

refused to take out the certificates within the proper time appointed by law, thinking that the people of Osnabruck were lost to all sense of honor and respect, and rather than lose, as they boastingly say, the paltry sum they annually pay for the privilege to sell disease, poverty, crime, premature death and the many concomitant evils produced by the traffic, would feel so indignant at their representatives as to cause them to succumb to the vendors, reduce the license and repeal the bye-law to suit their convenience; but, Sir, to their manifest surprise, they found themselves laughed at by the people, and treated with marked indifference by the Council. They finally petitioned the Council at a subsequent sitting—which, by the way, was signed by themselves and a few of King Alcohol's valiant soldiers, which was anticipated and met by a counterblast in the shape of an address numerously signed by men who can appreciate good morals. Our Division, finding that the people were convinced that taverns and alcohol were not so great a boon and so much to be desired as the landlords would feign make them believe, thought it expedient to give them more facts on the subject, and circulated 500 of the following bills, which have already accomplished more than we anticipated. Those who were indifferent begin to evince a great deal of interest in the great moral enterprise, which should be the harp string of the whole human family. At present we have no licensed taverns in our township. I hope it is the prelude of better days, when drunkards will become sober men, moderate drinkers leave their cups ere they become inebriates, and landlords leave off their ruinous and disastrous business, and pursue a more useful and honorable calling.

RICHARD.

THE TAVERN-KEEPERS' STRIKE; OR, FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

The Township of Osnabruck, to the Keepers of Licensed Taverns, DR.

To Cash—License to Eight Rummeries to sell Alcohol and Delirium Tremens . . . . . £50 0 0

—Cr.—

Agreeably to the Census taken this year, 1852, the population of Osnabruck is 4,700; reduced to families averaging six, there will be 783; suppose one member of each family drinks three glasses of liquor per day, which is a very moderate calculation, the aggregate, in one year, will be 10,179 gallons, at 2s. per gallon, £1,017 18s.; or, at the ordinary Tavern price, —two-pence per glass,—it will amount to the prodigious sum of . . . . . £7,144 17 6

If each consumer purchases one gallon at a time, the jug must be replenished 13 times a year; at a low calculation one hour will be spent at each filling—equal to 424 days—at 2s. 6d. per day . . . . . 53 0 0

There are a large number, forsooth, who overstep the bounds of moderation;—however, to give the patriotic vendors less than their due in this instance,—each produces, as the fruit of his business, only one drunkard, who, at a moderate computation, uses one pint per day—eight, in one year, consume 365 gallons—at 2s., is £36 10s.; or, at the usual Tavern Cost of two-pence per glass . . . . . 194 13 4

These eight unfortunate beings,—the landlords' victims, whose souls and bodies have been bartered for "filthy lucre,"—speaking within bounds, spend two-thirds of their time at these Licensed Grogeries, while the remaining third is lost in a dizzy whirl of unconscious existence. To be methodical, we will call the mis-spent time, one-half, which will be 1,460 days—at 2s. 6d. . . . . 182 10 0

Eight families must be clothed and fed by the genteel and lawful business of killing people—as all of the Medical and Chemical professions who have spoken out on the subject bear testimony—at the small sum of £30 each . . . . . 240 0 0

Eight bloated, pestilential bipeds, denominated landlords, who might earn,—as their industrious neighbors do,—2s. 6d. per day . . . . . 365 0 0

Eight Servant-Maids—at 15s. per month . . . . .	72 0 0
Eight Servant-Men, to wait on their Masters and Periodical Customers . . . . .	365 0 0
Total . . . . .	£8,617 0 10
Deduct License-Money, as above . . . . .	50 0 0

Net balance against the people, in one year . . . . . £8,567 0 10

The waste of health, life, talent, intellect, time, character, property, and comfort, cannot be calculated; but, it must be evident to every candid, intelligent mind, that it is infinitely beyond conception. People of Osnabruck!—Drunkenness and moderate drinking present to us the blackest catalogue that ever polluted the light; and if we have any purity that crime can disgust, or any pity that misery can move, then ought we to use all our energies to stay this widely spreading desolation, and bid alcohol and landlords adieu.

Osnabruck, March 4, 1852.

The committee of the Montreal Temperance Society having had their attention called by the late revered James R. Orr, Esq., to the great detriment resulting to sailors and laborers about the wharves from the liquor sold to them in certain dramshops and taverns of the lowest class; one or more of which were leased by the nuns of the Grey Nunnery, and believing that these religious ladies could not be aware of the facts of the case, took the liberty of memorializing them on the subject, and have great pleasure in acknowledging receipt of the following reply. And as it is not only gratifying to the Committee, but honorable to the nuns, we take the liberty of giving it a place in our columns:—

Grey Nunnery, Montreal, April 12, 1852.

Sir,—We feel highly grateful for the information given us, in regard of a tavern on our ground near the wharf. We have taken all the necessary proceedings to have the object in question removed, but, notwithstanding our desire for its abolition, we greatly fear that all will prove useless for a year at least, at which time the lease, which had been renewed, will be expired. Had we been informed three months' sooner, we could have had it abolished immediately. Under existing circumstances, we will leave nothing undone, either to procure its utter cessation, or prevent the notable evils to which it gives rise. On our part, we would prefer its entire destruction, rather than be the cause of the slightest injury to any one.

Your most humble,  
And respectful servant,  
Sister M. R. CAUTBÉ,

To John Dougall, Esq.,  
Pres. Montreal Temp. Society. Superior.

Alcohol's Doings.

No. 1.—On New Year's Day, as I was proceeding to a Missionary Meeting, two lads stepped into my cutter, and rode some distance with me. We met a man carrying something on his back in a bag. It had, I think, the appearance of a keg or jug. Said one of the lads, "That is the man whose wife was burnt to death last winter." "Is it indeed?" said I. Having seen an account in the public prints; having also heard of the self-immolated victim, and the family to which she belonged, I felt an interest in the man and looked after him. As it was my first look at him, so it was also my last. He shortly after fell, and was crushed beneath the ponderous wheels of his idol jug. I expect that was about the last time he carried his master on his back. Alcohol in him has done its work, and the wretch is gone whence he cannot return. Within about two years four of this family—the father, mother, and two sons—have fallen victims to the liquid fire.—Were the history of this family written, and its characteristic features portrayed before us, we should doubtless find it like the roll in Ezekiel's vision, "written within and without with lamentation,"