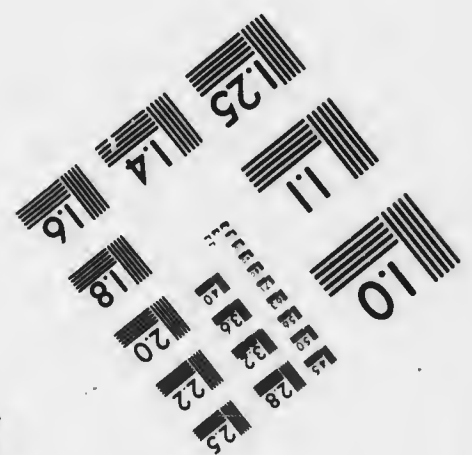
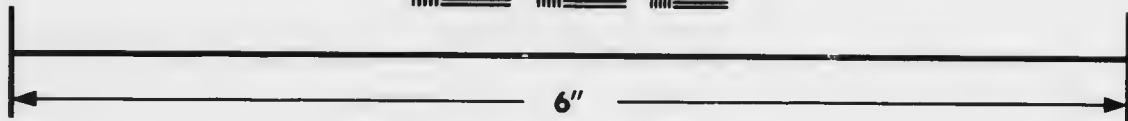
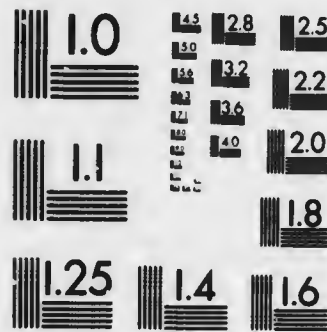


