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VOL. XVIII.]

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 1, 1852.

No. 18

**Wine Occasionally,—Evelyn.**

BY MRS. E. J. KAMES.

"Wine is a mocker—strong drink is raging, and whose is deceived thereby is not wise."—*Bible*.

"Evelyn," said Mr. Sargent to his orphan niece, on the morning of her marriage-day; "Evelyn, I trust you will have sufficient influence with Frank Rivers, to induce him to leave those gay, wine drinking associates of his. I hope his attendance on convivial parties will now be less frequent; for, Evy," added the fond but cautious uncle, "bad habits are sometimes formed in this agreeable way."

Young Evelyn Sargent thought of her lover's devoted attachment, smiled incredulously, and said: "He only takes wine occasionally, dear uncle; besides, it would be hard to fancy Frank Rivers an inebriate, with all his good sense."

"Be not too confident; I would not grieve your gentle nature, Evelyn, yet it is well to be warned of danger. I trust, indeed, that Rivers will always possess the same self-command as now. It would be a fearful thing for you, my child, should he, after all, turn a charmed ear to the voice of that Syren, the end of whose song is destruction."

A slight quiver came over the lips of the young girl—there was a tremulous flutter of the white lids over the tender eyes. Saw this, she stood silent before her uncle, as pale certainly, and as beautiful as the most exquisite statue.

Her uncle looked on her pityingly.—"Forgive me, darling," he said, taking her hand. "If I probe the wound, God knows I would heal it. O Evelyn! when your sainted mother placed you, a little infant, in my arms, and bade me love you well—when, with her dying breath, she charged me to watch over your tender youth, and guard you from all evil—in that solemn hour, Evelyn, I folded you closer to my aching bosom, and vowed to fulfil the sacred trust reposed in me. It was no hard task to perform a parent's duty towards you, Evelyn; you became what your mother before you had been—the dearest object of my heart (though she left me for my adopted brother.) and my care for you has been truly a 'labor of love.' And well have the gifts and graces of your youth rewarded my care. You have brought joys to my lonely hearth, unknown to it since my—my first and last great sorrow. You have ever been a most dutiful and affectionate daughter unto me: but you are a woman now—you have chosen for yourself another protector, and, O Evelyn! God grant he may wear the priceless pearl of thy affections worthily, and be to thy future all thou so fondly hopest. But should the time ever arrive, that thou needest other help or guidance, remember my house and heart are alike open to thee—and thou wilt not say me nay. Promise me, Evelyn, that in such emergency thou wilt come to me—thy second father."

And Evelyn promised unhesitatingly—her future seemed so bright. For the last time she flung herself into the arms that opened to clasp her to a heart, which, on this eventful morning, dared not examine itself too closely. Had Evelyn known all that was struggling in the noble and generous soul of her benefactor, Frank Rivers had been less lovingly received in Philip Sargent's presence.

And Mr. Sargent gave away the bride—for Evelyn did become the wife of Rivers. Her uncle marked the bridegroom's smile of conscious triumph and exulting love deepen to a solemn awe, as

he uttered the trothplight that made him her husband and protector. How trusting and entire was the confidence with which she gave her hand to him, with whom she had chosen to tread life's crowded paths! And there was a deeper regret than the mere occasion required, in the sorrowful and earnest tones of Philip Sargent's voice, as he conigned his darling Evelyn to an untried guardianship. There was a quiver on the lips that pronounced a fond and farewell blessing on the young bride, now leaving the shelter of his roof forever. Turning a last time to Rivers, he wrung his hand and said: "I have committed a precious charge to your keeping, Mr. Rivers. As you hope for God's blessing, obey my solemn injunction—deal truly and tenderly by Evelyn; and" he added in a lower tone, "by yourself, too, deal faithfully!"

When the young, lovely, and confiding Evelyn said that Frank Rivers possessed too much good sense ever to become intemperate, she spoke but what she thought.—In her heart she could not believe that he, whose nature was so noble and generous, who evinced so many correct feelings and principles—Frank Rivers, gay, gallant, high spirited, possessing, in an eminent degree, all manly qualifications—how could she believe that he, by any possible temptation, would ever yield to the baneful influences of the arch destroyer.

During the first year after their marriage, Mr Rivers was all devotion to his beautiful wife; and every attention that love or duty could suggest was lavishly bestowed on her. About this time they removed to a large and populous city. Evelyn was mistress of a noble mansion, surrounded by all the splendor and luxury that love could bestow or wealth command. Basking in the sunshine of prosperity; caressed, admired, and flattered, the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Rivers (as she was called) swam along the stream of pleasure so gently, that one might well deem no thorns grew in her pathway of roses.

"Will you not pass this evening with me, dear Frank?" asked Evelyn Rivers, as she saw her husband, after an absence of three successive nights, again prepare to go out. "Come," she continued playfully putting her slender arm within his own—"come, Frank; you did not always think the evening lost which you gave to me." And she gazed upon him with the earnestness of a woman's pleading. But there was sorrow, as well as anxiety, in her look.

"You are a sweet beggar, Evelyn," said Rivers, after looking at her a moment; but it went do. I've pledged my word to Tom Arundel—a gentleman's party you know—I will be back before eleven;" and, as if anxious to be gone, he hastily kissed her, and went his way.

Heavily did his departing footsteps reverberate on the heart of his disappointed wife; and she thought time never moved so tardily. A sort of misgiving, for the first time, crossed her mind; not that it shaped itself into anything tangible, but a vague, undefined apprehension of some impending calamity. Silently Evelyn Rivers knelt down, and imploringly she repeated the intercession: "Lead him not into temptation; deliver him from evil!"

It were too sad a thing to trace Frank Rivers along his erring path of folly and dissipation: too sad a tale to tell, how he gradually, and almost imperceptibly, estranged himself from his gentle and trusting Evelyn; how, the more he neglected her, the farther he strayed from virtue and honor; and how the habit of drinking "wine occasionally" led him, at last, to bow down his high spirit

at the unholy shrine of intemperance! It is a thrice-told tale; too familiar, alas! to many of our readers.

For a long time, Evelyn parried the censures and harsh judgments of the world, the secret regrets of friends, and open attack of foes. Clothed in its mantle of devotion, her heart clung with increased tenacity to its object; and the image was only shrined the deeper. In the trusting earnestness of her heart, Evelyn had thrown all on the venture of his vow; and thus it was that she yet sustained herself.

But the truth came at last! That which Evelyn Rivers had deemed it even a sin to think on, now stood before her a lamentable and sure reality—her husband was an irreclaimable drunkard!

Painful rumors reached the ears of Philip Sargent, and he hastened to learn the truth. He came alone and unannounced, to find his worst fears realized. One glance at Mrs. Rivers' pale, dejected countenance, told the story of "wine occasionally," and its effects, more eloquently than words! Indeed, few words were spoken. Mr. Sargent announced his determination to take Evelyn home with him: the physician had prescribed her native air, and she consented to go. One who knew her husband's accustomed haunts sought him out, with a message that Mrs. Rivers wished to see him—him, round whom her affections still lingered, though changed indeed from the high placed love and confiding trust of the wife, to the pitying care of a friend for a misguided and lost companion.

He came at length, with a flushed face, and restless eye, and unsteady step. Oh, might these but grow out of his intense anxiety for her dying condition! No! she turns away from the bloated visage, and the thick tongue, attempting to mutter words of inebriate and disgusting fondness. Has that man ever been her blessing and delight? \* \* \* Every trace of emotion had vanished from her face; and, when she again lifted her languid head, she had schooled her heart to such perfect self-control, that, to the careless eye now fixed upon her, she seemed not to suffer. You will readily believe, dear reader, that no word of censure, no tones save those of pity, for the author of all this misery, passed her lips. No! but in this their last interview on this side of eternity, she entreated him for *his own sake* to pause in his downward career.

She said it was the last kindness she should ever require of him:—that she could add nothing to what she had already and frequently before said; and now she entreated him again, because she could not forget the time when he was her good and honored husband. She could but pray, as she had long done, that a merciful God would have that pity on him which he would not have upon himself.

A momentary remorse struggled with the dim perception of the inebriate, and, reeling, he flung himself beside her couch, and wept aloud! What further passed at their parting hour we know not, save that the last words of counsel had been spoken by the faithful wife, her last admonition fallen on the husband's dull ear, and she was gone! As the last sound of the carriage wheels, which conveyed Mrs. Rivers from the home of her wedded life, died away, Frank Rivers went forth to his wonted resort, and spent the night, as usual, in degrading the dignity of manhood below the brutes that perish. Woe! that one so formed to excel—so gifted in every thing, possessed an intellect so noble, so elevated—woe! that, through the insidious advances of "wine occasionally," he should yield to the fascinations of vice and its deceitful allurements!

Evelyn died early! but not before the last ray of hope was quenched in her soul, and a death-like withering had come over her heart; not until the flower of conjugal feeling had faded away, and the bruised vine of her affections had no pillar whereon to lean! Yes! beneath the roof which she had left three years before, in all the splendid *eclat* of a prosperous bridal, Evelyn Rivers—still young and beautiful—lay dying! Surely Philip Sargent had spoken with a prophetic spirit, when he offered the fair bride his protection through all her future life! Three short years! Then he had foreseen the consequences of taking "wine occasionally." Poor Evelyn felt them later! And oh! how many burning tears and blasted hopes, would have been spared her! But the blow had come from the hand of one for whom she was sacrificing life itself; and she bore her terrible calamity with uncomplaining sorrow to the end.

"I know," said she to Mr. Sargent, the evening before her death, "I know, dear Philip (she seldom called him uncle, as she

was an adopted niece,) that I have been burdensome to you; but God, in his infinite mercy, will soon relieve you, and release me from this prison-house of clay. You were ever most kind to your poor orphan girl, Philip, but truly so in this heavy time of trial. My years, though few, have been evil, my friend; and my days of darkness, have they not been many? Oh, Philip! could I dream that a glass of 'wine occasionally' would work such woe to me? Dear uncle—" "Don't ever call me uncle again," interrupted Mr. Sargent, with an indescribable expression in his large black eyes. "Oh, Evelyn!" he murmured, "I have dearly bought the happiness of watching over you till the end! Call me Philip, dearest Evelyn," he said, turning again towards her; "during the short remnant of your days, my poor Evelyn, let me be nothing but Philip to you!" And Philip's heart was wrung as he thought of the young girl's past and present. "Dear Philip, you feel for me too deeply," faltered Evelyn, remarking the great grief that sat on his manly features; and she pressed his trembling fingers in her own little hand; and Philip Sargent shook in every limb of his well-knit frame, as if he had been a child! "Be calm, my friend, my only earthly friend and listener to me. When I am no more," she continued, in a low voice, "there is one office of kindness I could wish you to perform." "Name it," returned Philip: "whatever is in my power to comply shall be done."

"Bless you for these words. Philip, when I am dead, and gone, you must find out Frank's haunts, and try to reclaim him. God did not will that that great blessing should be mine. The work of reformation must be done by one who never even drinks wine occasionally. I did sometimes join Frank in a glass, in the early days of our union; and the remembrance is like molten lead in my throat now! Oh, Philip! could I live my life over again, no one that I loved should touch, taste, or handle, the accursed thing! But seek him, dear Philip; tell him that if he but leads a sober life, I shall not have died in vain! Tell him that, with my latest breath, I forgave and blessed him; that I loved and prayed for him till my life's end. Will you do this, Philip?"

"I will, indeed," he replied in a broken voice—"Oh, Evelyn!"

With a faltering footstep Philip Sargent followed Evelyn Rivers remains to their last home. But he shed no tear as he performed his last mournful duty over her grave; for he knew that the sorry spirit of that lovely and broken-hearted one had reached the haven of its everlasting rest.

And Mr. Sargent religiously fulfilled Evelyn's last wishes. He did try, long and faithfully, to save Frank Rivers; but all his efforts were vain—vainer, alas! than water spilled upon the ground. The man was an irreclaimable drunkard!

### Baxter on Tippling.

The following objections and answers are in Baxter's Christian Directory published in 1678. They are interesting as showing the sound and correct views of that eminent writer, and who was on this point much in advance of the age in which he lived.

