

# THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE AND NEWS.

Vol. IX.

AUGUST 15, 1843.

No. 8.

## WHISKY PUNCH.

*For the Canada Temperance Advocate.*

It is about six years since, that business required me to go to Coalesland, a village about three miles from Dungannon, and about 38 miles North of Belfast. I proceeded in the afternoon, and after completing my business was returning home, when arriving at the Drumgloss Colliery, I perceived a man dressed in the manner of a gentleman, leaning against the gate, sobbing, and rubbing his hands; supposing from his appearance that something was wrong, I advanced and inquired the cause of his trouble, but being unable to answer me, I conjectured the man must be drunk, and accordingly left him; but had not proceeded far, when I met a woman apparently out of her right mind, her hair flying about in a strange manner, and clapping her hands, as if in great distress; on enquiring the cause of her trouble, she involuntarily pushed on without answering my question; for the moment, I was at a loss to know to what to attribute the conduct I had just witnessed, both on the part of the gentleman and the woman, for it was now midnight; both evidently in distress, and neither answering the questions I had asked them; to me, it appeared somewhat unusual and unaccountable.

Being determined to find out the cause of all this, I proceeded after the woman, who now began to tear her hair out, and catching hold of her by the arm, demanded to know what was the matter, she turned round, and with a look, and expression of countenance, I shall never forget, said, in a hasty tone, "My God! don't you see the gentleman in the ditch, and his horse and gig on the top of him;" having run to the place to which she pointed, and looking down the precipice, I there perceived a splendid grey horse and gig, the horse struggling, as if drowning. I knew not what to do, to attempt releasing them myself were but useless, to remain idle would be culpable. I ran, with the greatest speed to the colliery gate, and commenced knocking and shouting with all my might, for assistance, and calling on the men to bring torches; in less than ten minutes about sixteen men might be seen running towards the place where they heard the shouting, each with a torch in his hand. I hastened them on to the spot where the scene had occurred, but no person appearing in the gig, we were for some time in hopes that all was not so bad as we expected, but one of the men having put his arm under the gig soon convinced us of the melancholy fact, that a man was underneath it, we immediately set to getting him out, which was no easy task, owing to the depth of water in the ditch, and the gig being so firmly bound; after some time we succeeded in recovering the body, which we conveyed to the nearest house, and after using our weak efforts, for some time, to restore animation, found it was all in vain, the vital spark having fled. It now came into my mind that the gentleman I had seen at the gate must be the deceased's companion; I accordingly went to him, for he was unable to leave his position, I enquired of him if he knew anything of the unfortunate affair; if he was travelling with the deceased, or knew his name, "O yes," said he, "that I am," he could say no more; I assisted him into the house, and placed him on a seat, and having again looked at the corpse, immediately recognised it as Mr. Samuel B——, of Cookstown, in whose house I had spent an evening, but a few days previous. M, feelings, at that

moment can be better imagined than described. I now felt myself bound to take an active and interested part, and proceeded, in presence of two others, to take an account of his cash, and other property on his person, we then saved the horse, and got out the gig, and after making some further arrangements, such as sending messengers to his family and friends, &c., I got a person to assist me in bringing Mr. M——, (deceased's friend) into Dungannon. A Coroner's Inquest was held the next day on the body of the deceased, and a verdict of accidental death was returned.

Mr. B—— was a resident of Cookstown, in which place he owned a great deal of property; his fellow traveller, Mr. M——, was a merchant in the same place, and having some business to transact in Dungannon, they, that morning, left Cookstown, at an early hour, for that purpose. Previous to their leaving home, Mrs. B—— expressed a wish that her husband would not go to Dungannon, as by writing his business would be done as well, but Mr. M—— assured her that nothing would happen him, and insisted on his going, adding that he would engage to deliver him to her, in the evening, all right, and, in a jesting manner, told Mr. B—— to get into the gig and come along.

They went to Dungannon, and after getting through with their business, dined with Mr. S—— at the Brewery. After dinner they drank a few glasses of whisky punch, and it being, by this time, eight o'clock, they left for the purpose of returning home (having nine miles to go). While their horse was getting ready at the hotel, they sat down to supper, after which, they indulged rather freely in drinking punch, and left about eleven o'clock, in a state of intoxication. They had only proceeded one mile when Mr. B——, who was driving, dropped his whip, Mr. M—— said he would get it, and leaped out for that purpose; in the meantime, the horse became restive, and Mr. B—— reigned him back, although he was cautioned about the danger of his situation, he continued pulling back, until one of the wheels went off the road, and all was capsized; Mr. M—— now seeing his helpless state, being quite unable to render any assistance himself, did not even attempt to give the least alarm, but stood nearly motionless, as described when I first saw him.

It appears that the woman spoken of had been near at the time, and saw all that had occurred, but the occurrence had such an effect on her feelings, that she became overpowered, and she too was unable to give any alarm.

The inquest was conducted in as private a manner as circumstances would admit of, it being the wish of the friends and relatives of the deceased, that it should not be made known to the world that the untimely and melancholy fate of Mr. B—— was occasioned by drunkenness.

R. D.

Cobourg, Feb., 1843.

## The Opium-Trade and Christian Inconsistency.

The attention of the public has been powerfully directed of late to the evils of the opium trade, both from the platform and the press and in the beginning of April last the committees of the Wesleyan, Baptist, and London Missionary Societies, through Lord Ashly, petitioned the House of Commons to abolish the traffic. But these men who are so anxious to prevent the health and morals of the Chinese from