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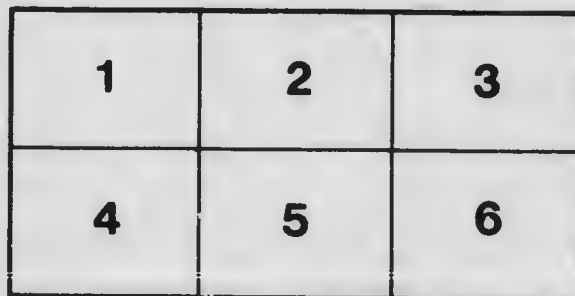
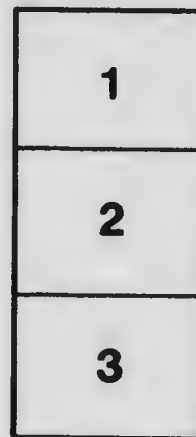
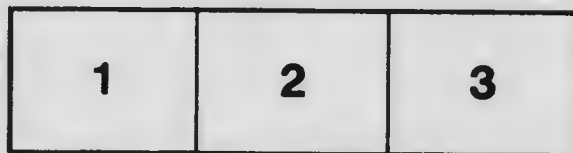
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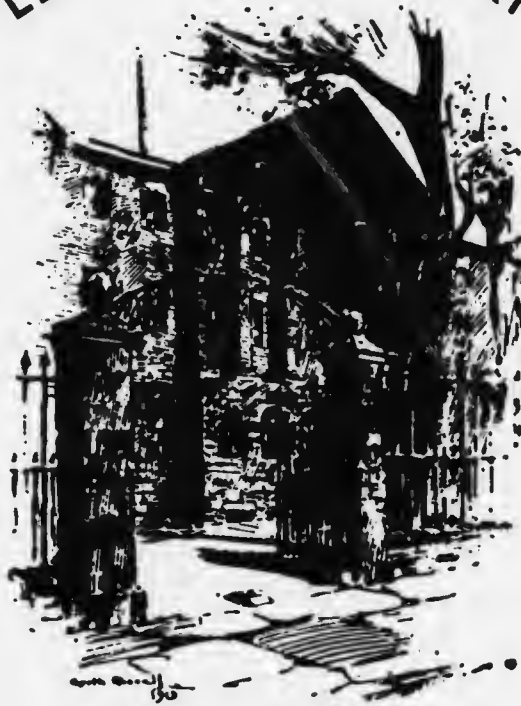
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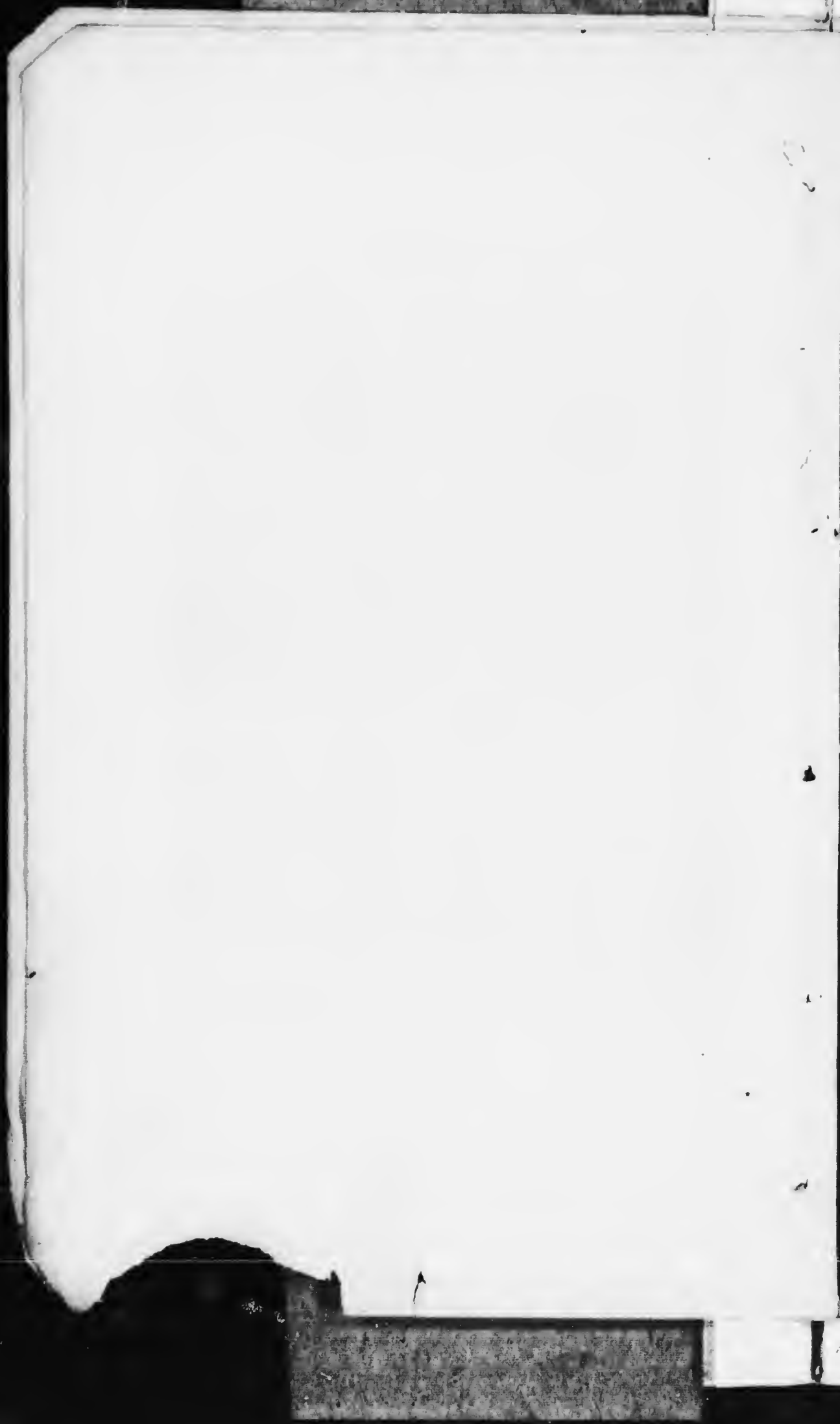
Messrs. Editors.—Since you have given the influence of your press and talents to puff and proclaim to the world the success of these Highland Games, I consider it to be the duty of every lover of sobriety and good order, and especially of Christians, Sons of Temperance and good Templars, to raise their solemn protest against the deceptions used by the Highland Club or the Committee of management, they had printed handbills circulated through New Glasgow, some of which were sent by the police to the illegal—for we have no legal—rumsellers, prohibiting them or any others from selling intoxicating liquors, on or near the ground selected for the games, or even in New Glasgow. The clerk of License in concert with them issued his proclamation, offering a reward to any person who would give him information of the sale of intoxicating liquors on that day, in New Glasgow. Yet, strange to say, in a barn close by the grounds in the possession of the Committee, there was intoxicating liquors; and here friends and guests, were united to quench their thirst. This, took place, after solemn pledges that no intoxicating liquors would be allowed in the Barn. But mark the end—the dreadful end—the awful scene—the Supper—The door and windows open to the public gaze! If the half that is reported by eye-witnesses, is true; it is one of the most disreputable drunken scenes, which has disgraced the place for years.

