

or 1804 for the passage of a law concurrent with other States bordering on the Indian territory, to prohibit their citizens from selling spirituous and intoxicating liquors to the Indians.

The arguments of this singular orator of nature were powerful. He appeared before a committee of the board, and ably discussed the subject of intemperance; his arguments had the desired effect. An act passed on the subject to go into operation, providing the legislature of Ohio (then a new state) would pass a similar law restraining her citizens from similar acts. The legislative body whose duty it was to act in Ohio, omitted it. The law of Kentucky fell of course. The unwearied Indian Chief was not easily discouraged. Though battled in the outset, he persevered; nor did he, as many a white man would have done, give it over as a "vain attempt." But in the year 1805 and 1806, Little Turtle betook himself to various methods to accomplish this truly desirable object. By every argument in his power he labored to gain over to his cause, influential and religious characters, and urged on them to recommend the measure to the President of the United States, which by the Legislature of Ohio, at its session of 1804, had been neglected. For this purpose, Little Turtle travelled through various parts of the United States; and among the rest betook himself to the Quakers. Being permitted to deliver his sentiments publicly, perhaps at a yearly meeting of the Friends' Society, he expressed himself nearly as follows.

"My WHITE BROTHERS,—Many of your red brothers in the West, have long since discovered and now deeply lament the great evil of drunkenness. It has been many years since it was first introduced amongst us by our white brothers: Indians do not know how to make strong drink. If it be not shortly stopped amongst our people, it will be our ruin. We are now in consequence of it a miserable people. We are poor and naked. We have made repeated attempts to suppress this evil and have failed; we want our white brothers to help us, and we will try again.

"Brothers,—We want you to send to our great father, the President of the United States, and let him know our deplorable situation, that the bad among our white brothers may be stopped from selling whisky to the Indians. Could you, my brother, see the evil of this barbarous practice, you would pity the poor Indians!

"Brothers,—When a white man trading in our country meets an Indian, he asks him the first time, 'take a drink;' he says 'no.' He asks the second time, 'take a drink, good whisky,' he says 'no.' He asks the third time, 'take a drink, no hurt you, he takes a little: then he wants more, and then more. Then the trader tells him he must buy. He then offers his gun. The white man takes it. Next his skins: white man takes them. He at last offers his shirt: whiteman takes it.

"When he gets sober he begins to inquire—'Where is my gun?' He is told, 'you sold it for whisky.' 'Where are my skins?' 'You sold them for whisky.' 'Where is my shirt?' 'You sold it for whisky!' Now, my white brothers, imagine to yourselves the deplorable situation of that man, who has a wife and children at home dependent on him and in a starving condition, when he himself is without a 'shirt!'"

The speech, of which the above is the substance, was with other documents transmitted by the Quakers to Mr. Jefferson, when he was in office as President of the United States. By him it was transmitted to the Governor of Ohio, with a pressing request, (see Journals H. R. 1808—9.) that it should be laid before the legislature of that state at its next session. He did so. The legislature with great promptitude acted on the subject, and passed the excellent law which is now in force on that subject.

What an example has been set by this Indian Chief, worthy the imitator of any great man! And what a pity, that the legislature of Ohio after having passed so excellent a law, restraining the vending of spirituous liquors to the Indians; should not have passed a similar law against drunkenness among our own citizens!

THOS. HINDE.

Mt. Carmel, Sept. 25, 1838

\* P.S. This was true enough! I saw this tribe in 1819—a more deplorable set of drunken human beings I never beheld! The very women joined with the men in dishing out whisky from a large tin bucket, using the top of the bucket for a ladle!

T. H.

## RATIONAL AND IRRATIONAL CONVIVIALITY.

At the dinner given to Lord Durham, at Glasgow, a full bottle of strong Sherry was placed before every individual, besides whiskey, which was copiously inter-persed. Hence disgusting intoxication followed. One grey-headed old man was carried out drunk, by the Stewards or Police, while the dinner was yet continuing, and before a single toast was given. In the course of an hour after the speeches began, there were interruptions from drunken persons, in various parts of the room, which called up the Stewards to repress. Lord Durham was himself interrupted by one of these drunken groups, in one of the most pathetic parts of his speech, while referring to Lady Durham's absence, and the presence of his interesting daughter—an interruption which his Lordship felt deeply, and sat down till it was quelled; and, on his resuming, ascribed it to some enemy in the camp. At the lower end of the hall in the gallery, the drunkenness and confusion was such a source of interruption, that the speakers from that quarter could not be heard. And, lastly, when Lord Durham retired, it was the intention of Mr. Oswald the Chairman, to continue in the chair, till the list of toasts were gone through; but after essaying, in vain, to procure order, or obtain a hearing, he gave it up; and with great good sense and prudence, determined that it was better to abandon all further efforts, and dissolve the meeting, which he did by filling a glass, and bidding them all drink "good night"—though there were several toasts yet on the printed list which had not been given.

I will mention a fact to show that a very high degree of conviviality, and even enthusiasm of delight, is attainable without the use of either wine or spirits. In Glasgow, a public soiree was given to me, as a testimony of approbation of my labours in Parliament, in one of the most capacious and elegant buildings of Glasgow, the Assembly Room, where between 600 and 700 ladies and gentlemen, including many of the most respectable families of Glasgow, honoured me with a reception of the most animated and enthusiastic description: and where, amidst the cheerful but unintoxicating refreshments of tea, coffee, fruits, &c., the company were addressed by eight or ten gentlemen in succession, in speeches as full of public spirit and elevated sentiment, and breathing as fervent a love of rational liberty and intellectual enjoyment, as at any public dinner that was ever given: and where a union of ardent feeling, social refinement, perfect order, and high gratification, was prolonged from 7 o'clock till midnight, with unbroken harmony and uninterrupted pleasure. At Edinburgh, two similar public soirees were given to me; one at the Calton Rooms, and the other at the Hopetoun Rooms, at each of which, tea, coffee, and fruits, were the only refreshments used; at each order and happiness were united and undisturbed; and the latter especially, was, from the rank and station of those who attended it, one of the most elegant of assemblies, well worthy of gracing, by their presence, one of the most beautiful suits of public rooms in the kingdom. Were entertainments of this description substituted for public dinners, the ladies might sit with the gentlemen, instead of being perched aloft in a separate gallery, as they are at dinners given at present, as though they were unworthy to associate with gentlemen; and their presence, added to the absence of all intoxicating drinks, would give a refinement and dignity to our public entertainments, which hitherto they have never fully possessed. May this reformation be speedily effected!—Mr. Buckingham.

AWFUL LESSON TO PARENTS.—Permit me to inform your readers of the untimely death by intemperance, of Obad Outten, about 15 years of age. He went to a corn husking, at a Mr. Brown's,—a man that manufactures his own brandy, and says he thinks a dram is very necessary, and sets out his *Black Beteies* to his hands at work. And as I have been credibly informed, this boy got beastly drunk; and on his way home he took a wrong road, as a drunkard is apt to do. He walked about a mile, and coming to the Middleford mill pond he walked into it, and was drowned. This boy was so groggy before supper that he could not eat any; but as he was going to start home his pretended friends advised him to take another swig of brandy, and then started him off. He had about two miles to go, and on his road he had a little swamp to cross; and it is supposed that he thought he was in the little swamp when he walked into the mill pond. The boy's father, Abraham Outten, is what they call a temperate drinker—drinks his two or