

In the father land. A previous letter giving an account of his voyage has not been received. We gladly insert the one now on our table; thankful to the Father of Mercies for his kind preservation of our friend and fellow-labourer from the dangers of the deep.

To the Rev. J. Marsh, Cor. Sec. of the A. T. U.

CLIFTON, October 2d, 1838.

DEAR SIR,—I addressed you a short letter on the day of my arrival, since then I have been much engaged in looking around me. The *Great Western* cannot come up to the town, I therefore landed at a small place about five miles from Bristol, where, after waiting about two hours at the inn for a conveyance, I had leisure to see plenty of drinking; every person who entered the house called for something, and all were immediately supplied except one poor wight who asked for a *glass of water*, which was promptly refused with the remark "we keep no water here!" At this place I had the happiness to meet my son and my dear friend the Rev. Mr. Kirk. In this inn I took up the Bristol paper of the day; the first article that struck my eye was, that in the State of New York there were 12,000 distilleries, bringing crime and pauperism and bankruptcy on the state. Mr. Kirk will correct this mistake this evening, at a public meeting. I have had an interesting interview with the Board of Directors of the *Great Western*, and I was assured by them that they were very desirous of adopting every measure that would promote sobriety and good morals, and that they would doubtless comply with the request of the majority of the passengers on the last voyage, to banish the promiscuous distribution of intoxicating liquors, and confine them, as in a hotel, to the bar, to be called for and paid for by each individual desiring it.

We have had a great meeting this evening in one of the largest chapels, the house was full to overflowing. Mr. Kirk addressed the audience for near two hours, in a strain of eloquence that made a deep impression on the audience. There are now near 4000 members to the total abstinence society in this city, and the principle is operating greatly to the benefit of the lower classes. The higher classes do not as yet join heartily in our thorough going principles—they contend for a *little*—but all admit that a great and wonderful change is taking place in the habit of wine drinking in the upper walks of life. Drinking of healths is almost exploded, and the quantity drunk is vastly less than before the reformation commenced.

We leave for Bath to-morrow, where there is also a Society of about four thousand members, and where Mr. Kirk is to make an address. I am, &c., truly and sincerely,

EDWARD C. DELAVAN.

Miscellaneous.

THE GENTEEL vs. THE VULGAR.—"I don't sell to drunkards. If a fellow in that condition (pointing to a staggering drunkard,) comes into my house, I turn him out of doors. He won't get any liquor of me. He may go to the *grocery* if he wants it. I sell it only to sober and respectable men." So said a neighboring retailer to us the other day. Now we desire to know which in the light of reason and in the sight of heaven, is the greater sin—feeding a *respectable* man with whiskey till he becomes a sot, or killing him with the same drug after he has become such? There are two grades or departments in this business. The one takes the best material he can find, tempts him and makes him a drunkard. During the process, he is stripped of his character, his property, and friends, and his family deprived of a husband and father. "Now get out of doors you drunken dog, I'll have no drunkards about my house. You may go off to the *grocery*—the only fit place for you." This is the GENTEEL OR RESPECTABLE HOTEL OR TAVERN.

The other department takes him where his more genteel neighbor left him, and finishes him off—ready for deposit in a drunkard's grave. This is the *grocery* or *coffee house*. We saw a victim carried out of one of these establishments near our office the other day in a coffin, where he had expired in his chair just after swallowing a dose administered to him by the bar-keeper. Now we ask again, is it less criminal to destroy a man morally and physically for all the purposes for which he was created, and make him a pest and burden to society, or to kill him off after he has been

made such! Which is the greater sin?—*Illinois Temperance Herald*.

The following is an extract from a Soliloquy by the *Town Pump*:—"I here are two or three friends of mine, and true friends I know they are, who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even of a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the *treasure* upon the ground. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honorable cause of the *Town Pump*, in the style of a toper, fighting for his brandy bottle? Or can the excellent qualities of cold water be not otherwise exemplified, than by plunging, slapdash, into hot water, and wofully scalding yourselves and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare, which you are to wage—and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives,—you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains."—*Western Journal*.

THE PROPER USES.—When the artful swindler has designs against your little property, he gives you drink; when the harlot would decoy you to her devilish haunts, and rob you of your hard-earned wages, she persuades you to drink to your heart's content; when the Devil would lead you on to greater crimes, he prepares effectually for his deep laid snares by tempting you to drink; and when wicked men, as Satan's agents, would betray you into their nefarious schemes and plunge you into the same abyss of guilt with themselves, they begin with the inciting liquor, and triumph through the influence of the intoxicating draught!

DISTILLER'S COWS.—A gentleman who was formerly a distiller, mentioned to us yesterday, that it was his custom to feed cows on the slops, and that the quantity of milk, when he put them on that feed, was immediately just about doubled, but the quality ruined. He says such milk will not make butter at all. Churning only wrought it into froth.—*Journal of Com.*

TEMPERANCE REPORTS FOR THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.—A thousand copies of the last Report of the American Temperance Union, have been presented to the Hon. Mr. Buckingham, for the purpose of presenting a copy to each member of the British Parliament. A letter on the subject of temperance, by Mr. Buckingham, is to accompany each copy of the Report.

The testimony is abundant, that most of the recent steamboat accidents have arisen from the influence of ardent spirits. "Engineers," says one of their number, "are proverbially intemperate men. I am aware this is harsh language, but as I am one of the craft, I am prepared to prove it, and am as ready to admit, that many are exempt from this habit. As long as this state of things exists, we need not wonder at hearing of daily explosions." In 1836, fifty persons were killed by steamboat accidents; in 1837, seven hundred, and in the first six months of 1838, near one thousand.—*Boston Recorder*.

It is a melancholy fact, that in this Island, generally, the Wesleyan Methodists, whose travelling preachers stand opposed to our cause, are rapidly declining in numbers, as well as in finances; whilst the Primitive Methodists, whose ministers are all teetotallers, are rapidly increasing in numbers; and from lately being one of the poorest circuits in the connexion, are now enabled to maintain the preachers in comparative comfort, although there is the additional expense of an extra preacher this year.—*Isle of Man Guardian*.

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