

from the refined classes down to the most besotted bodies of men. Persons from the East and West, from the North and South—from populous cities and obscure villages, alike concur in speaking of it as exceeding any thing in the annals of moral reformation. We find persons of every grade who have been habitual drinkers, almost voluntarily abandoning their cups, and renouncing their accustomed haunts of dissipation. Crowds of men, acted upon by common sympathy, or by some other cause, are abandoning habits of intoxication, and joining in reforming those whose appetites, hitherto, they have helped to feed and inflame. Men who have been conspicuous for their habits of intemperance and lawless disregard of the healthful laws of morality, suddenly are changed, and become exemplary and sober men. Nothing could induce a return to their former habits. Those who once needed the aid of friends to stop excess, now, in turn, are exhorting others to reform. The reformed every where have become successful and judicious reformers. God be praised that this vast fountain, from which vice springs in such innumerable shapes, has already met with so blessed an amount of purification. May it continue to be cleansed, and happy will that day be, when it no longer shall send forth turbid and bitter waters.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

Extract from an Address of the Albany Temperance Society:—"How can we commend the representative system so long as we have half a million of drunken voters? How can we properly develop the immense resources of this country, if so much of the time, industry, capital, physical strength and mental energy of our citizens, are to be expended in sustaining this destructive vice and its consequences? Millions of dollars, if paid to us in money, could not compensate for the amount of drawback which it occasions upon our national prosperity. Not a city, village nor settlement; not a farm nor factory where intemperance now prevails to much extent, but would at once, increase twenty or thirty or fifty per cent in value, if the abandonment of all intoxicating drinks should commence immediately and universally."

ANECDOTE OF AN INDIAN.—In the beginning of May, the annual election of the principal officers of the (then) colony was held at Hartford, the capital. My father attended officially, and it was customary for the chief of the Mohegans also to attend. Zachary had succeeded to the rule of his tribe. My father's house was situated about midway on the road between Mohegan and Hartford, and the old chief was in the habit of coming a few days before the election and dining with his brother governor. One day the mischievous thought struck me to try the sincerity of the old man's temperance. The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home brewed beer on the table. I addressed the old chief—"Zachary, this beer is excellent, will you taste it? The old man dropped his knife and fork—leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression; his black eye sparkling with indignation, was fixed upon me. "John," said he, you do not know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! Do you not know that I am an Indian? I tell you that I am, and that, if I should but taste your beer, I might not stop until I got to rum, and become again the drunken, contemptible wretch, your father remember me to have been. John, while you live, never again tempt any

man to break a good resolution." Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept. Demosthenes could not have given it in more solemn tones of eloquence. I was thunder struck. My parents were deeply affected; they looked at each other, at me, and at the venerable old Indian, with deep feelings of awe and respect. They afterwards frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it. Zachary lived to pass the age of eighty, and sacredly kept his resolution. He lies buried in the royal burial place of his tribe, near the beautiful fall of the western branch of the Thames, in Norwich. I visited the grave of the old chief lately, and repeated to myself his inestimable lesson.—*Col. Trumbull's Autobiography.*

TEMPERANCE.—The Washington Temperance Apostle, instead of dozing on their cushions, and eating good Sunday dinners, have taken to a wholesome system of dock wallowing. Yesterday, early in the morning, they went to the North and East Rivers by Clinton and Catherine markets, and wherever they could find a miserable, drunken vagabond, crawling out of a cellar-way, or empty hogshead, they would take him along and get him to sign the temperance pledge.

Near both these markets meetings were held, and addresses made, from morning till night. There was much strong talk about the monster Alcohol, and the blessings of cold water. Many related their experiences, and bad stories they had to tell of their past career, now happily ended. There is no affectation about these speakers—they let out whatever comes uppermost—but the devil and rum catch it the most severely.—*Herald.*

THE EASIEST CURE FOR INTemperance.—We have seldom met with a more striking instance of the union of simplicity and wisdom, for which Quakers are remarkable, than the following. A man addicted to habits of intoxication, was suffering the usual miserable consequences, and in a moment of repentance, said he would give anything to cure himself. "It is as easy as to open thine hand," said a Quaker. Convince me of that, replied the inebriate, "and I will persevere in the experiment." "When thou takest the tempting glass into thine hand," replied the Friend, "before thou liftest the liquor to thy lips, open thine hand, and keep it open, and thou wilt be cured."—*Boston paper.*

MORE OF ALCOHOL'S DOINGS.—In October, the following, as near as I can recollect, was told me by an eye-witness. —Near a distillery in this district (London) was transacted a scene which appears to cap the climax. The parties emigrated from the mother country some time since in apparently comfortable circumstances; but ah! the sequel: the man drank himself to death! And while the nurse was out to get assistance to lay the man out, his wife locked the door, collected a quantity of combustibles, to which she set fire, and perished in the flames.—*Christian Guardian.*

INTemperance AND EXPOSURE.—Two of the Soldiers attached to the garrison at Fort Mifflin, were allowed to go to Hog Island, just below the Fort—there they became intoxicated, and a corporal and one man were sent with another boat to look after them. On returning with the flood tide, they were carried above the Fort, and brought