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CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

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Total Abstinence, Legal Prohibition, and Social Progress.

Vol. XX.]

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 1, 1854.

[No. 23.

The Man and the Demon.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

PART FIRST—THE MAN.

The air is soft and laden with fragrance from the newly-mown fields; amid the leafy branches of old trees are nesting the weary birds, the valleys lie in deepening shadows, though gilded sunlight lingers yet upon the hill-tops. It is the closing hour of a lovely day in June.

Hark! a manly voice has broken the prevailing stillness.

"Mid pleasure and palace tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

How the fine tones swell upwards! how in every modulation is perceived some varied expression of the sentiment conveyed in the words. The man is singing from heart-fulness. Home is to him the dearest spot on earth; the loveliest place in all the wide, wide world, humble though it be. Listen!

"An exile from home pleasures dazzle in vain,
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again."

There he comes, just emerging from that little grove of cedars, where the road winds by the pleasant brook-side. How erect his form! how elastic his step! What a light is thrown back from his bare and ample forehead!

Yonder, where the valley seems to close, but in reality only beads around a mountain spur, to open in new and varied beauty, stands a neat cottage, its doors and windows vine-wreathed and flower-gemmed. Above this home of love and peace are spread the leafy branches of a century old elm. In summer, this guardian tree receives into its ample bosom the fierce sun-rays, and tempers them with coolness. In winter, though shorn of its verdure, it breaks the fury of the strong northwest, so that it falls not too rudely upon the nestling cottage beneath.

In this sweet and sheltered spot are the household treasures of Henry Erskine. He has gathered them here, because his love seeks for them all external blessings his hand can give. Years ago, this cottage was the home of his gentle wife. Here he had wooed her, and here won her trusting heart. Time wore on—death and misfortune scattered the old household, and the pleasant homestead passed into the hands of strangers. On the day it was sold, Erskine, coming suddenly upon his young wife, found her in tears. He pressed to know the cause. Half was revealed, and half but guessed. Love prompted the resolution that was instantly formed. Three years afterwards Erskine, through untiring labor and self-denial, had saved enough to purchase back the cottage, into which, with a newer and higher sense of enjoyment, he gathered his fruitful vine, and the olive branches already bending above and around him.

The best husband, the kindest father, the truest man in all that pleasant valley, was Henry Erskine. He had been absent a few days on business, and was now returning to his home-treasures. It was from the fulness of his heart that he sang—

"Home, home—sweet, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

And, as he sung on, and strode forward, quick, eagerly listening ears caught the music of his well-known voice, and ere he had reached, by many hundred yards, the little white gate that opened from the road to his dwelling, tiny arms were tightly clasping his neck, and soft lips pressing his cheek and forehead.

Oh! what gushing gladness was in his heart! How large it seemed in his bosom! How full of good desires and bounteous wishes for the loved ones who made his home a paradise!

"Dear Anna!" How many times he said this, as with both hands laid upon the fair temples of his happy wife, he smoothed back her raven hair, and gazed into the loving depths of her dark bright eyes.

The sunniest day in the whole calendar of their lives was this. As Erskine sat amid his children, with their gentle-hearted mother at his side, he felt that the cup of his happiness was full to overflowing.

And yet—ah! why are we forced to write it—ere the evening of that glad re-union closed, a faint shadow had fallen on the heart of Mrs. Erskine. She had been aware of an unusual degree of elation on the part of her husband in rejoicing them after his brief absence, but thought of it only as an excess of gladness at getting home again. Two or three neighbors called in later in the evening, when, in agreement with a very bad custom then prevailing, something to drink was brought forth, and before the neighbors retired, the undue elevation of spirits noticed by the wife of Mr. Erskine had increased to a degree that left her in no doubt as to its source.

"How sober you look, Anna dear," said Mr. Erskine, with his usual tenderness of manner, on the next morning. "Are you not well?"

"Oh, yes. But what a strange and terrible dream I had. I can't shake off the effects—and yet I know it was only a dream."

"A dream!—Is that all?" said Erskine, with a smile. "But what was it, dear? It must have been something terrible, indeed, to have a shadow upon your spirit."

"A very strange dream, Henry. I thought we were sitting at the table just as we were sitting last evening, with our pleasant neighbors around us. You had just taken a glass from your lips, after drinking my health, as you did then. You placed it near me, so that I could see into it to the bottom, where still remained a small portion of liquor. Something fixed my gaze, and pre-

sently I saw a miniature—a perfect image of your face. Surprised, I looked up; but you and all the company were gone! I was alone, in a strange, desolate, inelegantly furnished room. The table was still beside me, and on it yet remained the glass towards which my eyes turned with a fascination I could not resist. Into the liquor at the bottom I gazed, and there, more distinct than at first, I saw your face; but now the eyes had a sharp eager look, that seemed to go through me with a sense of pain. The tender arching of your lips was gone, and they were drawn against the teeth with a cruel expression. I feel the shudder still which then ran through my heart. O, Henry! a look such as I then saw on your face would kill me!"

And the wife of Henry Erskine, overcome with feeling, laid her head upon his shoulder and sobbed.

"Dear Anna! Forget the wretched dream!" said Erskine, as he drew his arm tightly around her. "I wonder that a phantom of the night can have such power to move you."

"But that was not all," resumed Mrs. Erskine, as soon as she had grown calm enough to speak. "The face now began to rise up from the top of the glass, rounding as it rose, into a head and well-defined neck stood above the vessel; and all the while a malignant change was progressing on the countenance. More horrible still! The glass suddenly enlarged enormously its dimensions, and in it I now saw in fearful coils, the body of a serpent, bearing up higher and higher the face and head of a man. Another instant, and horrid, slimy folds were around my neck and body! In their tightening, suffocating clasp I awoke. Oh, Henry! was it not terrible? What could have excited such a phantasm?"

"A horrible nightmare," said Erskine, "a nightmare only. And yet, how strange it is, that such an image found entrance into your innocent, guarded mind!"

It was all in vain that Mrs. Erskine strove, throughout the day, to drive the shadow from her heart. The dream was of too peculiar and startling a nature to admit of this. Moreover, its singular connection with the neighborly conviviality of the previous evening, when she was forced to observe the unusual elation of her husband's mind, gave food for questionings and thoughts, which in no way served to obliterate the dream, or to tranquilize her feelings. When her husband returned home at the close of the day, he saw in her countenance, for the first time, something that annoyed and repelled him. Why was this? What was the meaning of the expression? Did she doubt him in any thing? Ah! how could she forget her dream, that malignant face and slimy serpent? The fatal cup and the death hidden in its fascinating contents!

It was later in the evening. The flitting shadows had been chased away by the sunny faces that gathered around the tea-table. Amid their children all sense of oppression, of doubt, had vanished. The kneeling little ones had said, in low, reverent tones, "Our Father," and were sleeping in sweet unconsciousness. The evening had waned, and now, in accordance with habit, Mr. Erskine brought forth a decanter, and was about filling a glass therefrom, when his wife, laying her hand on his arm, said, with a sad earnestness of manner which she strove to conceal with a smile—

"Henry dear, forgive me for saying so, but the sight of that decanter and glass makes me shudder. I have

thought all day about my dream. The serpent is in the glass."

"Bearing your husband's face," said Erskine, quickly, and with rather more of feeling than he meant to express, "and you fear that he will prove the serpent in the end, to suffocate you in his horrid folds."

Henry Erskine! what could have tempted you to this utterance! Ah! the truth must be told. It was the serpent in the glass! False friends, as he came home that evening, had drawn him aside to drink with them. Alas! a malignant demon was in the cup, and its poison entered his bosom. He did not drink even to partial physical intoxication; but far enough to disturb the calm, rational balance of his mind, and thus to change the order of mental influx. He was no longer in orderly association with pure angelic spirits. Just in the degree he was separated from these, came he into association with spirits of an opposite character—demons in their eager desire to extinguish all that is pure and good in human nature. And thus it ever is, in a greater or less degree, with all who disturb the rational balance of their minds, either partially or permanently, by the use of what intoxicates. This is the reason why the way of the inebriate, even from the beginning, is marked by such strange infatuation. He seems to be in the power of evil spirits who govern him at will, and he is, in reality, thus in their power.

An instant pallor overspread the face of Mrs. Erskine, at her husband's cruel retort. What an age of wretchedness was comprised in a single instant of time! Erskine saw the effect of his words, and repeated their utterance. He even, for a moment, partially yielded to an impulse to put up the liquor untasted; but the demon tempter was too close to his side and too prompt to whisper that such an act would be an unmanly (!) concession to his wife's foolish weakness. And so his mind, already partially unbalanced, as has been seen, he completed the dethronement of manly reason by pouring out and drinking a larger draught of spirits than he was accustomed to take.

Alas! how quickly has the man become eclipsed—partially now, and to shine forth again in the unclouded heavens. Yet to be eclipsed again and again, until final darkness covers all.

Reader, we have shown you the man. When your eyes first rested upon him, at a single point of the orbit in which he moved, was not the form beautiful to look upon, and the ministry of his affections full of good to others? We have another picture. Not that of a man; but of a demon. Will you look upon it! Ah! if you turn your eyes away, we will not question the act. It is a picture upon which some need to look, and, therefore, it is sketched, though with a hurried and reluctant hand. Here it is.

(To be continued.)

Editorial Difficulty—A Sketch.

The old Cause again! The oftener we write upon it the more difficult we find it to get something fresh; but on the other hand our determination always grows with our difficulties, and we will not, therefore, give it up. Besides, if the cause is an old one, it is also dear to us,—and as it is a good old cause, and one which we love more and more every day, we will not be baffled. We have scratched our head and changed our position, and picked our teeth for an idea; but wearied, worried, cha-

grined and discouraged though we may be with the wear and tear of business, we *will not* give it up.

