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## TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE &amp; NEWS.

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

VOL. XVIII.]

MONTREAL, JUNE 1, 1852.

No. 12

## A Scrap from My Old Portfolio.

BY THE DOCTOR.

The nooks and corners of my very worthy and respectable friend, this old escritoire, by whose unfolded lid I now seat myself, are stowed full of the choicest collection of odds and ends. I venture to guess, any where to be found this side of the British Museum.—What a sparkle it would give to the eyes of a genuine old antiquary to pore over the precious heap. Sometimes, when I try to "put things to rights," I have fancied I could make a pretty fair beginning to some new collection of American curiosities! Stale anecdotes and witticisms, scraps of threadbare poetry, running-hand criticisms on new books: these and such like make up a rare and rich portfolio of material that would constitute quite a capital stock in trade for the monthly Table-talk of some needy editor. I have half a notion to advertise the lot, subject to the order of the highest bidder.

Let me see; there is a washwoman's account current—and on the back of it, what is far more readable, a bit of philosophy from Goethe: here is a stray leaf from my case book, and the blanks filled up with *anecdotes of dogs!* and so on to the end of the chapter.

Ah! here is something you should have in full, and then I'll close the desk as peremptorily as a showman drops the curtain. It is a letter from an old friend of mine, treating of Love, Matrimony and his Satanic Majesty, in one confused, heterogeneous compound. You may judge sufficiently well of its style and substance, when I tell you the whole was indited clearly and evidently under the full influence of alcoholic fumes. [Long since, however the writer has become a very faithful and efficient advocate in the cause of all mankind.] On the back of this letter, I find the following incident, which I rewrite for the readers of the Magazine. It is dated, "Cincinnati, winter of 1845;" and by it I am reminded that, one evening, while I was in attendance on a course of lectures in this city, I strayed into Morris Chapel, and found there some sort of temperance anniversary in celebration. The speaker stood forth in the eloquence and zeal of a true cause; and in illustration of some point (I know not what at this time) he recited a story, for the truth of which he called all good angels to witness.

—And herein following, you have the essential part of that little story, save that the touching poetry of the speaker's diction is here rendered into the plain prose of your friend, the Doctor. If I remember, I think I selected the back of this old letter, then just received, by way of contrast *as to topics.*

Some few years ago, there resided, in the city of Pittsburg, a husband and wife; and this husband, when in his right senses, as all husbands ought to be, was a most kind and loving husband, devoted to home and its comforts and enjoyments. Yet, well as he loved his wife and their only little girl, he also loved his cups; and, when under their influence, his fierce madness was as extreme as his former love and gentleness. So he struggled on with life, alternately in the midst of blessing and cursing.

One night he had sat late with his drunken friends, and staggered home with scarce a single human feeling in his breast. When he came into his house, unfortunately he chanced to give a glance toward his sweet little child—and, snatching it up in his arms, he made one pass for the fire! His poor abused and long-suffering wife interposed her weak hand in vain. "You shall not burn the child!" she screamed; "it is my child, and you shall not harm a hair of its head!" The wretched man turned

upon her with such a wild glare as only a drunken maniac can give, and swore by the most terrible oath that he would do as he willed, and threw his daughter into the flames!

It was over the deathbed of this same little girl-martyr that some Washingtonians, those devoted missionaries of temperance, were striving to recall the father to a sense of the high estate from which he had fallen. They pointed to the poor, expiring, burned child, and thought to kindle in his soul those better feelings of his nature, to which they hoped he was not utterly lost. He listened in dull, stolid silence; every argument, all persuasion, failed. *He would not sign the pledge.* When, at length, they had exhausted every apparent human means—had given up in despair, and were about leaving him—the dying little sufferer and murdered victim turned upon her side, and, in the midst of her anguish, cried out: "*O! papa, do sign that paper!*"

Here was an appeal that the father, blunted however much in his tender sensibilities, could not resist! He hesitated but one moment, and, dashing away the big tear that was starting in his eye, he snatched the pen and wrote, in straggling line, his name to the Washingtonian pledge—of entire and perpetual abstinence from all that can intoxicate.

The little girl had seen it all; and, raising her little crisped hands, she clapped them together and shouted: "*O! mother, aint you as glad!*"

Yes, she had bought her father's redemption from the bottle by her own life—and, just as she was about to depart for the "spirit world" and join in the chorus of happy angels, she was glad. Her happy soul stretched its bright wings toward the gates of the opening heaven, and thus, while about to mingle with seraphs and the innumerable throng about the burning throne of the Lamb, she beheld the happiest scene of her earthly history.

There was joy in heaven over that repentant sinner, and the little girl was but expressing the same joy, of which she was so soon to be a participant.—*Templar's Magazine.*

## Moral Suasion.

We have heard this phrase so often of late, in the mouths of those who profess to be friends of our cause, but are opposed to all kinds of legal enactments for the suppression of the vice of intemperance, that we are inclined to doubt whether such persons attach any very definite idea to the words they frequently make use of; it is probable they may have a sort of notion floating in their minds, that it means telling people in a smooth, easy kind of way, that it is a very wicked thing to get intoxicated. Much more than this it would not be prudent, in their estimation, for the most zealous advocate of temperance principles to utter. It is well for the cause of humanity that the number of such temperance advocates is not very large, for if their councils had prevailed, the world might be drowned in an ocean of ruin, before any one would dare venture to put forth an effort to save it.

But how far, it may be asked, would we carry our notions of moral suasion. We would persuade all men of the utter uselessness of the stuff as a beverage, we would point out to all persons who commence using it in *moderation*, the brink of the precipice upon which they stand, and which is even now crumbling beneath their feet, and ready to plunge them into the abyss which has been the ruin of thousands of earth's noblest sons—we would show them in the strongest language we are capable of using, how utterly impossible it is for the traffic to exist in any community

without producing drunkenness, and we would urge upon them never to cease applying to the Legislature, to grant a little gentle violence, to compel the dealers in human misery to seek some praiseworthy calling. Stop! stop! we think we hear one of our so-called friends say, this will never do, it will be carrying things altogether too far, it would destroy trade, and be the ruin of the country; and besides, I use a little of it myself, and am not quite prepared to give it up yet. Just such opposition has every reform met with since the world began, as soon as it seemed likely to touch the pockets or the stomachs of those interested. When Wilberforce, after years of parliamentary agitation, was about carrying his bill for the abolition of the traffic in human flesh, the merchants in London, who were largely concerned in this nefarious business, gravely asserted that the passage of the measure would be the knell of the downfall of the power of England, but the traffic was abolished, and England still exists, her power undiminished, and her commercial prosperity far exceeding that of any other period of her history.

There is another class who are sincere temperance men, and are really desirous to advance the interests of the cause, but they are dreadfully afraid of anything having the appearance of coercion, with them no means must ever be used, but of the mild persuasive kind—for fear we should injure our cause—well, perhaps they may be right, but if a thief were to break into their house and rob them of their property, would they say, "My dear fellow, you ought not to do so, you will bring yourself to a bad end?" Perhaps they might, but all we can say is, we would not like to be the thief.

If the majority of a community decide that the introduction or countenance of any system of business amongst them, will be prejudicial to the interests of that community, we think they have the right to say so, and to use such constitutional means as are in their power to rid themselves of the evil. The Australian and Cape Colonies acted upon this principle, when they refused to receive any more convicts amongst them, and the British Government wisely yielded to their decision. Society constantly acts upon this principle in every other matter in which the moral welfare of the community is concerned—and why should a different course be pursued with this, which is the greatest because the prime incentive to most of the evils which exist in our land? It is because the love of indulgence and the love of gain blind men's eyes, and prevent them from seeing in all its hideousness the enormity of this traffic; but the day of its dissolution has dawned, and we believe the light will not go out until it shall with all its attendant evils be forever banished from the earth.—*The Athenaeum.*

### The Drunkard's Warning.

BY THE HON. JOHN BELTON O'NEALL.

That truth is stranger than fiction has been often said, and it is often fully proved in the incidents brought to light by the temperance reform. The results of intemperance are the tender mercies of cruelty, and when they come to be presented to sober, intelligent, reformed minds, they startle us with their strangeness!

Tragedy depicts imaginary horrors. Love, jealousy, madness, are their causes; but all these, as shadowed forth by the pens of Shakspeare, Johnson, Dryden and Kotzebue, are as nothing when compared with the real tragedies produced by intoxicating drink. On its altars burn the offerings of every diabolical passion, goaded into tenfold madness! The priest is madness himself; and, with *mania a potu* on his brow, and *delirium tremens* floating above his head, every thing which is horrible may be conceived, and yet the reality is worse.

I have now before me the poetical effusions of a husband and father in South Carolina, whose hands had been imbued in the life-blood of a wife and children, and who had vainly attempted to take his own life!

If it were practicable to stand by his side, in the dark midnight hour of his solitary condemned cell, between the hours of condemnation and execution, and witness the awful throes of a guilty conscience, then, indeed, we should fully realize the sad fate of the drunkard, and know why truth is stranger than fiction! Then we might participate in the rude numbers of his prison solitude, as fettered he wept over the slain!

"My wife was the idol of my heart,  
As a companion truly she was near;

From her I never thought to part,  
Because, as the wife of my bosom, she was dear.  
As a mother, she was amiable and kind,  
I thought her match could not be met;  
As a wife, to please her husband was her mind,  
So well did she know how she was complete.  
My children were the ornament of my heart,  
They were in number one son and daughter fair,  
These were the prize of my pride and art;  
More than all, they were a complete pair;  
But, alas! where is this blessed family gone,  
Whom the husband and father so much esteemed?  
To heaven, I hope, their everlasting home,  
There to rest in happiness with the redeemed."

In 1 Strobart's Reports, 479, is to be found the case of "*The State vs. Reuben Sedler Stark.*" Lawyers, read and understand the awful story of blood which it discloses. Citizens also should read and tremble!

The prisoner is described in the case as "a man under the ordinary size, about thirty years old, of swarthy complexion, black hair, and black eyes!"

"He was charged," says the report, "with having murdered his wife, Julia B. Stark, on the 30th day of January, 1847, by striking her on the head with an axe, and cutting her throat with a razor. That he killed his wife and only two children in the most shocking manner, was made manifest."

This was an awful array of guilt! Who was the prisoner? Once a highly respectable man. Blessed with abundance, and well informed, he had the promise of usefulness and happiness. His wife, too, was a young and beautiful girl, the daughter of good parents, with every quality to make a husband and family blessed. Two children, a son and daughter, smiled upon their love. But drink, strong drink, intoxicating drink, like the thief in the night, stole and destroyed all that was blissful and useful in their home. Property went, character followed, and drunkenness revelled in the ruin which it had wrought!

The poor criminal, in his prison-house, tells us:

"I was a man of a quiet mind,  
When sober, harmless towards mankind;  
But while dipping in the bitter cup of strife,  
Caused me to be of a quite different life."

True! most true! "The bitter cup of strife" was indeed drained by the miserable husband and father to its very dregs. "Home, sweet home," ceased to be so to him. In the fiery draughts of the poisoned bowl he forgot the toiling wife, the weeping hungry children! "Drunk, as usual," was the running commentary on his life! One morning he came with an uplifted axe, creeping towards his wife as she was preparing breakfast for the family, and with one fell blow striking her to the ground, and then, with blow after blow, stretching his helpless little ones at his feet, afterwards with a razor cutting the throats of each, and, with his hands warm with their blood, he applies the instrument of death to his own throat. But God, in His great mercy, spared the bloody, drunken wretch! He gave him yet a little longer to live, a little longer to pray. He reserved him for a season that he might die as an example; and that, as he stood on the fearful drop of the gallows, he might warn others, and say to them, in his rude poetry, "Reform!"

The husband, father, and murderer, as far as earth is concerned, expiated his horrible crime. *He died on the gallows!* Wife, children, husband and father, all sleep in graves opened for them by the poisoned bowl.

Over their graves well may we write the words of the drunken husband, father, and murderer:

It is the following up of the intoxicating bowl,  
That destroys the purse and damns the soul."

