

bly known in every parish in Scotland.—
Glasgow Commonwealth.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

It becomes our painful duty to record the death of a friend of Temperance, who was held in especial affection by the officers of this society. Archibald Campbell Esq., died in the city of Albany on the 14th of July. For more than forty years he had performed with distinguished ability, and with unimpeached and unimpeachable integrity, the duties of Secretary of State, of the State of New York.—His zeal and fidelity to the cause of Temperance, reach to remote stages in the history of the reform. He was one of the officers of the New York State Temperance Society at its foundation; and he has served it, in some official capacity or other, ever since—a period of nearly thirty years.

Mr Campbell's example, his voice, his means, his heart, his prayers, were with the cause of Temperance, at every stage of the reform.—His principles and practice kept pace with every advance of the work, and he died in the firm belief of the rightfulness, the expediency, and the necessity of total and absolute Prohibition.

Mr Campbell, at his death, was Auditor of this Society; and every officer knew when he had examined its accounts and its vouchers, that all was right. The enemies of temperance, or the personal enemies of the officers of the State Society, might forge charges against those who superintended its money matters; but to those who knew him, it was only necessary to say, that every item of finance had been audited by Archibald Campbell, to brand any such slander as simply absurd. The name and certificate of so unerring and incorruptible an Auditor, appended to its successive financial reports, was sufficient to put the most embittered accuser to silence and to the blush.

Dearly beloved and justly honored by the officers of this society while living, they, now that he is dead, unite with one voice to bless his memory; and hereby tender every expression of condolence to his sorrowing relatives.

Thus, one by one, those who have borne the heat and burden of the day, in the cause of temperance, sink into the grave. But here, as so often happens, their death is the strongest argument in favor of the principles of their life. Drinking men "do not live out half their days." At forty, at thirty, nay at twenty, how often have we known them to die of *delirium tremens*! Pursued by fiends—foaming at the mouth—tearing their very flesh off in agony! What a contrast is presented in the case of the Temperance Christian, whose demise we now record; and who, in his youth, "never did apply hot and rebellious liquors in his blood." Mr Campbell lived to the advanced age of 77; and "the end of that man was peace." The "death of the righteous," as portrayed by Blair in his poem on the "Grave," here found an actual realization:

"How calm his exit!

Night dews fall not more gently to the ground
Nor weary worn out winds expire so soft.

—*Prohibitionist.*

THE POISONERS.

The intensest excitement has prevailed for months in Great Britain, in connection with the accusations, the trial and developments of William Palmer. To extricate himself from financial difficulties, he poisoned, not on e-

only, but a number of his fellow beings. Temperance papers in England, have commented on the startling developments of the trial.—They have very properly connected them with the machinations of those whom Wesley calls "poisoners-general." The *Weekly Record* of the Temperance movement (London) comments as follows:—"It is a terrible thing to think that a man should die of poison—that life, the gift of God, given for wondrous purposes, should be extinguished by violence and stealth—and that the draughts prepared, apparently by the hand of friendship, should contain bitter agony and sharp and sudden death. We shrink with horror from the prisoner. We think of him working in the dark, following his victim with unrelenting purposes, with a smile on his face and death in his heart, deaf to the claims of humanity, to the teachings of science, to the voice of God, and yet does not society poison on a great scale? We turn to the weekly register of health in this metropolis alone, and we find invariably a certain number of deaths from delirium tremens—a certain number from intemperance. We see the coroner's reports, we read So-and-so died by the visitation of God; but when we come to examine, we discover that the deceased was in liquor—that he had been drinking, and that it was not God that struck that man down but drink. Every day some tragedy is done in our streets, and scarce a public house or gin-palace exists that cannot testify to ruin wrought there with the lives of men. Who has not often seen their men, aye, and women, lovely, and to be loved, borne away in drunken delirium, thence to the poor-house or the police station, never more to open their eyes on this side of the grave? We talk of Palmer's poisoning—we rejoice the jury has brought him in guilty—we think it would have been a fearful thing had he been permitted to escape—let us remember there is poison more deadly, because more common, than strychnine; that for one Palmer we have tens of thousands who knowingly poison by means of intemperance, and that so long as men drink, deaths more terrible than that of Cook will occur every day." The *Shipping Gazette* draws from these events some lessons of vital importance to brewers and beer-drinkers:—"The extraordinary and important trial just terminated, which has occupied so long and engrossing share of public attention, and in which the baneful influences of strychnine on the human system are exemplified, should at least read a wholesome lesson to brewers and others on the extensive use of *cocculus indicus* and *nux vomica*, which enter largely into commerce both in this country and the continent for admixture in malt beverages. The *nux vomica* which contains the bitter and poisonous principal, strychnine, is used especially for ales to finish them, to give that brightness so much desired, as well as to impart the bitter tonic taste which is in such great repute."