Is it any wonder that the youth of the place, the children of the church, and Sabbath Schools, should imitate drunken habits before they are out of their 'teens, when such scenes are attended and countenanced, if not joyfully participated in by Hon. M.L.C., M. P. P., and old grey headed elders of the Church, Sabbath School Teachers, Sons of Temperance and Good Templars. God can make the wrath of man to praise him. He can bring order out of confusion, and light out of darkness. And I pray God, that many may take warning; and that no Son of Temperance will ever darken the door to countenance such scenes.

I again solemnly protest against such temptations being presented to our youth.

New Glasgow, Sept. 18, 1866.

yours, &c.,
ROD. MCGREGOR.



TO THE READER.

THE foregoing article having appeared in the *Eastern Chronicle*, purporting to be the first epistle general of Rory to the Caledonians, I take the liberty of reviewing this veritable apostle. It is generally believed, that it was written under the shade of an immense squash, in the east side of New Glasgow. The writer like Jonah under the canopy of a gourd, as a miserable misanthrope eager only for one thing, the destruction of Nineveh.

I am not personally acquainted with the apostle Rory, and If I were, I have no desire of becoming a controversialist; but as his aim seems to be to malign our Scottish Gathering, ridicule the performances, and scandalize the spectators, it becomes every Scot to appear on the defensive.

He must pardon me therefore if on drawing the sword I throw away the scabbard, and run a tilt against this prince of skinkers, or get up a tournament in honour of this modern "Peter the Hermit," or Rory the Crusader. In 1859, I had occasion to bring him to book for a grievous misdemeanour, In company with other political zealots and some divines, he was concerned in the manufacture and sale of a blasphemous pamphlet, in which the Supreme being was represented as the God of Politics, (that is specially and peculiarly Rory's politics.)

The doctrine of passive obedience to his mandate, was propounded, and the anathema maranatha solemnly declared against all electors who did not bow down before this conclave and worship them. In short to quote from the pamphlet, "Those who refuse to support us at the Polls, and help our adversaries, are crucifying Christ afresh and putting him to open shame." The flagellation administered to Rory on that occasion had a beneficial tendency, and he behaved himself tolerably well, until his countrymen assembled to

commemorate a National Gathering in New Glasgow, on Sept. 11th, 1866.

It may be as well to remark that the object of the Caledonian Club, is the preservation of the language, literature, music, poetry, dress, and manly athletic games of the people of Scotland; so much by way of introduction.

Mac's wrath pent up for seven long years, now breaks loose—he runs to his amanuensis with a rhapsody—a farrago of arrant nonsense. He invokes the deity to protect himself and the remainder of the elect, from Barns—Suppers—Wine and Wassail. He concludes with the most fearful imprecations against Highlanders and their games.

This wiseacre should know that Caledonia's National Gathering recognizes no such distinction. It is open to every Scot, and many of the successful competitors were “Lowlanders.”

After blundering through such a solemn preliminary, the writer, with a *pseudo*-religious scowl, decks himself in the plumage of a preacher of righteousness, and, forsooth! reads a homily to “Christians, Sons of Temperance, and Good Templars.” These terms are to him evidently synonymous: why, then, trouble his readers with repetitions?

The first count of the indictment is the violation of certain mysterious signals, that passed between the police of New Glasgow and a certain functionary, called “Clerk of Licenses.” The police of this metropolitan city is generally supposed to be a myth, existing only in the crazed imagination of the writer, and his fanatical compeers.

Then follows a legal disquisition on hair-splitting, drawing nice distinctions between legal and illegal rumsellers; forgetting, however, the “essential element”—the difference between selling and gratuitous distribution.

This brings us to the scene: a barn. Well, what of it? A table is sometimes spread in the wilderness. It matters little, so that the recipients are needful of refreshment. Both inns and barns have some bright pages in the world's history. Our Blessed Redeemer was born in one of them; and a publican's prayer is also commended. So much for the barn, and, in juxtaposition, the temple.