This is a single example, in the fearful annals of crime, of the effects of intoxication. It might be multiplied to almost any extent. For the records of crime, of the prison-house, of the judgment hall, and of the place of execution, are full of drunkenness. Nine-tenths of all the crimes in South Carolina are to be ascribed to this fearful vice!

Yet there is no united attempt on the part of the people to uproot the cause, and thus destroy the tree of crime!

Would that such a man as Neal Dow, of Maine, could rise among us at the South! Would that some self-sacrificing spirit such as his could stand in our State-house, and pointing to the bloody records of crime, to our taverns, grog-shops, restaurants, groceries, holes-in-the-wall, and distilleries, would say to our legislators, in the language of truth: Suppress these pest-houses, prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks, make every drop liable to seizure, and then South Carolina will be redeemed, and take her place by the side of Maine!

What a glorious picture does Maine now present! Not a drop of intoxicating drink within her borders; all her people sober; her farms resounding with the songs of industry and peace; her forests falling before the axe of stout and healthy laborers; her streams covered with the rafts of her enterprising people, who seek wealth as the means of happiness, and not to produce drunkenness, misery, and crime; her towns and cities rejoicing in sober intelligence, commerce, and happiness. Crime has comparatively ceased within her borders.

Where, oh where, is the Palmetto State? Mother of my life and affections, where art thou? Hast thou forgotten the high destiny which ought to be thine? Are the live-oaks, the pines, the palmettos, and the laurels, to sigh in every breeze as they bend in mourning sadness over the homes of the drunkard? Are their roots always to be nurtured by blood?

God forbid! Up, up, my countrymen, to the rescue! "Now is the day—now is the hour." We seek political freedom; we love it as a priceless treasure. Is it to be found in the sparkling Madeira, the foaming Champagne, or the fiery whisky? It is a stranger to these fiends of darkness. Their companion is the fettered slave. We love reason—is it to be found in the midnight revel! No, oh no! There is to be seen the blood-shot eye of madness! We love learning—is it to be found with those "who tarry long at the wine cup?" Ignorant stupidity is there seen plying drink upon drink! We love wealth—is it to be found in the intoxicating bowl? Rags and poverty are there. We love happiness—is it to be enjoyed in the whirl of drinking pleasures? Misery totters forward and exclaims, "I am here!" We hope to live for ever in everlasting happiness—can this be so if drink, intoxicating drink, be followed? The Scriptures answer, "No thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners shall inherit the kingdom of God!"—*American Temperance Magazine*.

### George Cruikshank.

There are few people in America who have not heard of that erratic yet extraordinary genius, George Cruikshank. It is many years since he struck out in a new path, and the result is that he won for himself a brilliant fame. There have been a thousand followers at his heels, and some of them have attained great eminence as artists, though not one of all of them has equalled the master. He is without any doubt the drollest, most intensely comical, of all artists, and still is sometimes very beautiful and pathetic.

In a single group of his, you will find abundant cause for laughter and tears. While he shakes your sides with laughter at some humorous conception, he makes you weep over some young face that has such a gentle, heart-broken sorrow upon it, that you cannot help it. Every face and figure in his sketches is *alive* and endowed with the faculties of life. Misery has her own sad features; Fun and Humor are full of their pranks; while Vice looks more hideous than Death.

Mr. Cruikshank is one of the most popular men and artists in England, and everywhere he goes he is sure to be greeted with shouts and cheering. One reason for this is, that he is known to be a real friend to the people. A great many artists have no opinions whatever, upon any subject disconnected with their art. But George Cruikshank is a man as well as an artist.

A few years since he joined the friends of Temperance, and it is almost impossible in America to appreciate the sacrifice consequent upon such an act in England. For a distinguished person in good society in London to swear off from wine, is an act which requires a great deal of moral courage, though there be an entire absence of a liking for the beverage. You meet it everywhere at rich men's tables, and are expected, as a matter of course, to drink with the ladies.

But Cruikshank signed the pledge, and kept it strictly. The fact was that he was in danger of ruin, and the pledge was his salvation. Men of genius always are, when the wine-cup is fashionable, above all other men. The love of excitement in such a powerful passion, and "the ruby wine" is often their deadliest bane. It would be needless to point out instances where the loftiest have fallen. Douglas Jerrold, the witty, yet sometimes deeply pathetic writer, is making a sad wreck of himself through the extravagant use of intoxicating liquors. Mr. Cruikshank often makes his appearance in public at temperance meetings. He has been at Exeter Hall and Drury Lane. However, he is not an orator, but he is so distinguished as an artist, that his presence is counted as a great favor. A public meeting never goes off in London with *éclat* unless several distinguished men are present. Earls, Dukes, and Lords, though noodles in point of intellect, make an *impression* on the public through their titles!

George Cruikshank was born in London, of Scotch parents, and within the sound of "Bow Bells" we suppose, for he calls himself a "cockney." His father possessed quite a genius for etching, and his oldest brother Robert was for a time associated with him, his name frequently accompanying that of George in the illustration of various works; but the genius of the latter soon raised him above father and brother.

He commenced etching while quite young, and studied characters in low life along the Banks of the River Thames. He could never have risen to so high a position as he has done, had he not studied life in London in all its phases and aspects. He is as perfectly acquainted with the etiquette of the lowest tap-room as the choicest drawing-room. Not a character of note, whether in low life, or high, has escaped his eagle-eye; and the result of this watchfulness, this tendency to observe, is apparent in all his sketches. It was his series of etchings entitled "Mornings at Bow-Street," and "Life in London," which first attracted the attention of London and England. Shortly after this he illustrated the political squibs of the celebrated William Hone, and these added to his fame.

Mr. Hone was then a noted infidel, but afterward under the preaching of the Rev. Thomas Binney, became a sincere Christian.

We have alluded to one of the causes of Mr. Cruikshank's popularity as being his friendship for the people. He is radical to the core, and such is his devotion to Liberalism, that he has invariably refused to caricature any man who is a true friend of progress, or to allow his talents to be used in any manner or shape against the cause of Progress. In this he is like another distinguished artist, Richard Doyle, a Catholic. When the Anti-Catholic Agitation swept over England, *Punch*, the journal of wit and humor, with which he was professionally connected, came out so decidedly against Popery, that the faithful Doyle left it to his pecuniary hurt. Protestants admired his consistency, while they deplored his religious principles and belief.

The acknowledged talent of Cruikshank is such, that he has ten times the employment offered him that he can execute, and sets his own prices. For what once he used to receive five dollars, he now gets fifty. His sense of the ludicrous is excessively keen—he has no superior in London in that faculty. He cannot walk in the streets a half mile without picking up some grotesque figure, or face, where ordinary men would have seen nothing worthy of observation. A few years ago he went down to Manchester, to attend a great Anti-Corn Law Meeting, and convulsed the immense audience with laughter, by rising in his odd way, and telling them that "he had come to Manchester, and attended the meeting that night in a professional manner, and that from what he had seen, he had no doubt that he should be well paid for his trouble!"

A London writer remarking upon him says, that he is the only man he knows who is equal to the class of under-cabmen in London. This class is the most impudent and insulting of any to be found on the face of the earth; but George Cruikshank is always ready for them. If they bluster and scold, he imitates them so exactly and thoroughly, that they are glad to let him off without cheating him out of an extra sixpence, as they generally do their customers.

Mr. Cruikshank is very eccentric, and from this fact many people think him cross and unmannerly; but such is not the case. He has a warm heart and a generous hand, but is extremely odd.

In person he is well made; about the middle height, and has light-colored hair. He has a very expressive face—the eye is droopish and keenness combined. He has a pale countenance, handsome whiskers, a good but receding forehead, and a good general figure. He always dresses well, very well—some say foppishly, but it is our opinion that those who say so mistake a rich and flowing style of dress for foppishness. In the main portions of London, if a person dares to patronize a French tailor, he is at once accused of foppishness, while those who cling to the barbarous styles in fashion in London are gentlemen of taste! A portion of the aristocracy are so much in France, however, that they imbibe French notions in dress, as well as in some more important matters.

The devotion of Mr. Cruikshank to the cause of Temperance is noble and disinterested. The *Times* has deigned to point its thunder at him in a leading article, but he has his revenge in dissecting the *Times* on the platform at Exeter Hall, and it certainly is not saying too much (poor an orator as the artist is), to say that he does not come out of the fray second best. The friends of Temperance appreciate his philanthropy equally with his genius.—*From what I saw in London, by Bartlett.*

### Recent Medical Opinion.

Believing as I do that the greatest benefits may be derived from the example of men whose education, station in society, as heads of families or as masters, who have the welfare of their servants at heart, I do most emphatically entreat, in behalf of the community, that those persons, who may think their own habits of moderation excluded from the necessity of taking a pledge of total abstinence, will for the sake of example, make (to them) a slight sacrifice, which may produce the reformation of hundreds of their fellow-creatures, and add an undying memorial to their own names. (Cheers.) Perhaps, as a humble member of the profession to which I belong, I may be expected to give my opinion as to the utility of prescribing wines and spirits in the cure and relief of diseases; I assure you most distinctly that, in my study and practice of surgery, &c., during a period of twenty-five years, amongst all classes of society, and in various climates, I have met with very few instances where either of them were absolutely necessary; and I believe that the use of them is often allowed more to get rid of the impotency of patients, or nurses, than from any decided benefit expected from them. It would be uncalled for in me to enter into a minute detail of the few cases that may require the use of spirituous liquors; this I may say—that there is much mischief occasioned sometimes by ordering a small quantity of wine as there are many persons who think, if their medical attendant orders them a small quantity, that they will receive more benefit by taking a larger or more frequent dose;—I say dose, because, be it remembered, that when a medical man meets with a case in which he considers it proper to order wine, &c., he orders them faithfully to be used as medicine, and his instructions ought to be as carefully respected as though the label of Laudanum was pasted on the bottle. And I assure you the question so frequently put to medical men of—“Now, doctor, don't you think a little spirits-and-water would do me good?”—requires the most positive negative, and the strictest scrutiny to see that he is not overreached by the attendants of the invalid.—*From an excellent speech by Dr. Ray, of Hobart Town, which appeared in the "Standard of Tasmania."*

### Think before you Act.

Reader, before you vote to grant licenses in the town or city in which you may live, call to mind a few undeniable facts.

1st. That nine-tenths of all the pauperism in Rhode Island results from intemperance. That in a large majority of these cases of pauperism, it is not only true that the town or city is subjected to an expense for which it receives no return, but it is true also that the victims are themselves innocent of the vice which thrust them upon the town's charities. When the man drinks, and thus loses his property and his ability to support his family, he carries with him to the poor house, his wife and children who did not drink, but who suffer even more keenly than himself, the torture which results from intemperance. Keeping this in mind, remember also that a licensed grog shop is still a grog-shop, and will as surely have its victims as one that is unlicensed; and that,

even if licensing it should make it to some extent respectable, the act cannot destroy the power of alcohol to do harm. You can get intoxicated, and your poor neighbor can, as well on licensed as on unlicensed rum. And using the former, your head will ache as badly the next morning as though you had used the latter. And poverty, and misery, disease and death, will just as soon come of licensed as unlicensed intemperance.

2d. That three-fourths of all the crime in the land results from intemperance. This is proved by the most stubborn facts—by the investigations of candid men—by the testimony of such philanthropists as Charles Spear—and by the results which have followed a prohibitory law in Maine. If you vote to license a traffic producing this crime, do you not become responsible for the crime? If a murder is committed by a drunken man, are you innocent?—Are you sure that your vote did not furnish the murderer with the means of drunkenness? Have not ten thousand murders resulted from the use of licensed rum?

3d. That it is the grog-shop which makes the drunkard, and not the drunkard which makes the grog-shop. Men have no natural appetite for rum.—The appetite is acquired—is acquired at the grog-shop. It results from tasting and tipping, at the request of others. The first glass is always offensive, and the first fifty glasses generally are. Your children will be safe enough if there are no grog-shops.—They will never want rum, if there are no drinking houses to create an appetite for it. But how do you know they will be safe, if grog-shops surround them as they are surrounded you?

