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Canada Temperance Advocate.

Temperance is the moderate use of things beneficial, and abstinence from things hurtful.

No. 4.

MONTREAL, AUGUST, 1838.

VOL. IV.

THE SOCIAL MAN.

Abridged from "Tales of the Borders."

As we look upon the title of our tale, now that we have written it, we cannot suppress a shudder of horror. Like the handwriting on the wall, it seems typical of misery, revolution, and death. Revolution and death, do we say? What revolution, in the common sense of the word—we mean in a political one—was ever productive of such deplorable effects, as that moral revolution to which the bottle bears the social man?—what death, viewed merely as a physical evil, can be compared to that moral and intellectual destruction to which the good-fellow so often subjects himself?

Our heart sickens as we pass in review before us the numbers of our early friends who have run this terrific career, who now fill timeless graves, or are yet in the land of existence, bearing about in their bosoms a living hell—whose hearts are already sepulchres. And, but that we thought the relation we are about to deliver, may be of service to some who, already standing on the brink, are not fully aware of their danger—but that we conceived the tale of talent, generosity, and worth, miserably destroyed by the unregulated social feelings, may arrest some kindred spirit in its path to unanticipated misery—we should yield to the feelings which urge us to fling down our pen, and give ourselves up to sorrow for the departed.

William Riddle was the only son of a shepherd, who dwelt upon the moorlands that overhang one of the tributaries of the Tweed. The old man was one of those characters which have been so often and so well described—a stern, grave, intelligent, religious Scottish shepherd. The broad Lowland bonnet did not cover a shrewder head than old David Riddle's; nor did the hoddie grey coat, throughout wide Scotland, wrap a warmer or more honest heart. His wife Rachel was one of those women of whom, notwithstanding the habitual discontent and sneers of men, there are thousands in this world, in this kingdom, nay, among our own Border hills—who, like the stars of heaven during the daylight, hold on their course noiselessly and unseen, but are, nevertheless, shining with a sweet and steady radiance, every one in its place, in the firmament. Placid, pious, and cheerful, with a quiet but kind heart, that ever and anon displayed its workings in the sweet light of her eyes, or in the "heartsome" smile that arranged her still lovely features into the symmetry of benevolence. David Riddle was verging towards three score, when William, the subject of the following narrative, was born. The old man's heart was entirely bound up in this child of his age. Frequently, not from necessity, but impelled by love, had he performed the ministrations of a mother to him; often on a sunny day, had he carried him, like a lamb, in the corner of his plaid, up to the hills; and often, laying the unconscious infant on the purple heath on the mountain side, had he knelt down before him, beneath the solitary sky, and poured out his heart in gratitude to the God who had bestowed on him this precious gift. When little William was able to follow his father among the flocks, they became inseparable; and it was beautiful to behold the old man laying aside the gravity and sternness of his nature, and renewing, with his little boy, the sports which the lapse of half a century had well nigh swept from his memory. They sought out together the nest of the lapwing and the moorfowl; they chased the humble bee over the heath in company; or, loitering down the mountain streams, assisted each other in the pursuit of the speckled trout. The old man taught his boy, amid the secluded glens, or upon the naked hill-tops, to modulate his voice to the hymns consecrated to religion throughout Scotland; the rich melody of the "Old Hundred," or the "Martyrs," rose in concert from their lips; or, perhaps, the aged shepherd played on the simple Scottish bagpipe, or which he had been, in his youth, a skillful performer, some of the touching airs of his mother-land, and then, placing the

pipe in William's hands, assisted him, by kind encouragement or skillful rebuke, to follow out the beautiful strain. Thus they lived together—

"A pair of friends, though one was young,
And Matthew seventy-two."

A little incident, which occurred in William's childhood, had determined his father to rear him for the ministry. While yet only five years of age, he was found one day by his father, with an old family Bible upon his knee, some of the leaves of which he had torn out, and was arranging after a fashion of his own. On being asked by his father what he was doing, he replied—"That he thought the Evangelists differed in some portions of their history, and that he was trying to discover wherein the difference lay." The old man retired with streaming eyes; and from that moment, William Riddle was, like Samuel of old, vowed to the service of God. As he grew in years, he displayed proofs of talent which astonished the shepherd, and filled old David's heart with exultation. Before he was fifteen, there was not a stream, nor a legend that belonged to his native hills, which he had not celebrated in song. At length the period arrived when he was to be sent to College.

For four years William attended college during the winter, and remained with his father during the summer months.

It was not that his labour was required by the old man; for he had now amassed a sufficient sum, with his moderate habits, to make him independent; but the sight of William was pleasant to the aged shepherd, among the hills where they had played together, and which were consecrated to their affections. The young student had distinguished himself highly at college, and had gained the esteem, both publicly and privately expressed, of many of his preceptors. His heart was still uncontaminated, his morals pure, and his habits simple, as when he was a boy. It was at this time that Rachel died. As her life had been peaceful and, upon the whole, happy, so her deathbed was tranquil and resigned. Yet the misery which his ardent and imaginative nature might inflict upon him was still not shut out from her mind, and almost her last words were to warn him against indulging it too far. She died, and the old shepherd and his son were left to attempt to comfort each other. William was about again to depart to college, and he would fain have had his father to give up his duties and accompany him to Edinburgh. He dwelt upon his increasing feebleness, his age, already beyond the common lot of man, the solitude to which he would be left, the comfort they would be to each other if together. To all this the old man replied—"Comfort, my boy, there is none for me in this world, except in thee. Gradually the circle of my love has been narrowed: first, my own parents, then my children, last, my beloved Rachel, have been swept away; and now thou only art left for my earthly affections to embrace. Gladly for thy sake would I go to the city; but I think these hills could not bear to look on another while I lived—this cottage to shelter another shepherd while I am able to fling my plaid around me. It is a foolish fancy for an old man to cherish, yet I cannot bid it depart. Go, then alone, my dearest lad, and leave me in these scenes, which have become part of my being, to perform the duties in which my life has been spent. And still remember, William, when temptations assail thee, or bad men would lead thee by the cords of vanity or friendship, into vice, that there is a grey-haired man among these hills, whom the tale would send in sorrow to the grave."

