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CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

DEVOTED TO

Total Abstinence, Legal Prohibition, and Social Progress.

Vol. XX.]

MONTREAL, JULY 15, 1854.

[No. 14.

The Reformed Rum-seller.

BY J. H. CORNYN.

(From *Wild Dick, or the Rum-seller's Victim.*)

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Wine's rod to aple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the blight of that malignant star,
And waged with virtue an eternal war?"

"I have been in the business," said a reformed rum-seller, "in the best, but never in the worst places, and I know what it is, and to what it tends, notwithstanding the eloquent pleadings of its apologists. I know what it is in the capitals of the largest States in the Union, and in the capital of the nation."

"Well, what do you think of it?" said a less than half-persuaded philanthropist, who found it impossible to satisfy himself that rum was not among the necessities of life. "I think, sir," said he, "that it is degrading to him who engages in it, and that of all other employments, it is the most injurious to the community in which it is carried on."

"Do you think," inquired the hesitating philanthropist, "that there is any probability of doing away with it?"

"Oh yes, sir; of this I have no doubt."

"In what way do you propose to do it?"

"By wise legislation, sir; and this is the only way in which it can be done."

"Well, well, sir, but hasn't our legislation been wise heretofore?"

"I think not, sir. The true, effective course, would be to give it no quarter, to strike it from existence at once and forever."

"But can this be legally done?"

"I think so, clearly. We certainly have a right to suppress any traffic, any business, the *only* tendency of which is to injure community; and as the selling of rum, to be drunk, has this effect and no other, the right of the people to protect themselves from its effects, is, I think, beyond reasonable question. The stale cry of *illegality, unconstitutionality, &c.*, has lost its force, and is no longer in the way of proper legal restrictions."

"Do you seriously think that legislation will risk the venture?—that they will be willing to go for so stringent a law as you propose, and run the hazards of losing the votes of all those who are opposed to the measure? If you do, you have greater confidence in their uprightness and courage than I have. The law you propose strikes at a business in which capital is now employed, both in the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks. Hundreds of thousands depend upon it for support. The great interest of agriculture furnishes the raw material,

and annually draws from it a large amount of its receipts. And this you propose at once to annihilate—a work, sir, which I think you will find easier to talk about, than practically to execute."

"The time was, when these objections influenced legislation, and were so controlling that the laws enacted were a nullity. That time has now passed. Three-fourths of the electors, in a large section of the Union, are decidedly in favor of the measure. They are also determined that those to whom they give their suffrages shall, on this question at least, no longer misrepresent them. They know their rights, and they also know their powers. They have deliberately, yet decidedly, concluded to assert the one, and to exercise the other; and mere demagogues and time-servers will be driven into merited retirement, while their places will be supplied by men with whom principle will be paramount to policy. A few years since, in a certain State, when the school question was before the Legislature, there was quite an excitement. There were men whose constituents had spelled their tickets "*kno skool!*" and every body knew how they would go. It was said that they would echo the *kno-skool* of their constituency; and so they did. But one of the most intelligent and prosperous districts in the State had sent to the Legislature a man who was utterly unlike themselves. At length the school law was taken up, and the fidelity of their representation was of course to be tested. At this time, one of the constituents, a very intelligent friend of the school law, happened to be on a visit to the capital, and his curiosity led him to the Legislature. He was just in time to hear one of the most eloquent speeches of the session, and was of course delighted with it. But when the vote was taken, he was much disappointed to find the representative from his own district vote "*kno skool.*" In answer to the question, how so intelligent a district as his happened to be represented by so stupid a blockhead as had just voted, he said that he was a rum-representative, sent up there to protect that interest; and, that he should vote against popular instructions, was not, after all, so surprising. He said he was comparatively little known to the electors—had, by agreement with his rum supporters, pledged himself to the friends of temperance, and received their votes—and was elected by this ruse by a large majority. This method of deceiving the electors, cannot now be successfully practised. The trick is understood, and is guarded against."

"But how can you guard against this—pledges, you say, are not regarded?"

"There are men whose past lives and conduct furnish a certain guarantee that they will *act* as they *talk*. It is these that we should elect."

"Then you do not believe in 'political catechisms?'"

"I do not. The best assurance of fidelity, I repeat, is the recorded conduct of men, of whom we have now an ample supply in all localities; and he that at this day is not publicly known as an uncompromising friend of temperance, should not be entrusted with the responsible duties of legislation. Elect such men—and that we shall, is now no longer doubtful—and the 'Maine Law' follows as a matter of course."

"Why did you quit the rumselling business?"

"For three reasons, the first was on account of my family. A bar-room is a bad place in which to educate a child, exposed, as it is, not only to the temptations of rum, and the filthy and loathsome conversations which rum produces, but the worst of all possible examples. In the second place, on my own account. I felt its demoralizing effect upon me, even while engaged in it, and so does every one similarly situated. I knew almost certainly, that if my life were spared, I should be doomed to reap the consequences of rumselling—little respected by the good, and uncared for by any. In the third place, on account of the evil consequences which I saw resulting to others. I could never believe, hard as I have tried, that money was to be gained, no matter by what means; yet it does seem to me that this is the only maxim on which the rumseller, can, at this day, justify himself. I saw once, in my own house, such a fearful exhibition of the evils of rumselling, that I quit it at once and forever. From my own bar was the rum given which sent a generous-souled young man onward in the path of degradation and misery."

"Did you do this yourself, sir?"

"No, sir; but I saw it immediately after it was done, and I never think of it without shuddering. About nine o'clock one evening, while keeping a public house in the village of B——, a young man with whom I was well acquainted entered my bar-room, and seated himself quietly. Usually he was cheerful, but now he spoke to no one. In a short time a negro man came in with his trunk, and as it was placed on the floor, he said:—

"Ah! companion of my misfortune, we must go again, and we cannot hope to keep together long. The severities of life will separate us."

"I knew that his hopes were in ruins, and I vainly endeavored to assist him in regathering them."

"That, Mr. Jacobs is impossible," said he: "it would be as easy to gather the chaff which has been driven off by the madness of the whirlwind. My hopes are gone."

"I tried to ascertain what determination he had in view; but this was impossible; he did not seem to know. He took from his trunk a package of letters, then closing it, seated himself upon the top of it. His feelings were intense as he glanced over the letters in a hurried manner; and then putting them together again, he ejaculated:

"My mother! My mother, your cup of misery is full!"

"I left the room for a moment and on returning, to my surprise I saw him standing at the bar, with a decanter in his hand. I would have prevented it, but at that moment Judge L——, and half a dozen young men entered the bar-room.—These were the persons who had prepared him for the rumseller,—the persons who had driven him there, and for a moment they

quailed before him. The Judge immediately approached the bar, and said, with a hypocritical smile:—

"Come, come, Mr. Wilson, don't take this matter too much to heart; it will all be right in a short time. I am glad to see you at the bar. I have more hope for you now than I have had. We will drink together and be social, it's the life of the law to be social. Let us drink and make merry!"

"The young man took off his hat and held it in his hand, and his whole appearance indicated his utter despair. Judge L. handed him a glass, saying:—

"Now Mr. Wilson, give us a sentiment and matters will be all right."

"For an instant he looked into the faces of those who were determined to crown his ruin, and then looking into the glass, as if to measure its wasting curses, with a look of phrensy, he drank! Oh! bitter draught! I had known his early fondness for drink, and the great struggle which he had had to resist the importunities of a pernicious appetite. Yet I had supposed him secure in his own firm purpose to resist. But when I saw him yield I knew that all was lost! Hence-forward I feared he would be a passive victim in the tempter's snare, for such is the usual, the almost invariable result. I felt that if there had been no rumseller to have taken or given the advantage to others, at that moment, that young man would have been comparatively safe. He would have recovered from his disappointment; the storm would have swept by, and his sun would have shone brightly again.—But as it was, his sun rose no more.—Rum perpetually eclipsed it!"

"Did you ever learn what became of this young man?"

"Yes, sir; after wandering about from place to place for some time, he enlisted in the service for Mexico, and it has been reported that he was killed at the battle of Monterey. This, I think, was not true, as I have been creditably informed that he has since been seen in the United States.

"Did you ever hear anything about his situation?"

"Yes sir, and it was bad enough. He was a complete wreck."

"And this example, Mr. Jacobs, led you to quit the business?"

"It did sir, and every honorable man who has any respect for himself, for his family, and the peace of the community will, I hope, do the same thing soon; and those who have no honor to move them, who care nothing for themselves, their families, or for the peace of the community, ought to be forced to give it up at once. Now, sir, this is what must be done by legislation. Heretofore, the people have been unconsciously strengthening the hands of the rumseller. From them has he obtained his power to mock the pleas of the drunkard's wife and child. I think sir, if you will examine this matter carefully, that you will agree with me, that strong legislation only can correct it."

"Indeed, Mr. Jacobs, I think you are about right, and if legislation is the only thing that can correct it, we had better have it at once."

"Well, this is what we intend to have; but we shall meet opposition the most strenuous and untiring. While the friends of the measure are prompted to effort by a regard for the public welfare, its enemies are stimulated by the considerations of self-interest. The former can employ only the arguments of truth, and can

appeal only to the intelligence and virtue of those whom they hope to move. The latter will no doubt, as they have heretofore done, employ the most unscrupulous of means.—Gold, their only idol, will be freely employed in the preliminary canvass, at the ballot-box, and in the halls of legislation. But it will not now prevail. Men, above all price, will occupy the seats too long held by the mere sycophant; and when the question comes up, 'Shall the Maine Law pass?' men with strong nerves and stout hearts will be ready, with a firm and cheering 'aye' which shall dissipate all doubts, and gladden alike the hearts of the philanthropist and the christian."

The Moderate Drinker—What he Does.

The moderate drinker, as such, does a great many things. Some of these are not very creditable. The consequences of them are sufficiently appalling. He shuts his eyes to these, it is true; he cannot make up his mind to look at them, because he has a sort of consciousness within him, that, if he did so, he would be struck with horror, and probably be persuaded to renounce forever the drinking system. Yet, the consequences are not the less real and appalling, because the moderate drinker will not contemplate them.

What are some of the things referred to? Let us see. Moderate drinking friend, be persuaded to look with us for a moment.

