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

Vol. XIX.]

MONTREAL, JULY 15, 1853.

[No. 14.

Eleven o'clock Lunch.

(From the Journal of the American Temperance Union.)

CHAPTER I.

"Eleven o'clock, Ned; don't you hear the state house clock striking?"

Thus spoke a young man, a junior partner of the house of Carton & Co., one of the wholesale houses that line Market street. The person addressed as Ned was the head salesman of the establishment.

"Wait a moment, Thomas, I will be with you directly. I think the morning has passed very rapidly."

"Rapidly!" replied Thomas, "I have been thinking that eleven o'clock would never come. It appears to me the hours grow longer day by day."

Ned having got through with what he had been busy with, took the arm of Thomas, and together they proceeded to a neighboring tavern, kept by one Harry Blight. Harry was said to provide the best lunch of any landlord in the vicinity of Market street. In fact, as Thomas remarked, it was more like a regular dinner than lunch. Stepping in at the door, they soon surrounded the well filled board.

Thomas, ravenous with hunger, soon had the carving knife in his hand, cutting off a slice for Ned. He helped himself; laying it upon a piece of bread, he mustarded and peppered it to his satisfaction; and then was heard the accompaniment of mastication, to the music of the brandy bottles, as they rattled upon the counter.

"Now, Neddy, my boy, what will you have?"

"I'll take a gin sling to-day, Thomas."

The sling and toddy were soon deposited beneath their waistcoats, and calling for segars, they lighted them and took a seat, to regale themselves with their flavor.

"I say, Ned, this saloon of Harry's is a snug place to while away half an hour in, before dinner. A more gentlemanly or clever fellow I never knew. He keeps the best liquors, segars, and lunch, of any landlord in town; and I am glad he is so well patronized."

"Well, Thomas, what will you have?—my treat, you know."

"I'll take brandy and sugar, Ned."

"Here, waiter, bring us a gin sling and a brandy and sugar."

Thomas having prepared his brandy and sugar to his liking, sat sipping it and smacking his lips—a stranger to the glass would have smacked his lips too, if he had tasted it, not for its flavor, but for its fiery taste, no water having been mixed with them; Thomas having lately always asserted that water spoiled brandy and sugar. Having finished their glasses, they returned to the store to attend to their regular business.

Thomas Marloe was a young man, whose energy had enabled him to reach the post of junior partner in the house of Carton & Co. He had a young wife and one child, a

sweet little girl three years old. They lived in the upper part of the city, in a snug two-story house, and the comfort within was due to Mary, his wife. She was a lovely woman; one whose exemplary life and sweet disposition endeared her to all her acquaintances. Thomas fully appreciated her, and nought was left undone by him to contribute to her happiness.

Thomas, introduced by his companions to Harry Blight's eleven o'clock free lunch, soon became a regular attendant at it. He never dreamed of danger, but under the guise of seeking the lunch, he would seek the gratification of an appetite, that bade fair to prove his ruin. Eleven o'clock soon became too long to wait, and nine o'clock would find him at the bar, with a cracker in one hand and a glass of brandy in the other. He made many excuses to himself, and often tried to silence the accusing conscience within,—it spoke in thunder tones to his mind. Often the face of his sweet uncomplaining wife, would rise up before his mind, as he stepped upon the threshold of Harry's saloon. And often, his frenzied eye would fire with tears, as he felt the power of the tempter, like an anaconda, drawing its coils around him.

But what of Ned? Ah! Ned saw the fatal dart fixed in the shaft, ready to be sped into his heart, and like a prudent man, he forsook the eleven o'clock lunch, and tried all his powers of persuasion to induce Thomas to follow his example. It was, however, of no avail. Thomas had become spell-bound—the charmer knew his power, and well he used it. He visited regularly his old haunts, but, as he became seedy, or what is called a shabby genteel loafer, his former companions forsook him and declined his acquaintance.

CHAPTER II.

Five years have passed away upon the wings of time. Thomas has waded through these years, days and hours of sorrow; and his skirts have been defiled with the gutter and the kennel. He who had been so careful of his person and dress, has become a dirty slob. Mary had often supped on blighted hopes, and departed joys—her uncomplaining was the wonder of her friends and neighbors. Oh! they knew not the depth of affection in that young heart! When expostulated with by her friends for living with her husband; when told that nought had been left undone; that persuasion, kind admonition, friendly advice and entreaties had all failed; and there was no use in attempting his reformation, she would, with clasped hands and lifted eyes, bend to her knees, and taking her little daughter Clara's tiny fingers between her own, raise her voice in supplication to her God.

Long and patiently would she sit over work to secure for her husband and little one a morsel to keep them from starving. Her labors at night affected her eyes—and her constant application to her needle, and want of exercise had faded the rose from her cheeks, which had given place to the lily. At this present time she was laboring under a cold,

contracted in going out to a neighboring tavern, to seek for his insensible, bloated form. The cold grew worse, and soon the hectic flush upon her cheeks told the friends who visited her, that the worm which eateth into the vitals was at work upon her system.

Her disease had assumed a fatal character; and one evening as returning from the store where she prepared work for her needle, she misstepped, and fell at full length upon the sharp cobble stones in the street. A stream of blood gushed from her mouth, and all she was able to inform the bystanders was of the place of her residence. They raised her gently and placed her in a carriage, and drove to her apology for a dwelling.

Bearing Mary gently, they laid her down upon a bed, and propped her head with some pillows her poor neighbor had brought in. Mary was beloved by all in the court; wherever the sick and the dying were, there was she found to comfort the mourner, and wipe the tears of sorrow from the eye.

The doctor soon came, and after attentively observing her, shook his head, with an involuntary motion, thus showing the thoughts within.

Dr. Graham spoke to her kindly, and asked if she had any friends she would like to see? She raised her glassy eyes to his face, and fixed them upon him, with an earnest gaze—

“Doctor, I understand you—speak out plain, it will not affect me. Say, is my time of probation on earth drawing to a close?”

The Doctor, with tears flowing down his cheeks, assured her in the affirmative.

“Then, Doctor, all I ask is, that you will try and stimulate my body until my poor Thomas can be found.”

“I will put forth all my skill, madam, to gratify your wishes.”

CHAPTER III.

Thomas that morning had gone out sober, and with a determination to procure work, (if he could), to enable him to provide some food for his wife and child. He wandered up and down the street, endeavoring to obtain a job of work, but he walked in vain. Half famished, he sauntered down Market street, hoping to meet some familiar face and procure work sufficient to accomplish his object. There was one friend who had often assisted him; this was “Ned,” the companion of better days. Slipping into the store of Carton & Co., he inquired if Edward Torbet was in? The porter replied that Edward had gone with a customer over to Harry Blight’s to lunch.

To lunch! Eleven o’clock! And a series of years all shrouded in mourning, flashed across his brain! He staggered, and would have fallen, had not the porter sustained him. The porter placed Tom upon a chair, and procured a tumbler of water for him to drink. The cool beverage revived him, and visions of rounds of beef rose before his view.

Thanking the porter for his kindness, he arose and took his way to Harry Blight’s tavern. It was past eleven o’clock when he entered the bar-room. His appearance was shabby genteel.

Ned was sipping some Sherry wine, while conversing with his customer.

Harry Blight happened to cast his eyes towards the lunch table, and caught the form of Tom, as with vigorous jaws he packed away the lunch into his stomach. With one bound, Harry crossed the counter, and confronted Tom.

“Hey! sponging, loafing rascal! what are you doing here? begone, or I will kick you into the street.”

For one moment Tom glared upon Harry, and then in a torrent of words thus addressed him:

“You kick me into the street? You call me a loafing sucker? Who made me what I am? Who spread the tempting bait? and silly was I to take it? Who brought upon my soul a curse? And who has barred my way to Heaven with the poison of the still? Who has been the

cause of making—what you now call sucker and loafer? Who? why you, Harry Blight. Your accursed eleven o’clock lunch first led me astray. Gentlemen,” continued, turning and addressing the frequenters of the bar-room, “some years ago, I was one of the firm of Carton & Co., respected by all who knew me, beloved by my companions, and in the full confidence of my co-partners. In an evil day, Harry Blight opened this tavern, and spread what he calls a free lunch, at eleven o’clock in the day. I was induced to visit it, and the first silver I ever rung on the counter of a bar, I rung on that marble before you. I began with mineral water, then took wine, and at last, induced by the flaming encomiums heaped upon his fancy drinks, I took to drinking them. The temptation of the lunch was the first inducement to visit, and soon the thirst created by salted beef, salted pretzel, and sheep’s tongues, was quenched in the liquid fire of the bar. I have spent money, health and peace of mind, in this accursed place. It has been the cause of sorrow to my noble-hearted wife. And to-day, sick, disheartened, and half famished for food, I entered this house, with the ostensible object of seeking that gentleman: but also, with the hope that I might cull some of the waste bits of the lunch, to which I am entitled. The landlord sets it out as a free lunch. Free, to be partaken of—and therefore, gentlemen, I appeal to your decision, whether I have committed a trespass, or have sponged upon the landlord? I know it is called a free lunch—but I also am aware that Harry Blight laughs in his sleeve, when he retires at night to calculate what each man has paid for the slice of meat and bread he has partaken of. Gentlemen, I appeal to you.”

“He is right,” said they all.

“He is right,” said Ned, “and Harry Blight, you are wrong in threatening to kick him into the street—and I for one will not see it done.”

Here Tom’s eyes which had been flashing with anger, dropped their lids, and the tears fell pattering, like rain drops at his feet. The fountain of his soul had been broken up by the friendly voice of Ned—and it melted his heart, and he sobbed like a child.

“Come none of your whining,”—said the landlord—“you may thank your friend Edward, that your bloated carcass does not at this moment lie in the street.”

As if stung by an adder—Tom sprang towards Harry, his eyes glaring with fury, and screaming at the top of his voice, exclaimed—

“Curse you! May God curse your body! May worms destroy it, ere the spirit leaves it! And may the fiends of hell wrap you in flames that shall burn but never kill! May the drunkard’s curse lie on your soul!”

The effort cost him what little strength he had; and ere the bystanders were aware of Harry’s purpose, he had caught Tom by the throat, and hurled him headlong into the street. They rushed out in a body, picked him up, and carried him to Carton & Co.’s store. The blood flowed in a stream from a deep wound in his head. Edward perceiving his lips move, placed his ear near his mouth and heard these words:

“Oh God, have mercy on me, a sinner! Mary, Clara, wife, child!” and he ceased to breathe.