OBJECTION.—The Tippler saith, *I take no more than doth me good: you allow a man to eat as much as doth him good, and why not drink as much? No man is fitter to judge this than I; for I am sure I feel it to do me good.*

ANSWER.—*What good doth thou mean, man? Doth it fit thee for holy thoughts, or words, or deeds? Doth it help thee to the well? Or fit thee to die well? Art thou sure that it tendeth to the health of thy body? Thou canst not say so without the reputation of folly or self-conceitedness, when all the wise physicians in the world do hold the contrary. No, it doth as gluttony doth: it pleaseth thee in the drinking, but it filleth thy body with crudities and flegm, and prepareth for many mortal sicknesses. It maketh thy body like grounds after a flood, that are covered with stinking slime: or like fenny lands that are drowned in water and bear no fruit: or like grounds that have too much rain, that are dissolved to dirt, but are unfit for use. It maketh thee like a leaking ship, that must be pumped and emptied, or it will sink.*

Physicians must pump thee, or disorder thee, or thou wilt be drowned: and all will not serve if thou hold on to fill it up again for intemperance maketh most diseases incurable. A historian speaketh of two physicians that differed in their prognostic about a patient: one forsook him as incurable, the other undertook about as certainly curable; but when he came to his remedies, he pro-

scribed him so strict abstinence as he could not undergo; and so they agreed in the issue; when one judged him incurable because intemperate and the other curable if he would be temperate. Thou that *feelest the drink to do thee good*, dost little think how the devil hath a design in it, not only to have *thy soul*, but to have it *quickly*.

OBJECTION.—*But I wrong nobody in my drink, the hurt is my own.*

ANSWER.—No thanks to thee if thou wrong nobody. But read over the former aggravations, and then justify thyself in this if thou canst. It seems thou makest nothing of wronging God by disobedience. But suppose it be no one's hurt but thy own; dost thou hate thyself? Is thy *own hurt* nothing to thee? What! dost make nothing of the damning of thy own soul? Whom wilt thou love, if thou hate thyself? It is the aggravation of this sin, that it is against *your own bodies*, and much more as against *your own souls*.

OBJECTION.—*But, I was but merry, I was not drunken.*

ANSWER.—It were well for you if God would stand to your names and definitions, and take none for a sinner that taketh not himself for one. There are several degrees of drunkenness short of the highest degree. And if your reason was not disturbed, yet the excess of drink only, and tipping and gulosity will prove a greater sin than you suppose.

### Water.

"How many glorious virtues reside in pure water after all. The very look of it is healthy. Its touch is appeasing. It cleans the surface, softening the scurf-skin, and opening the pores, were it only by washing away the saline and organic residue of the perspirations. It saves the thirsty, revives the weary, and compo-  
sures the hungry a little longer. It helps digestion, and promotes absorption in the adult and aged. It is necessary for the comfort of old and young in sultry weather, and in fever—that sultry weather of the body itself. Take it sitting in a cool room, and you shall find it operate as a diuretic, lying under a load of blankets, and you shall sweat; follow it with steady, but not violent exercise, and you shall have an ounce of senna, thubarb, or some purgative drug. Its liquid and all embracing fold gives it great advantages as a means of modifying the temperature, either of the surface or the whole body of the sickly. In a word, it is not difficult for the special advocate of the water-cure to show how his favorite element may be so applied, internally or externally, locally or generally, cold or hot, briefly or long, in rest or in motion, in this way, that way, and the other way, as to play the part of a tonic, a stimulant, a sedative, a demulcent, a diuretic, a diaphoretic, a counter irritant, a solvent, a diluent, a laxative, an antispasmodic, or an anything."—*Westminster Review*, April, 1852.

"Water performs undoubtedly a most important part in creation. It occupies much more of the surface of the globe than land; it is diffused, too, throughout the atmosphere; it enters largely into all our food, and is the chief element of all our drink. Essential to vegetation, it is the nutriment of all living things. It is the basis of the blood and all fluids. Widely diffused, and performing so many important parts, susceptible of such a number of transformations, it may be described as one of the chief emanations of Divinity."—*The Economist*, May 15, 1852.

"Notwithstanding the very great abundance of cold water in this watery climate, we have yet but a limited idea of its manifold uses as a preservative of health and promoter of human comfort. We regard it very much in the light of a nuisance,—as a thing to be kept out,—out of our houses, out of our streets, out of our dress; and we defend ourselves against it by slated roofs, water-proof cloaks, umbrellas, and impervious galoshes. We are not fond of drinking it, except mixed with something stronger. We have rather an aversion to its coming in contact with our skin, except where it is unclad. Our face and hands may know water familiarly, but that part of the skin which is clothed knows too little of it. The bath is not habitual to us as a people. Public baths and wash-houses have done something to familiarize the popular mind with the necessity of a more frequent use of cold water as a general abluent; and we are glad to see that bathing is going on in those establishments throughout London, at the rate of 700,000 a-year. But this is less than one bath annually for every second person. It is to be feared that our people, without exception of class (for the rich are as neglectful as the poor in this respect) are to all intents and purposes 'the great unwashed.' Our towns

are, with very few exceptions, badly supplied with water. What a lesson the Romans set us in their magnificent aqueducts, which throw the works of our peddling water companies entirely into the shade! Even comparatively barbarous and rude people set a higher value on the use of cold water as an abluent than we do with all our civilization."—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

### Temperance Revival in Kentucky.

We have been favored with a letter from a distinguished friend of temperance in Kentucky, giving a most affecting and thrilling account of a Temperance Revival in the village where the writer resides.

Some years ago there was established in the village of F—, a large and flourishing distillery. Some of the people were delighted at the prospect of a fine market for the produce of their orchards, &c. But it happened in this case as it has always happened before, that the expective prosperity had proved delusive. On the contrary, the place waxed poorer; drinking and carousing took the place of peace and quiet; the church was thinly attended; the school-house forsaken; farms were under heavy mortgages, and vice and improvidence ruled the scene. Shark and Grabem, money lenders at enormous rates, were the only men who seemed to thrive, and even they had got nearly all the securities in their hands they could hope for.

Things were in this state, when the village was startled as from a deep sleep, by the tidings that Mr. D—, one of the most esteemed and beloved citizens of the place, was dying with *mania a potu*. This had the effect of bringing the villagers together. One of them seized the occasion to comment upon the ruin which the distillery had brought upon their town. While the men were thus counselling together, the women whose sons, brothers, and husbands had been corrupted by the rum fiend, also met, and solemnly resolved that if their neighbor died, the still house should be burned, and whether he lived or died, the hateful fires of the concern should be put out.

Their resolve was made known to one of the men, and he at once set to work to establish a Division of the Sons. The needful steps were taken and a charter obtained. The owner of the distillery, Mr. S., hearing of what was going on, appeared in the meeting and desired to be heard. Some objection was made, but finally yielded, when to their utter amazement Mr. S. began by saying, that he had long been convinced he was pursuing an unrighteous business, and though at first he had found it very profitable, and though it was still a source of large income, yet no consideration would induce him to follow it any longer. Already, he said, his first born son was a drunkard, and he was fearful of the result upon himself if he continued to tempt his fate. He therefore had three requests to make of the meeting: One was that he might be allowed to sign the application for the charter; the second was, that all persons indebted to him for liquor would come forward and receive a receipt in full; and the third was, that the Division should be organized in the Old Still House. A shout of joy followed the speech, granting its requests of course.

Great was the joy in the village when these things were made known. The news flew to the sick bed of poor D—, and so revived him that the village doctor told him his services were no longer needed, and that he, too, would be a Son in a few days, which, sure enough, took place. The charter had now arrived, and the Deputy for the District came to institute the Division. They met in the Still house. It had been cleaned and fitted for the occasion. The Division was regularly organized, and Mr. S. was duly elected its Worthy Patriarch. After thanking the brethren for the honor they had done him, he informed them that he had provided in another house belonging to him a suitable place for their meetings hereafter. There was yet another act to the drama of the evening to make it complete, and he felt it was incumbent upon him to see that it was properly carried out. He had accordingly invited the whole village, men, women, and children to be present, and they were now assembling without, with the village fiddler at their head. He proposed, therefore, that they now adjourn to meet them outside, which was done.

Shortly after the last of the brethren had passed out of the Still House, a bright light shot up in many parts of the distillery. It was on fire. The torch had been applied by direction of the owner. Brighter and brighter grew the light, higher and higher rose the flames, while the young men and maidens were seen

pairing off for the dance. And the fire raged on, and on went the dance, and the triumphant shouts of the people rent the air. The flames hissed and wrapt themselves round the old blackened rafters, till soon the structure from which had issued the streams of death to that village, was now itself a ruin, witnessing the repentance of its owner and the redemption of the town. Says our correspondent, "When the walls fell in, and the old Still House lay a shapeless mass, the entire village was seen dancing around this novel funeral pyre, in the utmost glee, to the tune of old 'Rosin the Bow,' played as only a Kentucky fiddler knows how to do it."

It is now some weeks since the Division was formed, and still the work goes bravely on, with no sign of flagging, while hundreds bless Heaven for sending the Sons of Temperance among them. We will only add, that our authority for the foregoing statements is of the highest respectability.—*New York Organ*.

### The Mohegans.

"Behold, yon hills in distance fade,  
Where erst the red-brow'd hunter stray'd,  
And mark those streamlets sheen and blue,  
Where gliding sped the slight canoe,  
While through the forests, swift as light,  
The wild deer shunn'd the arrow's flight.

Ask ye for hamlet's people bound,  
With cane-roof't cabins circled round?  
For chieftain proud? for hoary sire?—  
Or warrior, terrible in ire?—  
Ye've seen the shadow quit the vale—  
The foam upon the waters fail—  
The fleeting vapor leave no trace:  
Such was their path—that faded race."

Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

The Mohegans,—a tribe of Indians situated on what is now called the river Thames, near New London, Connecticut,—were distinguished in the early French and Indian wars for their adherence to the English. They were a brave and powerful tribe, having sprung no doubt from the Pequots, the most distinguished of New England tribes. It appears from the most authentic information that can now be obtained, that at the time of the first settlement of Connecticut, Uncas, the Mohegan Sagamore, had under him between four and five hundred warriors. This tribe became subject to the colony, and made their head-quarters in what is now called Montville, where they have a chapel, school-house, &c. Uncas, one of the most celebrated of the American Indian Chiefs, will be noticed at another time.

Samson Occam, a member of this tribe, born in 1723, was celebrated as a teacher in his own and other tribes, and a regularly ordained minister of the Presbyterian Church. He was well educated, and a very acceptable teacher among the whites. He not only drew crowded houses in Boston and New York, but also in London and other cities in England, which he visited in 1766. He remained in England about eighteen months, in which time he delivered between three and four hundred sermons. As the result of his labors in England and Scotland, about ten thousand pounds were raised to establish an Indian Seminary in New England,—and for that purpose a school was formed in New Hampshire, and called Dartmouth College, in honor of the pious Earl of Dartmouth, who took so lively an interest in Occam's mission.

At a very early period Rum, the great enemy of the red man as well as the white, made terrible havoc among the Mohegans. This great evil was most earnestly combated by Occam, for he saw that it would soon destroy his once noble race. As a specimen of his preaching, and of his faithfulness on the subject of Temperance, I will give an extract from a sermon preached at the execution of one of his tribe for murder, in 1771. The sermon preceded the execution.

"My kindred," he exclaimed, "you see the woful consequences of sin by seeing this, our poor miserable countryman, now before us, who is to die for his sins and great wickedness. And it was the sin of drunkenness that has brought this destruction and untimely death upon him. There is a dreadful wo denounced from the Almighty against drunkards; and it is this sin, this abominable, this beastly sin of drunkenness, that has stripped us of every desirable comfort in this life; by this sin we have

no name or credit in the world among polite nations,—for this sin we are despised in the world; and it is all right and just, for we despise ourselves more; and if we don't regard ourselves, who will regard us? By this sin we can't have comfortable houses; nor anything comfortable in our houses; neither food, nor raiment, nor decent utensils. We are obliged to put up with any sort of shelter, just to screen us from the severity of the weather; and we go about with very mean, ragged and dirty clothes, almost naked. And we are half starved, and, most of the time, obliged to pick up anything to eat. And our poor children are suffering every day for the want of the necessaries of life; they are very often crying for want of food, and we have nothing to give them, and in the cold weather they are shivering and crying, being pinched with cold. All this is for the love of strong drink. And this is not all the sin and misery we bring on ourselves in this world; but when we are intoxicated with strong drink we drown our rational powers by which we are distinguished from the brutal creation; we unman ourselves and bring ourselves not only level with the beasts of the field, but seven degrees beneath them; yea, we bring ourselves level with devils; I don't know but we make ourselves worse than the devils, for I never heard of a drunken devil."

It would seem from this passage, spoken nearly one hundred years ago, that rum produced about the same effect on Indians then that it does on white people now. Nothing has contributed so much to the extinction of the aboriginal tribes as strong drink, and there is nothing which so seriously militates against the prosperity of our country at the present time.

This once powerful tribe would have been entirely extinct many years ago, had it not been for the temperance reform, which in connection with education and the gospel, has elevated a small remnant, so that "the last of the Mohegans" have not yet disappeared. Some few are still on the Reservation, engaged in farming, others follow the whale-fishery, and others still are wandering among other tribes. Some sixty or seventy in all remain.