"What a pity," suggests a jovial friend at our elbow, "that you could not take a glass of grog to enliven your ideas and give you a start." "Thank you for the hint" thought we, "and so as you are going to bed we will let you go in peace and then draw your likeness."

My friend has lived thirty-five years. In the first twenty years of his life he attained six feet in height,—and during the last fifteen he has by the use of the most fattening edibles and the most generous liquids, gradually rounded out that six feet of humanity until every angle has gone—and his whole face and figure have attained a pleasing rotundity. His countenance also has assumed a genial glow, gradually deepening towards the more salient points, and which to the philosophic eye would appear from its position to proceed rather from warmth communicated by some external luminary, than from the internal fires of a vigorous system. Our friend, therefore, you would instantly recognize to be a very good looking man. Of this he is quite as sensible as you or I can be; and as you might have seen him half-an-hour ago, you would have said a very happy one also. We will not at present, however, question the general evenness of our friend's temper. We will suppose that he rises to-morrow morning with a clear head and free from bodily pain or mental irritation,—that he is not pestered with a liquor bill, nor haunted and interrupted in his business by idle companions; but we will simply enquire into his usefulness. We will only ask what business he has in this world, and who will miss him when he goes out of it.

Our friend had talents—but he has been fond of pleasure, and therefore he has not cultivated them. He may recommend us to take a glass to enliven our ideas, but unfortunately it has never had that effect upon his own to any useful purpose. He thinks he is a wit because others laugh at his jokes, but unfortunately he does not begin to make them until he has drunk a bottle, and his companions don't begin to laugh at them until they have each finished at least two. Therefore, the world has gained but little by his wit. As for his industry it has all been exercised for himself, and what little he once had has been gradually diminishing.

He has, it is true, been very active in seducing several of his old friends into drunken habits, and sometimes he expatiates pathetically upon the social excellencies of some dozen or two poor fellows, who some how or other have got under the sod. His energies, perhaps, have often been expended in disturbing the peace of families, and in various other ways tending but little to promote the morality of society; but he has never written a line in a newspaper, never made a speech at a meeting, never given a dollar for missions, never engaged heartily in any public undertaking, except a horse race, a regatta, or a ball. He has always lived for pleasure—for the gratification of his own appetites. He loves music and cards, wine and woman, a good dinner and a good cigar, and a lounge after it, and with all this love of the good things of this life he has never taken to himself a wife to share his pleasures. In fact, he has become too selfish. He fears he will not have enough to spend on his own body if he shares his gratifications with another; and as for his soul, making provision for its wants is the last thing he thinks of. Going to church once on Sunday and sleeping while there, is the whole

extent of this portion of his labours. In short, our friend although a gentleman, is a sensualist.

But unfortunately he is not alone. We have described him not for his own sake, but as the type of a class—and by no means a small class—in this good city of Halifax. We can count by dozens the men who drink there two and three bottles a day and have done so for ten, twenty, or even forty years,—and yet have always described themselves as too poor to get married, until at last they have become too loathsome with drunkenness and other vices to dream of a virtuous connexion. We can count score after score of these men, or rather wrecks of beings which might have been men—these corrupted, depraved and degraded specimens of humanity—caricatures of our common nature, having the external form of man but without a vigorous mind or a healthy body, and without a soul elevated by a single ennobling thought or a generous aspiration. They are the survivors of a far more numerous host. For every score of them a hundred have perished in the vain attempt to attain to that enviable pitch of sensuality and selfishness—of utter hardness of heart and insensibility to all that is good—that marks our genuine Halifax voluptuary. Every few days we hear of some poor wretch writhing in the agonies of consumption, raving in the wild terrors of delirium tremens, or perishing from suicide, or fire, or some other of the hideous forms of the drunkard's death. And yet a crowd is still pressing madly on in a career which is beset with such fearful dangers in order to gain so terrible a distinction—the distinction of being the very lowest in the scale of moral elevation of all God's creatures. They say there is honor among thieves,—generosity among pirates,—kindness and gratitude among the most degraded of the female sex. But in the heart of a sensualist, after he passes into middle age, we believe there is not a generous impulse remaining—nothing but hard and narrow and sordid love of self—and that self worthy but of the most extreme contempt and abhorrence.

We need scarcely ask what makes these men so degraded. It is well known that intoxicating drink stimulate all that is sensual and selfish in man,—and beyond all doubt the large number of voluptuaries in this city owe their present condition to the early and continued use of intoxicating drinks. We hear daily of the number who perish from their use, but we cannot help thinking those who die before they have got thoroughly hardened and debased, are more fortunate than the few who survive to attain to the honor of being successful drinkers.—*Athenæum*.

How a Soaker was Done

From one of the neighboring towns, three or four days since, there came a regular soaker in full bloom. His errand was a very pressing one, but being evidently uninitiated in the mysteries of the city, his anxious perambulations after the "critter" were unrewarded. Becoming nearly exhausted in the search, he at length blundered into the dry goods palace of Messrs. Rockwell & Co., and edging his way with a mysterious air towards one of the clerks, he cautiously, but beseechingly asked for a pint of gin. The person thus importuned, being on hand for a joke, informed the applicant that they were not in the habit of selling the article to everybody; but his customer plead lustily, and, upon his promise to keep *um*, was finally invited down cellar, where a

barrel of water is kept for the use of the store. The man's eyes sparkled and dilated within their scarlet linings at the thought of having found the object of his search, and with renewed protestations of secrecy, he drew a bottle from his pocket, and it was speedily filled with the heat of beverages—pure cold water. Exultingly replacing the bottle, the *quid pro quo* was duly tendered, the clerk remarking that, as they sold only for "mechanical and medical purposes," he should charge but seven cents. The change was made, and, as the unsuspecting customer departed, he was again reminded of the necessity of keeping *mum* in these Maine Law times, to which, comically drawing the edge of his hand across his jugular, he replied, "I'm a Connecticut boy, and if I ever blab, you may c-u-t m-y t-h-r-o-a-t!" The grimaces which greeted his first swig round the next corner must have been decidedly interesting.—*Springfield Republican*.

Effects of the Traffic—Thrilling Scene.

Permit me to illustrate my views of the traffic and moderate drinking, by relating substantially a thrilling scene which occurred in Connecticut while the people were gathered together to discuss the merits of the license question, and decide informally, whether neighbours should any longer be permitted to destroy each other by vending alcoholic poisons.

The town had suffered greatly from the sale and use of intoxicating liquors. The leading influences were opposed to total abstinence. At the meeting, the clergyman, a deacon, and the physician were present, and all in favor of continuing the custom of license; all in favor of permitting a few men of high moral character to sell alcohol—for they all agreed in the opinion that alcohol in moderation, when used as a beverage, was a good creature of God, and also, to restrict the sale and moderate use was an unjust interference with human liberty, and a reflection upon the benevolence of the Almighty. They all united in the belief, that in the use of alcohol as a beverage, excess alone was to be avoided.

The feeling appeared to be all one way, when a single teetotaler, who was present by accident, but who had been a former resident of the town, begged leave to differ from the speakers who had preceded him. He entered into a history of the village from its earliest settlement; he called the attention of the assembly to the desolation moderate drinking had brought upon families and individuals; he pointed to the poor-house, the prison-house, and the grave-yard, for its numerous victims; he urged the people by every consideration of mercy, to let down the flood-gates, and prevent, as far as possible, the continued desolation of families by the moderate use of alcohol. But all would not do. The arguments of the clergyman, the deacon, and the physician, backed by station, and learning and influence, were too much for the single teetotaler. No one arose to continue the discussion, or support him, as the president of the meeting was about to put the question—when all at once there arose, from the corner of the room, a miserable female. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment of silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, then her long arms to

their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called upon all to look upon her. "Yes," she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of all drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience, declares its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poisons, as a beverage in health, is excess. Now look upon me. You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in town. You all know, too, I once had one of the best—the most devoted of husbands. You all now I had five noble-hearted, industrious boys, Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder church-yard; all—every one of them, filling a drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that moderate drinking was safe—excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you," pointing with her shred of a finger, to the priest, deacon and doctor, "as authority." They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change then coming over my family and prospects with dismay and horror; I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell—the delusive spell—in which the idea of the benefits of moderate drinking had involved my husband and sons; I begged, I prayed; but the odds were greatly against me. The priest said the poison that was destroying my husband and sons was a good creature of God; the deacon, (who sits under the pulpit, there, and took our farm to pay his rum bill,) sold them the poison; the physician said that a little was good, and excess ought to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare, they could not escape, and one after another were conveyed to the dishonored grave of the drunkard. Now look at me—you probably see me for the last time—my sand is almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present abode, the poor-house, to warn you all,—to warn you, deacon; to warn you, false teachers of God's word"—and with her arms high flung, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch—she exclaimed, "I shall soon stand before the Judgment seat of God—I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a swift witness against you all." The miserable female vanished—a dead silence pervaded the assembly—priest, deacon, and doctor hung their heads—the president of the meeting put the question—shall we have any more licenses to sell alcoholic poisons, to be drank as a beverage? The response was unanimous—No!

Friends of humanity everywhere, what would have been your response—No? If no! then see that no man must have your vote to sustain the traffic which ruined this poor woman's family, and send her husband and sons to the grave of the drunkard, and her to the poor-house. A traffic, which, if continued by your sanction, may serve you and your family as it did her and hers.

"Build a Fence."

