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# Canada Temperance Advocate.

S16/K/9/6

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

No. 8.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1838.

VOL. IV.

As the Public Weekly Meetings have for the present been greatly interrupted by the state of affairs, the Committee have judged it proper to circulate the *Advocate* more widely in town; so that the present Number will be sent to many who do not subscribe, and who are requested to read and lend it to others.

*From the "Stage Coach."*

NELLY BELCHER.

Uncle Snooks had a pretty hard time on it sometimes, when the women folks used to come and plague him about not selling any more to their husbands. There was one Barny Belcher, who drank up his farm. They used to say his old cow choked him; because he sold her last of all his stock, and died in a fit, while he was drinking the very first dram, that he bought with the money he got for her. Barny's wife tormented uncle Zeik from morning to night; and her persecution, together with the loss of his property, as I always thought, drove him out of his business, and shortened his days. She was a proper firebrand, though she never took any spirit herself. There was not a happier couple in our parish, when they were first married; and they had a family of four little children, that every body used to notice, for their neat appearance. I've seen them many a time, of a Sunday, going to meeting, hand in hand, and all four abreast, along with their father and mother. Barny was a very thrifty farmer, and I never thought he was the man to die a drunkard. It used to be said, that there had'n't been a likelier couple married in the parish for many years; for though they had almost nothing to start with, yet they were, both of them amazing handsome to look at; they were as smart as a couple of steel traps, and very industrious into the bargain. They did surprising well for several years. But he got to be an ensign, and rum and regimentals did the business for poor Barny, in less than no time. When he got to be pretty bad, she first came to the house, and then to the shop, to get uncle Zeik not to let him have any more liquor. They had a good many talks about it, but uncle Zeik would have his way. At last she consulted a lawyer, and came over to the shop, and gave uncle Zeik a real dressing, before more than a dozen customers. 'Well Nelly Belcher,' said uncle Zeik, when she came in, resolved to be beforehand with her, 'what do you want to-day?' 'Mercy,' said she, 'if I can't have justice. You well know what I want. I now request once again to sell my husband no more spirit.' 'And how can I help it?' said Zeik, somewhat disturbed by her resolute manner. 'I have taken a lawyer's advice,' said she, 'and you have no right to sell to common drunkards.' 'Do you say that your husband is a common drunkard?' said he. 'To be sure I do,' she replied. 'I really do not think your husband is a common drunkard, Nelly Belcher,' said uncle Zeik. 'Snooks,' said she, clenching her fist, 'you are—what you are. You know that Barny is a common drunkard, and you made him so, you old—licensed, rum-selling, church-member.' 'Go out of my shop,' cried uncle Zeik, stepping towards her. 'I would'n't touch the poor woman,' said one of the company; 'she's driven on by the state of her husband and children.' 'Touch the poor woman!' cried Nelly, stretching herself up—and she was the tallest woman in the parish—'let him lay the weight of his rummy finger upon me if he dares; and though I'm poor enough in purse, Heaven knows I'll show him that I've the spirit of my father, who thrashed him when he was eighteen, for stealing a sheep-skin. I won't go out of his shop, nor budge an inch, till I've said my say, in the presence of ye all.' 'Nelly Belcher,' said uncle Zeik, 'you'll have to pay for this.' 'Pay for it!

cried Nelly, in a screaming voice, 'and hav'n't you got your pay already? Hav'n't you got the homestead and the stock and the furniture? And did'n't Barny pawn the children's clothes last Friday, and bring you every cent that he got for them? You've got every thing from the ridge-pole down; you've got all here, among your wages of iniquity; and as she said this, she gave a blow with her fist, upon the top of uncle Zeik's till, that made the coppers pretty lively, I tell ye. 'Snooks' said she, 'you've got every thing. I have not a pint of meal, nor a peck of potatoes for my children. Stop—I'm mistaken, there's an old rum jug in the house, that's been in your shop often enough; you ought to have that; and there's a ragged straw bed, you shall have them both, and any thing else you'll find, if you don't let Barny have any more rum. You've made your bargain Snooks, your own way; but there's a third party to it, that's the devil. You've got poor Barny's money in your till, and the devil's got your soul in his fire-proof, and he'll keep it there till the day of judgment.' Uncle Zeik offered Bijah Cody a handsome present, if he'd turn her out of the shop. 'I'd a leetle rather not, Mr. Snooks,' answered Bijah, with a look that showed plainly enough how much he enjoyed uncle Zeik's torment. 'Look here, Nelly Belcher,' said uncle Zeik—and he was getting wrathful, for he stamped his foot pretty considerable smart—'the second Tuesday of November next the court will sit, and you shall answer for this.' 'What care I for your court?' replied she; 'the day will come and it may come this hour, when a higher court will sit: and you shall answer for more than all this a thousand fold. Then you cold-hearted old man, I will lead my poor ragged children, before the bar of a righteous God, and make a short story of their wrongs, and of that poor young man's who has fallen by your hands, just as surely as though he had been killed with rat-bane. There's none of you here, that don't remember me and Barny, when we were married. Now, I ask you if you ever dreamt that we should come to this? Was there ever a little farm better managed?—And if I was not a careful, faithful, industrious wife to Barny, I wish you to say the very worst to my face. And were my little ones ill-treated? Had'n't they whole clothes for Sunday, and was'n't they constant at meeting for years, till this curse crept in upon us, like an adder? And till then did ye ever see a likelier man than Barny? And for his kindness to me and the children till that hour, it's for me to witness; and I say it before ye all, that before he tasted this old man's liquor, there never was a hard thought or a fitter word between us. He was the boy of my foolish love when he was seventeen, and the man of my choice when he was three and twenty. I gave him an honest heart that never loved another, and the trifle of worldly goods that my old mother left me; but he has broken the one and squandered the other. Last night, as I lay upon my straw bed, with my poor children, I thought of our young days, and our little projects of happiness; and, as I saw poor Barny, in my fancy, just the trim lad that he was, with his bright eye and ruddy cheek, I felt my eyes filling with tears, as they're filling now. I hope I may never shed another,' said she, dashing them off with the back of her hand, and resuming her look of vengeance. 'I'm going to cross your threshold for the last time, and now mark me well. I ask you once for all, to sell poor Barny no more liquor. If you do,

I will curse you till I die as a destroyer of my husband, and I will teach my children to curse you when I am dead and gone, as the destroyer of their father.'