F. Y.

### The Progress of Fashionable Intemperance.

A great effort has been made to put down the low grog shops in this city, and there has been a tremendous effusion of pious indignation, and cold fanaticism lavished upon these drinking dens without exterminating them. There can be no doubt that these are great evils, and that much of the crime and vice prevailing in New York, spring from these sources of depravity, especially among the mechanical, handicraft, and operative ranks of our citizens.

But there are haunts of dissipation of another class, that are equally productive of mischief, in fashionable circles; and a boot these we do not hear a word. We allude to the ice cream saloons, where so many highly respectable ladies of the first families are to be found during the day and evening, sipping wine and other intoxicating drinks, and laying the foundation of habits of intemperance, which result in those sad violations of the principles of virtue, of which we hear so much, and those melancholy cases of seduction which blight forever the prospects and hopes of female youth and beauty, and in many instances lead to a life of shameless infamy, and to a premature and dishonored grave. The sidewalks of Broadway have become so disgraceful at night, from the effect of these orgies, that respectable women cannot walk them. The progress of demoralization in this direction is assuming a most alarming aspect.

The cause of many a broken heart can be traced to these places of fashionable resort, where you will find ladies deemed respectable—married and single—ladies who reside in the respectable avenues, and the other regions of upper-tendom—ladies who occupy the first ranks in our theatres—pouring in by dozens after the performances, and at a late hour of the night mingling in the same saloon with the common women of the town, and their associates and well dressed bullies. At these places assignations are made, and consummated elsewhere. Under the mask of refreshments, intrigues are carried on here; and here unsuspecting innocence is blasted in the bud. Yet here husbands bring their wives, and unthinking parents bring their children to be corrupted and destroyed. Having first found his way by the aid of their fathers and mothers, and having by their sanction, participated in the dissipation of fashionable vice, they will soon learn to find their way into these haunts without any assistance, or with very

unsafe companions. There is nothing more common than to see girls going in twos and threes, and sometimes singly, into the ice cream saloons, unaccompanied by a gentleman, and sitting down and calling for oysters, or whatever else they want, like men. This, of itself, is utterly destructive of female modesty and propriety, even if the atmosphere were not tainted with vice; but when we recollect that there is scarcely a moment, day or night, during which these saloons are open, that women of the worst character are not to be found in them, the idea of virtuous females going there unprotected is horrible. Again you will see a giddy but still pure-minded girl conducted by her beau from the theatre to these saloons, and there that purity and modesty which are the safeguard and the barrier of virtue are overthrown, and the victim of this fashionable folly becomes the easy prey of some designing villain. Little do parents often know the precipice on which their daughters are treading when they enter these splendid halls. They find it out when it is too late, and when their families are broken up, and their peace of mind is destroyed forever in this world. If, by a kind of miracle, none of the consequences we have adverted to should flow from this always dangerous and too often fatal practice, there can be no doubt that it begets habits of expense, and intemperance, and dissipation in the family circle, which are ruinous to health and character, and to prosperity in business.—*New York Herald.*

### Cheapness of Philanthropy.

It is an interesting fact, that all philanthropic or benevolent principles involve in their broad acceptance and adoption, a cheapness which must make them as attractive to the cold utilitarian as their high moral beauty does to the real lover of his kind. Thus a degraded, depressed, and brutalized population will be a far greater burden on the riches of a State, than one which has been elevated in physical comfort, and endowed with the means of moral advancement. Treat the people as serfs, and you convert multitudes into paupers, and have to maintain them at the public expense. Look with scorn and contempt on the humble, and prepare, at the same time, to pay for the privilege. This is a truth as beautiful as it is just. It pervades the whole body politic and social. Improve the sanitary condition and the money expended in the erection of baths, gymnasiums, and sewers, will come back with large interest in a decrease of pauperism and crime, increase of industry and forethought amongst the industrial classes, and a generally higher tone of morality and religion. Remove the wretched wanderers and vagrants from the streets into asylums of education and kindness, and you may sleep more securely, at night, trust your sons and daughters more safely in public thoroughfares, and pay a lower country rate for the prosecution and maintenance of criminals. Abolish painful imprisonments and punishment of death, and have less crime as a consequence. Build schools and places of recreation for the poor, and suffer less from the deprivations of depravity and ignorance. In fact, extend benevolence and good-feeling on every side, abolish the distinctions of caste and social position which separate man and woman from each other, and have, as a result, a state more secure, prosperous, and wealthy. Shrink not from the work of the "good Samaritan," for whether thou art a lover of thy race, or only a lover of thyself, remember benevolence is cheap!

### Temperance and Avarice.

The Apostle declares the love of money to be the root of all evil. This passion inspired Achan to disregard an express command, and thus it brought ruin on himself and his family. It inspired him to become guilty of the meanness, ingratitude, and crime of betraying Christ for a small sum. It has sounded the onset of armies, which, thirsting for gold, have ravaged nations and kingdoms, and soaked the earth with human gore. It is this passion, aided by others, which has given courage to the midnight assassin; and when the deed of horror has been committed, the same passion for money has betrayed its dupes to justice and the scaffold. It has tenanted our prisons with robbers, and adorned our gibbets with murderers. It has been one of the most active and successful enemies to friendship, casting its firebrands into the midst of its friends, and burning asunder the tenderest ties of nature and affection. This passion has ever produced such

well matured fruit, that fathers have been known to murder their sons, and sons their fathers,—inasmuch that oftentimes natural affection has proved no barrier to its progress.

Avarice breeds dishonest speculations, steals and sells men, perpetrates highway robbery, and piracy on the high seas. The thing has been known that avarice has led to quarrels among children over the grave of their father just buried. Avarice is the demon pimp for those dens of perdition in which youth and innocence are offered, wholesale and retail, to the highest bidder. And last of all, but not by any means least, avarice stands at the rum barrel of the twopenny grog seller in his "doggery"—to use a western phrase—in the plain bar of the country inn, and behind the counters of those gorgeous saloons, in which men are slaughtered who have money enough to be sacrificed in a fashionable way. In fact, when we trace the crimes of men to their origin, what one can we select which is not in some way in close league with this universal passion? But pre-eminently in this passion seen in the origin, the increase, and the perpetuation of intemperance.—On no other hypothesis can we interpret the conduct of those who sell intoxicating liquor. They know that a large proportion of those to whom they deal out these beverages are losing property, respectability, health; that they are bringing the saddest evils on their families, and themselves rapidly to ruin for this world and that to come. They know that the rum barrel is the source of robbery, murder, pauperism, beggary, in this world, and perdition in the next. They are not ignorant of these things; but being behind the scenes, and the chief actors in them, are eminently skilled in this kind of learning.

To show the power of this lust for money, let me record an incident. In a small country village a young man commenced the business of selling rum in as small a quantity as the law allowed. An acquaintance, one day, remonstrated with him, and made this supposition:—

"Suppose my oldest boy had contracted this habit of drinking. In all other respects he is all I could desire. But by this habit he has destroyed my comfort, and his mother looks heart-broken.—There, look at him, he is staggering at the steps. My God, can that bloated, blossomed thing be my son? He staggers in where his mother is! Can you measure her anguish, as she sees her firstborn a sot? Well, now let me suppose that some kind friend has reached his heart, and he gives up his cups. All is gladness in our house. He is once more all that we could desire in our son. But some companion excites his lust for drink. The appetite craves them with the power of an untamed demon. They come to your counter and ask for rum. You know the consequence—that he will become twofold more the child of hell than before, and that my family will again be plunged into the deepest grief. Would you sell him rum under these circumstances?" The reply of that rumseller is too peculiar to stand even in the same paragraph with the words of other men, and I will let them stand alone, in their full stature, cruelty and heartlessness.

"Yes, I would, if he had the money to pay for it."

"Then you are a scoundrel of the first water, and deserve a halter," was the reply of his antagonist, and there is an instinctive feeling in the heart which says 'Amen' to the apparently severe words. We can easily see that a man who had such a love of money as that, would not find it an unpleasant task to taunt a wife who came to remonstrate with him about selling rum to her husband, when that husband was so bereft of reason and love, by rum there obtained, as to strike his wife on the head with the very rum bottle which had been there lately replenished.

In one of our country villages was a young man of more than ordinary gifts, who had become intemperate. He was reformed, but by some means the appetite was revived. He went to a person who sold him intoxicating liquors, which made him so cruel and beastly that his wife fled from him. In a short time he was dead, and he had died a drunkard. At his funeral a minister was found, who had the honesty to relate the sad history of the deceased. This sad relation was not a little emphasized by the fact that that person who sold him the liquor sat close by the coffin itself! And when the minister said, "can you say that you are innocent of this man's death?" it was not wonderful that the whole assembly should shudder. And yet all the inducement to the deed which laid that young man in a drunkard's grave, was the small trifle of a few pence!—*Old Oaken Bucket.*

*Punch* says that nothing great ever yet succeeded that was not at first hissed at by something very small.

### To a Young Man.

Suffer the editor of the 'Banner' to say a few words to you, and let them be received with the same directness as if he stood personally before you and from his lips talked to you as follows:

You do not, perhaps, believe it now—but you will when you become older, (may that time not be too late!) that religion—a cheerful and happy subject—is the only, yes the only thing that can fit and prepare you for the happiness in life which is the subject of your hope, and which you so much desire. Be not afraid of the word nor of the thing—RELIGION. The young need it as much as the old—just as much as the farmer needs good seed in spring, if he would expect good harvest in autumn. True religion will not allow you to swear; but what advantage is there in profano language? Is it the mark of a gentleman? No—never. Is it necessary in order that your words may be believed? No; if they cannot be believed without an oath, they will not be believed with. It also forbids lying. But do you suppose you can lie and not be detected? That is out of the question. A liar will soon betray himself; and when he is found out, no one will have confidence in him, or respect for him, but everybody will shun and despise him. Religion, you will say, will not allow you to steal. Well, is this depriving you of any privilege? Is it a privilege to go to the State Prison? A thief is near kindred to the robber, and the robber is prepared soon to become the murderer. The prison for thieves and the gallows for the murderer, are always near each other. If religion was really against your real pleasures: against anything that could make you truly happy, then, indeed, might you dread the name of it, and wish to put off the day of being religious. But it is not so—no, indeed, it is not so. Religion forbids only what is for your interest to avoid, and enjoins only what your happiness requires. It tells you to love God. There is a God. He sees you and knows all you do. He will bring you into judgment for every evil work. Depend on this. You can no more escape the justice of God, than you can escape the light of the day when you stand in the sun's rays. And that God is love; he is your best friend for time and eternity. Ought you not then to love Him? But God is a better Father to you than a mortal parent ever could be. Love Him then. And if you love Him, all will be safe. You will reverence His authority. You believe His Word. You will confide in His promises. You will keep His commandments. This is religion. Live up to the duties of this religion and God will smile upon you—good men will love you, and even bad ones will respect and honor you. So you see, plainly, that in exhorting you to be religious, we are not urging you to do or be anything which is inconsistent with your best enjoyments. On the contrary, we are desiring in your behalf the acceptance of that fund of blessings from which through life, and in all emergencies, you may derive every advantage which can make you approved by God, loved by man, or successful in any of the elements of prosperity and happiness in the world. Young man, will you believe this? Will you receive our exhortation? Will you heed our words? Read them over again, and then pray God to enable you to accept the advice now given by the editor of the 'Banner.'—*Gospel Banner.*

### Influence of the Drunkard.

Drunkards never made moderate drinkers. Their example is not contagious; when the temperate drinker has tampered with the siren, until he is hard on to the drunkard's end, his influence is gone, his example can no longer beguile an unsuspecting young man into the toils of the charmer. The spell is broken; his magic art is dissipated; he cannot make another drunkard; the youth who has entered the road to ruin under his influence refuses to follow his leading-strings any longer.

But, alas! he takes hold of the skirts of another moderate drinker, who is not so near the fatal verge, and is thus conducted by different stages and different leaders, until he is pushed over the precipice, and plunges into the abyss.

The drunkard's fate is the sentence, the arrest, conviction and punishment of the moderate drinker. It is a dreadful reality, which stings him like a viper among the roses which the forerunner has strewn in his path. The young man feels the glass trembling at his lips in the presence of the drunkard, and like the sons of Noah, he would fain borrow the moderate drinker's cloak, to throw over the habitual inebriate, before he can sip the perilous stuff which eats up the heart. Place a drunken man at every bar

in this country, and he would chase a thousand from the shamble which made him a brute. Let every bottle of gin, brandy and champagne reflect the image and fate of a drunkard, and every one but the moderate drinker would recoil from them as if they were bottled plagues.