"We now know," says the *Spectator*, "that poisons may stray into hands that are untaught, careless, or guilty." "No man should be allowed to sell poisons unless the purchaser brings an official 'permit' from the police-magistrate of the district." All this, *apropos* of strychnine,—a poison whereby not half-a-dozen human beings have been known to die in this country, since strychnine was first extracted from the nut. We can tell the *Spectator*, and the *Morning Advertiser* too, of a drug which kills more than a thousand of our

fellow-countrymen ever week, from one year's end to another. It is true we are told by the unscientific that this drug is no poison; nevertheless, *it kills*,—yes, about 150 human lives per diem are lost through the administration of this drug. This occurs, because the drug referred to is continually straying into hands that are untaught, careless, or guilty." Will not the *Spectator* desire in this case of strychnine, to forbid the dealer to sell except on presentation of an official permit? If not, why not? Can he, or the *Morning Advertiser*, tell us why?—*U. K. Alliance.*

MORTALITY OF PERSONS ENGAGED IN THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

The Fourteenth Annual Report of the Registrar General of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, which, together with the Fifteenth Report, has just appeared, contains tables showing the mortality of men above the age of 20 engaged in various occupations in 1851. The following table shows first the general per centage at various ages, and secondly the per centage of persons engaged in the liquor traffic:—

Age.	All Classes.	Inn & Hotel Keepers, Licensed Victuallers & beer-shop keepers.
25—	948	1,383
35—	1,236	2,015
45—	1,787	2,834
55—	3,031	3,897
65—	6,396	8,151
75—	14,055	18,084
85—	28,797	40,860
Gen avr'ge 2,000		3,084

In absolute numbers the total of males of 20 years and upwards, in England and Wales, according to the census of 1851, was 4,720,904, and those who died in that year were 94,306. The number of such men who were engaged in the liquor traffic in England and Wales was 55,325, and those dying 1,700.—The per centages of the several ages are given above, and show that at every section of age the mortality of the latter exceeded about one-half that of the whole number of men so classed, including their own class. They are, in fact, highest in the death-scale, the nearest to them being farmers and graziers (2,847), general labourers (2,163), and butchers (2,133), all other occupations are under 2 per cent. The liquor dealers are also not only highest on the whole per centage, but at every period of life, except the last (85 and upwards), at which the general labourers exceed them by about 1 per cent (40,860 compared with 41,795). The most fatal periods of life for miners are from 55 to 75, the averages being 3,450 and 8,051, but the liquor traffickers, at the same periods, supply a per centage of 3,897 and 8,151.

The reason of this extraordinary mortality among those who deal in articles of death, is probably to be sought in their habits as a class. We do not attribute it to any special judgment; but considering how intemperate other classes are, and yet that none is so prolific in mortality as the retailers of alcohol, it would seem to show, either that more intemperate persons enter that traffic, or that more become intemperate after entering it than among any other class. These facts give "the trade" a pre-eminence which it will not be anxious to vaunt before the world.

To acknowledge a fault is never disreputable; to deny or conceal it is never reputable.