Uncle Snooks continued to sell rum to Barny Belcher as before, whenever he got any money. It was thought by a good many, that Nelly had lost her reason, or very near it, about that time. She soon found out that Barny got rum at our store; and sure enough, she brought her four little children, and standing close to the shop door, she cursed uncle Zeik, and made them do so too. It worried him exceedingly. Whenever she met him in the road, she stopped short, and say over a form she had, in a low voice; but every body knew, by her raising her eyes and hands, that she was cursing uncle Zeik. Very few blamed her; her case was a very hard one; and most folks excused her on the score of her mind's being disordered by her troubles. But even then, she made her children obey her, whether present or absent, though it was said she never struck them a blow. It almost made me shudder sometimes, when I've seen these children meet uncle Zeik. They'd get out of his way as far as they could; and when he had gone by, they'd move their lips, though you could't hear a word, and raise their eyes and hands, just as their mother had taught them. When I thought these children were calling down the vengeance of heaven upon uncle Zeik, for having made them fatherless, it made my blood run cold.

After the death of her husband, she became very melancholy, and a great deal more so, after the loss of her two younger children. She did not curse uncle Zeik after that. But she always had a talent for rhyming; and she used to come and sit upon the horse-block before our shop, and sing a short song, that was meant to worry uncle Zeik, and it did worry him dreadfully, especially the chorus. Whenever he heard that, he seemed to forget what he was about, and every thing went wrong. 'Twas something like this—

He dug a pit as deep as hell,  
And into it many a drunkard fell;  
He dug the pit for sordid pelf,  
And into that pit he'll fall himself.

One time when poor Nelly sung the chorus pretty loud, and the shop was rather full, uncle Zeik was so confused that he poured half a pint of rum, which he had measured out, into his till, and dropped the change into the tin pot, and handed it to the customer.

I really felt for him: for about that time, two of his sons gave him a sight of trouble. They used so get drunk, and fight like serpents. They shut the old gentleman down in the cellar one night, and one of them when he was drunk, slapped his father in the face. They did nothing but run him into debt; and at last he got to taking too much himself, just to drown care. Old Nelly was right; for uncle Snooks fell into his own pit before he died.

After the Temperance Society was formed, he lost his license, and got to be starving poor, and the town had to maintain him. He's been crazy for several years. I went to see him last winter with father, who has tried to get him into the state hospital. It made me feel ugly to see him. He didn't know me, but all the time I was there, he kept turning his thumb and finger as though he was drawing liquor, or scoring it with a bit of chalk upon the wall. It seemed as if he had forgotten all his customers but one, for again and flip and toddy, the whole was set down against Barny Belcher.

#### A DREAM.

An elderly gentleman was sitting, one afternoon, before his fire, in his little store, which small as it was, was the principal one in the village. On one side, a long counter extended itself, behind which were arranged the various commodities essential to make up the assortment of a country store. Strings of buttons, and bunches of tape, and faded handkerchiefs, hung at the windows; near it the shelves were occupied with boxes covered with fancy-coloured paper, and full of fancy coloured things. Next came cambrics and calicoes, and gingham carefully folded, above, with boxes of raisins, and figs, and almonds below. Then glass and crockery ware, from a long row of little mugs on the uppermost shelf, down to the dinner set of a dozen pieces which filled the lowest. There was a row of painted punchcoons next, arranged in very neat order, and with

spigots at the bottom of each. Their contents were marked upon them in painted letters, and the row was terminated by a great tin cylinder, placed near the fire, as if to keep the contents of it warm. The fire place was in a back corner, beyond. The whole of the other side of the room was occupied with boxes, and bales, and barrels, leaving a narrow passage way, along the counter, to the snug little corner in the rear.

It was after dinner; and as there was no customers in, the proprietor of this establishment was sitting in an old, worn-out elbow-chair, with his feet on a wooden block before the fire, or rather before an immense bed of ashes, on which a few brands were slowly burning. He was reading a religious newspaper, for he was a very decided Christian; i. e. we mean a very active professor of religion. What the precise subject of the article he was reading was, we have no means of ascertaining. In a few moments, however, he stopped, and laid the hand containing the paper, on the arm of his chair, the paper itself hanging down towards the floor. He seemed, for a few moments, lost in thought, moving his lips, however, and nodding his head, as if reasoning with some one. Presently, he began to talk more audibly, and his words were as follows:—

"I am sorry, but then I am not to blame; the people around here will have it, whether I supply them or not. If I could prevent their getting, if it would be another thing; but they will use the article, and if I do not supply them, they will go to somebody who will;—so that my refusing to sell will not make the least difference.

"Then, again, my supplying them need not do any harm; it is all their abuse of it, afterwards. I am as great a foe to intemperance as any body,—but I am certainly not answerable for excesses which other people commit. If they would be moderate, and keep their appetites within bounds, there would be no harm done.

"Besides, I must support my family, and increase my means of doing good. I am a steward of the Lord's, and have consecrated all my property to Him, and to do all I can, by honest means, to add to his treasury; and the money had better be in my hands, than with that unprincipled tavern-keeper, for I can make a better use of it."

The voice of the speaker here became inaudible again. He sat some time, looking into the fire, lost in a dreamy sort of reverie. Presently his eyes grew narrow,—the paper dropped out of his hands, down upon the floor,—his head nodded,—in short, he fell fast asleep.

The singing of the fire seemed to turn into the murmuring of a brook, along the banks of which he fancied he was walking. It was very early in a cool autumnal morning, and the brook flowed along a beautiful valley, with a hill rising on one side, and on the other, an eminence, crowned with the buildings of a magnificent city. It appeared to him precisely like what he had seen of Jerusalem. Yes, it must be Jerusalem. There was the temple, and the well, and the gate, through which issued a road that descended the hill to the brook where he was rambling.

It was very early, scarcely day, he thought, and his attention was soon attracted by some lights and voices, just entering the gate. He thought it was armed men taking the Saviour into the city, the morning of his crucifixion. His blood ran cold at the sight. His strength failed him, his knees, smote together, and he sank down on a stone, which was lying at his feet.

