go back to earth and leave no void in a single home or heart, is sacred from the rude hand; while interests which are most sacred here, and undying on another shore, are unblushingly sacrificed by the same hand. Were all the ornamental trees on earth cut down in their greenness, no tie would be sundered which would call out the heart's bitter agony. Trees have not hearts to feel and suffer—to be wrung with unutterable woe. They never weep. They feel not the blows which bring out drops of blood from the crushed and broken. There are some to feel hunger, and grief and shame. This man, however, who thus guards them, has turned in upon poor men's homes, the direst curse that ever left its ruin there. Men may be degraded, killed by inches and die in their infamy; the wife may live amid the torments of an earthly hell and weep the dark years away unpitied; the innocent and unoffending children may go hungry for bread and with rags, blows and harsh words, go out into the world with their legacy of pauperism and bitter memories—they may all pass from earth and to their rest in "Potter's Field," and by authority. Not a link in the household from the white haired parent to the child in the cradle, has the least interest in the mind of Alderman Markham, or protection at his hand. He would place no barrier at the threshold, hearth-side or altar, but with his compeers in wrong, sitting upon the Car of this worse than heathen machinery, smile with the coolness of a devil as the begrimed wheels roll in upon all that human hearts can love and cherish at home. The low wail, the prayer of wife or mother, the angry word or brutal blow, the pale cheek or scalding tear, are all the same. And these deeds are done, knowing that every act throbs and vibrates beyond time. Interests thus undying are thus trampled down. Hopes of earth and Heaven, are blasted. De-fenceless women and children are directly warred upon.

And all this by a man who visits relentless punishment upon a child for mutilating a shade tree! Had the tree a voice it would cry out *shame!* Humanity looks on in astonishment, and manhood cowers, while all the holy, pure, and Christ-like sympathies of our nature shrink away. From every drunkard's home a demon glares upon the more than devilish hypocrisy. There is a hiss in the den where legal serf and

## TION, AGRICULTURE &amp; NEWS.

Ma will sha ill not use Intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage upon the article of Entertainment, nor for persons in of viratenance their use throughout the commun M. heard;

JST 15, 1853.

[Nand care hich we

ba t, and poured their libations at the shrine of he nconsis-  
ten is;—attracted, perhaps, not less by the rainbow, tportant  
of glittering wealth, which floated brilliantly before a shade tongue  
trees. But their appeals were disregarded—their of licens-  
ted. She was no coquette! far from it; though uin, and  
kill nity, and titles danced before her gaze, she pre eliberate  
sust in her lot with the young and manly, yet poor wretch

ed Canadian. ed a pa-  
William Freeman was a Canadian, of as manly intend to  
prizing blood as ever blessed the soil of Americatent untill  
ag they get it. We give the following extracts, by way of ex-  
hibiting their spirit and manner of working:—

## THE CRIME OF RUM-SELLING.

Scarcely one man in a thousand looks upon this crime in the true light. Who is the most to be pitied? The man who falls by the hand of the assassin, or by the hand of the rumseller. Bring the assassin and the mother face to face over the corpse of her murdered son; bring the rumseller and the mother face to face over the corpse of her son destroyed by rum. Which of these two mothers' hearts is the sorest? Which of them feels that she has received the greater injury? "Rather the victim of the dagger a thousand times, than the victim of rum!" would be their language. If so, what is the inference?

## THE MAINE LAW COMPARED.

1. It is like the harrow that the old man had made with the teeth on both sides. After that, let what would happen, it was always "RIGHT SIDE UP!"  
2. It is like a lobster. Let the rumseller try it in front, and there is a pair of claws there. Let him try it on the right side, and there is a pair of claws there. There is another pair on the left side. There is also a pair behind! Poor fellow, this is the law from which there is no escape whatever!

## LOOK IT IN THE EYE.

Travellers relate that if a lion is met in the desert, it is sufficient to look steadily at him, and the beast turns away roaring from the eye of man!—So we must do with the monster Intemperance, in the midst of the desert which he has created. We must look him in the eye, with a strong heart and a mighty arm, and soon the desert will bud and blossom as the rose.

