

hard. I am going to a premature grave.

Mr. A. Why as to that friend D., death, you know, is the common lot of man, and some die younger than others. We ought to be resigned to the will of heaven.

D. Mr. A., you and I have been neighbours a good many years. I think we have always lived in friendship?

Mr. A. Yes, we have, and we have spent many pleasant hours together. You have been a very kind neighbour.

D. Mr. A., I have always been a very good customer at your bar, have I not?

Mr. A. Yes, I am sensible you have.

D. I have spent a great deal of money with you for liquor.

Mr. A. Yes, and I am much obliged to you for your custom.

D. Do you think, Mr. A., that all the rum I ever drank at your bar, has done me any good?—Has it increased my property; elevated my character, comforted my family; and, above all, prepared consolation for this dying bed?

Mr. A. I cannot say that it has. It had been better for you not to have drunk so much.

D. How then, Mr. A., could you, why did you continue to sell me rum, when you knew it was doing me no good? Mr. A., this with me is a solemn hour. I can now see in the clearest light my folly, and your guilt. I am a dying man; a drunkard.—At your hand I received the fatal cup. In your pocket is the price of my health, my life, and O, God! of my immortal spirit.—As a dying man, I entreat you, I warn you, to sell no more rum. Rum! rum! it has been my ruin, and you sold it to me!—O my past life! O my fu—(he dies in convulsions.)

* It is not amiss to say, that a part of this dialogue actually occurred between a rum seller and his victim on a death bed.

Letter to Editor.

Auctions of Liquor.

If Democritus were alive now, he would assuredly laugh himself to death at a liquor sale. To see all the principal merchants about town crowding round pipes, puncheons, barrels and hogsheds of brandy, gin, high wines, rum, and other similar articles, would be too rich a treat for him.

In imagination we hear him exclaim, while every sentence is followed by his peculiarly bitter and scornful laugh, "Behold men who countenance no other sort of evil, dealing wholesale in intemperance!" "Men who subscribe to poor houses and hospitals, straining every nerve to make money by filling them!" "Men who require certificates of sobriety with their own servants, sending

the means and the cause of drunkenness into every family of the land!" "You may see them all here, from the man, who, bustling behind his bar in his shirt sleeves, deals out intemperance at three coppers a glass; to the man, who, after selling his hundred puncheons, fares sumptuously, and rolls to church in his chariot, and thanks God that he is not like other men."

If the scales were suddenly to fall from the eyes of the audience at such a sale—if they were to see clearly the true nature of their occupation, in what light would they regard themselves, and what would they think of the often repeated phrases, "first rate article," "very favourite brand," "perfect nosegay," "warranted pure," "genuine and unadulterated," &c. &c.; and of the repeated tasting, smelling, mixing and trying of strength; and then of the keen competition to possess the "excellent articles" offered. What advantage would they consider it to have the noxious liquors, pure and unadulterated? or to be told that the poison was "strong two to five?" In the East, respectable merchants crowd round the female slave market, and bid, and bargain for, and praise the merchandise, in which they think it neither sin nor shame to deal. They buy their choice lots also, and sell them to the young profligate, or the bloated debauchee, for a profit; and no doubt thank God that they can maintain their families by an honest and legal calling. The only difference between the slave-merchant of the East, and our brandy and rum merchants, is, that the one panders to a natural, and the other to an artificial appetite.

When public opinion is generally so far advanced among us, it is surprising that it should be so far behind, respecting the trade in intoxicating liquors. We hold it to be both immoral and disgraceful to aid or abet the thief or the fornicator; or to make profit by enabling them in any way to commit their favorite crimes. Why should we be so lenient then to those who aid and abet the drunkard, and live by supplying him with the means of indulging his fatal propensity.

The thief and the adulterer are bad characters; but perhaps if it were fairly investigated, the drunkard does as much harm to himself and society as either of them; yet magistrates, members of parliament, and legislative councillors come forward publicly to supply the cravings of his vitiated appetite, to furnish him with the means of ruining himself and all about him. A.

IRISH TEMPERANCE ORATORY.—Mr. G. W. Carr, in a recent letter to the Committee of the British and Foreign Temperance Society, gives the following amusing statement:—"I suppose some English hearers would say, that our speakers (in Ireland) do not ex-

press themselves very clearly. When one said, that by joining the society, he was able to buy half a watch, and another, that he expected to be able to kill half a pig for hunsel against Christmas, you would be apt to call us blunderers, and to say that we made bulls of our pigs. Yet we understand one another and help to preserve one another from destroying our understandings with the drink of drunkards."

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.—*Matthew's Translation.*

MONTREAL, JULY, 1836.

INTEMPERANCE IN MONTREAL.—We beg the attention of our readers, and of the public generally, to the following "document" and facts, as illustrative of the intemperance which prevails in this city.

J. M. Mondelet, Esq. His Majesty's Coroner for the District of Montreal, has favoured us with the following

TESTIMONY.

One half of the sudden or violent deaths on which he is called upon to report officially are caused by excessive drinking, and eight of every ten may be traced to the HABIT of drinking, although the individuals may not have died in a state of intoxication.

He also adds, that in this city intemperance prevails *more among women* than men, and he believes nine out of ten of the females on whom inquests are held, die of intemperance, and concludes with the following melancholy, but just reflection, "C'est extraordinaire le nombre que le Rum lance dans l'Eternite." The number launched into eternity by Rum is extraordinary!"

Let the foregoing testimony be accompanied with the following facts, which have taken place since our last publication, and which are only a part of those that a little inquiry might have brought to light.

DIED BY INTEMPERANCE.—A woman, residing in St. Lawrence Suburbs, was put to bed in the evening in a state of intoxication. In the morning the neighbours, attracted by the crying of her child, went to her and found her dead. Verdict of the Coroner as above.

ANOTHER.—A sabbath or two ago a woman was godmother at the baptism of a child