

copper from another without permission. A farthing taken to-day will open the way for a penny to-morrow; and the end, who can foresee!

Love truth. Don't equivocate, but tell the truth frankly, and like a Christian. What is more to be dreaded than the reputation of a liar? You had better be poor and wretched all your days than possess a lying tongue.

Don't swear. Let no profane word pollute your lips. Of all bad boys, he is most to be feared who uses wicked and indecent words. Nothing makes a lad appear so unlovely as profane language.

Temperance.

The Unprincipled Rum-seller.

While our last General Conference was in session at Pittsburgh, the Temperance Societies in that city held frequent meetings, and several members of the conference addressed the meetings. One of the Delegates, from "down East," related an incident, in substance as follows:—

A merchant, in a small village, sold rum; and had, of course a large number of customers, who became poor as a consequence of his ruinous traffic. The wife of one of those men had waited on the rum-seller to entreat him to sell her husband no more of his deadly drink. She was coldly received, and obtained no assurance of favour. It was in vain that she told him what her husband once was, and what he would be again, but for his traffic, which had already reduced them to abject poverty. In vain she drew the truthful picture of poverty, want, and sorrow! No sympathy was inspired in the heart of the rum-seller.

As time rolled on the inebriate husband went still downward in his course, and had not only sold for rum everything which he could exchange for the fiery beverage, but had run up a bill of a few dollars for the article at the store of this merchant. For though nearly all the labour he performed was for this man, and all for rum, he was so far destroyed in his physical, as well as mental and moral powers, as to be able to work but little, besides rendering his home a place of sorrow and want.

The afflicted wife struggled, as she was able, to provide for her little children, herself, and her ruined husband. A small plot of ground, which composed the yard of their poor, rented cottage, was put in order by the wife and her little boys, and sown with onions. These were tended and weeded with much care, and gave early and unmistakable signs of yielding a fine return. O, with what delightful anticipations did the children look upon the work of their hands; upon all which they could call their own! And as some dollars worth were likely to be realized, the mother told them of many little comforts which might be procured for the coming winter by the sales of their little harvest. No wonder they looked eagerly for the time of gathering their all—their only wealth!

At last the time arrived, and the little hands which reared, were now busy in securing the cultivated treasures. But little did they know the grief and disappointment that awaited them! On the very day which they hoped to gather the harvest, they were to be robbed of the fruit of their toil. The rum-seller had long had his eye upon that only fruitful spot upon the desolate premises of the victim of his cupidity; and as soon as the onions were out of the ground, the officer of the law was there to seize them at the bidding of the merchant, on his demand against the poor husband and father of the producers! Such an affliction was as great and overwhelming to these poor ones as would be the burning of the store of a wealthy merchant, with all its contents; or the sinking of the ship in which his all was ventured! *It was their all!* and, though that was little, it was much to them! Despite not the trials which come upon the poor, nor the tears which they shed over their little, GREAT losses! The deed of the oppressor was told in every part of the village, and in an hour a hundred hearts beat high with indignation! The injured and robbed ones shared in the sympathy of the good people, and this sympathy took on substantial forms. But, the rum-seller, what was done to him?

Verily, he had his reward! Did the strong men of the place hang him on the nearest tree? No. Did they give him "a hundred lashes on his bare back, well laid on?" Nothing of the kind. Well; what did they do?—Now, be patient and I will tell you all about it. They left him to the ladies; and we to the poor wight against whom they combine! A large number met in an "indignation meeting," and laid their plan of vengeance. Its details can best be seen in its execution. Next morning one of the ladies called at the store for the purpose of examining several articles in the dry goods line. After looking, and having the counter well loaded by the obliging trader, she said, "How is it about those onions?" and firmly told the abashed merchant she should trade to more with *such a man!*

Scarcely had he time to return his goods to the shelves before another lady entered; and, going through a similar process, looked him in the face, with an expression of contempt, saying, "What about those onions?" and left, with the assurance that he could not have her trade!

Such were the calls with which the trader was favoured, in quick succession, to the number of a dozen or more; each in turn, asking, "What about those onions?" and pouring upon his miserable head their burning invectives, worse than coals of fire; closing with the declaration that they should trade no more with him!

As the proceedings of the ladies became known, the indignation appeared to be contagious; and even the little boys, as they passed the store, would shout, "*How is it about those onions?*"

Such, reader, was the vengeance which was meted out to that miserable sinner!—And what do you think was its end? Why, it would have been easy to foretell that—What could a man like him do? Not a man would brave the displeasure of the ladies by trading with him. He could not show his head without bringing it in contact with onions! figuratively; and his quiet as well as his occupation was gone.