They procured a settee, and carried him towards his late home.

Mary had sent in every direction for her husband, but the messengers had returned without any tidings of him. Presently a number of footsteps were heard pattering over the pavement. In a moment, as if divining the cause, she raised herself upon her arm, and murmured, “Bring him up here; I know it all. Let me see his body before I die.”

They brought his body upstairs. As a statue, with glazed eyes, she looked upon the corpse; then clasping her emaciated hands in supplication, she murmured, “Father, turn the drunkard maker from the error of his ways. Lord, help me to forgive!” Edward approached her and said, “For-

Givenness lies alone with God, it is God only who can forgive such iniquity! Mary, Clara shall be my child if you will give her to me, and she shall be the object of my heart's best affections."

Mary turned her eyes upon him, in which the tears shone with a lustre that betokened death.

"The Lord reward you, Edward; take her and teach her always to love and forgive." Springing up, she clasped her husband's cold form to her bosom, and her mind appeared to wander for a moment. Then gently pushing back the dark hair from his cheek, she imprinted kiss after kiss upon it—and suddenly, as if recalled to her recollection, she gave a mournful wail and sunk upon his breast a corpse.

Let us draw a veil over the scene, and forever remember that many a drunkard has dated the commencement of his career to the "eleven o'clock free lunch."

J. K. G.

Philadelphia, March 5, 1853.

Encouragement to Drunkards' Wives.

BY MRS. FRANCIS D. GAGE.

My neighbor, Mrs. Rice, has just been in with the big tears swimming in her eyes, to tell me her tale of joy and sorrow—may be I should say sorrow and joy; for the sorrow came first and lasted long, long years. Painful weary years, that made her pale face paler, and her furrowed cheek more wrinkled and old; and her eyes more dim every day. Cold, galling, pelted sorrow; heart-crushing, soul-depriving sorrow; sorrow and trouble in which there was no hope, no comfort, no uplifting of the spirit. She could not hold her hands and say "Father, thy will be done," for it was not the Father's will that she should be thus accursed. Her children, oh! how that stricken woman loved her children that were growing up around her in poverty and ignorance. There was a school hard by, a public school, but in winter they could not go, they had no shoes, no books. She could not earn them; for she was feeble, and five children, and a baby in her arms, left her little time to work for others, and when she gained time and strength and asked for work, found none, or little, in the little village. She could not do any sewing, she never learned to do it. She could wash, scrub, clean house and cook, but no one wanted a woman with a baby—besides, if she did get work, that great lazy drunken husband of hers would drink it all up, (so said the neighbors,) and there was no use in trying to help them; and being sensitive and timid, hid her grief and poverty away in the poor rickety cabin her protector had provided for her,—hid his faults too, and huddled her ragged children into the corners, and starved and suffered on in silence till starving and suffering became unendurable.

Last month this "lord of creation," this "head of the woman," this "man," who was the renter of a piece of land, and always worked enough to keep him in drink and honey, when she did not earn it for him, finding it hard work to evade the new law, managed somehow to get possession of a half barrel of the "precious critter," and while his wife was absent at a neighbor's, had it rolled in and deposited in the bed room. Day after day went by, and he kept himself essentially drunk. The flour was out, the meal and meat no where, the wood keeping them company, the children barefoot, the father abusive and the mother almost distracted. Patient, timid and gentle, this woman had ever been. But now she aroused—for what will not such bitter agony do—and while he sat one Sunday morning upon the side of the bed, within reach of his whisky barrel, with the drunkard's tears running down his cheeks, the drunkard's curse upon his tongue, and the drunkard's demoralizing madness in his heart, she walked up to the barrel, pocket in hand.

"What are you going to do?" he shouted.

"Empty out this liquor," was her calm reply.

"If you touch it, I'll knock you down."

"Just as you like, but the liquor has got to go."

And as she stooped to draw the plug, he seized her by the shoulder. But a week's spree had left him rather powerless, so she dropped her bucket and dragged him into the next room and seated him in a chair, all amazement, no doubt, that his hitherto quiet Nelly had dared to act so queer. But Nelly was as good as her word, and pailfull after pailfull of the delicious beverage—bountifully protected by the "Constitution," as some of our Ohio lawyers affirm—made liquid manure for the lettuce bed. Poor Rice sat stock still till the whole was done, and the filthy old barrel tumbled out of doors. Then he crept back to bed, and laid without eating or drinking till the next day, when he arose pretty well sobered, and went up to his wife, pale and trembling, and begged her to forgive him. She agreed to do so on one condition—"that he would promise to drink no more, and join the Sons of Temperance as soon as they would receive him," to all of which he acceded, adding, "Nelly, I did not think there was so much spunk in you; why didn't you do it long ago? I believe you could manage the devil if he was drunk."

One month has passed, and Rice still vows he will be a sober man. The Sons of Temperance have accepted him, and his wife's heart is bounding with joy and gladness to which it has for years been a stranger. "Ah!" said she to me this morning, "I thought when I did that job, that it would be my death; but then I thought we couldn't live so. If he did kill me the public would take care of him, and he would be shut up and live even in the penitentiary, a better and happier man than now; and our children would be better cared for by the cold world than they had ever been by him, or than they ever could be by me while I was so tried and tempted every day. But I conquered, thank God; and I do believe he will keep his word, for when we were first married he took a spree and I started to leave him; he promised me then if I'd stay, he would not drink a drop for two years, and he kept his word. But he never has promised me since till now. And between you and I—she lowered her voice to a whisper—I believe I could have conquered him long ago if I hadn't been afraid, and so might many a woman; for men who are weak enough to drink are most always cowards, and might be saved from many a week of drunken revel, if their wives would only pour out the whisky. Some of them might get killed, but what if they did? Every good cause needs martyrs, and that of Temperance is worth a mighty sacrifice. Intemperance has its thousands of victims. Temperance can bear, if need be, here and there one. It was a strange act for me, but I have taken more comfort in the last four weeks than I have for the last four years; only when he was down with his broken leg, then he could not get it, and we were quite comfortable. But now we are so happy; and he takes the baby on his knee, and sings to him and talks to him, and the rest of us, and every day he renews his pledge, and wishes I had been resolute sooner, and poured out his whisky many a long year ago, and so do I, now."

And with a more cheerful face than I had seen her wear ever before, she bade me good morning.

So much for woman's resolution.

Progress of Iniquity.

The following nervous article is taken from a Pittsburg paper. It is one of a series contributed over the signature of "Ion."—Read it for its stern facts and impregnable arguments against the liquor traffic, and for its graphic and powerful style. Read it and be convinced that no greater curse than that of intemperance can afflict and degrade our country:—

"Next comes the 'Rumseller,' (the father of the Sampson of iniquity—'Intemperance,') with the eighty-four millions of gallons of distilled damnation sold per annum in the United States. Stand up, thou brow-branded, Cain-like Rumseller! Stand up before the bar of public opinion, and hear the charge I bring against thee—'Thou art a murderer, a murderer above the laws. I have proved this charge from his own infamous books upon the art of adulteration of liquors, and I will prove it again. I have proved it by analysis of his liquors, made by scientific men, by the rum-seller's own testimony, and by a cloud of witnesses, and will prove it again.

Would you have more testimony? Then let the departed visit the green earth again.

Break the turf above your mouldering homes, ye host of drunkards—shake off the grave dust from your crumbling brows, and stalk into court in your tattered shrouds and hony whiteness, and testify against him. Say unto him as Nathan said unto the royal murderer, 'thou art the man.' Come down from the gallows, thou rum-maddened man-slayer—grip the bloody knife again, and stagger into court, and testify against him. Say unto him as Nathan said unto the royal murderer, 'thou art the man.'

Crawl from the slimy ooze, thou drowned, drunken victim, and with suffocation's blue and livid lips, testify against him. Bring that rum derailed suicide into court with his throat cut, and let the dripping gore-drops testify against him. Make way for that frost stiffened corpse there. 'Tis the drunkard's wife, driven from her fireside to die in the snow storm. Let the frozen tear on her pale and icy cheeks, testify against him. Break the seal of silence, thou unrelenting past, and let the shrieks and groans of his dying victims come back, wailing down upon the night-winds to testify against him. Unroll and read, thou recording Angel, the murder indictments against him, which thou hast written in the book of God's remembrance, to testify against him. Snap your burning chains, ye spirits damned by alcohol, and rush up, all sheeted in fire and dripping from the blazing waves of hell, and testify against him—plead—plead like angels, trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation of your taking off.

'God made man in his own image, in the image of God created he him.' Who, with impious and polluting hand, defaces the image and superscription of his maker, and stamps him with the counterfeit die of the Devil? Alcohol. Man by nature walks erect—lifts his forehead to the stars—power and dominion have been given unto him over all the creatures of the earth—he is Nature's King. Who breaks his sceptre of authority—takes from him his imperial crown, and degrades him below the brute? Alcohol. Who destroys his reason, 'hides her bright beams in mystic clouds that roll around the shattered temple of the soul, curtained in midnight? Alcohol. Who pollutes his heart, and robs it of every noble and generous emotion? Alcohol. Who makes him a mad-man, and then lashes and halloos on the mad pack of his vilest passions? Alcohol. Who fills our jails with felons, and hangs yon trembling wretch upon the gallows? Alcohol. Who crowds our alms houses with paupers—our hospitals with diseases, and our grave yards with the dead? Alcohol.

Does any of you want to be a fool—nay, worse, become the jibe and derision of fools? Let him drink liquor. Does any of you (I don't care how proud and virtuous you are,) does any of you want to be a rascal with a hang-gallows look, or become a low, vulgar blackguard? Drink liquor. If you are a father, do you want to see your children ragged and ignorant—growing up young candidates for the penitentiary and gallows? Drink liquor. If you are a son, and you want to pay with black ingratitude the debt you owe your parents, and bring down their reverend gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, drink liquor. If you are a husband,

and you want to steal all the beauty from your sweet wife's face—break her heart—make her wretched, and perfectly miserable, drink liquor. Do any of you want to get into debt, and put the blood-bounds of the law upon your track, to dog you daily? Drink liquor. Do any of you want to lose the property you have gathered together by the sweat of your brow, as a home for your wife and little ones, and a retreat in old age? Drink liquor. Do any of you want to work for the devil and find yourself, or at best get paid off in the wages of sin, which is death? Drink liquor. If you want to pay a high premium for the pleasure of being poisoned, drink liquor. If you want to bid an eternal farewell to your freedom, and be a greater slave than was ever lashed at night to his dungeon, drink liquor. If you want to exchange a healthy body, 'so fearfully and wonderfully made,' for a diseased-cursed frame, that a demon would scorn to inhabit, and the soul quits in disgust, drink liquor. If you want to blast with disease your body, from head to heel—sweep every line where manly beauty lingers, and early heap the clay upon a foul mass of corruption, more disgusting than the leprosy of John and Namaan, or the sores of Lazarus, drink liquor. If you want to go down to the grave 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung,' and let infamy there spread her sable plume, and fling its blackness over a drunkard's tomb, drink body-blighting—spirit-damning liquor.