1st, *The moderate drinker helps to perpetuate a great delusion*—What is that delusion? That strong drink is a good thing. That it is necessary for the preservation of health. That it makes a man truly cheerful and happy. That it promotes sociality. That it drives care away. That it is an exercise of christian liberality. Is not this a manifold delusion? Is it not utterly devoid of everything like truth? What a fearful hinderance, moreover, it is to the progress of the truth! It shuts the minds of men against it. And how fatal, too, the consequences which oftentimes flow from it! It is a moral ignis-fatuus, which gradually leads men on until they plunge into the terrible abyss of dissipation. Think, my moderate drinking friend, how that by every glass you take—by every association with a drinking party—by your entire conduct, you aid in perpetuating and extending this manifold, grievous, destroying delusion. Perhaps you profess to be one of the 'lights' of the world. It ought to be yours, then, to dispel, not to perpetuate delusion. But, in regard to this matter, 'the light that is in you is darkness.'

2d, *The moderate drinker helps to perpetuate drunkenness*.—What is drunkenness? It is excess in the use of intoxicating drink. But how is the habit of excess attained to? Not by one single act of drinking. Not in a day. It is a gradual attainment. It is the growth of years. The steps by which it is marked are just the habit of moderate drinking. If we compare drunkenness to a sea, then moderate drinking practices are the thousand rills and streams by which it is supplied. If moderate drinking were to cease, then drunkenness would immediately become numbered amongst the things that were. If moderate drinking continue, drunkenness will still overflow the land. Moderate drinker, note therefore that you are swelling the fearful tide of intemperance. As it bears away immortal souls to ruin and death, remember that you

are helping to deepen, and widen, and invest with fresh energy the fiery billows.

3d, *The moderate drinker helps to make men drunkards*.—This is a startling statement. The moderate drinker an assistant manufacturer of drunkards! Yet it is not less startling than true. How, then, does he help to make drunkards? He does so by upholding the usages that make them. The drinking system is just a *huge drunkard manufactory*. It turns out some 60,000 new-made ones, in Britain alone, every year. And who keep the terrible and destructive machinery going? Who but the moderate drinkers? They have created it, they work it, they perpetuate it, they invest it with its fell and awful power. They, too, entice men into the *drunkard factory*. They are led, all unsuspecting, thither. They enter it sober, and they come out dissipated; they enter it wise men, and they come out fools; they enter it rich, and they come out beggared; they enter it happy, and they come out miserable. The curse of Heaven rests upon the system; and, among other respects, it is seen in this, that the most fearful retribution not unfrequently overtakes those who are engaged in supporting it. While men are engaged in making others drunkards, they oftentimes, all unconsciously, become drunkards themselves.

4th, *The moderate drinker hinders a great work*.—A great work is a noble thing. And we know few greater works in the present day than the temperance reformation. What is the object of that work? It is to put down a great iniquity in the midst of us. It is to abolish customs and practices replete with deepest injury to thousands of our race. It is to disenthral the poor drunkard, to deliver him from a premature death, and, by divine grace, from the woes of hell. It is to rescue the moderate drinker ere he fall into the deep gulf of intemperance. It is to throw over the young a shield of protection against this destroying vice. It is to destroy our country's greatest social evil, and to remove the greatest obstacle in the way of the progress of the Messiah's kingdom in our land. Is not this a great work? But the moderate drinker hinders this work. He stands in the way of it. His principles, his practices, his influence are all against it. Is there no blame-worthiness in this? Not only does he not help the work himself, but he actually stands in the way of its advancement. Meroz was cursed because he came not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. But what if he not only had not come up, but had openly entered the lists of the enemies of Jehovah and fought against him! How many of our moderate drinking friends are taking up even this position! They are more or less openly doing battle with the temperance movement; and inasmuch as it is a great work—the work of humanity and God—is it not to be feared that they shall not be held guiltless? Will they be satisfied to continue in such a false and dangerous position? Will they not be persuaded to change sides in time?

Are these things true? Who shall deny them? If true, then, surely we may ask our moderate drinking friends, ought you not to pause and reflect ere you drink again? Will you help to perpetuate those delusions by which men are deceived and made wretched? Will you continue to swell that fiery tide that is sweeping with such desolating power across our land!

Will you sustain a system which is daily breaking hearts, opening graves, and ruining souls? Will you throw in all your influence and example against the cause of humanity, of progress, of God? If there be anything solemn in principle, in influence, in responsibility, in destiny, we entreat your consideration of these things. Again we say—pause and ponder—seek the guidance of Heaven—weigh consequences, and henceforth the language of each, we have no doubt, will be, 'I will abstain.'—*Abstainer's Journal*.

Physiological Reasons for a Prohibitory Law.

It has been stated, that alcoholic stimulants operate upon the system in two very different modes—viz., first, by impressions made upon the nerves of the stomach, which, by reflex action, being conveyed to the brain and other nervous centres, causes increased nervous power to be sent out through the whole system, producing a feeling of exalted action in every part, and of course imparting the sensation of buoyant, high health, and restoring again to the middle-aged—and even to the old, the sprightliness and hilarity of youth. Now, if its effects upon the system were to stop here, we could offer no argument against its use, drawn from its influence upon the health of the body, though it would still be highly objectionable in a moral point of view; for while it brings back the sprightliness of youth, it also revives its folly and its rashness; and, when pushed to intoxication, dethrones intellect, making the individual an infant in reason and discretion, but with the passions and appetites of the untamed tiger, or the stupidity and filthiness of the swine which grunts in the gutter. But, if not carried to the point of intoxication, we grant that the immediate effects of strong drink are pleasurable.

The question then naturally arises, why does any body carry it thus far? Surely, no one really enjoys a state of intoxication. We will not endeavor to explain the reason why. We stated that when alcohol, in any form, is taken at stated intervals, that it becomes incorporated with the circulating fluid, and traverses the whole system. This is no mere supposition; for its presence has been actually detected, both in the blood and in some of the secretions, especially in the serum found in the sinuses of the brain. Now, without stopping to trace its direct effects upon the stomach, liver, kidneys, &c., we will follow it to the brain, spinal marrow, and other nervous centres.

What is the precise nature of the change which it brings about in these delicate organs, we will not now stop to enquire, but will make that the subject of a future chapter. But that it does produce a change, there can be no doubt; this fact is well established by the effects which follow, viz., as we stated in our last, instead of the healthful, vital influence, which was wont to be sent throughout every part of the system, giving the feeling of health, well-being, or enjoyment of life; there is sent out a morbid, or unnatural influence, giving the sense of ill-being, dullness, numbness, aching or pain, and always attended with an instinctive longing after stimulation, which finally becomes insupportable and uncontrollable.

The use of alcoholic stimulants is not peculiar in producing these effects; all other narcotic stimulants will do the same; opium presents a familiar example. Every medical practitioner, of experience and observa-

tion, can call to mind instances in which persons, from some cause or other, adopted the habitual use of opium in some of its forms. The effect, for a time, was perhaps delightful, giving ease from all suffering, and producing delicious rest; but, after awhile, the nervous centres becoming morbidly impressed, the unfortunate sufferer became the victim of almost a countless variety of horrid sensations, which nothing would allay but stimulating the nervous extremities by an increased amount of the drug; which, in its turn, increased the cause of the suffering, making a still larger increase necessary; until, finally, no amount could satisfy the demand, and the poor victim expired amidst the most horrid tortures.

The very same thing may be seen in thousands of instances, from the use of tobacco, though in a less degree. This narcotic stimulant has much less effect upon the brain than either opium or alcohol, and therefore does not impair the moral powers, or destroy the will to the same extent—it seems to spend its force principally upon the nerves of organic life; hence, the tobacco inebriate looks pale and cadaverous, thin, or bloated; has no energy, only as he plies his nerves with fresh doses of the stimulant—he can't digest, he can't sleep, he can't work, he can't think without tobacco; and yet don't dream, and if he did, would hardly believe the ghost of his father, if he were to appear and tell him, that all these bad feelings have been brought on by the use of his beloved weed. And even if he should, by any means, become convinced of the cause of his sufferings, yet, although the mind is still but little impaired, the cry of give, give, from his deranged nerves, is so importunate that he will hardly resist, though death's head is staring him in the face.

These things are perfectly unfeeling to the uninitiated. The individual who has never used tobacco, is perfectly astonished at the weakness of his neighbor, who has acknowledged to him that he thinks its use is undermining his health, and yet persists in it; and the slave to tobacco, will be equally astonished at a third neighbor, who persists in using opium, after his physician has plainly told him that it would inevitably procure him a premature and miserable death. In the very same way, the man who does not use strong drink, or who only takes it occasionally, and therefore only experiences its first, or direct stimulating effect, is at a loss for words to express his astonishment at his friend, whom he knows cannot fail to be conscious that he is destroying his health, wasting his property, blighting his reputation, degrading his family, and jeopardizing his soul, by the use of strong drink, and who perhaps shudders at the ruin he is working, and weeps over his weakness; yet still drinks on. But this poor man could once "drink, or let it alone," as he pleased; and had his time of wondering at the infatuation of the drunkard.

How often have we heard men say, that if they should arrive at a stage when they could not govern themselves, they would quit entirely; and afterwards have seen these same men weep like a whipped child over their failing, and still drink on.

But there is yet a graver aspect in which to view this subject. When God made man, he gave him the power of begetting children in his own likeness and image; and when Adam had transgressed and become a fallen being, he begat a son, who instead of taking after his

father in his pristine state of purity, partook of his corrupt nature so strongly, as to cause him to murder his brother. This truth, that "like produces like," has not claimed the attention from mankind which its importance deserves. A man with a fine constitution marries a lady of sound health; and after the birth of several children, by accident or imprudence he contracts a disease which breaks down his health, and impairs the integrity of his nervous system—children are born subsequent to this; the first set will possess good constitutions; the second will be sound or weakly, just as they happen to take after their father or mother; they stand no better chance for a good constitution, than they would have done had their father been diseased from his birth.

What a fearful thought it is, that the drunkard's children are begotten in his own image and likeness, viz., with imperfect moral powers, and strong passions and appetites; and especially the appetite for stimulants morbidly strong; and perhaps too a diseased constitution. This last is, however, rather fortunate for the good of the world, as it has hitherto operated as the most efficient means by which God, in his providence, has prevented the whole human race from becoming a race of drunkards—the drunkard's family becoming, in few generations, so degenerate, that it literally runs out and becomes extinct.