The influence of the drunkard, then, is all on the side of total abstinence; it is one of the great instruments which we wield in this glorious warfare. What a fact! Is it, then, true that the inebriate is pleading our cause with all the eloquence of his misery? Are the moanings which he sends up from the gutter, arguments which should plead like angels, trumpet-tongued against a single dalliance with the cup? Ah! is it indeed true, that while the poor creature is hiccupping and retching in the mire, he is trying to get off a temperance sermon;—is trying to "speak to that young man," who is sitting for the first time at the fashionable table when the cloth is removed? When the biting scoffs of men and dogs have chased him into his frosty retreat, and he stands at bay upon the straw on which a broken-hearted creature, which he once called his wife, is trying to die—what does he preach there? Is it temperate, moderate drinking, or total abstinence, that he advocates, when his little shoeless, shivering children lift him out of the cold ashes, and, with faces, stereotyped with haggard misery, fixed on him their large, hungry, glassy eyes for bread? E. B.

### Sprinklings for Thought, Ideal and Actual.

STEAMERS BETWEEN LIVERPOOL AND CANADA.—Arrangements have been fully consummated by which a line of ocean steamers is to be established between Portland and Liverpool, in connexion with the Portland and Montreal Railroad, commencing in the autumn of 1853, in season for the fall and winter business. A contract has been entered into with a house in this town, largely connected with ocean steamers. The vessels are to be screw-propellers, and constructed of iron, equal or superior to anything of the kind afloat. The design is to carry first, second, and third-class passengers, with capacity for freight of at least 1000 tons measurement.

CHEAP POSTAGE INCREASES CORRESPONDENCE.—The number of letters mailed in England in 1832, was 75,000,000; in 1840, at the first reduction of the postage, 169,000,000; in 1851, 360,000,000.

The human heart is like a feather bed—it must be roughly handled, well shaken, exposed to a variety of turns, to prevent its becoming hard.

It seems that the cuttings for the Great Western Railroad, have been the means of bringing to light many curious relics of antiquity. The Windsor *Oak* of the 10th says:—"In excavating the bank above here, for the Great Western Railroad, the men under the charge of Curtis and Churchhill, two of the overseers, found a large number of Indian ornaments, consisting of silver pins, brooches, bracelets, amber bead necklaces, &c., also red stone pipes, copper camp kettle, and a variety of articles usually buried with an Indian. The place where these things were found was an Indian burying ground. A great many skulls, bones, and skeletons have been found; doubtless these ornaments were buried centuries ago, with the lords of the soil.

In a virtuous course, not to proceed is certainly to go backward, there is no third estate between advancing and retreating. The faults of the world can only be learned by a long acquaintance with it, and by suffering from that acquaintance.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—"The poor in the work-houses in Ireland are in the most miserable state."

"7,056,374 gallons of whisky were consumed in Ireland last year."

The number of licensed beer-shops in England and Wales alone is about 40,000."

"There are also 3,000,000 of paupers in England and Wales." To the honor of the French nation, let it be known, that of that large army of 80,000 men under arms in a hot sun, and of the 400,000 spectators, not a single man was to be seen in the slightest degree intoxicated.

A BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—An institution of great benefit to the poor has recently been established in New York city, called "The People's Washing and Bathing Establishment," at which poor washer-women are furnished with every article, excepting soap, for doing up their washing, drying, and ironing, under their own immediate charge, for *three cents an hour*. So great are the

conveniences, that an ordinary day's work can be done at the washhouse in from three to five hours. Swimming baths of pure Croton are furnished at three cents; first-class warm baths at ten cents; ordinary warm baths, and cold shower baths, five cents; and a medicated vapour bath, usually costing one or two dollars, is given to the poor invalid for twenty-five cents, with medical advice gratis.

Washing the parts affected several times a day with Hufelanc's formula, consisting of borax two parts, orange-flower and rose-water, of each fifteen parts, it is said to be an excellent remedy for red spots so often seen on the faces of young persons, otherwise in good health.

The mind may be overburdened; like the body, it is strengthened more by the warmth of exercise than of clothes.

Pride is never more offensive than when it condescends to be civil; whereas vanity, whenever it forgets itself, naturally assumes good humor.

### Varieties.

'Daddy, I want to ask you a question. Why is a gin-palace like a bad shilling?'—'I can't tell, my son.'—'Because you can't pass it,' said the boy.

The nerve which never relaxes, the eye which never blanches, the thought which never wanders—those are the masters of victory.

A publican's wife, in Suffolk, whilst in church, fell asleep, and let fall her bag, in which she carried a large bunch of keys. Aroused by the noise, she jumped up and exclaimed, 'Sally, there's another jug broke!'

One of the members of a church in southern Kentucky was arraigned before the church not long since on a charge of having united with the temperance society. The members voted that he should be excluded. He then proposed to the church, to settle the question, how much liquor one of their members must drink to entitle him to full fellowship.

'John' said a clergyman to his man, 'you should become a teetotaler; you have been drinking again to-day. 'Do you never take a drop yourself', minister?' 'Ah, but John, you must look at your circumstances and mine.' 'Very true, sir,' said John; 'but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?' 'No, John, I cannot tell you that.' 'Well, sir, it was just because every one kept his own door clean.'

A FEW WORDS ON WINES.—'At this season of the year,' as the advertisements and puffing circulars have it, we feel it a duty to give the world a little advice upon wines, and if we cannot tell them exactly what to drink, or what to buy, we can at least inform them what to avoid. We therefore offer the following hints:

1. When you see wine advertised as 'an excellent wine to lay down,' be sure it is not worth picking up. 2. When you read of a wine that is described 'as full of body,' you may conclude that it is half spirit. 3. When you hear of a wine being particularly 'racy,' you may set it down as sloc. 4. When you are asked to purchase a fine old sherry with a nutty flavor, the notion of the nut may suggest the idea of what is commonly termed a cracker. 5. When you read of a wine with beeswing, you may fairly say, 'buzz!'

### Poetry.

[FOR THE TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE]

We drink no more of that cursed gall,  
No more we the wine cup drain—  
We've freed ourselves from the Tyrant's thrall,  
The Syren sings in vain.  
How blind we have been! how foolish to think  
There was joy in the sparkling bowl!  
Oh, why did we love so that poison'd drink?  
That stings as it charms the soul!  
We drink no more, &c., &c.

How fondly we met at the splendid ball,  
Where the lovers of fashion were!  
At the gay parade, at the festive hall,  
How we loved to linger there!  
We lightly joined in the merry song,  
As we bade each care depart—

We smiled the most of that smiling throng,  
But we smiled not from the heart.  
We drink no more, &c., &c.

Oh! what oceans of tears may in secret flow,  
In the depths of the wounded heart!  
And though wine was the cause of all our woe,  
We from it would not part.  
As the fly will keep hovering round the flame  
That is sure her wings to burn,  
So to drown the sense of our sin and shame,  
We would to our wine return.  
But we drink no more, &c., &c.

Then let us all sing a song of praise  
Unto Him who rules above—  
Oh, let us with joy our voices raise,  
In hymns of grateful love—  
For He hath put forth His arm to save,  
And we are snatched, as it were,  
From the drunkard's doom—a dishonor'd grave,  
And eternity of despair!

Then let us all sing a song of praise  
Unto Him who rules above—  
Oh, let us with joy our voices raise,  
In hymns of grateful love.

T—c D—o.

Montreal, 11th August, 1852.

### The Homes of the Poor.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

The halls of the rich have been famous in song,  
Ever since flattery fawn'd upon wealth;  
Feigning, to palaces only belong  
Honor and virtue, contentment and health:  
But, the glad tidings from heaven to earth  
Tell of true wealth in Humility's store;  
Jewels of purity, patience, and worth,  
Blest above gold in the homes of the poor.

Yes, the well favor'd in fortune and rank  
Wisely will covet such riches untold,  
While the good giver they heartily thank  
For the two talents of honor and gold;  
Wisely such jewels of price will they seek,  
Cherishing good as the real Koh-i-noor,  
And from the diligent, modest, and meek,  
Learn to be rich in the homes of the poor.

Yet are those homes overclouded with night;  
Poverty's sisters are Care and Disease;  
And the hard wrestler in life's uphill fight  
Faints in the battle, and dies by degrees!  
Then, let his neighbor stand forth in his strength,  
Like the Samaritan, swift to procure  
Comfort and balm for his struggles at length,  
Pouring in peace on the homes of the poor.

Cleanliness, healthiness, water, and light,  
Rent within reason, and temperate rules,  
Work and fair wages (Humanity's right),  
Libraries, hospitals, churches, and schools,—  
Thus, let us help the good brother in need,  
Dropping a treasure at Industry's door,  
Glad by God's favor to lighten indeed  
The burdens of life in the homes of the poor.

Oh! there is much to be done, and that soon;  
Classes are standing asunder, aloof:  
Hasten, Benevolence, with the free boon,  
Falling as sunshine on Misery's roof!  
Hasten good stewards of a bountiful Lord,  
Greatly to imitate him evermore,  
Binding together, in blessed accord,  
The halls of the rich with the homes of the poor!

—Meliora.



# Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 1, 1852.

## THE PARLIAMENT OF CANADA.

### GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S OPENING SPEECH.

The first session of the new Parliament commenced, as most of our readers are aware, on the 19th inst. Mr. J. S. Macdonald was elected Speaker, and on the 20th, the Governor General delivered the opening speech. Editors generally have, by this time, expressed their opinions respecting this document, and there are many reasons why we should not withhold ours. The cause in which we are engaged is most certainly identified with the prosperity and welfare of the province. The Temperance reformation ought to be regarded as one of the most important facts of the present times. As such we regard it, and must be permitted to glance at some of the topics introduced by His Excellency, in so far as they bear on that fact. If any of our readers should dread the idea of our interference in the politics of the country, we beg them to be quieted with the assurance that we have not, and shall not interfere with what is generally understood to be party questions. Our question is one of momentous consequence, and there is no part of the country's legislation from which it can be legitimately severed.

The tranquility of the Province during the periods of the General Election, is a subject of congratulation, and very properly so, and if it had not been for the very free use of liquor at some of the Elections, we apprehend there would have been more peace and contentment, and the word "utmost" might then have been used with more propriety. An increase in the value of Provincial securities, and the completed Census Returns, "furnish most satisfactory evidence of the advancement of the Colony in wealth and population." Suppose, then, we take it for granted that advancement in "wealth and population" are evidences of prosperity, then we maintain that both are promoted by the Temperance reformation. It is susceptible of the clearest proof, that a nation's "wealth" is not advanced by the traffic in liquors, but, on the contrary, deteriorated; and as to population, it is beyond doubt that the use of intoxicating liquors has slain thousands, while thousands of others have been a drag on the wheels of state prosperity, impeding progress and general elevation: so that the progress of which we boast, is in spite of all existing impediments. Remove these, and we shall advance in a much greater ratio.

Passing over several matters of general interest, involving some rather party topics, we come to the following:—"The condition of the Revenue is satisfactory, and indicates general prosperity among the consuming population of the Province." Into the relative merits or demerits of direct and indirect taxation, we shall not enter—we leave that for the decision of political economists. Nearly the whole revenue of Canada is raised by indirect taxation, which consists in the imposition and collection of duties on various articles of consumption. It is not, however, to be taken as a sure sign of prosperity, when the revenue raised in this manner is large. Supposing the whole amount of revenue thus raised be necessary for Governmental expenses, it then becomes a very important question, whether the articles imported and consumed—and on which a heavy duty is paid—be really necessary for the health, comfort, and happiness of the people, and whether the materials consumed augment the productive powers of the country. If they do not, then expenditure is ruinous, and taxation

a drain on capital. Let then the reader, who wishes to investigate this subject, examine the public accounts for 1851, and he will find, to his sorrow, if he really love his country, that Canada pays a heavy indirect tax for beverages, which destroy body, soul, and substance. We shall recur to this subject when the public accounts for 1852 are laid before the country, and, in the meantime, wish our friends to be cautious, as intelligent persons ought to be, in receiving flattering statements from any quarter, as to the prosperity of the country, in consequence of an alleged augmentation of the revenue. We have all heard of paying too dear for a whistle.

His Excellency observes, that "various subjects of much importance to the interests of the Province, will, no doubt, engage your attention." Some of these are indicated—that is, as we understand the suggestions of a Governor's speech—the subjects which the Government proper designs to bring up, and for which they assume a sort of responsibility. There is one subject not specified by the Governor, which, we trust, will distinctly, and seriously engage the attention of the Legislature. What that is our readers will be at no loss to conjecture. We mean, of course, the liquor-selling prohibition measure. Add to the representation, register parliamentary electors, extend the franchise, guard and direct the interests of agriculture, change the feudal tenure, take better care of lunatics, and what else in the wisdom of many men may be devised; but these, and much else, will only partially benefit our country, while the incubus of the liquor business is permitted to paralyse the energies of multitudes, and sicken the purse of every one. In this great measure, as well as others, we trust the Legislative Council and Assembly will receive His Excellency's "zealous co-operation." We join heartily in the invocation, that the "Almighty may render our endeavours efficacious for the public good."