More than fifty thousand drunkards die every year in the United States, from the direct effects of Alcohol. This is no loose guess. I always stick to my text, and fire close to the mark, when I drive in an argument, or clinch it with the proof. I base my estimate upon the other register of the drinking Alcohol himself. I have by me now a list of one hundred and thirty-five men, who died regular drunkards in the short period of sixteen years, in my native county and the lower edge of the next county, in Maryland. In my list are ministers, class leaders, doctors, lawyers, planters, farmers, mechanics, and laborers. In my native county one hundred and twelve men died regular drunkards in sixteen years, seven per annum, or one to every four hundred and forty-four inhabitants; at the same rate our present population of twenty-three millions, gives us fifty-one thousand drunkards killed every year by the direct effect of alcohol, to say nothing of the indirect effect of liquor in producing disease and shortening the period of human life. I know all about alcohol—the diseases it produces, and how it produces them—because it is my business to know; and I fearlessly say, and defy a successful contradiction, that the side stabs—by blows—the indirect effects of alcohol, kill more than die regular drunkards. I have drunk old Madeira out of silver goblets with the proudest in the land, and botched an awful bad whiskey with a rum-swilling skunk in a dirty doggerly. I have wandered about and lived in various parts of Maryland, and I have seen just as many grog shops and drunkards as I ever saw in my native county. I have seen in five States and traveled in twenty others, and I have seen more men 'drink rum and become the derision of fools' elsewhere, than I ever saw in my native county. My estimate, therefore, is not only perfectly correct as far as it goes, but it is actually under the truth.

Fifty-one thousand men, (more than died at Cannae or at Waterloo,) killed every year, in these United States, by alcohol! 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear,' and let this awful figured fact fall on his startled ear like the solemn warning of a death bell, and let each say for his own part, 'Oh! God—shield, oh! shield me in the hour of temptation from the fiery sting of alcohol. Oh! let me not be the death of a drunkard, nor let my last end be like his. Like the deadly simoon that sweeps across the desert, blighting and blasting all before its path, the more deadly simoon of alcohol sweeps over our beautiful land, and the high and the low, and the proud and the humble, have withered and

shed before its burning breath. Like broad streams of molten lava pouring its devouring fire-flood down the vine-clad slopes of sunny Sicily, from 'Etna's breast of flame,' the lava-flood of alcohol rolls over this western Holy-land. And all that is fair and beautiful in life—and all that is high and honorable in society—and all that is sacred and holy in domestic life—have been overwhelmed in its death-dealing devastation."

An Act to Prohibit the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors in or near the Line of Public Works in this Province.

[Assented to 14th June, 1853.]

Whereas, it is desirable to restrain the sale and use of Intoxicating Liquors in the neighborhood of Public Works where large bodies of men are necessarily gathered together: Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council and of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Canada, constituted and assembled by virtue of and under the authority of an Act passed in the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and intituled, *An Act to re-unite the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and for the Government of Canada*, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That from and after the passing of this Act, it shall not be lawful for any person to sell, barter or exchange, or to dispose of in any manner whatever, directly or indirectly, to any other person any alcoholic, spirituous, vinous, fermented or other Intoxicating Liquor, or any mixed Liquor a part of which is spirituous, or vinous, fermented or otherwise Intoxicating, (and every such Liquor or mixed Liquor shall be included in the expression "Intoxicating Liquor" when used in this Act.) nor to expose, keep or have in his possession for sale, barter or exchange, any Intoxicating Liquor, at any place not included within the limits of any City, incorporated or other Town or Village, and being within three miles of the line of any Railway, Canal, or other Public Work in progress of construction, whether such work be constructed by the Government of this Province, or by any incorporated Company, or by private enterprise; nor shall any person, after the passing of this Act obtain or receive a license, to sell any Intoxicating Liquor at any such place as aforesaid, and any such license, if granted after the passing of this Act, shall be utterly null and void, and the holder thereof shall be deemed to have no license; Provided always, That if any doubt shall at any time arise as to whether any work then in progress does or does not come within the scope and meaning of this section, it shall be lawful for the Governor of this Province, if he shall see fit, to declare by Proclamation that such work is within the scope and meaning of this section, and that the prohibition herein contained applies to any place within three miles of the line thereof, which line may be described and defined in such Proclamation, and the declaration contained in such Proclamation shall have the like force as if contained in this Act, and the said prohibition shall apply accordingly; but nothing in such declaration shall be construed as a declaration that such work or any part thereof was not within the scope and meaning of this section before the issuing of such Proclamation, but the question whether it was or was not so shall be decided as if such Proclamation had not issued; And provided, secondly, that this Section shall not extend to any person selling Intoxicating Liquors by wholesale, and not retailing the same, if such person be a licensed Distiller or a Brewer, nor shall it extend to prevent the renewal of the license of any House or Shop licensed at the time of the passing of this Act, or of Houses or Shops which have been usually licensed heretofore.

II. Any person who shall, in contravention of this Act, by himself, his clerk, servant or agent, expose or keep for sale or barter, or shall sell, dispose of, give or exchange for any other matter or thing, to any other person any Intoxicating Liquor, shall be liable to a fine of Five Pounds on the first conviction, Ten Pounds on the second, and on the third and every subsequent conviction to such last mentioned fine and imprisonment for a period not more than six calendar months, such fine to be paid over to the Chamberlain, Treasurer, Clerk or Secretary Treasurer,

of the Municipality, in which the offence shall be proved to have been committed, for the use of the Municipality, and to be applied to such public purposes as the Council thereof may direct, and in default of payment of any fine and costs imposed under this Act, the offender shall be imprisoned until the same be paid, under warrant of the Justice, Reeve, Mayor, Police Magistrate, Recorder, or Judge before whom the conviction shall be had: Provided that no person shall be imprisoned for any separate offence under this Act for fine or costs, or both, or for fine and costs, for a period exceeding six calendar months.

III. If any clerk, servant or agent, or other person in the employment or on the premises of another, shall sell, dispose of, or exchange for any other matter or thing, or assist in selling, disposing of, exchanging for any other matter or thing, any Intoxicating Liquor in contravention of this Act, for the person in whose service or on whose premises he may be, he shall be held equally guilty with the principal, and shall suffer the like penalty.

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

V. No Appeal shall be allowed to any person complained of or convicted under this Act, unless he shall enter into a Recognizance or Bond to the Municipality in which the offence is alleged to have been committed, in the sum of Twenty-Five Pounds, to jointly and severally, with two good and sufficient sureties, to prosecute his appeal, and to pay all costs, fines and penalties that may be awarded against him upon the final determination of the case; and no Recognizance or Bond shall be taken except by the Justice, Reeve, or Police Magistrate, Recorder or Judge before whom the complaint was made or the offender tried, and the security shall be to his satisfaction, and if the appeal shall not be successful, the Recognizance or Bond shall be forfeited, and the amount thereof shall become a debt due to the Municipality within which the offence was committed, recoverable by action by and in the name of the Municipality, and it shall be the duty of such Municipality to prosecute the same, and the money shall be applied in the same manner as the fines herein before mentioned: And if the Recognizance or Bond mentioned in this Section shall not be given before or within three days after conviction, order made or judgment rendered, the Appeal shall not be allowed.

VI. If any three persons being voters or entitled to vote at any municipal election of the Municipality within which the complaint is made, shall make oath or affirmation before any Justice, Reeve, Mayor or Police Magistrate, Recorder or Judge of a Circuit Court or Division Court, that they have reason to believe and do believe that any Intoxicating Liquor intended for sale or barter in contravention of this Act, is kept or deposited in any Steamboat or other vessel, or in any carriage or vehicle, or in any store, shop, warehouse, or other building or place in such Municipality, or on any river, lake or water adjoining the same, at any place within which such Intoxicating Liquor is by this Act prohibited to be sold or bartered, or kept for sale or barter, the said Justice, Mayor, Reeve, Police Magistrate, Recorder, or Judge shall issue his Warrant of Search to any Sheriff, Police Officer, Bailiff or Constable, who shall forthwith proceed to search the premises, steamboat, vessel or place described in such Warrant, and if any Intoxicating Liquor be found therein, he shall seize and if any Intoxicating Liquor be found in any other place of the same and the barrels, casks or other packages in which it may be contained, and convey them to some proper place of security, and there keep them until final action is had thereon; but no dwelling house in which, or in part of which a shop or bar is kept, shall be searched, unless one at least of the said complainants shall testify on oath to some act of sale of Intoxicating Liquor therein or therefrom in contravention of this Act, within

one calendar month of the time of making the said complaint; and the owner or keeper of the Liquor seized as aforesaid, if he shall be known to the Officer seizing the same, shall be summoned forthwith before the Justice or person by whose Warrant the Liquor was seized, and if he fail to appear, and it appears to the satisfaction of the said Justice or person who issued the warrant that the said Liquor was kept or intended for sale or barter, in contravention of this Act, it shall be declared forfeited with any package in which it is contained, and shall be destroyed by authority of the written Order to that effect of the said Justice, Reeve, Mayor, Police Magistrate, Recorder or Judge, and in his presence, or in the presence of some person appointed by him to witness the destruction thereof, and who shall join with the Officer by whom the said Liquor shall have been destroyed, in attesting that fact upon the back of the Order by authority of which it was done; and the owner or keeper of such Liquor shall pay a fine of Ten Pounds and costs, or be committed to prison for three calendar months in default thereof.

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

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

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

X. That whenever judgment shall be rendered for costs, there shall be included therein fees for such prospective services as shall be necessary to enforce such judgment.

XI. Upon judgment or affirmance of any appeal, and for any other proceeding under this Act which shall be had before a Justice, Reeve or other Functionary, the costs shall be the same

as are now by law allowed for proceedings of a like nature, and in actions and proceedings in any higher Court, the costs shall be the same as are usually allowed in such Court.

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

XIII. And be it enacted, That so much of each and every Act and provision of law now in force in any part of this Province as shall be inconsistent with any provisions of this Act, shall be and is hereby repealed.