William returned to college, with a heart softened both by grief and love. Strange, that out of this wholesome state of mind should have sprung the elements of wretchedness and vice! Yet so it was. He had written a poem on the subject of his late

* The same anecdote is related of Dr. Thomas Brown, the philosopher.

affliction, and had breathed into it the very soul of sorrow. The wild and beautiful scenery amid which he dwelt, and which he loved and knew so well, had also given its hues to the language and the thoughts of his muse: his rich and now cultivated taste imparted elegance and harmony to his numbers; the poem was at once original, chaste, and imaginative; it gained him the esteem of the highest literary circles in Edinburgh, and he became a cherished guest in the houses of many distinguished men for whom he had never hoped to indulge any feelings save those of distant and respectful admiration. He emerged into a new world, too beautiful and dazzling for him at first to see his way clearly through its mazes. His undoubted genius commanded the respect of the men—his manly feelings, and the ingenious eloquence of his address, presently made him a distinguished favourite with the female portion of his acquaintance. The tone of his thoughts and feelings underwent a perfect revolution. Once introduced into the society of the polite and learned, the bashfulness and awkwardness of the shepherd lad seemed to fall off from him, without effort of his own, but naturally, like the crustaceous envelop in the metamorphosis of insects. He felt as if he were a denizen of the clime in which he now luxuriated, and as if, till now, he had been living in a foreign land. He discovered, to his amazement, that those great men, whose very names he had been wont to utter with reverence, and before whose glance his eye had been accustomed to fall abashed, were the most easy, familiar, and communicative companions possible—that scarcely one of them was so severe in their morality as his old father—that they listened to his opinions with attention, and replied to them with respect.

At the period to which we refer, the literary society of Edinburgh was by no means distinguished for its abstemiousness. A "good" fellow and a clever one, were almost synonymous terms. Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of "Guy Mannering," has matchlessly described the convivial habits of the Scotch advocates: the habits of the whole literary society of Edinburgh were pretty similar. Why should I detail the circumstances of William's seduction from sobriety? The example of those whom he had been accustomed to admire, respect, and love; the gay sallies of his younger associates; the witchery of the society of genius; the flowing feeling which followed the circulation of the bowl; the song, the speech, the story, the flash of wit, the jocose roll of humour, and, above all, the forgiving approval (for how else shall we designate it?) of the ladies—all assailed him at once, and, beneath their attacks, his reason and resolve,

"That column of true majesty in man,"

fell. Age, wisdom, youth, wit, humour, friendship, love, and beauty—what could a raw shepherd lad oppose to all these?

We will pass rapidly over this part of our departed friend's career. He mingled, at first sparingly, at length more freely, in the convivial habits of his new friends. Unfortunately, he engaged to write for a new periodical which some of his friends were then attempting to establish. He had pledged himself to support it to a certain extent; and, in order to fulfil his promise, at the instigation of an acquaintance, he stimulated himself to its accomplishment by means of brandy. This was the first time he had ever drunk ardent spirits for the sake of the effect which they produce. The paper which he had written was universally admired, the sale of the periodical was very much increased by its influence, and he was plied by the proprietors with new and lucrative engagements.

On the very morning on which he had received these proposals, he also received a letter from his aged father, informing him, that the brother of an old man, who was engaged in commerce, and for whom he had some time ago become surety, had failed, and that the whole of the little earnings of his past life would be required to liquidate the debt.

William closed with the proposal of the proprietors of the magazine, and wrote to the old man a letter, partly of condolence, but more of triumph. He was almost glad that the resources of his father were destroyed, now that he himself had the means of supporting him; and it was with a joyous heart that he sat down to write his paper for the new periodical. But, alas! he felt what all who have so occupied themselves have felt, how the mind becomes weak, and the fancy flags, when compelled to action. He rushed into society to escape from the dreadful depression which follows high mental excitement; the warmth of friendship with

which he was met, fell gratefully on his spirit; the glee and glory of social intercourse first relieved his wearied faculties, and then pleasantly excited them; the titillation of gratified vanity, and the exercise of intellectual power, combined to make the scene fascinating; he went more and more into society; it became more and more necessary to him—he was a social man.

William Riddle passed the whole of his examinations, and was, as the students say, "ready for a church." Nor was he long in procuring one. Among the friends to whom his genius and character had recommended him, was a nobleman, who had the gift of the very kirk to which William and his father had been accustomed to resort. The incumbent died; the nobleman presented the living to William. With the new duties which now devolved upon him, came a crowd of new feelings and springs of action. He gave up his engagement with the literary periodical, he retired from his social companions, and he devoted himself to grave and worthy study and contemplation. The struggle was severe; but he bore up against it under the excitement of the new responsibility which had fallen upon him. He went down to the country with some of the most distinguished members of the Scottish church, who officiated at his ordination. A proud, a tumultuously happy day was it for old David Riddle, who, with wonder and awe, felt his horny hand grasped by the great men whose very names he had considered subservient to his happiness of old time, and beheld his son, little William, the boy whom he had taught the alphabet upon Saurhope hill, with the pables that lie there,—behold him holding high discourse with these same dignitaries, saw that his opinions were listened to with respect, and that his thoughts, according as they were solemn or ludicrous, were responded to by these great men with gravity or broad grins. A delightful day was it to the old shepherd, as he beheld the first man in the General Assembly—the greatest man in the Scottish Kirk—lay his hand upon the youthful head of his beloved son, and consecrate him to the care of the souls who dwell in the very valley where he had been born and reared, in which his genius was known, and his family, though humble, respected.

There was another, and an equally strong reason for William's giving up his convivial habits and boisterous companions. He was in love.

It was at that least romantic of all places for a lover, a ball in Edinburgh, that William Riddle, the new pastor of Moskirk, had first met Ellen Ogilvie, the daughter of the principal heritor of his parish, the owner of the hills on which his father had watched the sheep for above threescore years. Ellen had beheld him moving, a gay and welcome visitant, in noble halls: her hand had met his in the dance, in exchange with those of countesses and duchesses; she had heard his praise echoed from house to house, and from mouth to mouth; she was now alone in the country, with nothing but ignorant or coarse men around her: let it not seem wonderful that she, though the only daughter of a wealthy landholder, should bestow her love on the poor, hand-ome, manly, eloquent pastor of Moskirk. And if this does not seem wonderful, it will surely not appear singular that the proud, haughty, bigoted, and ignorant father of Ellen should forbid the match, and should threaten with his vengeance the usurper of his daughter's love. William Riddle, the minister of Moskirk, was out of the canons of the duello, and the laird, therefore, instead of calling him out, was compelled to be satisfied with dis-inheriting Ellen, who, under circumstances which fully exonerated her from her father's tyrannical wishes, became William's wife.