In view of these facts, a person must be stupid, indeed, who does not see the propriety and necessity of a prohibitory law. The seductive, enticing, and deceptive nature of alcoholic stimulants, will for ever induce the thoughtless and unwary to tamper with them. Multitudes can never be made to understand the difference between the *immediate* and *subsequent* effects of strong drink; and finding them pleasant to take, very good to make one feel wise and happy, and feeling no immediate fatal consequence, and also feeling a perfect assurance that they can "drink, or let it alone," will still drink on; and the ranks of intemperance will still be filled up as the old ones die off; and the descendants of the temperate will still fall in, to fill up the places of *run-out*, intemperate races. And oh! how sickening, how withering the thought, that every family, no odds how pure, how wise, how elevated, will fail to furnish its quota, in process of time, to fill up the stream of death and disgrace—for this, like all other general causes, which have a foundation in the nature of things, will have a general bearing; and though it spares one now, and takes another, yet, like death, it will finally visit every house, and that house will escape well, which does not lose "one in three."

No other means under God's heavens will avert this dire destiny, but putting the thing clear out of the way. The blood-shot eyes of the poor inebriate, who is lost to all self-control, the tears and sorrows of his wife and children, the innocent participants of his woe; the despairing look which the withdrawn curtain of the future reveals, cast on us, by our own lost children, all call on us to seize on this the only hope of staying the destruction.—*State Sentinel, Tennessee.*

The New Public-House Bill, Scotland.

At the commencement of the operations of this most important measure, it may be well to notice a few its

chief provisions, and the duty which devolves upon us in giving them effect.

In the preamble it is stated—'Whereas in Scotland great evils have been found to arise from the granting of certificates for spirits, wine, and exciseable liquors, to be drunk or consumed on the premises, to dealers in provisions and other such commodities; and it is expedient that a remedy be applied to such evils, and that further provision be made for the regulating of public-houses in Scotland!' Here, then, is an indication that our legislators are becoming alive to the evils which flow from our dram-shop system.

The first clause of the Bill provides that no licence be granted unless with express condition that no groceries be sold on the premises. The clause runs thus—'It shall not be lawful to the Justices of the Peace for any county or district, nor to the magistrate of any royal burgh in Scotland, to grant any certificate for spirits, wine, or exciseable liquors to be drunk or consumed on the premises, with respect to any house or premises not previously licensed, unless on the express condition that no groceries or other provisions to be consumed elsewhere shall be sold in the house or premises with respect to which such certificate is granted within the period to which such certificate applies; and from and after the term of Whitsunday next ensuing from the passing of this Act, it shall not be lawful to such justices or magistrates to grant any certificate, with respect to any house or premises, whether previously licensed, unless on the express condition aforesaid.'

The Bill, then, provides that no grocer will be allowed in any town or village of Scotland, to sell or even give gratuitously a glass of any alcoholic liquors to be consumed on the premises. This provision is designed to mitigate a crying evil. The sale of liquors by grocers affords tipplers a facility for drinking under pretext of purchasing really useful articles. The provision in question, however, does not strike at the root of the evil. There will be still the filling of the little bottles, and the carrying home of the poison in the same basket with the ordinary necessaries of life; and still, in numerous cases, the swallowing of alcohol by drouthy dames, while the charge goes down in the pass-book as meal, barley, peas, soap, soda, or starch. So far, however, this clause of the Bill will be healthful in its operations. All those clubs, composed of the drinking members of our police commissioners, and parochial boards, and special constables, and little municipal functionaries, which used to meet in the back rooms of several of our dram-selling grocers; and those who were not yet low enough to drink at the counter of a common dram-shop, must now drink where their habits will appear in their undisguised manner.

It also forbids the granting of a licence to any blacksmith at his smithy, or at any house occupied by him in the immediate vicinity of the same, or to any tacksmen of toll, or toll-gatherer, or to any person occupying a house not hitherto licensed to sell exciseable liquors situated at or near to any toll-bar in Scotland; any certificate to sell wine, beer, spirits, or other exciseable liquors, anything in any Act of Parliament to the contrary notwithstanding, unless such toll be situated more than six miles from any other house licensed to sell exciseable liquors within the

same county.' This provision of the Bill must prove an immense boon to our rural population.

Mere dram-shops are, by this Bill, compelled to close during the whole of Sabbath, and not to open sooner than eight o'clock in the morning or later than eleven o'clock at night during the ordinary days of the week. It also forbids the keepers of such places to 'permit any breach of the peace, or riotous or disorderly conduct within the said house or premises; and do not knowingly permit or suffer men or women of notoriously bad fame, or girls and boys, to assemble and meet therein; and do not supply liquor to boys and girls apparently under fourteen years of age, or to persons who are in a state of intoxication; and do not permit or suffer any unlawful games therein.'

With respect to inns and hotels, it forbids 'any drinking on any part of the premises belonging thereto, or sell or give out therefrom any liquors, before eight of the clock in the morning, or after eleven of the clock at night, of any day, with the exception of refreshment to travellers or to persons requiring to lodge in the said house or premises; and do not open his house for the sale of any liquors, or sell or give out the same, on Sunday, except for the accommodation of lodgers and *bona fide* travellers; and, lastly, do maintain good order and rule within his house and premises.' Provided always, that in localities requiring other hours for opening and closing public-houses, inns, and hotels than those contained in the said schedule, it shall be lawful for such justices or magistrates to insert in the said schedule such other hours, not being earlier than six o'clock or later than eight o'clock in the morning for opening, or earlier than nine o'clock or later than eleven o'clock in the evening for closing the same, as they shall think fit.

Thus, the keepers of inns or hotels are prohibited from supplying any party, excepting lodgers and travellers, with liquors beyond the hours specified, or upon Sundays to any but lodgers and *bona fide* travellers within the same. It is also declared that 'the expression "inn and hotel" in certificate (No. 1) [i.e., the inn or hotel license,] shall refer to a house containing at least four sleeping apartments set apart for the accommodation of travellers.'

The bill also provides that 'it shall be lawful for any police officer or constable at any time to enter into any public-house, or any house where refreshments are sold to be consumed on the premises; and any person who refuses to admit or shall not admit such police officer or constable into such house, or shall offer obstruction to his admission thereto, shall be deemed guilty of an offence, and shall for the first offence pay the sum of five pounds, with the expenses of conviction, or failing payment, the offender shall be imprisoned for a period of one calendar month; and for the second and every subsequent offence, the offender shall forfeit the sum of ten pounds, with the expenses of conviction; and in case such penalty and expenses shall not be paid within the space of fourteen days next after such second or subsequent conviction shall have taken place, then the offender shall be imprisoned for a period of two calendar months, unless he shall sooner pay such penalty and expenses; and it is hereby provided and declared, that the several penalties and terms of imprisonment may be mitigated by the court; provided always that by such mitigation,

such penalties and terms of imprisonment respectively shall not be reduced to less than one-fourth thereof.'

Such is an outline of the main provisions of this most important Bill, which has now come into operation. A Bill, however, can do nothing unless it is vigorously enforced. Even in America, the Maine Law is a dead letter in those towns where the friends of the temperance cause are few or inactive. To whom, then, are we to look for the enforcement of this measure? To the general community? No; much as they are cursed by intemperance, they are not yet fully alive to the importance of radical means of cure. To our magistrates or police officials? Many of them are most anxious to do their utmost, but they must be backed by a powerful public sentiment. It is with the members of our abstinence societies rests the execution of this law. We would therefore recommend that in every town where such a society exists a *moral police force*, consisting of abstainers, be established, that it shall be their object to see that the publicans literally comply with the conditions of their licence. The enforcement of the Sabbath clause must be especially attended to. It might be well, too, that in every case where a society possesses the means, two or three paid agents should be employed to devote their entire time to the duty of surveillance. We are aware that some societies are already making arrangements of this nature. Indeed, in certain towns and districts the entire duty must devolve upon the abstainers, as they have not even a single policeman to keep the publicans and their victims in order. We, however, leave the matter, with the utmost confidence, in the hands of those who are longing for our country's deliverance from the bondage of intemperance, and who have pledged themselves to the use of all lawful means of its suppression.—*Abstainer's Journal*.

The Famine Smitten

BY OSWALD MASELEY

In the tears of the morning
The smiles of the sun
The great earth's adorning
'Till spring had begun!
Warm winds donned their beauty wrought
Through long still nights,
And music breezes brought
Flowerly delights.

The humming leaves flash
Rich in light with sweet sound—
And the glad waters dash
Their spray spray round!
The woodbine up-climbing
Lought out pink and golden
And bees made sweet chiming,
In roses half-folden.

But where was that infant band,
Went in spring weather
To wander forth, hand in hand,
Violets to gather—
Whose hearts like plumed powers
Leap'd up from the sod—
Raining music in showers
As greeting a God?

Ah misery! they slept—
The dear blossoms of love—
Where the green branches wept,
And the grass crept above;
Melodious gladness
Throb'd it through the rich air:
But the anguish of madness
Rent Poverty's fair.

For Famine had smitten
Its pride of life low,
And agony written
On heart and on brow,
Sweet from the roughs the birds
Sang in their mirth,
The lark messenger'd heaven-wards
Blessing from earth,
But I turned where our gentle Lord's
Loves lay in death.

They heard not nor heeded
The sound of life o'er them.
They felt not nor needed
The hot tears wept for them
But earth-flowers were springing
O'er human flowers' grave,
And, O God! what heart wringing
Their tender looks gave!

They died! died of hunger—
By bitter want blasted!
While wealth for the wronger
Ran over untasted—
While pain in joy's most bow'rs
Wasted Life's measure,
Childing the! giving hours
Weary of pleasure!

They died! while men hoarded
The free gifts of God;
They died; 'tis recorded
In letters of blood.
Yet the corn in the hills
Waves its showery gold crown,
Still Nature's lap fills
With the good heaven drops down

O! this world might be lighted
With Eden's first unil-
luminated —unlighted
With freedom for toil.
But they wring out our blood
For their banquet of gold.
They annul laws of God
Soul and body are sold!

Hark now hell and palace
Ring out duns and rafter.
Ay, laugh on, ye callous!
In Hell there'll be laughter
But tumble, hell-makers;
The shorn among men—
The world's im-go breakers
Grow mighty again;

There be stern times a coming
The dark days of reck'ning,
The storms are un-loom'ing—
The Nemesis wak'ning.
On hoar'ed cloud shall call
Earth quake with pant thun-der
And sh. eak and thral
Shall be riven asunder

It will come it shall come,
Impede it what may.
Up, People! and welcome
Your glorious day.