Female Influence and Energy.

I have noticed, says Washington Irving, that a married man falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world, than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are softened and relieved by domestic endearments, and self-respect kept alive by finding that, though all abroad, be darkness and humiliation, yet still there is a little world of love at home, of which he is monarch: whereas a single man is apt to run to self-neglect and waste; to fall to ruin like a deserted mansion, for want of inhabitants. I have often had occasion to mark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity.

Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous path of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of the husband under misfortune, abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitter blast of adversity. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and has been lifted by it into sunshine will, when the hardy plant has been rifted by the thunder-bolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so, too, it was beautifully ordained by Providence that woman, who is the ornament and dependent of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with dire and sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting his drooping head, and binding up his broken heart.

Little Things.

'Tis little I can do;
But oh! in sharp extremities of fortune,
The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment drain'd by favored lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean price
Renews the life of joy in happiest hour.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourn'd, 'twill fall;
Like choicest music fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again:
And shed on the departing soul a sense
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honour'd death-bed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels.

SERGEANT TALFOURD.

"ONWARD! ONWARD! BAND VICTORIOUS."

TEMPERANCE CHORUS. From the "Musical Review and Choral Advocate."

SPIRITED.

m

CRES.

f I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Onward! onward! band vic - - torious! Rear the temp'rance ban - ner

2. Onward! onward! songs and prais - es Ring to heaven's top - mast

3. To the vend - er and dis - - til - er Thunder truth with start ling

high! Thus far had your course been glorious; Now your day of triumphs nigh

arch, Where - so - e'er your stand - ard rais - es, And your conquering legions march.

tone; Swell the ac - cents, loud - er shriller, Make their guilt e - normous known.

Vice and er - - ror flee be - fore you, As the dark - ness flies the

Gird the Temp' - rance ar - mor on you, Look for guid - ance from a.

On - ward! on - - ward! nev - er fal - ter, Cease not till the earth is

CONTINUED.

sun; On - ward vic - tory hov - ers o'er you, Soon the
 bove; God and an - gels smile up - - on you, Has - - ten
 free; Swear on Temp'-rance ho - ly al - - tar, Death is

bat - - tle will be won! Yes! Yes! On - ward!
 then your work of love! Yes! Yes! God and
 yours, or vic - to - - - ry! Yes! Yes! Swear on

vic - tory hov - ers o'er you, soon the bat - tle will be won!
 an - gels smile up - - on you, Has - - ten then your work of love!
 Temp'-rance, ho - ly al - - tar, Death is yours or vic - to - - ry!

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, JULY 15, 1853.

Mapleton; or More Work for the Maine Law.

As the author of this very valuable book designs it as a contribution toward the attainment of a prohibitory law against the indiscriminate liquor trade, he has wisely chosen the following motto from Blackstone—"The law which restrains a man from doing mischief to his fellow-citizens, though it diminish the natural, increases the civil liberty of mankind."

"Mapleton" is confessedly a work of fiction, not without its substratum of fact; and for the mode of utterance chosen by the author, he has made his own defence in the preface. We concur in that defence, and give the following extract:—

"The parabolic and dramatic style is as old as literature. It was adopted by Him who had lessons of highest import to impart; because truth in action is far more effective than truth in abstraction. Humanity in the story of the good Samaritan, and penitence in that of the Prodigal Son, touch the heart as they could not in the most finished disquisition.

Those who brand every book of the kind as a *novel*, in an offensive sense, are at war with the constitution of our nature. This form of literature meets an instinctive want, which must be met in some way,—if not with sentiments to enlighten, enlarge and ennoble, then with those to weaken, wither and debase. Instead of carping against light literature, it were better to charge it with truths and influences purifying, profound and enduring, and send it abroad on a mission of love to mankind. The evil is not in the use, but in the abuse."

The author of "Mapleton" has traced the history of two families from a certain point in their career. Many other persons are brought before us, and many scenes with which these families were not immediately connected; but we watch as we pass along from scene to scene, and from place to place, to know what becomes of the Durhams and the Douglass', and to ascertain whether the combinations of the rum power will prove an overmatch for the prudence and piety of Mrs. Douglass, whose husband seems to be a doomed victim. The reader will also irresistibly follow poor Charles, whose refinements have made him so very susceptible of mental agony, and whose integrity made him the butt of rum-sellers' malignity and treachery. It is pretty clearly seen, through the whole tragedy, that the cause of all the domestic calamities which befel the respective families, was the legal facility given to make and sell the liquor poison everywhere; and that go where they might, they could not get away from the fangs of the destroyer;—a most literal and faithful description of the state of things throughout our country. We have commended the book, and do so again with special earnestness. We should do great injustice to the author if we were to attempt any extracts, with a view to give the plan of the whole; but there are many paragraphs marked, which serve to show that a master's hand has held the piercing spear of caustic truth. We have a fine hit at tobacco-chewing. A lawyer happens to use the phrase, "quid pro quo" in the presence of a liquor-seller. "This legal quid," says the author, "suggested the idea of his tobacco quid; whereupon, taking out his silver case.

stowed full of the vegetable bane,—like putrefaction in a gilded coffin,—he proceeded to surcharge one of his cheeks till it projected like a wen, and then dropping his head, now soporific from alcohol and tobacco, he sunk into a profound sleep."

At page 169 there is a very fine passage respecting the grievous burdens the wife and children of the drunkard are compelled to bear. The author very beautifully observes:—

"Here'n society is utterly at fault. Those whom it exposes to the danger of fighting its battles, it honors and pensions. Their wounds are honorable, and their death glorious. Their wives and children too are pensioned, and admitted to a distinguished position. Processions are instituted to their honor, and their names are emblazoned to posterity on monumental marble. But how does society deal with those whom it exposes to the greater danger of the licensed liquor-traffic? Alas! their wounds are plague-spots, to warn all to escape them who can. The blotted, crimsoned face, the blood-shot eye, the trembling, tottering step, the filthy, squalid dress, and the relics of a night in the gutter,—these wounds and mementoes of the alcoholic war, which society has waged by its law license,—are they illustrious? Are they honored by pension, place, position? Are they a passport, in the drunkard's family, to distinguished society? No, no! the drunkard's only procession is a retinue of constables, bailiffs and police-officers, conducting him to prison. His children are sent to the penitentiary, his wife to the poor-house; and none so poor or so mean as to do them reverence. O, unjust and cruel society! why this disparity in treatment of those whom your laws expose to danger? Is it that men are free to buy or not buy in your licensed hells? But are they not equally free to fight or not fight your battles? Is it that the danger of your hells is less than that of embattled legions? Directly the contrary is the fact. The United States sacrifices the lives of thirty thousand drunkards annually in the alcoholic war, which it has never done in any of its sanguinary conflicts. The danger to which our liquor-laws expose men is ten-fold greater than that of national warfare. And yet we leave the memory of the drunkard to rot, while that of a fallen hero is emblazoned to all ages. The landlord turns out his drunken customer to die in the streets, and refuses his children an equal position with those whose parents denied him their patronage! Such is the justice of our present liquor-laws and drinking-customs!"

There are a class of persons to whom we would earnestly recommend the reading of "Mapleton." We mean those who have charged us with fanaticism, and a disposition to elevate the Temperance reformation above the religion of Christ. We may safely say that the author of "Mapleton" only reflects the true sentiments of Temperance reformers, when he repudiates all vain attempts at permanent reformation without the influence of Christianity. Yet the fanatical attempts of even Mormons, and others, show that human nature longs for improvement. Referring to certain movements not unknown to modern society in America, our author says:—

"Facts like these are eminently significant. They show how eagerly the heart of man looks and longs for a portion better than earth has to afford. It is not surprising that Utopian ideas of another location, or of the reorganization of society, should beget in multitudes the desire of change. They forget that the evil is within, and must defeat the purpose of change until it is eradicated. None but the great Nazarene ever understood where to begin the work of human improvement. "You must be born again" is a truth which lays the axe at the root of the tree, and provides to eradicate from the heart those passions which generate our woes, and defeat all the ends of outward reformation."

Montreal readers, you can get "Mapleton" at Dawson's. Mind you do get it. We shall conclude our notice with a little sketch. The other day we had occasion to take a railroad ride, about 75 miles. We observed a very intelli-

gent looking gentleman engaged in close reading of a book. Nothing seemed to arrest him from his work of reading—read—read—read. We said, what can that be, so very absorbing? Dear reader, forgive us, we had the ill-manners to peep, and catch the title—it was “Mapleton.” We left the cars, but, on returning next day, the same gentleman was a passenger. Down he sits, opens “Mapleton.” On he reads—on—on. Having read the book, we were not at all surprised, and only wished all other travellers would manifest as much good sense in the selection of their wayside literature.

City Missions.—Kingston.

These latter days betoken a brighter future for the people of this and other lands. Greater efforts are made for the suppression of vice, and the inculcation of virtue. Especially in large cities and towns, Christians and philanthropists are combining to find out the sources of evil, and arrest the folly and madness of mankind. We are glad to know that several of our Canadian cities have formed missions for the purpose of extending “the knowledge of the Gospel, irrespective of denominational peculiarities;” and, to effect this object, employ an agent or missionary to visit, read the Scriptures, distribute tracts, and to hold meetings “for prayer and Christian Instruction.” One good result from these agencies, and that is, the real condition of the poor and degraded classes is brought to light. We have before us the third annual report of the Kingston City Mission. The statements of the Missionary are in many respects appalling, but it is quite certain that intemperance is the prevailing vice, and the parent of most other vices. We make an extract from the 8th page of this Report. Oh, that the authorities of Kingston were all determined on doing what is right, and shut up for ever the grog-shop springs of iniquity. But here is the extract:—

“The intemperance that prevails both in _____ and _____ is truly awful; men and women all drunk, and one lamentable feature is that it is not only at the grog shop that they drink but the bottle is kept at home, and many are constantly more or less under its influence. Drunkenness and its effects meet me at every turn. The amount of drunkenness in this vicinity, both amongst men and women, is incredible. I can scarcely go into a house where I cannot see signs of the recent use of strong drink, the utensils in many cases being concealed at my approach.”

“Saw an old man, upwards of 74 years of age, in a beastly state of intoxication. He had fallen on the board walk and cut his face; I found, on inquiry, that he had been turned out of his lodgings on account of intemperate habits, so said the woman of the house where he had lived, but she herself was under the influence of liquor; what can be said or thought of persons who will minister to the depraved appetite of this poor old man?”