## THE DOG PHILOSOPHY.

The best explanation we ever heard of the philosophy of the Maine Law was given by an old man in Morristown, N. J. "This law," said he, "is based on what I call the 'Dog Philosophy.' You notice the butcher, as he goes round with his meat; he has a dog under his wagon. The question with the thief is not, 'Is it right for me to steal; (he knows well enough it isn't right!)" but is it safe? and this settles the matter. He is afraid of the dog's nippers."  
"But why don't the dog eat the meat? Ah! here what I call the 'dog philosophy' comes in again. He would like to eat



the meat, but if he did, he knows his master would give him a thundering beating—and he dare not do it! Just so," said he, "it is with the rum-seller. Until the question with him is, 'Is it safe for me to sell rum,' you can do nothing with him. You must give him a touch of the 'Dog Philosophy.'"

### What I Live for.

I live for those who love me,  
For those I know are true,  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit too;  
For all human ties that bind me,  
For the task by God assigned me,  
For the bright hopes left behind me,  
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story  
Who've suffered for my sake,  
To emulate their glory,  
And follow in their wake;  
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,  
The noble of all ages,  
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,  
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season,  
By gifted minds foretold,  
When men shall live by reason,  
And not alone by gold,—  
When man to man united,  
And every wrong thing righted,  
The whole world shall be lighted,  
As Eden was of old.

### The Angel of Patience.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,  
God's meekest angel gently comes.  
No power has he to banish pain,  
Or give us back our lost again,  
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear  
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,  
There's rest in his still countenance.  
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,  
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;  
But still and woe he may not cure,  
He kindly helps us to endure.

Angel of patience! sent to calm  
Our feverish brow with cooling balm;  
To law the storms of hope and fear,  
And reconcile life's smile and tear;  
And throbs of wounded pride to still,  
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou, who mourned on thy way,  
With longings for the close of day,  
He walks with thee, that angel kind,  
And gently whispers, "be resigned!"  
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell,  
The good Lord ordereth all things well!

—National Era.

**PAYING LIKE A SINNER.**—Several years ago, in North Carolina, where it is not customary for the tavern keepers to charge the ministers anything for lodging and refreshments, a preacher promisingly stopped at a tavern one evening, made himself comfortable during the night, and in the morning entered the stage without offering pay for his accommodations. The landlord soon came running up to the stage, and said "there was some one who had not settled his bill." The passengers all said they had, but the preacher, who said he understood that he never charged ministers anything. "What, you a minister of the Gospel—a man of God?" cried the inn-keeper; "you came to my house last night—you sat down at the table without a blessing; I lit you up to your room, and you went to bed without praying to your Maker, (for I stood there until you retired;) you rose and washed without prayer, ate your breakfast without saying grace; and as you came to my house like a sinner, and eat and drank like a sinner, you have got to pay like a sinner."—*Southern Era.*

### MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

Compiled for Montreal Witness, 20th July.

**ASHES** have declined. The quotations are: Pots 26s 9d to 27s, Pearls 27s, without much doing in either sort. Want of freight is the chief cause of this decline.

**FLOUR.**—Sales have been made since the receipt of the *Arabia's news* at 21s 3d to 21s 9d, according to quality. On account of scarcity of tonnage, the market is inactive.

**WHEAT.**—Considerable sales of best U. C. have been made at 5s 6d.

**COARSE GRAINS.**—Nothing doing.

**PROVISIONS** dull. The quotations nominally the same for Beef and Pork. Nothing doing in Butter.

**FREIGHTS.**—For Flour, 4s 3d to 4s 6d per bbl; 35s for Ashes per ton, and 9s for Grain per quarter. Freights for Flour to lower ports, 2s to 2s 6d.

**EXCHANGE** continues at 10 per cent. premium for Bank 60 days.

**BANK STOCKS.**—Montreal Bank, 24; Commercial Bank, 13; City Bank, 5; People's Bank, 1 per cent. prem. Little doing in any of them.

**RAILROAD STOCKS** all dull. Lachine 15 to 16 per cent. discount. St. Lawrence & Atlantic has paid a bonus of 37½ per cent. on account of its amalgamation with the Grand Trunk. The Stock carrying the bonus has been sold at 15 per cent. premium. Champlain—Small sales at 10 per cent. discount.

**MONTREAL MINING CONSOLS.**—Small lots offering at 31s 3d to 32s 6d.

**IMPORTED GOODS** inactive.

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### OMNIBUS

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Port Lewis, 7th June, 1853.

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