### Social Condition of the United Kingdom.

The investigation of the many questions necessarily included in the thorough examination of the social condition of any country, and especially of the United Kingdom, requires great patience and judgment, as well as a wise discrimination of things that differ. The qualifications for such a task are possessed only by few, and some of those few have not either the time or the inclination to do a work so great and important. One gentleman has, however, devoted his time and talents to the task, and most ably has he accomplished his undertaking. We refer to the work of Judge Marshall, of Nova Scotia, who has collected the letters he had written on the subject, and issued them some time ago in a large and substantial volume. We read most of them as they successively appeared, we believe, in the *Athenaeum*, and frequently wished the learned author would compile them, as likely to form a very valuable work of reference. This he has done, and our earnest hope is, that the facts of the book may be fully studied. The volume is entitled, "Impartial view of causes and effects in the present social condition of the United Kingdom, with practical suggestions, in a series of letters." These letters are twelve in number, and in order that our readers may have a correct idea of the range of topics, we add the table of contents:—1. Introductory. &c. 2. Agricultural Interest. 3. Labor and Wages. 4. Malt-ling, Brewing, and Distilling. 5. Sale and consumption of Intoxicating liquors. 6. Pauperism and poverty. 7. Crime and Juvenile depravity. 8. Taxation. 9. Education of the Working Classes. 10. State of Religion. 11. Summary of Social Causes and Effects. 12. Remedies and Conclusion. But we feel bound to say that this enumeration of generalities does by no means in-

dicate the various subordinate details which are comprised in the letters. They are an admirable compendium of useful information, conveyed in language both chaste and elegant. We should be glad if the many readers of our paper could each obtain a copy of Judge Marshall's letters; but as we fear they cannot, we shall frequently avail ourselves of the facts and statistics they contain, being confident that we shall thereby promote the objects contemplated as well by ourselves as the learned and impartial Judge.— Since writing the above, we understand that a few copies of the work are for sale at B. Dawson's, Montreal, and the Booksellers in Kingston and Toronto; 1s 10½d each.

### Temperance Jottings.—No. 13.

While numbers, in every part of the Province, and in almost every part of the world, are favourable to the principle of Total Abstinence from intoxicating liquors, we must not take too much for granted with reference to many of these *professed* friends, nor must we overlook the teeming multitudes who *stand aloof* from Temperance organizations, and who are more or less opposed to them. We must not too hastily boast of our triumphs, nor be too sanguine in our labours. Much has *to be done* that many Temperance advocates overlook. They do not sufficiently look abroad, they do not mingle enough with general society, they are not aware that in very many instances we must go over the *same* ground again and again, give line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little. In fact, there are large numbers who have never read our Temperance publications, who rarely or never attend our Temperance meetings, and who are not brought under the influence of those arguments, facts, and appeals, which tell powerfully elsewhere. Whilst then some need to be *confirmed*, others need to be *instructed*. Whilst the initiated require to be fed with stronger meat, suited to a state varying, of course, in individual cases; the uninitiated have to be won by statements and representations adapted to their varied circumstances.

In our previous "Jottings" we have endeavoured to keep in view the different classes of which almost all communities are composed, and we shall do so still. We speak that we know, and testify what we have seen. As soon as the Publisher, or the Editor of this Magazine, or its readers, shall *intimate* dissatisfaction with our humble attempt, so soon we shall *close* the jottings; until then, we shall continue them, at all events for some time.

In our last we touched upon the *principle of pledging*; in the present, we shall give a *brief exposition of the pledge* heading every number of this periodical, and usually adopted in our Temperance organizations. The pledge reads thus:—"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."

You will observe that the pledge says nothing about the *use of wine at the Lord's Supper*, for that is a matter belonging to Church members to do as they think proper, no particular wine being *prescribed* by the Institutor of that ordinance. He employed the wine then in use by the Jews, and the *nearer* we can come to that the better, however small the degree of fermentation it has experienced. With this question our pledge does not interfere, and I am glad of it. Nor does it say anything about the *medicinal* use of wine, or other alcoholic drinks, leaving its members to use or not use them for this purpose, as circumstances

warrant. It has alone to do with these drinks *as a beverage*. This should be kept steadily in view.

That every member may understand the obligations involved in the adoption of this pledge, we observe, that it consists of *four* parts:—First, *Personal abstinence* from the use of *all* intoxicating drinks, spirituous and fermented. Secondly, A refusal to engage or participate in the traffic of them. Thirdly, A determination *not to encourage* their use by others, by *not providing* nor *offering* them. Fourthly, *Co-operation* in every suitable way to *discountenance* their use throughout the community.

The *personal disuse* of these drinks may be justified on various grounds. They are not necessary to our health and comfort, nor for any of the purposes of *domestic, social, or secular* life. We may, in general, abstain from them with perfect safety, and with even advantage to ourselves. Then, we should think of *others*, and give them the benefit of our example. It is in vain for us to exhort others to abstain, and it is unreasonable to expect that they will do so, unless we enforce our advice by *example*. The avowed and pledged Teetotaler has a great advantage over others in extending the general principle. And then think of the *numerous advantages* accruing from personal abstinence, in a pecuniary point of view, in mental and physical vigour, in domestic peace and comfort, in the order and prosperity of neighbours, in facilities for usefulness, in the advancement of moral and religious institutions, &c.

In relation to the *traffic* of these drinks, which forms another part of our pledge, we need not say much. If these liquors are producing the evil ascribed to them, if the Temperance Reformation is deserving of extension and universal support, and we have ranked ourselves with its friends, in order to advance its interests then it would be highly inconsistent to participate in, or unnecessarily to countenance the traffic. To side with the Temperance enterprise, and, at the same time, to take part in the sale of strong drinks, so as to make a business and profit of it, would be a gross inconsistency; it would be to send forth, from the same fountain, both sweet water and bitter—with the one hand to plant the tree of Temperance, and with the other to uproot it. The traffic surely cannot be justified. No one can engage in it with prayer to God for His blessing. There are, doubtless, many engaged in it who regret that they are so employed, and who will gladly, as soon as circumstances are favourable, withdraw from it. I have heard more than one speak in this strain, persons of unexceptionable character, so far as I could judge, and persons *not taking* what they sell to others. But the great majority of those pursuing this objectionable traffic, we fear, sustain a *very different character*, and very little can be advanced in their favour. The pledge, it is true, has to do with its *members* alone, it pronounces no judgment on others, it makes no statement relative to the principle of the traffic, its character, or its tendency; it merely declares the resolution of its members to abstain themselves from the *use* and the *traffic* of intoxicating drinks. By implication, however, it condemns the trade; and, as its principles spread, the traffic will necessarily be diminished. But if *law* can be brought legitimately to bear upon the subject, it is wise and proper to cripple the traffic yet more, and, as far as possible, to put it down altogether. In this day of light and moral reform, who can plead for its continuance? Who can justify the business of deriving support from that which is spreading disease, poverty, crime, and premature death through the community? Would it be right for any to support themselves by selling poison, or by propagating plague or leprosy around them? Would they not be held responsible for such acts, and justly so? And if, in the sale of intoxicating

drinks, so fruitful of pecuniary advantages, worse evils than there are experienced, is there not a fearful responsibility resting upon the traders of such deadly poisons? Is it not time that the community should awake, and, by constitutional means, put down a merchandise so detrimental to the educational and social, the commercial and political, the moral and religious welfare of mankind?

But we forbear further remarks on this head, and hasten to a close, having extended our article beyond the usual length of preceding jottings. In our next we shall advert to other parts of the pledge.

J. T. B.

Whitby, 13th August, 1852.

### Streams from Temperance Springs.

The *Christian Guardian*, referring to various important questions which are likely to engage the attention of the Legislature, makes the following remarks on the subject of prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating drinks:—

“Another subject to which our attention is directed, and which we offer for the serious consideration of the Legislature, is a comprehensive measure to remove the evils inflicted upon our country by the traffic in intoxicating drinks. We have already spoken at length upon this subject, and need not therefore dwell upon it at this time. From the discussions which have taken place in the papers, and at public meetings held for the special purpose, it is obvious that this has become a question of the day; and by the petitions which have been prepared, and are being signed, it will undoubtedly be brought before the legislature at its present session. Much has been said respecting the constitutionality of this question that it interferes with the liberty of the subject:—and the attempt has been made to prove from Scripture that it would be a violation of religious liberty to place any legislative limitations upon the operation of a system that is inducing poverty, idleness, misery and crime, and is sending souls to perdition by thousands. We do not, however, fear the effects of such arguments, unless in those cases in which they find favor under the influence of either appetite, interest, or political subserviency. Honest and enlightened legislators will deal with the subject according to its merits, and the influence it will exert in promoting the public good. So far as this kind of legislative wisdom and patriotism prevails, we have no doubt of the result; but whether in our own country a sufficient amount exists at present to accomplish the desired object, remains yet to be seen; but that the measure will be carried triumphantly, sooner or later, is a moral certainty, which it does not require the ken of a seer to predict.”

It is among the pleasing signs of the times to know that the leading temperance men in the old country are turning their attention to the Maine law and its beneficent operations. Large quotations are given from American papers on the subject in the British periodicals, and the *Bristol Temperance Herald* gives the following letter from a correspondent:—

Esteemed Friend,—The noble experiment in legislation recently made by the State of Maine, U.S., in prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, and the efforts now making in the neighboring States, particularly those of New York and Pennsylvania, to carry similar measures in their Legislatures, ought to command the close attention of temperance reformers, and it is very desirable that authentic information of what is passing in that country, should be published as widely as possible in this. I would therefore respectfully suggest to all Temperance Committees, the propriety of subscribing to one or more American Journals, to be circulated among their members, or placed upon the News-Room table. The papers that are suitable can be had through Wm. Tweddle, 337, Strand, London.

Middlesbro'

I remain, &c.,

JOHN TAYLOR.

June 16th, 1852.

The suggestion of Mr. Taylor, respecting procuring American papers, is a very good one. We shall be happy to receive orders for the *Canada Temperance Advocate*, which we think will not

be found defective in its views, and which aims to give full information on the important movements against the liquor business.

We have often affirmed that riots and social disturbances originate frequently in taverns and from drinking or drunkenness, and it appears that the late riots at Stockport in England were caused by a pot-house quarrel. We take the following account from the *Bristol Temperance Herald*:—

Serious disturbances have occurred at Stockport, in Cheshire, in consequence of disputes between Protestant and Roman Catholic lower classes of the population; the recent proclamation forbidding Catholic processions accompanied by the wearing of Catholic vestments, &c., being, it is said, the exciting cause. Sunday last was the anniversary of the usual procession of all the Roman Catholic scholars connected with the three chapels in Stockport. The whole passed off quietly; but on Monday afternoon an Englishman and an Irishman quarrelled and fought in the Bishop Blaize public-house in consequence of remarks which had passed regarding the procession of the previous day. As evening progressed other fights occurred in the Hillgate, &c.; but nothing serious arose out of them, and the night was again passed in tolerable quietude.

On Tuesday morning, however, there were rumors of much ill-blood among the Roman Catholics, in consequence, it was said, of their regarding the English as the aggressors in the first brawl in the Bishop Blaize liquor vaults. The riot reached its climax on Tuesday night. On Wednesday the court house presented an extraordinary scene of sixty maimed and wounded, besides some 70 or 80 more who had been taken into custody unhurt: one man was killed in the affray. So much for the discussing of theology at the Bishop Blaize Liquor Vaults, another confirmation of Charles Colton's remark, “Men will fight for religion, and even die for it—do anything but live for it.” We have been assured that *theological* topics are much canvassed in some of our tap-rooms.

That Stockport riot, however, was quite a small affair when compared with the constant doings of strong drink, wherever it gets the ascendancy. Let the reader ponder over the annexed condensed facts, respecting the desolations of drink in England. The same results may be anticipated if not witnessed every where, in proportion to the amount consumed. How can any enlightened Legislature authorize the manufacture and sale of that which inevitably leads to national destruction? And from the effects following, the supply of liquor to Railroad hands, let all such beware, now that Canada is engaged in constructing Railroads. But the following revelations need no comment of ours:—

“Drink is the desolating demon of Great Britain. We have spent in intoxicating drinks during the present century as much as would pay the national debt twice over! There are 180,000 gin-drinkers in London alone, and in that city three millions a-year are spent in gin. In thirteen years 249,000 males and 183,920 females were taken into custody for being drunk and disorderly.