In the parish of Moskirk, as in most of the country parishes in Scotland, there were a number of intelligent men who associated frequently together for the sake of cultivating scientific knowledge, and conversing on various subjects of interest in literature and philosophy. At the time that William was inducted into Moskirk, all the ministers of the neighbouring parishes were members of this society, and it was generally held on a convivial footing. Into this society William Riddle was welcomed with enthusiastic honours, and was at once made perpetual president. His fame as a poet had gone before him, and his genial warmth as a man followed up with general applause the sensation which he had created. He had natural powers capable of supporting him in the sphere to which his reputation had raised him. He had wit, humour, pathos, and fluency—and, eager to earn the kind opinion of his parishioners, he exerted himself to gain it, and he succeeded. Throughout

the whole of his parish, he was admired as a man of genius and eloquence, he was respected as a man of irreproachable moral worth, and beloved as a friend, who shared sincerely in the gladness, and sympathized in the sorrows of his flock. Unfortunately, the habits of many of his parishioners, as well as of those of the literary club to which I have alluded, were the very reverse of temperate. For a time the attraction of his young wife, and presently that of his infant son, kept him from indulging in nocturnal potations. But afterwards these attractions lost their force; the glory and the glee of the musical and literary conclave overcame all his resolves; and, night after night, it happened that he returned to his manse at unseasonable hours, and greeted his wife with the leer of intoxication, instead of the steady glance of affection. We should have said that, before this, old David Riddle, moved by his sons' entreaties, had given up his duties among the hills, and had come to live with him at Moskirk Manse. A weekly daylight was it to the old man to behold his son arrayed in his black gown, and with the smooth white bands drooping decently upon his bosom, delivering from the pulpit of his native parish the words of eternal truth; and pleasant was it to the old shepherd ever and anon to recognise, in the elegant but simple language of the pastor, some of those sentiments which he himself had instilled into his mind, while he was yet a shepherd lad upon the moorlands. But it could not long be concealed from him that William was irregular in his habits. When the fact first struck him, he almost swooned away; for the forebodings of Rachel rushed into his mind, and he saw as it seemed for the first time that his son's destruction, was sealed.

It was long, however, before he could bring himself to speak on the subject to William; he felt the shame which his son appeared to have abandoned; and his own temperate blood sent a blush into his withered cheek, at the idea of addressing the child of his heart, the minister of God, on the subject of his intemperance. The miserable struggles of the old man, before he gave utterance to his sentiments to William, we are utterly unable to describe—we leave them to our readers' imagination. At length, however, on a morning after the minister of Moskirk had shamefully been supported home by two of his parishioners, in a state of deplorable intoxication, the old shepherd gathered up resolution to speak to his son. He did not denounce, insult, or even upbraid him; but, with tears in his eyes, delicately alluding to his misconduct, assured him that such another occurrence would cause him to leave the manse for ever; for that, though he might not be able to prevent, he was resolved never to sanction the fearful immorality which drunkenness carries in its train, more hideous still when attached to a minister of the gospel.

William, already disgusted with himself, and humbled before his own heart, was crushed to the earth by his old father's appeal. He threw himself upon his aged parent's neck, and entreated his forgiveness. "My forgiveness, my boy!" replied the shepherd; "you cannot offend me, and therefore it is vain to ask for my forgiveness. My heart is so utterly bound up in thee, that, though it may deplore, it cannot denounce any conduct of thine. It is as it were but a servant of thine, and in good, or in evil report, will follow in its train. But, if my sufferings, and the sneers of men, have no influence over thee, think, O my dear boy! think on death, the judgment, eternity!"

Will it be believed, that, after this appeal, the remorse which he suffered, and the resolutions of reformation which he made, a single week saw the minister of Moskirk reel into his manse, assisted by the pastor of the Methodist chapel, at two o'clock in the morning? Such was the distressing reality; and the next morning, without speaking to his son, but giving, amid heart-broken sobs and sighs, his blessing to his daughter-in-law and her children, old David Riddle removed from his son's roof; nor could all his entreaties induce him to return.

Let me hasten to conclude. The conduct of William became so notoriously shameful, that it could no longer be overlooked by his parishioners, and he was more than once called by some of them with remonstrances, which increased gradually in severity. Still the infatuated man proceeded; until at length his behaviour became a public scandal to his own parishioners and to the whole church. He was yet, however, so much beloved for his generous warmth of heart, and admired for his talents, that a last effort was made to prevent the sentence of expulsion, which had been passed against him, from being carried into effect; and his punishment

was commuted, if so it could be called, into making a public apology, from his own pulpit, to his people, for his shameful irregularities. On the day of this heart-rending exhibition, not more than one-fourth of the congregation were present. But old David Riddle was there, supported, for the first, and alas! for the last time, into church by a friend. His form was now bent nearly double, he shuffled his feet painfully over the ground, his head shook from weakness, not from age; his eyes were red and dim—he looked like a man who was only three or four steps from the open grave. When, after the service was concluded, William began to read the humiliating apology which he had written, the aged shepherd crept painfully down upon his knees, and burying his face in his clasped hands, remained absorbed in prayer. The last words had fallen from the minister's lips; there was a dead stillness throughout the church, for all were penetrated with sorrow and shame at their pastor's disgrace, when a deep groan broke from the old shepherd and startled the congregation from the silence in which they were indulging. All eyes, and those of the minister among the rest, were instantly directed towards the old man; his frame remained for a moment in the attitude which we have described, and the next instant it fell heavily upon the floor—a corpse!

We shall not give pain to our readers, nor harrow up our own feelings, by attempting to describe the agony which this event caused William Riddle. It seemed to be one of those griefs which cannot and ought not to be outlived—a punishment greater than man is able to bear. So thought William—if the flash of this conviction across the settled gloom of his spirit could be called thought. How shall we go on? William, again, after severe struggles, gave way to the entreaties of some of his mistaken friends, and to the treacherous wishes of his own heart. He became a confirmed drunkard! He seemed to have at length cast behind him every thought of reverence for God and his holy vocation—every particle of respect for himself or his fellow-men. His poor young wife exhausted every argument which reason could afford—every blandishment with which affection and beauty could supply her, to reclaim him, but in vain. He retained, or seemed to retain, even, all the warmth of his first love for her, and, in his hours of intoxication, he seemed most strongly to acknowledge her worth and loveliness; but the necessity for the violent excitement of ardent spirits had overcome all other considerations. She wept long and bitterly; then, as despair began to close in upon her, she (dreadful that we should have it to relate!) sought, in the example of her husband, to escape from her sorrow! Ellen Ogilvie, the young, the graceful, the beautiful, the accomplished, the gentle, feminine creature, whose very frame seemed to shrink from the slightest coarseness in speech or action, became a drunkard!

Many years had passed away between the time when the old shepherd had preached in the church and the time to which we now refer, and William had a family of two sons and three daughters. If Ellen's father was unfavourable to her marriage at first, it will be easily imagined that he never now acknowledged them. His young family, therefore, had nothing to depend upon except their father's exertions, and they were about to be closed for ever.

