

The party then left the lawn, and re-embarked on board the steamer. The appearance of so large a party created considerable sensation in Kilmun, and they were warmly welcomed in their progress to and from Dunmore House.

The steamer left about 4 o'clock, the passengers giving three hearty parting cheers to Mr. Livingston, who had accompanied them to the quay. The rain continued with almost no intermission, till the steamer reached Glasgow, about 7 o'clock. It is right to mention that every praise is due to Captain Chalmers, for the urbane and attentive manner in which he conducted himself towards the passengers.—*North British Daily Mail, July 20.*

HORRID INDEED.—\$546,000,000, ALL FOR RUM.

(From the Washingtonian.)

In Great Britain, Prussia, Sweden, France, and the United States, according to official reports, the annual expenditure for intoxicating beverage is *five hundred and forty-six millions of dollars!* Look at the round figures again, reader. How quickly the mind perceives an hundred ways to apply such a capital to far better purposes. Suppose there be no investment of this capital—that it remains idle—what then? Why, Mr. Skinflint comes forward with a roll of statistics long enough to belt the globe, showing how the labouring classes would suffer by silencing capital thus invested. He tells you of the number employed in the distilleries of all the five countries mentioned: how many have families, and how large those families are: he exhibits to you the great importing warehouse, and tells you how many are employed there, and the dependencies of those employed upon the employer. He will tell you how many ships plough the sea to further this traffic, and how many hands each ship employs. He will go further still; he will go back to the grain-grower; he will take you upon some high eminence where the eye commands at a glance great seas of golden wheat, and barley, and rye, and he recounts to you of the many days, as also of the many who toiled on those days to prepare the ground and sow the seed: and he tells you, furthermore, how many it requires: reap the harvest; all this and much more he tells you, with an air of sympathy for the labouring classes that would seem to sink the sound reasoning and eloquent pleading of a Channing, or the ceaseless sacrifices of a Gerritt Smith, into mere nothingness. Why, Smith and Channing are vain airy aspiring plebeians when compared with those Rum capitalists who *generously* employ a thousand men in death marts, that a million more may be slain.

FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIX MILLION OF DOLLARS to unpeople the world—to lay waste States, and cities, and villages—to scatter fire-brands among flowers—to crowd the charnel-house with human carcasses—to fatten the earth with flesh and bones—to feed grim death with untimely victims!

Five hundred and forty-six millions of dollars to pluck the rose and plant the thorn—to sow disease and destroy health—to exchange the grain fields for the burying-ground, and the grain for the marble-slab!

Five hundred and forty-six millions of dollars to

destroy domestic bliss and make home a hell—to extinguish conjugal love and kindle hatred—to unfit man for husband, or woman for wife, or either for parents, but both for brutes—to destroy the confidence of the child and make it disobedient, ignorant, and finally criminal.

Five hundred and forty-six millions of dollars to sweep forests for distillery fires—to unrib the earth of its granite and rear storehouses for ruin—to make the rich richer and the poor poorer—to tax the labouring classes for knowledge they do not receive, and doubly tax them for ignorance, pauperism and crime, which they do not create.

Five hundred and forty-six millions of dollars to blind meek-eyed benevolence, and starve the honest poor—to monopolize land and water, and perpetuate Slavery, Rum, and Poverty—to sow discontent that strife and discord may come of it—to destroy peace and make war—to annihilate virtue that vice may live.

Five hundred and forty-six millions of dollars—not to build prisons, but to fill them—not to reform or punish, but to make the criminal—not to educate and save, but to demoralize and destroy man.

Five hundred and forty-six millions of dollars yearly employed against *Temperance, Peace, Freedom, Humanity, and GOD!*

Where does this money all come from? Whence comes the Ocean? Go to the mountain. Behold there the dew drop nestling like a babe in the bosom of the rose. See them by thousands scattered over the deep studded woodlands,

“Like flashing jewels on a robe of black,”

and know that each one of these little diamonds compose a distinct part of the great and mighty ocean.

Reader, moderate drinker, drunkard, does it require us to tell you that pennies run to dollars even as dew drops run to rivulets, rivulets to rivers, and rivers run to seas. Let every man withhold his pennies from the traffic each day, and it will be easy enough to withhold the dollars each year. 'Tis the easiest thing in the world to do this, if you will resolve to try. We have a remedy—one that we have confidence in recommending—a *sure remedy*. Sign the *total abstinence pledge* and keep it. Let every consumer of intoxicating drinks do this, and the fact that five hundred and forty-six millions of dollars are annually expended for intoxicating beverages in Great Britain, Prussia, Sweden, France and the United States will soon cease to exist.

Progress of the Cause.

SCOTLAND.

JUVENILE DEMONSTRATION.

On Thursday night a demonstration of the juvenile abstainers of Glasgow took place in the Rev. Dr. Robinson's church, Wellington Street. The Rev. James Banks, of Paisley, in the chair. There were also present the Rev. John Kirk, of Edinburgh; the Rev. T. C. Wilson, of Dunkeld; the Rev. Gilbert McCallum, of Neilston; Alex. Linton, Esq., surgeon, R.N., of Aberdeen; Mr. James Stirling, Mr. am Logan, &c,

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