

THE TEETOTALLER,

AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.—Rom. c. 14, v. 21.

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STOP IT! STOP IT! O, STOP IT!

To the Merchants and Christian Philanthropists of Great Britain.

GENTLEMEN,

It is with no ordinary solicitude that we may gain a little of your serious attention, whilst we proceed to address you on a subject in which your own interests, as well as those of all the dwellers in this land and in the South Seas in general, are most intimately concerned. We allude to the vast amount of intoxicating liquors which you are annually exporting to this Colony. As some of you, perhaps, may not be exactly aware of the fearful extent to which this has been carried, we may state that, in the years 1838,—39,—40,—41, the invoice price of the liquors which you sent to this Colony, as registered in the Custom House here, independent of freight and other charges, amounted to £1,186,831; and, though since then the amount has somewhat fallen off, yet that it is still enormously great will appear from the following statement of the amount of intoxicating liquors, drawn up from the printed manifests of the vessels by which they have been imported, and which have arrived within the short period of a few weeks in this Colony:—

Beer—845 hhd., 794 casks, 282 cases, 411 barrels, 299 casks bottled.

Ale—200 casks, 62 cases, 4 casks bottled.

Porter—80 tierces, 59 hhd., 58 cases.

Wines of various kinds—42 hhd., 1344 cases, 10 barrels, 56 casks, 74 quarter casks, 40 octaves, 1 pipe, 3 butts, 26 casks bottled.

Cordials—29 cases.

Whiskey—1 cask, 3 barrels.

Geneva—1372 cases, 100 boxes, 10 hhd., 28 casks, 40 casks of Rum and Geneva.

Spirits—30 cases, 1 cask.

Brandy—244 hhd., 132 casks, 6 puncheons, 1 barrel.

Rum—77 puncheons, 52 hhd., 60 casks.

Such, Gentlemen, is the frightful amount of intoxicating liquors, which you have been instrumental in sending into this ruined Colony in the space of a few weeks—the whole population of which does not exceed probably 135,000 persons of all ages, and of all conditions! Whoever will be at the trouble of thinking of these two facts, viz., the amount of population, and the amount of imported grog, in connexion with the amount of exports from this country, and the great draw back from them in the shape of interest on money loans invested in it, need not be surprised that its money affairs may for the present be considered as ruined. The bankruptcies which have taken place in it during a year and a few months past, are now bordering on 800; and still this work of ruin is going on, and men's hearts are failing them for fear of still worse and larger yet to come. This is the plain and unexaggerated state of the case; and upon your heads, Gentlemen, and on those of the importers and vendors of your intoxicating liquors here, rests an appalling amount of the guilt connected with the ruin of this young and rising country. If you and they had entered into a conspiracy to accomplish this object, you could not by any other means which you could have employed, have more effectually succeeded. We call upon you, therefore, to put a stop to this traffic.

I. On the ground of the great injury which it is inflicting on this country and the neighbouring islands. That intoxicating liquors lead to intemperance, and that intemperance leads to mental and moral degradation, extravagance, neglect of business, loss of character, poverty, and crime, is now fully known to all men, and is amply, and most painfully illustrated in the past and present state of this Colony. By sending out such quantities of these liquors, you are constantly placing them in the way of those who are under the influence of a habit of using alcoholic stimulants, to a very much greater extent than they otherwise could be; and thus you become accessory to their ruin, by supplying them with that which leads to it. If you get paid for them, it can only be at the certain ruin also of their pecuniary affairs. And granting that a considerable portion of these liquors finds its way into the neighbouring islands, many of which are just emerging

from their long continued night of savage barbarism, it is only to produce the same effects there, and to undo almost all that has been accomplished by the labours, the prayers, and the lives of many Missionaries, and by a vast pecuniary out-lay on the part of the Christian Church; and thus by your traffic you are doing more to destroy the Missions in the islands of the South Seas, and to roll over them a tide of sweeping desolation, than any other influence that has ever been brought to bear upon them. When you seriously think of this, Gentlemen, can you wonder that we call upon you to stop it?—O, stop it! This may be still further urged upon you,