A NEW INVENTION—GAS FOR COUNTRY USE.—By a new invention, people living in towns where no coal gas is or can be profitably formed, may still obtain the luxury of a brilliant home-made gas-light, at a cost cheaper than that of the ordinary oil or fluid. We witnessed this important improvement in complete operation a few evenings since, at the residence of a well known literary and scientific gentleman on Spring Hill, Sumnerville, being the first house into which it had been introduced in this section of the country. The light produced is superior to that of coal gas, being clearer and more powerful, as the flame is of fuller volume

and burns with greater steadiness, while the expense is about the same as coal gas at \$2 50 per thousand feet. It is the combustion of benzole, a resinous liquid, sold at \$1 50 per gallon, mixed with atmospheric air—the gas being generated by an ingenious and not inelegant apparatus, which may stand in the house entry-way, or even be placed on a closet shelf, and from which common gas fixtures may extend in all directions, and give the light in any or every room at pleasure. The apparatus generates no more gas than is immediately consumed, and requires for the purpose only the heat of one of the burners used as a light—so that the whole cost of the gas is that of the apparatus and the benzole.

An apparatus of sufficient capacity for a good-sized dwell house is offered for \$150. It is so constructed that by means of a rotating air-pump, which is revolved by a cord and a weight wound up by a crank, a stream of air is forced into the generator, which is partially filled with benzole. The generator contains a vaporator exposing a large surface of benzole to the action of the air as the latter is forced through both apartments by the pump and weight, and the thus vaporated benzole, combining with the air, produces a gas of the highest quality for illumination. The apparatus is so perfectly simple, safe and durable that it may be managed by the dullest domestic, only requiring the weight to be wound up before use and the generator to be filled twice a month, or not as often as all the lights are employed.

This beautiful invention was patented in August last by Mr. O. P. Drake, a practical electrician of Boston, and must be regarded as one of the most utilitarian improvements of the times. It is applicable to houses, shops, hotels, factories, or other places in the country, and even on shipboard. Hereafter the dwellers on the remotest hill-tops, or in the deepest shades of the "back-woods," may enjoy as much as those of the cities in the way of artificial "enlightenment" in their domestic arrangements.—*Boston Traveller.*

NEW PATENT FOR MAKING NAILS.—There has recently been invented and put into practical operation in this city, a new machine for making cut nails, the great peculiarity of which is that it is self-feeding, and will manufacture in a given time nearly, if not quite, as many again nails as any other known process, and that one man (as it is claimed) with the assistance of a boy will operate ten machines. There is also a great saving in iron, there being a waste of only about a quarter of an inch in ten feet, which is the length of the pieces of iron placed in the machine at a time. It has been shown that one machine will manufacture from 300 to 350 nails per minute, all of which are perfect in form and finish. The cost of the machine is \$250. The inventors are William Fitzpatrick and Joseph Her, two practical nailers, for many years in the employ of the Albany Iron and Nail Works Company, in this city. A patent has been secured for the United States, and measures been taken to obtain a patent in Great Britain and the Canadas.—*Troy Whig*

AUTOMATON PAPER FEEDING MACHINE.—Dr. Little of this city obtained this week one of the two patents applied for by him for feeding paper to printing presses by self-acting mechanism. The Dr. has devoted several years endeavoring to bring to perfection this great invention. We had the pleasure of seeing this beautiful invention in operation a few days since, and must confess that we were completely astonished at the rapidity with which the sheets were taken up and carried forward, one by one, to the press. We are given to understand, that were it possible to run the press at a sufficient rate of speed, it would feed itself with 100,000 sheets per hour each cylinder. Consequently, a press having eight cylinders would be able to print 800,000 sheets per hour.—*Utica Herald,*

SOMETHING NEW.—Farmers and blacksmiths will be interested to learn that a man at Allegany City, Pa., has just patented a machine for making horse-shoes, which will, it is said, turn out twenty or twenty-five per minute, perfect in every part. By this machine the price of horse-shoes, is supposed, will be reduced full 50 per cent

BROKERS CIRCULAR.

Montreal, 8th July, 1854.

FLOUR.—Previous to the American's arrival, there was good demand, at 37s. to 37s. 6d for Superfine, and a considerable quantity changed hands. Since then, however, the market has been heavy, and, except for one or two choice lots of Superfine and Fancy, nothing over 36s. 6d. has been obtained. Extra is scarce, and would bring 40s. There have been sales for August delivery at 37s. 6d., which is still asked.

WHEAT.—Sales of Upper Canada Mixed have been made at 9s. to 9s. 3d., and of United States mixed at 8s. 6d to the extent of 20,000 bushels; but these prices are not now obtainable.

INDIAN CORN.—PEAR.—OATS.—In none of these articles have we transactions of any consequence to quote.

PROVISIONS.—Are without change.

ASPER.—In good demand at our quotations, receipts light.

TUESDAY, JULY 11.—No changes to note, except that flour is selling in small parcels at 36s. to 36s. 6d

PLEDGE.—We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use Intoxicating Liquor 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.

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, JULY 15, 1854.

The General Election.

On the subject of sending Maine Law Representatives to Parliament, we made a few remarks in our last. We have received a communication on the same subject from a friend, who signs himself "Mac. P. Bell." He writes strongly, and yet we fear the matter has been delayed too long. However, we give our correspondent's sentiments, omitting only one paragraph and one sentence, not thereby diminishing the force of his views. He says,—

The election of members to Parliament is again at hand. Already several candidates have issued their addresses, but not one word in them about "intemperance" and "grog-shops." Are the teetotalers of Montreal not in a position to return one, if not two candidates? After battling for nearly twenty five years against the vice of intemperance, it is surely time that the teetotalers of the city should be able to send a man to Parliament who would prove faithful to the principle of total abstinence, and to the introduction of the Maine Law.

What, I would ask, are our leading teetotalers about? Are they doing anything to give effect to the principle that is wisely deemed so essential to public happiness and prosperity.

We must isolate ourselves and become a party. This is a fitting opportunity, when so many are claiming the honor of representing in Parliament this large and important city. If we do not succeed, we will at least have made a beginning, and ascertained our actual strength.

Let no one imagine that the friends of the old Temperance Society, the numerous "Divisions" of the Sons, and the Tents of Rechabites in the city, are incapable of making a very respectable party.

Perhaps you can afford space to re-produce the remarks of our Representatives against the Maine Law, made at the last session of Parliament; they would show clear enough that no friendship need be expected in that quarter, that teetotalers would contradict their principle by giving a single vote to such men. They are unworthy of renewed confidence. Let punishment, rejection, visit their conduct.

I would propose the nomination of a thorough Teetotaler, a man who will be faithful to his promises, and that all friendly to his success should be urged to give him a "plumper." In this way we can secure one, at any rate.

Petitions from all sections of the country were treated with contempt by our late representatives. Let us provide against this for the future. Let us have one man at least who has patriotism enough to see that the inebriating Bowl is a very heavy tax on religion, education, and the prosperity of the country, that it does incalculable mischief to all improvement; spreads misery and poverty wherever it prevails.

Jonadab Division, No. 12.

It is with much pleasure we hear from our city correspondent, that the installation of officers of Jonadab Division, No. 12, Sons of Temperance, located in the Quebec Suburbs, came off with great *eclat* on Wednesday evening, 5th inst. "All the elected officers were present, and installed by D. G. W. P. Bro. Easton into their respective chairs. P. W. P. Peter Bowden, at the unanimous request of the members of the Division, occupied the responsible and arduous office of W. P. for the present quarter. The Division-room being opened to the public, it was consequently filled with strangers, a greater portion of whom were ladies, and who all took a deep interest in the ceremony of installation. Several short extempore addresses were made, and a few appropriate songs sung. Bro. P. Bowden, with his usual magnanimity, generously entertained the company with a large supply of all kinds of confectionary and ices, which were discussed with much pleasure, and his generosity responded to by the unanimous vote of thanks of the company. The accession of members in the Order, through the agency of this Division, has, during the past quarter, been great. Go on, worthy Brethren, in your laudable and praiseworthy undertaking, and you will not only receive the thanks of your fellow-beings, but you will reap hereafter golden sheaves of happiness."

The Wardsville Division, Sons of Temperance.

We learn from the *Middlesex Prototyp*e that on Wednesday, the 31st May, the Wardsville Division of the Sons of Temperance held their third anniversary, which, in point of number, influence and respectability, equalled, if not surpassed, either of the preceding ones. The day being extremely fine, with a cool, refreshing breeze, many of the inhabitants of the adjoining counties, Elgin, Kent and Lambton, repaired to the flourishing and picturesque village of Wardsville, anticipating a brilliant display, and they were not disappointed. A procession was formed at the school-house, at two o'clock, p. m., the Cadets in the van. In this order they marched through the village, with banners floating in the breeze, presenting a most imposing appearance, to the no small discomfiture of the votaries of the jolly god and their allies, the anti-prohibitionists. They arrived at the Presbyterian church about three o'clock, where refreshments awaited them. After all had partaken of the good things provided, the speakers ascended the rostrum, and Dr. Wallen, in a very able and lucid address, showed the direful effects of intemperance, by examples from history and personal observation. He also described the action of alcohol on the human system, and its fatal consequences.

He was followed by Mr. Armstrong. Then came the address of the day. The Division engaged the services of Mr. Carter, of Philadelphia, for the occasion, and he acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of the whole audience. Space will not permit us to give anything like a synopsis of the speech. At its close, the vast assembly separated, and those who came from a distance, returned to their respective homes well pleased with what they saw and heard. Mr. Carter lectured again in the evening to a large audience. He polished off the moderate drinkers most admirably. He does not indulge in scurrilous language, nor apply abusive epithets to the vendors of intoxicating liquors, a fault of which some few temperance lecturers are guilty to the great detriment of the cause.

Too much praise cannot be given to the W. P. and R. S. for their exertion in contributing to the comfort and enjoyment of all assembled; and it is to be regretted that the co-operation of the ladies was not solicited, as on former occasions. The ladies of Wardsville have always taken a deep and lively interest in the cause of temperance. The Division at this place is in a very prosperous condition.

Signs of Progress Abroad.

Among the many signs of progress in public opinion and sentiment, says the *Atlas*, there are none of a more cheering and hopeful character than the increasing attention which is being paid to the movement supported by the Alliance, on the part of the conductors of the general press. In all directions, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, the meetings and lectures on behalf of the Alliance which are being held daily, are for the most part well reported by the provincial newspapers; and even leading articles, most distinctly and ably setting forth the claims and advantages of the principle sought to be enforced, are not of rare occurrence. We subjoin extracts from editorial articles in the *Hull Advertiser*, (14th ult.) and the *Kilkenny Moderator* (11th ult.), both of which contain ample and able reports of meetings held by the Alliance for the first time in the respective towns, and at which meetings Auxiliary Societies were initiated.