The time arrived when it was impossible for William to be suffered any longer to remain in his charge. He was thrust out of his church and expelled from the ministry. The messenger who delivered this message to him, delivered it to one more dead than alive. His excesses had at length brought on a fit of apoplexy; he was but partially recovered from it, and could only, in a dim manner, comprehend the purport of the message, when with his wife and children, he was removed from the manse. A friend sheltered him for a time—afterwards, he was conveyed over to Edinburgh. Within a twelvemonth he died, having been chained down to bed by his disease, one half of his frame being dead, with mind enough to see poverty and inevitable misery ready to crush his helpless family, but without the power to use the slightest exertion in order to avert the impending calamity. It was in a garret in the High Street, upon rotten straw, the spectacle of an emaciated and shattered wife before his eyes, and the cries of his starving children sounding in his ears, that William Riddle breathed his last! What availed it then that he had been good and pure, full of generous sentiments, endowed with a graceful person, a noble genius, and a manly eloquence?—these otherwise invaluable qualities had been all sunk or scattered by the spendthrift extravagance of the Social Man.

It is now about five years ago, since, as we were hurrying past Cassels' Place, at the foot of Leith Walk, we were attracted by a crowd who had gathered round a poor intoxicated woman. She had fallen beneath the wheel of a waggon, and both her legs were crushed in a terrible manner. As two or three assistants carried her past a gas-light towards the nearest house, we were struck by the resemblance—hideous indeed, and bloated—which her features wore to some one whom we had known. We inquired her history, and, to our horror, discovered that this was indeed Ellen Ogilvie—the widow of our poor friend, William Riddle. It was useless attempting to save her; her vital energies were sinking rapidly beneath the injuries she had received. She revived a little from the effect of some wine which we gave her, and began, incoherently, to speak of her past life. "You see me here, sir," said she, "a poor, wretched, degraded creature:—I was not always thus. There was not a happier heart in wide Scotland than mine was ten years ago. But my husband, sir, was—a Social Man!" A convulsive sob checked her words—her head sank back on the pillow—her lower jaw fell—the death rattle sounded in her throat—and in a few moments the unfortunate woman expired.

CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor do any thing by which thy brother is made to stumble, or to fall, or is weakened." ROM. xiv. 21.—*Macnight's Translation.*

MONTREAL, AUGUST, 1838.

This Number of the Advocate is printed with an entirely new set of types. Subscribers will observe that they derive from it the two following advantages: the contents of the paper are greatly enlarged without any increase of price, and the typography is much more neatly executed. By this arrangement on the part of the Publishers, we hope therefore to render this Journal still more deserving of universal support.

JUDGE PYKE AND JUDGE ROLLAND.—It is not long since we heard it publicly declared, on the authority of Judge Pyke, that a very large proportion, (we think it was said *nine-tenths*,) of the criminal cases which had come before him for judgment, since he sat on the Bench, had arisen more or less directly from intemperance. We ask the public to compare that declaration with the following advertisement, which we have cut out of one of the daily papers:

"To let, for one or more years,—The *Brewery and Distillery* at Monnoir. Its situation is most advantageous to procure grain. It is on the *River des Hurons*, near the Grist Mill, half way between Point Olivier and St. Jean Baptiste—only 4 miles from the Richelieu, and 24 miles from town. Application to be made to Mr. Justice ROLLAND." June 15.

It appears from this that Mr. Justice Rolland is connected, in some manner, with a business, which in the opinion of one of his worshipful brethren,—we might rather say, in the opinion of the public in general, is one of the most powerfully productive causes of crime. While we profess the highest respect for those learned and worthy men who dispense justice to our population, yet we think there is an inconsistency here, so great, and so dangerous to public morality, that it is our duty, as the *advocates* of Temperance, to notice it. To open a Distillery, is to pour forth upon the public a stream of maddening liquor which will be constantly instigating some one to crime. It is well known that its influence is most unfriendly to all those sacred interests which a Judge is bound by his office to preserve and promote. It is not improbable that the Judge may yet have to pronounce sentences upon some criminal, who will date the commencement of his career from the Distillery,

SMOKING DEPRAVITY.—Died lately at S—, in one of the Eastern Townships, a person whom we shall call B. His life was spent in the profitless endeavour to "gain the whole world;" and though he succeeded to some extent, yet his end illustrated the

truth of an inspired declaration—he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and in the end shall be a fool. For some time previous to his death, he became addicted to habits of gross intoxication; it was conjectured by some that this was resorted to, as a means of drowning thought, and escaping from the agonising recollection of the unjust methods by which he had acquired his wealth. During the last ten or twelve days that he spent on earth, he can scarcely be said to have ever been sober. He lay in the corner of an empty room, on a little straw; his bottle of spirits constantly beside him, its contents being almost the only thing he took, either in the shape of food, or drink, or medicine. And there, in that wretched condition he yielded up his *spirit unto God that gave it*. Disease and intoxication had united to scourge his body at the same time, and his lifeless form bore melancholy evidence of the terrible devastation they had wrought,—it scarcely retained the human expression—it was blasted and withered. With all his wealth, B. died the death of a dog. He had neither sympathy, nor attendance, nor soothing application to mitigate the pains of dissolution. One could scarcely help thinking that, around that dismal deathbed, the finger of God was seen with more than ordinary evidence, writing his dire displeasure at the sins which had caused it—covetousness and intemperance.

His corpse was followed to the grave by several of his boon companions, but though they had such awful evidence before them of the danger with which they were trifling, their minds were so besotted that they were unable to profit by it,—they saw the end to which the path conducted along which they were going, but they could not return. They continued their carousals as before—they even went to a still greater and more blasphemous excess, as the following fact will prove. About one month after B.'s death, some dozen of his former companions, went one night to the church yard in which he was buried, actually sat down on his grave, and held a revel there. They had brought spirits along with them; they drank to the dead, using the most profane and impious toasts which they could devise; they called upon him to reply, affirming that if he failed to do so it would be the first time! But we forbear to record the various particulars of this outrage. It appears to us one of the strongest evidences, with which we have ever become acquainted, that there is no degree of wickedness, however perilous or provoking, on which men will not venture.

We have been informed of these appalling facts on the most unexceptionable evidence, and if any person is disposed to doubt their truth, we request him to call upon us, and he will obtain information on every particular. Is it not evident from the narration that intoxicating drink hardens the conscience, prevents serious reflection, brings the mind into a state in which it is prepared to commit any crime, and causes the loss of the soul. And can that be a *good creature of God* which produces such effects? or can it be agreeable to the will of God that we should use it? Can any man be said to deplore such effects who lends his countenance, directly or indirectly, to the cause of them?