2. On the ground of the destructive influence which it has, and cannot but have on all the interests of general Commerce. It was with much pleasure that we lately noticed some of the sentiments which you expressed in your Memorial to Sir Robert Peel, against the Opium trade with China. The sentiments to which we refer, are the following:—"If a treaty were concluded on the principle that the trade in Opium should be legalized, though some of the evils arising from the present position of affairs would cease, yet that trade would inevitably undermine the commerce of Great Britain with China, and prevent it being, as it otherwise might be, an advantageous market to our manufacturers." It would operate, it is stated, for evil in a double way; first, "By enervating and impoverishing the consumers of the drug, it would disable them from becoming purchasers of our productions." Secondly, "As the Chinese would then be paid for their produce chiefly, as now, in Opium, the quantity of that article imported by them, having of late years exceeded in value the Tea and Silk which we receive from them, our own manufactures would consequently be to a great extent precluded." This, we have no doubt, is sound reasoning on the subject. But how comes it about, Gentlemen, that you are so *clear sighted* in regard to the Opium trade with China, and its influence on your general commercial interests with it, whilst you are apparently so *blind* in regard to your own traffic in intoxicating liquors and its influence on general commerce throughout the world? For, as those liquors "enervate and impoverish their consumers" to a fearful extent, as well as opium, they are thereby "disabled from becoming purchasers of many of your truly useful productions." Again; as the trade with many of the neighbouring islands is carried on to a great extent in the way of barter, and intoxicating liquors in many instances constitute the chief material in these transactions, in place of useful articles of British manufacture, is it not as obvious as any thing can be that this traffic is operating as an *antagonistic agency* against all the interests of general commerce—an agency too that is ever increasing its destructive influence, just as it increases in the amount of liquor that is consumed? If you would not then, by your own hands, "inevitably undermine" the commerce of Great Britain with this country, and with all the islands of the South Seas, "and prevent it being, as it otherwise might be, an advantageous market to her manufactures," you must cease to send forth the flood of pestiferous alcoholic poison, with which you have been so long desolating us. Your own *real* interests indeed, as well as the manufacturing interests of the country in general, loudly call on you to stop it! The woes too of suffering humanity, seen in the mental and moral degradation of many thousands in this unhappy land, and heard, pealing in accents long and loud, from the wrongs which are frequently perpetrated on the unoffending and defenceless Aborigines of the islands of the Pacific, call on you with an earnestness and a truth which no heart can resist, that is not lost to every right benevolent feeling, to stop it!

To you, Christian Philanthropists also, who profess to weep over the woes of your fellow-men who are still "in the Wicked One," and to be ever ready to stretch forth a helping hand to rescue them from final destruction, we appeal, for zealous and persevering exertions to rouse the slumbering attention of the nation to this great subject, and never to remit your efforts

till the traffic in intoxicating liquors shall cease to disgrace and ruin the commerce of Britain! By every thing then that is honourable to you as Britons, and British Christians—by every thing that is dreadful in the circumstance of being accessory to the present and never-ending ruin of your fellow-men—and by every thing that is delight in the circumstance of being instrumental in reclaiming the abandoned; and in saving those who are in imminent danger of being for ever lost, we treat and beseech you to stop it—O, stop it! and let not another fellow-man die the drunkard's death, and suffer the drunkard's doom in eternity, through the British traffic in intoxicating liquors. Fervently wishing that you may thus act, we are,

Gentlemen,
Your near Kinsman and sincere well-wisher,
THE TEETOTALLER.