The writer now works himself into a terrific attitude, and goes on to say in that “barn” there was intoxicating

liquors, and guests were invited to quench their thirst. This I neither affirm nor deny; but it certainly speaks well for the friends and guests, that, after the sports were ended and the barn closed, the united Press and the most ultra-temperance men agree (with the exception of this contemptible scribbler), that the great multitude were sober and orderly, without a single exception.

The thousands present, as competitors or spectators, at the Society's gathering, notwithstanding the defective arrangements for the accommodation of such a multitude, generously threw the mantle of charity over all shortcomings in management, being fully persuaded that all were doing for the best, though the novelty of the proceedings left many ignorant of the *modus operandi*. After all, there was not so much intemperance exhibited by the whole party, as by the writer, in his unwarrantable assertions, vile innuendoes, and malicious slanders. He must understand that the ramifications of the word intemperance extends to speech. "Yet, strange to say, there was intoxicating drinks."

Did the writer ever read of a scene in Galilee, where there were friends and guests, where was also the sinner's friend, plus the wine-cup? If this paragon of moral excellence were there, would he wait on the guests? would he countenance the innocent festivities of the marriage party, or enjoy its socialities? No, forsooth! he would dip his unwashed Pharasaical platter into the Brook Kedron, and proffer it to his Christian friends. This is what may be termed being righteous above measure, or intemperate zeal.

As to the phrase legal and illegal rumsellers, it may be as well to remark that the General Statutes of the Province, and local regulations, are at variance. Liquors are imported, reciprocal treaties between Provinces are formed, commodities are exchanged in a commercial way for mutual benefit; our "assembled wisdom" in the Legislative Halls recognizes the importation; nay, more: anticipate its arrival, and provides a tariff to meet it. Duties are paid, or it is stored in the *Queen's warehouse*, in bond. It is thus, in the cardinal sense, legalised as fair and legitimate trade; and it is also tangibly felt in the sum total of our Provincial revenue. But lo, and behold! a clique of beetle-

headed magistrates, of the *McGregor genus*, meet ; invalidate all legislative enactments ; tamper with grand jurors ; and declare such sales wicked and sinful, and that henceforth no licenses will be granted by this august body. In short, that, after mature deliberation, the tribune have come to the conclusion, that nothing less than a ten-gallon drink is legal tender, and whoever touches an ordinary glass commits the unpardonable sin. A few of the divines acquiesce, and poor Mac. is fully persuaded that this miserable abortion bears the impress of truth.

Now, I will freely concede to the writer all his just and legitimate rights. I will also define his position, as he seems unable to do it himself.

As a Christian parent, he has a right to govern his own household, perhaps, in meat and drink, food and raiment ; as Elder of a Christian church, he may rebuke and exhort the flock ; as the Scriptures are useful for correction, instruction, and reproof, he may "hold forth" in this way if he deems proper ; but here his commission terminates, with the flock.

He may, however, exercise further liberties with himself personally. He may, if he choose, lacerate his emaciated carcase with thongs, until it assumes the cadaverous appearance of a shipwrecked mariner, who has been for months on short allowance of junk and biscuit. He may drink the stagnant cesspools of New Glasgow, or the saline waters of the streams passing by. In religious matters, he may prostrate himself on all fours before the sun, like a Pagan, or follow the car of Juggernaut. He may draw out a liturgy in the hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptians, and worship a crocodile. All these follies he may perpetrate, as his fancy leads. There are, however, certain things which he must not do, and will not be tolerated. He will be made to eschew the degrading occupation of pimp and eaves-dropper ; to refrain from meddling with what he knows nothing at all about ; and in charity, I would recommend him to retain the little share of common sense bestowed on him, and not make an egregious fool of himself, and scandalize his countrymen. He must never so far forget himself, as to presume to dictate to ten thousand in matters temporal or *spiritual*, in a barn or elsewhere.

In reference to prayers as the writer speaks so emphatically of their efficacy, suffice it to say, that they may be placed in the same category as other commodities; their intrinsic worth depends entirely on certain essentials: the actuating motive, governing principle and spirit. When these follow, they invariably ascend to their destination with sweet smelling savour; but when they are a compound of self-righteousness and self-esteem, they are not likely to attain a greater altitude than the immediate atmosphere of the speaker; or if, peradventure, they do soar up as kites, the recording angel of heaven's chancery will only drop a tear of pity on the miserable oblation, and extinguish it for ever. Such was the fact in the case of a certain Pharisee, who went up to the temple to pray, and said: "I thank thee, O God, that I am not as other men, or even as this poor publican!" The writer seems to be the antitype of this worthy. The efficacy of his prayer is, therefore, an open question.