Having an opportunity to *sell out* to a better man, he embraced it, and went to a land which was very far off; it is hoped to reform his conduct, and establish a good reputation. It is, however, doubted whether he ever relished onions, "fried, roasted, boiled, or raw."

I will not be sure, but my impression is, that, after the tempter fled, the poor inebriate was restored to his former sobriety; and his wife and children were again happy in his love, and the peace and plenty which blessed them with their presence. See what the ladies can do! We read that "the wrath of a king is terrible;" but it is nothing when compared to that of a dozen virtuous females, brought to its focus upon the head of such a man! Let all the good women of our land take a firm stand against rum-selling, and it shall flee away like the onion-man!—*Corr. N. Y. Christian Advocate and Journal.*

The Reformed Crows.

Col. B. had one of the best farms on the Illinois River. About one hundred acres of it were covered with waving corn. When it came up in the spring, the crows seemed determined on its entire destruction. When one was killed, it seemed as though a dozen came to its funeral, and though the sharp crack of the rifle often drove them away, they always returned with its echo. The Col. at length became weary of throwing grass, and resolved on trying the virtue of stones. He sent to the druggist's for a gallon of alcohol, in which he soaked a few quarts of corn, and scattered it over his field. The black-legs came, and partook with their usual relish, and, as usual, were pretty well "corned;" and such a cawing and cackling; such strutting and swaggering. When the boys attempted to catch them, they were not a little amused at their staggering gait, and zigzag way through the air.

At length they gained the edge of the woods, and there being joined by a new recruit who happened to be sober, they united at the top of their voices in haw-haw-hawking, and shouting eulber praises or curses of alcohol, it was difficult to tell which, as they rattled away without rhyme or reason. But the Col. saved his corn.—As soon as they became sober, they set their faces against alcohol.

Deacon Barnes and the Drunkard.

A man once addicted to intemperance, but who for some months had entirely abstained, though he had not joined the Temperance Society, took occasion not long since to relate, in a temperance meeting, his experience in regard to the influence of temperate drinkers of respectable standing in society, upon the habits of the drunkard.

"Many a time," said he, "have I gone to Capt. Johnson's tavern, and waited for half an hour, or an hour, for some respectable man to come in and go to the bar and call for liquor. After a while, Deacon Barnes would come in and call for some spirit and water. Then I could get up to the bar and do as he did." Deacon Barnes hearing of this, asked him if it was so.

"It is," said the man.

"Well," rejoined the Deacon, you shall hang on me no longer. I joined the Temperance Society yesterday."

"Did you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then I will join to-day, for I can do without liquors as long as Deacon Barnes can."

He did join, and remained a consistent temperance man afterwards.

Literary.

For the Wesleyan.

Letters on Haiti.

NO. VI.

AGITATIONS IN THE COLONY ON THE BREAKING OUT OF THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

It is somewhat remarkable that certain movements should have been made, simultaneously both in France and in England, in favour of the oppressed, African race. While Wilberforce was bringing the subject before the British Parliament in 1787, Brissot was forming in France, under the patronage of Mirabeau, Pétion, Vergniaud, Gregoire, and others, "La Société des Amis des Noirs"—"The Society of the Friends of the Blacks." This shows that when the French Revolution broke out, there were some men of truly noble minds at the head of it, and that the "Rights of man" were correctly understood, and that the Blacks as well as the Whites had "Rights," to be vindicated. The explosion which shook France to her centre, was forcibly felt in her colonies also. The rich planters of St. Domingo, anticipated the independence of the Island, or nearly as much, and immediately petitioned the Government that the colony should have the right of governing itself, and of appointing its own officers: or at least that none should be appointed who did not possess a considerable amount of property in the Island.—This made a great division among the Government officers and the Planters, and was one of the circumstances which prepared the way for the slave to set himself free. At the same time the free people of colour who enjoyed no civil rights whatever in the land of their birth (in the colony) began to hope for an amelioration of their state, from the generous spirit that was actuating the leaders of the Revolution in the mother country. They accordingly sent to France some rich and talented men of their own class, who were instructed to bring their case before the Government. These were much opposed and calumniated by the party of the slave owners, so that little hope was entertained of encouragement from that quarter, and the hatred existing between the two classes was increased a thousand fold.