AUSTRALIAN TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

Last Thursday evening, the Hall of the School of Arts, at the usual weekly meeting of this Society, was filled to overflowing; and many went away, not being able to obtain even a standing place in it. The Chair was occupied by the Rev. M. T. Adam. The Lecture was delivered by Dr. Whittell, who succeeded in gaining the attention of the audience, and keeping it fixed in the highest degree on the subject, during the whole of his address. The subject was Alcohol,—its properties, and physiological effects on the human system. In describing its properties, he remarked that it was the product of the vinous fermentation of saccharine matter, and that it was composed of Carbon, Oxygen, and Hydrogen, in the proportions of 52.17, 34.79, and 13.04. He pronounced it to be a poison, and showed that it was so classed by the first Medical Writers and Practitioners of the age. He then proceeded to illustrate its effects on the principal organs of the human system; as, the stomach, the heart, the lungs, the brain, and the liver, which it injures and disorganizes, just in proportion to the quantity that is taken, and the length of time it is used. He specified a number of the diseases which are induced by it, and illustrated how that in many cases it causes death. He then closed his address by a very appropriate appeal to the audience on the folly of using Alcoholic liquors, supposing them to be useful, and sat down amid a burst of applause from the assembly. The advocacy of the cause was then taken up by Mr. W. C. Currey, Mr. Pearce, and Mr. Currey, Sen., and closed by some appropriate remarks from the Chairman. The addresses were all excellent, and the impression that was made on the meeting seemed to be in the highest degree favourable to the cause of Total Abstinence. The meeting was again favoured with the highly acceptable services of the Australian Total Abstinence Band.

We beg again to remind our readers that the Chair will be taken to-morrow evening at 7 o'clock, and that Mr. Garret, will then deliver his first Lecture on Malt Liquors.

LECTURES.

The remaining Lectures of the series, are:—

III. Malt Liquors. Mr. Garret.

IV. Ancient Wines, and Ancient Drinking Customs, contrasting both with those of Modern Times. Rev. M. T. Adam.

V. Drunkenness; its Misery and Danger. Mr. Gowland, Solicitor.

VI. The Waste and Loss occasioned by the Use of Alcoholic Liquors. Mr. W. C. Currey.

VII. The Licensing System. Rev. James Fullerton, L.L.D.

VIII. Total Abstinence from all Intoxicating Liquors the only cure of Intemperance, and the only preventive of it. Mr. W. Currey.

IX. The Important Benefits which would be sure to flow from the universal adoption of the principle of Total Abstinence from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and the obligation which rests upon all to embrace and practice it. Rev. M. T. Adam.

"I'LL CONSULT MY WIFE."—That is what old Judge Thatcher, of Mass. said to Blount, of North Carolina, when they were members of Congress at Philadelphia, and when the latter challenged the Judge to mortal combat, "I'll consult my wife, sir," replied the Judge, taking off his three-cornered hat and making a bow; "and if she is willing, I'll favor you with a meeting."

POLICE COURT GROG BUSINESS.

On Monday last, we find that no fewer than 36 cases appeared on the drunkards' list in the Sydney Police Office, which were disposed of as follows; 10 were discharged; 3 paid 5s. each; 14 paid 11s. each; 1 went to the stocks; 2 went to the mill for twelve hours; 3 females went to the cells for 24 hours; Mary Gorman went to the cells for 48 hours; William Welsh went 60 hours to the mill; and Andrew Henderson paid £1, with 1s. costs, for being drunk on Sunday night.

Thus the Grog road to ruin is still trod by many an unhappy traveller; and so long as our Rulers legalize the traffic, just so long will it continue to be so.

THE DRINKING OF SIMPLE WINE NO PROTECTION AGAINST INTEMPERANCE.

It has been often maintained that the use of simple Wine in Wine growing Countries, presents an effectual protection against intemperance; the inaccuracy, however, of this opinion will appear very striking from the following extract of a letter from a gentleman in Switzerland.

Lausanne, Canton de Vaud, August 9, 1835.

"In this Canton, whatever it may be in other Cantons, those who are actual drunkards have become such 'by the use of wine, made of their native grape, and to which there has been no distilled spirit added.' The good people of the Canton wish to do something to promote temperance, and they will certainly soon set about it, for here as in the Canton of Berne, intemperance is making 'great progress.' As you look up to this sweet and beautiful town of Lausanne, from the Lake of Geneva, you see the vine every where covering the fields, and hills, groaning with all the luxuriance of a New England cornfield. Now it would be an hundred fold greater triumph of moral principle, than America has witnessed in the disuse of ardent spirit, if the Swiss, for the good of themselves and others, were to resolve to have nothing to do with the cultivation of the vine. Then they might know the blessedness of keeping holy the Sabbath day, but now it is awfully desecrated by riot and amusements. Even the theatre is open, and many spend on that day, the whole earnings of the week, in that and in other places of dissipation."