In reference to the sneering allusion to *these Highland games*, it may be observed that the Apostle Paul must have been acquainted with the performances of Grecian and Roman athletes at the olympian games. He has not, however, exhibited such a captious or fault-finding spirit as our modern apostle; but is pleased to introduce these games, to illustrate the force of the immortal truths he was teaching the Gentiles. His reference to "clouds of witnesses," "running the race," &c., shews that he was by no means a disinterested spectator; much less could he descend to vile personalities, to malign the performers. It is quite possible, that if he were now living, and to write an epistle to the Caledonians of New Glasgow, he might have enjoined them to enter that barn, and participate of the mercies set before them. He might give such advice as he did to Timothy, to take a little wine for his infirmities. Hunger and thirst are closely akin to the infirmities of our common nature; and he who neglects to supply these wants, when the means can be honestly obtained, is, in the legitimate sense, intemperate. The apostolical injunction is, "Be temperate in all things." I am happy to be able to record that our people understood and acted on this principle — at least in two vices, as there were no exhibitions of gluttony or drunkenness.

The writer's evidence is hearsay. By the way, this sort of thing is not current in courts of law or justice, especially in a case involving the character of ten thousand people. As to the intrinsic worth of his own *ipsi dixit*, I am not prepared to say; but think that the judge in equity, he of the law, or even the stipendiary magistrate (in embryo),—this trio would, I repeat, prefer the latter, when the qualification of the former would be considered. "If the half be true." That diminutive conjunction "If" has spoiled many a better yarn than this, of Rory's.

Then follows cause and effect. Disreputable scenes, drunken scenes. As this rests on the same testimony, I will dismiss this part of the subject with a few remarks on Bible temperance, and *vice versa*. Bible temperance is, after all, the only safe platform. We are enjoined to restrain all inordinate affections and lusts; but no apostle has singled out the vice of drunkenness, separate from others, common to fallen humanity; nor did any of them erect a temperance altar as a hobby, on which their followers were to ride to heaven on the horns of the altar, chanting no more sacred melody than "Stand by; I am holier than thou." No; it remained for the now inspired spouters of the nineteenth century to propound this dogma theoretically, and reduce it to practice in the village of New Glasgow. They have, I regret to say, succeeded too well, though endowed with no higher qualifications than that peculiar inspiration arising from a bilious and overloaded stomach and disordered imagination.

It is recorded of the imposter, Mahomet, that on one occasion, he was testing the credulity of his dupes, and fully convinced them that he was going on a pilgrimage to heaven, on a white ass, called Malak. His departure was witnessed by a host of Mussulmen; but, I believe, no herald has yet proclaimed his arrival. When he does appear, he will assuredly be accompanied by other imposters of less note.

With regard to Bible Temperance, and *vice versa*, perhaps there is no use in casting pearls before swine. The theologians of Scotland, are only attempting to abolish the decalogue and invalidate the Mosaic dispensation. But this apostle seems to have no higher ambition than to close the Barn—and abolish the Supper

I will in a few words stir up the debris that has accumulated around the cranium of this creature and remove his platform. Let his temperance friends come to the rescue *one and all* with pyramids of *Eastern Chronicles*, to break his fall.

Moses is generally supposed to have been inspired, Hear him! Deuteronomy chap. 14. ver. 23rd to 26th. "And thou shalt eat before the Lord thy God, in the place which he shall choose to place his name, when the tithe of thy corn and of thy wine, and of thine oil, and the firstlings of thy herds, and of thy flocks, that thou mayest fear the Lord thy God always.

"And if the way be too long for thee, so that thou art not able to carry it, or if the place be too far from thee, which the Lord thy God shall choose to set his name there where the Lord thy God hath blessed thee.

"Then shalt thou turn into money and bind up the money in thine hand, and shall go into the place which the Lord thy God shall choose. And thou shalt bestow that money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after, for oxen or for sheep, or for wine or for strong drink, or for whatsoever thy soul desireth, and thou shalt eat there before the Lord thy God, and thou shalt rejoice thou and thine household."