In Manchester, not less than a million a-year is spent in profanity and crime. In Edinburgh there are one thousand whiskey-shops, one hundred and sixty in one street; and yet this city contains only two hundred bread-shops. In Glasgow the poor-rates are £100,000 a-year. “Ten thousand,” says Alison, “get drunk every Saturday-night, are drunk all day Sunday and Monday, and not able to return to work till Tuesday or Wednesday, Glasgow spends £1,200,000 annually, in drink; and 20,090 females are taken into custody for being drunk.” And what are some of the normal results of such appalling statistics? *Insanity, pauperism, prostitution, and crime.*

As to the *insanity* affiliated on drink, the Bishop of London states, “that of 1271 maniacs, whose previous histories were investigated, 619, or more than half of them, wrecked their reason in drinking.” As to its *pauperism*, it is estimated that not less than two-thirds of our paupers are the direct or indirect victims of the same fatal vice.

As to its *prostitution*, its debauching influence is remotely traceable in the 150,000 harlots of London, and their awful swarms in our large towns and cities.

And as to its relation to crime. In Parkhurst prison, it is calculated that four hundred out of five hundred juvenile prisoners are immured there as the incidental results of parental delinquency.

The Chaplain of the Northampton county jail lately informed the writer, that 'of 302 prisoners in this jail during the last six months, 176 attribute their ruin to drunkenness. Sixty-four spent 2s. 6d. to 10s. a week in drink; fifteen spent from 10s. to 17s.; and ten spent all their savings. Is it not remarkable,' he adds, 'that out of 433 prisoners in this jail, I have not had one that ever had a sixpence in a savings bank; nor above six that ever had a sixpence in one. On the contrary, I have many members of friendly societies, of course unsound ones, which, with two or three exceptions, all meet at public-houses, and there they not only learned to drink, but became familiarized with crime.'

The influence of the alehouse in consolidating those anti-domestic habits which lead men into evil companionship and crime, is strikingly illustrated in the case of the canal and railway 'navvies,' as they are called. The peculiar nature of the employment of these men leading them to strange and distant places beyond their homes, where being unknown, there is little compromise of character, induces a nomadic course of life, as wild and irresponsible as that of the Tartars.—Great numbers of them have been recently employed in Northamptonshire, and the county chaplain tells me, 'nearly every second man in the jail for the last six months, has worked on the railroad.'

Perhaps not less than two-thirds of the whole number of 'navvies' in the kingdom have passed through the jails since the cessation of railway labour. Yet the wages of these men to the number of 240,306 averaged £10 a year each, in the aggregate £10,260,306 a-year; but when the railways were done, their money was done, their character was done, their good habits were done, and themselves done in every way.—*Rev. J. B. Owen, M. A., in Meliora, by Viscount Ingestre.*

### Young Men of Canada.

We beg your attention to the following article, which we copy from the *Crystal Fount*. The appeal is to the young men of America, but you will find the observations and arguments equally well adapted to our own latitude. Your own welfare is connected with the manner you act at the present crisis of the temperance reformation. May you have wisdom and strength to guide you aright.

"Young man I should like to know your mother!" Such was the laconic and terse reply of John Q. Adams to the beautifully statueque speech of Thomas M. Lally, delivered at Cincinnati on the reception of the "old man eloquent" then, on a visit to the Queen city. Having at two several times addressed an article to Fathers and Mothers, as the two mighty pillars which uphold the glorious frame work of our structure, we shall in this one have something to say to our trustworthy young compatriots—the stalwart sons of Gideon's host, who bear in their hands the burning lamps and silver pitchers of the great battle day. The address of Napoleon to his invincible soldiery "Fourteen generations are looking down upon you from the heights of the pyramids" was indeed a splendid effusion of Corsican fervor. But eloquence is comparatively inexpressive. Aye, the hymnology of the celestial choir celebrates your triumphs, and the vocal union of eternity proclaims "all past ages are looking down upon you from the sable throne of gone-by time."

The position of the American young man at this time is indubitably grand. Standing as he does in the very arcanum of Fame's proud temple, he holds in his hand the divining rod which summons to his feet the trophies and treasures of all kindreds, nations, and tongues. He need not envy the gods and their votaries—the golden fruit of the fabled Hesperides. He need not covet the multitudinous sands of the rolling Pactolus, nor the harp of Orpheus to entrance by its wild and wide music the dancing willow and lonely forest. The tide of immortal life ebbs and flows at his feet—the towers of imperishable fame bid him look up and be great, true, and happy. To what are the youth of America chiefly indebted for their distinguished birthright and unstained patronymic? Not to the fact, that like the gods of

olden times they have been cradled on Mount Ida, and nourished by nectar held to their recumbent lips in sparkling chalices. Not to these extravagant outbursts of the fabled ages of the world. But chiefly to father and mother, who are worthy of a noble posterity. Our ancestry had a broad and strong foundation, and virtue was its corner stone—and with their own hands they reared the most goodly edifice ever gazed upon by mortal or angelic vision since the days of Solomon's temple—and the key-stone of the triumphal arch is Temperance.—We, their sons, have done little else since then to adjust matters within and prepare for the rich banquet of which we shall soon partake. Here and there within the rich adyta of our temple we have had the pleasant task of opening up a *Crystal Fount*, whose jets and spray are free for all—or here and there upon the glittering turrets of our goodly structure we have planted a banner, on whose silken folds you may read "Far hence, O! ye profane."—The proudest moment in the life of a young man is the one when in manly sturdiness of heart he leads the fair one of his affections to the bridal altar. Unseen angel's twine festal wreaths for his ample brow, and the scene is sketched upon the canvass of the upper world in the blending tints of the rainbow. The next signal moment marked by all the force of majesty and character of triumph, is that in which summoning his own heart to the altar of self sacrifice and philanthropic repose, his ear is greeted by the salutation "welcome Brother!"

St. Paul was proud of that Ecclesiastical jewel. Timothy because there dwelt in him "the unfeigned faith" of his mother Eunice, and his grand mother Lois; but his superlative boast was that no man could "despise his youth," for, till that time, the age of thirty, he had used no wine—not even medicinally.

One of the distinguished traits of our young countrymen is an aspiration pure as the dew drop and lofty as the Cedars of Lebanon.—And it makes one's heart beat with magnanimous pulsations to remember that ours is the land and ours the day when every young man of true Titanic proportions may justly hope to wear the victor's crown. But no young man in these days can become a moral Titan unless he conform to the equalizing influence of Temperance. The young man of impulse is generally the hero of ingenuousness, and pluming himself on the possession of chivalrous feelings and noble aspirations is far likelier to become the victim of extravagance than your toadies and matter-of-fact juveniles. The rush of his impetuous nature is from those sublime over-hanging heights which give fearful force and velocity to the current of his thought and feeling.

The fatal wrecks we mark among the ranks of maturing manhood are to be ascribed chiefly to passive indifference on the part of observers. We mark the downward tread of the gifted but wayward mind.—we behold the desolation that linger in its extravagant path.—we hear the fierce hissing of the asps and vipers around—and yet we pause in stultified muteness. Our only exclamation is "let him alone. O! let him alone. He will come right by and by." Ah were the distance betwixt the victim and the vortex greater, it might be so, but one sweep more and ruin is the doom of the victim. How often have I trembled for the fate of the bail barque as it has rushed down the impetuous river; and yet as often, quite as often, has admiration been kindled into delight by the fury and the force of the captivating performance. The most impetuous streams, whose very waters sparkle and sing as they flow and laugh and bid defiance to shading elm or drooping willow on their banks, are nevertheless those whose volumes swollen too far leave havoc along their borders.

We would not lessen our tide of delight, but we would guard against the mournful disappointment which but too often crowns our smiles of triumph with the shadows of gloom. Whatever height a young man may attain, however bright his intellect and cloud piercing his genius, let it be borne in mind that his stateliness but exposes him the more freely to the violence of the storm unless his roots are thrust in a rock based soil.

Now is the time for the young men of America to fall into temperance ranks, and do more towards alleviating the sufferings of humanity than mortal tongue can tell. The cause we advocate numbers in its ranks the great men of the age. Warned by the sad fate of such men as Hannegan, we should remember that generosity even is not sufficient to save one in the absence of integrity. And the most we can say of such unfortunate fallen ones is, to give them their own merited eulogy—

"Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes."

But see the Careys, and O'Neals, and Dows, and other towering forms, who stand up and face the stormy blights which threaten the fair field of American greatness. Come my young countrymen! to you we make our solemn appeal. If as the picturesque Dr. Quincey remarks: "Power is measured by resistance," this is the day in which to show that American youth is American security! Your influence secured and from the oaken forests of Maine to the sunny slopes beyond the Sierra Nevada, the banner of intemperance must soon trail in the dust, and the expiring groan of the monster rise up to mingle with the floating clouds only to be returned with the dews of silent night.—*Crystal Fount.*

### Young Women of Canada.

You cannot disregard the strong claims our enterprise has on your sympathies and exertions, and we depend much on the "good part" you take in facilitating our progress through the future. For your benefit, we copy the following from the Providence, R. I., Temperance Advocate. May you act well your part, and our country shall rise from the baneful depressions of rum.

You have helped us in times past.—In the times of treachery, you were true to our cause. When the floodgates of intemperance were opened wide against us, you bravely fought the rushing torrents of vice and misery.—When despair hung about us like midnight blackness, you dispelled much of the gloom by your words of cheerfulness. When weariness has come over our laborers, you have strengthened their hearts and their hands. In the late struggle for the Maine Law, you nobly performed your part, and gained for us a glorious victory. You did your whole duty, with twice the energy and twice the faithfulness that we did ours.

You are beginning to reap, in common with us, the golden fruit of your earnest toil. Many of you have happier homes than you had one month ago. Your tables are better spread, your children are better clad. Many more of you are seeing, in the improved condition of your neighbors and friends, the cheering evidences of your triumph. The drunken revel is seen no longer—the half-maniac shout of intoxicated men, in tipping shops and gambling houses, is heard no more.—There is safety in the streets, and safety every where. Gambling is dying out, and crimes of every hue and grade are diminishing. The signs are cheering—glorious.

But the great enemy of your happiness is not dead. Liquor selling is not wholly abandoned. Many of those who have suspended the sale, are only waiting a favorable opportunity to resume it. They hope for a reaction. They are expecting that the storm will blow over,—that we shall relax our efforts; get weary of them, and retire from the field,—and that then, once more, intemperance will prosper and their hellish traffic again flourish. *Shall it be so!*

We ask the question of you, because it is one in which you are interested, and because *you can answer it.* With your constant sympathy and encouragement, the work cannot go back. With your efforts, joined to ours, the victory must be on the side of right. If you determine it, the Maine Law will be enforced—not for a day or a week only, but for all coming time. The men of Rhode Island who have secured the law, will not abandon it, if you are faithful to the work resting upon your hands. You must cheer them on. You must encourage their hearts in the time of disappointment and disaster. You must let friends and enemies know where you stand. Make our law the subject of your conversation in the social circle. Speak of it to your husbands, your fathers, your sons, and your brothers. You can see its good results, and it is your duty to make them known. As you love the cause, then, speak out for the measure on which the cause rests. Speak hopefully, earnestly, determinedly. Your influence will be felt. It will reach the political circles and the political press. It will reach the dens of wickedness. It will prevent reaction. It will secure lasting victory to our banner. And you, in return, will be cheered for your labors, by the happy smiles and quiet homes of a people redeemed from the slavery of intemperance.

### HOWARD DIVISION, MELBOURNE PIC-NIC.

At the time of our going to press the present issue, we have not space to give an account of the pleasure excursion of *The Sons*, and their friends of Montreal. But we cannot allow a whole fortnight to pass away, without some intimation of the affair and its circumstances. Notwithstanding the appearance of rain about 4:30 left Montreal and arrived at the Richmond Depot before noon. At this point vast numbers, not less than 1500, had collected from the surrounding townships, and were ready to welcome the visitors. Preceded by the band the whole party marched across the Bridge of the St Francis, which unites the townships of Shipton and Melbourne, passing through Melbourne village to the Grove of Mr. Henry Burnham. Here tables measuring 800 feet long had been prepared by the energy and activity of the people of the neighborhood, and not without the generous and hearty assistance of the ladies and friends of the surrounding country. These tables were liberally, we had almost said literally covered with provisions. At the proper time the Citizens of Montreal were invited to partake, and after a blessing had been asked by the Rev. Wm. Scott, the party proceeded to the business of eating and drinking on temperance principles. All seemed satisfied and happy. Everybody in fact seemed to enjoy themselves. In behalf of the Howard Division and the Citizens of Montreal Mr. Wm. Easton returned thanks for the warm, hearty reception that had been given to them, and for the distinguished kindness of the many who had so generously contributed to their comfort. Mr. Scott replied, and in doing so assured the people of Montreal that they were welcome, and if the provisions made for the comfort of the company had been a thousand times more ample, they would have been equally welcome. After these brief speeches everybody was at liberty to walk and talk, or otherwise enjoy themselves. At four o'clock the Railroad train was in readiness, and the visiting party returned giving and receiving very gratifying cheers; cheers so very lung-strong that they were taken on both sides to be evidences of satisfaction and enjoyment.