COLD WATER AND PROSPERITY.

A few weeks ago we had the pleasure of hearing James Buchanan, Esq., British Consul for this port, deliver an address before the Howard Society, on which occasion he related the following circumstance:

Several years ago a gentleman dined with him, who had risen, by his own industry and integrity alone, from humble life to a proud elevation in society. On being invited to take a glass of wine, the following conversation ensued.

'Do you allow persons at your table to drink what they please?' asked the guest.

'Certainly,' replied the Consul.

'Then, I'll take a glass of water.'

'Ah, indeed! And how long have you drunk cold water?'

'Ever since I was eleven years old.'

'Is it possible! And pray what induced you to adopt the principle of total abstinence?'

'Seeing a person intoxicated.'

'Well,' continued the Consul, 'if you have had the firmness of purpose to continue up to this time without taking intoxicating drinks, I do not wonder that you have reached your present position.'

The Consul afterwards learnt that the person he saw intoxicated was his father!—Ornan.

ENGRAFTING.—A successful farmer recommends cutting down the scions to two buds each, always covering the upper end of the scion with engrafting wax.

FOR GARDENERS.—A Yankee, near Boston, prevents his hens from scratching in his garden by tying together two toes of one foot. The hen cannot scratch with that foot, or stand on it to scratch with the other.

LOSS OF ANOTHER EAST INDIAMAN.—Yesterday information was received in the city that another East India trader was lost in the late violent gales. The vessel was named the *Jessie Logan*, of Liverpool, from which port she traded to and from Calcutta; she was 850 tons burthen.—London Paper of January.

POETRY.

CHILDRENS' POETIC PLEDGE.

A pledge we make,
No wine to take;
Nor brandy red,
To turn the head;
Nor arrack hot,
That makes the sot;
Nor fiery rum,
That ruins home;
Nor will we sin,
By drinking gin.
Sour toddy too,
Will never do,
Nor brewer's beer,
Our hearts to cheer!

To quench our thirst we always bring,
Cold water from the well or spring,
So here we pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate.

MARGARET'S BRIDAL.

CONTINUED.