4th. That there is no remedy for intemperance, but through the suppression of the drinking houses and tipping shops. The appetite, once acquired, is master of the man, and there is no remedy for it short of removing its cause. Medicine will not cure it; reasoning will not silence it; pleading, even with tears, will not remove it. Take away what produced it, and it will slumber, but while the cause remains, the disease will remain also.

5th and finally, That you cannot remove any evil by making it respectable, or by licensing what produces it. It has never been done, and can never be done. You cannot put down burglary, by licensing ten men in every town, to enter and steal from whose houses they can find in a condition suited to their depredations. You cannot suppress arson, by licensing the incendiary. You cannot stop the taking of human life, by licensing here and there a respectable man to use the revolver and bowie knife.

Keep these facts in mind, on the day of your municipal election, and wash your hands of the infamous rum traffic, by voting against licensees.

### Home Revelings.

(From the Athenaeum.)

Home! eye, there are many homes on the glad earth, dwellings where the light of joy seems never quenched, where smiles change not to tears, and where hearts send forth in glad thanks, giving a daily hymn of praise. Many such there are, but around and about them cluster those, which even though the eye of man pierce not beneath the veil, the Father looks on hopes grown dim, hearts weighed down with grief, where an evil spirit hath entered in; whence joy seems fled forever.

Such I have noted, over such I have sorrowed, sorrowed, for high and noble spirits, yielding to the tempter's sway, falling from their high estate, becoming like unto those they in their pride had loathed. When I look upon the brow of youth, unclouded by a thought of care; when I mark the hopeful glance turned eagerly upon the future, seeking to read there a fulfilment of the heart's desire; when I look upon them thus, sent forth perchance from happy homes, fond guiding care, untried, untempted, my heart oft trembles, lest the free step be lured into the paths that turn from peace. I think then of one, whose name is never breathed with a pining sigh, one of earth's gifted sons, one of those nobly intellects given by the great God for nobler ends, and for which, at His coming, how great must be the reckoning. Oh! what gifts of heart and mind were there perverted; gifts that laid upon a higher shrine, might have left a name upon the earth, a glorious beacon star to young and trusting hearts, which might have been written in "the Lamb's Book of Life!" Might have been! How sadly these thrilling words come echoing back from

the histories of the past! He might have been all that was noble and true and pure. He might have been the brightest light of home, the dearest treasure of loving hearts! He might have been one of His jewels, to get a Saviour's crown in the light of eternity. But he looked upon the wine when it was red; he touched and tasted! Year after year was added unto life, but the cup was never drained for him. All of earthly pleasure merged in this one wild, deadly fatuation. The voice of friendship ceased to influence, and love was powerless to shield him. Onward, with strange impetuosity, he pursued the sinning way, and hoped from the hearts that loved him. He has vanished from among men; his grave is in the sea, lonely, and scarce remembered now. Perchance, in the last dread hour, the spirit breathed an agonizing prayer to Him, who turned not from the dying thief. He who pardoned *then*, hath power to pardon still. It might have been, but who can tell? Who can remember the brief life, whose dawn had seemed so full of promise, nor weep to think how eadly God's best gifts may be misused. Such are the dark, sad shadows that can fall upon our earthly homes; shadows which reach the heart, leaving too oft a sadness there, lost only in the grave. And not alone to youth the tempter comes, not such alone have owned his power. The hoary head, alas! is not exempted! There is one who sometimes crosses my daily path, whose steps are tottering, not with the weight of years alone, though time has left a winter touch upon his head. His home to outward seeming is very fair; but is there no shadow by the hearth, when he (at whose coming it should grow brighter,) bringeth no light there? Falls there no shadow upon the motherless, when he (who should be to them a guide and joy,) is often missing there? Shadows such as these are in many homes. The Death-Angel may bear from earth's dwellings, their bright flowers, and earth's children weep not alone, they sorrow one for another. For such the tears of sympathy may fall; but the griefs, that for very shame are shrouded in the heart's inmost folds, are all unshared. Such must be borne all silently, save when, to the pitying ear of the Father, goes up the anguished supplication—"Forgive them, for they know not what they do." Such are painful memories, sad revealings, and wherefore bring them unto other eyes? Perchance God may give them power to win a place in other hearts! power to turn them to the better way!

Would that hopes could ne'er be blighted thus! that eyes might never weep the fall of such as these; that homes could ne'er be darkened by the quaffing of that cup whose bitterness may be forever!

ORIA.

Baltimore, March 7, 1852.

### Death of Robert Kettle, Esq.

It is with feelings of deep and poignant sorrow that we record in this place the death of the President of the Scottish Temperance League, Robert Kettle, Esq. This very sad and mournful event took place on the morning of the 23rd of March last, in consequence of a severe attack of bilious fever. During the last ten years he had enjoyed a larger measure of health than during almost any former period of his life; and especially did this appear to be the case during the winter that has just gone by. About a fortnight before the day of his decease, he complained as if he had been seized with cold; by and by the symptoms became aggravated, and at last terminated his earthly career, in perfect peace and serenity of mind, without a struggle and without a groan, about half-past three o'clock on the morning named.

Thus there has suddenly passed away from the midst of us one of the noblest of men. He was on the borders of his sixtieth year; but the indications of health, in the ordinary course of nature, would have led to anticipate many years of usefulness still to come. This, however, in the movements of the Supreme Wisdom, has been determined otherwise, and he who stood, out of the reach of all competition, at the head of the Scottish Temperance Reformers, has been removed from the scene of conflict and toil to the blessed dwelling place of the pure in heart. In the dark and dim conjecturings of our reason, we might have said, too soon for us, and too soon for the interests of humanity. But humble acquiescence says, assuredly, not too soon for himself, nor for the purposes of Him who governs all after the counsel of His own will. We, therefore, bow in humility, and adore the Sovereign Disposer of all.

The late President of the Scottish Temperance League, was not, however, as most of our readers must be well aware, merely distinguished as an enlightened, zealous, and thorough-going Temperance Reformer. This was only one phase of a character adorned with almost every excellence. As a merchant, he took his standing on ground the simplest and most easily tenable of all—perfectly transparent integrity in all his dealings. The fair and honorable movements of the market he abode by, without grasping and without grudging the advantages gained by others. And the consequence was that on 'Change his word was his bond—his representations the truthful index of a truthful and upright mind; and the confidence awakened was confidence never disturbed by an after revelation. As a philanthropist his heart moved in harmony with every virtuous aspiration of our common nature, longing for emancipation from evil. The friend of the slave, he lent his aid to the great anti slavery movement of our times. The uneducated, the outcast, the forlorn, in consequence of folly or crime, he befriended and assisted personally, and through the various public channels which appeal to benevolent minds. And, as a Christian, his whole being stood in perfect sympathy with the revived spiritual religion of the present day; pre-eminently he was a lover of good men, and mingled his contributions and prayers with those that sought to enlighten the heathen of other lands, as well as the dark and debased myriads found in localities nearer home. His whole spiritual being was undeniably sustained in living contact with the fountain of all that is fitted and intended ultimately to remove moral and physical evil from our race.

When shall we look upon his like again? One so beautifully bearing in his own person a wide-seeing intelligence, a heart warmed with the purest charity, a spirit bathed in the deepest humility? So kind, so generous, so forbearing, so considerate, so wonderfully removed from all selfishness, as to be regarded as a universal friend! We are tempted to all but say, "In this generation we ne'er shall look upon his like again."—*Scottish Temperance Review*.

### Progress of Canada.

On the evenings of the 13th and 27th ultimo, the Rev. Professor Lillie lectured in the Mechanics' Institute, Toronto, on the "Growth and Prospects of Canada." The audience was large and respectable, and highly delighted with the interesting details. The lecturer said:—The population of Canada, at the time of its surrender to Britain in 1760, was between 66,000 to 69,275, exclusive of Indians. In 1791, the white population of Upper Canada was under 50,000; in 1811, it was 77,000, according to the statement of the Board of Statistics. Hence, it is only forty years it can be said to have begun to grow, if so much. By 1824 the population reached 151,067, nearly double in thirteen years; in 1834, it was 320,693—double, with 18,492 over; in 1850, when it was 791,000, it was more than ten times its number in 1811; over five times its number in 1825. Its growth during the last half century was shown by statistical returns to have been in a ratio about thrice that of the Free States. By statistical returns it was shown that Canada West, taken as a whole, has been growing for the last forty years at a rate about equal to that of Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois conjoined, for the last twenty, at a rate somewhat over theirs. By way of illustration, the Home and Gore Districts were selected out of Upper Canada, and their rate of growth shown to exceed that of the Western States. Indiana contains now a population of 177½ times what it was in 1800; while the Home District contains over 500 times its number of inhabitants in 1799—which was in that year 224; in 1850, 112,996.

Coincident with this rapid growth in population, a corresponding advance has been taking place in the quantities of land under cultivation, agricultural products, stock, &c., and in the value of land, which was illustrated by statistical returns. A comparison of assessed values in the State of New York and Upper Canada, respectively, for 1848, brought out the fact that, supposing the principle of the valuation the same, our neighbors of the Empire-State have, with a population over four times ours, property under five times ours—N. Y. City included. The growth of the country was next illustrated by the contrast it presents now to the published descriptions of travellers, comparatively recent. What they described as wilderness, is filled with towns and villages—many of them handsome, and not a few of them large and

wealthy. The growth of a number of these, among them Toronto, Hamilton, Dundas, Brantford, London, Guelph, Belleville, Brockville, Kingston, was viewed, their present population and that of earlier periods being given. Examples of the rise of property in some of these towns were likewise given. In its trade, the growth of Upper Canada is, as proved by the comparison of the exports and imports of the different periods, quite equal to its advance in other respects.—Great progress has also been made in regard to the conveniences of life, as was manifested by a comparison of means of conveyance—steamboats and roads at different periods; with the increase of postal arrangements and the facilities afforded by electric telegraphs. By a comparison of statistical returns, it was shown that in proportion to population our increase from immigration is *one-third greater* than that of the United States, which with a population fifteen times, receives an immigration only ten times ours. In proportion to population, our increase from immigration between 1830 and 1850 has been five times that of the United States. Lecture second was devoted to the growth of Upper Canada in its highest interests, those of an intellectual and spiritual character. In 1812, Canada had five newspapers; all then in Lower Province. Now it cannot have much under two hundred.—*Canadian Family Herald.*

### Sprinklings for Thought, Ideal and Actual.

**HUMAN GLORY.**—The temple of Jerusalem passed away and of its magnificence only a few crumbling, pilgrim-kissed stones remain. The Parthenon, the brightest gem upon the zone of the earth, is now a heap of ruins. The Roman Forum is now a cow market; the Tarpian rock a cabbage garden; and the palace of the Cæsars a rope walk. The pyramids themselves, those gigantic memorials of a gigantic age, are all hastening to decay. The Tiber, once so glorious, is a muddy stream, the Iliseus, once so glorious, is choked with weeds; and Olympus, a bleak hill, and the Acropolis forsaken.

Married, at New Haven, Daniel J. Holmes of the Sophomore class of Yale College, and Ezilda L. M. Plumb.

On the evening following this event, the Sophomore class met and adopted suitable resolutions one of which we give:

**Resolved.**—That in consideration of the *crying evils* which naturally result from such unions, we present him with a cradle, which like the purse of Fortunatis, we trust may never be empty.

**THE LEAD REGION.**—The lead region in the West is composed of 9 townships in Iowa, 10 in Illinois, and 62 in Wisconsin.—These townships are six miles square, and the whole area of the lead region is larger than the State of Delaware. Eastward West the lead region is 87 miles; North and South, 54 miles.