Not many weeks since the Locomotive was thrown off the track near this city, by coming in contact with a cow, and a man was killed and some of the cars totally "smashed up." Every body wanted a fence built on

each side of the track, to protect the lives of those on board the cars from like accidents, and to save the lives of animals. "Build a fence! build a fence!" was the cry. All very good, and so say we.

But mark the apathy exhibited in a case somewhat similar, so far as the *motu* power is concerned—both engines being propelled by *steam*. The human machine is seen making its way over the railroad of life, and comes in contact with an *animal* on the track in the shape of a licensed whisky seller—is thrown off and killed: but you don't hear but few, here and there, urging the necessity of "building a fence" to keep off such cattle, and those who *do* suggest the plan, are hooted at for attempting to interfere with the blood-bought liberties of the people! and charged with aiming to search, seize and destroy *private property!*—"Private property" can be made use of to debase and destroy men, but it is clearly *unconstitutional* to restrain or fence out the vicious ox that it is wont to push, gore and kill with his *horn!* Oh! no! this kind of "p-r-i-v-a-t-e p-r-o-p-e-r-t-y" is sacred—licensed fiends may use it as they please, for this is a free country!

The above reflections were caused by a letter received by a friend in this city from Gettysburg, Preble County, Ohio, dated Sept. 6th, from which we are permitted to make the following extracts:

"On last Monday week a citizen of this place went to Richmond and purchased whisky—came home highly intoxicated. According to the law of our State, he was fined \$5 and committed to the jail of the county twenty-four hours. This was on Wednesday. On Saturday, about noon he was brought home, and died about 5 o'clock, P. M. Now I wish to know whether there is any law, either general or local, in your State or county that will reach the individual who furnished the poison to kill a fellow-being; for that liquor he got in Richmond caused his death, there can be no doubt."

To the inquiry as to whether there is a law to reach the liquor seller or his securities, we think we can safely answer in the affirmative. For the information of our Gettysburg friend we copy the following section of the Indiana liquor law, which we think is relevant to the case:

"Sec. 10. Any wife, child, parent, guardian, employer or other person who shall be injured in person or property, or means of support, by any intoxicated person, or in consequence of the intoxication, habitual or otherwise, of any person, shall have the right of action in his or her own name, against any person or his securities, on the bond aforesaid, who shall, by retailing spirituous liquors, have caused the intoxication of such person, for all damages sustained, and for exemplary damages."

For the purpose of testing the matter and furnishing "Bottom" of the Jeffersonian, the law-suit he hinted at last week, (he appears to be very anxious for one,) we hope proceedings may be immediately commenced against Sam Cassel and his sureties, and put through on the fast line—*Richmond Palladium*.

Spirit Rappings; or the Rumseller's Dream.

(From the *Kosciusko Chronicle*.)

Once, upon a midnight dreary, with my avocations weary,
When my neighbors, from their labors, had retired to sleep and snore,
I was comfortably napping, when I heard a rapping, tapping.
Such a supernatural rapping, as I never heard before,
Just outside my bed-room door.

Fearful and discordant noises, mingled with unearthly voices,
Gibbering, screaming and blaspheming, broke upon my startled ear.

'Twas so sudden and surprising, 'tis a truth beyond disguising,
That I felt my nightcap rising with involuntary fear,
Though I know no mortal near.

Then I rose and lit my taper, peering through the murky vapor,
Fearing mostly, shadows ghostly, wandering from the Stygian shore.

Or, tho't I, shouldn't wonder, they are thieves intent on plunder;
So I seized a loaded blunderbuss, and strode across the floor,
And unlocked my tap-room door.

Shade of Bacchus, what a revel! every goblin ghost and devil,
From the infernal world, infernal, seemed to be carousing there;

'Twas a ghostly visitation, from the damned of every nation,
And their horrid imprecations, rose upon the burden'd air,
Like the regions of despair.

Every cast had been a prison, whence a demon had arisen,
Fifteen creatures, taking features palpable to touch and sight,
Shap's of every foul complexion, here were met in resurrection,
Shining ghastly, by reflection, of the taper's flickering light,
In the silence of the night.

Quite deprived of all volition, by that sudden apparition,
So amazing, I stood gazing, motionless within the door;
While with many a curious antic, and performance necromantic,
Round and round, with gestures frantic, gombold that infernal corps.
Till the room was in a roar.

By a dread crew surrounded, I was utterly confounded,
Nor had ventured as I entered, to address the sable throng,
While they passed me in rotation, bowing low in salutation,
Every ghost, of every nation, chanted as he danced along,
And this the burden of their song:

All hail to the seller of rum—
What monarch so potent as he?
From city and hamlet his worshipers come
From the main, and the isles of the sea,
What monarch so potent as he?
All hail to the seller of rum.

Bring, Mammon, the wealth of thy store
And turn his coffers with gold,
Death laughs, with delight, that he covets no more
That his concubine so cheaply is sold;
Then pile up his wealth with gold—
For death shall be his reward.

He asks but a price for his store
To revel in wine, and tears,
In return for his life, his name, and tears,
That he scatter his wealth on the earth;
And, truly, that price is worth
His price—a few years.

All hail to the seller of rum—
Let us weave him a chaplet of yew;
For drunkards, from many a desolate home,
He has sent to our reveling crew;
Then crown him with cypress and yew,
And success to the seller of rum."

Such was the infernal chorus while the echoes rang sonorous,
And they crowned me, as they found me, standing like a statue there.

Then, with most unearthly cheering, awful to the sense of hearing,
I beheld them disappearing, with a dull and vacant stare,
'Till they vanished into air.

When I found my sense returning, thro' the blessed light of morn-
ing,
Shone so plainly, I sought vainly, for their footprints on the floor,

'Till I came to the conclusion, it was nought but an illusion;
For my mind was in confusion, from a "spruce," the day before—
That was it and nothing more.

But that "spruce" had given me, (note you,) an attack of *mania a potu*,
And those devils hid their revels, only in my burning brain,
But, in spite of my endeavor, they are there enstamped for ever.
I shall never more, Oh never, while these memories remain,
Sleep a tranquil sleep again!

The Prohibitory Liquor Law.

(From the Montreal Gazette.)

1. This law will probably lie over until after the Parliamentary recess, for ventilation, and it is well that it should do so. In the meantime, however, a few words may not be amiss as provocative of public consideration. If there be any subject about which all moderately well-informed people are agreed, it is with regard to *the immense evils attendant upon the over use of intoxicating drinks*. So convinced has the public mind become upon this point, that men have oftentimes held their peace, and allowed means to be adopted for the prevention of the evil which they felt to be utterly indefensible upon principle, if not injudicious in point of expediency. Yet it is a question how far this is justifiable, to *attach evil with evil*, and wink at the introduction of a dangerous precedent, *subversive of all sound constitutional principle*, in order to gain a partial good. We say "partial good" advisedly, for *experience has proved that the most stringent laws for the suppression of intemperance have nowhere met with anything approaching complete success*.

2. It was an aphorism of Voltaire, we believe, that consistency was a human word, but the representative of no human course of action; and we have only to ask who are the leaders of the movement in favor of this prohibitory liquor law, and what their antecedents, to be struck with its applicability in this case? *The Maine Liquor Law originated, as its name imports, in the land of the Puritan fathers, who loudly declaimed in favor of liberty to worship God according to their consciences; who left England in order to find a place where they might do so, yet, when opportunity offered, persecuted the Quakers openly and rigorously, and subjected the members of the Church of England in the Colonies to no little amount of malice. Among their descendants in Canada, we know of men who clamor against, and denounce the bigotry of Papists and Prelatists, yet would themselves turn upon the Unitarian and subject him to pains and penalties.*

3. Coming then to the leaders of this movement, we find the most zealous among them denouncers of Romanist persecutions in the Papal States; yet their pet measure is no whit better in point of principle than the laws against the freedom of conscience which they anathematise so heartily. The Pope, we doubt not, earnestly and sincerely believes that hisesy is the greatest of all possible evil. "Men can only be saved by belief in the true faith," he argues, "and should not I be wanting in my duty as father of my people if I did not exterminate all false teachers who would, by leading them astray from the paths of truth, ensure their eternal damnation?" And not the Pope alone, but every Romanist Government, whether consisting of a despotic monarch or a representative government, might, with almost equal reason, say the same. *For in matters of conscience it matters not whether the persecution spring from the act of a single despotic ruler or from a majority of the people, it is still persecution if the rights of individual convictions be infringed.*

4. The Maine Liquor Law advocates believe that drunkenness also is a terrible evil, (though they can have no greater horror for it than good Romanists of heresy) —and they would punish the makers and vendors of liquor in the same way, though perhaps not to the same extent as the Pope would punish heretical teachers.

The one would confiscate the property which was being expended in building up heresy, the other the means invested in a lawful calling. The one punishes him who breaks an oppressive and unjust law, the other would make an *ex post facto* law to ruin a man who is, under the sanction of law, earning his bread. *Which is most truly persecution?*

5. We contend then, that, upon abstract constitutional principle, a Prohibitory Liquor Law is indefensible, even if the cause of teetotalism be just, because it imposes immensely excessive penalties upon those who have invested their means in the manufacture of or traffic in liquors of any kind. But we wish it to be understood that we are *not yet converts to the doctrine of total abstinence*, and therefore should look upon any penalty imposed upon manufacturers or vendors, or any confiscation of their property, as an outrage. But, as we said at the outset, we are so heartily convinced of the evils of drunkenness, that we would be the last to condemn that *enthusiasm in the cause of sobriety* which carried its advocates a little beyond what we consider their true position, so long as they are content to trust to moral suasion; but when they call upon the country to embody their extreme views in a grave piece of legislation, it becomes the duty of the Press to speak out, lest the foundations of our free constitution be sapped under the mask of philanthropy.