“Met with a woman who has for some time past led a very dissolute life. She said she would gladly reform, but she has no home; her clothes hardly hid her skin; she is lost in filth; no one will take her in, and she asked with tears ‘what can I do?’ She is a Roman Catholic. This woman died in an out-building, October 28th.”

“One family I saw in a truly deplorable state. The man and his wife nearly destitute of clothing, the woman especially. The man was nearly drunk, the woman little better. The man can earn a dollar a day, and yet his wife has not a gown to put on.”

“Passing along—I heard a great uproar, I went in and found that the man was drunk and had upset a large tub of water which completely flooded the room. He had thrust his

poor wife out of the door, and was just about to throw her, box and clothes down the stairs into the street, swearing that she should stay there no longer. I succeeded, after a time, in pacifying him, and he allowed her to bring in the box and begin to clean up the room, when I left, having got him to promise to be quiet. I heard in a subsequent part of the day that he was taken home in a cart in a state of helpless intoxication. Such are the scenes that are almost daily occurring in this neighborhood.”

“_____ said his wife had left home—he was drunk—little boy said he did not know where his mother had gone to. I afterwards saw her in the General Hospital. She and her husband had been drunk and quarreling, and he had struck her and cut her nose in the most dreadful manner. This man had received a fortnight’s wages last week, at 6s. per day, and has been drinking ever since; has lost his work on that account. To such a state of misery is this family reduced by intemperance, that his sister assured me they had not a bed of any description, but lie on the floor.”

Spiritual apathy and moral degradation are the product of intemperance—neglect of public worship, and the growth of error and infidelity are also the results of the same vice, and all traceable to the present permission given to make and sell liquid poison. Look at the following fact from page 10 of the Kingston Report:—

“Called on the husband of the woman mentioned in above extract, and asked him to do something to relieve her from her wretched condition, but he told me ‘he cared no more about her than about a person he had never known, and he would not do anything for her.’ Such want of natural affection I never saw before. What makes the case worse, is that, according to the testimony of persons who have known them both for years, she used to be a very clean, sober woman, and for years suffered much from his drunkenness and brutality, till at last she began to drink herself, and then he left her to shift for herself with two small children.”

Take another fact from page 15, and say whether Canada does not need the Maine Law:—

“July 31st.—Called on a family, the father has been in a state of intoxication for the last 3 weeks, having never been perfectly sober all that time. Conversed with him and left a tract. His family very destitute of clothing. There are two very fine boys who have not been at school for two years; they cannot read, of course attending a place of worship is out of the question.”

We are glad to have had an opportunity of reading this Report. We should have had more pleasure if there had been fewer typographical errors; but even as it is, we trust every house in Kingston will have a copy. We recommend to the conductors of the “City Mission,” that they present a copy to every distiller and liquor-seller. Let these gentlemen see the fruit of their business. Let them know that they are in alliance with the Prince of Darkness in augmenting the force of natural evil, and increasing the misery of mankind.

Friends of the “Kingston City Mission,” go on, and prosper. God will defend you. Your work is a proper and useful one. Go on.

Progress of Legal Suppression in Britain.

No greater evidence need be asked of the truth of our principles than that furnished by the fact of their rapid spread in the midst of opposition and among persons of cultivated minds. Error sometimes makes astonishing progress, but it is sure to be arrested somehow, and must come to one place will take root in another.

The friends of temperance in Glasgow have had a lec-

ture from the Rev. Mr. Gault on the suppression of the Liquor Traffic. Mr. Gault argued that the Church and the Legislature had both failed to do what they ought for the repression of intemperance, and maintained that nothing short of an enactment similar to the Maine Liquor Law would be sufficient to meet the evil. The views of the lecturer called forth the hearty responses of the audience. A resolution in favor of the necessity for a Maine Law in Great Britain was carried unanimously. The meeting was then addressed by the Rev. Manuel Gonsalvez, from Maine, U.S., who heartily supported the resolution.

The Council of the United Kingdom Alliance has adopted the following very comprehensive Constitution:—

I.—This association shall be denominated "The United Kingdom Alliance."

II.—The object of the Alliance shall be to call forth and direct an enlightened Public Opinion to procure the Total and Immediate Legislative Suppression of the Traffic in all Intoxicating Liquors as Beverages.

III.—All persons approving of its object and contributing annually to its funds, shall be deemed members of the Alliance.

IV.—The Alliance shall be under the direction of a President, Vice-Presidents, General Council, and Executive Committee.

V.—The General Council shall be augmented to any extent and in any manner the Executive Committee may direct. The President, Vice-Presidents, and Executive Committee shall be elected at the Meeting of the General Council, to be held in the month of October, in each year. The Executive Committee shall consist of members of the General Council, and shall meet as often as may be deemed expedient, to adopt and carry out all advisable means for promoting the object of the Alliance.

VI.—Members of the General Council, as such, shall not be held liable for any debts contracted on behalf of the Alliance; and no funds of the association shall be disbursed, nor any liability incurred, except under a minute of the Executive Committee.

VII.—The Alliance, basing its proceedings on broad and catholic grounds, shall, at all times, recognise its ultimate dependence for success on the blessing of "Almighty God."

The Executive Committee has sent an address to the friends of Temperance in New Brunswick, dated June 1, 1853. From that document we make an extract or two, and feel assured they will be read with interest and advantage:—

"We need not," says the committee, "herein descant on the evils connected with and resulting from the Liquor traffic. You have seen its iniquities, and can understand better than we can describe its vile and horrible atrocities. With you, as with us, that traffic is now recognised by its fruits as a Social and Moral Upas-tree, shedding a blight over the fairest fields of Christian civilisation.

"Strange! that a traffic like this should ever have been sanctioned by law and tolerated by public sentiment. How can those, whose duty it is to conserve and augment the interest of society, seek, for the paltry purpose of a doubtful increase of revenue, to perpetuate and extend a system so degrading in its tendency, and so suicidal in its operations? When will those who assume the prerogative, or are delegated to the offices of power, learn to estimate the health, the virtue, and the elevation of a people, as the true conditions, and only sure signs, of the prosperity and dignity of a state?

"We rejoice to know that the Legislature of New Brunswick has given to the world a noble proof alike of its patriotism and of its political sagacity. To you and to your rulers will attach the honour of having inaugurated this grand practical reform within the spacious realm of Great Britain. The title and preamble of your Anti-Liquor Traffic Enactment are all we could wish; though there is one exceptionable clause in its provisions in favour of malt liquor and cider, we cannot but rejoice and congratulate you in respect to the principle you have affirmed and the wide basis you

have laid. We trust you will soon be able, as we doubt not you will be equally willing, to suppress all the facilities and means of intoxication. Could your Legislature read the history of the British Beer Bill of 1829, as traced out in its manifold and manifest results of Crime and Pauperism, Insanity and Disease, they would pause ere they invited so great a flood of social turbulence and public demoralisation. Look to it, friends, we beseech you, in time, lest the good results of your past efforts be counterbalanced by equal if not preponderating evils."

"On the 14th February last, the Provisional Committee of the United Kingdom Alliance resolved to send out an address, privately, to some of the leading friends of Temperance and Social reform, proposing that an organisation should be formed, having for its distinct and declared object the Total Legislative Suppression of the Entire Traffic in all Intoxicating Liquors.

"The Committee did not calculate on being able to secure more than fifty names before the scheme was put before the public. But having earnestly considered the matter, they firmly resolved that if but fifty good men and true would join their standard, they would raise the cry of entire suppression. Feeling, however, the vast and momentous character of the work they were undertaking, the Committee deemed it wise, when fifty names were obtained, to proceed with their canvass until they could secure one hundred. Having one hundred adhesions, they were encouraged to think it more than possible that one hundred and fifty, if not two hundred, could be got for the first list of General Council. In order to accomplish this, and in other respects to consolidate their plans and augment their means and appliances for future action and agitation, the Committee determined to defer the convocation of General Council until the coming autumn, at which time the Alliance is to be publicly inaugurated.

The following letter from a member of the British-Parliament we give entire, hoping it will be read by every member of the Canadian Legislature, and every elector also. May the Almighty raise up in Canada many such men as Heyworth to co-operate with our own Cameron for the accomplishment of legal suppression:—

To the Editor of the Weekly News and Chronicle.

SIR.—I have read with great pleasure the manifesto of the Manchester Alliance for the Legal Suppression of Intemperance, and sincerely do I hope it may be received by the public, and be as heartily approved of by all our countrymen as it is by me. Let no one's heart faint in prosecuting the achievement of the great moral, intellectual, and spiritual reformation which total abstinence from the use of intoxicating beverages will accomplish.

It is one of the next great steps in advance of civilisation and of human elevation, which the ethics of pure Christianity, and the rapid enlightenment of the age, demand, in aid of man's upward struggle from the thralldom of his brute animal instincts into the enlightened intelligence of his spiritual regeneration.

Perfect and universal sobriety will disperse the darkness of ignorance, and will be the happy precursor of every physical, moral, and spiritual good to the family; and already this happy condition of society looms brightly in the dawning horizon of the Temperance Movement, and with the brilliancy of an augmenting light, that augurs and ensures at an early future its noonday consummation.

The rapid and wide spread progress of Temperance principles, the blessings they scatter wherever adopted, and the bright hopes they inspire, justify fully, to my mind, the organization of the "United Kingdom Alliance to procure the Legislative Suppression of the Traffic in Intoxicating Drinks."

LAWRENCE HEYWORTH.

Reform Club, Pall Mall, June 21, 1853.

League Meetings.

The "Canadian Prohibitory Liquor Law League" may now be considered as a great fact, destined to produce great results in the country and in the Legislature. We have before us Tract No. 1, being an official Report of the proceedings of the Convention of the League, held in S.

Catherines, on the 24th and 25th of May, 1853. The substance of what is in this pamphlet we have already printed, particularly the constitution and the manifesto of the League.

Numerous meetings have been held in the country for the purpose of forming branches. We are glad of this, and hope every village, hamlet, town, township, and city will have an active branch.

By the *Guelph Herald* we are informed of a meeting, held in the Court House of that town, for the purpose of securing the co-operation of the electors of the County of Wellington. There were thirty delegates present, and over a dozen Magistrates. Suitable resolutions were passed of the true Maine Law type, and an address to the electors of the County adopted. The working resolutions were in the words following:—

Resolved.—That the members of this Convention, in their associated and individual capacities, pledge themselves to use their influence and to exercise their political privileges to secure the return of representatives in the Provincial Parliament who will aid in the procurement of a Prohibitory Liquor Law.