SOMETHINGS THAT ARE CERTAIN.—It is certain that intoxicating drinks are not necessary for man.

It is certain that if the use of these drinks is kept up in future as heretofore, multitudes will be irreparably ruined thereby.

It is certain that if the public would agree as one man to abandon their use, such consequences would be almost, if not altogether, completely prevented. Such being the case, we may conclude that, if the public does not do so,

It is certain that the public is responsible for the evil, and every individual who does not take an active part against it.

COFFEE.—We beg to refer our readers to Messrs. H. Benson & Co.'s advertisement on the last page. From their peculiar method of roasting, the coffee will be found to retain strongly the fine aromatic flavour of the berry. How much pleasanter, not to speak of safer, is this beverage, than beer or spirituous liquors!

TO DISTILLERS AND VENDERS OF INTOXICATING DRINKS.

Be entreated to consider the alarming consequence of your employment!

Could you not obtain a competency for your family without engaging in a business, that causes the sickness and death of millions of your fellow-men?

You would look upon that man, as the enemy of God and man, who would spread the Cholera, or some fatal disease among his neighbours, but, intoxicating drinks are injuring the human race more than the cholera has ever done.

If you wish for peace of mind and the good of your fellow-men, turn your attention to some other employment.

That God may lead you to examine this subject with candor, and reflect upon the solemn responsibility which you incur by pursuing your present course, is the fervent prayer of a

July 12, 1838.

PHILANTHROPIST.

Progress of the Temperance Reform.

MONTREAL.—The public weekly meetings in this city, are still kept up, although not so well attended as it is desirable they should. The usual Committee meetings every fortnight also take place.

In order to cause better attendance, notices are sent round regularly to the principal workshops and public places.

The Committee have sent home a bill of exchange for £5 sterling to obtain a shipment of tracts and handbills this fall, in order to commence a systematic circulation. The many backslidings which have occurred among the members, have pressed on the Committee the propriety of adopting a new method of admitting members, which apparently gives satisfaction since its trial, and it is hoped will insure more unanimity, character and influence to the Society, as these undoubtedly have been lessened by the too ready admission of members who have not kept their pledges.

ISLE AUX NOIX.—We have received a letter from Serjeant Rain, whose name is mentioned in connection with the proceedings at the above place as narrated by Mr. W. Morton in the number for June last. Mr. R. after correcting Mr. Morton in one or two points of little moment, says that only seven of the members of the Society formed on the old plan had broken their pledges after the pay day. Mr. R. has evidently perused the account and written the letter referred to under excited feelings, or he would have seen that he makes Mr. Morton to declare things which are not said in the statement published. In justice to Mr. R. the letter was read at the same place that the statements were made; on which occasion Mr. Morton again declared his former remarks to be correct, and that he did not mean to say that all the members of the Society were intoxicated, but said that Sergeant Rain's Company were generally in that state. Mr. Morton's object, he says, was to show the utter hopelessness of reforming the drunkard on any other plan than abstinence from every thing that can intoxicate, and not to injure Mr. Rain in his private character, which was unimpeachable.

We are persuaded Mr. Rain will be of this opinion if he will enquire into the standing of the Society now, and see how many have been reformed by his plan.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The following very interesting Report of the last Anniversary of the British and Foreign Temperance Society, we take partly from the *Journal of the American Temperance Union*, and partly from the *Christian Reporter*, St. John's, N. B. :—

LONDON May 3, 1838.

The Seventh Anniversary Meeting of this Society was held on Friday last, at the large room, at Exeter Hall. The Meeting was announced for one o'clock, but a number of the friends and members of the Society, breakfasted together in one of the lower rooms. About sixty persons sat down.

The Lord Bishop of Norwich presided.

The assembled members were, after breakfast, successively addressed by the Right Rev. Prelate; by H. Pownall, Esq.; Dr. Key of Edinburgh; Rev. J. Grant; the Rev. J. Brown, of Hendera; the Rev. G. Evans; the Rev. S. Ramsay, and the Rev. J. Perrot, of Jersey; all of whom ably advocated the cause of the Society; but as most of these gentlemen had opportunities of expressing their sentiments more at length at the General Meeting, it is not necessary to give any detail of what they said at the breakfast.

HENRY POWNALL, Esq., in addressing the Meeting, remarked upon the alarming increase of beer-shops, of which there were at

present not fewer than 45,738 in the country. As a magistrate, he had had abundant opportunities of observing the increase of crime, which certainly kept pace with the increased consumption of beer and spirits. In the last two years, the commitments of children under fourteen years old amounted to 3,000, and all for crimes arising out of drunkenness.

After the addresses had been concluded, the members proceeded to the large room, where the Meeting was to be held. This was announced for one o'clock, but owing to the thin attendance at that hour, the commencement of the business of the day was deferred till about half-past one, at which time

Mr. PARKIN, after apologizing for the absence of the Bishop of London, who was detained by unavoidable engagements elsewhere, but had promised to be present at two o'clock, moved that the Bishop of Norwich do take the chair in the interim.

The Right Rev. PRELATE having taken the chair, expressed the very great pleasure he felt at being even the temporary chairman of such a Society as the British and Foreign Temperance Society.

Mr. PARKIN said that letters had been received from several noblemen and gentlemen, apologizing for their absence, among whom were the Bishop of Ripon, the Bishop of Chichester, the Earl of Chichester, Lord Morpeth, Lord John Russell, Lord Stanley, Sir Thomas Bloomfield and the Rev. Mr. Weyland. Mr. Parkin then read the report, which stated that the committee, amidst some discouragement and some opposition, had been able to sustain the functions and extend the operations of the British and Foreign Temperance Society. Information had been diffused as to the injurious tendency of distilled spirits. Temperance periodicals were now conducted in various parts of the world. During the past year, Her Most Gracious Majesty had become patroness of this society, and the Bishop of London had consequently accepted the office of vice-patron and president. (This announcement was received with long continued cheers.) Lectures had been delivered on the prevalence and mischievous effects of intemperance. Mr. Cook had delivered three lectures, in which he illustrated by diagrams the consequences of intemperance on the human frame. Thirty new associations had been formed; and 20,000 members had been added to the society, making a total of 240,000. The amount of expenditure during the past year was £925 9 8½; the receipts, £707 9 10½; leaving a balance against the society of £217 19 10. There was scarcely any quarter of the world into which the society had not penetrated as the herald of peace. America still maintained her progress in the good cause. There was scarcely a regiment in India which had not its Temperance Society. Two hundred associations had been formed in Ireland, principally through the agency of Mr. George Carr. In Scotland, progress had been made, notwithstanding the increased consumption of ardent spirits. During the year ending 5th January, 1837, 31,402,417 gallons of distilled spirits at proof, paid duty for home consumption, for England, Scotland, and Ireland. 55,192 public houses, and 45,738 beer and cider shops were licensed in England and Wales, which, together with a multitude of other incitements to intemperance, were in active operation. £354,537 were levied for poor-rates; 20,984 prisoners were charged with criminal offences; and upwards of 290,000 persons were relieved by the hospitals, infirmaries, and dispensaries of London, a very large proportion of whom required this aid from their having used distilled spirits. Two millions and a half of grain were annually consumed in making spirits, which would furnish 200 quartern loaves to every poor family in the kingdom.