Presently he heard some one approaching from the hill behind him, opposite the city. The shrubbery concealed him from view, at first, but soon he saw a dark figure with something in his hand, come out from a copse, and stand leaning against a tree, looking very eagerly towards the city. It must be Judas Iscariot, thought the dreamer.

He soon thought he heard him talking to himself; and it is a curious circumstance, as illustrating the philosophy of dreams, that there is a very striking resemblance between the language the dreamer now heard, and that which he himself had been using. Whether this arose from any similarity between the cases, or, only as an instance of that singular mixing of every thing together, so common in dreams, it must be left for philosophers to decide. At any rate he thought he heard distinctly the following words:—

"There they go;—I hope they will not hurt him. I am sorry, but I am not to blame; they would have discovered him, whether I told them where he was or not. If I could have prevented their taking him, it would have been another thing; but they were de-

terminated on it, and if I had not told them where he was, they would have gone to somebody else who would; so that my refusing would not have made any difference. My delivering him into their power, too, need not do any harm; it is only their abuse of their power, which can do injury. I should be as much shocked if they should seriously injure him, as any one can be; but I shall certainly not be answerable for any excesses which they may commit. If they are moderate, and keep their passions within due bounds, there will be no harm done.

"Besides I am bound by solemn obligation to husband all my resources, and increase my means of doing good. I am the steward too, the Lord's steward; and the money had better be in my hands, than with those vile chief priests, for I can make a better use of it."

Here, the dreamer heard a ferocious yell, coming from the streets of the city, at the point where the armed men had entered. He started, for it sounded very much like a noise he had often heard at night, in a miserable dwelling in his neighbourhood, occupied by one of his customers.

At this instance a "ding" was heard, produced by a bell, suspended over his door, to give warning when it was opened. The sleeper aroused himself, and saw a little girl, with a ragged gown, and an old faded bonnet, evidently belonging to a larger head than hers,—and a pale, sickly, anxious countenance. She handed a jug to the store-keeper, and said he father "wanted a pint."

We do not know any thing more about this story, excepting that a few days after this, the stage was passing by, and a passenger looking out of the window, observed several men and boys about the door where some painted punchcoons had just been rolled out, and the store-keeper was standing by, with an axe in his hand. The passengers heard a sound, as of blows, which was followed by a gurgling noise, like rushing water, and the ground was wet for some feet around. It was noticed that there was a large barren spot there, all the next summer.—*Abbot's Religious Magazine.*

#### EVIDENCE OF FACTS.

*From Scoresby's Address to Seamen.*

The final temporal misery produced by drunkenness is a premature death. "The years of the wicked," saith Solomon, "shall be shortened." And how truly and how frequently is this declaration attested by the early death of drunkards! "They live not out half their days." As Elah was massacred whilst drinking himself drunk in the house of Arza, so thousands meet a premature death in the same accursed indulgence. A melancholy instance has already been given in the case of a friend of my youth. And besides this, thousands might be collected from the newspapers of this country. But alas! Liverpool affords too many dreadful examples of suicide, drowning, apoplexy, accidental, and other kinds of deaths from drinking, to require me to go further for illustrative facts; for the coroners of the borough can give melancholy proof that the inquests of almost every week present cases of death from drinking,—death in its most awful forms and at the most inconvenient periods. Among the inquests of the last three years, (1827, 1828, and 1829,) the verdict in twenty three cases, fourteen men and nine women, was, "died from excessive drinking!" But these form a very small proportion of premature and sudden deaths from this cause. For in the last year alone (1829) I have been able to ascertain, from the minutes of evidence before the coroner, that there were no fewer than 31 cases (of which nine were females) under the verdicts of "accidental death;" "found drowned;" "found dead;" "lunacy;" and "excessive drinking," all of which were the direct effects of drunkenness; besides fourteen others, being principally persons found drowned, as to whom there was no satisfactory evidence, which were doubtful!

But awful as the simple result is, the particulars of some of the inquests render it perfectly appalling. I have only space, however, for a selected abstract; but even that will speak. One man, when in a state of intoxication, fell into the "hot-water tub" of a brewer, and was scalded to death; and several different persons fell into the docks or rivers, whilst drunk, and were drowned. A female, having been drinking in a public house, received an injury in a quarrel, of which she almost immediately died; another woman, much addicted to drinking, was burnt to death; another, of similar habits, when "apparently tipsy," jumped out of a window and

was killed! Another unhappy female, who was described as a very drunken and disorderly person, having been taken to Bridewell for safe custody, when in a state of inebriety, hanged herself! One man met with death by drinking, in a very extraordinary manner. Leaning on the one side of a punchcoon of rum lying on the side of one of the docks, he indulged himself in a stolen draught by sucking it through a reed, the effect of which was almost immediately fatal. Another man, who had been very much intoxicated the night before, under the depression of returning sobriety, cut his throat; and another of similar habits hanged himself! One person, in a more respectable situation of life, "died of a disease of the lungs hurried on by excessive drinking." Two boatmen, in a drunken quarrel on the river, fell overboard, and both were drowned. One individual, when half intoxicated, fell only from the steps in front of a house, and was killed on the spot. Another unhappy man, who had just been released out of gaol, went almost direct to a public house, and drank four glasses of rum; from thence he went home and took some supper, but with a thirst irresistibly excited by his previous drinking, he proceeded again to the scene of his self-indulgence, and such was the effect, that on his return to his residence, he fell into a lethargic sleep, from which he never awoke! A woman accustomed to drinking, accompanied a sister in iniquity to a social revel, where they drank till intoxicated; then, returning to the house which one of them occupied, they went together to bed, but, during the night, one was taken to an eternal world whilst the other slept! Another wretched creature, pursuing the same destructive habit, was returning to her home in a state of drunkenness, when she fell into the opening of a cellar, and was killed on the spot! To these appalling outlines I shall only add, in conclusion of the melancholy facts, two instances of the death of children through the drunkenness of their parents. In one of these cases, which happened on the day commanded to be kept holy, a wretched, unhallowed female drunk to excess, when, in a quarrel with a lodger, she received a push or a blow which threw her off her balance, when, staggering, she fell upon her poor tottering infant, and killed it in a moment! In the other case, an infant child was taken to bed by its parents, who were both in a state of intemperance, when, in the insensibility produced by the dissipation, the child was overlaid and smothered by the wretched creatures who had given it birth!

