

I am scarcely sorry for this result. It is by the progress of enlightenment, not by decisions of Magistrates, that inankind will become sober and happy. It is by the opinion of the people, not by the arm of the law, that the Temperance Reformation must triumph.

Besides, if there exists any good reason for granting one license for the sale of intoxicating drinks, it must apply equally to granting a thousand. If the drink be a good thing, why attempt to limit the sale? If it be a bad thing, why throw the sanction and respectability of the law around the vender? I maintain that the selling of intoxicating drinks is evil,—pure unmitigated evil. And if men will do evil, of course there is nothing to hinder them; but at all events, do not license them, do not make their business legal, and themselves respectable by the decision of a bench of Justices. It may be objected that if this plan were adopted, every house would become a Tavern, and thereby a frightful increase of the evil complained of would be occasioned. I do not doubt it; but this very excess would work its own cure. And public opinion, the only real source of strength, would become sound and enlightened, and bring about that state of things which we desire, namely, a voluntary abstinence from intoxicating drinks, much more quickly than it will probably be brought about any other way.

Before concluding, I shall briefly advert to the reason which, I understand, principally weighed with the Magistrates to renew many of the licenses which they intended to discontinue, namely, "the hardship of depriving a poor man of the means of support." In plain language it was considered a hardship to refuse a man the sanction of the law to endeavour to make his neighbours drunkards; to bring up his family in all probability to drunkenness and misery; and to turn out ultimately a drunkard himself; for such I maintain are the natural and ordinary consequences of keeping tavern; and I think the statistics of tavern-keeping and tavern-frequenting in this city, for the last ten years, will bear me out in my opinion. A.

#### "When the Wine is in, the Wit is out."

In the above common proverb, which is the expression of a fact, universally recognised, the word "wit" is used in its original and most extensive meaning; to signify sense, reason, or the intellectual powers generally. It occurs in the same sense in another proverb, "an ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of clergy;" which means, that a small portion of intellect is better than a great deal of learning.

Proverbs embody the wisdom and experience of nations, and that wisdom and experience declares, that "when wine is in, wit is out." But why should the wit ever be out? Why should reason ever be banished from the mind? Why should we extinguish for even the shortest space, the only light which is given to direct our steps in this world?

It cannot be a matter of surprise that men, when the wit is out, when the light of rea-

son is extinguished, should be guilty of many follies and crimes. It is rather wonderful that they commit so few, when they deprive themselves so frequently of the wit or reason which was bestowed upon them as the highest and most essential attribute. But wherefore, we ask again, should we put ourselves into a condition to commit these follies and crimes? If there was any necessity for taking in the wine and putting out the wit periodically, or, from time to time, it would be another matter, and we would only have to lament the defective nature of our constitution. But there exists no necessity, not even the shadow of a reason, for drinking wine or any other kind of drink, which is to banish wit; unless we think that we are bound to comply with customs which are the relics of barbarous and unenlightened ages, and which, to the disgrace of civilization, have come down to the present day.

M'GINNISM.—A tradesman of the name of R— who lives in this city, had brought himself to disgrace, and his family to want, by intemperance. After suffering much of the misery which this vice produces, he was induced to sign the total pledge. The happy consequences of abstinence soon became apparent; his children were clothed and fed, his wife was happy, and his dwelling began to assume the look of comfort. But by the wretched sophistries of Mr. M'Ginn he was persuaded that abstinence was not right—he accordingly began to use the poison again, determining to keep within the bounds of moderation as he was advised. But vice needs only a beginning—he is now in as wretched a condition as before. Such are the fruits of the *scriptural way of drinking*. Mr. M'Ginn may think that he has nothing to do with this man's drunkenness, but let him remember, that he who leads another man into sin, has as large, if not a larger share of the guilt than the individual whom he misleads.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—The new gaol stands between two *Distilleries*—large as it is, therefore, there is every probability that it will be all needed.

END OF THE DRUNKARD.—A person lately died in this city of *delirium tremens*,

brought on by the long use of spirituous liquors. On his death-bed he behaved so outrageously as to frighten his attendants out of the chamber.

GOOD NEWS.—The *Herald* of May 6th contains a commercial letter from Halifax N. S., from which we learn that the importation of Rum has decreased, as compared with last year, in the following very gratifying proportion:—from 1st January to 30th April, 1835, there were imported 2368 puncheons, and from 1st January to 30th April, 1836, 795 puncheons—decrease, 1573 puncheons! If this decrease is permanent, we shall soon hear of the prosperity of Halifax.

DISTILLERIES.—We have frequently wondered what benefit these institutions conferred on the community. Our anxiety to know this has been more than usually excited since the lamentable catastrophe that swept over one of them in this city, by the sudden rise of the St. Lawrence, which we heard spoken of by some as a great public loss. Still we could never obtain a satisfactory answer to the above query, until, fortunately, the other day, a friend handed us a number of the *Montreal Herald*, by consulting which we found, that, according to this great authority, one of the principal benefits arising from distilleries is "an increase in the price of bread!" "Twelve years ago," says this sagacious writer, "when Mr. Handyside commenced business at Long Point, Oats 7½d. a bushel, Barley 20d.—now mark the contrast, ye champions of 'the cause,' and never ask again 'what is the use of whiskey?'"

Giving this author the credit to which, doubtless, he is eminently entitled on "all subjects whatever," distilleries have conferred this immense boon on Lower Canada—they have doubled the price of bread in twelve years—they have sliced the poor man's loaf in two, and compelled him to be content with the half of what he once had—they have prevented his wages from going so far at the market as they used to do—they preserve him from the danger of being over fed, which is important—and they teach him to value more highly the "bit"