The arrangements of the General Agent of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Rail Road were so complete and perfect, that every thing seemed to have been done, that could be done for the comfort and accommodation of all parties. A special train was arranged to come from Sherbrooke, although the road is not yet opened to the public, by which nearly 300 people came from that flourishing and picturesque county town. This road is becoming quite popular for excursions as well as other conveniences, and we hope that this last great pleasure trip will add to their "fame and fortune," and that the Howard Division of the Sons of Temperance will prosper, and that noble order "The Sons" spread throughout the Townships.

The haste with which we write and the brevity of our space prevent us from doing full justice to this trip of pleasure in which we participated, but if we find a better account elsewhere, we shall perhaps transfer it to our columns.

### THE REV. MR. GALE AND TEETOTALISM.

In our issue of August 1st we gave some particulars respecting a public missionary meeting held in Birmingham, from which the Rev. Mr Gale was unceremoniously ejected. From the *Christian News* we gather a few facts which occurred subsequently, and which prove that our cause in Birmingham has not a few firm adherents. What we now publish forms an appropriate sequel to what was previously published:—

The friends of Temperance and order in Birmingham deeply sympathised with Mr Gale, and on the 29th July a very large meeting was held to give expression to their sympathy. At this

meeting Mr Gale himself spoke at length; Baptists, Independents, Quakers, &c., took part in the proceedings, moving and seconding the resolutions, which, while they guarded public meetings against the intrusion of what is foreign to their object, vindicated the right of Mr Gale among his own friends and fellow ministers to press such a motion, and strongly condemned the chairman for refusing him the liberty of speech, and then misrepresenting his object so as to prejudice the meeting and prevent his being heard.

It is high time that all missionary societies, Home and Foreign, should recognise the fact, that strong drink has proved the greatest curse with which they have to contend: and that, in our lanes and alleys, for example, the missionary who will go with the Bible in the one hand and the bottle in the other, can only prove an agent to deepen that curse.

The dining-out and moderate-drinking clergymen of Birmingham got some heavy blows at the above meeting, even from men, some of whom were not teetotalers, and Mr Gale was highly honored.

F. W. KELLOGG.

This earnest coadjutor in the Temperance Cause has returned from Britain, where he has been laboring some months with great zeal and success. We see his name in the list of passengers by the Steamer Atlantic which arrived in New York on the 22nd of August.

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT!

When the big papers tell you that the Liquor Law of Massachusetts cannot be carried out, especially in Boston, we advise you good reader not to believe the story. It can and will be carried out, and in a little while fully sustained. An effort will in Canada be made in certain quarters to disparage the Maine Law, and distort the history of its working, just for the very purpose of casting doubt in the eyes of timid legislators and others. Send up your petitions—the house is ready to receive them.

Rev. W. Ormistown.

We have much pleasure in announcing the following appointments, by the Rev. W. Ormistown, on the subject of the *Maine Law*, on

- Monday, August 30th.....Grafton.
- Tuesday, August 31st.....Brighton.
- Wednesday, September 1st.....Consecon.
- Thursday, September 2nd.....Wellington.
- Friday, September 3rd.....Picton.
- Monday, September 6th.....Belleville.
- Tuesday, September 7th.....Rawdon.
- Wednesday, September 8th.....Trent.
- Thursday, September 9th.....Colborne.
- Friday, September 10th.....Cobourg.
- Thursday, October 7th.....Keene.
- Friday, October 8th.....Peterborough.
- Saturday, October 9th.....Mt. Pleasant, rear of Cavan.
- Monday, October 11th.....Lindsay.
- Tuesday, October 12th.....Metcalf.
- Wednesday, October 13th.....Mill Brook.
- Thursday, October 14th.....Port Hope.

Evening meetings may be held wh never the friends in any of the above places think it desirable, appointing the hour and making the other necessary arrangements. Mr. Ormistown is a powerful lecturer, and no doubt if he is properly sustained by the attendance of the friends of the cause, much good will result from this effort. We hope our contemporaries in the above places will give these appointments a notice.

New York Organ.

We beg to assure our esteemed contemporary and fellow laborer, that we have not ceased to exchange with him, and would be very sorry to do so for any cause, if that would deprive us of the

privilege of receiving his valuable sheet. The Canada Temperance Advocate is despatched regularly from our office for the New York Organ. We would be glad to find out the cause of the detention of our paper, as it is very likely to be but one of many.

Quebec Correspondence of the C. Tem. Advocate.

Sir,—Our Session of parliament has now fully commenced, the wise men of the land are all convened in solemn Council to deliberate upon the affairs of the nation, and to adopt such measures as shall tend to the advancement of the great cause of social and political liberty, to the advancement of our Country. How far the session will answer the ends for which it has been convened remains yet to be seen. In the hands of those who sit upon the parliamentary benches of the country, matters of the most weighty import are entrusted, and the influence which they are capable of exerting either for weal or for woe is almost unbounded. How are our present legislators to use that influence? How do they intend to exercise the power entrusted to them by man, the talent entrusted to them by God?

Will their conduct be characterised by the most unflinching adherence to truth, and justice, or will they give way to the mere desire for place and popularity, sell their birthright for a mess of pottage, and disgrace their country? These questions have been asked by many an anxious, enquiring mind, with the greatest solicitude, for never did a parliament assemble within the precincts of this province, who had more power to do good, and of whom, more, or perhaps ever as much has been expected. Al-ready, Sir, the great subject of the session, the great subject which seems likely to take the lead of all others, has created discussion in the House; already has it shown itself as the one, all absorbing topic of the day, the railroads of the country, the necessity for binding this continent with an iron band, is the matter which is likely to take up a great deal of the time of the present session. To this I have no objections; on the contrary I look upon railroads as one of the greatest desideratums of a prosperous country. But, Sir, at the risk of being called fanatic, an enthusiast, a pharasaical brawler, a stand-off-I-am-holier-than-thou-character, at the risk I say of subjecting myself to these or any other equally absurd and harmless epithets, which those who oppose as men-delight to deal in, I am free to confess, that there is now a great moral question agitating the country, which I regard as of equal, or even paramount importance to the iron road, or the steam horse-Need I say, Sir, that I refer to the question of the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. For the encouragement of your readers let me say, that we have a stronger force in the House than we have any idea of. Although of a very sanguine temperament and inclined to expect much, in some instances perhaps too much, yet at the same time I have been surprised to find many of the members whom I had calculated upon as opponents of the law, prove favorable to its passage. On the second day on which the House met, leave was asked to present petitions for the prohibition of the manufacture, importation, or sale of inebriating liquors! so that among the first measures spoken of, is that for which you have been struggling nobly for many years, and the passage of which would make glad the heart of many a poor wife who is now the victim of a husband's depravity, and whose children are now suffering for the common necessaries of life. Much, however, must depend upon the pressure from without, however much members may desire to do the measure justice, they will find it a difficult matter unless the people

second their appeals by the silent though powerful voice of petition. Let their every nerve be strained, let no opportunity be lost, but let all put their shoulders to the wheel and work with energy and determination, remembering that the voices of thousands who are held in the bonds of the dread monster intemperance calls upon them to persevere, for this cause is the cause of God and of suffering humanity. I am &c.

T. W.

Township of King, 26th July, 1852.

Sir,—A large, influential, and important meeting was held in this Township, on the 8th inst. The meeting was called—through a requisition—by Septimus Tyrwhitt, Esq., Townreeve, who very promptly and courteously called the meeting, although, I believe, he is opposed to the Maine liquor law as a law suitable to Canada. The chair was taken, in absence of the Townreeve, by Mr. Isaiah Tyson, the old Temperance Giant. The meeting was held in a beautiful grove, the residence of Mr. John Tyson, son of our worthy chairman, and a more delightful spot could scarcely be found. The day was delightful, and before the business of the meeting commenced, the greater part of the audience sat down to a well-furnished repast of tea, sandwiches, cakes, pies, &c. The Sharon band was also in attendance, being engaged for the occasion, whose spirit stirring strains, and masterly performances, were dealt out with pleasing and cheerful effect upon the assembled audience.

The resolutions were couched in strong language, condemnatory of the present liquor traffic, and highly commendatory of a law for Canada, similar in its import to the Maine liquor law; and also, that a Petition, founded on the resolutions, be sent round the Township for subscribers, and that J. W. Gamble, M.P.P., (our present member), be requested to present and support said Petition, in his place in Parliament.

We had lots of talented speakers from the City of Toronto and surrounding neighbourhood, amongst which may be mentioned the Rev. T. T. Howard, Rev. Laughlan Taylor, Rev. Mr. Barber, Mr. McKinnon, Mr. Alcorn, Mr. Nixon, and others, whose names I forget. Besides all these on the platform, we had Joseph Hartman, M.P.P., and the venerable David Wilson of Sharon, who presented a letter to the Chairman of the meeting, giving his full and decided adhesion and support to the Maine Equor law, which was read to the meeting, and brought forth the warmest plaudits. In fact, the letter was highly creditable to the head and heart of its author, and is another encouraging evidence of the truth of the old adage, "that truth will prevail;" and, that however potent the opposition to our principles may be, yet the time is, and shall be, when the light of reason and reflection will crowd to our standard, the Great and Mighty of mind and soul, when there will be no barrier to our principles, when our opposition will consist of nothing but the soul-hardened victims of selfishness. I say God have mercy on them, for, in many localities throughout the country, they are now become the singled out, the monuments, the mile stones, the last of the Mohegans, the last of a cycle of drunkenness, crime, and misery, in the history of the world, that neither history, with all the advantages of the press, nor tradition, with its million tongues, will be qualified to communicate to posterity one tittle of its hideous enormity.

We have great cause to rejoice, that no where in this country has respectability and talent been combined, in opposition to the Great Temperance movement. In this respect, the Temperance cause stands alone. For all the great changes which have been effected, either in politics, religion, or sanatory regulations, have

had to struggle with talent opposed to talent; even the slave question itself had its hired and payed talent in Great Britain, and now in the United States, but, to the credit of our country, real talent has never been prostituted to so base a cause.

Yours respectfully, J. G.

Oshawa, 12th August, 1852.

Sir,—The agitation of the Maine law continues unabated in this section of the Province, and the friends of a measure to destroy the tree of intemperance, *root and branch* are astounded at the almost universal feeling in favor of such a law, which pervades the public mind.

The time is fast approaching when such a law will not only be palatable to the people of Canada, but absolutely necessary, because it will be demanded of our law makers.

Moral Suasion has done much for the Temperance cause in Canada. It has touched the heart of benevolence, of sympathy, and called forth the efforts of our *best men* to raise the fallen, to dry the orphan's tear, and bind up the widow's broken heart.—But the strong arm of law alone can affect that class of persons who have been so unfortunate as to be surrounded from their infancy by circumstances which have dried up the fountain of purer and better feelings of their nature. That class which never felt "a tear for others' woes." That class whose god is Gold, and who would trample the bleaching bones of whole hordes of our race beneath their feet to worship at his shrine.

I am thankful there are not many such to be found amongst us, for the Maine Law feeling is making its inroads into the camp of the distiller and the dealer.

They are listening to reason's voice, and many admit that our *society, as a whole, would be much better if Alcohol were banished from our midst.*

Yours, &amp;c.,

A. FAREWELL.

Farnham, August 10, 1851.

At a meeting of the friends of Temperance, held in the School-house, No. 9, West Farnham, on the evening of Tuesday, the 10th day of August instant, Albert P. White, Esq., was called upon to take the chair. Mr. White opened the meeting by stating that in accordance with a meeting of a large number of the inhabitants of the Counties of Shefford and Missisquoi, held at Cowansville, on the 14th day of July last, delegates were appointed for the purpose of circulating and getting signatures to a Petition intended to be submitted to the Honourable the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Canada, in Parliament assembled, praying for the suppression of intemperance.

The chairman then called on Mr. Hervey Taber, (a delegate from East Farnham), to read the petition, which was unanimously approved, after which, it was moved by Mr. Noah Goodman, seconded by the Rev. Joseph Dallaire, and carried, that the following individuals constitute a committee to obtain signatures to the petition just read, viz.:—Robert M'Corkill, Esq., Dr. John Benjamin Valequet, Louis Bourdon, Esq., Mr. James Mullin, Rev. James Dallaire, Rev. William Jones, John Bowker, Jr., Esq., A. P. White, Esq., and Mr. Orange Spoor.

