

to the Township of P—y, U. C., in the profession of Doctor, and in a fit of debauch, with a razor cut his throat! In the same place, very lately, another individual made a similar effort to deprive himself of life; some kind neighbours interfered, and bound up his wound; he then ran from them, and tried to drown himself; again he was prevented, but I have just heard that he is dead, and that his death was caused by the wound in his neck.

22.—In the Township of A. one week ago, an habitual drunkard, whilst under the influence of strong drink, with a butcher's knife stabbed his wife in the abdomen. The painful results are as follows: the wife is dead, and the unhappy husband is lodged within the strong cold walls of the county jail! No wonder that a great Poet should cry out, "O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if there be no other name by which we may know thee, we will call thee DEVIL."

To put down this deadly evil, there are 8 or 9 temperance societies in these parts, on the tee-total principle, and in successful operation. Many of the office-bearers in these societies are individuals possessing fine talents: In the temperance cause, they are men of renown. Some of these societies were lately visited by James McDonald, of Picton, in the capacity of a travelling Agent in this part of Canada; and should his health be sustained, the cause will receive an additional impulse from his efficient labours.

—J. BLACK, Wesleyan Minister.

23.—CORONER'S INQUEST.—An inquest was held yesterday by the Coroner over the body of Biddy Dermitt, who perished in the bush adjoining the Montreal Road, near the town, on the previous night. The verdict of the Jury was "that her death was caused by her loose and intemperate habits, and exposure to the inclemency of the weather."—Kingston Chronicle.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHARACTER OF A SOT.—A sot is a silly fellow without brains: his sight is best when he is stone blind, for till then he can never find his way home. He is a post boy's horn to alarm a quiet neighbourhood at the unseasonable hour of one in the morning; a brewer's pump to keep store cellars dry; he is a lawyer, for he understands conveyancing extremely well. Although he scarcely knows what a pulpit means, yet he is a religious fellow, for the name of God is always at his tongue end, and he is particularly careful to teach his family the duty of fasting. He is a barefooted Carmelite, for you seldom see him with a pair of shoes to his feet. His frugality is remarkable, for a shirt always lasts him a month without washing, and a pair of stockings till they are worn out. His tailor is Jack Ketch or his Grace of Monmouth, to none or other of whom he applies as often as he can afford it for a left-off suit. Strangers often mistake him for a Jew because of his beard. He is terribly afflicted with various distempers, being frequently seized with a falling sickness at midnight, accompanied with a dead palsy in his tongue. St. Anthony's fire has visibly settled in his face, and so terribly does the ague shake his hand, that he cannot lift a glass of gin to his head. The pawn broker is his banker, and the publican his chief creditor. In short, while he is alive he is worth any person's notice, but after his death there will be no traces found of his memory except on the chalked walls of ale houses.—Preston Advertiser.

THE WAY TO THE WORK-HOUSE.—J. R—, walking along a certain street, was stopped by a respectable-looking female, who had in her hand a basket containing a bottle that looked remarkably like a gin-bottle. She inquired of him—"If you please, Sir, is this the way to the work-house?" He replied—"No, madam; but that it is"—pointing significantly to the bottle.

THE DUTY OF A CHRISTIAN.—"Every christian must stand prepared to say, 'I readily admit, if you can point out to me any means by which I may benefit my fellow-men, that it is not only expedient, it is my bounden duty to use them.' He is not a christian, then—I had almost said he is not a human being—who cannot adopt this language. Now the temperance society has been brought to the test of experience, and the most stubborn facts abundantly prove, that it is just the kind of instrumentality which is demanded by the exigencies of the case. If you will examine the history and workings of this society you will find, that it is just the system and means adapted to remove the miseries of a large portion of the

human race. Admitting this to be true, and I defy any individual to deny it, their duty is plain, imperative, and binding, and you are shut up to the inevitable conclusion to which we have endeavoured to bring you, that it is your duty, a duty arising from this law of christian love, 'thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' to adopt the specified means of doing good both to the bodies and souls of your fellow-men."—From a Speech of Rev. H. Douglas.

TOBACCO-SMOKING.—"Chewing opium is equally included [under "whatever intoxicates"]. Nor would the smoking of tobacco be excepted, if the smoke were swallowed down the throat, but as it is merely inhaled into the mouth, and immediately *puffed out* again, like some intolerably loathsome and nauseous thing, it is almost as rational, though not quite so cleanly, as the practice of children who blow soap bubbles out of the bowl of a pipe, for their amusement. Smoking, however, though it does not intoxicate, engenders a habit that may lead to intoxication, for the hot exhalations that are constantly drawn to the mouth create a dryness in the palate and a thirst, which cause smokers ever and anon to take a *sup* of liquid to moisten the throat; and as they seldom sup any thing but beer or wine, a friendly relation becomes established between the pipe and the glass, and frequency of tasting promotes a love and relish for the thing tasted, till, in hundreds of instances, smoking ends in confirmed intemperance. And even when no such direful results follow, the vast sum of money which a smoker expends in mere smoke, in the course of a smoking life, will turn out to no good account in the day of the Lord."—The Rev. J. W. Shrewsbury's Lecture.—"Alcohol against the Bible."

TAKE CARE NOW YOU GO UP THE LADDER.—Matthew Carey, speaking of his marriage, says: "My wife was about ten years younger than me. She was industrious, prudent, and economical. She had a large fund of good sense. We early formed a determination to indulge in no unnecessary expense, and to mount the ladder so slowly as to run no risk of descent. During the whole of our marriage, I never, as far as I can recollect, entered a tavern except on a jury, or arbitration, or to see a customer, or at a public dinner—never in a single instance, for the purpose of drinking." How very different the conduct of some young married people, *aye*, and old ones too, now-a-days. They can go to the tavern, and grog-shops, eat oysters, drink grog, play cards, dice or nine-pins, spending their seventy-five cents or a dollar two or three times a week. No marvel such people never go up the ladder. They are always at the bottom, and there they will stay as long as they live. A jug of rum tied to a man's neck is a hard thing to carry up the ladder; and many a man, after he has dragged it half way up, has been suddenly tumbled down to the bottom.—American Paper.

A WINE DRINKING DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.—The following was recently related to us as a positive fact. A certain Doctor of Divinity in Philadelphia was delivering a lecture on Temperance in which he undertook to defend wine drinking from the scriptures. After he had closed, a gentleman rose, and requested permission to address the meeting. Permission being granted, he remarked he had known a young man, who was addicted to intemperance, who at length, by the affectionate and persevering persuasions of his friends, was induced by them to their great joy, to sign a pledge of total abstinence from all that intoxicates. Still the appetite was strong, and he found it difficult to control it. At length, being present where the glass of wine was offered, he saw a clergyman take the intoxicating cup, at the same time saying a few words in defence of the practice. This was too much for the young man's resolutions. If a clergyman could drink wine, and quote scripture for authority, why might not he? He yielded. His downward course was then rapid, and he soon died of delirium tremens! Pausing for a moment, while his bosom seemed bursting with emotion, he added—That young man was my only son; and the Reverend Doctor, who has addressed us this evening, was the clergyman, by whose example he was induced to break his pledge.—Maine Temperance Advocate.

HORRIBLE.—The Rochester Evening Post states, that John Rowley, a laboring man advanced in years, was recently found nearly dead in his room, with his wife and children sick also—from the effects of poison! It seems that Rowley had been on a drunken frolic for about 10 days—and to wind up bought some arsenic at a drug store, where he was well known, ostensibly to kill rats. He put it in the water pail unperceived, and not only