Resolved.—That this Convention respectfully urges on the friends of Temperance in the other Counties of Canada, the duty of taking prompt and energetic action in promulgating the principle for which "the League" contends, in advocating its propriety, and in preparing the country to demand and enforce a Prohibitory Liquor Law.

Many other meetings have been held in different parts of the country, and we beg now to say that all authenticated Reports of League meetings will be attended to and inserted as far as practicable. It will be of service to the League and to the country to know that at the Wesleyan Conference, held last month in Hamilton, C. W., the following resolution was passed:—

Resolved.—That this Conference, while it cordially approves of the principles of the Temperance Reformation, is deeply convinced that the License System, as it at present exists, is one of the most formidable obstacles to the success of that cause; and viewing a prohibitory law as the only effectual remedy for the evils of intemperance, most respectfully and earnestly urges upon the Legislature of Canada the necessity of enacting, at its next Session, a law similar to the provisions of the Bill which was introduced at the last Session of Parliament, for suppressing the ordinary traffic in intoxicating liquors.

From Lachute we have received the following, dated 8th July, and signed "Filius":—

Believing that all action, however humble or remote in the cause of Temperance, is of interest to you and your readers, I take my rustic pen to inform you and them, that we in this "far north," where "not long erst," good Ussquebaugh was both made and drank, are "up and doing" in the great, good, and progressive work of "Reform in drinking usages."

On the 7th inst., (as beautiful a day as ever smiled on earth) several Divisions of the Sons of Temperance—namely:—St. Andrews, Wellington, (of Point Fortune) Chatham Divisions, and the Dalesville Temperance Union, with wives, daughters, &c. &c., a sober but gay and lively host of beauteous living arguments of the cause, were the happy guests of a pic-nic given at Lachute by the Victoria Division, No. 10, S. of T. I have seen and pecked at

many a pic-nic in my day, but never one which passed off so well as this. Good feeling, good feeding, good speaking, good singing, good arrangements, in fact all of the best, and a good hearty welcome from "brothers" and sisters well met for a good object, made each and all there feel truly that it was good for us to be there.

The meeting, comprising about 500 all "plaided and plumed" in Temperance array, was called to order by Mr. Kneeshaw, the (I believe) G. W. P. of the order of S. of T. in Canada East. On motion by him, Major Barren was called to, and took the Chair as (I believe) D. G. W. P. After some felicitous and enthusiastically applauded remarks from the deservedly esteemed Chairman, Mr. Kneeshaw stated that the immediate object of the meeting was the organization of a branch or branches of the Canadian Prohibitory Liquor Law League. At his suggestion, and on the call of the Chairman, Mr. McLeod, Advocate, read and explained the constitutional rules of the League, and also the Bill on the subject, submitted to Parliament by the Hon. M. Cameron in the last session.

The advocacy of the cause was ably, eloquently and apparently impressively enforced by the Reverend speakers on the occasion; these were the Rev. Messrs. Henderson, Constable, King, Huntingdon, and Dempsey.

Steps were forthwith taken for the establishment of branches of the League. Lachute has the honor of taking the initiative in this matter in this neighbourhood. As a Son of St. Andrew's Division, I felt a little vexed in finding the van of our battalion taken by (I believe) a younger Division; but the batteries opened on our appetites and hearts by the Ladies (Sisters I presume they are in the cause) who excelled even themselves on the occasion, silenced all hostility and envy. United, we'll advance and conquer,—such seems to be the general feeling here. As to the League, more anon.

There is Money for all.

The constant *click, click* of the hammer, the clear ring of the trowel, the quick step on the side-walks, the high price of meat, fish and vegetables, the rise of wages, all tell for the demand for labour and the abundance of money. Yes, there is money plenty—money for all. We are glad of it—glad, because we are pleased to think that there is comfort for every one who chooses to labour. We toil for the benefit of the masses—we desire to know that the larder of the humblest is well supplied, that his wife is cheerful, his children well clothed and suitably educated. We have said there is money for all, but on second thought, we fear we have been too hasty; for it seems that there are some of the subscribers to this Paper that have not yet felt the influence of the quickened circulation; alas, that it should be so! We know it because there are many whose accounts are of long standing who have as yet made no overtures, shown no disposition to pay, and we cannot think that anything but absolute inability would prevent the subscribers to a Temperance paper from settling their bills. They must know that paper, ink, and type cost us something, to say nothing about the labour, and we seldom stumble upon those who are willing to work for us for the mere fun of the thing.

I thank fortune, there are some men in the Temperance ranks who do not require to be asked for money, and some

who only wait for a hint that their subscriptions are needed to grease the wheels of the Press, to cause them to give immediate attention to our claims. To this, we take the opportunity to say that it will not be taken as an offence if they send in their advance by next mail even though it should put us to the expense of employing an extra hand to count the money. *Bis dat qui cito dat*, is an old proverb which, with a slight alteration may be construed—he pays twice who pays promptly.

We get quite annoyed sometimes at the way in which some Editors or Publishers are continually dunning their subscribers. It seems to us as though the honest man, who had long ago paid for his paper, must be vexed at finding himself in the company of those who require so much dunning.—Now, though we don't like always to be at it, yet we hide not the fact that we have a few delinquents,—just a few,—from whom we should like to get the needful. For their sakes, as well as for our own, we copy the above from the *Temperance Telegraph*, St. Johns, N.B. We do not exactly believe that “he pays twice who pays promptly,” but we do believe that a prompt payer is worthy of “double honor.” Reader, if you owe anything to the printer, please to send it on.

Send out the Truth.

The following extract from a letter received by a gentleman in Philadelphia, from W. Tweedie, Esq., London, shows the importance of sound literature, and the good a great mind can accomplish. Mr. Tweedie, influenced by Mr. Barnes, may yet move all England. Mr. Tweedie is an extensive publisher, and proprietor of a first class weekly paper, devoted to temperance and progress:—

Weekly News and Chronicle Office,
337 Strand, London, April 18, 1853. }

E. W. Jackson, Philadelphia.—My Dear Sir:—“I am this day favored by yours of the 5th instant, and I am exceedingly glad to hear of your great progress with the principle of the Maine Law. I had great doubts about the policy of that law, until I read the masterly discourse of your townsman, the Rev. Albert Barnes, ‘The Throne of Iniquity,’ (I have since put into circulation 20,000 copies of the Sermon, the Throne of Iniquity,) which, by great persuasion, I got him again to deliver last autumn, to the most crowded audience ever brought together to hear of Temperance, in London. Its effect was salutary, and it caused active discussion where it did not convince. That discourse settled the matter with me. I am now, therefore, determined to use the few talents and the small amount of influence with which I am entrusted, to create a public feeling in England, which I hope soon to see demanding something like a Maine Law.”

I am yours, most truly,

W. TWEEDIE.

The Tribune Printing Office.

We have often commended the *Tribune* as a first rate general newspaper, and as a valuable auxiliary to the Temperance cause. It will be seen that the establishment is one of the most extensive in the United States. We announced some time ago the enlargement of the sheet, but now we give an account of its practical business arrangements. It is condensed by the *Massachusetts Life Boat*, and introduced thus:—

Few persons have any idea of the amount of talent, labor, and expense required to conduct a daily newspaper establishment in our large cities. No other business, mercantile, mechanical or

professional, needs anything like the same investment of either, to be successfully prosecuted; and yet, with all this vast expenditure of means, newspapers are often hazardous ventures, and rarely lucrative to the extent frequently attained in other pursuits. Of all the printing offices in the United States, from which a paper is issued, that of the *New York Tribune* is perhaps the most complete. The publishers have recently issued a Directory, giving the number and the names of its employees, from which we make the following recapitulation, under the expectation that the fact it embraces will prove as curious and interesting to our readers generally, as they certainly were to us:—

The force daily employed upon the *Tribune* consists of 1 Editor, 10 Assistant Editors, 13 Reporters, 30 Correspondents, 1 Publisher, 6 Clerks, 1 Foreman of the Composing Room, 7 Assistant Foremen, 32 Regular Compositors, 4 Proof Readers, 4 Office-Boys, 1 Foreman of Press Room, 2 Assistants, 10 Feeders, 2 Engineers, 3 Wrapper-writers, 6 occupied in the Mail-room, and 25 Carriers—Total, 174.

Of the Assistant Editors, 1, (C. A. Dana) is General and Foreign; 1, (George Ripley) Literary; 1, (Bayard Taylor, formerly of Pennsylvania) Travelling; 1, (George M. Snow) Commercial; 3, J. F. Cleveland, Donald C. Henderson, and Alexander W. Thayer) Domestic News; 1, (William Newman) Ship News; 1, (Franklin J. Ottatson) City News. Of the Reporters, 5 are of Police, 2 of Lectures, 2 of General News, 1 of the Courts, 1 of Aldermen's proceedings, 1 of Fires, 1 of Meetings, 1 of Williamsburgh items, 1 of Jersey City, and 1 of Brooklyn. Of the Correspondents, 1 writes from London, 1 from Dublin, 1 from Liverpool, 1 from Paris, 1 from Constantinople, 1 from Philadelphia, 2 from Washington, 1 from Albany, 1 from the Plains, 1 from Mexico, 1 from Havana, 1 from California, 1 from Toronto, 10 Irregular, and 2 Telegraphic Reporters. Thomas M'Elrath, Esq., recently of Lancaster county, and a native of Pennsylvania, is the Publisher.

The establishment is owned by the following 14 persons:—Horace Greeley, the Chief Editor; Thomas M'Elrath, Publisher; Charles A. Dana, James S. Pike, George Ripley, Bayard Taylor, George M. Snow, and J. F. Cleveland, Assistant Editors; Samuel Sinclair, Robert M. Streibigh, (formerly of Pennsylvania) and James Cuthell, Clerks; Thomas M. Rourke, Foreman of the Composing Room; Geo. Hall, Foreman of the Press Room; and Patrick Rourke, one of the Engineers in the Press Room. It is understood that the first two own about two thirds of the establishment.

Case of High Wines.

Startle not, gentle Temperance reader, at the heading of this article. We simply wish to make you acquainted with a few facts, in which its unenviable qualities have been made eminently successful in the destruction and misery of individuals who, but for its Satanic properties, might have been useful, respectable, and honorable members of civil and religious society.

These the writer wishes to be added to your stock of terrible facts, which, when you witness the display of wealth and influence those who deal in them make, shall satisfy you more than ever of the immense cost to the public at which these are nourished, and of the paramount necessity for a law to terminate the desolating process by which a few fatten upon the miseries and ruin of the many, under cover of old stale fallacies and law.