Moved by P. H. Murtogh, and seconded by Dr. Valequet.—That the thanks of this meeting be tendered to Mr. Harvey Taber for his exertions in the cause of Temperance, at this happy season.—Carried.

Moved by Robert M'Corkill, Esq., and seconded by Mr. James

Mullin—That the proceedings of this meeting be submitted to that great friend to the cause of Temperance, viz., J. C. Becket, Esq., the Proprietor of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*, to be disposed of as he may think fit—Carried.

Moved by Harvey Taber, and seconded by Asa Pendleton—That the Chairman and Secretary each receive, from this meeting, a vote of thanks for their services this evening—Carried.

P. H. MURDOGH, Secretary.

## Agriculture.

### Compost.

Every farmer is aware that, without manure, it is impossible to cultivate the soil to advantage. It is true, however, that, in some cases, the natural fertility of the land is such, as to render the application of fecundating substances, nearly, if not quite, unnecessary; yet these cases which, indeed, rarely occur, are to be regarded as exceptions, and, as in no way militating against the verity of the position assumed. It therefore behooves the farmer to see that his supplies are at all times commensurate to the demands of his various crops,—that the *stimuli* be seasonably and judiciously applied, and, above all, that each crop, or class of vegetable, receive just that species of aliment which nature has appropriated to it as a necessary and indispensable condition, so to speak, of its growth, and the perfect development of its several parts. To ensure this, however, the farmer must have a much more extensive and accurate knowledge of the laws of nature than is commonly possessed. He must be able not only to determine the precise geological character of the formation, technically to speak, of the soil on which his experiments are to be made, but to ascertain, with ease and accuracy the several constituents which are to be supplied or modified; for it is a well understood, and generally recognized *fact*, that lands capacified, naturally, for the production of one species of vegetable life, are not equally well adapted to other species. Hence it becomes necessary to alter the constitutional texture of such lands, by the application of modifying substances, and often to supply deficiencies which become obvious to the operator, by inspection, or which are suggested, in many instances, by the ill success or failure of his crops. The farmer, therefore, who, to the power of a discriminating judgment, brings the aid of physical science, will be at no loss how to proceed, and will be able easily to obviate many evils, which although by the ignorant considered insuperable, are yet susceptible of correction and control, through chemical or mechanical laws. The sandy soils of the State, (and a very large proportion of the entire surface of Maine falls naturally under this classification,) are unfruitful in consequence of the greatly preponderating amount of *silex* in their formation. Wherever this substance exists in excess, the soil is dry, friable and disposed to drift or parch. This constitutional defect is to be attributed almost wholly to the want of cohesion among the constituent particles. If, then, this deficiency can be supplied, the soil, always a great one, will be overcome. To effect this, clay may be applied, which alters the constitution of the mass; clay being a viscid and unctuous substance, admirably well capacified to unite and glutinate the several parts, and thereby give cohesion and consolidation to the lightest and most open soil. Yet in cases where lands of this description are to be improved for immediate culture, and where a portion of the money expended in their amelioration is expected to be returned in produce, it is perhaps more economical to apply, instead of pure clay, a compost formed of that valuable earth and some decomposed or decomposable animal or vegetable substance. For this purpose I know of no material more efficacious and economical than Muck. This article, from its almost universal diffusion in extensive accumulations, on, or immediately below, the earth's surface, is generally within the reach of every one. It exists, however, it should be recollected, in various degrees of purity, and it therefore behooves those who apply it, to investigate, critically, its character, as it is in some cases of little actual value, and may, consequently, under certain modified circumstances, be injurious in its effects, rather than of actual advantage to the soil it is intended to improve. The best method of applying muck is, perhaps, to *compost it*. When this method is adopted, the muck

should be got out in the spring, or early part of summer, and spread in the cattle yards, or hog styes, or, indeed, in any enclosure where animals are constantly, or periodically confined. In this way it will not only be subjected to mechanical influences, but will also be ameliorated by excrementitious accessions. There is an acid contained in most kinds of muck which is neutralized by exposure to air, or by the action of alkalies—such as ashes, lime and soda, and by them converted into manure. In the ensuing spring it should be removed to the fields in the manner of other manure, and will be found a very valuable article, especially if applied with clay on lands which require that substance as a corrector or an ameliorating agent.

## Education.

### The Diffusion of Knowledge.

BY G. L. CRANMER.

It was a wise saying of Socrates, "Better spend gold in teaching men to become good citizens, than to bring them up in ignorance and support their crimes." How appropriate is the application of this remark to our own age and country! When we look around and behold the prevalence of vice, immorality, and crime, to so great an extent resulting from the want of knowledge and the proper diffusion of the means to obtain it; and then compare the number of these places in which the unhappy youth first receives that impetus in the downward path of ruin and destruction, we cannot but stand aghast with astonishment at the frightful spectacle presented before us. And then if we go into our jails, our penitentiaries, our lunatic asylums, and mad houses, and behold there the wretched victims of crime and a demented mind, and reflect that all or most of these might, with proper training in their youth, be now adorning the family circle and the social walks of life, we are ready to exclaim, with Socrates, "Better spend gold in teaching men to become good citizens, than to bring them up in ignorance and support their crimes."

It has been said, and truly, "Knowledge is power;" and with much truth it may be said, that ignorance is crime; in looking over the catalogue of human depravity, we shall find few, comparatively speaking, who, in youth have been properly taught, and had the means of knowledge at command, pursuing the path of vice; while on the other hand, the reverse of this leads to the commission of that which the wise admonition of Socrates guards his countrymen against.

While the minds of our legislators are filled with the desire to increase our political, our social, and our commercial advantages, by means of the construction of ships, railroads, and canals, they lose sight of that which is most essential to the proper development of their plans, and the objects which they have in view, by neglecting to cultivate more assiduously these faculties of their fellow men by which alone these things can be appreciated. Our country may be a network of improvements, and yet, without the progress of mind in a corresponding ratio, no good thing can result from them.

It is cause of great rejoicing that such improvements are taking place in our midst. Moreover, it is necessary to us as a nation and people thus to develop the interests and resources of our country. But how much more is it necessary that, as a people, we should have a practical and general knowledge of what those interests and resources are, that the energies of our minds may be devoted to the true end, and the spirit of progress be guided in proper channels. And for this purpose, how necessary it is that government should adopt some judicious plan of diffusing that general knowledge to which we refer, for by this means it is that the interests of our country are to be advanced.

A knowledge of our history and progress, of our climate and productions, our arts and our sciences, is emphatically necessary to the proper fulfillment of the duties of a citizen and a Christian.

We may build engines, and manufacture instruments of destruction. We may spend millions annually upon our army and navy, and build arsenals and magazines; but this is only cultivating the inferior qualities and passions of our beings—neither improving our morals, nor supplying our lack of knowledge as a nation.

It behooves, then, those placed in authority, to supply the means for meeting this great national desideratum; and for that end,



to make such appropriations as may be necessary thereto from the National Treasury.

The result will show the wisdom of this plan, as seen in the cultivation of such principles as tend to the peace, the dignity, the welfare and prosperity of our beloved country.—*Family Circle an Parlor Annual.*

### Notices to Correspondents.

J. W. E., Hartford. Most of the facts contained in your letter have already been published. The reflections and appeals are emphatic, but the communication is too long.

"The First Glass" would require more correction than we have time to spare for that purpose. The Quarterly Meeting of the G. D. of C. E. will be held at Quebec on the 8th inst.

"What is the Duty of a Tectotaller?" The title is good, but the writer has not succeeded well in working out his subject.

### BROKERS' CIRCULAR.

(From Montreal Herald.)

Montreal, Aug 21.

**FLOUR.**—A further advance has taken place—the best brands of fresh ground, No. 1 Superfine, being readily taken at 19s. to 19s. 3d. Superfine No. 2, 18s. 3d. to 18s. 6d., none in market.

**WHEAT.**—No transactions. No Upper Canada in market. 4s. 6d. asked, and 4s. 1d. offered, for a good parcel of "Ohio."

**BARLEY.**—Finds a ready sale at 2s. 6d.

**BUTTER.**—**OATS.**—**INDIAN CORN.**—**PEAS.**—None in market. **INDIAN MEAL.**—**OATMEAL.**—No sales, except in retail. **PROVISIONS.**—No Beef offering. Pork is inactive, and sales unimportant. **ASHES.**—"Pots" 24s. 6d., and "Pearls" 25s. 9d.

**Stocks.**—Bank of Montreal.—No sellers. Commercial Bank M.D.—Continues to advance—4 per cent. prem. offered. City Bank—In good demand—latest sales 8 per cent. discount. Par being asked. People's Bank—Saleable at 20 per cent. discount. Montreal Telegraph Co.—Has advanced from 15 to 1 per cent. discount. In other Stocks—Nothing to report.

### BIRTHS.

Montreal—15th ult. Mrs James Lang, of a daughter. 18th ult. Mrs Alex Penrose Miller, of a daughter. The wife of Captain Rotton, of a daughter. Sorel—9th ult. the wife of Captain Postbrooke, of a daughter. Sherbrooke—12th ult. Mrs John Drummond, of a daughter.

### MARRIAGES.

Montreal—17th ult. by the Rev David Inglis. A Wilson, Esq. to Esther, daughter of Wm Matthews, Esq. 21th ult. by the Rev J. Jenkins, Mr Samuel G. Haskett, merchant, of Nanticoke, C.W., to Miss Jane Irwin, eldest daughter of the late Jacob Irwin, saddler, Montreal.

Hamilton—11th ult. by the Rev Mr Hebden, Adam Brown, Esq. to Maria, youngest daughter of Captain Evatt.

Cobourg—20th ult. by the Rev Charles Ruttan, Wm Rowe, Esq. to Sophia, eldest daughter of Captain Andersson.

Longueil—18th ult. by the Rev G N A F T Dickson, Mr Richard Goforth, to Anna, eldest daughter of Mr Manning.

Melbourne, C.E.—11th ult. by the Rev Wm Scott, Mr Thomas Martin, of Durham, to Miss Ruby Judd, of Shipton.

### DEATHS.

Montreal—17th ult. Catherine Ann Hannah, only daughter of Mr W McNider, aged 2 years and 4 months. 18th ult. Mary Howard, widow of the late John Nolan, aged 55. 19th ult. Sarah Anne Lane, eldest daughter of the late Asst. Com. Gen. William Lane. 19th ult. Thomas Henry, infant son of Mr William Hodgson. 22nd ult. Richard, infant son of Mr Richard Holland.

Brompton, C.E.—18th ult. Henry Holbrook, son of Mr Joseph Rankin, in the 13th year of his age.

Mount Pleasant—William Sturges, Esq, aged 72, years.

## Temperance House

BY J. SIMMONS,  
Trent Village, Canada West.

## 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.

### CIRCULAR.

THE undersigned begs to intimate that he has been appointed sole Agent in Canada for the AMERICAN TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE and SONS OF TEMPERANCE OFFERING, published in New York, by P. T. Sherlock, Esq.

The necessity of prepaying the American Postage rendered it impossible for the publisher to extend to Canada the advantage of Club rates. The undersigned has much pleasure in stating that he is now prepared to forward the Magazine to any part of Canada, by Mail, at the following rates, payment to be made invariably in advance:—

Single Copies . . . . .	\$2 00 per Annum.
To Clubs of 4 to one address . . . . .	7 00 —
— of 7 to — — . . . . .	11 00 —
— of 10 to — — . . . . .	16 00 —
— of 20 and upwards . . . . .	30 00 —

The Postage on each number will not in any case exceed two-pence. To many of the known friends of Temperance a specimen of the Magazine will be sent. Those who may wish to subscribe to the work, will please remit the amount in time to have the succeeding number promptly forwarded to their address; and those who may not be thus disposed, will oblige by writing on the envelope "Refused," and returning the number by next mail. The friendly co-operation of all interested in the cause of Temperance is respectfully solicited.

B. DAWSON,  
No. 2, Place D'Armes, Montreal.

### MAINE LAW ENVELOPES.

THE Subscriber has just published a beautifully executed Vignette, illustrating the evil effects of the Liquor Traffic, and the beneficial effects of the operation of the Maine Liquor Law, on ENVELOPES of good size and quality.

Price 20s. per 1000, or 2s. 6d. per 100.

For Sale at the Booksellers in Montreal; Mr. G. Stanley, Quebec; Mr. Duffy, Kingston; Messrs. C. Fletcher and H. Armour, Toronto; and Mr. McLellan, Hamilton.

J. C. BECKET,  
22, Great St. James Street.

Montreal, July, 1852.

### 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.

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.