These brief particulars need no reflections; they speak at once to the understanding and to the heart. May God give them such a voice as may make "him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall,"—as may make the generally sober man fear, and the sometimes intemperate man tremble!

Appalling as these results may seem, let it not be inferred that Liverpool exceeds in vice the rest of the great commercial cities and towns of the land. Alas, no! For particular investigations in other parts of Britain exhibit an equally, and in some cases, a more deplorable measure of moral and physical debasement and ruin through the deadly influence of ardent spirits. And the great day of account will bear terrible witness, when the "sea shall give up the dead that are in it," of the vast and unsuspected extent of the sacrifice of life among seamen, from shipwrecks and other catastrophes occasioned by drunkenness. One distressful instance, among the numbers that will hereafter be brought to light, occurred within my own observation. A collier brig was stranded on the Yorkshire coast, and I had occasion to assist in the interesting, but distressing service of rescuing a part of the crew by drawing them up a vertical cliff, two or three hundred feet in altitude, by means of a deep-sea lead line, the only rope that could be procured. The first two men who caught hold of this slender line were hauled safely up to the frightful cliff; but the next, after being drawn to a considerable height, slipped his hold, and he fell; and with the fourth and last, who ventured upon this only chance of life, the rope gave way, and he also was plunged into the foaming breakers beneath! Immediately afterwards the vessel broke up, and the remnant of the ill-fated crew, with the exception of two, who were washed into a cavern in the cliff, perished before our eyes! But what was the cause of this heart-rending event? Was it stress of weather, or bewildering fog, or unavoidable accident? No! It arose entirely from the want of sobriety; every sailor, to a man, being in a state of intoxication. The vessel, but a few hours before, had sailed from Sunderland; the men being drunk, a boy, unacquainted with the coast, was intrusted with the helm. He

ran the brig upon Whitby Rock, and one-half of the miserable, dissipated crew awoke to consciousness in eternity! To this solitary instance I might add many more; but this must suffice both as to illustration and proof of the terrible consequences of intemperance at sea.

#### LECTURE ON THE WINE QUESTION.

On Friday evening, R. T. Cadbury, Esq., occupied the chair, and the Rev. F. Beardsal, of Manchester, delivered a lecture upon the wine question, accompanied with practical illustrations and experiments,—the following brief account of which we insert from the *Birmingham Journal*,—

The Rev. lecturer clearly explained the derivation of the Greek and Hebrew terms for wine, and showed that the terms were applied originally to unfermented wine. He contended, that as wine was spoken of in the Scripture in apparently contradictory terms, the proper interpretation was, that the wine was of two sorts—the one unfermented and the other intoxicating—that the latter was always spoken of in terms of reprobation—that no passage which associates drunkenness with the term wine, is at all connected with the divine sanction—while, on the contrary, whenever approbation is connected with the term wine, there is nothing which associates it with the idea of intoxication.

Specimens of port and sherry were handed to the lecturer by Mr. John Cadbury and Mr. Suffield, to be tested, and when placed in the apparatus, the spirit was extracted and burned before the audience. The juice of a bunch of grapes was expressed and subjected to the same process, but no spirit was produced: thus showing that a great and striking change of properties is brought about by fermentation. The lecturer next adverted to the horrible adulterations in wine, and gave an alarming exposure of the numerous ingredients used in making wines such as are hourly consumed in these countries. He enumerated the following:—Brandy, whiskey, cider, gypsum, blood, alum, fresh beef, oyster and egg shells, bay-salt, chalk, lime, sugar of lead, isinglass, logwood, cochineal, Brazil wood, oak bark, sawdust, husks of filberts, rhatany root, sloes, elder-berries, sagwood, molasses, milk, beechwood, chips, poke-berries, orris root, carmel, hickory root, and almonds.

The Rev. gentleman then requested any person in the hall, who had any doubts respecting the accuracy of his statements, to put any questions to him they thought proper. Many gentlemen did so, and the interrogatories and answers were highly entertaining, and prolonged the lecture until eleven o'clock, when the Rev. gentleman brought it to a close, and for the able and gentlemanly manner in which he conducted it, he received the warm and unanimous applause of the meeting. The lecture and the illustrations occupied four hours.

Throughout the whole of these interesting meetings the speakers were listened to with the most marked attention. The facts, arguments, and mode of reasoning, displayed a mastery acquaintance with the subject, and clearly demonstrated the practice of "Teetotalism," or abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, to be not only practicable, but also attended with the greatest benefit to all who had fully and fairly tried the system.

#### AN AGENT OF ———!

Not long since, as I was travelling through a neighbouring town, I alighted near one of those "drunkard factories" which disgrace and desolate so many portions of our country. Imprecations and blasphemies issued from its avenues; I approached the entrance; but the noisome effluvia with which the atmosphere of that den of drunkenness was loaded, was almost intolerable. Looking in, I saw behind the rum-soaked bar, the presiding fiend of the establishment, drawing off the liquid poison, which was received and drunk by the motley and wretched company, with horrid oaths and curses,

Presently, this misery-maker had occasion for leaving and shutting up his shop. One of his customers, a grey-headed sot, was unable to leave the premises. A fellow inebriate assisted the destroyer in conveying him without the door, where he was laid, stretched upon the ground, a pitiable object indeed. Then, robber-like, the heartless wretch left his victim, helpless, and dispossessed of his person, to the cruel sport of a gang of lads, among whom, as I

was informed, was his own son. And they who once hailed and extolled this now fallen man, at the bar, glad to receive his "treat," now forsook their drunken brother.

While beholding this scene of degradation and ruin, and contemplating this fountain from which flow misery, woe, and death, I could not but think of the awful account this rum-seller must one day render to his God, and the God of those whom he has robbed, poisoned, and ruined and murdered. And in view of these things, I cannot refrain from earnestly appealing to the friends of temperance;—Will you not, as one, all arise in your might and in the strength of the Lord, to the removal of these fountains and haunts of vice, and push forward your influence, until the pure principles and practice of temperance shall prevail throughout our land and world!—*Temp. Mirror*.