The *Hull Advertiser* remarks:—

“Wonderful revolutions have been wrought in this land, effected by agencies far less powerful, far less intelligent, and much less resolute than the one now formed for the destruction of the main cause of intemperance in these islands. The Anti-Corn-Law League consisted originally of only seven members, and in twelve years it grew to be powerful enough to wrest free-trade from the landed aristocracy of England. None of the evils which produced the revolutions of 1640 and 1688 were of one-tenth the magnitude of the evil of drunkenness at this day in Great Britain. And, though the evils in the former cases were political, and the evil of the latter is social, yet so far as Government can be held responsible, they might all be considered as capable of producing an attempt at cure by precisely the same process. We take this extreme view, to show that things regarded as impossible have hitherto proved of merely difficult accomplishment, and that no one ought to calculate upon a security derived from the inertness of a body assailed by the vital force of a great, truthful, and people-cherished principle. But, though the ultimate victory of the advocates of the removal of the causes of intemperance is as sure as that the world endureth, yet but few of the men now in advanced life may live to witness the triumph of their faith. It will take a long time to convince the country that the remedy is not too sharp for the disease, and a still longer

time to prepare men engaged in the liquor trade, for such an investment of their capital as shall ensure their being gainers rather than losers by ceasing to spread misery among their fellow-creatures. The labor of conversion will be much slower than is now generally supposed by the more sanguine advocates of temperance. Much, however, will depend upon the exertions of those who are actuated in their conduct by a spirit of Christian compassion for the miseries of their erring and hope-abandoned brethren. Our great reliance is upon the self-denying virtue of those who have never yielded to the seducing influence of the bottle.— We want to enlist on the side of the Alliance those noble and generous feelings which prompted the most virtuous class of the people of England to submit to so many sacrifices and deprivations to effect the abolition of slavery. When that contest was carrying on, nothing was more common than to find wealthy people who, on principle, denied themselves the use of sugar, in order not to encourage slave labour. If we remember right, William Allen, of rare philanthropic memory, did not taste sugar for more than twenty years on that most Christian ground. Wherefore should our Christian men and women hesitate to make those sacrifices for the poor drunkard, which they would glory in making for the slave? Do they hesitate, because in one case the evil is at their doors, and in the other, it was at an immense distance from them? Perhaps they shrink from the idea of being pledged to a course of action implying distrust of the exercises of their own free will. But the repression of the trade in intoxication by the process of law requires no pledge. All that is wanted is the diverting the capital now invested in the liquor trade into a channel not injurious to the physical, moral, and religious interests of the people. In the abstract, however, a pledge to do that which is for the benefit of our fellow creatures is in accordance with every principle of human and Divine law. Christian men are pledged in baptism, pledged in marriage, pledged on the bench, pledged at the bar, pledged in the jury box, pledged in the witness box, pledged on entering Parliament, pledged on graduating at the Universities, pledged on assuming the office of the Christian Ministry, and on every important occasion in social life pledged by vow or oath to restrict themselves to one line of conduct, or one form of belief, to the renunciation of any choice about the matter. There is, therefore, nothing in the mere circumstance of the pledge to alarm or disconcert any person charitable enough to prefer the safety of thousands to his or his own personal gratification. And here our appeal is as much addressed to many of the excellent persons engaged in the liquor trade as to the other members of the community. We want them to examine the whole question for themselves, and if they come to regard it in the light which we do, then to set about the discovering other channels for the investment of their capital, and the useful and profitable employment of their industry.”

The *Kilkenny Moderator* says:—

“We are happy to find that a movement for the total suppression of the traffic in alcoholic beverage by legislative enactment, has been at length inaugurated in our city, and we trust it will receive large influential support. Considering the magnitude of the interests affected and the great number of people connected with the trade, of course much opposition may be expected, but we have reason to hope that if our citizens will not favour the movement on purely philanthropic principles—from a consideration of the great social and moral improvement which its success must involve, that at least the argument which so closely touches their pockets—the vast saving in taxation effected where such a law has been tried, amounting to 97 per cent. on the poor-rates, and 72 per cent. in the expense of restraining criminals—will strike a sympathetic cord in the bosoms of the Mammon worshipers. Whether or not the United Kingdom Alliance may be fully successful in its object, it will at least do vast good by bringing out a public opinion against the legal sanction of facilities for rancous indulgence in intoxicating drinks; and one of its first results will be at least the discontinuance of that strange anomaly in the law,

which, whilst most properly preventing all trade in the necessaries of life on the Sabbath, actually leaves untouched and specially sanctioned by state authority the most degrading and soul-destroying traffic which exists. But we hope for the sake of humanity and Christianity that ere long we may see a Maine Law in force in these countries as the only means whereby society may be protected from the fearful temptations to which the foolish and weak-minded are now exposed, and that indulgence may be rendered impossible to which countless thousands every day fall victims."

Original Correspondence.

A Word to the Maine Law's Worst Enemies.

Who are they? The wealthy?—No. It does not affect them so far at least as the use of liquor is concerned; they have this indulgence in common with all the other indulgences which wealth can confer; and when men are not personally concerned their exertions for or against anything, are not generally of the most strenuous kind. Are they the drunkards; the poor nerveless slaves of a degrading vice?—No. The bottle weakens and destroys resolution, and sustained exertion; besides it lowers the value of a man's opinion; the longer he continues in the excessive indulgence of the bottle the less attention there is paid to his voice on any question. Neither of these two classes do we call the Maine Law's worst enemies. The worst enemies of this law, and those who will be most difficult to conquer, are that large and respectable body of the lower class who are steady, practical, well-doing, and religious men; men who give a dignity and weight to their class: who after having passed the meridian of life, can look back over their past career without discovering one black spot marked by the degrading finger of Drunkenness; and yet they have all their days been taking what they call a "glass when they needed it," and intend to do so as long as they live. These good, steady, worthy, old fellows set their faces, and lift their voices, against the Maine Law with bitter determination; and the opposition, from the character of the men, is one of much weight and seriousness. To these we now offer a word or two in reason and expostulation.

"Most potent, grave, and reverend signors," be pleased to lay aside for a moment your accustomed moderate evening cup, and listen attentively and honestly. Scarcely one among you, who have had families, has not mourned bitterly over at least one of them falling under the curse of intemperance, either personally or through marriage. And you are, generally, their most bitter enemies. There are no more uncharitable foes to drunkenness than you temperate kissers of the cup; you look upon it with a most bitter scorn; and yet, were it not for your temperance that drunkenness never would have existed. Had you been deprived of that moderate enjoyment of the bottle which you love so dearly, by a Maine Law,—and after all it is but a contemptible indulgence, to which you cling so tenaciously—these human beings, made we are told in the image of their maker, would never have sunk to be the porgraded wretches they now are. It is to your temperate habits they owe their fall. You invited them to share the happiness of your temperance, they did so, and have fallen: and your fair daughters too, in all the glow of

virgin beauty, presented the cup in friendship and love, the very givers making the libation holy; and behold the result in you reckless, blasted wretch; and yet you are the very last to obey the beautifully expressed injunction of the poet—

"Think gently of the erring,
You know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour.
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came
And eadly thus they fell!"

It is melancholy to reflect too, that it is not the low, the mean, the selfish, nor the narrow-minded, that most frequently become drunkards, but it is the best and most promising of the young of our species; it is the free, the generous, the warm-hearted, and the sons of genius. While the comparatively dull and stupid often plod on and become rich and respectable in the gin-house routine of business, the free, the gifted, and the noble, fall victims, year after year, to the great Bottle; are crushed, like the Indian devotees, under the wheels of Jngernaut!

Now, we venture to affirm, that there is not a single individual among the old, temperate, respectable, body who oppose the Maine Law most bitterly, who, having an intemperate son, would not give up the use of all intoxicating liquors if, by so doing, he could reclaim that son. But alas, it is now too late; the flower has been blasted; the blight has passed over the young plant—the young heart—and "worlds can never restore it its pure feelings, gone forever!" Ay, it is too late; how few who have once been fairly whirled into the vortex of drunkenness have ever been permanently reclaimed. It is a vortex more fearful and destructive than the famous Norwegian Maelstrom. And what are you temperate and steady indulgers in the bottle doing—but tempting the young, and those of less cool temperaments than yourselves—less skilled and experienced navigators, into the eddies of the whirlpool. Shrink not from, nor treat lightly, the accusation. It is to your temperate habits in the use of the bottle, that your sons owe their excessive love for it. It was at your hearth, in childhood, when that besotted son of yours was a little laughing thing, playing about your knees, felt the first impulses of his love for the bottle. With your own hands you put the first glass to his lips, of that drug which has overthrown him in the bloom of early manhood. Look at him when he comes home after a fit of indulgence. Look into his glazed, blinking eyes; mark his strange idiotic laugh; what a wild mockery there is in its tone, as he recklessly turns from your expostulations and sinks into a deep unnatural sleep! Who gave him the first glass?—You, or, haply his mother! Should his drunkenness carry him to the regions of the lost, is it not just possible you might hear that question coming floating up across the "great gulph!" Is not the possibility harrowing to the conscience? Would you have put the shining glass to the lips of the playful child if you had seen its ultimate fruits? We trow not. Then cease to oppose, and earnestly try to further the progress of the Maine Law; for there are thousands of young, temperate fathers doing at this moment what you have already done, and were this law universal, they would of necessity cease to do so.

We know there is some sneering and much talk about the ineffectual working of the Maine Law. Many say that drunkenness is to be met with in the prohibitory States as frequently as ever. But that this is mere nonsense, a moment's reflection will satisfy any reasoning man. That there is some hidden drinking we have no least doubt. We know that there are men so awfully chained to the bottle, that if it were possible for them to meet Satan, face to face, and make a contract with him, they would sell themselves body and soul for unlimited indulgence in it. And it is but natural to suppose that if Law tears their god from these men, that they will make efforts to regain it. But without the law, these efforts are uncalled for; nay, the temples of their god stand open, night and day in tempting beauty, inviting them to enter. The Maine Law would at least demolish these open gaudy temples; and whenever it is strictly enforced even hidden drinking must die out with the present generation of drunkards. The succeeding generation, who will have grown up without sharing, and ignorant of the old drinking usages, will have no appetite nor acquired habits to stimulate them to guzzle beer or whiskey clandestinely in some corner like a "guilty thing."