"Well," said Colonel Byerly, "I am not a member of the Temperance Society, but I believe it to be entitled to the respect of every reflecting man, and of every patriot. If I were asked the question, why I am not a member of the society, it would probably take me some time to furnish a reason, which would satisfy myself or any body else."—"I reckon the folks are more than half right, colonel," said the Kentuckian.—"Half right," said the colonel with a smile, "in what respect?"—"Why, they all say," replied the back-woodsman, "that you're an honest man."—"Be that as it may," continued Colonel Byerly, "whenever I conclude to join a temperance society, it must be one, whose principles of action are consistent and perfectly intelligible. If the object of the society be the prevention of intoxication, a pledge of abstinence should run, it seems to me, against all intoxicating drinks; and, strictly speaking, against all intoxicating substances. A pledge of abstinence from ardent spirits is an imperfect thing; for the party may be as drunk as he pleases upon cider, wine, or beer. If we were surrounded by our enemies, it would be accounted miserably generalship to concentrate all our forces in front, leaving our flanks and rear without any protection. It is perfectly absurd to speak of wine as a harmless beverage. During the old war, the war of the revolution, the officers of the regiment, to which I was attached, became fully persuaded, that brandy was a mischievous beverage. Its evil effects had become too apparent. Some of our number were evidently getting into a very bad way. The idea of a temperance society extending its influence over the whole civilized earth, was no more in our thoughts, at that time, than the idea of a steamboat or a locomotive engine upon a railway. Nevertheless it appeared absolutely necessary to the most reflecting of our corps, that some plan should be devised, for the prevention of that intemperance, which was becoming rather too characteristic among the gentlemen of the army. We therefore resolved to make no use of brandy for one year. A few of us set the example, and subscribed an agreement to that effect, which in less than a fortnight was signed by every officer in the regiment. It was proposed to include rum, and offer the paper to the whole regiment rank and file. To this there were serious objections. We at that time, never imagined such a thing as total abstinence. We no more thought of cold water for drink, than of raw pork for diet. Indeed we had already clubbed our purses for the purchase of a suitable quantity of wine. It seemed hardly fair, therefore, as the common soldiers could not afford the purchase of wine, to call on them for a resignation of their grog, offering no other substitute than cold water. We therefore limited our project to the officers of the regiment. The experiment went into immediate operation. We tried it about three months, and abandoned it in utter despair. The vice became more social; we tarried longer over the bottle; we became more disputatious, and even quarrelsome; and I well remember that one prominent subject-matter of altercation was the unaccountable facility, with which our whole stock of wine was drunk out. We gave it up, and went back to brandy."—"The greatest blessing may be abused, colonel," said the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny "we have the highest authority for the use of wine. Paul recommended it to Timothy."—"He did," said the young clergyman, "for his infirmities; let wine then be kept for sick, if it be thought necessary by the faculty; and, since we cannot have an inspired apostle at our elbows to prescribe it, let us abstain from its employment, until we have at least the prescription of a conscientious temperance physician."—"We have a higher authority than Paul, that of Christ himself," said the other.—"Sir," said the young man, with great solemnity of manner, "I am always shocked when mere men of the world defend their habit of drinking wine, by the example of our blessed Redeemer. I cannot describe my feelings, when the practice of wine-drinking is defended upon the strength of this holy example, by a minister of the gospel. It is not possible for him to set up this authority for himself, and not for the world; for the most temperate, and not for the most intemperate of mankind. He may draw nice distinctions; others will not. The authority if applied at all, is applied universal; and its advantages are claimed by all, if allowed to any. Intemperance is a gradual affair, from the first trifling excess to the grossest debauchery. The transitions are often imperceptible, by him, who makes them. From first to last, his moral vision becoming the more depraved, the farther he advances, the intemperate man is incapable of perceiving any difference between himself and his more temperate, wine-drinking neighbor. It is enough they both drink wine; and each justifies his conduct, by the example of the Redeemer. Can anything be conceived more awfully revolting than this?"—"You are very fluent, sir, for so young a man," said the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny, evidently nettled by the remarks of his younger brother; "is it my deliberate opinion, that he, who holds there is any impropriety in drinking wine, insults the memory of his Redeemer?"—"I regret my youth, sir," the young clergyman replied, "if it be any obstacle, in your estimation, to the progress of sound doctrine. We are taught however, to let no man despise it, while we are struggling against any opinion which we conscientiously believe to be heretical. It seems to me that there are so many ways, in which a sincere disciple may testify his love and reverence for his Lord and Master, that it is scarcely necessary

