

did they take their stand with us at the top, and prevent the poor wretches from ever getting into that river, which rolls them onward to the shoreless Ocean of Eternal Death?

Is it not very foolish to cry out about dear bread, and yet support a system by which fifty million bushels of the best grain the land produces is converted into an instrument of destruction?

Is it not very absurd for a master to give his men drink, to enable them, as he thinks, to do their work, and then, when he has made them drunkards, turn them out of his employment for being a set of drinking, tippling rascals?

Finally, is it not very absurd for a man to marry, expecting much domestic blessedness, and then beat his wife, and declare his wish that he had never seen her, because she has just done what he taught her to do? Many a tippler has, in the course of his courtship, done those things which he has lamented his whole life after.

In short, we never knew a system so associated with absurdities and inconsistencies, so utterly destitute of every thing like common sense for its support. The duelling system is not to be compared with it: a man may quarrel with his fellow man, and in the heat of passion go out to a field, shoot each other, and, in dying, declare themselves "perfectly satisfied;" yet the evil extends not its influence beyond the families of the deceased, or the neighbourhood in which they reside: while intemperance destroys every domestic blessing, and threatens the overthrow of the whole commonwealth. Let it therefore be the object of all those interested in their country's welfare to expose these absurdities. Go on in your benevolent career: the prayers of happy children shall ascend to heaven for your success; the smiles of grateful wives shall brighten your path; the blessing of the good shall accompany you through life, and the tears of the ransomed shall water your graves.—*Scottish Temperance Journal.*

HORRIBLE CRUELTY OF A DRUNKARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

SIR,—Your valuable paper and prospectus which were sent to me in February last, came duly to hand. And, although, I have neglected writing, I have not neglected to advocate temperance principles. I have, since the first establishment of temperance societies, felt a peculiar anxiety that the good cause might flourish, and fill the length and breadth of the land. I am far from thinking that there is any necessary connexion between temperance societies and infidelity. So far from promoting the cause of infidelity, I am persuaded that temperance societies based upon the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, and urged forward by the excellent motives of expediency and philanthropy, are powerful auxiliaries to the Christian religion. They tend to reform the drunkard—to counteract the influence of corrupt example, and save the rising generation from many, very many fatal snares—to empty the dram shop of its degraded customers, and fill the school-house and the sanctuary, with students and worshippers. And in which of these places I would ask, are infidel principles most likely to be inculcated and imbibed. A very small modicum of reflection would at once decide this point of controversy forever. But the charge which was brought against the Jews anciently, applies with but too much force to the anti-temperance populace, "Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." "O that they were wise," said the Jewish legislator, "that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!"

The latter end of man, death and its awful consequents, is often brought on prematurely by intemperance. Myriads shorten their term of earthly probation in this way, and enter the presence of Him, from whose kingdom, drunkenness causes eternal exclusion. And how frequently is the murderous arm of the assassin nerved for deeds of darkness, and caused to reek with human blood, in consequence of inebriation? An occurrence of this latter class took place only a few miles from where I now sit, on the 1st instant. As it may serve as a warning to others, I send you a brief sketch. The unfortunate victim was an old woman by the name of Moore, who was in the habit of drinking to excess, whenever liquor could be obtained. She was old, and having no other means of procuring a livelihood, she strolled about the country begging.

The day before her death she was seen loitering about the village of Stanbridge; and at night took up her abode at the house of one O'Grady, a tailor; who likewise was too fond of a glass, and had drunken too freely during the evening, as the awful sequel will show. As her husband became heated with liquor, the wife of O. made her escape to a neighbour's house, and he wreaked his Bacchanalian vengeance upon the old woman. Her cries of "Murder!" and "don't kill me," which were heard by the neighbours, excited little alarm; they thinking it only a drunken frolic, heeded it not. About 2 o'clock in the morning, O. went to a house contiguous to his own, and asking for a light, said that a man came to rob him, and he had killed him, and wished some person to go with him and see what he had done. A young man accompanied him, when awful to relate, instead of a robber he found an old decrepit woman, covered with wounds, in the agonies of death. They laid her on a bed where she soon breathed her last breath, and her spirit departed. On the next morning an inquest and post-mortem examination took place, when upwards of twenty wounds were found on different parts of the body, apparently inflicted with a tailor's shears; one of which was in the fleshy part of the thigh, and completely severed the femoral artery. And such is the brutalizing effect of hard drinking, that a daughter of the deceased, who was present during the inquest and funeral, manifested the most astonishing apathy and indifference, and seemed completely divested of all filial affection. And now, while the murderer is loaded with iron, and lodged in goal, to await the penalty of the law, is he the only guilty party? are those who furnished the means of intoxication guiltless? They may talk coolly of the fearful murder which has been committed; and while they deal out in measured quantities to their blowy customer, the *aqua mortis*, they may with them discuss the probable punishment which awaits the murderer; and thank their stars that they are innocent. But is there not a God? and will not he "bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil?" And will the maker, and vender, of ardent spirits escape? *Alas, their blotted gains—the price of blood—will eat their flesh as it were fire!*

I am happy to find that the temperance cause is gaining ground in several parts of this province. We are not engaged in an uncertain contest. Our cause will ultimately prevail. And the gin-palace—the grog-shop—every kind of *drunkenery*, will I trust soon be reckoned among the things that were. I pray Almighty God to give us success in this and every good cause, for his sake "who gave himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

E. S. INGALLS.

ALCOHOL NOT ESSENTIAL TO CHEERFULNESS AND SOCIAL COMFORT.

MR. EDITOR,—Some persons seem to regard alcoholic liquors as

"A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears."

And not only so, but as essential to cheerfulness and social comfort. In Old England I met with many persons who felt uncomfortable on account of my giving up *the spirit of many colours*. What they could offer in its stead was a consideration of some weight with them. Something was wanting, and they thought without a substitute, I could not be comfortable. There are many in this Province who are like-minded. Now I would ask, Mr. Editor, whether men cannot be cheerful and social by interesting conversation and the interchange of friendly feelings, as well without fiery liquids as with them? Now, are there not more arguments in favour of the former course than the latter? Let tee-totalers prove that they are socialists in a high and important sense, and that reason and revelation shall guide their social meetings. "Toasts" and "Healths" may appear very beautiful expressions in the estimation of the patrons of moderate and excessive, and I may add *unnecessary* drinking, but to one freed from such bondage, they savour of the ridiculous.

My object in writing now is to call attention to "the feast of reason." I have long thought that if all our Temperance Societies were annually, or oftener, to connect tea parties with their meetings,