Sir EDWARD PARRY, R. N., moved that the Report now read be received and printed, and that the names in the list (read by the Secretary) be the Committee for the next year. The gallant Officer said, he felt great pleasure in having to submit this motion to the meeting, not alone because he approved of the principle of Temperance Societies, but also because he had long wished for an opportunity of bearing his testimony to the evils which he had seen arise from intemperance, and to add his humble opinion as to the necessity of having a check put to that destructive vice. Being himself a sailor, he would speak first as to the effects of the use of intoxicating liquor on sailors. It must, unfortunately, be admitted that, as a class, sailors were addicted to the vice of intemperance; and he had no doubt whatever, that half the accidents that occur at sea, attended as they so often were with loss of life, would, if they could be traced to their causes, be found to have originated in

Intemperance. The extent to which this vice was carried on shore by many classes, as well as sailors, would be attested by the immense number of gin-palaces which were springing up in almost every street in the metropolis, and in all the great towns of the kingdom. Many in the meeting were not aware, that, by a recent regulation in the navy, there had been a reduction in the amount of spirits issued to each seaman per day. Before that reduction, the allowance to each man per day was one half-pint of strong spirits, diluted, of course; but still it was a large allowance for one man every day. So that, in a three-decker, the quantity of spirits consumed each day would be not less than fifty gallons. Now, in his opinion, and he spoke from considerable experience, there could not, in the perverted ingenuity of man, be any contrivance more calculated to destroy discipline and relax morals amongst a ship's crew than this daily use of so much intoxicating drink; and the man who should succeed in putting an end to it, would deserve well of his country. He had mentioned that there had recently been a reduction in the daily allowance of spirits to each seaman in the navy, and he would, as an act of justice to the gallant Officer through whom the change was first effected, state the circumstances under which it took place. Sir John Phillimore, when in the command of the *Thetis*, found the discipline of his ship much relaxed, and that drunkenness was the cause. Tired of inflicting punishments which failed of producing any improvement in the crew, he one day on a voyage homeward called them aft, and said, "Now, lads, I find that you are always doing wrong, and that I am always flogging you; and still you do not improve. I find that too free an use of spirits is at the bottom of it all. You are allowed a half-pint of spirits each day, and I am bound to give it to you unless your misconduct justifies me in stopping it. I have now a proposition to make to you, which you can accept or not just as you like. I will give you the value of half your allowance of grog in tea and sugar, and at the end of the month if there should be any difference in your favour, you shall have it in money." The men at once accepted the proposition, and the effect was like magic. The discipline of the ship became at once improved, and of course the punishments ceased, and by the time the vessel reached port, the men were as attached to their tea as once they had been to their grog. The vessel and her crew became an object of derision to the crews of other vessels. She was called the "Tea-cher," and other names in scorn and contempt; but the men persevered, and the regulation, when known at the Admiralty, was approved of, and made general in all the ships in the navy. (Hear, hear.) He had often had occasion in New South Wales to make the contrast between the conduct of the crews of some temperance ships which came from America, and that of British seamen. The former were seen walking quietly and peaceably about, while the latter were rolling through the streets in a state of beastly intoxication. Such was the confidence which the captains of some of those temperance ships reposed in the good conduct of their crews, that they allowed the vessels to make voyages from Sydney to some of the South Sea Islands, while they remained behind, and waited their return. Such also was the general feeling in favour of temperance ships, that in this country as well as in America, the rate of insurance on them and on goods shipped in them was much less than on others, where the use of spirits was allowed. The use of spirits as an article of diet for sailors had been defended, on the ground that it would keep the cold out. He would assert—and he spoke from some experience of what cold was ("Hear," and a laugh)—that on the contrary, it would let the cold in. When the ships under his command were wintering near the North Pole, the men got spirits, because they could not stop it all at once; but when any of the crew were suffering from cold and exhaustion, he directed the cook to boil a kettle of water and make tea for them, and that restored them much better than grog. There were, he admitted, cases of great weakness and exhaustion, where the use of spirits would act mediinally, and to that extent the rules of the Society did not condemn its use. It was a source of great satisfaction to him to have been instrumental in the formation of a Temperance Society in New South Wales. The meeting would admit that such a Society was much wanted there, when he stated, that in a population of 60,000, the consumption of spirits in one year was not less than 245,000 gallons, being an average of four gallons a-year to every human creature in the colony, convicts excepted. The formation of a Temperance Society

had, he hoped, worked much good in the colony. His wife, he was happy to say, was the first that signed the pledge of the Society. (Hear, hear.) That would not be considered necessary here, but in New South Wales, the very extraordinary consumption, compared with the population, would warrant, without any want of charity, the supposition, that the ladies must have sipped a little as well as the men. ("Hear," and a laugh.) He was sorry to find that the clergy of the Church of England did not take up this cause more generally, but it was a satisfaction to find the Society patronised by two distinguished prelates.

At this moment the Bishop of London came on the platform: and was most warmly greeted by the Meeting. The Right Rev. Prelate having taken the chair, from which the Bishop of Norwich had retired on his approach,

Sir EDWARD PAURY resumed, and after briefly pointing out some other advantages of Temperance Societies, concluded by submitting the Resolution.

Admiral Sir JAMES HILLYAR, in seconding the motion, said, it were much to be desired that the clergy of the Church of England would take this matter up more warmly and more generally than, he was sorry to say, they appeared yet to have done. If the causes of the intemperance of seamen were inquired into, he had no doubt they would be found to have their origin while they were in port. If the same pains were taken with sailors while on shore as were while they were on board ship at sea, they would soon acquire better habits. He had not long ago been rowed by a boat's crew on board a man-of-war, and as they pulled along, he asked them whether any of them belonged to the Temperance Society. They hung down their heads while they answered in the negative.—"That man at the after-oar must belong to a temperance Society," he (the Admiral) remarked, "as he has the temperance mark over his eye." The man had got a severe black eye. The poor fellow hung down his head, looked abashed, and was silent. He (the Admiral) repeated, that a little more attention paid to sailors while on shore would induce them to forego intemperate habits. Let the Society exert itself—let every member of it exert himself or herself—and he spoke particularly of the ladies, for their influence was most powerful in the advocacy of all good and charitable institutions. Let each and all exert themselves, and there could be no doubt that in a very short time the sphere of the Society's usefulness would be greatly extended. (Hear, hear.)