6. But some may say the evil is so gigantic that we should use even extra-constitutional measures to repress it. Though the principle in the abstract be bad, yet the voice of humanity calls too loudly upon us to permit us to give heed to the reasonings of the theorists. "To do a great good" we must "do a little wrong." And thus the purists in creed would fall back upon the *lowest doctrines of political expediency*. "It is expedient," say they, "that we do evil, that good may come of it;—that we abuse the constitutional privileges we enjoy in order to enforce our philanthropic views upon the country." It were a hard matter to argue with such men as these. We have no common stand-point from which we can set out. We repudiate any such doctrine of expediency. Refusing to admit such a basis for argument, it were idle to batter at the superstructure our opponents may attempt to rear upon it. But thus much we may say to them,—the only excuse which the world accepts for great wrongs is the success of the wronger, and sometimes the practical good which is educed from his act. Have you such an excuse? *Has the experience of this law elsewhere been marked with such signal success as to recommend its adoption here at the expense of any principle?* So far as we can gather from the public prints and individual reports, no such success has attended its operation elsewhere, and therefore, upon the ground of expediency alone, the introduction of the law here is inadvisable. We know that it will be said that in many places it has operated a reform, but this has almost invariably, we believe, proved but temporary, until sufficiently ingenious devices had been invented to evade the law. If, then, the benefits to be expected are so few,—the success in the good cause so very partial, why should temperance people peril the good they might do, by raising up against them the cry that they are zealots and persecutors, (which they must inevitably do, by urging on prohibitory legislation,) and thus bring themselves and their cause into dispute? They should remember *the old fable of the traveller, the wind and the*

sun. The violent raging of the former only made the traveller hold his cloak the more tightly to his person; the genial rays of the latter ere long, induced him to lay it aside. There is just the same difference between the fanaticism of a *Maine Liquor Law*, and the *Christian appeals of earnest men*. The latter melts, the former steels the heart, and in such a matter as this the heart is the only true reformer.

"They Ought to Die."

A few days since in conversation with a liquor seller, in reference to the time the new liquor law is to take effect, he very strenuously urged that the time should be put off to the first of November, so as to give the traffic the benefit of the State Fair, to be held here in October next. We remarked to him that there was one insuperable objection to putting the time off, even if there was no other, "That too many poor fellows would die before that time, who may be saved by the law taking effect the first of August." His reply was "— 'em, they ought to die, if they don't know enough to stop drinking."

This reply is honestly and truthfully characteristic of the liquor business. Feed the poor wretches, impelled on to their ruin by an almost irresistible appetite with the full knowledge of its existence, and when an effort is made to save them, or when they may stand in the way of any business plain, then, "— 'em, they ought to die." Was ever the total obliteration of all moral sense more manifest? It is not enough by seductive wiles to first create the appetite, by various artifices to pamper it and hold the too willing victim within the meshes of the fatal net so adroitly spread, to continue to feed the fallen and debased wretch, once a man, and might have been one now but for the tempter—to plunge within the bosom of an innocent family arrows dealing double death; but when a kindly hand would rescue them from their lost condition, and restore them to rejoicing families, then, then, "— 'em, they ought to die, if they don't know enough to stop drinking."

So thought not a poor woman who came a few days ago to inquire when the law would go into effect, expressing a fear that her husband, kind and generous hearted, but a drunkard, and who would fain leave off drinking, but is impelled by an incontrollable appetite into the dens of death that infest our city and allure the passer by, might die before the law could have the effect to close up those places that lie in his way. So think not thousands in our State, who are looking for the law to bring peace and joy once more to the domestic circle, and who see through the bright beams of hope that encircle it, happiness yet in store for them. So think not that family who mourn over the fall of a parent, once all that a parent should be, but hope once more to call him father as in days gone by; so think not any who have a heart to feel, and in whose soul lingers a vestige of humanity.

Oh! no, it is left for him whose sells the fiery draught of death, who transforms man into a demon when he can no longer serve his ends of gain to send him all sin covered and brutalized to a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's eternity. Talk of a law being too stringent for such defamers of their race, it is impossible to make is so—impossible to bring upon them the embodiment of a public sentiment in the form of

legislation that shall make them fee! too emphatically its penalties, or too soon crush them within its iron grasp.—*Maine Law Advocate*.

A Ray of Light.

BY AARON SMITH.

A traveler in a weary land,
Benighted on his way,
Lone in a pathless wild did stand,
And wished the break of day.
The moon rose in the eastern sky,
And chased the shades of night;
The traveler raised his thankful eye
And hailed the ray of light.

A weary heart on life's rough sea
Was sinking in despair;
The waves rolled on remorselessly,
And Darkness gathered there.
A prayer went up to heaven, and love
Poured radiance on the sight;
The heart, reviving, looked above,
And blessed the ray of light.

And so it always is in life—
Joy's cup is mixed with care;
And spring the noisome weeds of strife
Amid love's blossom fair.
But mercy gilds the darkest scene—
Shines through the dreariest night;
And beauteous is earth's robe of sheen,
When gleams a ray of light.

—*Mark Lane Express*.

BAYARD TAYLOR ON "NUTMEGS."—On our return to the slip, we visited a nutmeg plantation. The trees, which are from twenty to thirty feet high, are planted in rows, at intervals of twenty feet. The leaf is dark green and glossy, resembling that of the laurel, and the fruit, at a little distance, might be taken for a small russet apple. When ripe the thick husks split in the center, showing a scarlet work net of mace, enveloping an inner nut, black as ebony, the kernel of which is the nutmeg of commerce. The clove tree, not now in its bearing season, has some resemblance to the nutmeg, but the leaf is smaller and the foliage more loose and spreading. As we drove through the orchard, the warm air of noon was heavy with spice. The rich odors exhaled from the trees penetrated into the frame with a sensation of languid and voluptuous repose. Perfume became an appetite, and the senses were drugged with an overflowing feeling of luxury.

HISTORICAL SOCIETIES.—All the world honors the historian who takes great countries in hand, and tells the story of their growth truly and philosophically. But we bespeak honor for historians of a humbler sort;—for the compilers of facts worth preserving out of moth-eaten manuscripts, charred relics of town-house fires, old church session records, parish registries, and Family Bibles;—for those who rescue from wreck and ruin the *Elements* of history. Many such are laboring with excellent devotion where there is no hope of remuneration for their services, and unsupported by the encouragement of others engaged in like pursuits. They give the best of their days and infinite eyesight to rescue from oblivion and perishable archives their notes of local history, and, by the agency of the press, treasure them in fire-proof libraries for future use. Out of these various collections a master hand commands the appearance of philosophy that teaches by example, as out of the compacted rills the river runs. We hail every new local history with pleasure, and when the work is well done, are disposed to rate the author as of more service to the world than many a successful cultivator of other departments of literature. With returning Winter, we trust the young men and women of the country will look to the establishment, at all points where no such associations now exist, of County, Town, and Parish Historical Societies. There should not be a town in the land but should have its written history.—*N. Y. Times*.

PROSPECTUS OF
The Canada Temperance Advocate,
VOL. XXX,
FOR THE YEAR 1855.

Periodical literature has become a distinguished feature of our times. Its continuance is indispensably necessary. Every enterprise for the public good must have an exponent of its principles. The press is and must be employed as an instrument of success and as a means of defence. At an early period of the Temperance Reform its friends availed themselves of the power of the press to disseminate and defend their views. One of the first to do battle, for the truths of temperance, was this periodical. With steady aim, unsullied integrity, persevering zeal, and enlightened progress, the *Canada Temperance Advocate* has passed unscathed through the vicissitudes and conflicts of Twenty Years. Considering its purpose, and the character of its antagonistic forces, it is looked upon as a venerable friend by those who hailed its first appearance, while, by all, it is respected as being endowed with the energy and nerve of untiring and unchanging youth. The fall of almost all its competitors is regarded with sorrow rather than as affording subject for boasting, but its claim for support is thereby made stronger than it otherwise would have been. While grateful for all the vigorous efforts made by his friends, the publisher is persuaded that more can and will be done to perpetuate and augment the progressive power of the Temperance Reform in its two most conspicuous and essential features,—total abstinence and legal prohibition, as these are expounded and defended in the *Advocate*.

THE PROSPECTUS FOR 1855

is therefore sent forth at this early period, that all who desire may have an opportunity of inviting their neighbors to join them in united exertion to procure at least

TEN THOUSAND PAYING SUBSCRIBERS.

The several departments of this journal will be conducted substantially as during the past year. The able manner in which the cause of prohibition is now argued and defended, in England, will give many opportunities for increasing the interest of our own pages. Canada started in this career of progress before the leading temperance men of England ventured to hoist the Maine Law Banner. But having now done it with a will, and having attained a full maturity of manly and truthful independence which already foreshadows a glorious triumph, the *Advocate* of prohibition in Canada will unite with the *Alliance* of England and select the choicest ammunition in full faith that victory will crown co-operative and zealous exertion.

THE EDITORIAL CONTROL OF THE ADVOCATE

will be again entrusted to the person under whom it has attained so high a degree of popularity. He will continue to give his attention to every article of importance, and the public may depend upon receiving the earliest intelligence of what is passing in all countries where the Sons and Daughters of temperance are contending for the rights of man and the moral progress of the human race.

FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION

accept the assurances of this prospectus as a pledge of fidelity to the cause of truth, and again unite in rescuing the country from the evils of the traffic.

The First Number of the TWENTY-FIRST VOLUME

will be issued on the first of January, 1855. As usual it will appear twice a month, *free of postage*, at the low price of Half a Dollar, (2s 6d.) a year, payable in advance. The Publisher again offers to agents and friends who may forward twenty subscribers, with the cash, a copy of that very useful book, "Mapleton, or more Work for the Maine Law;" or, if they have already received that, some other work of equal value, and a copy of the *Advocate*.