**SPRING.**—It is here, the birds gladly announce its advent, and all nature cheerfully acknowledges its presence. Vegetation has yielded to the restoring and vivifying influence of rain and sunshine, and the sudden transition looks more like enchantment than an ordinary approach of spring. Our proposal of parting on good terms with Jack Frost, and entertaining him cheerfully while he remained, was scarcely made when the reverend gentleman decamped.—Despairing of tiring our patience, he abandons us to sunshine and April showers, to the balmy south wind, and all the other accompaniments of the season.—*St. Catherine Journal.*

**WHAT DO OTHERS THINK OF US?**—Hardly can we ask ourselves the question too frequently.—What do others think of us? What is their estimate of our uprightness? our love of truth? our sobriety? our kindness? our humility? our thankfulness and our piety? And what is the general influence we are spreading around? Should we be quite satisfied with the opinions that others have formed of us, and be quite content to leave no better name behind us than we deserve?—*Old Humphrey.*

**SCPTIC AND THE MINISTER.**—"If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?" said a sceptic to a clergyman. "Why didn't you have some certain knowledge of this world before you came into it?" was the caustic reply.

**ROYAL AGES.**—At the present crisis some interest may possibly attach to the ages of the princes who make and mar the destinies of the world. We subjoin a list:—Pope Pius IX, 59 years; King of Wurtemberg, 70; King of Belgium, 61; King of Prus-

sia, 56; Emperor of Russia, 55; King of Sweden, 52; King of Denmark, 43; the President Bonaparte, 43; King of Naples, 41; King of Bavaria, 40; Duke de Nemours Orleans, 38; King of Holland, 34; Prince Joinville Orleans, 33; the Queen of England, 32; the Queen of Portugal, 32; King of Hanover, 32; Count Chambord Bourbon, 31; King of Sardinia, 31; Duke of Aumale Orleans, 30; the Sultan, 28; Duke de Montpensier Orleans, 27; Francis Joseph of Austria, 21; the Queen of Spain, 21; Louis Philippe Orleans, Count of Paris, 13.—*Kolner Zeitung.*

### THY WILL BE DONE.

BY G. P. MORRIS.

I.

Searcher of Hearts!—from mine crase  
All thoughts that should not be,  
And in its deep recesses trace  
My gratitude to Thee!

II.

Hearer of prayer!—oh guide aright  
Each word and deed of mine,  
Life's battle teach me how to fight,  
And be the victory Thine.

III.

Giver of All—for every good  
In the Redeemer came—  
For raiment, shelter, and for food,  
I thank Thee in His name.

IV.

Father and Son and Holy Ghost?  
Thou glorious Three in One!  
Thou knowest best what I need most,  
And let Thy will be done.

**VALEDICTORY OF AN EDITOR.**—The following is the valedictory article of an editor out west: "The undersigned retires from the editorial chair with a complete conviction that all is vanity. From the hour he started his paper, to the present time, he has been solicited to lie upon every given subject, and can't remember ever having told a wholesome truth, without diminishing his subscription list, or making an enemy. Under these circumstances of trial, and having a thorough contempt for himself, he retires in order to recruit his moral constitution."

**SCENE.**—Waiting room of a railway station. Personages—Stout gentleman smoking, and railway official. Posted rule—"Smoking Strictly Prohibited." Railway Official—"You'd better not smoke, sir!" Traveller—"That's what my friends say." Railway Official—"But you musn't smoke, sir!" Traveller—"So my doctor tells me." Railway Official—"But you shan't smoke, sir!" Traveller—"Ah! just what my wife says."

Parties are now divided, according to rum papers, as Maine, Iowa and Cogniacs—good spirits and evil spirits.

When Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house. "Small as it is," he replied, "I wish I could fill it with friends."

**QUEBEC CENSUS.**—The population of Quebec by the present census, is 42,051. The increase since 1848, is 9,176.

**SLAVERY IN CANADA.**—We were petrified with horror and astonishment at the following announcement in the Hamilton Gazette of the 1st. "The sale of E. Glackmeyer, Esq., commences to-day!!" Things have indeed come to a terrific pass in Canada when such an outrage can not only be perpetrated with impunity, but actually proclaimed without reprobation by a respectable journalist!! The Yankees have effectually "caught us upon the hip." When we cast Frederick Douglass in their teeth, they will assuredly retort with the vendition of Glackmeyer!!!—*Streetville Review.*

If you ever marry, said a Roman Consul to his son, let it be to a woman who has judgment enough to superintend the getting of a meal of victuals—taste enough to dress herself—pride enough to wash her face before breakfast, and sense enough to hold her tongue when she has not anything to say.

## Agriculture.

## Good Dairy Farms.

The best farms for making butter are those that lie fair to the sun, where the feed is sweet and of the best quality. Butter made from good sweet feed, will be of a good color and of superior quality to that made from feed from pasturing that lies on the north side of the hill, where the sun shines but very little. The land is cold and wet, and the feed is sour and of poor quality, and the butter made from it will be light colored and of inferior quality to that made from good rich sweet feed. Dairymen should have plenty of good clear water, where the cows can have free access to it at all times. When cows are obliged to wade in the mud for water, and drink when there is a scanty supply, and drop their excrements in it, they are obliged to drink an impure mixture, that greatly affects the butter.

Cows should not be allowed to lie in close yards, in very warm weather; they should be returned to the pasture, or some convenient place where they have a good clean place to lie, and fresh air. When cows lie in wet and muddy yards, there will be more or less dirt fall from the cows into the milk while milking, which gives the butter a very unpleasant flavor. All kinds of feed that are of a strong nature, such as turnips and onion tops, or any vegetable that has a strong flavor, ought to be avoided, for it is injurious to the flavor of the butter. In the spring every dairymen should feed his cows with a little Indian meal and water every day for two or three weeks before they come into milking, and from that time till they can get a good supply of grass. This not only improves the condition of the cows, but greatly increases the quantity of the butter, and improves its quality.

Dairymen should never undertake to keep more cows than they have plenty of feed for. Twenty cows, well fed, will yield much greater profit than forty poorly kept. Every farmer should be very particular to select such cows as give the richest milk, and that which will make good yellow butter. Every one knows that it is no more expensive to keep good cows than poor ones.

To have good cows and plenty of good feed, pure water, comfortable barns in winter, where they can be kept dry and warm, and good clean places for them in summer, is the first step toward carrying on the dairy business successfully.

**KEEPING CATTLE WARM.**—Cattle will eat all that nature requires in a good warm barn, if it is judiciously fed to them, and they can have reasonable supplies of water. But nature will require more in an open barn, and more still in a cold yard. The fuel to feed the fires within will always bear a proportion to the cold atmosphere surrounding the surface of the body without, which is to be warmed, in order to keep the creature comfortable. It is like placing a stove outside of a house to warm the circumference. The ambient air, instead of placing it within your snug parlor. The extra outdoor appetite is caused mainly by the extra exposure demanding extra fuel.—*Granite Farmer.*

**ADVICE TO MOWERS.**—In the first place it is necessary to know how to keep a scythe in good order. After having ground your scythe well to an edge, have a good whetstone and carefully draw it flat along the edge of the scythe, not short off, as is frequently the case. In mowing, keep the back bent till your scythe is through the grass, when you may straighten the back in bringing the scythe round. Start your scythe in moderately, not throwing it too far back, and no farther than necessary to bring it through the grass. It is very frequently the case that mowers fatigue themselves much, unnecessarily, by throwing the scythe too far around. As mowing is very laborious work, those having it to do should use as much skill as possible.

**TO KEEP BIRDS FROM PICKING FRUITS.**—As the season is coming on for the depredation of birds, I beg leave to report my experience of last year, when I saved my currants and gooseberries by winding colored worsted around and across my bushes and my cherries, by hanging up several pieces of tin with strong thread in the different trees, two pieces being hung near enough together to clash with the wind, which sounds, with the bright reflection of the tin in the sun, certainly frightened them away; and I had my due share of fruit, which the preceding year I was obliged to relinquish to them.

## Poetry.

## The Sensitive Heart.

BY THE LATE F. WEST.

Shrink, sicken, and die! It shall be thy doom,  
Thou of the sensitive heart,  
Like a tropic's flower in a frozen zone,  
Where its lustres all depart.

There is no home in this world so dear  
May thy warm existence grace;  
Like the dove in its wanderings far and near,  
Thou shalt find no resting place.

The friends in thy bosom most cherished lie  
Who breathe not thy nature's breath,  
Shall pain and shall grieve thee unconsciously  
With a sorrow nigh to death.

But oh! in the world must thou find a home,  
A niggard existence there—  
From the yearning heart must thou darkly roam,  
Thou art desolation's heir.

The cold shall condemn thee—the idle laugh—  
The mighty shall crush thee low—  
Till the tears of affliction thou shall quaff,  
And be drunken with thy woe.

Man may perpetual motion find,  
Discover the longitude—  
But he cannot fathom the depths of mind  
Of a nature so imbued.

It is a fairy and delicate thing,  
Like the spider's fine drawn net,  
Where each wind that sweeps with ungentle wing  
Some portion will still unset.

And some cherished web on the earth will cast  
As it braves life's stormy day,  
Till at length some fatal destroying blast  
Its mem'ry shall sweep away.

Shrink, sicken, and die! It shall be thy doom,  
Thou of the sensitive heart,  
Like a tropic's flower in a frozen zone,  
Where its lustres all depart.

## Impromptu.—To J. B. Gough.

As to the patriot warrior, who fights his country's cause,—  
As to the upright statesman, who protects and keeps its laws,—  
Or to the noble poet, who lauds its virtues true,  
Honor is freely given,—so must it be to you.

To you, illustrious Gough, whose all-inspiring words  
Strike deep into our hearts, and make vibrate the chords—  
Sometimes with horror, as thy master hand, in vivid light,  
Depicts thy once forlorn lot—cheerless and black as night;—  
Sometimes with admiration, as thy impassioned, fervid eloquence  
Pleads for the great, the glorious cause of Temperance!

This mighty cause—which first dispersed and made asunder roll  
The drunkard's bitter, bitter curse from off thy soul,—  
Which makes thee now exclaim, in pious, fervent prayer to heaven,  
"Oh! give me strength to scatter wide the blessings that to me h've  
been given!"

The prayer'll be granted. Then onward, champion, in thy bright  
career,

And soon, o'er length and breadth of this vast continent, we'll hear  
Loud, loud rejoicing. "Peace, with her smiling daughter Plenty,"  
will begin to reign,—

Religion, virtue, truth will flourish—and revered will be thy name.

Montreal.



# AWAKE, AWAKE AND TAKE THE PLEDGE.

Moderato, with expression.



1. A-wake, a-wake and take the pledge, With-out a fear or doubt; 'Twill weave a-round your

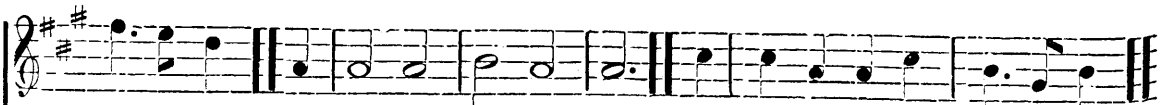


2. O take the pledge, and break the cup That poi-sons all the land! 'Twill sweetly come and

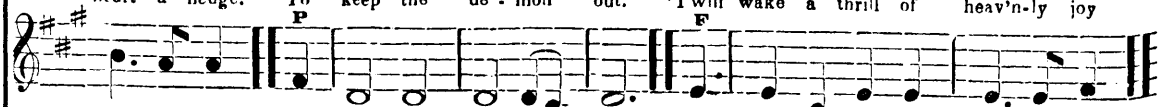
3. O take the pledge, all ye that think Of mod'rate cups to-day! For ye may win the



4. O take the pledge all ye that sell, This poi-son of the soul! What good ye'll do no



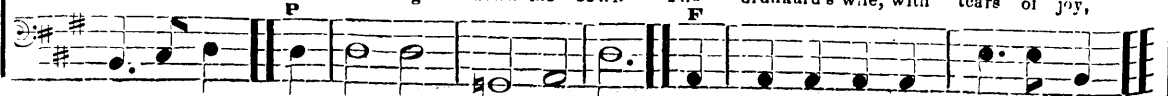
heart a hedge. To keep the de-mon out. 'Twill wake a thrill of heav'n-ly joy



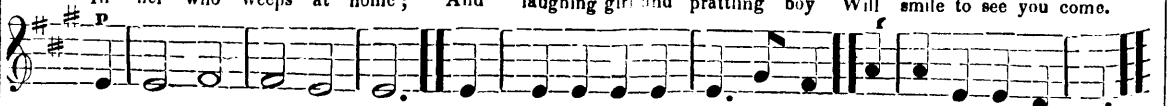
raise you up, Where hon-or waves her hand; 'Twill wipe con-tempt and scorn a-way,  
sot from drink, If ye but lead the way. 'Twill be a sweet and thrill-ing thought



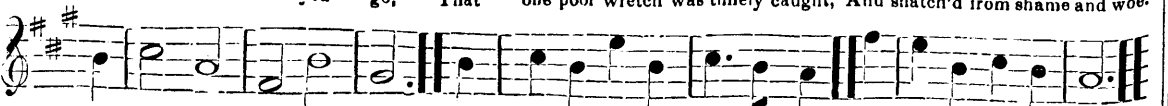
tongue can tell, By dash-ing down the bowl. The drunkard's wife, with tears of joy,



In her who weeps at home; And laughing girl and prattling boy Will smile to see you come.