#### BIRMINGHAM FEMALE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY'S PLEDGE

1. We agree to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal purposes and in religious ordinances.
2. We promise to use affectionate means to induce our husbands, children, and relatives to sign the total abstinence pledge.
3. We promise that those of us who are unmarried, will not accept the addresses of any man who is not a member of a Total Abstinence Society.
4. We promise not to take tobacco or snuff.  
More than 20 females joined immediately.

#### SHOCKING DEPRAVITY.

FARMINGTON, MICH. Oct. 15, 1838.

DEAR SIR,—It is with shame and mortification that I have to tell of one of the most disgraceful occurrences that have ever happened in this place, and I had almost said in any christian land. Yesterday, (Sabbath) General Cook, who is a Senator in our State Legislature, raised a building in this village for the purpose of erecting a distillery therein. Would not the mere erecting of such an establishment have been disgusting and enough to be deplored, without taking such a time to insult and wound all the finer feelings of a Christian community, and that too by a man who is occupying a public station, which should have prompted him to a different course. What amount of misery, sin, and disgrace, will grow out of this transaction, remains to be seen. That there will no good come of it, either to the proprietor or the community, is almost a moral certainty. I should have been glad to have suppressed the name of the principal actor in this affair if it could have been done with justice to an insulted community. The thing was done in public, and should be publicly known. I hope you will not let it pass without a suitable rebuke as a public sentinel on the morals of our young state.—*Michigan Observer*.

#### 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, DECEMBER, 1838.

RUIN AND REBELLION.—A close investigation of the causes of the present and first rebellion would undoubtedly lead to some startling conclusions, so much so as in all probability to strike dumb some of those who are foremost in crying for vengeance on their guilty and wretched countrymen. It is admitted on all hands, that a number of years ago the *habitans* were a peaceable and loyal people, contented and comparatively happy. That the reverse of this is now generally the case, will as readily be admitted, and the enquiring mind will seek for the reason of the change.

The superficial observer will at once say it is owing to their being

led away by designing leaders, who have poisoned their minds with hatred to the British name, and with the vain hope of existence as an independent nation. No one can justly deny this to be the ostensible cause; but it is affirmed that it is by no means the real one, or, at least, that without other circumstances, in themselves more weighty, those causes would not have led to the deplorable results now experienced.

The common drink of the inhabitants of this country of French origin, before the extensive introduction of spirituous liquors, was spruce beer, and such like, while wine, when used, was small in quantity, and of the lighter descriptions. Intemperance was confined principally to the old country people, and with them drinking was carried in general to a brutal excess. It is not in point, but still it may be remarked that the unsettled state of society then was a great cause of this evil, which has gradually and happily given way, as the influence of the marriage relation has extended; for few thought then of settling in the country, and of course were little concerned in its moral state, or careful about their own characters and influence.

The temperate habits of the French Canadians unhappily began to be less remarkable. The love of money (which inspired wisdom, in accordance with our sad experience, has declared to be the root of all evil), led to increased importations of spirituous liquors. Efforts were made to extend their sale. The country merchant, moved by the same avarice that caused their importation, introduced them into his circle of customers. Taverns began to spring up as the appetite for the accursed stuff increased, and the ball has rolled till in the city of Montreal alone there are more than two hundred persons licensed to retail intoxicating liquors, without reckoning wholesale dealers. Nor was the manufacture of spirituous liquors in this country proportionably more extended than the importations, until a few years back. Now, the preparations are on a gigantic scale, for the demand warrants, to their view, a liberal return for the outlay.

Reader, cast your thoughts twenty or thirty years back—a few hundred puncheons of rum, principally consumed by soldiers and old country people, and one or two distilleries on a small scale to supply a whole district—is it wonderful that the Canadians of French origin were a contented and peaceable race? They had no insatiable cravings for strong drink; and their farms were not mortgaged to appease them. They had their senses about them: they were not steeped in liquor till their perception was gone, or bartered to their wily leaders for the means of self-degradation. The revolt of a people situated as the Canadians then were, under the mild sway of Britain, would be next to impossible.

But now, view the change that has come over the land, and say if the rebellion of the people is to be considered wonderful. Their habits of sobriety are gone. The use of spirituous liquors is universal, and the appetite for them generally a confirmed one. Most of the once-rich farmers have mortgaged their farms to the merchant, and are at his mercy, and the poor ones and labourers are ripe for any work in which or through which they can obtain drink. The unprincipled leaders, with threats and treating, alarming the fears of some, and feeding the appetites of others, bring up the *habitans* to their share in the fatal business. Would there have been a battle at St. Charles, if there had not been a distillery at St. Denis? or would St. Eustache have been sacked, and its name connected with devastation and death, if its insane defenders had not been influenced to fatal madness, by the copious use of strong drink?

To sum up the matter: the rebellion which has taken place in this country owes its origin, not so much to the influence of the leaders, as to the unhappy change in the habits and temporal circumstances of the people, produced in a great measure by the increased use of spirituous liquors. The free use of these in a family causes domestic strife, and the same in a community leads to faction and rebellion.

Who or what, then, is to be blamed for the present woeful state of things? The liquor is the instrument; but it is innocuous till put in circulation. Then they who have imported or manufactured spirituous liquors have been the chief workmen in this business of misery and death. What! cries a flaming loyalist, "I incite to rebellion?" Yes, good Sir, the puncheons of rum you have imported and sent in among the once happy farmers, have done the work more effectually than all Mr. Papineau's speeches. And you, ye members of Doric Clubs, Constitutional Associations, Volunteer Corps, and such like, in selling rum, have been Satan's chief tools in bringing about these rebellions. Oh! repent, countrymen, repent of your great iniquity, and abandon a traffic whose fruits are death and desolation.