All who send six subscribers and upwards, with the cash in advance, will be entitled to a copy of the *Advocate* gratis.

Our friends in all other British North American Provinces are respectfully invited to co-operate on the same terms.

All orders and remittances are to be sent to

JOHN C. BECKET,
22, Great St. James Street, Montreal

BROKERS' CIRCULAR.

November 27th, 1854.

FLOUR.—The receipts during the week are to a fair extent. The demand in the early part of the week was small, with sales at 41s 3d to 41s 6d per barrel. Since Thursday the demand has improved, and sales to a large amount have been made at 42s to 42s 6d for fine white strong Flour, and Spring Wheat Flour has brought 43s 6d to 45s. Extra scarce and much wanted, and would readily command 45s.

WHEAT.—We have no sales to report, there being no arrivals. It is inquired for on American account.

INDIAN CORN would command 4s 6d per 50 lbs.

PROVISIONS.—Sales in retail only.

ASHEs—Pots 31s to 31s 3d; Pearls 30s to 30s 6d.

Tuesday Afternoon, Nov. 23.

Ashea here declined 1s. Flour shows a tendency in favor of the buyer.

Postage Free Throughout British America.

Canada Temperance Advocate.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1 1854.

CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

In asking attention once more to the Prospectus and terms of a new volume, we think it right to give our readers an opportunity of knowing the views entertained respecting this publication by our brethren of the press. We have preserved only a very few, and they by no means the strongest, but what we give will suffice to show that our efforts are appreciated, and that we may rationally expect a large increase to our paying list of subscribers.

MONTREAL WITNESS.—We are glad to learn that this old temperance standard maintains its popularity, and that its circulation is rapidly increasing. This speaks well for temperance men; and we hope that this journal will find its way into every home in Canada. We may state that the *Advocate* comes in a new dress, and that it is sent by mail free of postage. The selections, its editorial, and its spirit, are all good. The proprietor asks for Ten Thousand Subscribers, and we hope he may have them. Temperance men must use the press much more freely and extensively before they can expect a Maine Law in Canada.

WESTERN PROGRESS.—We could not wish, and we scarcely can conceive that a Temperance publication could be conducted with more ability, and advocate the cause with more care, attention, and effect, than the *Temperance Advocate*, which has been published in Montreal for such a long series of years. But with all the pains, talent, and unremitting labour bestowed upon it its originators and promoters have suffered great pecuniary loss by the speculation [until recently.—ED. T. AD.]

NAPANEE EMPORIUM.—The pioneer temperance paper in Canada, and which has nearly completed another volume, has been somewhat enlarged by its enterprising proprietor. One number more will complete the present volume. We have often alluded to this publication as an auxiliary in the great moral enterprise which it advocates: and are happy in being able to bespeak it an abundant success in its enlarged and cheapened form. We say cheapened, as those who subscribe for it hereafter will receive it free of postage and at the same price as formerly. No family should be—no family need be without it.

MIDDLESEX PROTOTYPE.—This sterling pioneer in the cause of temperance, is about commencing a new volume.

We need not remind our readers that it is one of the best and cheapest temperance papers in Canada. It is published at 2s 6d cy. a-year, and sent postage free. The publisher expects to obtain a large number of new subscribers. We hope his anticipations may be fully realised.

OSHAWA FREEMAN.—For twenty years the uncompromising advocate of total abstinence. It soon enters upon a new volume; it is published in Montreal by J. C. Becket, twice a month at 50 cents a year, and hereafter is to come postage free.

NORTH AMERICAN—TORONTO.—This excellent temperance periodical has now reached its *twenty-first* volume.—It is published twice a month at the merely nominal price of 2s 6d per annum. The *Advocate* is a sober, zealous, judicious, and enlightened organ of temperance principles, and has been maintained for many years at a considerable pecuniary loss to the publisher. No other publication in Canada can be placed in competition with it, either for the good it has done, or is capable of doing, and as it is by far the cheapest temperance paper in the province, and indeed the only one *wholly* devoted to the cause, it should be supported by every friend of total abstinence. Who cannot afford a half a-dollar to aid in the dissemination of his principles?—Subscribe, read, and then lend to your neighbors. Many a man who would not go to a temperance lecture, has been awakened to the evil of drinking habits and the advantage of abstinence by what he has read in a good temperance publication.

WESTERN EXCHANGE.—This is the first number of the twentieth volume of this very useful and important publication. It comes to us at a time of the year when its influence requires peculiarly to be felt, and we know it is felt very widely. We are given to understand that from the influence of this and other publications of the same kind, sobriety has been much more generally observed than in any past festive seasons. This is cheering to the advocates of temperance in Montreal, many of whom in time past have sacrificed much of their time and not a little of their temporal interests to bring about and secure this much desired consummation.

ST. CATHERINE'S JOURNAL.—This invaluable work has reached our sanctum. We are always delighted to obtain it, and certainly not less so, since it has come into the hands of its spirited and zealous proprietor, Mr. Becket, of Montreal. It is of vast importance that a publication of this sort be kept in existence among us for very many reasons. This noble cause should have, in every country, a publication of its own, to which its friends may always refer, and be informed of the progress of the cause in every part of the province.—We receive, for instance, by this publication, a record of what is passing in the lower part of the province, in the way of temperance, that we do not learn by any other publication.

CHRISTIAN NEWS, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.—This *Advocate* labours assiduously and successfully on the other side of the Atlantic. It has long held on in its lofty career; and, inspired with Maine Law principles, it is one of those appropriate agencies which is steadily at work to secure the triumph of those principles in Canada East and West. Its articles are thorough-going and effective.

We thank our friends of the press for these kindly notices, and, while we shall ever strive to deserve their approbation, we hope the object they had in view in expressing their opinions may be secured,—viz., a wider circulation for the *Advocate*. Agents and friends send in your lists and orders.

"Ventilation" Needed.

On our sixth page we have given insertion to... of an article against the Maine Liquor Law, recently published by our neighbour the *Montreal Gazette*. The Editor is a very clever fellow—that is every where acknowledged, and we have given publicity to his views in full, that our

readers may see how very little of rational argument can be advanced by even the most sensible of men, against that which is fundamentally just and righteous. We send forth the *Gazette's* article to all the winds of heaven throughout all the British Provinces, that it may pass through the process of "ventilation," which it needs much more than does the proposed Canadian Liquor Bill. To allow the blessed air of heaven and the good sense of our readers to pass through the antique complications of the *Gazette* more readily, we have numbered the paragraphs, and have also taken the liberty to italicise a few sentences.

The *Gazette*, like all other writers against the Maine Law, professes to be agreed with all "well informed" people as to the "immense evils attendant upon the over use of intoxicating drinks," but he is careful in the fifth paragraph to warn us against supposing that he is a fanatical teetotaler; he says:—"We wish it to be understood that we are not yet converts to the doctrine of total abstinence." Sorry for it brother! After what has occurred within a few weeks in this city from "over use," it is strange that the danger of using intoxicants at all as a beverage is not perceived by so clever a thinker as the Editor of the *Gazette*. We could name at least four gentlemen, all well known to the *Gazette*—men of intelligence—men who occupied most important and useful spheres in society, whose places it will be difficult to supply—who have terminated their career prematurely by "over use" of intoxicants. If moral suasion and common sense were sufficient preservatives against temptation, these men might have been living, and for many years to come have exercised their vocation as Editors or Merchants with credit to themselves and benefit to the community. We however did not design to lecture on temperance just now, but to defend the Maine Law and its friends against the "*Gazette*."

Our contemporary assumes that a Prohibitory Liquor Law is "subversive of all sound constitutional principle." This we deny, and we respectfully desire the *Gazette* to define the "constitutional principle" with which the Maine Law conflicts. Let not the Maine Law itself be mis-represented in the investigation. Remember it is not a sumptuary law defining what men shall or shall not eat and drink. It is a simple prohibition of the traffic, and we repeat the request as an essential one. With what principle of the constitution does prohibition conflict? A great noise has been made by many persons, and a terrible clatter of arms about the dangers to the constitution arising out of prohibitory legislation. The *Gazette* says in the fifth paragraph, that, "upon abstract constitutional principle, a Prohibitory Liquor Law is indefensible." We are prepared to prove the contrary. The *Gazette* is a lawyer,—we might have been,—and shall be glad to argue the question of prohibition in its constitutional aspects.

Meanwhile, let us take up a few of the accusations charged against the Maine Law and its advocates, and see what they are worth. The *Gazette* says "stringent laws for the suppression of intemperance have nowhere met with anything approaching to complete success." Granted, and what then? Does it follow that prohibitory laws are unsound or unnecessary? The allegation in syllogistic form would be simply absurd. Why, Christianity itself has no

where met with "complete success!" Is it therefore unsound or untrue?