Which all that knew you bore, Till ye become be-lov'd as they, And ye are brutes no more.  
As on thro' life you go, That one poor wretch was timely caught, And snatch'd from shame and woe.



Will bless you morn and even; And love-ly girl and hap-py boy Will lisp your name to heav'n.



# Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, JUNE 1, 1852.

## The Season.—Temperance Houses.

Never or seldom did old winter so reluctantly yield to the genial influences of spring, as on the occasion of his recent retirement from supreme dominion in these latitudes. The last we saw of him reminded us of a retreating army hotly pursued. Not conquered, but yielding to the force of circumstances, they suddenly face about and discharge a whole volley into the ranks of the pursuers. So winter seemed to change his mind, and in gloomy hesitation turned round and cast a whole cloud full of snow in the face of approaching May, and then went and sat down on a rock in the river St. Lawrence. But Upper Canada and the regions South held a consultation, and resolved on sending a flood of waters down the ancient stream. No sooner said than done, and, shedding a few tears, which froze upon his face, the hardened veteran retired.

Slowly the leaves and buds shoot forth, and then the shipping of various nations are reported as at hand. The steamer puffs, the merchant receives his invoice, and anticipates large sales.—All is bustle and stir. The hotels are prepared, would that we could say purified. The buyers, the sellers, and the life of trade is developed. Great numbers of temperance men are thus required to leave their homes for a season. It would be well if in every town and city there were temperance houses for their accommodation. It would be well, too, if, where there are good houses, the Sons and temperance friends would patronize them heartily and conscientiously. In those cities and towns favored with good temperance hotels, the utmost effort should be made to advertise them and support them. Respecting Montreal, we have pleasure in stating that the Temperance Hotel kept by Mr. Ducloux is in full operation for the reception and accommodation of visitors. We have heard but one opinion respecting the past year. The house was well kept, and comfortably provided with all the necessities and conveniences of life. The same care and attention will continue to be shown, and we again commend to the support and confidence of the public the house of Mr. Francis Ducloux, in Col lege Street, as a suitable travellers' rest, and as a convenient, quiet, and respectable place of sojourn for merchants, and all other transient or more permanent visitors to Montreal.

## Nine Cheers and more for Massachusetts.

When the monster petition for the Maine Law was borne by the people of Massachusetts to their legislature, we said three cheers for Massachusetts. Now we say nine cheers and more, for temperance is again triumphant, and the Boston Rum-sellers must walk the plank, or do penance. We give from the *Cataract* a full account of the proceedings of both Houses, the hesitation of the Governor on certain grounds and the reasonable and persevering efforts toward adjustment made by each branch of the legislature. Our good friend, Doctor Jewett, will clap his hands, and so may many a wife and widow of the fine old Bay State. Canadians read what follows, and be prepared for victory after hard fighting:—

**NINE CHEERS FOR MASSACHUSETTS—LIQUOR LAW TRIUMPHANT.**—After a most unparalleled struggle with party politics and the rum power, we are happy to announce that the Maine Liquor Law has passed both Houses, and received the signature of the Governor. The Legislature has adjourned, and the contest is over.

After the Bill had been passed, and sent to Gov. Boutwell, as we mentioned last week, we had but little doubt that he would give his assent to the Bill, although the clause by which it was submitted to the people with open ballot might be somewhat objectionable to his Excellency, yet we thought that the popularity of the measure, and the benefits that would accrue to the Commonwealth, would overcome these objections; but it seems the Governor viewed this feature of the Bill as objectional, as well as inexpedient, and so he sent his message with the veto to the Bill. In his message he says:—

“As a point of principle, I think all great questions should be determined by secret ballot.

A decision by open ballot may leave the law upon the statute books, but necessarily shorn of its moral strength; and I am fully conscientious that I cannot stand upon mere political power and physical force. Legislation deals with men as they are. The province of law is to render certain and secure that which the moral reformation has acquired.

And further, I cannot, by any process of moral reasoning, relieve myself of the duty of resisting the passage of a doubtful measure, under such circumstances, that in the certain ultimate defeat which awaits it, is to be overthrown the cause it was intended to support.”

The Senate, to whom the veto was sent, then attempted to pass the bill by a two thirds vote, the yeas and nays were as follows: 23 yeas, 15 nays so it was lost by this vote, there not being two thirds voting for it. The rules were then suspended, and Mr. Keyes then introduced the law with the secret ballot restored, which was immediately passed to be engrossed, and sent to the House. This body after receiving the veto message, took up the Bill and passed it to be engrossed after striking out the clause by which the Bill was referred to the people, and to take effect in 60 days from its passage. The vote was 187 to 164, a majority of 24 for the Bill. This form was immediately sent to the Senate on Thursday afternoon and was concurred in by a vote of 20 to 19, only one majority. Mr. Griswold gave notice that he should move a reconsideration the morrow.

Accordingly on Friday morning, this motion was made,—“All the Senators were in their seats, and the chamber and gallery crowded to suffocation.” Some twelve Senators took an active part in the debate, when the vote was taken on the reconsideration with the following result. Yeas, 23, nays 17, so the reconsideration took place. The question now came up on concurrence with the House; the yeas and nays were again taken, and decided in the negative by a vote of 17 to 23. So the Bill went to the House, and the crowd of auditors followed. Here Mr. Claflin of Hopkinton moved that the House recede from its amendment.

The yeas and nays were thereupon taken, with the following result.

YEAS, 166 : NAYS, 181—MAJORITY, 15.

In the Senate, at 2 o'clock, the Bill came up from the House with the endorsement that the House refused to recede in its amendment of submission to the people and adhered to its action.

After some half dozen short and pointed speeches by different members, the question was taken 1-4 after 2 P. M., on its recession from its former vote. The yeas and nays being ordered, the result was as follows, yeas, 27, nays, 13. So the Senate receded from its action, and by another yeas and nays vote, 28 to 11, it concurred in the amendment of the House, and passed the Bill to be engrossed in concurrence. At 1-4 before 5 P. M. the Bill passed to be enacted with the following result:—

YEAS, 21 : NAYS, 14.

It was immediately sent to the Governor, and the next morning he approved it, and sent the following message.

COUNCIL CHAMBER, }  
May 22, 1852. }

To the President of the Senate:

SIR: Former and appropriate usage requires that notice of the official sanction of the Executive to the several bills and resolves which have been submitted to him, shall be given to the Legislature by oral message delivered by the Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Having this day signed a bill entitled “An act concerning the manufacture and sale of spirituous or intoxicating liquors,” I deem it proper to communicate the fact to the honorable Senate, in which it originated, in a more solemn form.

This bill appears to be identical, in all its features but one, with

that which I returned to the Senate on the 19th inst., with my objections to its passage.

That provided for a reference to the people, with the use of the open ballot. This rests entirely upon the action of the Government. It seems to me highly proper, that whenever a law is submitted to the people, it should be in such a manner as to render the decision final. The first measure appeared to me calculated to impair the principle of the secret ballot, which I regard as important in a free Government.

In the communication to which I referred, I stated that my chief and sufficient objection was "against the means of ascertaining the public will." The bill now under consideration does not affect the principle of the secret ballot. I also stated that the bill contained new principles of legislation, was of doubtful expediency, and that the judgment of the people should be taken, and the use of the secret ballot required. To that opinion I adhere. The course I pointed out seemed to me necessary to bring the measure within the rule, that law is the embodiment of a pre-existing and ascertained public sentiment.

But the Legislature, after deliberate reconsideration of the subject, has expressed an opposite opinion. The point of difference is one of expediency.

I think it inexpedient to pass the bill without such a reference to the people as I have named. The Legislature thinks it expedient to pass the bill according to the usual forms. Upon this point of difference I do not feel at liberty, from doubts in my own mind, to withhold my assent to a measure intended to advance a sacred moral cause.

I have, therefore, approved the bill entitled "An act concerning the manufacture and sale of spirituous or intoxicating liquors."

GEO. S. BOUTWELL.

Thus this important Bill passed and became the law of the Commonwealth but a few minutes before the final adjournment of the Legislature.

### Temperance Jottings.—No. 8.

Reason and facts substantiate the propriety of personal adherence to the Temperance principle. Will any venture to insinuate the unreasonableness of the course we advocate? We challenge them to the proof. Is it not reasonable to abstain from what is hurtful, dangerous, unnecessary? Is it not reasonable to do every thing we can to promote health, reputation, domestic comfort, and good influence? Is it not reasonable to be associated with philanthropists and christians in an enterprise that is adapted to produce a revolution pregnant with innumerable advantages to man in all the relations and diversified circumstances of life? Is it not reasonable to act upon the principles of truth and righteousness, and to further, directly and indirectly, the gracious purposes of God in relation to the world? Now, on these and other grounds, we maintain the reasonableness of abstinence from all alcoholic stimulants as a beverage, and of associated effort to accomplish and perpetuate this object; and we defy Messrs Barclay & Co., or Hanbury & Co., or any other firm with its Cos., to prove the contrary. We challenge distillers, brewers, venders, consumers, and the entire company of the patronizers of strong drinks, to gainsay the prudent and kind recommendations and advocacy of teetotalers. Some may have erred by their ultra measures and unkind and uncharitable remarks. With such we have no sympathy; but we do maintain the reasonableness of the objects of our Temperance organizations, and the propriety of earnest, energetic, persevering efforts to multiply in all lands the adherents of the Total Abstinence principle. In Quebec, Montreal, and other places, alcohol has been fairly tried in moral courts, and has been condemned. No honest jury could do otherwise! We should like to see the subject fairly handled in our courts of law, witnesses, pro and con, examined, the jury addressed by counsellors and the judge, and then listen to the verdict of twelve conscientious, upright, impartial men. We are satisfied

that the verdict would not be an acquittal. We want to see the principles of reason and common sense brought to bear upon this question, and we shall be satisfied with the issue.

But turn to facts, and numerous examples of the benefits of temperance, in the sense of strict sobriety, but especially of entire abstinence from all that inebriates. Numbers, by an abstemious course, have lengthened their days, augmented their influence, and accomplished great things. As examples of temperance in ancient times, reference is made to Hippocrates and Galen, distinguished physicians; Demosthenes and Cicero, celebrated orators; and Pythagoras, Plato, and Socrates, well known philosophers.

But we are not without examples in modern times. The treatise which cost Sir Isaac Newton the greatest intellectual effort of all his works, was composed while the body was sustained by bread and water alone, and he lived 85 years. Euler, a distinguished mathematician, by his strict temperance, accomplished a large amount of intellectual labor, and he lived 76 years. John Locke, with a feeble constitution, lived beyond 70 years, and to his temperate mode of life we are doubtless indebted for his work on the human understanding; his treatise on government and education, and other writings. Pascal, who had a powerful mind with a frail body, by rigid habits of temperance, lived long beyond the expectation of his friends. President Edwards was constitutionally tender, but by the rules of temperance, he enjoyed good health, and was enabled to pursue his studies thirteen hours in a day. Sir Matthew Hale, Dr. Macknight, John Wesley, Richard Baxter, John Milton, Dr. Spurzheim, Franklin, John Howard, and many others, well known by their writings and labors, were noted for their temperance in eating and drinking. Dr. Samuel Johnson, it is well known, was given to excess both in eating and drinking, but his most successful efforts of mind were performed before he had acquired the means of intemperance. As instances of excess in eating and drinking, with the fearful havoc occasioned, we have only to mention the names of Pope, Byron, Burns, and Dryden. Had they been temperate in their habits, much misery would have been avoided; their lives would have been useful and happy, and their death peaceful.