An individual who once moved in a respectable sphere, and was engaged in a prospering business, by the usual method of moderate, respectable drinking, became ensnared in the Alcoholic man-trap so firmly that he could neither hold his property nor his business, but lost both. Alcohol held him in its vice-like grip, and from one fit of debauch to another he proceeded until he had no sooner earned a few pence than he ran to the respectable venders

of high wines, who of course had nothing to do with his conduct or its consequences. Finding the ill effects which the tyranny of Alcohol produced upon his circumstances, as is usually the case, instead of throwing off his shackles, joining the Temperance band, and becoming free, he gave way to the Mohammedan delusion of fate, crying out, "My mother died a drunkard, and so must I." In these fits of madness he was led to commit a breach of the peace, and being brought before the Police Court, was consigned to the Palace where all distinctions are levelled, and whence, it is reported, "people come out worse than they go in." Finding this incarceration a pleasanter business than he at first expected, he thought less of a breach of the peace in his next fit than he had done before; and as the magistrates, according to their sage practice in the city of the King's Mountain, consigned him repeatedly to a few weeks or months residence in the same agreeable abode of vagabond tutelage, he was no sooner thrown out of this exciting process, than King Alcohol excited him to the one which returned him to the peace and security which St. Mary's Palace insured. Under the lawful and social influence of rum's great monarch, he proceeded to break open the box in which his wife had a few shillings, the wages of her own hard labor, for her own and his family's sustenance; and on her remonstrance, to fly at her with an axe, and almost break her skull, inflicting ghastly wounds upon her head and face. This process he has now become such an adept in conducting, that he can calculate to a certainty upon the time he shall come to town again from his country residence, and when the carriage shall await his return; so that he has the satisfaction of bidding adieu to the Governor of the chateau with the certainty of again paying his respects to him in a few days.

Here, then, is a case of high wines, manufactured from a man of good education, who might and would have been at this moment a respectable clerk or warehouseman, and a peaceful, useful member of society, into a beast and fiend; a curse to himself, his family, his neighbors, and the whole community, at whose expense he is now lodged, clothed, fed, and educated in habits yet more dangerous and revolting, by the "stews which law has licensed" for the emolument of their patrons, the large importers and venders.

The Maine Law would, in this case, have incidentally prevented the importation and sale, and certainly the retail, of the poison which has inflicted such injury upon an individual and the community. More facts may be given in your next, by

A SON OF TEMPERANCE.

Prize Essays.

The Executive Committee of the CANADIAN PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW LEAGUE offer a Prize of £25 for the best Essay, and £12 10s for the second best Essay, on "The Nature and Objects of the Canadian Prohibitory Liquor Law League: embracing also, full and reliable Statistical information upon the Extent, Expense, and Results, of the Liquor Traffic in Canada." The essays not to contain more than from 64 to

96 pages octavo, letter-press: to be written in a fair, legible hand, and sent in to the secretary (post-paid) on or before the 15th day of October next.

Each Essay must have a motto, and be accompanied by a sealed letter containing the address of the writer, and also the motto by which the Essay is distinguished.

The committee have much pleasure in stating that the Rev. Dr. RYERSON, Superintendent of Common Schools for Canada, the Rev. Professor LILLIE, and the Rev. Professor TAYLOR, have kindly consented to become adjudicators. The Committee feel assured that these names will be a sufficient guarantee to the public, of ability, probity, and discrimination; and they leave it with them to determine whether any of the Essays sent in are worth the prizes offered.

Your friendly notice of this will oblige, respectfully yours,

G. P. URE, Secretary.

Literary Notices and Exchanges.

We regret to be compelled again to omit many Literary notices, and references to new papers and contemporary improvements; but we can't help it. We will try next issue to do justly to Publishers and Editors. In the mean time recollect every thing in this number is worth reading.

QUEBEC CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTES ON THE LIQUOR SELLERS' PETITION.

(CONTINUED)

No. 5.

To the Editor of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*.

MR. EDITOR,—“That your petitioners regard the Bill, now before your Honorable House, as being eminently predicated upon the erroneous assumption, that the majority of the inhabitants of Canada have reached a degree of moral degradation which places them beyond the reach of admonition and reform by the precepts of religion and morality, and renders them no longer amenable to the Civil or Municipal Laws of their country; and that your petitioners would greatly deplore that so unjust a sentence upon the character of an honorable and virtuous people should be inscribed on the statute book of Canada.”

The above is a *verbatim* copy of the second paragraph of the petition under consideration, and contains, to my mind, strong evidence of the ignorance of the petitioners in reference to the extent to which the use of intoxicating drinks as beverages is caused in "this Canada," as well as of the rival nature and properties of those drinks themselves. This ignorance arising, as I stated in a former number, from sheer apathy, or perhaps more properly, from a determination not to form any acquaintance with the subject.—That from one or the other of these two causes results that ignorance, is evident from the fact, that when we ask some individuals if they know anything about a late temperance meeting, you will get a reply, either "I have no business at such meetings," or "I do not wish, by my presence, to identify myself with this movement." These are some of the reasonings of the class of men to which the petitioners belong. I leave you, Mr. Editor, to decide upon their worth.

But to return—I deny that the Bill is founded on any "assumption" at all. It is based on the incontrovertible fact, that under

the cover of License laws, the land is deluged with a poison as sure in its effects as arsenic or prussic acid; a poison so subtle that men become, ere they are aware of it, so caught by its effects that like the bird in the net, there is no escape. Nor is the use—(abuse is the proper term)—* of intoxicating beverages, confined to one class—all classes are tainted with it—the high as well as the low—the rich as well as the poor—the learned as well as the illiterate—the professional man as well as the mechanic—the statesman as well as the meanest subject—among them all has the cup been introduced; so that the question has been asked, and men have been challenged to show whether there is *one single family* on this vast continent which can truly boast of not having suffered, directly or indirectly by the awful scourge, strong drink.

Until I have *satisfactory proof* to the contrary, I shall maintain my position—that strong drinks are a universal plague—that its victims are about as universally deaf to “the precepts of religion and morality”—that the present “Civil and Municipal Laws of the Country” are insufficient to stop its progress—and that it will be one of the brightest days that ever dawned on this Province, when the Maine Law shall be found “on the Statute Book of Canada.”

No QUARTER.

Quebec, 1853.

It is difficult in these days of scientific discoveries to decide of what use alcohol is at all; it is even now superseded in chemistry by other harmless agencies.

List of Moneys received from persons residing out of Montreal, on account of *Canada Temperance Advocate* :—

- 1851.—Vaughan, J T 2s 6d; Toronto, S A 2s 6d; St. Andrews, D D 2s 6d.
- 1852.—Dundas, A R 2s 6d; Cooksville, J W 2s 6d, E C 5s; Brooklin, J C 2s 6d; Kincardine, Mr McK 2s 6d; Kingston, E S £1 15s; Martintown, A S 2s 6d; Freligsburg, J H S, 17s 6d, C B H 2s 6d; Cherry Valley, R S 2s 6d; Brockville, F L L 2s 6d; Embro, D L D 2s 6d, W A 2s 6d, Rev D McK 2s 6d, Miss L R 2s 6d, N P A 2s 6d, M C 2s 6d; Ingersoll, J B, 2s 6d; Toronto, S A 2s 6d; Carbonear, Rev J N 5s, E S P 2s 6d, Dr J T 2s 6d, R P 2s 6d; Brigus, Nfld, W T S £1 10s; St. Johns, Nfld, H W 5s; Trenholmvile, J T 2s 6d, E T 2s 6d; Abbotsford, O S 2s 6d; Vankleek Hill, D McK, 2s 6d; St. Eustache, W S 2s 6d; St. Michael, Rev M F 2s 6d.
- 1853.—Dundas, A R 2s 6d; Milton, J W C 2s 6d; Cheltenham, D K 2s 6d, R B 2s 6d, A McL 2s 6d, W P 2s 6d, J McE 2s 6d; Stanstead, S P 2s 6d; Williamstown, Miss McN 2s 6d, J F 2s 6d; Cooksville, J E 2s 6d, J G 2s 6d, H F M 2s 6d; London, Rev J S 5s, D McK 5s, D Y D 2s 6d; Fort Hope, G M 2s 6d; Brome, L M K 2s 6d, A W 2s 6d; Colbourne, J G 2s 6d; Haldimand, W F 2s 6d, J G M 2s 6d; Burford, J S 2s 6d; Kincardine, Mr McK 2s 6d; Perrytown, J D 2s 6d, J S 2s 6d, F McK 2s 6d, A C 2s 6d; Lachute, J McO 2s 6d; Bolton, G B £1; Cold Water, B W 2s 6d; Errol, W W 2s 6d, W R 2s 6d, J T 2s 6d; Phillipsburgh, H M R 2s 6d, H J 2s 6d; Vaughan, E F 2s 5d, A J 2s 6d, J P 2s 6d; Lachine, J O 2s 6d; Morrisburgh, H N 2s 6d, C De C 2s 6d; Raleigh, S D 2s 6d, S S 2s 6d, G T 2s 6d, H V 3s 6d; Stanstead, U D 2s 6d; Lochaber, G L P 2s 6d; Kingston, Rev J G 2s 6d, Mr P 2s 6d, C S 2s 6d, Mr K 2s 6d; Granby, P H 2s 6d; England, Captain S P T 5s; Lochaber, A McD 7d; Petite Nation, A H 2s 6d; Perth, F D L 2s 6d, J McC 2s 6d; Dalhousie, N B, F M 2s; Newmarket, T N 2s 6d, J B 2s 6d; St Catherine's, Mr S 2s 6d; Ridge Town, R G 2s, R H 2s, R M 2s, E D 2s, W M 2s, H G 2s, A N 2s, T R 2s, G F R 2s, R Y 2s; Wick, J B 2s 6d, Mr McK 1s 3d; Napanee, J S 2s, M S 2s 6d, I T 2s 6d, B C 2s 6d, C D 2s 6d; Chambly, H D 2s 6d; Bowmanville, H O H 2s 6d; Sorel, A F 2s 6d; Oshawa, T A 2s 6d; Granby, C R 2s 6d, A McK 2s 6d; Charlottetown, P E I, Revd Mr R 2s 6d, J M 2s 6d, B W 2s 6d, M McD 2s 6d; Colbourne, J H K 2s 6d, T W 2s 6d; Embro, M C 2s 6d; Bytown, J D 2s 6d; Brockville Division, No 1, 5s; Brockville, F L L 2s 6d; Clarence,