The chief charge against the advocates of the Maine Law, made by the *Gazette*, is that of inconsistency,—in that they declaim against bigotry and intolerance, and are themselves guilty of grosser bigotry in attempting to prevent the people drinking what they please. If the *Gazette* thinks he has made out a case against us, we beg him to open his eyes to a few considerations on his mode of reasoning. It is both extremely unfair and perversely inapplicable. The leaders of this movement are represented as opponents of the papacy and its persecuting enactments, while they "would themselves turn upon the Unitarian and subject him to pains and penalties." Where is the proof of this? Within fifty years past, or more, what measure has emanated from any section of Evangelical Protestants which looks like restricting the civil rights or religious privileges of Unitarians, or any other sect differing from them in religious opinions? As a charge against the advocates of the Maine Law, it is nakedly untrue and unjust. But who does the *Gazette* mean by the descendants of the Puritans, now in Canada? Does he include all those who actively seek a Maine Law? Be it so. We have no objection to claim the New England Puritans as our ancestors, because in doing so we are not required to assume the defence of all they did in seeking to establish themselves in their new homes. We may even condemn their intolerance, but we protest against judging the conduct of the Puritans of the seventeenth century by the standards of law and privilege known and recognized in the nineteenth. And where is the evidence that their descendants in New England would think of doing what their forefathers did in the ages past, in the matter of persecution and intolerance? The forms and symbols of the past are dead and buried, and not a whisper is heard about their resuscitation from any quarter. If the *Gazette* assumes that the pains and penalties of the Maine Law are proof of the old Puritan ignorance of human rights and liberties, we beg to say that is a *petitio pri nicipi* not at all creditable to a learned lawyer. There is no parallel—therefore no conclusion.

In the third paragraph our opponent expands his accusation of inconsistency against us in a form somewhat different, but equally absurd and untenable. He says, "Their pet measure is no whit better in point of principle than the laws against freedom of conscience, which they anathematize so heartily" as against popery. That is as we understand the argument, and as it must be understood if it relate to the question at all, that our desire to prohibit the liquor traffic is as clearly a violation of conscience and right as the Pope's prohibition of the Bible, or persecution of heretics. Truly, this is a mighty bugbear. To one who may be alarmed at the thunders of the Vatican, this shell from the camp of the Protestant *Gazette* must be disastrous to the ranks of the prohibitionists, drawn up in defence of the Maine Law. It has exploded, however, and there was nothing in it but "sound and fury, signifying nothing." At the basis of the *Gazette's* comparison there lies a principle as dangerous as it is false. In opposition to the Pope, we say that the Bible ought to be freely circulated everywhere. In opposition to the advocates of the Maine Law, the *Gazette* says, that Liquor ought to be freely circulated everywhere. He asserts inferentially that we have

no more right to prohibit the Liquor traffic, under penalties, than the Pope has to prohibit the Bible or punish heretics. Think of that, gentle reader, and please to take a milder view of what you have been talking of so often as the horrors and crimes of the liquor business. If you wish to preserve the Bible in your family, mind you also preserve the liquor bottle; for one is as necessary to the proper conservation of your rights as the other. The Puritan has no more right to your bottle than the Pope has to your Bible. We are not jesting, for the *Gazette* is serious—not weeping, perhaps, but absolutely solemn in the enunciation of his fears of Maine Law oppression, and the despotism of the “leaders of this movement.”

We have italicised the last lines of the third paragraph. It includes a political theory, the most unsound that could be uttered, and if we mistake not, utterly at variance with the acknowledged political principles of the *Gazette*. Persecution may follow the execution of law emanating from the will of a single despotic ruler, because it may be at variance not only with the will of individuals, but also with the rights of the entire community of the ruled. But that which is consequent upon the execution of law emanating from the will of the people themselves, expressed by a constitutional majority of their representatives, cannot be persecution in the same sense, if in any sense. What sort of a political theory of government can that author have laid down, who puts the will of an autocrat on a par with the will of the people expressed in a constitutional manner in a free state or government? Yet the *Gazette* says “it is still persecution if the rights of individual convictions be infringed.” We can see no consistency in the theory of our cotemporary, except he will agree to the abolition of all laws affecting individual rights. Instead, therefore, of insinuating that the advocates of the Maine Law are sapping the “foundations of our free constitution,” by a “grave piece of legislation,” under the “mask of philanthropy,” he is without a mask destroying the “free constitution” of this country, by annulling virtually its most vital principle—which is, that the enacted will of the majority is the law of right for all.

As to “conscience,” a word so tritely used by our cotemporary, we confess ourselves unable to appreciate his own scruples, or his regard for the consciences of others. We do not understand how a distiller can be governed by “conscience” in making alcoholic drinks. We cannot for the life of us imagine how a man can defend his own or others’ drinking habits on the plea of “conscience.” The law of God, which is the only rule of conscience, cannot be quoted as justifying the manufacture of liquor; it cannot be quoted in defence of drinking intoxicants as a beverage. Why then talk about conscience? Will the *Gazette* be pleased to define “conscience,” and then show how it authorizes the manufacture, sale and use of intoxicating liquors. There will be something original in the attempt, and, perhaps, the rumsellers of Montreal may be glad of some trifling opiate to assist in quieting the agitations with which they are often troubled about this business.

We can neither be offended nor diverted by what the *Gazette* insinuates in various forms of expression all through his elaborate article. We do not attack “evil with evil”—that is mere assumption. We repudiate the “lowest doc-

trines of political expediency” as much as he can. “Ingenuous advices to evade law” are not reasons against law, but only evidence of human depravity. “The old fable of the traveller, the wind and the sun,”—may be good as a fable, but not good enough to demonstrate the “fanaticism of a Maine Liquor Law.” “The heart” of an enlightened Christian may be a “true reformer,” but the heart of a rumseller, or of a person who habitually uses liquor, needs reforming, and having no confidence in such, we cannot be “content to trust to moral suasion,” but seek the additional aid of legislative prohibition against the liquor business.—Enough for the present.

A Maine Law Story.

A good story is, *on dit*, concerning one of the most prominent candidates on the Maine Law Ticket this fall, for the truth of which I can vouch, and which I have not seen in print. By invitation he took some part in the literary exercises of a college “down east,” and after the commencement was over, met, by appointment, a dozen fellow alumni, with a view to enjoying something more substantial than a feast of reason or a flow of soul.—The first was excellent: it left nothing to be desired. But as for a flow, no liquor was to be had. The landlord was inexorable. So the company sat down to cold water. Now our Maine Law friend, in blissful ignorance of the state of affairs, ordered a couple of bottles of champagne for the first course. His next hand neighbor gently reminded him of the Maine Law, and the waiter solemnly assured him there was not a bottle in the house.

“Nonsense,” said my friend; “call the landlord.” The landlord was summoned. He was a jovial landlord, with a merry twinkle in his eye. “Landlord,” said our Maine Law friend, “you’ll find a basket of champagne in my room, will you send me down a couple of bottles? Perhaps they are not in the basket, but you’ll find them round somewhere.”

The landlord bowed and retired. The champagne presently made its appearance. It was astonishing what an amount of liquor was found “round somewhere.” It not only furnished the dinner for them, but it supplied our Maine Law friend for the rest of the week he was there. There is one matter even more astonishing than the capacity of my friend’s invisible champagne basket, and that is the extent of his bill for “sundries” when he went away.

We cut the above from the *St. Johns News*. It appears as part of a letter from a correspondent. We lay it before our readers in order that they may see what miserable absurdities are circulated against the Maine Law. But we have also another object in view. The writer says of this story “for the truth of which I can vouch.” Now we deny the truth of the story. Who is the voucher? that is the first question—then next let us have answers to the following honest interrogatories. What is the name of the Maine Law candidate who is represented as liking champagne? In what college exercises did he take part? Will you give us the names of two out of the “dozen” fellow alumni? What is the name of the landlord? Where does he dwell? When did the circumstance occur? When these questions are settled, we shall ask the Editor of the *St. Johns News*, whether he thinks such stories are beneficial to his readers, and if true, whether they can be considered as arguments against the Maine Law.

Temperance News from Cape Breton.

We copy the subjoined item of intelligence from the columns of our indefatigable cotemporary, the *Athenæum*, Halifax, N. S. It is signed “a ‘Son’ of Cape Breton.”

As I know it is gratifying to you, as well as the general readers of your useful journal to hear of matters in the Total Abstinence Cause, I take this opportunity, briefly to state, what has been doing here of late. The travelling Agent of our Grand Division P. G. W. P., J. B. Cooper, Esq., has come among us, and we hail his coming, as the weary mariner does the long looked for beacon; situated as we are at so remote a distance from Nova Scotia, we have felt the want of a visit from our Grand Division much; could such a measure have been carried out with practicability, Cape Breton "Sons" would once more raise their heads, but Brother Cooper's visit has done much to obviate this. We begin to feel that we are a part of the mighty Temperance family, and that our wants are not overlooked by the head of the Order in Nova Scotia. Brother Cooper has been indefatigable since his arrival here, he has lectured twice in Sydney town, in the handsome Hall there, once at Sydney Mines at "Archangel" Hall, once at the Hall of "Cape Breton" Division, once at the Hall of "Bethlehem" Division, once at the Bethel at the Bar, in addition to which he delivered a lecture thirty miles from here, on the borders of the Bras d'Or Lake, near the settlement of Eskasonie, he also paid a visit to the Indians in their native homes, spent a time with them, and then adjourned to the house of Mr. John McAdam, Senr., where a mixed audience were assembled, to whom he explained the nature and working of our noble Order, the beneficial results of the Maine Law wherever it has been adopted, and in language and argument, strong and mighty, exhorted them to hoist the Temperance Banner, and banish for ever the monster Alcohol from their midst. Believe me, Mr. Editor, had a decanter of the real "Old Jamaica" been on the shelf beside him, it would for the first time in Eskasonie felt ashamed of itself, and been very likely to lose its color from fear, for verily its downfall draweth nigh. In Brother Cooper we have not only an active and zealous advocate of our cause and principles, but we have one whose demeanor is affable and Brotherly, and whose temperament and knowledge of mankind renders him a dangerous opponent, not only to Rum drinkers, but to Rum vendors. He has this day taken his departure from among us, and purposes visiting all the settlements, from Baddeck on the Bras d'Or Lake, round the back of the Island to the Gut on his way to Halifax. He carries with him the united good wishes of his Brethren here, as well as many of those who are out of our fold, and we and all wish him God speed.