If example, then, is powerful, let the facts referred to be duly considered. But look among ourselves; observe examples of drinking and abstinence; mark many engaged in the traffic staining themselves, and employing abstainers for workmen, in whom they can confide, rather than those who occasionally or otherwise deviate; look at the examples in all their bearings, whether on the one side or the other; and say, reader, honestly and independently, where the weight of argument lies, which is the strongest side—which the best, all things considered—and where you will range yourself! We wish you to be fully persuaded in your mind, to act from conviction, and to act freely, as an intelligent and responsible creature. And we wish you to use your influence to induce others to act in like manner, that the number of our friends may continually increase. "Let us not sleep as do others."

J. T. B.

Whitby, 29th April, 1852.

### Canada West.

The news from all parts, respecting the progress of Maine Law opinions, is most cheering. The towns and villages are all alive, and the voice of the people will be heard. Go on friends every where!

## Streams from Temperance Springs.

In our late Nova Scotia papers we find some report of an Address delivered not long ago by the Rev. Robert Cooney, A.M., of New Brunswick. The Revd. gentleman is well known and highly respected as a public speaker in different parts of Canada. We take pleasure, therefore, in giving the following part of a lecture, which we find in the *Wesleyan*. Its point, and wit, and eloquence, are all equally conspicuous:—

Temperance is a very flexible and comprehensive term. In a wide latitude of interpretation it represents many virtues, and embodies many excellencies; but in a proper sense and according to conventional usage, this word signifies total abstinence from all intoxicating drink. Temperance, then, in this sense, is really a cardinal virtue; and hence the various societies that are laboring to propagate this virtue, are sowing seed, from which the world will reap a harvest of great moral advantages.

I cannot help thinking, ladies and gentlemen, that this principle, in its previous condition, and in its present aspect, and progress, bears some resemblance to popular liberty. Why, Sir, less than a quarter of a century ago, Temperance was in imminent danger of perishing altogether. Drinking usages and customs stalked through the earth, like the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and as the destruction that wasteth in noon-day. More deformed than any of the monsters created by myths and fables, they, *the drinking usages and habits*, went forth, slaying and devouring, and as they gorged themselves upon their slaughtered victims, and as they issued from their foul reptition, as the snakes did from the head of Medusa, a robust and truculent brood of vices. These consisted chiefly of riot, debauchery, &c.: and as might have been expected, they have been very notorious, and the character they have, as well as the deeds they have performed, are to be found in the records of the watch house, the police-office, and the criminal courts.

These malignants made war upon Temperance; uncompromising war—war to the knife; the battle waged fiercely—the combatants fought desperately—a crisis arrived; and just as the alcoholic forces were about to shout victory, and sing *Pæans*, God raised up a horn of salvation: “The Total Abstinence Society” was formed; and the enemy was disappointed of his prey and his booty.

We have all heard and read of the sanguinary ogres that so much terrified us when we were children; we remember their dreadful words—*see—fau—fum*; and how they used to eat the flesh, crunch the bones, and drink the blood of their victims—just so drunkenness; but just as he was gorged to the full—while his eyes stood out with fatness, and glared with savage delight; just then; while he was gloating over the desolation he had made, he saw “the Temperance Societies rising up before him like a little cloud”: and from that cloud, he saw a spirit, like unto the young hero of Bethlehem Judea, issue forth. He had neither bow, nor spear, nor sword, nor buckler—no! his strength lay in principles—the certainty of victory was insured by the purity of his motives—and philanthropy suggested his tactics. The monster frowned upon his youthful opponents; like the gasconading bully of Gath, he defied him; but on he came nothing daunted; his only weapon a stone from the clear, the beautiful river of Temperance; and now, deriving from God both strength and precision, he struck the tyrant and felled him to the ground. Look at him, ladies and gentlemen; there he lies, foaming with rage and pain; struggling in the agony of dissolution—his extremities have grown cold—his blood is putrefied—his brain is swimming—his whole system is collapsed; and before long some good revival in “the temperance cause” will rise; and as Perseus cut off the head of “the Gorgon,” and placed it on the shield of Minerva, so this revival will cut off the head of this ruthless destroyer, and place it in some temperance museum, to be a rarity and a memorial forever.

It must be remembered that we are still in the field, and that the war is still going on. Our enemies are still numerous, and possessed of strongholds. In many places, their ordnance and commissariat departments too, are in a healthy condition; and these strengthened by habits and prejudices, make them rather formidable. There must be, therefore, caution and patience, as well as zeal and courage; we must reckon upon opposition, and be determined to vanquish it. There must be neither truce, nor suspension of hostilities; neither armistice, nor capitulation; human-

ity suggests the most rigid terms; and religion and virtue insist upon a full and unconditional surrender.

Maintain your ground; exclude impediments, and insuperable obstacles from your vocabulary. Let onward be your motto, let progress be your theme. Be resolved to conquer; remember that your foe, though subtle and powerful, is not invincible; and that your principles, like truth, are mighty, and will prevail. Let us be true to our convictions and faithful to our pledges, and the cause we espouse will assuredly prosper. Bacchus tried to stop the sacred waters of Arethusa from flowing; but his endeavors only increased the force and number of the streams; and in like manner, opposition will only promote our prosperity! and effort to restrain our influence will only diffuse and strengthen it.

“Still give us grace, Almighty King,  
Unwavering at our posts to stand;  
Till grateful at thy shrine we bring,  
The tribute of a ransomed land.”

We have very occasionally enriched our streams with poetic effusions, not because there is not plenty of that kind of literature, but because we seldom find much to our taste. What is to our taste may possibly be learned by our saying that the following, from the *Scottish Temperance Review*, is worth reading and preserving:—

## A Voice to Publicans.

Arise, ye custom-curst, arise!  
Flee from your refuges of lies!  
And join the grand industrial host  
Whose noble toil is Britain's boast.

Around our world, where'er ye look,  
From farthest verge to humblest nook,  
See all fulfil, in countless grade,  
The will of Him who all hath made.

To heaven, upborne on joyous wing,  
Birds chaunt their stailless offering!  
Ev'n humblest wild-flowers 'midst the grass,  
Whisper of God to all who pass.

But say, do ye each day rehearse  
The spirit of the universe!  
Say do ye honor man or God  
By every wretch ye cast abroad?

Oh, as they stagger forth each day,  
They seem less brothers than your prey;  
Like temples sack'd, defaced they stand,  
And tell of a dishonored land!

As locust swarm, where ye alight,  
All that is good and fair ye blight;  
Worse than grave-worms, who live on death,  
Ye plough the cheek, ere gone the breath!

Can ye be men, and glory in  
The work that nurtures grief and sin?  
Men! while ye curse the race for gain,  
Nor heed these tears though shed like rain.

'Tis sure an atheistic art,  
'To demonise the human heart;  
And tempted, struggling man transmute,  
'To something far beneath the brute.

Then turn ye! fill some worthier place,  
Give help and honor to the race;  
Think what a home earth might be made,  
Would each give each a brother's aid.

Arise, ye custom-curst, arise!  
Flee from your refuges of lies!  
And join the grand industrial host,  
Whose noble toil is Britain's boast.

—Walneerg.

A good deal of controversy has been engaged in lately, respecting advertising liquors, and other poisonous things. Our views

have been expressed uncontroversially, and what we have to say hereafter will be said without reference to persons or parties.—The annexed, which we copy from the *Templar's Magazine*, is not without its directness to the question, and without endorsing all that is contained in the extract, we yet think the example of the *Conneautville Courier* worthy of imitation in so far as intoxicating drinks are concerned. The article is intended to bear particularly against patent medicines. We wish to confine our application to the whole list of strong drinks used as a beverage:—

The following article, which we find in the *Conneautville (Pa.) Courier*, comes so near our ideas of a correct position, that we cannot refrain from inserting it. We commend the course of this independent editor particularly to the conductors of temperance journals. It is well known to those who have taken the trouble to carefully examine the nostrums with which our country is flooded, that the active principle of a large portion of them is alcohol. Many others contain poisons equally as deleterious, and the evil consequences arising from the whole family of patent medicines are second only to those from the use of intoxicating drinks. We confess, when we see temperance papers advertising such vile stuff, we are half inclined to believe they would advertise rum, brandy, &c., if they were not afraid of losing subscribers. But to the article:

“It is amusing to witness the astonishment exhibited by agents and vendors of medical nostrums, on application at this office for the purpose of getting their panaceas, balms, elixirs, bitters, &c., advertised, when informed that the columns of the *Courier* are forever barred against them.

“What, not advertise patent medicines, when we pay you more liberally for the same amount of services than any other class of advertising customers? besides, if required, payment will be made in advance.”

“We believe the ten thousand popular medicines offered to the public, and represented to be infallible cures for diseases,” said we in reply to the above interrogatory, the other day, “to consist of the most heartless impositions ever offered to an unthinking public. An analysis of several of these compounds proves them such. The celebrated German bitters, which we see generally advertised by our exchanges, and of which it is said very liberal sales are made, were tested in Philadelphia a year or two ago, and shown to contain nothing but molasses, whiskey and wormwood. The sarsaparilla extracts, which abound in our shops and are advertised in almost every paper in the country, contain in most cases more of *corrosive sublimate*, a most deadly poison, than of sarsaparilla. We believe the whole class of these secret medicines to be injurious to health, else their discoverers, who make such claims to be “benefactors to their race,” would make the secret public, that all might enjoy its advantages. Benefactors usually show some benevolence, but we are not conscious of any discoverer of a remedy which will prolong human life, and who has turned his attention to the manufacture of his panacea, who has exhibited any traits of this kind, unless it were in the sale of his medicine at an exorbitant price.”

“I have travelled through the northern states the last three years,” said he in reply, “and devoted my whole time to the establishment of local agencies for the sale of patent medicines, and to the making of contracts with printers for advertising, and you are the first person I have met with who has objected to publishing our advertisements. Religious and temperance papers have alike opened their columns to our use, and I cannot see why you should set yourself up as a model in this particular.”

“We do not set ourself up as a model, though we believe that the public press would be doing their readers good service should they take us for an example in this, as also in advertising the sale of spirituous liquors.”

“You do not pretend to say that you will not advertise the sale of spirituous liquors in your paper?”

“We do pretend to say so, and more than that, we do not advertise them on any consideration whatever.”

“Well, you are a strange fellow, and shall be reported to *Bar-num* as a curiosity. Refuse money when offered for advertising, because by so doing you will be instrumental in carrying out an imposition which *others* are practising upon the public! A model editor, truly! You will command a good price, and the great curiosity humbug shall have the pleasure of exhibiting you through

the principal Atlantic cities, if money is any consideration to you. *Jenny Lind* or the woolly horse sinks into the shade.”

“Our astonished customer, during the delivery of his last remarks, had opened the door, ready for a precipitate retreat down stairs. He closed it with the last expression, and we have not seen him since, whether he is trying to make the necessary arrangements with the exhibitor of *Jenny Lind* to bring us before the public, will be determined in due time.

“The above is but one of the many dialogues which occur almost weekly in this office on the subject of advertising patent medicines. We have another for which we came near being whipped by the proprietor of the compound, which we may be induced to relate after a while.”