- G B R 2s 6d; Embro, D L D 2s 6d; Canboro, W D G J 2s 6d, S V J 2s 6d, W B 2s 6d; Harlem, J J 2s 6d; Toronto, S A 2s 6d, Mr P 2s 6d; Three Rivers, Mr A 2s 6d; Belleville, J I 2s 6d; Kingston, J H 2s 6d; Centre Augusta, H McL £1 2s 6d; Toronto, E F W 5s; Edwardsburgh, T O N 2s 6d; Carbonear, Rev J N 2s 6d, E S P 2s 6d; Dr J T 2s 6d, R P 2s 6d; St. Johns, Nfld, H W 2s 6d; Warsaw, T C £2 10s; Chatham, R W 2s 6d; Saugeen, J & H W 2s 6d; Adams Village, N Y, Capt W M 2s 6d; Winchester, T T 2s 6d; Port Lewis, S B B C 2s 6d; Pointe-a-Cavignol, E P G, 2s 6d; Pakenham, Rev F B 3s 9d; Melbourn, H K 2s 6d; Durham, J A 2s 6d, J M 2s; Trenholmvile, J T 1s 3d, E T 2s 6d; Bytown, C K 2s 6d; Napanee, E S 2s 6d; Woodstock, (N.B.) J McL, £3 10s; Abbotsford, OS 2s 6d; London, J R 2s 6d; Lobo, L B 2s 6d; Belleville, M S 2s 6d; Richmond Hi), W H 2s 6d; Smithville, G W G 1s 3d; Dunham Flats, L F L 2s 6d; Brome Corners, H A L, 2s 6d; Waterdown, J H 1s 3d, W H 1s 3d, F R 1s 3d, A R 1s 3d, J L 1s 3d; Ancaster, H J 1s 3d, R M 1s 3d; Waterdown, Rev J M 1s 3d; Demorestville, J D 2s 6d, Dr V 2s 6d; Cumminsville, R B T 2s 6d, J C 2s 6d; Saint Michael, Revd M F 2s 6d; Saint Eustache, W S 2s 6d; Albion, G B £1.

Why do You not Gather?

A LAY TO THE LADIES.

Why do you not gather to join us, dear ladies,
More freely than yet you have ventured to do?
You know far too well that the publican's trade is
Most fatal to homes, to your babies and you.
The matrons of old, when their lords were in danger,
Would offer themselves as a hostage for them;
A narrow self-love to their breasts was a stranger,
When danger assailed that the ladies could stem.
When first you were led blushing maids to the altar,
The one anxious thought that most troubled your mind
Was whether strong drink would not make your hopes falter,
By changing your husbands to toppers unkind.
But what have you done to induce circumspection,
To strengthen their souls when temptation assailed?
Have you tried to break each polluting connection,
And always stood pure when their virtue has failed?
Have you never wiled them to low pot-house dances,
Where praise of base deeds and debauchery rings,
Where passion-fraught drink and lascivious glances
Are bandied about as the dearest of things?
How many a youth with keen anguish now traces
His fall into some bitter life-clouding scrape
To drink and his visits to such horrid places!
The miracle is that so many escape.
O, would that the love and the physical beauty
Of those who are making or marring mankind—
Their caution, their shrewdness, their feelings of duty—
Were always adorn'd by bright vigor of mind!
The poets have sung about female perfection
In temper, in conduct, in manners, in dress;
A being so rare should be kept for inspection;
We are all imperfect, and all must progress.
Some parents have thought that their children would bless them,
Believing their talents would honor the land;
But drink made their lives what could only distress them,
And sent them away to a convict-gorged strand.
You've heard the old sot in his loud midnight rapping;
You've heard the lewd girl and young toper's vile tongue;
Oh, did you not know that the dear hearth-stone sipping
Was just the vile seed whence this infamy sprung?
Eye ruined the world by her lax self-denial;
You, who have the next generation to nurse,
Are put by strong drink to a similar trial;
Show how you had spread the princival curse.
Dear ladies! 'tis you whom Jehovah commissions
To train up the young for a holier sphere;
Oh, do not, in spite of all risks and petitions,
Thus re-curse the world for a pitcher of beer.

THOMAS FEATHERSTONE.

Label for a Wine Decanter.

Port wine, the child of the decomposition
Of precious fruit, and sent on Satan's mission.
Though sent so harmless from Jehovah's hand,
I'm now the bane of every Christian and
The god may tremble for low drunkards sin;
I stand the rival of both beer and gin.
Men boast of and exhibit me with pride,
Although I kill their brothers at their side.
In this the Christian seems a soulless Turk—
But push me round to do my master's work.

—British Temperance Advocate.

T. F.

Miscellaneous Table Talk Topics.

— The dilapidated condition of the Democratic party in this State at the present moment, reminds us of the story of an unfortunate "cullud pussun," which has been handed down to us by the negro melodists. "You see," says Bones, in the performance, "de unfortnit indiwidow will, fuses place, tumble out de winder and break his neck; in he hasty descent, he fall, accidentally, in a cistern ob water, an' drown hisself. Den de coroner, he call a jury, and de jury sot on him, and squashed him!" —Prov.

— "I am rich enough," says Pope to Swift, "and can afford to give away a hundred pounds a year. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoying it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough for a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground."

WORTH REMEMBERING.—A small lamp with a single tube and wick, such as is used for burning fluid, if filled with chloric ether, and lighted, will disinfect a sick room, a ratty parlor, or other "odorous" places, in a very few minutes.

RUMSELLER, LOOK AT THAT!—A mother, with an infant at her breast, was seen sitting on the steps of our office, in a state of intoxication. A crowd had gathered around her, and officer Potter appeared to be inducing her to choose between going to the watch-house, and her home. We would like for some one of our "good-temperance-men-as-anybody," who are opposed to all legal restraint on the liquor traffic, and in favor of taking a little now and then, to imagine that woman to have been his sister, and in view of such a deplorable condition, hear the arguments he would use in favor of the right of a liquor dealer to make that woman drunk.—*Providence Advocate.*

SAVE YOUR EARNINGS.—The practice which apprentices, clerks, and others, have of spending their earnings as fast as they accumulate, is one great reason why so many never attain a position above mediocrity in life. A person who receives but a small compensation for his service, will, with a little care over his exchequer, and a system of regularity in his expenditures, find that, at the end of the year, he is prepared to encounter any emergency or mishap. But, as a general thing, they manage to get rid of their earnings quite as quick as they become due, thus leaving them wholly unprepared for emergencies. A system of curtailing unnecessary expenses, if adopted by our younger folks, would bring around the most happy and gratifying results, and be the means of raising to eminence and standing in society many who now have contracted the habit of parting with their earnings so readily and foolishly—for the habit of keeping continually in debt, begets indifference and dissipation, a lack of self-respect, and an utter disregard for future prospects. The real cause for a great deal of crime may be traced to the habit of a foolish expenditure of money in early days.

— We once heard an injured daughter invoke the flames of Heaven upon the ruin shop where her father was being murdered by inches, and her hard earnings spent for rum. The weeping girl spoke the language of nature. Her bleeding heart beat in every word. She toiled with her needle until worn and weary, and her father squandered the hard earnings at the tavern. The rum-seller knew from whence the money came. But he sold the victim rum until the grave placed him beyond his power. Were woman to have her wish, destruction, swift and sweeping, would fall upon every slaughter house in the land. She has been injured too deeply to feel less intensely upon the subject.—*Cayuga Chief.*

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

Compiled for Montreal Witness, 13th July.

ASHES.—27s 10½d to 28s for Pots. 27s to 27s 3d for Pearls. Inquired for.

FLOUR.—Superfine 20s 9d to 21s 3d. The news by American steamer has made the market firmer.

WHEAT in demand. Sales of good U. C. 5s 3d.

PEAS AND BARLEY.—Nothing doing.

OATS declined to 1s 7d, which price sellers refuse.

PROVISIONS AND BUTTER.—Nothing doing.

BANK STOCKS.—No alteration since last week.

RAILROAD STOCKS.—Are quiet.

MINING CONSOLS.—34s to 35s.

BANK EXCHANGE.—10 on London and ½ on New York.

HARDWARE.—Bar Iron, a shade lower, may be quoted at 15s 6d to 16s. Pig Iron not much in market, price asked £6 10s but expected to be higher before any fresh arrivals. Tin Plates dull.

Perseverance Tent, No. 107, I. O. of B.

GRAND TEMPERANCE EXCURSION

OVER THE

CHAMPLAIN AND ST. LAWRENCE RAILROAD,

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1853.

PASSING through the Towns of St. Johns, Rouse's Point, and Swanton; the Railroad Stations of Lacolle, Alburgh Springs, across the Richelieu River and Missisquoi Bay, to the

BEAUTIFUL TOWN OF ST. ALBANS, VERMONT.

A distance of 71 miles, being 24 miles beyond the Lines, without change of Cars.

To leave Montreal by the ST. LAMBERT FERRY, at HALF-PAST SEVEN in the Morning, and arrive at Montreal, on returning, at HALF-PAST EIGHT in the Evening.

BANDS OF MUSIC will accompany, and all necessary arrangements will be made to insure safety, order, and general satisfaction.

Ladies' Tickets, 1s 10½d; Gentlemen's Tickets, 3s 1½d. To be had at Messrs. A. Savage & Co., S. Jones Lyman & Co., and Bro. Robert Dean's, Notre Dame Street; Messrs. William Lyman & Co., St. Paul Street; and Bro. Robert Irwin, McGill Street, July 9.

UNION TEMPERANCE HOUSE,

PORT LEWIS.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the friends of Temperance and the Public in general, that he has opened a TEMPERANCE HOUSE at that Port, beautifully situated on the South Shore of Lake St. Francis, and trusts by strict attention to the comfort of TRAVELLERS, to make it a desirable resting place, and thereby merit a share of Public Patronage.

The Subscriber begs leave to return his sincere thanks to the public for the patronage which he received last season, and to state that his

OMNIBUS

continues to run this season, and will leave the Post Office, Hamilton, every MONDAY and THURSDAY at half past Nine o'clock, A. M., in time for the Steamer Fashion on her downward trip, and to leave Port Lewis immediately after the arrival of the Fashion on her upward trip, on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

WILLIAM H. BOWRON, Proprietor.

Port Lewis, 7th June, 1853.

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. BROOKER, Office, 22, Great St. James-St.; Residence, Brunswick-St., Beaver Hall, Montreal.