

shillings for being drunk. Well thinks I these is werry expensive things, take 'em altogether surely, and I couldn't get it out of my mind all day, nor the next night either. So I makes up my mind, and I goes up to Ned, and I says, 'Ned,' says I, 'when's your teetotal meeting, for I shall go j'st once I think for a lark;' and so he told me, and we agreed to go together. Well, who do you think I seed there as soon as I got in?"

"I can't say, Bill."

"Well, 'twas Joe Summese's wife, she as fell down with her baby when she was drunk, and the poor little thing died soon arter; she looked as clean and steady as a woman could look. However, Jack, to cut it short, I signed the pledge that werry night, and *that was my revolution*; my wife did the same arterwards, and afore long, I pitched my pipe into the dust hole, and ain't smoked since. So there's more than six shillings saved at once. You jest come to my house some day, next Sunday if you like, and you'll see what sort of revolution I've made at home; It's a thorough one, I can tell you."

"Ah, but Bill, I should'n't like a revolution to rob a man of his lush."

"Now, Jack, that ain't common sense. You would'n't mind having a revolution to kill the sogers, as they did in France, and break open the prisons, and burn the parliament house, and send the queen and all her young 'uns adrift; and you might get your head smashed, or your legs shot off in the row yourself; and yet arter all you're not sure of having an extra penny to bless yourself with. But if you'll jine our revolution, there's no blood, no murder, no fires, no fear of your own limbs, and you're downright sure to be a richer and a happier man?"

"But how should I be able to do my work?"

"Why I ain't tried it long to be sure; but I do know that since I have, I'm quite as well; and there's Ned Drinkwood he has been a teetotaler seven years, and he's the best feller for work as our master's got about the place. You try it Jack, for its all stuff about beer being good."

"I've a good mind to; at all events, Bill, I'll come to your next meeting."—*Teetotal Times.*

TEMPERANCE APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF CANADA.

The following appeal by General Cary, who lately paid us a visit, was originally addressed to the people of Ohio. One hundred thousand copies were ordered to be printed for the Hamilton County Union of that State. It is suited for universal circulation, and we feel assured the General will be glad, in this way, to address many of the people of Canada. We have accordingly changed the superscription, and made a few trifling alterations in it to accommodate it to the Province:—

A crisis pregnant with importance to you and your children, has come! The question is to be settled by you, whether this land, overshadowed with the wings

of the Almighty, shall belong to drunkards, and be under the dominion of that most heartless of all tyrants, the *drunkard maker*.

The press, the pulpit and the rostrum have all been put in requisition to awaken you to the evils of intemperance—the beauties and excellencies of total abstinence have been fully illustrated by precept and by example—the various plans of organized effort, to accomplish the work of reform, have each had their advocates, and need not here be discussed. Our object in this address, is simply to call your attention to some of the evils of the traffic in intoxicating beverages, your connections with it, and point out what we conceive to be the only remedy.

Evils of the Traffic.

The traffic in intoxicating drinks depraves those who are engaged in it, wastes their property, ruins their morals, and unfits them for honest industry. It burdens the community, by compelling it to furnish liquor sellers and their families with the necessaries and luxuries of life without returning any equivalent therefor. It multiplies paupers, maniacs and criminals. It increases taxation, and endangers the security of life and property. It furnishes a place of resort for idle and vicious persons, perils the peace and quiet of neighborhoods, and furnishes schools of vice for the young. It fosters habits of indolence and extravagance both on the part of the vendor and his victim. It leads men into temptation, and thus destroys many who would otherwise be sober and virtuous citizens. In short, there is no vice that it does not foster, and no crime that it does not promote.

Dishonesty of the Traffic.

Again, the traffic is necessarily dishonest. It takes money and property without returning any equivalent, furnishes what is absolutely worthless, nay more, what is positively hurtful and poisonous.

It is unjust; for no person can sell liquor without being a burden to the community. It brings overwhelming and numberless calamities upon a community, without a single countervailing benefit.

Your connection with the Traffic.

You are in partnership in the business. It is not enough, that the vendors of the poison should be ruined in property, morals, and life—it is not enough, that schools of vice, idleness, and crime, should be located in every city, village, and hamlet—it is not enough, that dishonesty and injustice should go unrebuked—it is not enough, that almshouses and prisons should be crowded with citizens, victimized by the unhalloved traffic—it is not enough, that the physical, intellectual, and moral powers of men, should be destroyed—that disease, poverty, misery, and death, in their most terrific forms, should be spread through our State—but the Agents of all this mischief, require and receive at your hands, your license and protection. They pay a pitance into your treasury, of their ill-gotten gold; and thus the partnership is complete. In all our public and private walks, you have stationed your sentinels; to watch for victims. "He sitteth in the lurking-places