**INCONSISTENCY.**—Our Magistrates lately displayed a praiseworthy activity in seizing some spurious coppers, which some persons had been base enough to import, for circulation in the city. We are gratified to perceive this proof of their determination to protect our interests; but we would respectfully ask, why do they not extend the same principle to all spurious importations? It is well known that the greater proportion of intoxicating drinks, that are imported, are more or less adulterated; wines in particular have been adulterated to such an extent, and for such a length of time, that the counterfeit article is, in many cases, held to be the genuine. These adulterations have uniformly the effect of arming the liquors with a more poisonous sting, and consequently increasing their power to do the work of death; they ought therefore to be carefully excluded from the community. Yet our rulers will pounce at once upon a cask of coppers, which, at the worst, could cause the loss of a few dollars only to the public; and suffer these liquors to be freely introduced, which will certainly lead to the temporal and eternal ruin of our citizens. We say, *certainly*; for if it were doubtful, or only possible, that such consequences would ensue, it would be easy to bring out of this a sufficient apology for their admission. But when we see those huge casks of alcoholic liquors rolled upon our shores, who doubts that their fatal contents will lead to many a crime—that they will be the means either of leading some into vice for the first time, or of confirming others in it incurably, or of bringing the career of others to a termination? It is true, we do not know the individuals who may fall by them, but we are morally certain that some will fall; and this certainty makes it the duty of the Magistrates to prohibit their introduction to the public.

Wo! Wo! Wo!—The fiend intemperance rides over this devoted country. The scenes that every where abound in town, village, and country, are heart-rending. Religion, morality, industry—all are swallowed up in intemperance. The only new buildings are distilleries, and rum-sellers hire the shops, as they become vacant, from the cessation of useful business.

We have one Great Idol to whom sacrifices are made, such as were never made to Moloch or Juggernaut. The distillers are his high priests, keeping up his never-dying fires, (a type of the fire

that shall never be quenched.) And the rum-sellers are his missionaries, by precept and example, urging men to sacrifice themselves at his shrine. All are on one broad road to ruin, each striving to attain the goal himself, and urging on his neighbours. How long, O Lord! how long will this fell destroyer remain unbound!

Unless the wise and the good in Britain, in the United States, and in Canada, unite their unceasing prayers, and untiring efforts to restore peace to this country, we had almost said, we might shut up our churches, dissolve our Temperance Societies, and discontinue every effort to promote the spiritual welfare of the community. The bloody demon of war destroys every thing that is good and virtuous with a power which is almost irresistible; and he exerts the same power in promoting every thing that is evil. But intemperance is one of his chief Agents. Deprive him of the aid of intoxicating drink, and his power will be almost gone.

We see this illustrated in the fact, that no sooner was the alarm of war sounded in this Province, than trade and commerce ceased, and religion began to decline, while the business of distillers and retailers on the contrary increased. The former have more orders than they can satisfy, and the bar-rooms, &c. of the latter are crowded with company. The only appearance of any thing in the shape of business about the city is connected with the distillation of grain, with the exception of military operations. In walking through the town, we see the shops deserted, and we scarcely hear a sound of "busy commerce," but when we approach a Distillery all is bustle there. Grain is bought up at any price, and every hand is kept at work to convert it into poison, as speedily as possible, to silence the importunate demand. Bread is becoming scarce, the poor are suffering, yet the Distilleries are allowed to destroy thousands of bushels of grain daily, and are even considered public blessings for doing so.

This increased supply of intoxicating liquors is necessary to serve the purposes of war. Without it the passions of men would not be sufficiently exasperated. Some unnatural stimulus is necessary for the unnatural work to which the trumpet of war calls them. In short, War and intemperance go hand in hand. Deprive him of the intoxicating cup which he holds in the one hand, and the sword which he holds in the other will be comparatively harmless.

**LAW OF LICENSE.**—The readers of the *Advocate* have been already informed that in four of the States of the American Union, laws have been passed prohibiting the licensing of any individual to retail spirituous liquors. Since the passing of this law, the State Legislatures have been dissolved, and a new election of members (in Massachusetts at least) has taken place. At this election, the distillers, and retailers, and drinkers of spirits, or, in other words, the whole drinking interest, determined to make every possible exertion to have such men elected as would rescind the obnoxious statute above referred to, and place things upon the old footing. Accordingly, a keen contest took place—those who had become rich by the traffic spared no pains, and no expense to gain their object; and they were as vigorously opposed by the friends of Temperance. *The Devil fought and his angels, and Michael fought and his angels* against them, but the victory has been on the side of virtue—the Temperance ticket has been carried triumphantly throughout Massachusetts. We congratulate the Old State on this most auspicious victory—she has gained her INDEPENDENCE now. Of it we may well say, *Esto perpetua*.

Two very important consequences follow from this struggle, both

of which show how admirably God makes the wrath of his enemies to further his own ends. The first is, that the cause of intemperance has met with a more signal overthrow in Massachusetts than before, from the very efforts which were made by the *Humies*, as they are called, to regain the ground they had lost. The opposition made to the new license law has led many to inquire into it who had not done so previously, and this has increased the number of its supporters. And the second is, that the neighbouring States have been anxiously looking on, and, as a natural consequence, have found it impossible to preserve neutrality. The Northern and Western States are already moving, and we doubt not that, in a year or two, no such thing as a *grog-shop* will be found in them—"a consummation devoutly to be wished."

**EFFECTS OF GROG AMONGST THE MILITARY.**—Some time ago, a sentinel, stationed at the Montreal Bunk, was taken off the ground in a state of intoxication. Query, If the Bankers have a right to use the creature, because it does them good, had not the sentinel an equal right to use it, that it might do him good too?

We have been told that a Volunteer, on guard at the Jail, was so much intoxicated as to mistake the Sheriff himself for a prisoner, and actually confined his Honour for a short time, till some other person interfered.

Theller and Dodge have declared that they escaped from the Citadel of Quebec by giving the sentinel beer, which they had previously drugged with laudanum.

These things are alarming evidences of the extent to which intemperance prevails amongst the troops. When soldiers are drunk, even on guard, notwithstanding the severe punishment threatened in that case, and we believe generally inflicted, how will they act when the same terror does not restrain them?

In connection with this, we are happy to have it in our power to state, that a Cold-water Corps has been organized amongst the Volunteers in this city. It is under the command of Capt. Lyman. We hope to be able to present a further account of it next month; in the mean time we can express our conviction, that the *Cold-water-men* will not be found deficient, in the time of trial, either in discipline or courage, or any soldier-like quality.

**PROFITS OF DISTILLATION.**—We are informed that a distiller in Quebec has failed for £140,000, and that he will probably pay little or nothing. An extensive rum-seller in the same place has also failed for a large amount. It is not surprising that those who cause the ruin of thousands should be ruined themselves—that those who spread misery and desolation over the land, should themselves become a by-word and a reproach, but it is surprising that men calling themselves rational beings should follow a business the wages of which are bankruptcy and disgrace. There are many honourable and useful roads open to affluence and respectability without attempting to build up a fortune upon the miseries of our fellow-men; an attempt which the just providence of God will always frustrate in some signal manner. A palace will not stand the more secure because its foundations are drunkards' graves, neither will a man's children be more prosperous because he has brought the children of others to the jail and alms-house.

