

Wine, says *Frazier's* (Eng.) Magazine, taken in excess, is the bane of talent. Like fire upon incense, it may cause rich fumes to escape; but the dregs and refuse, when the sacrifice is ended, are little worth. By a long continuance, indeed, in any vicious indulgence, the mind, like the body, is reduced to a state of atrophy; and knowledge, like food, passes through it without adding to its strength. But repeated vinous intoxication soonest unfits a man for either mental or bodily exertion.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—Rev. George Champion, a missionary from this country in Africa, in a letter to the Rev. Dr. Edwards, published in the *American Temperance Journal*, gives a deplorable description of the excessive use of spirituous liquors among the natives at Port Natal. Spirits were in high demand, and were sought after with intense eagerness; any thing could be purchased with them. A Temperance Society had been formed at Port Natal, of twenty two members, which exclude wine and other spirituous liquors. Farther from the seaport, at some of the stations, the cause of temperance is well sustained. At Bethelsdorp there is a Temperance Society of some hundreds. Many own themselves to have been saved from the drunkard's grave, who are now consistent members. At Cape Town, the most appalling excesses are every where witnessed among all classes and ages. Wine is the article mostly drunk. "A soldier," says Mr. Champion, "on arriving at the Cape, thanked God that he could now get drunk as a lord on the liquor of a gentleman."

INDIA.—The subject of temperance is attracting the attention of the natives as well as of Europeans in India. The late Editor of a newspaper at Bombay, a native, has entered spiritedly into the cause. Taking sundry periodicals on the subject, he roams from street to street says the Bombay paper, and before each liquor shop (here is an example worthy of imitation) he speaks to the people, whether rich or poor, words full of kindness and gentleness, beseeching them to abandon the use of ardent spirits, and pointing out their pernicious effects.

ANOTHER DISTILLERY OVERBOARD.—The Distillery at Haverhill, Ms., erected probably as long ago as the days of the Revolution, and repaired some dozen years since, has been purchased by two gentlemen of that place, to be made use of for a much better purpose. We are glad to see this blot upon that beautiful and flourishing village, stricken out. Has the temperance reform no effect? The famous Deacon Stone's Distillery, at Salem, is up for sale. It is said the Deacon finds bad sledding.

A correspondent in a neighbouring town says:—"Three of our members have been voted out of the Society, since its formation, because they would not adhere to its rules." This is right—this is consistent. Let all be dropped who cannot maintain sufficient decision of character to keep their pledge. But with all such we would part "more in sorrow than in anger." The writer adds: "Four members have been dismissed by request, because they wanted to drink a little (as they said) occasionally." Ah! this *little* is the plague we want to kill. He is the entering wedge of all the mischief. Drive him off, and we shall blow up all the drunkards in the country.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—The *Dictionnaire de Medecine* enumerates nineteen cases of the spontaneous combustion of the human body, produced by the excessive use of alcoholic liquors—between the years 1692 and 1829—mostly very old persons, and all females except three. When Kittredge published his first address, which electrified the nation, (says the *Journal of the American Union*) his introduction of a case of combustion was almost universally regretted. It was so new, and appeared so incredible, that scarcely any one was found ready to believe or sustain it, while every moderate or immoderate drinker of alcohol, from Georgia to Maine, and every manufacturer and vender of intoxicating drinks, laid hold of it as effectual to counteract and destroy all the influence which that most thrilling address was calculated to produce. But now these cases have multiplied so much, and been so well attested, that few are disposed to call them in question.

A CURE FOR THE CHOLERA.

(Or a free translation of *Homer's*, *Ode* xiii, Book I, ('*Integer vito austeriorque purus*') by a Member of the Temperance Society.

From the *Glasgow College Album*.

The man who keeps his stomach pure, and tipples not at whiskey toddy, In spite of cholera walks secure—no spasms prey upon his body.

No need has he of Daun or Berry—of flannel belt or spirit bath,[†] Or poison from the apothecary,[‡] to drive contagion from his path.

He cares not though he breathes the air of Newcastle all choleric,[§] Or lives in artist village, where no hospital[¶] contains the sick.

For instance, —without shield, or lance, to drive the malady away;[¶] Snugging the praise of Temperance[¶]—not long ago I took my way,

To some dark alleys where the poor, with cholera were all diseased, And sought to expedite their cure[¶]—yet strange to say, I was not seized.

A miracle like this, not even the army-surgeon Dr. Daun,^{**} In Bengal or Madras had seen, or where the Nile's dark waters yawn.

Place me in some contagious town,^{††} in which no soup-shop e'er appear;^{††} Where Parliament sends no doctors down— and where no Board of Health is near.

Of Temperance I'll warble still, though 'mong th' infected collieries,^{‡‡} And loudly chaunt the saving skill of Temperance Societies.

P. L.

• "Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu."

† "Nec venenatis sagittis."

‡ "Sive per Syrtis iter oritur." "Estuosa Syrtis" is here admirably rendered into "Choleric Newcastle."

§ "Per in-hospitalum Caucassum."—We have seldom seen so happy a translation as is here given of the word "in-hospitalum."

¶ "Cum meam cauto La legen."

¶ "Curi expeditus."

** "Quale portentum neque militaris Daunius," &c. It is impossible to imagine any thing more felicitous, than this translation of "militaris Daunius," as "the army surgeon, Dr. Daun."

†† "—pigris ubi nulla campis arbor aetiva recreatur aura."

‡‡ "in terra domibus negata."

THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE is published Monthly, under the superintendance of the Executive Committee of the Montreal Society for the promotion of Temperance. Communications and Subscriptions to be left at Mr. WM. GREGG'S Depository for Religious and useful Publications, No. 197, St. Paul Street, or address (post-paid) to the Secretary, Mr. JAMES COURT.

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