The Duties on Wines, &c.

A very proposal of Government, to lower the duties on wines and liquors, when the country is clamorous for the Law, has elicited from the Montreal Temperance Society the following petition, which was dispatched on Monday, to the care of Mr. Holton, one of the members for the city:—

TO THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF CANADA IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED.

The Petition of the Committee of the Montreal Temperance Society respectfully sheweth:—

That your petitioners view with alarm and apprehension the proposed reduction of duties on wines and liquors; under the new tariff, believing, that, so far from facilitating the importation of intoxicating drinks, it is the duty of the legislature stringently to restrain the importation, manufacture, and sale of what causes such untold loss and misery to the community.

Therefore your petitioners pray that no reduction of duties on any kind of intoxicating drinks may take place, but, on the contrary, that a prohibitory liquor law may be enacted without delay.

And your petitioners, &c.

Signed in behalf of the Committee,

JOHN DOUGALL, President.

DAVID INGLIS, Secretary.

J. C. BECKET, Recording Secretary.

Montreal, 27th Nov., 1854.

Canadian Prohibitory Liquor Law League.

We have great pleasure in giving insertion to the following note from the active and intelligent Secretary of the League. The essays are worthy of the widest possible circulation, and we urge the friends of prohibition to support the cause and promote its advancement by ordering speedily these very timely productions of the press.

TORONTO, November 9, 1854.

SIR,—You will receive herewith three Essays, each in its own way urging the necessity of a prohibitory Liquor Law for Canada. One of them is a First Prize Essay, for which the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance gave £25. The others, Tracts for the People, No. 1 and No. 2, are Second Prize Essays, for which the League gave £12 10s. each.

You are respectfully requested to bring them before the public by a short notice in any way your judgment directs, intimating, at the same time, that they can be had from the Secretary of the League for distribution at five dollars a thousand.

Your kind attention to this will be esteemed a favor by

Respectfully yours,

G. P. URE,

Secretary.

The Secretary respectfully informs the Branch Leagues, and the Divisions of the Sons of Temperance, that they can be supplied with the Grand Division Prize Essay, written by W. Smith, author of *Amazon* and other poems, and with the two Prize Essays published by the League, at \$5 a thousand for distribution.

The Voice of New York.

In our last we expressed a fear that the Maine Law candidate for the governorship of the State of New York was not successful. But we added "we do not yet believe that Seymour is elected." Most gladly do we now announce that the choice of the State is Myron H. Clark, the Maine Law candidate, with Mr. Raymond for Lieutenant-Governor, who is also pledged to the Maine Law. The Assembly and the Senate are also safe. Three cheers for New York. We shall give further particulars and statistics in our next

"The Report of the Executive Committee of the American Temperance Union, 1854," is the title of a pamphlet of fifty-six pages, sent us by its author, Rev. Dr. Marsh.—It contains the most complete history of the temperance enterprise for the year 1853-'54 that has been given to the world; and its facts, arguments and appeals should be in the hands of every temperance man in the country. The Report may be obtained in large or small quantities, by addressing Rev. Dr. Marsh, 149 Nassau street, N. Y.—*Prohibitionist*.

MANUFACTURERS.—Your interests would be largely promoted by the suppression of the grog-shops, and the consequent conversion of their drunken victims into sober men. It would be the opening of a new market to the products of your enterprise and industry. Our eighty thousand drunkards with their wretched families, would soon become consumers of something more substantial than whiskey. Their rags would be thrown aside for decent clothing—their hard benches, crazy chairs and crazier bedsteads, for comfortable furniture: their whisky jugs for the flour barrel: in one word, their squallor, discomfort, and wretchedness be exchanged for whatever might contribute to their comfort, convenience, intelligence, and happiness. Every industrial enterprise would feel the glad impulse of a prohibitory law.—*Prohibitionist*.

Editorial Scrap-Book.

CONFIDENCE IN ONE'S SELF.—When a crisis befalls you, and the emergency requires moral courage and noble manhood to meet it, be equal to the requirement of the moment, and rise superior to the obstacle in your path. The universal testimony of men, whose experience exactly coincides with yours, furnishes the consoling reflection that difficulties may be ended by opposition. There is no blessing equal to the possession of a stout heart. The magnitude of the danger needs nothing more than a greater effort than ever at your hands. If you prove recreant in the hour of trial, you are the worst of recreants, and deserve no compassion. Be not dismayed nor unmanned, when you should be bold and daring, unflinching and resolute. The cloud whose threatening murmurs you hear with fear and dread is pregnant with blessings, and the frown whose sternness now makes you shudder and tremble will ere long be succeeded by a smile of bewitching sweetness and benignity. Then be strong and manly, oppose equal forces to open difficulties; and trust to Providence. Greatness can only be achieved by those who are tried. The condition of that achievement is confidence in one's self.—*Richmond Post.*

HISTORY OF A DISTILLERY.—What if the history of a distillery could be written out—so much rum for medicine of real value; so much for the arts of real value. That would be one drop, I suppose, taken out and shaken from the distillery. Then so much sold to the Indians to excite them to scalp one another; so much sent to the Africans to be changed into slaves to rot in Cuba and Brazil; so much sent to the heathens in Asia, and to the islands in the ocean; and so much used at home. Then if the tale of every drop could be written out—so much pain, so much redness of eyes, so much diminution of productive power in man; so many houses burnt, ships foundered, and railway trains dashed to pieces; so many lives lost; so many widows made—doubly widows, because their husbands still live; so many orphans, their fathers yet living, long dying upon the earth; what a tale it would be! Imagine that persons who had suffered from torments engendered on that plague-spot came together on ridge pole and on roof, and filled up the large hall of that distillery, and occupied the streets and lanes all about it, and told their tales of drunkenness, robbery, unchastity, murder, written on their faces and foreheads. What a story it would be, the fact stranger than fiction!—*English paper.*

The following advertisement is from an interior Australian Journal:—

“SONS OF NEW ENGLAND!

Two barrels of your Native rum on tap, and for sale at the Brick Store.
December 10, 1853.”

Sons of New England, descendants of the Pilgrims, children of the iron men who, with their feet upon the Plymouth Rock, lifted up their voices in praise and thanksgiving to that God who had guided and protected them on the Ocean, and with whom they were alone in their wilderness home, dedicated themselves and their posterity to the advancement of His kingdom and the perpetuation of His glory—see you

this? “Two barrels of your native rum!” What a commentary upon the stern morality, the unflinching patriotism, the sleepless piety of your Puritan fathers. “Your native rum!” How came rum native to New England, the home of the Pilgrims, the place where their ashes rest? Who has desecrated their honored graves, who has stained their memory, who falsified their lofty teachings, and obliterated the influence of their great example, by making rum native to New England, a thing to the manor born? “Sons of New England,” you who have wandered across oceans to the far off Islands of the Sea, come to the “brick store,” and be merry. Drink, carouse, be drunken, revel in the productions and call up the memories of your far off home. Be jolly and shout, hurrah and sing, be obscene and blasphemous in speech, roll in Australian filth, grapple with each other in angry strife, fight, riot, strike, stab and kill each other while the fire of “your veins and its fumes are maddening your brain!” Yes! yes. “Sons of New England,” come to the “brick store” here in Australia. Here is “your native rum,” here the means of debauchery, of licentiousness, of wickedness and ruin, of death, and remember, oh! “Sons of New England,” that the means of all this moral and physical desolation came from the home of the Puritans, the country of your pilgrim fathers, your native land.—*State Register.*

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.—Be kind to the poor; be kind to each other; be kind to the aged, to those who are in the autumn of life, and who are like a tree through whose branches the winds of an hundred winters have whistled, and whose hoary locks are silvered with age, and whose cheeks are furrowed with care. Thou knowest not what sufferings they may have endured, or how much it may still be their portion to bear. Cheer them with smiles, and greet them with that deference and respect to which virtuous old age is always entitled. Do they require aid, render it cheerfully, and forget not that the time is rapidly approaching, when thou, too, shalt be old and infirm, when the grasshopper shall be a burden, and those that look out of the windows shall be darkened, and desire shall fail, and the almond tree shall flourish. Do all that is needful for the old, and do it with alacrity; but forget not the young of thy household, they are the olive plants around thy table, and need much care in nursing and maturing for future life and eminent usefulness. Above all, forget not, neglect not, the cultivation of their minds. The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life itself endures; habits that will ameliorate, not destroy; occupation that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, “age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.” Teach children to love everything that is beautiful, and you will teach them to be good and useful.