The BISHOP OF LONDON, before putting the Resolution, begged to apologize to the meeting for not having been present at the commencement of the proceedings; but he assured them that his absence had been caused by a press of other engagements, from which he could not escape sooner.

The Resolution was then put, and carried.

The Hon. and Rev. B. W. NOEL moved the second Resolution, expressing the grateful acknowledgements of the meeting for the most gracious condescension of Her Majesty Queen Victoria in becoming the Patroness of the Society. The Hon. and Rev. Gentleman said, that this was not the only instance in which Her Majesty had shown that she had the moral and religious well-being of her people at heart. (Loud applause.) Her Majesty had also graciously condescended to become the patroness of the Home and Colonial Infant School Society. From this direction of Her Majesty's mind to objects so important to the welfare of her people, we must of course expect to see that the example of a moral and religious Court would, with God's blessing, be powerful in checking, if not repressing, the gigantic vice of intemperance. (Applause.) He hailed those gracious and beneficent acts of our young Queen the more cordially, from the attempt which had been made to get a sort of constructive sanction of Her Majesty to the Hippodrome (applause); a plan which, disguise it as they would, was no other than an attempt to concentrate in the metropolis all the vices and iniquities of Epson, Doncaster, and Newmarket. (Loud applause.) He was not opposed to the amusements of the people, but he could not class under that head a scheme which would be productive of so many vices. Amongst other effects already produced by this Hippodrome was one which would forcibly illustrate its real character, namely, that since its commencement thirteen new gin-shops have been established in its vicinity*. (Hear, hear.) The Rev. Gentleman, after some other remarks in support of the object of Temperance Societies concluded by submitting the motion.

* Let the advocates of horse-racing pay attention to this.—E. C. T. A.

Dr. KEY GREVILLE (of Edinburgh), in seconding the motion, dwelt much on the very general use of spirits in Scotland, and instanced some individual cases of the awful effects of habits of intoxication. One cause of the great objections raised to the establishment of Temperance Societies in that country was this—that toddy is the almost universal beverage of the clergy there, and of their wives and families. He did not mean to say that these parties used it to excess or got drunk, but it could not be denied that it was the general beverage amongst that as well as other classes. The people whom the agents and advocates of temperance Societies addressed in favour of the principle of those Societies looked upon them (the agents) as most unreasonable in asking them to abstain from the use of spirits, when it was a matter perfectly notorious, and not denied, that the ministers and their wives and children, and the elders and their wives and children, took whiskey toddy as their constant beverage. (Hear, hear.) However, notwithstanding this obstacle, it was satisfactory to know, that a considerable progress had been made in the establishment of Temperance Societies. One agent alone had been the means, in the course of two years, of bringing one thousand females to sign the temperance pledge. (Hear, hear.) Dr. Greville here adverted to some of the arguments urged by him in addressing public meetings in Scotland on this subject, one of which was a contrast between the small amount of subscriptions for Missionary Societies, with the immense sums paid for spirits. The whole amount of the former, whether voluntarily given or wrung from them, did not exceed £15,000 in all Scotland, while the amount paid voluntarily for spirits exceeded three millions. (Hear, hear.)

The Rev. J. GRANT, Honorary Secretary to the Irish Temperance Societies, supported the motion. He expressed his satisfaction at finding that two of Her Majesty's Cabinet Ministers were supporters of the principle of this Society, because the fact might lead to the consideration of the question—whether it was right that a large portion of the revenue of the State should be derived from a source which was the cause of so much misery, wretchedness, and crime throughout the country. On one occasion, not very long ago, a Minister of the Crown (Lord Morpeth) had admitted, in his place in Parliament, that most of the riots and disturbances which took place at fairs in Ireland, were occasioned by the too free use of spirits; and yet, in a month after that admission, another Minister (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) had congratulated the House of Commons on the fact, that though Lord Althorp had reduced the duty on spirits, there had been no falling off in the revenue in consequence; for that since then there had been an increased consumption of about three millions of gallons.

The LORD BISHOP OF NORWICH next addressed the meeting. He observed, it was said that the Temperance Society had no religion! Oh! they knew little of it, and less of human nature, who said so. He would use a familiar illustration of what he meant. Suppose a husbandman wished to cultivate a piece of land, which had long lain useless as a stagnant marsh. Would his first work be to take his seed and throw it into the stagnant marsh? Oh! no; or if it was, would not the result be that the seed would perish where it fell? The first step for the prudent husbandman would be to drain off the stagnant waters, and when the ground becomes firm and properly manured, he would then put in his seed, with the well-founded hope of a productive harvest. Now this comparison would apply to the Temperance Society. The drunken man was the stagnant marsh; he was dead and lost to every moral or religious feeling. The mention of religion would be lost on him; but make him sober—induce him to give up his vicious habit, and then you may give him religion. (Applause.) As an instance of the good produced by Temperance Societies, the Right Rev. Prelate mentioned the case of a woman, the mother of a numerous young family, who had been crushed and injured, past all hope of recovery, by the falling in of a chapel, in which she was, as one of five hundred or six hundred persons, holding a Temperance Meeting. On hearing of the event, which occurred not many miles from Manchester, near which he then resided, he went over and saw that poor woman, amongst other sufferers. He asked her what she thought of Temperance Societies? The woman, with much feeling, and evidently believing that her hours were numbered, and that she had not many to live, said, "Oh! Sir, if I could now be restored to health and to my family, and that I could foresee that a similar result would happen by my attending a

Temperance Meeting, I would still go and suffer all I now suffer, so much I have seen of the good effects which I have experienced from the Society." (Hear, hear.) Amongst the objections to the Society, it was said by some, "Oh! you have backsliders amongst you. Such a man was drunk last week, and broke his pledge." Oh! that they who were without sin would cast the first stone on these occasions. (Hear, hear.) Who was it, of any body, or sect, or community, who had consistently kept that most important of all pledges, his baptismal pledge? Let those who made the objection examine their own consciences, before they repeated them against this Society.

