

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.—On Saturday last a short distance from this village, at a horse race which was held, a quarrel took place between two Indians, David Adams and Aaron Green, the latter of which was stabbed in the neck with a pen-knife by the former, in so fatal a manner as to produce immediate death. An inquest was held on Sunday over the body, and a verdict of "wilful murder" returned.—Adams is now confined in the Hamilton Jail to await his trial at the next assizes. As far as we can learn, both of the Indians were suffering under the effects of intoxicating drinks. The ravages which Alcohol is making in our country are truly dreadful; in the case before us, another individual, through its horrid instrumentality, has been prematurely carried off the stage of life, and hurried into the presence of an angry God. Well may Shakspeare say, "O! thou infernal spirit of wine, if men had no other name to call thee by, I'd call thee—Devil."—*Brantford Courier, May 8.*

John Shakspeare, a private in the Royals stationed at London, last week put a double charge in his musket, placed the muzzle under his chin, and fired the two bullets through his head carrying away the whole front part, and presenting a picture hideous to look on. He was an intemperate man, and was under the influence of liquor at the time he committed the dreadful act.—*Hamilton Journal, June 17.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WINE QUESTION.—The question, in our view, does not at all affect the argument in behalf of tee-totalism as embodied in its principles, and as generally maintained by its advocates. Granting even that intoxicating wine was freely allowed in former times to be moderately drunk, and was used at the first institution of the Supper, and its subsequent observance by the early Christians, and that the Bible neither condemns nor discourages its use, there is nothing in all this to prevent Christians in our day from foregoing its common use, when by doing so, they can promote the well-being of others, and exhibit the benevolent principles of the religion they profess. This is the ground upon which all our members have firm footing, and where they may take up an impregnable position. The facts established by recent writers regarding the extensive existence of unfurnished wine, have given us, we think, correct views of some portion of Divine truth; and although we have some doubts as to the entire freedom from alcohol of the wines used dietetically by the Jews, and, in all probability, by our Saviour at the institution of the Supper, we have no doubt whatever that wine made from grapes or raisins, without fermentation, would come much nearer the primitive liquor than any of those questionable compounds that are used among us, many of which have a greater affinity to the drug shop, and the distillery, than to the vine and the wine press. Let all keep constantly in view the great leading principles of the society, and endeavour to extend the practice of total abstinence far and wide, and when once public practice is right, public opinion will be in a better condition for speculating on the more abstruse points of the controversy.—*Scottish Temperance Journal.*

RETAILERS! Ye know not what ye do. You cannot fully estimate the amount of mischief you may have done to families, and to souls already. You must live, if God will let you, and your offspring, in the society you are corrupting. The plague may reach some child, or friend of yours, and he may quit life in the cabin of the debauched, and moulder in a drunkard's grave. The world belongs to the Lord Jesus, while your trade is increasing its alienation from him. The misery produced by ardent spirits, is causing a thousand hearts to ache, and we wish some evidence that your's ache. The retailer brings about him a community in which his soul cannot live, and be in health. An estate gotten by a traffic that is cursing the world, cannot go down to posterity with the blessing of God. Many things indicate that the entire world will soon be subdued to the Lord Jesus, but this cannot be, and the trade in alcohol continue. The dying groans of the thirty thousand drunkards, who perish annually in our land, should move you. That "drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God," should move you. "Wo to him that giveth his neighbour drink," should move you.

God will make you your brother's keeper. I have learned that a poor woman went to a neighbouring grog-shop, and requested the dealer not to sell any more rum to her husband, as it sometimes rendered him a madman. A few days afterward, in a rum-excited phrenzy, he plunged the knife into her throat. She stayed the blood with her hand, and ran to the shop, and there poured out her life-stream at the feet of the wretch who had just pocketed the price of her blood.—*Rev. D. A. Clark.*

PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.—A little girl, about eight years old, took a temperance paper, at a temperance meeting, to see how many she could get to sign it. The next morning she presented it to her father, who has been in a drunken frolic for a fortnight, and came home drunk while his little daughter was at the Temperance meeting the night before. This cruel father raised his hand and struck his child a blow which levelled her on the floor, and said, "I'll learn you to be saucy to your parents." The little girl got up, and picked up the constitution, which had fallen when she received the blow. She took it with her to school that day, and got the teacher and most of the scholars to sign it. When she had leisure she would ask her mother if she might go to such and such a neighbor's, and see how many could be got to join the Temperance Society.

Her father could not but see what was doing in the neighborhood. For two weeks he remained at home, and did not use a drop of intoxicating liquor, a thing he had not done for years before. At the end of that period he said to his daughter, "Mary, how many names have you got to your Temperance Constitution?" "I will bring it and see," she replied. As her father was counting the names she stood between his knees, and when he had looked them over he said, "You have one hundred and fifty." She jumped on his knee, threw her little arms around her father's neck, and impressed a sweet kiss on his cheek, and said, "Do you sign it too, father, and then there will be one hundred and fifty-one."

The old drunkard's heart was melted. His bosom heaved—his bloated, haggard cheek was wet with tears of contrition,—he pressed his Mary to his heart, and said, "I will sign it;" and at once affixed his name to the constitution and pledge.—*Temp. Rec.*

DRUNKENNESS IN PARIS.—Cooper, the distinguished American writer, says, that a six months' residence in Paris entirely changed his views in relation to the sobriety of the people. "You will," he observes, "judge of my surprise, when I first saw a platoon of Royal Guards—literally a whole platoon, so far as numbers and the order of their promenade were concerned—staggering drunk, within plain view of the palace of their master. Not a day passed that I did not see men and women in the same condition in the open streets. To convince some persons who doubted this, I took them into the streets and satisfied them of their mistake; and on one of those occasions, we passed thirteen hundred men during the walk of an hour, many of them so far gone as to be unable to walk." In another passage, Mr. Cooper asserts, that he saw more inebriety in the streets of Paris, than in London. An entire guard of soldiers got intoxicated, and actually arrested innocent people in the streets, whom they confined in the guard-house. The official reports show ten thousand cases of FEMALES imprisoned for drunkenness in Paris during one year.

A wine merchant a few years since died in London, exhibiting all the pangs incident to the life of a villain. It appears that he had risen from a state of poverty to one of opulence and wealth; and he confessed with his last breath that his wealth was obtained by purchasing sour wines and mixing poisonous ingredients with them, which brought them back to their original delicious taste. His customers died off, one after another, yet he persisted in his hellish purpose, until a few weeks before his death.

"A professor of religion was conversing not long since with a rum-seller in a town at no great distance from this, when two little boys came up. The professor inquired whose children they were. The rum trader replied, 'They are mine; and you can hardly imagine how they tease me. One of them said to me the other day in the most solemn manner, 'Father, do you pray?' I hesitated. He repeated after a pause, 'Father, do you pray?' 'Well,' said the professor, 'what answer did you return?' 'None at all.' 'Then I will put the question, do you pray?' His reply was—'No. I can't pray, so long as I sell rum!'"—*Rev. Mr. Pratt.*