STICK TO IT.—The very doctrine of all others! “Stick to it.” Who ever knew a mortal enrol himself under this banner, and come out at the little end of the horn? Nobody, we’ll be bound. Its principle, acted up to with rectitude, purpose, heart and soul, would keep any man above and in blue sky. “Stick to it.” It’s the very life of all experience; the triumph of mind, art, literature, every great and noble work, is its direct appropriate illustration. He who would be, do, gain, make, save, achieve anything, in whatever department of life, trade, politics, religion,

philanthropy, or love, must make it his first and last object of solicitude—the Alpha and Omega of his aspiration and action. Tell us, young man, who ever did a thing worth a note, that did not “stick to it?” Look around among your acquaintances, and see who is, and who is not, “something.” In him who is deservedly famous and honored, you will find the man who, years ago, in the strength, determination, energy, and light of an all-conquering resolution, said, “*I’ll stick to it,*” and who did, and has stuck to it ever since. What has made great lawyers, statesmen, divines, artists? What has made a Webster, a Choate, a Brougham, a Kosuth? Simply, and solely, and truly, by choosing something real and vital, and “*sticking to it.*” And if you wish, or expect, or mean to do or be anything, you have got to do likewise. Then choose, and “*stick to it.*” Armed with its principle and inspiration, you may rise to undreamed-of heights—wanting it, you may sink to unthought-of depths.—*Pettengill’s Reporter.*

CHANGING FROM BAD TO WORSE.—All human situations, says the sagacious Franklin, have their inconveniences. “We feel those that we find in the present; and we neither feel nor see those that exist in another. Hence we often make troublesome changes without amendment, and frequently for the worse. In my youth I was passenger in a little sloop descending the river Delaware. There being no wind, we were obliged, when the tide was spent, to cast anchor and wait for the next. The heat of the sun on the vessel was excessive—the company strangers to me, and not very agreeable. Near the river-side I saw what I took to be a pleasant green meadow, in the middle of which was a large shady tree, where, it struck my fancy, I could sit and read—having a book in my pocket—and pass the time agreeably until the tide turned. I therefore prevailed with the captain to put me ashore. Being landed, I found the greatest part of my meadow was really a marsh; in crossing which, to come to my tree, I was up to my knees in mire; and I had not placed myself under its shade five minutes before mosquitoes in swarms found me out, attacked my legs, hands, and face, and made my reading and my rest impossible; so that I returned to the beach, and called for the boat to come and take me on board again, where I was obliged to bear the heat I had strove to quit, and also the laugh of the company. Similar cases in the affairs of life have since frequently fallen under my observation.”

A correspondent of the *Home Journal*, writing from Louisville, Ky., chronicles the following instructive example of cheap but efficacious charity:—“A thinly and poorly clad little girl, apparently about six years of age, was wending her way from market with a basket of beans. As she was passing along the street on which my office happens to be located, her basket—which was very old and dilapidated—gave way, and her beans rolled out on the pavement. She set her basket down, and commenced gathering up her lost treasures; but just so fast as she would restore them to the basket, would they again ooze out from the crannies, and again find their way to the pavement. The poor child persisted in this useless labor for a long time, during which hundreds of unsympathizing and uncaring people had passed her without notice, although the poor little thing was sobbing at her useless labor as if her little heart would break. Not

so, however, a kind-hearted physician of my acquaintance, who chanced to pass at the time. His quick eye, ever alive to perceive, and his good heart always ready to respond to all appeals to his better nature, at once comprehended the cause of the little one’s distress, and suggested the requisite assistance. Kindly approaching the friendless child, he soothed her by a few gentle and timely words; and taking a newspaper from his pocket, he spread it in the bottom and around the sides of the old basket, and getting on his knees on the pavement, with the child’s assistance, restored her beans to their now safe repository, and sent her on her way home, not only with her eyes dried of their tears, but with a living consciousness, ever after to be remembered, that the Bible story of the ‘Good Samaritan’ was not alone traditional. This was a mere street occurrence, gentlemen, the like of which I would fain believe occur hourly in our goodly city; but do you know that little act has caused me to think much more of that physician’s heart than had I seen his name paraded in the newspapers, set opposite to a thousand dollar subscription to some public charity?”

Law versus Saw; or Musings from the Office Window.

BY LEWIS DELA.

Sitting in his office was a lawyer—
Standing in the street was a sawyer.
On the lawyer’s anxious face,
You could read a knotty case,
Needing law;
While the sawyer, gaunt and grim,
On a rough and knotty limb,
Run his saw.

Now the saw-horse seemed to me
Like a double X in fee;
And the saw,
Which ever way ’twas thrust,
Must be followed by the dust.
Like the law.

And the log upon the rack,
Like a client on the track,
Played its part—
As the tempered teeth of steel
Made a wound that would not heal,
Through the heart.

And each severed stick that fell,
In its falling seemed to tell,
All too plain,
Of the many severed ties,
That in lawsuits will arise,
Bringing pain.

Then methought the sturdy paw,
That was using axe and saw
On the wood—
Held a yielding mine of wealth
With its honest toil and health—
Doing good.

If the chips that strewed the ground,
By some stricken widow found,
In her need,
Should, by light and warmth, impart
Blessings to her aged heart,
Happy deed.

This conclusion then I draw,
That no exercise of jaw,
Twisting India rubber law,
Is as good
As the exercise of paw,
On the handle of a saw,
Sawing wood.

—*Eastern Argus.*

A Page for Young Folks at Home.

THE SPELLING SCHOOL.—Spelling Schools! Have you forgotten them? When, from all the region round about, they gathered into the old log school-house, with its huge fireplace, that yawned like the main entrance to Avernus. How the sleigh-bells, the old-fashioned bells, big in the middle of the string, and growing "small by degrees and beautifully less" toward the broad, brass buckle—chimed, in every direction, long before night—the gathering of the clans. There came one school, "the Master"—give him a capital M, for he is entitled to it—Master and all, bundled into one huge, red, double sleigh, strown with an abundance of straw, and tucked up like a Christmas pie, with half a score of buffalo robes. There half a dozen "cutters," each with its young man and maiden, they two and no more. And there, again, a pair of jumpers, mounting a great out-landish looking bin, heaped up, pressed down, and running over, Scripture measure, with small collections of humanity, picked up *en route*, from a great many homes, and all as merry as kittens in a basket of wool. And the bright eyes, the ripe, red lips, that one caught a glimpse of, beneath those pink-lined quilted hoods, and the silvery laughs that escaped from the wollen mufflers and fur tippets they wore then—who does not remember?—who can ever forget them?

The school house has been swept and garnished; boughs of evergreen adorn the smoke-stained and battered walls. The little pellets of chewed paper have been all swept down from the ceiling, and two pails of water have been brought from the spring, and set on the bench in the entry, with the immemorial tin-cup—a wise provision indeed, for warm work is that spelling!

The "big boys" have fanned and replenished the fire, till old chimney fairly jars with the roaring flames, and the sparks fly out of the top, like a furnace—the oriflamb of the battle.

The two "Masters" are there; the two schools are there; and such a hum, and such a moving to and fro! Will they swarm?

The oaken ferule comes down upon the desk with emphasis. What the roll of the drum is to armies, that the "ruler" is to this whispering, laughing, young troop.

The challenged are ranged on one side of the house; the challengers upon the other. Back seats, middle seats, low, front seats, all filled. Some of the fathers, and grand-fathers, who could, no doubt, upon occasion,

"Shoulder the crutch, and show how fields were won." occupy the bench of honor near the desk.

Now for the preliminaries: the reputed best speller on each side "chooses." "Susan Brown!" Out comes a round-eyed little creature, blushing like a peony. Who'd have thought it! Such a little thing and chosen first.

"Moses Jones!" Out comes Moses, an awkward fellow, with a shock of red hair, *shockingly* harvested, surrounding his brow. The girls laugh at him, but what he doesn't know in the "Elementary," isn't worth knowing.

"Jane Marray!" Out trips Jane, fluttered as a bride, and takes her place next to the caller. She's a pretty girl, but a sorry speller. Don't you hear the whispers round the house? "Why, that's John's sweetheart." John is the

leader, and a battle lost with Jane by his side would be sweeter than a victory won without her.

And so they go on "calling names," until five or six champions stand forth ready to do battle, and the contest is fairly begun.

Down goes one after another, as words of three syllables are followed by those of four, and these again, by words of similar pronunciation and divers significations, until only Moses and Susan remain.

The spelling-book has been exhausted, yet there they stand. Dictionaries are turned over—memories are ransacked, for

"Words of learned length and thundering sound," until, by and by, Moses comes down like a tree, and Susan flutters there still, like a little leaf aloft, that the frost and the fall have forgotten.

Polysyllable after polysyllable, and by and by Susan hesitates just a breath or two, and twenty tongues are working their way through the labyrinth of letters in a twinkling.—Little Susan sinks into the chink left for her on the crowded seat, and there is a lull in the battle.

Then, they all stand in solid phalanx by schools and the struggle is, to spell each other down. And down they go, like leaves in winter weather, and the victory is declared for our district, and the school is "dismissed."

Then comes the hurrying and bundling, the whispering and glancing, the pairing off and the tumbling in. There are hearts that flutter and hearts that ache; "mittens" that are not worn, secret hopes that are not realized, and fond looks that are not returned. There is a jingling among the bells at the door; one after another the sleighs dash up, receive their nestling freight, and are gone.

Our Master covers the fire, and snuffs out the candles—don't you remember how daintily he used to pinch the smoking wicks, with fore-finger and thumb, and then thrust each hapless luminary, head first, into the tin socket?—and we wait for him.

The bells ring faintly in the woods, over the hill, in the valley. They are gone. The school house is dark and tenantless, and we are alone with the night.

Merry, care-free company! Some of them are sorrowing, some are dead, and all, I fear, are changed. SPELL! Ah! the "spell" that has come over that crowd of young dreamers—over you, over me—will it ever, ever be dissolved? In "the white radiance of Eternity."

The Head and the Heart.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

The Head is stately, calm and wise,
And bears a princely part;
And down below, in secret, lies
The warm, impulsive Heart.

The lordly Head that sits above,
The Heart that beats below,
Their several office plainly prove,
Their true relation show.

The Head, erect, serene and cool,
Endowed with reason's art,
Was set aloft, to guide and rule
The throbbing, wayward Heart.

And from the Head, as from the higher,
Comes all-directing thought;
And in the Heart's transforming fire
All noble deeds are wrought.

Yet each is best when both unite
To make the man complete—
What were the heat without the light?
The light without the heat?

CIRCULAR.

To the Ministers of Religion in Canada, and others friendly to the cause of

TEMPERANCE,

AND IN FAVOR OF

LEGAL PROHIBITION OF THE TRAFFIC IN ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES.

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