### The Sabbath.—The Sons.

We take the earliest opportunity of expressing our total dissent from the doctrine laid down by a professed organ of the Sons of Temperance, respecting the sanctity of the Sabbath, and the test of religious character. We regard the opinions of the writer to whom we refer, not only as unsound and unsatisfactory, but also, as immoral and dangerous. Quoting scripture as a text, and making the divine Saviour justify Sabbath breaking is most unwarrantable, and proves the incapacity of the writer for holding any responsible situation as the guide of mind and morals. Most gladly do we know and state it unhesitatingly, that the Sons as such do not hold and teach the miserable system of casuistry, which has more than once disfigured the pages of what pretends to be a literary gem. We congratulate Mr. A. McCallum on the way he has defended the gospel and the Sons, against the fatal errors of one who is not and never will be the appointed exponent of our faith and practice either as Sons or Christians. We leave this matter for the present, but shall return to it at an early opportunity.

### The Maine Law.—P. T. Barnum.

One of the most enthusiastic and delightful meetings we ever had the pleasure of attending, was held on Friday evening last, in the City Concert Hall. It had been announced by the Montreal Temperance Society that the man whose name is known all the world over, as the synonym for curiosity, would appear before our citizens and give a lecture on Temperance and the Maine Law. He came! Some even doubted whether the genuine Barnum would appear and speak; but, when that manly figure with well-formed and expressive countenance stepped forth, there was no longer doubt. Senses and wit, pathos and power, striking anecdote and withering sarcasm were combined; and, for a couple of hours, about two thousand people were unable to wish themselves away, but seemed at the end to regret that it was not to be their privilege to sit and hear till midnight. At the present we have not space for Mr. Barnum's speech—in our next we hope to furnish copious extracts. Suffice it now to say, that his explanation and defence of the Maine law was most complete and satisfactory, his illustrations clear and convincing; and we do not see how any individual could answer his argument or justify the traffic in liquor. This first direct Maine Law Meeting in Montreal was well attended, and will have its beneficial effects. His honor the Mayor kindly presided. Mr. Barnum's services were entirely voluntary. All the expenses were paid by him—his lecture was free, and he desired the Montreal Temperance Society to take up a collection for the purpose of aiding them in their benevolent operations. We desire to express our gratitude for this generous conduct on the part of Mr. Barnum. We hope he will not lose anything by devoting some time and strength to the great end of gaining the Maine Law for all America. He strug-

gled hard to carry the Law for his own State, Connecticut. Fail he did not, in one sense, for much was gained, and another year will end the business of liquor dealing for that and other States of the Union. Canada joins in the same Holy War. May God send us speedy deliverance from the Slavery of A'cohol.

We should not omit to acknowledge the deep debt of gratitude the Montreal Temperance Society is under to his Worship the Mayor, for the readiness with which he acceded to their request to occupy the chair. We observe a correspondent in the *Pilot*, of yesterday, affects great chagrin at this, and broadly states that the city has been disgraced in consequence; but unfortunately for the writer of the letter, and fortunately for the Mayor, the evil influence by which the writer seems to be actuated is too apparent to sully in the least the well earned reputation of our present popular chief magistrate. We should think the sense of the city's honor possessed by the correspondent of the *Pilot* must be nice indeed. Our impression of the matter is just the reverse, and regard it as something of which the citizens should be proud, to have the Mayor presiding at a meeting, the object of which was so well calculated to advance their best interests. It must be understood that the meeting was not that of any particular society, but of the citizens generally, for the promotion of Temperance. We may be told it was not the character of the meeting, but the character of the speaker with which fault is found. This objection is equally futile. Barnum is known as a shrewd and successful man of business in rather an original line, but we never heard of anything derogatory to his character, either as an honest man or a gentleman, and his lectures were distinguished by good sense, sound argument, and high-toned morality. What more would the *Pilot* have?

#### Neal Dow.

We learn from our exchanges, that Neal Dow, who is G.W.P. of the Sons in the State of Maine, is about to make an official tour throughout that State. Would it not be well for the temperance friends in Montreal, and some other places, to give him an invitation to visit Canada, for the purpose of giving us information on the Maine Law, of which he is the honored author? Certainly there is none better qualified to do so.

#### J. B. Gough.

We learn from a correspondent in Kingston, that Mr Gough is to be in Kingston on the 2d instant, in fulfillment of his engagement of last fall, which he was providentially prevented from following out on account of his health. He passes up to Hamilton by the Bay of Quinte. Let the temperance friends everywhere give him a cordial reception; there are none more deserving.

#### Mr. Driscoll on Tavern Licenses.

Several communications in the form of opinions have appeared in our city papers from the pen of Mr. Driscoll, respecting the power of Municipal Councils to grant or withhold Tavern Licenses. Nothing that he has said on the subject can remove the impression resting on our mind, that these deliberative bodies can refuse licenses. It is the evident intention of the law, and is so understood by Attorney General Drummond. We can not now refer to all the absurdities into which Mr. Driscoll has fallen, but if the law were, as he says it is, then, assuredly it is most defective, and leaves no room to doubt, that the Maine Law is the only effectual remedy for our Legislative defects and stupid legal opinions.

#### The Great Exhibition Panorama.

This magnificent representation of the World's Fair, we have seen. We did not see the original—the wondrous palace of

peace—the great house of art and industry; but this Panoramic painting is certainly grand, and must, from all we have previously read and understood of it, convey a fair and very full representation of the building and its objects of interest. Canadians will be glad to see this Panorama, as they then can visit Hyde Park and the Great Exhibition without any sea sickness, and even after the British Parliament has ordered all into the shades of night by taking down the building. If you can, go and see this Panorama.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Tectotaler," from Rigaud, has been received, with the amount indicated, but we regard his enclosed remarks on the Maine Liquor Law as better calculated to stimulate ourselves in the course we have taken than for publication.

A. B. We are out of the first numbers of the *Canada Temperance Advocate* for 1852. But as we intend to reprint the numbers wanting, you can send on your orders. P. C. D. is informed that we will take postage stamps for small payments on balances, either for the *Canada Temperance Advocate* or for the *Cadet*.

*La Guerre*.—Our correspondent here has our thanks. The spirit and intention of "a young lady" in her verses, are so good that we regret being obliged to decline the poetry.

*Exchanges*.—Editors who receive this No. of our paper will understand that we desire to exchange. If any decline, let them give us suitable notice by returning the paper.

#### The Maine Law in Esquusing.

In compliance with a requisition, signed by one hundred and forty of the inhabitants of the township of Esquusing, to James Young, Esq., Town Reeve, he was pleased to call a public meeting, at the Town Hall, Stewarttown, on Tuesday, 27th April, 1852, at 1 o'clock, P.M., to take into consideration the propriety of petitioning our Legislature, at its next session, to pass a law prohibiting the importing, manufacturing, and vending of intoxicating drinks in this province.

There were present about three hundred of the inhabitants of this intelligent and thriving township, and the meeting being organized, —Wm. Barber, Esq., in the chair, and E. Leavens, Secretary—the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

1. Moved by Rev. Wm. Willoughby, and seconded by Rev. Mr. McRichie—

*Resolved*—That for the abundant success which has attended the Temperance cause, we render to Almighty God our most grateful acknowledgments.

2. Moved by Rev. Hiram Denny, seconded by Charles Kennedy Esq.—

*Resolved*—That the licensing system tends directly to promote pauperism, vice, and crime, and renders society a stagnant pool of corruption. Let there be one strong and unquenchable purpose to extirpate the license system.

3. Moved by Mr. J. C. Clure, and seconded by Rufus Adams, Esq.—

Whereas we deeply deplore the drinking usages of society, and having no confidence in the efficiency of the existing laws for effectually removing the evil, *Resolue*, that, having full confidence in the Maine Liquor Law for uprooting all the obstacles toward the accomplishment of that most desirable object, will unite in petitioning our Legislature, at its next session, for a similar enactment.

4. Moved by Mr. J. Vanallen, seconded by Mr. W. Wallace—

*Resolved*—That it is the duty, and we solicit the co-operation of

all temperance organizations and friends of temperance in carrying out the above objects.

A petition, in accordance with the above resolutions, was adopted, and delivered to a committee, appointed for each ward of the township, to obtain signatures thereto.

A series of meetings were held in different parts of the township during the week, at all of which similar resolutions were adopted, and a strong desire manifested for and in favor of the Maine Law.

E. LEAVENS, Secretary.

Georgetown, Esqueing, May 6, 1852.

### Alcohol's Progress.

Colchester, April 16th, 1852.

On the 2nd inst., near the village of Kingsville, in the Township of Gosfield, a man and his wife, and another old inebriate, indulged themselves too freely at the bottle. One of the men accidentally dropped some money into the fire. The woman in making an effort to save the money, fell herself into the fire, and was soon enveloped in flames. Her drunken husband made an unsuccessful attempt to extinguish the fire, and burned his own hands very badly. The other man (if he deserves the name) was too drunk to assist them in the least degree. In the meantime, the house took fire from the woman's burning clothes, but fortunately a negro passing by observed their dreadful and perilous situation, and immediately called in the nearest neighbors, who put out the fire, and rendered the wretched beings all the aid that was in their power. The woman was literally roasted alive, and presented an appearance too shocking for language to describe. She died after five hours of extreme suffering.

SOLOMON ILER.

Oshawa, February 16th, 1852.

A few miles from Norwood, C.W., while on a journey a short time ago, I passed a house which was pointed out to me as the residence of a man who, while in a state of intoxication, got both hands frozen so badly that they had both to be taken off, thus making him an object for life.

T. GARRY.

Port Colborne, April 17th, 1852.

This day, April 17th, another drunkard has been called to give in his account, without leaving the least chance of hope—crying for whiskey to the last. Awful prospect! Sometime last year he opened a groggery, and he has soon received the reward of the abominable traffic,—leaving behind him a large, helpless family, unprovided for.

L. B.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Scotland, March 15, 1852.

SIR,—The Temperance cause is rapidly gaining ground in this locality. Petitions, numerously signed, have, within a few weeks, been presented to the Municipal Council of Oakland, praying them to grant no license for the sale of intoxicating liquors in the township. This was not granted, because of a fear entertained by a majority of the council, that such a step would greatly increase the number of licensed groceries, which would be the cause of more intemperance than the present number of taverns. There is little doubt, however, but that the municipality and three-fourths of the inhabitants of this township would now petition, if requested, for a law similar to the Maine Liquor Law; and it is to be hoped that some way may be pointed out and adopted by which the friends of temperance may simultaneously, and at

as early a period as possible, petition the Legislature for a law to prohibit the traffic in alcohol, which has been too long tolerated.

The Division of Sons here is growing in number and influence. Through them public meetings are being held in the surrounding neighborhood, for the purpose of extending the principles of total abstinence, &c. They have been much assisted by the ladies of the village, who first manifested their good feeling by the presentation of a Bible, and lately gave a further expression of their wishes by presenting a beautiful banner to the Division.

We feel it our duty to sustain the *Advocate*, in preference to any other temperance publication, because it is ably conducted, and has "borne the burden and heat of the day."

WILLIAM HAY.

North Gower, March 26, 1852.

SIR,—On Monday last we had a glorious day here for the cause of Temperance. The Kemptville Division, S. of T., came here for the purpose of organizing another Division of the cold water army; they were accompanied by part of the Burritt's Rapid Division. They held a temperance meeting in the afternoon. The meeting was addressed by different members of the Order, and by the Rev. Mr Greener and Rev. John Flood, in most effective speeches. After the meeting, they partook of some refreshment prepared for them, and then proceeded to organise the new Division, when 32 presented themselves for initiation, composing the greatest part of the influential men in the village. We have only just got started, but old alcohol already begins to tremble, and we are determined to wage continued war against the old demon until he is banished or killed. Nothing else will satisfy us.—Yours, &c.,

W. C., F.S.

Napanee, March 29, 1852.

SIR,—The good cause of Temperance gets on slowly here; it is up-hill work. We have no less than 4 taverns, 1 distillery, and 3 stores, besides 3 or 4 beer-shops in this village of only 1010 inhabitants; more than one to every hundred. Still the Sons number about 110, and are increasing, and are doing much good. They have saved several from drunkenness, and there are many more of them to save. May we go on and prosper.—I remain, yours, &c.,

TRUMAN BEEMAN.