But after all what of Moses? What of all prophets and apostles. It is not a comparison, but a contrast. Rory versus the prophets and apostles—from the sublime to the ridiculous is only a step,—but again as to the new-fangled Temperance creed, where was the warp and woof found? Perhaps it might be in Jeremiah, c. xxxv. v. 5. "And I set before the Sons of the House of the Rechabites, pots full of wine and cups, and I said unto them drink ye wine; but they said, we will drink no wine, for Jonadab the son of Rechab, our father commanded us saying, ye shall drink no wine neither ye nor your sons forever."

On this basis the Temperance altar was raised in New Glasgow, but the principal part of the pedestal was omitted, and hence it is a shapeless mass of confusion,—vide text and context, read on, Neither shall ye build *Houses* nor sow seed, nor plant *Vineyards*, nor have any; but all your days ye shall dwell in tents, &c. Now if Mr. McGregor, is going to raise his standard on this part of the Jewish economy, I demand a review of the last verses. Has he built a house?

sown *wild oats*, or attempted a vineyard in miniature,—or was this learned effusion of his composed in the tents of Ham. The latter must have been the case. He might possibly before connecting himself with the church, have read of what he terms a drunken scene, not in a barn—but in a tent, perhaps a “Rechabite’s.” Possibly Noah was a Rechabite, at any rate we read that he got drunk in his tent, and it is generally conceded that he was the first man that had a “wee drap in his Eee” on this planet; but the reticence of the inspired writer and author of Genesis, is remarkable, it merely states that Noah was drunk in his tent. But on the sequel to that hangs a tale,—his unworthy offspring the prototype of Mac, Ham, the father of Canaan, saw the nakedness of Noah, and done exactly what his antetype is attempting with the exception of one great difference, Noah was drunk. The gentlemen comprising this great national gathering were sober.

If Mac claims connection with Rechabites, he must pair off with a representative of the order. An Arab of the desert. He does not build houses, sow seed, nor plant vineyards, neither does he drink wine. He is therefore a Rechabite, Mac is not, and evidently misconstrues the signification of the term. He and a Mr. Forbes, were fellow labourers in the tectotal vineyard, uniting their voices in ecstatic raptures exclaiming Eureka! Eureka! In commemoration of the discovery they built a craft and called her the, “Rechabite”.

In matters of finance the worthies differed, their fraternal embraces were anything but friendly, the salutes were however, reciprocal, and it is believed that “Barney came off second best,” This was the “Dreadful End.” “The Awful Scene,” The Melee!

It may be asked what is the origiu of tectotalism, It is not a doctrine of the Bible, or New Testament. Whence then is it? It is from the great Republic of Yankee Notions. A few toppers who had spent their substance in riotous living, and wanted to raise the wind, met in New York, formed themselves into an organization called “Sons of Temperance.” The phrase does not occur in the Bible, unless it be a modification of the term “Sons of Belial,” which in some cases would be no misnomer. A horde of itinerant, half

educated, half-reclaimed, toppers are let loose on the British Provinces, to teach the "blue noses" morality. The Goughs, Riellys, Davisons, &c, rehearse with touching pathos, their glorious experience in bacchanalian revelry in days gone by, how they were once drunk—and are now sober,—how they were lost and are found.

This sort of thing may be very edifying and profitable. The proceeds might be appropriated to establish the nucleus of an annuity for a few more *venders*. A Grand Division is formed,—that is to say a sort of perennial fountain to wash our Provincials, from the sins of intemperance.

They are to be then bled to the extent of ten per cent, to fill the coffers of Brother Jonathan. He is wide awake, If his disciples drink they pay a fine. If they abstain they have to pay for the privilege of being sober. It is thus a prolific source of revenue in either case; the former is said to be the most lucrative. The paraphernalia of G.W. Patriarchs, Scribes, &c, is only a burlesque on sacred Writ. The patriarchs of old, would not tolerate such Tom-foolery. Then follow "Bands of Hope," and "Watchmen." The former is composed of babes and sucklings,—that had better be about the apron strings of their mammas,—the latter instead of meeting in Country School Houses, to rehearse their juvenile delinquencies, and convert School Houses to a "Confessional," would be better employed in supporting a good circulating library, and storing the mind with useful knowledge.

The inference to be drawn from Jonathan's estimate of our morality, is that, although we had a preached gospel, and the ordinances of grace abounding, although temperance, with every other virtue were inculcated from the legitimate channel, the pulpit,—yet, all this was insufficient without his aid.

