

purposes; but he has no redress. The cognizance of these and many other flagrant abuses imperatively demanded some remedy, and that devised by Messrs. Wye and Co., approved and sanctioned as it has been by the unanimous voice of the phalanx of rank and consequence throughout the kingdom, namely, the bottling of Port Wines at Oporto, is admitted to be the only one which could lawfully secure the unsullied Port Wines of the Alto Douro. The Delme, the Anne, and the Red Port, have just arrived in the port of London, from Oporto, with the 39th, 40th, and 41st consignments of WYE'S PORT WINES, bottled at Oporto, to the sole consignees, W. S. WALSH and CO., 56, Berwick-street, adjoining Oxford-street, London.

By this singular document the following things are clear :

1. That fraud is a distinguishing feature of the wine-trade. It was practised in 1628, as appears by the act of Parliament against it; and it is practised still, as appears by the disclosures of Messrs. Wye and Co.

2. That no individual who drinks wine can be sure that he is not drinking a vile and abominable compound. The oath of an Excise-man, or of a Custom House officer is no guarantee, that the wine is genuine.

3. That Parliament considers its powers competent to put an entire stop to the whole business of vending intoxicating liquors.

4. That if genuine wines produce the same results as false wines, they are both to be avoided. To use either as a daily beverage, is equally injurious.

5. That opposition to the use of wine is well founded and imperiously called for; if for no other reason, than the wicked frauds perpetrated by the vendors.

6. That teetotallers may expect opposition from wine merchants and others who sell intoxicating drink. Expose a rogue, and you lose his good will.

7. That it is better to propagate the principles of total abstinence, than to sell wine.

ANOTHER VICTIM!—On Saturday 16th November, G.——— breathed his last. He died a drunkard, in the house of a stranger. We saw no tears shed over him. He lay on a thinly clad cot, with a rough garment thrown carelessly upon his feet. When we entered this chamber of death, he had just breathed his last. He had been speechless all day. Delirium tremens attacked him at three o'clock that morning; and for several hours his sufferings were extreme; but he died without a struggle in the very position in which we saw him. Pale; unearthly; horrible! He was a husband—but drunkenness severs every tie. His wife, wearied out with his wicked conduct, left him. In a spirit of deepest sympathy, she for several years allowed him sufficient to keep him from starvation; but saw him never as a husband. From this time he wandered in the street, and obtained employment now and then; but his love of drink unfitted him for industry, as it had done for the company of an amiable wife, for an honorable profession, and for a respectable standing in society. He was an educated man: practised in an Hospital, and might at this day have stood high as a man of usefulness and science. How all these prospects have perished! what a miserable end of talent, education, and influence! what a miserable end of all he possessed! How dreary was his deathbed. Not a friend was nigh to console his troubled mind. No kind voice cheered his descent to the tomb. He went down into night, forsaken of God and man! He was nominally connected with a Christian congregation; the minister of that congregation followed him to his grave: and what was said at his funeral? Was his death urged upon the bystanders as an example of the danger connected with the use of intoxicating liquor? Did the holy man say: *taste not, touch not, handle not the deadly poison which destroyed the soul of this fellow-immortal*? Did he plant his foot on the sides of the grave, and lift up his voice and warn his hearers against intoxicating liquor? *No! he did not.* The example of that minister and his avowed sentiments, bade them *drink on*, nothing daunted by what they saw before them. If ever conduct was irrational, surely such conduct is irrational. If ever the world witnessed *deliberate folly, or intelligent madness*, it is here displayed. If ever delusion from beneath led astray wretched mortals, it is when having destruction before their eyes, men rush intelligently into its open jaws. If ever ministers of religion said, *peace, peace*, to such as are at enmity with

God, it is when they cease to declare that "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."

INCONSISTENCY AND ABSURDITY.

In contemplating the intemperance of our country, we have often been struck at the numberless absurdities and inconsistencies associated with it, and wondered how such a system could receive the countenance and support of thinking men. From beginning to end it is absurdly, inconsistently, and delusory. Is it not? Then answer the following queries:—

Is it not very inconsistent for a Government, instituted for the purpose of promoting the *prosperity and good order* of the whole commonwealth, to legalize a system, the only fruits of which are disease, crime, and national degradation. Magistrates tell us that nine-tenths of the crime committed in the country result from intemperance.

Is it not very inconsistent to condemn, imprison, and hang a man for buying and drinking *Government liquor*, and stabbing his fellow-man under its influence; while the laws of the very same Government protect the man that made the liquor, that he may make more drink—that we may be cursed with more murderers, and have our feelings outraged in witnessing the dying struggles of a fellow being, hung up like a dog, unworthy of either heaven or earth; while the man that made the drink that inflamed the drunkard may be at home, clothed in purple and fine linen, faring sumptuously every day, shielded by the law, and considered a most respectable member of society, and, in all probability, an office-bearer in the Church of Christ?

Is it not very inconsistent for a magistrate to grant a license for the sale of intoxicating liquors, and then have dragged before him the poor dupes who bought the liquor, that he may punish them for doing what he appointed to be done?

Is it not very inconsistent for members of Christian Churches, upon the Saturday evenings, or rather upon the Sabbath mornings, to be engaged in taking the hard-earned money from the pockets of the poor tipplers, sending them home drunk to their broken-hearted wives and starving children, and then to dress their own wives and children with clothes purchased with the drunkard's earnings, go to church, and there profess to worship the God of heaven and earth, while their poor victims are lying at home, or in the police-office, experiencing wretchedness of mind akin to that experienced by the lost: and why? Because they drink the drink sold by those who are sitting in church, professing themselves the disciples of Christ. Oh! away with such monstrous inconsistency. Why should the name of the meek and holy Jesus ever be associated with a traffic so unholly?

Is it not very inconsistent for rulers in the Church of Christ to sell the drunkard's drink, and then sit in judgment upon their fellow members who bought their drink, drank it and got drunk? Such cases are by no means rare. Must not their counsels and rebukes be destitute of much of that point and consistency which they would possess were their hands entirely clean of their brother's guilt?

Is it not very inconsistent for a member of a Christian Church to pray and plead for the success of Messiah's cause, and devote of his substance for the same object, while he drinks, though moderately, of the drunkard's drink, and thereby countenances a system which has done more to retard the success of the Gospel, and crown with discomfiture almost all the exertions of the Redeemer's friends, than all other causes combined?

Is it not very inconsistent for members of a Christian congregation to press upon their minister intoxicating liquors, and then, when they have taught him to become a drunkard, turn him out upon the mercies of a heartless world?

These are some of the inconsistencies,—new for a few of the absurdities. Is it not very absurd for men claiming the character of philanthropists to busy themselves in building Jails, Bridewells, Houses of Refuge, Hospitals, and Magdalene Asylums, for the reception and accommodation of the victims of intemperance, while they leave the cause of all the evil untouched,—standing, as it were, at the bottom of this River of Death, catching one poor victim here and another there, as they come down with the whirling current, dragging them to shore, and using means for the restoration of moral life. Would it not be more consistent with their character,