The LORD BISHOP OF LONDON, in returning thanks, said, that having on so many occasions addressed meetings of the Society, he would not detain them at present for more than a very short time. From the first he had been an attached member of the Society. He, no doubt, took time to consider whether he should join it; but the very first publication he saw on the subject convinced him of the advantage which the community would derive from it, and that was shown by the best of all tests, that of experience of what had been done by Temperance Societies in America.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—The Anniversary Meeting of the Plymouth Temperance Society, was held on Tuesday evening, at the Mechanics' Institute; the Rev. J. Hatchard, Vicar of St. Andrew's, in the chair. The Meeting was addressed by Mr. Prauce, Mr. Rooker, the Rev. Mr. Morris, (Butter-street chapel,) Mr. John Prideaux, Mr. J. Miller, and the Rev. S. Nicholson, (Baptist minister,) the addresses of the respective speakers tending to show the many advantages of temperance. The meeting was numerously attended, and many fresh converts have been added to the society in the past year. March 20.

Miscellaneous.

A TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—It is stated in the Cincinnati Gazette, that near two hundred voters of Harden county, (Ky.) have published a pledge that they will vote for no candidate who treats at elections, or suffers others to do it for him, directly or indirectly. A little more of such nerve would soon make election treats unfashionable.

DEATH OF A COW BY INTOXICATION.—Last week, Mr. Castle, farmer, of Northbourne, whilst brewing some strong ale, left a portion of it in what is called the well-lodge, to cool, when one of the cows got from the farm-yard into the place, and drunk so plentifully of the potent beverage that she was shortly taken ill. A farrier was sent for, who administered the proper remedies, but to no effect; for in a few hours the poor animal actually died in a state of intoxication, a warning to drunkards.

Judge Perrin recommends the magistrates to send drunkards to prison for not more than 24 hours, but to remain that period of time fasting upon their debauch, without any nutriment.

Poetry.

COUNT CASCO'WHISKEY AND HIS THREE HOUSES.

A TEMPERANCE BALLAD.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

There is a demon in the land,
A demon fierce and frisky,
Who steals the souls of mortal men,
His name is Casco'whiskey,
Lo! mounted on a fiery steed,
He rides through town and village,
And calls the workman from his shop,
The farmer from his tillage.
Clutched in his lanky red right hand
He holds a mighty bicker,
Whose polished sides run daily o'er,
With floods of burning liquor.

Around him press the clamorous crowds,
To taste the liquor greedy;
But chiefly come the poor and sad—
The suffering and the needy.

All those oppressed by grief and debts,
The dissolute—the lazy,
Draggle tail'd sluts, and shirtless men,
And young girls lewd and crazy.

"Give! give!" they cry, "give, give us drink!
Give us your burning liquor,
We'll empty fast as you can fill
Your fine capacious bicker.

"Give! give us drink to drown our care,
And make us light and frisky,
Give! give! and we will bless thy name
Thou good Count Casco'whisky!"

And when the demon hears them cry,
Right merrily he laugheth,
And holds the bicker out to all,
And each poor idiot quaffeth.

The first drop warms their shivering skins,
And drives away their sadness,
The second lights their sunken eyes
And fills their souls with gladness.

The third drop makes them shout and roar,
And play each furious antic,
The fourth drop boils their very blood,
The fifth drop drives them frantic!

And still they drink the burning draught,
Till old Count Casco'whisky
Holds his bluff sides with laughter fierce,
To see them all so frisky.

"More! more!" they cry, "come give us more!
More of that right good liquor!
Fill up, old boy, that we may drain
Down to the dregs your bicker!"

The demon spurs his fiery steed,
And laughs a laugh so hollow,
Then waves his bicker in the air,
And beckons them to follow.

On! on! he rides, and onwards rush,
The heedless thousands after,
While over hill and valley wide,
Resounds his fiendlike laughter.

On! on! they rush through mud and mire,
On! on! they rush, exclaiming,
"O Casco'whiskey give us more,
More of thy liquor flaming!"

At last he stops his foaming steed,
Beside a rushing river,
Whose waters to the palate sweet,
Are poison to the liver.

"There!" says the demon, "drink your fill—
Drink of these waters mellow,
They'll make your bright eyes clear and dull,
And turn your white skins yellow.

"They'll cause the little sense you have
By inches to forsake you,
They'll cause your limbs to faint and fail,
And palsies dire to shake you!

"They'll fill your homes with care and grief,
And clothe your backs with tatters,
They'll fill your hearts with evil thoughts,—
But never mind!—what matters!

Though virtue sink, and reason fall,
And social ties dis sever,
I'll be your friend in hour of need,
And take you home forever!

"For I have built three mansions high,
Three strong and goodly houses,
To lodge at last each jolly soul
Who all his life carouses!

"The first it is a goodly house,
Black are its walls, and high,
And full of dungeons deep and fast,
Where death doomed felons lie.

"The second is a lazar house,
Rank, fetid, and unholy;
Where, fettered by diseases foul
And hopeless melancholy,

"The victims of potation deep
Pine on their couch of sadness;
Some calling death to end their pain,
And some imploring madness.

"The third house is a spacious house,
To all but sots appalling;
Where, by the parish bounty fed,
Vile, in the sunshine crawling,

"The worn out drunkard ends his days,
And eats the dole of others,
A plague and burden to himself,
An eye sore to his brothers!

"So drink the waters of this stream,
Drink deep the cup of ruin!
Drink, and like heroes madly rush
Each man to his undoing!

"One of my mansions high and strong,
One of my goodly houses,
Is sure to lodge each jolly soul
Who to the dregs carouses!"

Into the stream his courser plunged,
And all the crowd plunged after;
While over hill and valley wide
Resounded peals of laughter.

For well he knew this demon old,
How vain was all his preaching;
The ragged crew that round him flocked
Were too far gone for teaching.

Even as they wallow in the stream
They cry aloud quite frisky,
"Here's to thy health, thou best of friends!
Kind, generous Casco'whiskey!"

"We care not for thy houses three,
We live but for the present,
And merry will we make it yet,
And quaff these waters pleasant!"

Loud laughs the fiend to hear them speak,
And lifts his brimming bicker,
"Drink, fools!" quoth he, "you'll pay your scot;
I'll have your souls for liquor!" C. M.

COFFEE ROASTERS, BY STEAM,

NOTRE DAME STREET.

H. BENSON & Co., having completed their Steam Apparatus for ROASTING AND GRINDING COFFEE, beg leave to embrace this opportunity of returning thanks for the liberal encouragement they have received from their numerous Friends and the Public generally since their commencement in business; and trust, that by the arrangements they have made, to secure a continuance of that patronage they have hitherto received.

H. B. & Co., will, for the future, (to prevent mistake) have their name printed on all parcels sent from the Establishment.
Montreal, August 1st, 1838.