

with strong liquor, has been known to stab his wife, and run after his terrified children with the same intention. Alas! for the good nature of a drunkard. But we must let our good natured Peggy finish her story.

"O, Honor," she resumed, I do not know when I went over all those terrible times before; but seeing my poor mistress die, from no disorder in the world but a broken heart, brings every thing to my mind; and to think of those pretty orphans, all cast upon the waves of the world; and they might have had their father and mother alive and happy, only for that vile drink, really it puts me out of all patience. To think of a man destroying his whole family, for the sake of what he puts down his throat,—what signifies such good nature? And he must treat his friends, too. Friends, indeed! Where are they now? What are they doing for his children? and where were they when the goods grew thin in his shop, and when all the wine and whiskey and brandy the master could get were too little for his own craving? Ah, Norry, I tell you, drinking friends are no friends at all."

"It was a wonder," said Norry, "the mistress did not get her spirits for the sake of the children, after the master died, and go on with the business."

"So she might," said Peggy, "if he had died in his bed, and repented of all that was past. You were not in town, Honor, when it happened, or you could not but hear of it. He had a fashion of lying down in a dark closet when he was drunk, and for the last few days he never stopped, and even mixed spirits, of wine with his brandy, as if he could not burn his poor carcass fast enough. The mistress missed him one day longer than usual, and went trembling to the spot, as she often did before, and O, Honor, my jewel, this time he was dead entirely. The poor heart-broken creature dropped flat upon the floor, and when we heard the noise, we ran to her, and if it was not a sight to melt a heart of stone, nothing ever was. We carried the mistress to her bed, and we thought she would never come to herself, and do you know but I wished she never might? but the Almighty had a happier death for her. Well, when she did come to her senses, it was only to think of her misery, and the poor master's soul. She never could raise her spirits, and her stomach was gone, too, for she did not relish a morsel of victuals; and she fell into a galloping decay this time, sure enough; and after recommending her orphans to her friends, thank goodness, her mind got rest, and she died happy. So there you see what it is to be married to a good natured man, when he gives way to the liquor, no matter what sort it is; and, by all account, my mistress knew his failing before she married him, and did not mind all the warning of her friends. He promised, and he vowed, and she heard he was good natured, and how could a good natured man deceive her, or prove unkind to the woman he loved and vowed to protect?"

Ask all the drunken instances that we can muster, and we shall find that a meek man becomes a ruffian, a gentleman becomes a brute, a wise man becomes a fool, and a good natured man becomes a tiger. Behold the effects of strong liquors, and how can we raise such brutalizing, demoralizing stuff to our lips? We need conjure up no fabrication of our own invention. We having living instances of all ranks and professions staring us in the face at every corner, nor need we lay all the blame upon whiskey, nor upon dirty, muddy porter; the blood-red wines, ay, and the clear, amber wines, too, have victims.

How it will reach the Higher Classes.

The question often arises, "How is the temperance cause ever to reach the higher classes? They will not attend temperance meetings; they read nothing on the subject; they feel it beneath their dignity to sign the pledge. Fashion, fashion controls all their movements, and while it is the fashion to drink wine, we labor in vain as to any

good influence over them." Travelling the other day in a steamboat, we were instructed in this matter. A gentleman of the highest standing, and whose family move in the first circles of fashion, said to us, as we were incidentally talking on the temperance movement, "Your cause has saved my son." "Saved your son, sir!" we replied: "have you been so unfortunate as to have a son bitten by the serpent?" "O yes," said he, "poor John learned to drink, I believe, in college. He went out to the West where his prospects were good as a lawyer, but he fell into bad habits; and when he came home, after a while, he was such a grief to his poor mother and sisters, and such a shiftless miserable fellow, that I gave him some money and told him to be off and not let us see him again till he could stop drinking. Last year, the Washingtonians came into the town in which he lives, got him to sign the pledge, made him president of a temperance society, and now he has become a temperance lecturer, and he writes home to his mother and sisters the happiest letters. We all now want to see him very much." And, as he said this, he took his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped a falling tear from his eye. And this is the way we thought by which our cause will reach the higher classes. It will restore them their sons, their husbands, and brothers. Though they may treat it with abuse, it will repay them with kindness. And though they may heed none of its warnings, it will become the repairer of breaches and make them say, "How blessed are its movements!"

Sir Robert Peel's Prophecy Unfulfilled.

OR, IRISHMEN TRUE TO THEIR PLEDGE.

The following statistics clearly testify that Sir Robert had reckoned without his host, and prove that the fact is in inverse ratio to his fond expectation. They also furnish very satisfactory evidence of the progress of temperance in that country.

Spirits entered for Home Consumption were up to	
January 5, 1840,	10,815,709 Gallons.
" 1841,	7,401,051 "
" 1842,	6,495,443 "
" 1843,	5,290,650 "

or a reduction, during the period the Minister relied upon an increase, of one million, one hundred and ninety-four thousand, seven hundred and ninety-three gallons. It will also be observed that the diminution between 1840, and the same date in 1843, was five million, five hundred and twenty-five thousand, and fifty-nine gallons.—Eng. Paper.

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

Mr. Bungay's Journal.

THOROLD—Is delightfully situated, the Welland Canal flowing through its midst. Here, total abstinence has steadily and unobtrusively advanced since the society was disentangled from the moderation pledge. Jacob Keefer, Esq., President of the District Association, is President of this society, which numbers 270 members. Two human victims have been recently sacrificed at the gory altar of appetite; one unfortunate drunkard was found at the bottom of a Lock, his eyes were gorged with blood, his head bruised, his face formerly tinged with the fires of Sodom assumed an ashy paleness, one arm, several ribs, and his neck were broken. Though cold stiff and dead, one hand retained a fragment of the broken jug. A short time prior to his decease, his house blew down, which excited his anger to such a degree, he declared with an oath the Lord could not blow him down. The other victim staggered home, laid down on the floor of his dwelling, and expired. There is a Juvenile Temperance institution in this place, containing 72 members. James Beaty, President, and Robert Keefer, Secretary.

BEECH WOODS.—This society is in a prosperous condition; its officers are men who exert themselves to secure crowded houses, spicy speeches and spirited singing. May zeal and wisdom, like twin angels guard and guide this and every other good society;