Be persuaded then to lay aside, and give up for ever your quiet temperate evening cup—surely it is but a small sacrifice—and throw your influence, which is great, into the side of the party advocating the Maine Law, and doubt not but it will soon become universal, and when it does so, as it assuredly will, sooner or later, it will work out a bloodless revolution in civilized society, unparalleled by anything the world has ever seen; it will give an impetus to civilization, and an elevation to society, greater even than that of the great Reformation. We shall have few jails then, and fewer gibbets; heart-broken, weeping, and wailing mothers will no then be so numerous; and we shall see no children shivering in the cold wintry blast, because of that dreadful disease of their fathers—burning 'birst, that fire which is never quenched! Come then and give us a helping hand in working out a greater work, and a more necessary and meritorious one, than that of Hercules in the Augean stable. Let us have no more fruitless talk about moderation, temperate-use, and "moral suasion." The drunkard requires no moral suasion. Many a time in his dark moods he internally curses the bottle, and wishes he might never see it again, come then and let him have his wish, by bringing the Maine Law into active and vigorous operation; and while we labour with the tongue, heart, and hand, to bring about this "consummation devoutly to be wished," let us earnestly "pray that come it may, as come it shall"

J. M.

Montreal, June, 1854.

The Tobacco Question.

I have just read your correspondent's, "Antibachus," letter on the use of Tobacco, and I cannot at all agree with him in the importance he attaches to it. That it is a filthy habit, and, to say the least of it, a useless one, I freely admit; but that it is either as "abominable" or as "hurtful" as spirituous liquors, no man of practical common-sense and observation will allow

Moreover, it has often struck me as being a serious error which some temperance advocates fall into, this dragging in of Tobacco, Tea, &c., into their discussions. It is hurtful to the progress of the Temperance movement, as it divides effort. To generalize is always to destroy effect. This rule holds good in all things. It is a palpable fact that no man can do two things well at the same time. To do anything well we must give it our undivided attention, even when it is a thing of minor importance, how much more so when it is one of such vast importance as the eradication of Drunkenness. If "Antibachus" is truly in earnest on this last point, I would suggest to him the propriety of leaving tobacco alone in the meantime, and giving all his energies to the extermination of drunkenness: this work, taken singly, is great enough in all conscience, let us labour to accomplish it first with all our might, or, in sailor phrase, by "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether;" that accomplished, then, if he will, we will go along with him in exterminating tobacco, emptying tea-kettles, and demolishing coffee-pots!

"Antibachus" makes much of the *disgust* which ladies feel towards tobacco. Now I have certainly nothing to say against him in this respect, for like Hamlet's Father, I "would not suffer the winds of heaven to kiss their cheeks too roughly," much less shock their delicate senses with tobacco. But at the same time I would just remind "Antibachus" that many a lady will turn up her pretty nose at the smell of tobacco, who will, nevertheless, take the wine—aye, and even the whisky cup in her hand, and sip it in such a bewitching manner, that one almost feels tempted to kiss the cup after her, just as poor Adam was tempted to eat of the fruit after it had touched the lips of the beloved Eve; and these ladies will offer you the cup too, with gracious and winning tenderness, and when you decline it, you can see a smile of something like contempt passing over their beautiful faces.

Now as "Antibachus" is most probably a favourite with the ladies, as he is decidedly a champion of theirs, I would earnestly recommend him to exert all his influence amongst them, to prevail upon them not only to give up kissing the cup themselves, but to desist from offering it to others. I know there are some ladies who have done this already; but there are many, very many, who have not, and with these later I would suggest to him the propriety of making a covenant whenever he sees their delicacy shocked by tobacco in any shape, to this end—that if they will themselves give up kissing the cup, and aid us in driving it from society altogether, the moment the work is accomplished we will set about rooting out smoking, chewing, and snuffing; and they will no more be shocked with the "naaty" smell either from lover or husband, for we will root it out as thoroughly as Saint Patrick did the toads out of ould Ireland.

ANTIBACHUS, No. 2

Montreal, July 10, 1854.

Irregular desires and unreasonable undertakings must expect to meet with disappointments. There is a proper time for all things, and nothing succeeds well but what is done in season. For here is no forcing Nature against her bias, or inverting the methods of Providence.

A Chapter for Farmers.

Farming—Fertilizers.

Farming on any scale above the rudest and least efficient has become a business as well as a pursuit; it involves commercial ideas and calculations. "Will it pay?" is the vital question—not exactly "Will the first harvest return the outlay?" but "Will the twenty, thirty or fifty dollars outlay suggested be returned with interest in the course of two or three years?" If it will, it is expedient; if not, not, though it might secure most luxurious harvests. Covering a whole farm an inch deep with ammonia might insure splendid crops of most vegetables, at least for one season; but whether it would or would not pay is another question.

Formerly, a farmer plowed and planted, tilled and harvested, and took such returns as it pleased fortune to send him. If he happened to have manure at hand, he sometimes applied it and sometimes did not; but such a thing as buying fertilizers in large amounts and every year, never entered his head. His barn-yard was generally cleared out once a year; if he happened to have refuse lime, or more ashes than his wife wanted for soap, he sometimes gave the surplus to his land; but liming a whole farm thoroughly would have been deemed an act of madness in this State less than forty years ago.

The times have changed. Now the good farmer who has given \$5,000 for a fair farm does not consider it extravagant to pay \$1,000 more for the materials needed to enrich it; he knows that if these add fifty per cent. to the average yield of his acres, his odd \$1,000 has stood him instead of \$2,500 expended in extending the area of his farm, while the requirements of labor, fencing, taxes, &c., will be fifty per cent. less than such extension would have involved.

The scientific farmer now makes one thousand loads or cords of fertilizing material annually, where his father had but one hundred. He does this by a liberal deposit of swamp muck, forest leaves, &c., under and around his barns; which, together with a little plaster, absorbs liquids and exhalations, precludes offensive odors, and facilitates a proper decomposition. Covering the compost heap, so as to exclude water and fervid sunshine, also prevents waste and dissipation. Weeds, wild-grass, the rank growth of vegetation around fences, &c., may all be profitably converted into fertilizing compost by science and labor.

Every farmer who keeps a decent stock of animals can always make his farm richer with each year of cultivation if he half tries, and without buying the more concentrated fertilizers of Commerce. And these, we believe, can never be so cheap and abundant that a good farmer can afford to neglect or waste his old-fashioned manures. True, the bulk of these renders their transportation for any considerable distance a losing business; but let them be applied near at hand, while the fields more remote from the barns are treated with Guano, Phosphates, &c., and the farm will gain rapidly and profitably.

Plaster was almost the only fertilizer bought to any extent by inland farmers thirty to forty years ago. The importation and use of Guano, which is about the quickest and most stimulating fertilizer yet discovered, has given a sudden and signal impulse to the use of concentrated or commercial manures. Whole Counties at the South, previously exhausted by bad farming, have been speedily renovated by the use of the Peruvian dust, until it is doubtful whether the annual depreciation of Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas through Slavery is not compensated by the extensive and steadily increasing application of Guano. Nothing besides has yet done so much good to the worn-out lands of the States just named as Guano; and, though its good effects are soon exhausted under bad cultivation, it by no means follows that they should be. A crop or two of Clover turned in following Wheat or Oats stimulated by Guano, would make the Guano remembered for a long series

of years. But this, though a popular and immediately efficient, is an expensive manure, and its price (\$50 per ton) is very likely to be enhanced. The principal sources of supply are the Chincha Islands, off the coast of Peru, whose government claims them as its property, monopolizes the supply, and puts up the price as fast and as high as the consumers will stand it. If the present yield could find markets at \$100 per ton, it would never be sold so low as \$99. And the tendency to advance has incited and is only counteracted by the manufacture and use of acceptable substitutes, especially Phosphates and Super-Phosphates.

We presume the reader interested in Agriculture already knows that the basis of these is bone, dissolved in sulphuric acid, and thus rendered pabulum for plants. (There is Phosphate of Lime existing as a mineral deposit, and we mean to speak of one or two beds of it in this country; but as yet they have not been very productive.) Until a few years since, all bones to be found hereabout were gathered up and shipped off to enrich English farms; even the refuse of our bone-black manufactories took that direction. The Phosphate manufacture has nearly stopped this current, and saved this important and excellent fertilizer to be applied to our own soil.

Mr. Alfred F. Kemp, No. 62 Beaver-st., long known as an extensive manufacturer of Bone-Black at his Eagle Chemical Works on Staten Island, has recently added thereto the production of Super-Phosphate, because he can thus use up the finer portion of his calcined bones, after separating the coarser for bone-black—said finer portion having hitherto been exported to and sold in London for use as a fertilizer. To this calcined bone Mr. K. adds about an equal amount of finely ground, unburnt bone, which contains a considerable per centage of ammonia. To the mixture he adds some six per cent. of the ordinary Sulphate of Ammonia, and this produces a Super-Phosphate which he sells for \$45 per ton and regards as unsurpassed. We do not know that it is better or worse than its rivals; but the idea of making no mystery of its ingredients, but allowing all rivals to criticise or improve upon them at pleasure, is a good one, and must lead to beneficent results.

The great obstacle to the extensive use of all these concentrated fertilizers is the notorious truth that ninety-nine hundredths of those who use them are "buying a pig in a poke." They know that Phosphate, Guano, Potash, &c., are good; but how can they tell just how much of these ingredients respectively is contained in the compound proffered them? What security have they, unless it be the character of the manufacturers, that the article offered this year is worth half as much per ton as that bearing the same marks which they bought last year?

Our State Agricultural Societies should look to this. They ought to employ competent and reliable chemists to analyze the several Phosphates, Pondrettes, &c. offered for sale,—not samples provided by the manufacturers for the purpose, but samples taken from time to time from bags sold and delivered to unknown customers—and state what the ingredients are, in what proportions commingled, and what is the actual and relative value of each respectively. By this means, fraud would be exposed and imposition prevented. We know that our Societies are weak, and obliged to devote most of their means to premiums and shows; but we do think the duty here indicated is fairly devolved on them, and should be faithfully, fearlessly discharged. A State Society needs its chemist as much as its Secretary, and ought to provide liberally for each. Meantime, let like the idea of having each manufacturer of Phosphates, &c. tell his customers just what are its ingredients, and let others combine better if they can.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE PRESENT MOMENT.—There is no moment like the present. Not only so, but, moreover, there is no moment at all,—that is, no instant force and energy, but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him, can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost, and perish in the hurry and skurry of the world or sunk in the slough of indolence.