**VICTIMS.**—In the course of last month, three confirmed drunkards have died at Montreal and the vicinity, who occupied highly respectable and responsible stations in society. Doubtless many

more in the humbler ranks of life have fallen victims to intemperance.

So great are the fascinations of alcohol, that the men to whom we allude were willing to relinquish their respectability and usefulness, and wander about poor maudling rum-soaked wretches for the last five or six years, with the certain prospect of the drunkard's degradation and the drunkard's death before them. And so little are warnings upon this subject heeded, that five or six other prominent and generally known individuals, are, to our knowledge, following in the very same footsteps—and no power on earth can stop them. A month or two more will probably close the rum-blasted career of some or all of them, and they will be quietly consigned to the grave and forgotten. And others will rush on in the same course.

Every puncheon of rum or whiskey upon this average, kills its man. Ye sellers of 20 or 200 puncheons, think, only think, that ye are guilty of the murder of 20 or 200 persons annually. Will ye continue such a business?

EXAMPLE.—Our philanthropic hardware merchants refused, some time ago, to sell powder and lead, lest they should, unintentionally, encourage rebellion, bloodshed, and crime. Will not our importers and retailers of liquors take a pattern from them, and refuse to sell that which has done infinitely more mischief in the world than ever powder and lead did, and which is far more to be dreaded as a means of instigating and carrying on rebellion in this country, namely, *intoxicating drinks*.

Two parcels of Temperance Tracts have been forwarded from Liverpool for the Montreal Society by way of New York. The duties upon them at 20 cents a pound, with some other trifling charges at the port of New York amount to about £5, which, with inland carriage and duties at St. Johns, will probably make a loss to the Society of about £10, which would have been saved had they been sent by way of the river.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.—The weekly meetings of the Society have for the present been given up, as the weather, roads, and military operations have all contributed to prevent people from attending. Under these circumstances members of the Society are strongly recommended to set apart one evening in the week, say the usual night Thursday, on which their families should be assembled, a temperance tale or some interesting statements read, and prayer offered for the temperance cause. A hymn might also be sung and suitable conversation promoted.

Subscribers are respectfully urged to remit their arrears without delay.

The Governor of Illinois has presented the check for his last Quarter's salary to the Temperance Society of that young and rising State.

#### A CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE REV. MR. S. AND THE REV. MR. T.

Mr. T.—I am sorry to learn, Brother S., that you have not introduced the temperance reform into your church yet.

Mr. S.—I have not yet felt it to be my duty to do so. On the contrary, I fear I should not be building on the "foundation of the Apostles and Prophets" if I did.

Mr. T.—The opinion which I have long entertained of you leads me to believe that you will be guided by a conscientious regard to duty. Will you permit me to ask, what is the object which God has sent you to labour for amongst the people of B—, and which, therefore, you hold yourself solemnly bound to pursue?

Mr. S.—I consider the object for which I am to labour is contained in these two things, to bring the impenitent to repentance, and to build up in the faith those that have already believed. And the means which I am to employ in the prosecution of these ends is simply the "manifestation of the truth;" but I fear, Sir, if I were to employ the Temperance Society, I would be departing from the plan of God, and adopting an expedient which man's wisdom has devised.

Mr. T.—I am quite of your opinion respecting the object for which we are to labour, and the means which we are to employ; but let me ask you again, Sir, if we are at liberty to do any thing ourselves, or encourage our people to do any thing, calculated to frustrate that object?

Mr. S.—Certainly not, Sir; to hinder the success of the gospel, either directly or indirectly, is the work of the Devil.

Mr. T.—Well, then, whether is the use of intoxicating liquors amongst your people hindering or promoting that object which you have already so happily explained?

Mr. S.—Sir?

Mr. T.—I have asked, Sir, whether the use of intoxicating liquors, amongst your people, is hindering you or assisting you in bringing the impenitent to repentance, and in promoting the edification of believers?

Mr. S.—I see, Sir, that it is a means of hardening some, and of ruining others, but I have no evidence that it is attended with such injurious consequences in the case of the majority.

Mr. T.—But if you have no evidence that it is attended with good consequences in the case of the majority, the practise must be condemned, for then the evidence will be all on one side, and that, the unfavourable one.

Mr. S.—I have no doubt that the majority, who use these good creatures of God in moderation, derive advantage from them.

Mr. T.—I have no doubt that you, and many others, sincerely think so, but in a question of this kind we ought not to be satisfied with hopes or conjectures; nothing but facts is sufficient. You have already admitted that there are some in your congregation who are hardened by the use of intoxicating drinks, to their destruction, are there any then, on the other hand, who have been brought to repentance by it, and helped forward in "the way to Zion?" You are, from Sabbath to Sabbath, exhorting your people to "repent and believe the gospel;" whether is the use of these drinks opposing or seconding your exhortation?

Mr. S.—I must admit, that the gospel, at least, derives no assistance from such a practise; but, to consider it as an obstacle to its success, is a view which, I confess, I have never been accustomed to take of it.

Mr. T.—But I refer to yourself, Sir, if it is not a correct one. There are many in my congregation, who are prevented from becoming serious by the use of intoxicating drinks, and I doubt not there are also many in your's; and if the practise is still kept up amongst our people as before, there soon will be many more to be added to that number. Now, how can we be justified, if we stand up in defence of a practise, which creates such a strong opposition to our success as Ministers of the Gospel.

Mr. S.—I own, Sir, this presents the question in a new light.

Mr. T.—And this is the only just light in which it can be presented. There are many who object to the Temperance Reform, that it proposes to employ a new instrumentality to insure the success of the gospel: but this is not the case; it only proposes that we shall cease to throw obstacles in the way of the gospel; let me intreat you, Sir, to adopt its principles and urge them upon your people. You will meet with opposition from the interested, and contempt and ridicule from the fashionable, but God, and those who love him, will be with you.