Haldimand, March 29, 1852.

SIR,—Temperance principles are on the advance in this township. There is in this neighborhood a Division of the Sons, with about 80 members. We have a hall of our own, 40x25 feet on the ground; and the ladies, last summer, presented us with a banner—a beautiful one—which cost £8; but the best of all, we have some fine ornaments to our Division, who were hard drinkers, but have not tasted the sting of the adder for two years. We have also two other Divisions, Grafton and Spring Bank. These can tell of their victories in reclaiming several from the downward road to drunkenness and ruin.

May the Great Father of all flesh save us from falling, is the sincere desire of your friend, in L. P. & F.,

JOHN WILSON.

Port Colborne, April 12th, 1852.

I must not forget to say (although I could wish it were otherwise) the cause is not progressing here as I could desire; and I

think it is very much owing to our not having a sufficient number of efficient lecturers in the field, there being in this locality a greater force arrayed against it than in most other places. There it needs to be agitated, and its importance brought before the people in vivid colors as often as possible. We have a division of the Sons here, but they, as I am constrained to say, are not making that degree of progress I could desire to see.

LUTHER BOARDMAN.

A correspondent, T. Solomon, in Alnwick, under date April 16, informs us that, on the 6th April, a new Division of the Sons was formed, and a short time after a very good Temperance meeting was held, which resulted in good to the cause. Two Indians took part in the proceedings, and acquitted themselves to good purpose. Our correspondent continues:—

"As in other places, the foe is doing deeds of blood. Some few months since, two of our Indians, in the prime of life, in a drunken spree, caught cold and almost suddenly exchanged time for eternity. An Indian, by the name of Peter Grey, who had indulged very freely for a long time past, in spite of all the remonstrances of his friends and neighbors, was, on Tuesday morning last, found dead on the Rice Lake, near Keen, in Ottenabee. It is said a jug of whisky lay near him, and himself about half naked. He had stripped himself while in a fit of *delirium tremens*. Grey was a sensible and kind-hearted man when himself; he was able to do any work with a white man. I believe the white monsters are accessory to his death. Had they shot him or put a knife to his heart, probably they would have been tried for their life; but all that is now said is, he is dead. I would ask you, who is the murderer? To what place can we trace the source of these woes? Is it not the halls of legislation? Or is it not upon the community at large?"

Earnestown, April 21, 1852.

Sir,—I have, for your encouragement, to state, that those of whom I have heard from, who take the *Advocate*, are highly pleased with it this year. Temperance principles are becoming more established and active, an evidence of which may be seen in new organizations, and in the elective and municipal institutions of the day. Our township council reduced this year the number of taverns from 12 to 8, and lately one of the number less have been tried and fined for giving away liquor, and requiring pay for the use of his fire, or for indirectly receiving pay for his liquor in this way; which has nearly settled the point, that the illicit traffic will not be allowed to deluge the land with its infectious evils; nor will these evil geniuses be allowed to trespass on the [no better] legalized retailer's rights to inundate the country according to law, that all the widows and orphans of desipated husbands and parents may seek in despair for a real refuge from the deprivations and afflictions bequeathed by their infatuated and fallen victims. The fact is, there is a strange inconsistency in tolerating an acknowledged evil by the sanction of law; for temperance principles have so far developed themselves, that the work is not so much to convince, as to get the people to *act* the rational part.

The public need, and should have a *bona fide* protection from so wide-spread a scourge; and that protection should not only embrace all the power of eloquence, truth, and effective moral suasion that can be brought to bear on it, but the Maine Law, or a law that will reach the maker, the vender, and the consumer, in making it a contraband article, and then, with vigilance, we would enjoy what we call protection.

COLIN W. MILLER.

Jarvis, April 27, 1852.

Sir,—We have a Division of the Sons of Temperance in this village, which was organized on the 29th of May, 1851, and now numbers upwards of fifty members in good standing. Our cause is onward; and we hope the time will soon arrive when Canada will be in the same position as regards the license system that the State of Maine now is.—Yours, &c.,

WILSON LEMON.

Montreal, May 20, 1852.

Sir,—As the Rev. Mr Bell of Perth expressed a wish, on my leaving that place, that I should give you some account of the rise and progress of Temperance Societies there, and as I am happy, at all times and in all places, to throw even the widow's mite into so good a cause, I will, by your permission, sir, state, through the medium of your columns, such information as I have received from that gentleman, together with facts derived from my own personal observation.

The Perth Temperance Society was one of the first formed in Upper Canada. The first public meeting was held in the courthouse, in the month of January, 1832, the Rev. Wm. Bell in the chair. At this meeting the Rev. Franklin Metcalf delivered the first temperance address ever heard in the place. Some opposition was made, but the friends of temperance, though few in number, determined to persevere. A society was organized, and 32 individuals put down their names as members. Besides occasional meetings, quarterly meetings were regularly held, and a sermon was preached by one of the ministers of the place. At this time the members here, as in other places, were only pledged to abstain from ardent spirits. When, some time after, the Total Abstinence pledge was adopted, nearly one half the members withdrew; but, most of them returned when they became convinced that this was the only remedy for the evil of temperance. From that time to this, though the society has had many difficulties to encounter, not more from open enemies than from lukewarm friends, it held on its way till, two years ago, its members numbered more than a thousand. When the Society of the Sons of Temperance was formed, which is now in a flourishing condition, numbers of the younger members joined that, and, it is believed by many, began to take less interest in the other. For more than a year no meetings had been held; but a few of the older members determined that the society should not go down. A public meeting was called, and, numerously attended; a few excellent addresses were delivered, the society was re-organized, the Rev. W. Bell was appointed president, and other office-bearers elected for the year.

I have had an opportunity of seeing much of the state of feeling and sentiments during the last winter, and much that I have seen and heard have left favorable impressions on my mind relative thereto. There are several gentlemen of standing and character who take a warm interest in the cause; the present sheriff, several lawyers, and merchants, take a leading part. There have been three or four temperance soires during the winter, and well attended, which shows that the public take a lively interest in the cause of temperance. Indeed, both from public exhibitions and from private conversations, I think I can boldly affirm, that about two-thirds of the population (numbering nearly 2,000) are favorable to total abstinence principles, many of whom are practicing total abstinence without joining a society.—I have much more to say on the subject, and could give you some melancholy cases of the effects of intoxicating drinks in the above neighbor-



hood; but I fear that I have already intruded too much, will therefore conclude with asking you to be kind enough to give these remarks a place in your valuable paper,—And remain, sir, your most obedient servant,

J. WHITE.

### FORM OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER FOR CADETS.

The undersigned, youths of \_\_\_\_\_, (Date) believing the order of the Cadets of Temperance to be calculated to extend the blessings of total abstinence, and promote the general welfare of mankind, respectfully petition the Grand Section of Canada West to grant them a charter to open a new Section, to be called the \_\_\_\_\_ Section, No. \_\_\_\_\_ Cadets of Temperance, of the \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ to be located in \_\_\_\_\_, and under your jurisdiction. We pledge ourselves, individually and collectively, to be governed by all the rules and usages of said Grand Section, and also by those of the National Section.

Enclosed is the fee for charter, Red B's, and officers cards—  
\$3

It must also be stated whether the applicants are members of the order or not; if they are, of what Section. The application to be directed to J. C. Becket, D. G. W. P., 22 Great St. James Street, Montreal, free of postage.

### FORM OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER FOR THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The undersigned inhabitants of \_\_\_\_\_, (Date) believing the Order of the Sons of Temperance to be well calculated to extend the blessings of total abstinence, and promote the general welfare of mankind, respectfully petition the Grand Division of Canada East, to grant them a Charter to open a new Division, to be called the \_\_\_\_\_ Division, No. \_\_\_\_\_ Sons of Temperance, of the \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_, to be located in \_\_\_\_\_, and under your jurisdiction.

We pledge ourselves, individually and collectively, to be governed by the rules and usages of said Grand Division, and, also, by those of the National Division.

Enclosed is the Charter Fee, \$\_\_\_\_\_, Books, \$1.00.

It must also be stated whether the applicants are members of the Order, or not; if they are, of what Division. To be directed to Mr. H. Rose, G. S., at J. C. Becket's, 22 Great St. James Street Montreal, free of postage.

### BIRTHS.

Montreal—26th inst, Mrs (Hon) Wm Bagley, of a son. 23th inst, Mrs Charles Andrews, of a daughter.  
Lennoxville—15th inst, Mrs (Dr) Alcorn of a son.  
Quebec—Mrs Joseph Auld of a son.  
St Thomas—15th inst, Mrs (Dr) Geo Southwick, of a daughter.  
Toronto—23rd inst, Mrs Jennings, of a son.

### DEATHS.

Montreal—20th inst, by Rev Dr Taylor, Mr John Common, to Miss Anna Borland. 24th inst, by Rev J Jenkins, Mr Adam Scholes, of Toronto, to Miss Anne Anderson. 26th inst, by Rev Dr Taylor, Mr John MacComb, to Miss Margaret Morland, of Chambly.  
Hallowell—19th inst, by Rev W McFadden, Paul E Washburn, Esq, to Phæbe Jane, daughter of Thomas Morgan, Esq.  
Kingston—29th inst, by Rev Archdeacon Stuart, James Agnew, Esq, to Lucy Anne, eldest daughter of Edmund Boyle, Esq.  
Quebec—18th inst, by Rev Dr Cook, Mr O L Richardson, junior, to E M, youngest daughter of Robert Orkney, Esq.

### MARRIAGES.

Montreal—23th inst, Duncan Stewart, eldest son of the late Mr Duga'd Stewart.  
Bytown—4th inst, Melissa, second daughter of Mr T M Blasdell, aged 12 years.  
Eaton—25th inst, the Rev Jonathan Taylor, aged 68 years.  
Melbourne—11th inst, J S McDonald, aged 24 years.  
Quebec—24th inst, Charlotte Saxton, wife of G M Doug'as, Esq., M.D., aged 32. 27th inst, Julia Blanchard, widow of the late Mr Joseph Poir, aged 47.

### MONTREAL BROKERS' CIRCULAR.

(From the Montreal Herald.)

SATURDAY, May 29.

ASHES.—During the early part of the week, were in demand, Pots bringing 25s. to 25s. 3d., and Pearls 27s.

6d. to 27s 10½d.; but a further decline in the British markets, noted in our advices per "Africa," which reached us this morning, has checked the eagerness to buy, although we would hardly be justified in quoting them lower.

FLOUR.—On superfine a slight concession was made early in the week, and, although during the last few days shipping brands became scarce and in good demand, yet prices have not rallied 19s. to 19s. 3d. is at present the extreme rate. Other grades are unchanged, and low qualities more eagerly sought for.

WHEAT.—Finds ready sale as fast as it arrives, fair samples of Upper Canada Mixed bringing 4s. to 4s. 3d. per 60 lbs. Spring Wheat, for seed, 4s. to 4s. 2d. per 60 lbs.

PEAS.—Receipts have been large during the week, and the demand continues good, at an advance of 1d. to 2d. per minim on our last quotation.

BARLEY, OATS AND INDIAN CORN.—We are not aware of sales to any extent in these articles.

OATMEAL—21s. 3d. to 22s. 6d.—The Stock is very light.

STOCKS.—Bank of Montreal—Sales at 16½ premium. Commercial Bank—Sales at Par. City Bank—Sales at 10 discount. Bank of British North America—Much asked for. None offering. People's Bank.—Offered at 20 discount, without sales. Upper Canada—Asked for at 10½ discount. Montreal Mining Consols.—Offered at 2s 6d per Share. In other Stocks—Nothing doing.

### FIRST CLASS TEMPERANCE HOTEL,

Front Street, Belleville.

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

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

BENJAMIN PASHLEY,

Belleville, April, 1852.

Proprietor.

### SONS AND CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

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

P. T. WARE & Co.,  
King Street, Hamilton;  
D. T. WARE & Co.,  
Dundas Street, London.

March 6, 1852.

### MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

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

J. C. BECKET,

22 Great St. James Street

Montreal, April 1, 1852.

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