

Subscribers to the *Advocate* who have not yet paid for the current volume, are requested to remit without delay. All copies not ordered on or before the 1st of July next, will be stopped.

Several complete copies of vol. VII. of *Advocate* (1841-2) half-bound, are for sale at the Depot. Price 2s. 6d.

It is the intention of the Committee to publish a title page and index for the eighth vol. with the last number thereof.

The Canadian Temperance Minstrel is now published, and will, we trust, supply a deficiency that has been long felt. In Great Britain and the United States, Temperance meetings are often rendered more attractive than they would otherwise be, by the singing of suitable hymns. We trust this will henceforth be the case in Canada. See advertisement.

We are under the necessity of allowing much interesting matter to lie over.

#### MONTHLY CATALOGUE OF THE VICTIMS OF ALCOHOL IN CANADA,

104.—115.—*Coroner's Report, Montreal, April 27, 1842*—In the last 21 Coroner's Inquisitions, it was established that three women and eight men came to their death by the immoderate use of liquor, viz:—Accidentally drowned, 1; Perished while sleeping in a field, 2; Found dead in bed, 3; Perished while sleeping in a boat, 1; Found dead on the floor of his bar-room, 1; Frozen to death, 1; Perished while sleeping in a yard 1; Died at the door of a tavern 1.

116.—On Sunday night, a woman of the name of Scott, was found so insensibly drunk in the street, that she died soon after she was conveyed to the nearest police station, although medical attendance was promptly procured.—*Commercial Messenger*.

117.—A person who had served two years in Col. Dyer's Regt. came to this city, last month. For nine months previous, he abstained from all intoxicating drinks. He was a shoe-maker by trade, and had saved thirty pounds. On his arrival here, he commenced drinking, and, while driving through the St. Lawrence Suburbs, he fell out of a caleche—the wheel passing over his head. He was taken to the hospital, where he died in three days.

118.—A short time ago, the wife of a carter in this city died, who declared solemnly on her death-bed, that her husband's drunkenness and cruelty had killed her.

119.—A shoe-maker who was in the habit of drinking to excess, and of abusing his wife while in that state, was taken off the street a few days ago into the hospital, where he died of *delirium tremens*.

120.—A watch-maker of very intemperate habits, has recently paid for indulgence in his favorite vice, with his life.

121.—N. PETITE NATION, Mr.—, has gone to his account. He must have died of cancer in the stomach, as described by the Agent when here last month, the too frequent result of a course of intemperate drinking.

122.—GUELPH, May 2.—A Father and Mother, while under the influence of intoxicating drink, overlaid their own child, causing its immediate death.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

INDIAN RETORT.—An Indian complained to a retailer that the price of liquor was too high. The latter in justification said that it cost as much to keep a hoghead of brandy as to keep a cow. The Indian replied, "May be he drink as much water, but he no eat so much hay."

A Washingtonian says he has heard of a tee-totaller who said he never heard his wife sing until after he signed the Pledge. "Now," says he, "my wife sings a good deal since I joined the Society; and if you'll come to my house about meal time you'll hear the kettle and frying pan singing too!"

MODERATE DRINKING.—A landlord who gave to every customer an example of his moderate drinking, complained of the badness of his eyes, and asked a Quaker what he should do for them; removing his goggles and submitting his swollen, inflamed eyes to the examination of his customer. "My advice, friend," replied the Quaker, "is that thou shouldst put thy brandy on thy eyes, and tie thy goggles over thy mouth!"

A distiller in Boston, has made three attempts to be admitted a member of the Mechanic's Association; and at the third trial was rejected by a larger vote than at either former trial. Ground of objection, that distilling molasses into New England rum, was not consistent with the objects of the association; viz: the amelioration of the evils of life. The candidate's character was unimpeachable in other respects.—*Providence Samaritan*.

THE DRUNKARD NOT THE WORST MAN.—A gentleman stepped into a tavern, and saw a filthy drunkard, once a respectable man, waiting for his liquor. He thus accosted him:

"G—, why do you make yourself the vilest of men?"

"I aint the vilest," said the drunkard.

"Yes you are," said the gentleman, "see how you look—drink that glass, and you will be in the gutter!"

"I deny your posi-zition," said the drunkard,—"Who—who is the vi-vilest, the tempt-tempted, or the tempter? who—who was wor-worst, Sa-Satan or—(hiccup) Eve?"

"Why, Satan," said the gentleman.

"Well—hiccup—well, be-hold the tempt-tempter, said he, pointing to the bar. The bar-keeper flew into a passion and turned the poor fellow out of his house without his dram.—*Magnolia*.

#### CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE OF EARLY TIMES.—A small remnant of the Mohegans still exist and they are sacredly protected in the enjoyment of their favorite domain on the banks of the Thames.—The government of this tribe had become hereditary in the family of the celebrated chief Uncas. During the time of my father's mercantile prosperity, he had employed several Indians of this tribe in hunting animals whose skins were valuable for their fur. Among these hunters was one named Zacharay, of the royal race, an excellent hunter, but as drunken and worthless an Indian as ever lived. When he had somewhat passed the age of fifty, several members of the royal family, who stood between Zacharay and the throne of his tribe, died, and he found himself with only one life between him and the empire. In this moment, his better genius resumed its sway, and he reflected seriously. 'How can such a drunken wretch as I am, aspire to be the chief of this honorable race? What will my people say? and how will the shades of my noble ancestors look down indignant upon such a base successor? Can I succeed to the great Uncas? I will drink the poison no longer!' He solemnly resolved never again, to taste any drink but water, and he kept his resolution.

I had heard this story, and did not entirely believe it; for young as I was I already partook in the prevailing contempt for Indians. In the beginning of May, the annual election of the principal officers of the colony, was held at Hartford, the capital. My father attended officially. And it was customary for the chief of the Mohegans also to attend. Zacharay had succeeded to the rule of his tribe. My father's house was situated about midway on the road between Mohegan and Hartford, and the old chief was in the habit of coming a few days before the election, and dining with his brother governor. One day the mischievous thought struck me to try the sincerity of the old man's temperance. The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home brewed beer on the table. I addressed the old chief.—'Zacharay, this beer is excellent; will you taste it?'—The old man dropt his knife and fork—leaning forward with a stern degree of expression; his black eye, sparkling with indignation, was fixed on me. 'John,' said he, 'you do not know what you are doing; you are serving the devil, boy! Do you not know that I am an Indian? I tell you that I am, and if I should but taste your beer, I could not stop until I got to rum, and become again the drunken, contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, while you live, never again tempt any man to break a good resolution.' Socrates never uttered a more