Philanthropic & Social Progress.

Under this general heading we have rarely found any thing more appropriate for publication than the following few extracts from the inaugural address of the Hon. Horace Mann, on commencing his duties as President of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio. As the New York Tribune very properly remarks:—"President Mann carries into his new sphere of duty all the energy and fearlessness, the aspiration for progress and plainness of speech, which rendered his direction of the Educational engineering of Massachusetts an era in the history of Common Schools, and his career in Congress honorable to himself and useful to mankind. His Address embodies no single suggestion of that sordid and cowardly conservatism which regards abuses and evils as inseparable from all human institutions, and thence tacitly advises the learner to glide through life as quietly and easily as possible. On the contrary, the truth is everywhere assumed that all wrong may be redressed, all evil overborne, all iniquity exterminated, and that to teach us how to labor heartily and effectively in this cause is the great end of true Education."

Take this grand rebuke of man's inconsistency in violating the Divine laws of our being. Mr. Mann says:

"So universal and long-continued have been the violations of the physical laws, and so omnipresent is human suffering as the consequence, that the very tradition of a perfect state of health has died out from among men. We are wonted to the presence of debility and pain. Religious men teach us to accept weakness and suffering as the appointed lot of humanity. Hence the conditions of health and longevity are not merely disregarded but ignored, and men of the profoundest learning on other subjects are here ignorant of elements. University professors know how to take care of the solar system, but do not know how to take care of their own systems. I admire the rules of prosody by which Greek and Latin verse flow into harmonious numbers; but I prefer the tuneful pulse which never makes an allusion, to any music of classical scanning. I once knew a Professor of Rhetoric in an American College, who choked himself to death at a dinner party, with an undivided piece of mutton. He knew to a semitone the rhetorical proportions in which breath should be sent out of the lungs, but was ignorant of the physiological quantities in which food should be taken into the stomach. Clergymen are forever exhorting us to keep our spirits clean and pure, and then, in their outer man, they exemplify their teachings by all the defilements of tobacco. They are Boanerges for the advancement of their own sect, but disdain companionship with that sect of the Nazarenes who drank no wine. Statesmen and learned doctors debate and discuss the minor questions of political economy, but forget that a blight on public health is more pecuniarily disastrous than mildewed crops, and that the most adverse balances of trade are less impoverishing than the expenditures for sickness, the non-productiveness of bodily imbecility, and the costs of vice and crime."

As our contemporary remarks:—

We would gladly make room for the whole of this masterly Address did not its extreme length forbid. As it is, we must close this article with two more extracts, which we are sure none can read without profit and few without confessing admiration.

"Every diseased man who bequeaths his maladies to his offspring; every drunkard who rears children from his inflamed and corrupted blood; every licentious man who transmits his weakness and his wickedness as an inheritance of suffering, is another repetition of the fall of man.

From such causes, by adamant laws, and through un-

alterable predispositions, has come our present diluted and depleted humanity; effete, diseased and corrupt of blood; abnormal, wasted and short-lived; with its manliness so evaporated and its native fires so quenched, that our present world, compared with what it should be and what it might be, is but a Lazar-house of disease, and an asylum for the feeble-minded. The imbecile races of Italy and Spain, the half-grown millions of India and Mexico, like river mouths, are only the tout drainage of ancestral continents, all gushing with fountains of debilitating and corrupting vices.

Then reflect that, as the number of ancestors doubles at each ascending remove,—two parents, four grand-parents, eight great grand-parents, and so onward,—there are, even at only the tenth degree, more than a thousand conduits of whose united streams each child is the receptacle; and how swollen with the feculence of all transmissible malignities, both of body and mind, must be his blood and brain.

Why then should we wonder that all our animal propensities are represented in our ethics; that Mammon has been the Lycergus of much of our civil polity, and that a denial of the great law of Human Brotherhood so often finds refuge and resting-place in our popular theology.

It has been somewhat generally conjectured that the early generations had some method of computing time very different from ours, and hence that the patriarchs from Adam to Noah, (with one or two exceptions,) did not, according to the literal record, live to the age of between 900 and 1,000 years.—afterward gradually tapering down to between 100 and 200 years, at the time of the Egyptian vasaalage. But it is a strong, if not a conclusive argument in favor of a literal version, that, if the race had not been created with ten times more vital force than it now possesses, its known violation of all the laws of health and life would, long ere this, have extinguished it altogether. So rapidly had it run down, that, at the time of David, about half-way from Adam to the present day,—he spoke of the average of human life as only three-score years and ten. Now, ask the Bills of Mortality and the Life Insurance Companies what its average is, and they will tell you that in Europe and the United States, it is but thirty years; and in great cities but twenty years.

Awful and un-speakable violations of God's laws have done this dreadful work. It is the violation of the laws of health and life, I emphatically repeat, which has cut down the years of man to this contemptible brevity and harrows those years with pain; which surrounds the cradle with diseases that spring, like wolves, upon the infant at his birth, and which, instead of the olden days when no child was dead-born, brings such multitudes into the world, who, though they may not be dead-born as to breathing, are so as to intellect and heart. A joy that had wings and laughter once inhabited every joint and vital organ of man's frame. Pain has conquered this festive domain, and turns human breath into sighs.

No other part of the organic world with which we are acquainted, has suffered this dire change. Under intelligent culture, the vegetable world is constantly outgrowing itself, in size, beauty and richness. All animal natures thrive, strengthen and surpass the progeniture of their stock, when subjected to the law of their being. Man alone, of all the earth, pales and dwarfs and sickens; begets children, the parti-colored tissue of whose existence is the wool of one disease woven into the warp of another; transmits insanity and gout and consumption and crofuta; procreates blindness and deaf-muteness and those human fungi, the brainless idiots; spawns polished imbecility through our cities, which they, by their wealth send to college, to be converted into pillars of Church and State. And why? Solely because man will break heaven's laws. Because, for the sake of money, or for pride, disease will marry disease, and blood wed kindred blood. Because, when God commanded Adam to work, that is, to take some form of exercise; in the garden, that is, in the open air; men will not exercise, and will live in dwellings which add artificial poisons to natural ones, and then breathe the vitruent compound. Popes and hierarchs send to Jordan to obtain "holy water" for the baptism

of their children, that they may give their spirits a figurative cleansing, but will not keep them physically clean with the pure water at their door; and the royal sinner imports a few cubic yards of "holy earth" from Jerusalem, in which that body of his may be buried, wherein sin has rioted and wanted through all his life; as though they thought the Omniscient could be cajoled into forgetfulness of the difference between "holy water" or "holy earth," and the pure in heart and the obedient in life.

But, besides defying all the laws of God in regard to pure air, cleanliness, diet, exercise, and the selection of healthful occupations and healthful sites for residences.—besides these sins of omission, how numberless are the sins of commission which we commit—sins which are expelling all manly power and womanly endurance from the race. To say nothing of the stimulants taken in our common morning and evening beverages, (which are no more necessary or useful to enable healthy men or women to perform their labor than a morning dram is for the lark or the eagle, for the buffalo or the levithan),—to say nothing of these, the people of this nation annually madden their brains with 200,000,000 of gallons of intoxicating liquors; and not only stupidly and defile themselves, but transmit irritable nerves and contaminated blood to their children by the consumption of more than \$30,000,000 worth of tobacco. Of this immense sum, squandered for this foul and abominable weed, it is estimated by Dr. Cole—an able writer on Physiology—that the members of the Church of Jesus Christ take \$5,000,000 worth for their share. It is an indisputable fact that, taking the whole United States together, much more money is expended for the single article of cigars than for all the common schools in the Union. Cigars against schools; cigars against the great cause of popular education; and appetite triumphs over intellect and morals! And where these natural poisons of alcohol and tobacco are used most freely, the Church and the School-house are seen most rarely. I say nothing of opium and other narcotics. And, after quenching still more the expiring embers of vitality that yet glimmer in the race, and corrupting its corruption to a more malignant type, we call ourselves civilized, and—may heaven pardon the audacity—Christians. Are those the practices of civilization which honeycomb the bones and leave the muscles sodden, while they irritate the nerves and evaporate electricity from the brain? Is that Christianity which obeys the ceremonial law rather than the eternal; which asks the blessing of heaven upon its food and then gorges itself like a wolf; which offers the morning prayer, but all the day long passes unheeding by the hungry, the naked, the sick and by the prisoner's door? The time will come when men will speak of Christian and un-Christian health, as they do now of Christian and un-Christian character.

For all these ancestral sins, posterity suffers through all its organism, and in every endowment. We suffer for the offences of our progenitors; our descendants will suffer for ours. The self-justifying ancestor may asseverate that his surfeits of viands and wines and his indulgences in narcotics do him no harm, but, three generations afterward, delirium and gout will shriek out their denial in his great-grandchild's."

"God's heart is full of new mechanical and new physical blessings for the race. He only waits for the fulness of time when Physiology and Education shall produce the men with talent and genius worthy to be the medium of their transmission to mankind. God knew the weight of the atmosphere and the law of gravitation; He saw this western continent; He knew how books could be printed, how cloth could be woven by machinery, and how lightning would run through iron, as well in the time of Solomon and Socrates, as since; but, in the order of His Providence, He had to wait for Torricelli and Newton, for Columbus and Faustus, for Arkwright and Franklin, before He could bless mankind by the bestowment of that knowledge. In the same way, He waits for us, through a knowledge of the laws of Physiology and Education, and an obedience to them, to rear the new men for the new blessings. Man's idea of the earth are yet to

be as much changed by chemistry as his ideas of the heavens have been by astronomy. Chemistry will yet beautify the earth as much as astronomy has glorified the heavens.