The Nutmegs of Somatra—the spices of the East, were insipid and tasteless: therefore he must supply us with wooden nutmegs and hams. Bible Temperance was insufficient: we must have bogus nostrums from Yankeedom.

He entered into both speculations simply to Make Money.

But Ham and Rory, are yoke fellows, only the latter beat him all hollow, as he attempted to uncover the nakedness of M.L.C., M.P.P., &c., and possibly he may think he has uncovered his father's nakedness too. In this I am happy to be able to state that he has failed,—his memory is still fragrant

among the Highlanders of Pietou, and his degenerate offspring can neither act the part of Ham, nor condemn his revered father, who partook of a social glass, and yet never so far forgot his dignity as to sneer at these highland games.

Patterson may make a fool of himself attempting to do what he could not do, a biography of his grand-father, Rory the elder of Primitive Church—may contribute in “polite literature” to the *E.C.*, uncovering (as he thinks,) the nakedness of the churchman Scots. Mae failed, his friend Patterson failed. But this modern apostle, has certainly accomplished one essential point, he has made a fool of himself.

I have kicked the contemptible scribbler out of the Bible and New Testament, and I am done with him. I merely raised him off his temperance altar, and leave him on the horns of a dilemma. And now gentle readers, I bid you farewell in Scottish Gaelic, ‘an la a chi’s nach fhaic’ with no other apology than subscribing myself,

A HIGHLANDER.

Halifax, Sept. 1866.

ADDENDA.

SINCE the foregoing was written, another of the would-be "wise men of the East," a veritable *Daniel*, has appeared in the Halifax *Presbyterian Witness*, with a long and lachrymatory letter, on this very subject. This individual has the presumption to assert, that, to be a "total abstainer," is on a par with being a Christian. If total abstinence from spirituous liquors will constitute a claim to the name "*Christian*," and "*Servant of Christ*," as he (*Daniel*) would fain call himself, then some of the wildest "teetotal" savages in the South Sea Islands, and in Patagonia, may rub shoulders, and claim alliance with him and the other teetotal magnates of New Glasgow, — savages, who, if they had a hold of J. B. Gough, or of "Rory," or of "*Daniel*," would eat their flesh, suck their blood, and crunch their bones! As the following letter to the "Halifax Express" disposes so effectually of this pseudo-religious scribbler, we leave him to his fate.

[For the Evening Express.]

SIR, — A person subscribing his name "Daniel McDonald," and dating from New Glasgow, has a long letter in the *Presbyterian Witness*, in which he attacks, with consummate virulence, the managers of the late New Glasgow Scottish Gathering, for their hospitality to guests and strangers on that occasion.

After describing the Gathering as the largest that ever took place in the county of Pictou, and that, "*the sobriety and decorum which characterised the people, elicited universal approbation*," MacDonald starts off in a tissue of abuse against the managers for having refreshments in the shape of wine, porter, and ale in a barn near the field, for the use of themselves, competitors, judges, and strangers, (connected with similar societies from a distance,) and for having entertained their friends from a distance at the American Hotel, when the business of the day was over. The account which this person, MacDonald, gives of the supper in the American Hotel, is a gross tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end. I was at the Hotel on the evening in question, and

I can solemnly declare that there was not that "uproari noise," no "smashing of champagne" or other bottles, and one individual left the supper room in a state of intoxication. have been in Scotland at dinners of clergymen of the Church Scotland, at which there was as much noise, and at which clergy managed to put themselves outside far more liquor than was done by any one at the New Glasgow supper.

It is said that MacDonald is a bigotted tee-totaller, hence animus against the managers of the Scottish Gathering, for the tertainment on the ground, and at the Hotel. But even admitting that *Mac* is a teetotaller, and that he kept a School, sur common sense should suggest to the silly creature, that he is o bringing disgrace on an otherwise respectable cause, by pro gating gross falsehoods and calumnies against his neighbor. Had this teetotal rooster contented himself with crowing on own midden at New Glasgow, I would not have deigned to not him; but having come to Halifax, and taken up his posit under the wings of the *P. Witness*, I feel called upon to declar that his account of the New Glasgow Supper is totally destit of truth, and is simply the production of his own intemper and wretchedly fertile imagination.

Yours, &c.

A SCOTSMAN

