

It is now about five years ago, since, as we were hurrying past Cassels' Place, at the foot of Leith Walk, we were attracted by a crowd who had gathered round a poor intoxicated woman. She had fallen beneath the wheel of a waggon, and both her legs were crushed in a terrible manner. As two or three assistants carried her past a gas-light towards the nearest house, we were struck by the resemblance—hideous indeed, and bloated—which her features wore to some one whom we had known. We inquired her history, and, to our horror, discovered that this was indeed Ellen Ogilvie—the widow of our poor friend, William Riddle. It was useless attempting to save her; her vital energies were sinking rapidly beneath the injuries she had received. She revived a little from the effect of some wine which we gave her, and began, incoherently, to speak of her past life. "You see me here, sir," said she, "a poor, wretched, degraded creature:—I was not always thus. There was not a happier heart in wide Scotland than mine was ten years ago. But my husband, sir, was—a Social Man!" A convulsive sob checked her words—her head sank back on the pillow—her lower jaw fell—the death rattle sounded in her throat—and in a few moments the unfortunate woman expired.

### CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor do any thing by which thy brother is made to stumble, or to fall, or is weakened." ROM. xiv. 21.—*Macnight's Translation.*

MONTREAL, AUGUST, 1838.

*This Number of the Advocate is printed with an entirely new set of types. Subscribers will observe that they derive from it the two following advantages: the contents of the paper are greatly enlarged without any increase of price, and the typography is much more neatly executed. By this arrangement on the part of the Publishers, we hope therefore to render this Journal still more deserving of universal support.*

**JUDGE PYKE AND JUDGE ROLLAND.**—It is not long since we heard it publicly declared, on the authority of Judge Pyke, that a very large proportion, (we think it was said *nine-tenths*,) of the criminal cases which had come before him for judgment, since he sat on the Bench, had arisen more or less directly from intemperance. We ask the public to compare that declaration with the following advertisement, which we have cut out of one of the daily papers:

"To let, for one or more years,—The *Brewery and Distillery* at Monnoir. Its situation is most advantageous to procure grain. It is on the *River des Hurons*, near the Grist Mill, half way between Point Olivier and St. Jean Baptiste—only 4 miles from the Richelieu, and 24 miles from town. Application to be made to Mr. Justice ROLLAND." June 15.

It appears from this that Mr. Justice Rolland is connected, in some manner, with a business, which in the opinion of one of his worshipful brethren,—we might rather say, in the opinion of the public in general, is one of the most powerfully productive causes of crime. While we profess the highest respect for those learned and worthy men who dispense justice to our population, yet we think there is an inconsistency here, so great, and so dangerous to public morality, that it is our duty, as the *advocates* of Temperance, to notice it. To open a Distillery, is to pour forth upon the public a stream of maddening liquor which will be constantly instigating some one to crime. It is well known that its influence is most unfriendly to all those sacred interests which a Judge is bound by his office to preserve and promote. It is not improbable that the Judge may yet have to pronounce sentences upon some criminal, who will date the commencement of his career from the Distillery,

**SMOKING DEPRAVITY.**—Died lately at S—, in one of the Eastern Townships, a person whom we shall call B. His life was spent in the profitless endeavour to "gain the whole world;" and though he succeeded to some extent, yet his end illustrated the

truth of an inspired declaration—he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and in the end shall be a fool. For some time previous to his death, he became addicted to habits of gross intoxication; it was conjectured by some that this was resorted to, as a means of drowning thought, and escaping from the agonising recollection of the unjust methods by which he had acquired his wealth. During the last ten or twelve days that he spent on earth, he can scarcely be said to have ever been sober. He lay in the corner of an empty room, on a little straw; his bottle of spirits constantly beside him, its contents being almost the only thing he took, either in the shape of food, or drink, or medicine. And there, in that wretched condition he yielded up his *spirit unto God that gave it*. Disease and intoxication had united to scourge his body at the same time, and his lifeless form bore melancholy evidence of the terrible devastation they had wrought,—it scarcely retained the human expression—it was blasted and withered. With all his wealth, B. died the death of a dog. He had neither sympathy, nor attendance, nor soothing application to mitigate the pains of dissolution. One could scarcely help thinking that, around that dismal deathbed, the finger of God was seen with more than ordinary evidence, writing his dire displeasure at the sins which had caused it—covetousness and intemperance.

His corpse was followed to the grave by several of his boon companions, but though they had such awful evidence before them of the danger with which they were trifling, their minds were so besotted that they were unable to profit by it,—they saw the end to which the path conducted along which they were going, but they could not return. They continued their carousals as before—they even went to a still greater and more blasphemous excess, as the following fact will prove. About one month after B.'s death, some dozen of his former companions, went one night to the church yard in which he was buried, actually sat down on his grave, and held a revel there. They had brought *spirits* along with them; they drank to the dead, using the most profane and impious toasts which they could devise; they called upon him to reply, affirming that if he failed to do so it would be the first time! But we forbear to record the various particulars of this outrage. It appears to us one of the strongest evidences, with which we have ever become acquainted, that there is no degree of wickedness, however perilous or provoking, on which men will not venture.

We have been informed of these appalling facts on the most unexceptionable evidence, and if any person is disposed to doubt their truth, we request him to call upon us, and he will obtain information on every particular. Is it not evident from the narration that intoxicating drink hardens the conscience, prevents serious reflection, brings the mind into a state in which it is prepared to commit any crime, and causes the loss of the soul. And can that be a *good creature of God* which produces such effects? or can it be agreeable to the will of God that we should use it? Can any man be said to deplore such effects who lends his countenance, directly or indirectly, to the cause of them?

**SOMETHINGS THAT ARE CERTAIN.**—It is certain that intoxicating drinks are not necessary for man.

It is certain that if the use of these drinks is kept up in future as heretofore, multitudes will be irreparably ruined thereby.

It is certain that if the public would agree as one man to abandon their use, such consequences would be almost, if not altogether, completely prevented. Such being the case, we may conclude that, if the public does not do so,

It is certain that the public is responsible for the evil, and every individual who does not take an active part against it.

**COFFEE.**—We beg to refer our readers to Messrs. H. Benson & Co.'s advertisement on the last page. From their peculiar method of roasting, the coffee will be found to retain strongly the fine aromatic flavour of the berry. How much pleasanter, not to speak of safer, is this beverage, than beer or spirituous liquors!

**TO DISTILLERS AND VENDERS OF INTOXICATING DRINKS.**

Be entreated to consider the alarming consequence of your employment!

Could you not obtain a competency for your family without engaging in a business, that causes the sickness and death of millions of your fellow-men?