#### MR. DELAVAN'S ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

From the Journal of the American Temperance Union.

By the Great Western, for whose arrival we have delayed the press, we have received the first tidings from our respected chairman



In the father land. A previous letter giving an account of his voyage has not been received. We gladly insert the one now on our table; thankful to the Father of Mercies for his kind preservation of our friend and fellow-labourer from the dangers of the deep.

To the Rev. J. Marsh, Cor. Sec. of the A. T. U.

CLIFTON, October 2d, 1838.

DEAR SIR,—I addressed you a short letter on the day of my arrival, since then I have been much engaged in looking around me. The *Great Western* cannot come up to the town, I therefore landed at a small place about five miles from Bristol, where, after waiting about two hours at the inn for a conveyance, I had leisure to see plenty of drinking; every person who entered the house called for something, and all were immediately supplied except one poor wight who asked for a *glass of water*, which was promptly refused with the remark "we keep no water here!" At this place I had the happiness to meet my son and my dear friend the Rev. Mr. Kirk. In this inn I took up the Bristol paper of the day; the first article that struck my eye was, that in the State of New York there were 12,000 distilleries, bringing crime and pauperism and bankruptcy on the state. Mr. Kirk will correct this mistake this evening, at a public meeting. I have had an interesting interview with the Board of Directors of the *Great Western*, and I was assured by them that they were very desirous of adopting every measure that would promote sobriety and good morals, and that they would doubtless comply with the request of the majority of the passengers on the last voyage, to banish the promiscuous distribution of intoxicating liquors, and confine them, as in a hotel, to the bar, to be called for and paid for by each individual desiring it.

We have had a great meeting this evening in one of the largest chapels, the house was full to overflowing. Mr. Kirk addressed the audience for near two hours, in a strain of eloquence that made a deep impression on the audience. There are now near 4000 members to the total abstinence society in this city, and the principle is operating greatly to the benefit of the lower classes. The higher classes do not as yet join heartily in our thorough going principles—they contend for a *little*—but all admit that a great and wonderful change is taking place in the habit of wine drinking in the upper walks of life. Drinking of healths is almost exploded, and the quantity drunk is vastly less than before the reformation commenced.

We leave for Bath to-morrow, where there is also a Society of about four thousand members, and where Mr. Kirk is to make an address. I am, &c., truly and sincerely,

EDWARD C. DELAVAN.

### Miscellaneous.

THE GENTEEL vs. THE VULGAR.—"I don't sell to drunkards. If a fellow in that condition (pointing to a staggering drunkard,) comes into my house, I turn him out of doors. He won't get any liquor of me. He may go to the *grocery* if he wants it. I sell it only to sober and respectable men." So said a neighboring retailer to us the other day. Now we desire to know which in the light of reason and in the sight of heaven, is the greater sin—feeding a *respectable* man with whiskey till he becomes a sot, or killing him with the same drug after he has become such? There are two grades or departments in this business. The one takes the best material he can find, tempts him and makes him a drunkard. During the process, he is stripped of his character, his property, and friends, and his family deprived of a husband and father. "Now get out of doors you drunken dog, I'll have no drunkards about my house. You may go off to the *grocery*—the only fit place for you." This is the GENTEEL OR RESPECTABLE HOTEL OR TAVERN.

The other department takes him where his more genteel neighbor left him, and finishes him off—ready for deposit in a drunkard's grave. This is the *grocery* or *coffee house*. We saw a victim carried out of one of these establishments near our office the other day in a coffin, where he had expired in his chair just after swallowing a dose administered to him by the bar-keeper. Now we ask again, is it less criminal to destroy a man morally and physically for all the purposes for which he was created, and make him a pest and burden to society, or to kill him off after he has been

made such! Which is the greater sin?—*Illinois Temperance Herald*.

The following is an extract from a Soliloquy by the *Town Pump*:—"I here are two or three friends of mine, and true friends I know they are, who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even of a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the *treasure* upon the ground. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honorable cause of the *Town Pump*, in the style of a toper, fighting for his brandy bottle? Or can the excellent qualities of cold water be not otherwise exemplified, than by plunging, slapdash, into hot water, and wofully scalding yourselves and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare, which you are to wage—and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives,—you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains."—*Western Journal*.

THE PROPER USES.—When the artful swindler has designs against your little property, he gives you drink; when the harlot would decoy you to her devilish haunts, and rob you of your hard-earned wages, she persuades you to drink to your heart's content; when the Devil would lead you on to greater crimes, he prepares effectually for his deep laid snares by tempting you to drink; and when wicked men, as Satan's agents, would betray you into their nefarious schemes and plunge you into the same abyss of guilt with themselves, they begin with the inciting liquor, and triumph through the influence of the intoxicating draught!

DISTILLER'S COWS.—A gentleman who was formerly a distiller, mentioned to us yesterday, that it was his custom to feed cows on the slops, and that the quantity of milk, when he put them on that feed, was immediately just about doubled, but the quality ruined. He says such milk will not make butter at all. Churning only wrought it into froth.—*Journal of Com.*

TEMPERANCE REPORTS FOR THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.—A thousand copies of the last Report of the American Temperance Union, have been presented to the Hon. Mr. Buckingham, for the purpose of presenting a copy to each member of the British Parliament. A letter on the subject of temperance, by Mr. Buckingham, is to accompany each copy of the Report.

The testimony is abundant, that most of the recent steamboat accidents have arisen from the influence of ardent spirits. "Engineers," says one of their number, "are proverbially intemperate men. I am aware this is harsh language, but as I am one of the craft, I am prepared to prove it, and am as ready to admit, that many are exempt from this habit. As long as this state of things exists, we need not wonder at hearing of daily explosions." In 1836, fifty persons were killed by steamboat accidents; in 1837, seven hundred, and in the first six months of 1838, near one thousand.—*Boston Recorder*.

It is a melancholy fact, that in this Island, generally, the Wesleyan Methodists, whose travelling preachers stand opposed to our cause, are rapidly declining in numbers, as well as in finances; whilst the Primitive Methodists, whose ministers are all teetotallers, are rapidly increasing in numbers; and from lately being one of the poorest circuits in the connexion, are now enabled to maintain the preachers in comparative comfort, although there is the additional expense of an extra preacher this year.—*Isle of Man Guardian*.

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