For augmenting the aggregate amount of intelligence and mental power, in any community, the grandest instrumentality ever yet devised is the institution of Common Schools. The Common School realizes all the facts, or fables, whichever they may be, of the Divining Rod. It tries its experiments over the whole surface of society, and wherever a buried fountain of genius is flowing in the darkness below, it brings it above, and pours out its waters to fertilize the earth. Among mankind, hitherto, hardly one person in a million has had any chance for the development of his higher faculties. Hence, whatever poets, orators, philosophers, divines, inventors or philanthropists, may have risen up to bless the world, they have all risen from not more than one millionth part of the race. The minds of the rest, though equally endowed with talent, genius and benevolence, have lain outside the scope of availability for good. These millions, with the exception of the units, have been drudges, slaves, cattle;—their bodies used, their souls unrecognized. Ah, nowhere else have there been such waste and loss of treasure, as in the waste and loss of the Human Faculties. All spendthrift professions, all royal prodigalities, are parsimony and niggardliness, compared with the ungathered, abandoned treasures of the human soul. As civilization has advanced, perhaps one child in a hundred thousand, and, in more favored nations, one child in ten thousand has been admitted to the opportunities of knowledge. Forthwith, the men capable of constructing the institutions or the engines of human improvement and adornment appeared; and in numbers, too, far beyond the proportionate share of the constituencies from which they sprang. But if, instead of striking the fetters of prohibition from one in a hundred thousand, or from one in ten thousand, those fetters are stricken from all, and incitements to exertion and aids to self-development are supplied to all; then, immediately, quick as water gushes from unsealed fountains, Shermans rise up from the shoemaker's bench, Beechers come from the blacksmith's anvil, and Bowditches and Franklins from the ship-chandler's and tallow-chandler's shop, and a new galaxy shines forth over all the firmament of genius. These are truths which the uneducated nations do not understand;—truths too, which the caste-men, whether of birth or of wealth, do not wish to understand.*

It is in this way that the Common School awakens talent, and sets it in motion. And when once the inward impetus of native talent is aroused, you may as well attempt to stop the whirling of a planet, as to arrest the possessor of that gift. Then comes the function of a College, to guide, replenish and speed it on in its immortal career.

And here open upon us the great utilitarian views of education, as a preliminary to its higher and noble spiritual functions. As we survey the present condition of the world, and look forward to the well-being of posterity, we find problems to be solved, which virtue alone can never solve, which piety alone can never solve; but for which only knowledge, talent, grain, that is, intellect, can furnish the solution. The coming generations are to be fed, clothed and sheltered,—not miserably, as the Aborigines were, by the precarious chase, or the earth's spontaneous growths; not in skins and caves; but with abundance and certainty, with comfort and elegance. The heathen humanity heaped up in all our great cities, six stories high,—in Edinburgh, I have seen it eleven stories high,—the wretched inmates of

* To the more advanced half of Christendom, the prizes voted at the London Fair (the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851.) by the juries and by the Council of Presidents were one hundred and four.

"To the less advanced half of Christendom, the prizes voted by the same tribunal were two

"So the totality of non-Christian nations, composing two-thirds of the whole human race, nothing."

[Report of the French Com. to the Industrial Exhibition

the Irish mud-house, of the Hottentot Kraal and of the Tartar tent, are to be provided with a decent home for every family. Mankind at large are to be educated, not a few beloved Benjamins, but all the sons,—AND ALL THE DAUGHTERS TOO.—and all inconceivably above our present standards. The libraries of which our cities are now proud, must exist in all our towns. Apparatus for explaining the wonders of nature, museums, cabinets, gardens, such as now enrich our colleges, must be the possession of our schools. The means of mental and moral growth must come and stand around our children and youth, unasked and unpurchased, as air and light come now to their cradles. All heathen lands are to be civilized and Christianized; and what we now call civilization and Christianity are to be purified and elevated into forms indefinitely higher than at present prevail."

A Page for Young Folks at Home.

The Power of Perseverance—a Dialogue for two Boys.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

Richard. What have you there which so much interests you, William? You look as grave as a man who has just lost his purse.

William. I have a picture of an Egyptian boy learning his letters. And very queer letters they are too. Look here! (He shows Richard the picture.) I don't think I could ever understand such uncouth letters as those are. Do you think you could, Richard?"

R. Certainly I could, if I made up my mind to do so; and so could you. Don't you know that what has been done by one boy, can be done again by another?

W. I don't know about that, master Richard. There's that wonderful mathematician, young Safford, whose skill in numbers has surprised all the savans to old Harvard; do you think every boy can acquire the power to solve problems like him?

R. Perhaps not, with the same quickness. Young Safford is a very extraordinary boy, a brilliant exception to children in general. Still, I think every boy may learn to solve the same problems which he solves; only most of us will have to be longer about it, and it will cost us more labor.

W. I wish I could think so, Richard. I hate Arithmetic soundly; and as to my Latin, why, it vexes me so, I am afraid it will spoil my temper.

R. I hope your temper is not past spoiling already, William; for pardon me for saying it, you speak of your lessons in a way that sounds very much as if your temper had, at least, begun to spoil. But I don't wonder, you don't get along with your Latin and your Arithmetic.

W. You don't? What do you think is the reason?

R. You don't try to master them. You say you hate them. Now I can assure you, you must get rid of that silly feeling, or you will be a dunce all your life-time. You must learn to look at the value of knowledge. You must think how much of your future usefulness depends on what you acquire at school, and then, you must set out to conquer all your difficulties, with a determination to subdue them at all hazards.

W. Do you think I could become a good Latin scholar if I should do so?

R. No doubt of it. Perseverance overcomes everything. No one can tell how much he can do until he really tries. Did you ever read of Wolf, a great German scholar?

W. No! Who was he?

R. He was a very learned man among the Germans. When he was a youth, he went to Heyne, a celebrated professor in the University of Göttingen, saying that he wished to study philology, and nothing else. Heyne started at the youth and advised him to do differently; giving as a reason for his advice, that there were but four or five professorships in all Germany where a professor of Classical Philology

could be supported. So that, as Wolf was poor, he would have but poor prospects, if he did not fit himself for some larger sphere.

W. That was good advice certainly. Did Wolf, follow it?

R. No. He felt too much confidence in his own powers to do that. But, with a soul on fire, he told the good old professor that he intended to have one of those five professorships.

W. Heigo! He was a bold fellow. You would not have me imitate him, would you, Richard?

R. Not exactly. Yet, let me say, Wolf did get one of those professorships. Still his manner was too abrupt and positive. But I would like to have you feel a little of Wolf's confidence in your own powers. I know you might be at the head, or nearly so, of all your classes, William, if you would only try and persevere.

W. I have often thought I would try, but in a day or two I have lost all my zeal again.

R. That is because you have not studied with a noble aim in view. With you, the recital of your lesson has been the highest object. You must aim higher. You must study in view of growing up to a useful manhood.

W. Well, I should like to be something when I grow up. But I don't know about it. This trying is a hard word.

R. That is true. But it is harder to suffer the consequences of not trying. Besides, there is a real pleasure in hard study, when you once get used to it. It would soon inspire you with hope, and that is a pleasure. It would lead you to a real victory, and that is a pleasure. Don't you think the little ant which had a kernel of wheat to roll down the hill leading to its cell sixty-nine times, and got it in only at the seventieth trial, enjoyed a pleasure rich enough to pay for all its toil, when the grain was stored? The pleasure of a boy is much greater where he wins a victory, and that pleasure may be yours.

W. You encourage me a little; and I think I will try to become a scholar, that I may become a useful man. Adieu.—Forrester's Boys' and Girls' Magazine.

Kindness.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers!
Outward, we are spurning—
Trampling one another!
While we are only yearning
At the name of 'Brother!'

There's no dearth of kindness
Or love among mankind,
But in darkling loneliness
Hooded hearts grow blind!
Full of kindness tingling,
Soul is shut from soul,
When they might be mingling
In one kindred whole!

There's no dearth of kindness,
Tho' it be unspoken,
From the heart it buildeth
Rainbow smiles in token—
That there be none so lowly,
But have some angel touch;
Yet nursing loves untold,
We live for self too much!

As the wild rose bloweth,
As runs the happy river,
Kindness freely floweth
In the heart for ever,
But if men will hanker
Ever for golden dust,
Kindliest hearts will canker,
Brightest spirits rust.

—From Gerald Massey's Poems.

POETRY.

Pretty good poetry, it has been said, is like a pretty good egg. Who ever relished an egg that was at all doubtful? Poetry is a luxury: we must have the best of it, or none at all. Now, the Rev. P. B. Power, if not of the first rank, is, at the least, pure and unsophisticated. His *Sacred Allegories* belong to a class which are almost excluded from newspaper columns; but we think the little poem we are about to quote—and we quote it not as the best, but because it is complete and will show that he possesses a gentle vein of fancy, a happy choice of language, and a correct taste that go far to supply the want of the higher poetic qualities. —Atlas.

THE IRON CHAIN; AN ALLEGORY.

A hermit once unto a maiden came,
And round his waist a leathern cord was bound,
Well known was he, as one of holy fame,
Through all the town and villages around.
And thus he spake: "Daughter, would'st thou attain
The land, where all are pure, and ever blest,
Thou must not court thine ease, but wear this chain,
Tolling beneath its weight to that fair rest."
The maiden's limbs were soft, and snowy white,
And ever deck'd with rarest gems were they,
And on a silken couch she lay at night,
And richest vesture clothed those limbs by day.
Ill-fitted did she seem a chain to wear,
Whose iron links would gail her tender skin,
Whose weight, 'e'en man's a strong man could not bear
Up the steep hill of life; but she within
A secret plan had hidden in her heart,
And so she told the monk that she would wear
The chain, but never let him know the art,
By which she meant but halt his load to bear.
The name of this long chain was **POVERTY**,
And ev'ry link was with some evil fraught;
It deeply cut the flesh, and misery,
And bitter woe where'er it came it brought.
This with a ponderous sledge he hammer'd fast
Around her tapering leg, as white as snow,
So that her weary journey it should last,
And be a clog through all her life below.
As soon as e'er the monk had reach'd his cell,
The maiden sought a youth, to share her load;
And he a silken thread did wind, love's spell,
Around the fetter's link, lest it should goad
The maiden's skin; then, softer did it feel,
Than any of her former golden chain;
Such was Love's high prerogative, to steal
Away from poverty its cruel pain.
Then raised he up the fetter's lengthy (?) coil,
And on his shoulders he the burden laid,
Must honour'd, when allow'd to share the toil
Of such a holy, and a gentle maid.
And thus together they the hills did climb,
Bearing the chain in triumph on their way.
Uphorn by many a joy, and thought sublime,
Which cheer'd them through the night, and toilsome day,
And when they reach'd the golden city's gate,
The fetters were struck off by angel hands,
And they were bidden, to forget their state
Of bondage, in the joy of Zion's land.

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