In the colony itself, the whites, who did not amount to one twentieth part of the population, were divided into three parties. 1st. The Governor, most of the civil and military officers, their secretaries, clerks, &c. These were naturally all for maintaining the existing state of things in the colony, in a political point of view—for they were all sent out by the home government, and were well paid by the colony. 2d. The rich planters were all for maintaining the existing institutions as to slavery, &c., and were doing their utmost to become so far independent of France as to be merely under its *Protectorat*. 3d. The lower order of whites, who were all Revolutionists, and longing for the downfall of the rich, that they might prey upon their riches.—These three parties were bitterly opposed to each other, and were one only in their deadly hatred to the free coloured men, who were seeking to become their equals in a civil point of view. A circumstance occurred about this time which greatly enraged the slaves, and hastened on the day of vengeance for their oppressors. The Revolutionist party had been greatly excited against the Royalist Governor by the harangues of a violent demagogue, lately sent for that purpose from France. They resolved to set out for the capital to drive the Governor from the Island. To prevent this a colonel of one of the regiments spread a false alarm, that there was a great ri-

sing of the slaves in their own neighbourhood, and undertook to lead these fiery revolutionists to the plains, to punish these rebel Blacks. They wandered about all day in search of them, but none could they find—all were quietly at work, and patiently fulfilling their tasks—they all returned to town highly incensed against the colonel, more than ever determined to put down the Governor, and driving a poor miserable negro before them, who they pretended was the chief of the imaginary revolt. This circumstance greatly enraged the blacks, and pushed them another step nearer that despair which generally inspires the most sublime courage. A few days after this, a respectable white colonist was publicly beheaded, for having assisted in drawing up a petition in favour of the free, coloured people, setting forth their rights to citizenship. A mulatto was also put to death for the same purpose, and when dead he was fastened to his horse's tail, and the animal driven off at full speed, which ran to the door of the man's own house, dragging the mangled corpse, to announce this to his weeping children what had been the fate of their father. This unhappy class of men was subjected at that time to the most outrageous treatment from all parties of whites,—they were so specially for two reasons, one was they sought to enjoy equal rights with other subjects of France; the other was they were by colour and interest connected with the slave: yet they were in general as intelligent and well educated as the whites, and often as rich and respectable. Those who had been sent to France to advocate their cause did everything that could be done, to draw the attention of the nation to a consideration of their unnatural position—at last they justly thought they had gained their point, for on the 2nd March, 1790, it was decreed by the National Assembly "That all persons living in the Colonies, 25 years of age, who were possessed of property, and had lived in the parish for at least two years, paying taxes, should unite to form a Provincial Assembly," and when a member rose to move that the free people of colour should be included, it was answered,— "That the law was to be understood as applying to all, irrespective of their colour." Unhappily, the latter clause was not introduced into the Act, and the Colonists took advantage of it, and interpreted it to their own advantage, and would not admit the Mulattoes to a share in those primary assemblies. As soon as this was known in France, Oge, a young, rich, talented Mulatto, who had laboured hard in favour of his class in Paris, resolved to return to the Colony, and force the Colonists into a compliance with the intention of the new law. As the Planters in France did everything to prevent his returning to St. Domingo, he set off for London, where he met with the venerable Clarkson, who assisted him with money and letters of introduction to the States, whence he went in an American vessel to St. Domingo, and, landing in the evening, he reached his own plantation, and called around him an army of free coloured men, who acknowledged him as their general, and appointed other subordinate officers. Oge wrote to the Governor, claiming the rights granted them in the above-named article, and warning him of the consequences, if they were refused. Some troops were sent against them, who after several engagements, succeeded in dispersing them, and Oge and his chief officer had to take to flight. They were soon taken, judged, condemned, and broken upon the wheel, after which they were beheaded, and their heads were stuck on long poles, near their own plantations. This took place the 23rd Feb., 1791. When conducted to the place of execution, they were, according to the sentence, bare-headed, barefooted, with a long cord round the neck, and all the civil authorities of the town went in procession to enjoy the sight—first, their legs, then their thighs, then their arms, and then their ribs were broken, when their heads were severed from their bodies, on the Place of the City, which was destroyed by earthquake just fifty years afterwards, when near 5,000 souls perished in a moment. A few days after 2 others were broken on the same wheel, 21 were hanged, and 13 condemned to prison for life.

Thus a wider breach than ever was made between the free coloured people and the whites. All sorts of cruelties were inflicted on them, and they were made to feel their degraded position in every possible way. It will be seen that up to this time nothing had been done in favour of the slaves; the whole of the disputing had been between the whites themselves, and between the whites combined against the free people of colour. The slaves had been mere lookers on. How they came to appear upon the stage will be seen in another letter.

W. T. CARDY.
Carleton, St. John, N. B., Nov. 29. 1831.

Correspondence.

For the Wesleyan.

Reasons for Patronizing a well-conducted Newspaper.

Reason 1st.—Because the employment, in which such persons are engaged, is honourable, arduous, and of public interest.

2nd.—Because newspapers embody such abundance and variety of important information,