to resort to the expedient of drinking wine. We may preach his gospel to all nations. We may select some barren spot, and toil over the moral wilderness, till it blossom like the rose. We may take upon our shoulders the smallest fragment of the cross; and I ask you reverend sir, if you do not in your heart believe, that such service will be more acceptable to our blessed Master, than drinking wine to his honor and glory?"—"Young man!" exclaimed the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny, with an uplifted finger, "you forget yourself; your language is absolutely irreverent and impious."—"God forbid," said the young clergyman, with an expression of sincere devotion upon his features, which impressed me and all around him, I believe, with a feeling of respect and confidence; "God forbid, sir," said he, "I should suffer any thing irreverent or impious to pass these lips, which have been consecrated to the service of Heaven. If there be aught in my remark, which savors of irreverence or impiety, it springs not from me or my language, but arises from the faithful exhibition of the idea,—the idea of manifesting one's love and reverence for the 'Saviour of mankind, by drinking wine! If this be one of the tasks, imposed upon his followers, verily the burden is light."—"Pray, sir," said the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny, in a tone somewhat subdued, for he already began to perceive that his antagonist was not to be despised; "pray sir," said he, "did not Christ convert water into wine at the wedding feast in Cana of Galilee? Was he not himself a guest, and was not the wine, which he made, furnished in abundance at that festival, and with his entire approbation?"—"All eyes were turned upon the young clergyman, in expectation of his reply. He seemed overwhelmed with this unexpected interrogation; and for some time, continued to bow down his head, literally, like a bulrush. The Rev. Mr. M'Ninny had already gathered courage from the apparent confusion of his antagonist, and, being disposed to make the most of his victory, exclaimed, "Well, sir, you find yourself perplexed for an answer, I see, and I do not wonder at your confusion, young man."—"I am not perplexed for an answer," said the young clergyman, in a melancholy tone of voice, at the same time raising his eyes upon his adversary. We were all greatly surprised to perceive that they were filled with tears, and a feverish glow had suddenly spread itself over his pale features.—"I am in no confusion, reverend sir," continued he; "but you have approached a subject of deeper interest to me than you can possibly imagine."—"At this moment the bell announced that dinner was upon the table. "If you conceive it to be worth your trouble, sir, continued the young clergyman, "to give any further attention to my remarks, and will meet me here after our repast, I foresee, at this moment, no insurmountable difficulty in the way of furnishing a satisfactory reply to your interrogatories."—"Very well, sir," said the other.—"The group instantly dispersed; and, whatever might have been the diversity of opinion, respecting the subject under discussion, the most perfect unanimity appeared now to prevail. All, with one consent, rushed down the companion-way into the cabin, and we soon found our places, round the well-furnished table of the steamer. I had Colonel Byerly, on my right hand, and our honest friend from Boon's Lick had taken his place, upon my left. "Colonel Byerly," said I, "do you know the name of this young man?"—"No, sir," he replied, "but our friend, M'Ninny, had better not have meddled with him; he has gotten his hands full, if I am not greatly mistaken."—"Colonel," said the Kentuckian, "an't he a smart un? don't he hold on jest like a bear-trap, don't he, colonel?"—"He is an intelligent young man, friend Kennedy," replied the colonel; "I never saw him before."—"He seemed to hang fire a little mite," said the Kentuckian, "towards the last on't, but my old rifle will do jest so, now and then, and there's no better in old Kentuck."—"No, no, Kennedy," said Colonel Byerly, "he didn't hang fire, as you call it, but he reserved his fire, as we military folks phrase it. M'Ninny was mistaken in the supposition, which he evidently indulged, that his opponent was perplexed by his questions. Something, I know not what, affected the young man's feelings in a very sudden and extraordinary manner. I know not who he is. He may be the worse clothed and fed of the two; but if our friend M'Ninny will only stand fire this afternoon, he'll get grape and canister to his heart's content, or I have mistaken my man entirely."—"I'm afeared, colonel," said the Kentuckian, "that tother bird'll show the white feather, will be won't come up to the scratch at all, ey, colonel?"—"Never fear him for that, Kennedy," replied Colonel Byerly. "True courage clearly foresees and deliberately weighs the peril it encounters; rashness rushes to the onset without care or calculation. I know the character of our reverend friend right well: he will not shun the contest, depend upon it."—"Well, colonel, like as not you're right," said the Kentuckian; "there's my old sorrel; he's blind as a beetle, stubborn as a mule, stupid as an ass, and bold as a lion. Off he goes, slap dash, and fetches up in a ditch, nine times out of ten."—"The reverend gentleman," said I, "appears to be fortifying for the occasion."—"Fags, stranger," said the Kentuckian, "and so he is; he's a drinkin' wine or sothen, accordin' to scriptur."—"We glanced our eyes along the table, at which some sixty passengers were seated; only one of the whole company had called for any intoxicating beverage; the only decanter upon the board was before the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny. Shortly after, it was brought round by the waiter, with the reverend gentleman's compliments to Colonel Byerly, and a request to take wine with him. "Return it to the gentleman with my respects," said Colonel Byerly, "and say, that, with his permission, I will pledge him in a glass of water."—"Well done, colonel!" cried the Kentuckian, "if I don't tell our folks o' that! How my old Jarman neighbor, Snooder, who's all for temperance, will shout, when he hears that an old revolutioner would not drink wine with a minister o' the gospel, accordin' to Scriptur! ha, ha, ha!"—"Such incidents as these," said I, "have an injurious influence upon the clerical character, and, with the indiscriminating mass, upon the cause of religion itself."—"No doubt of it," replied Colonel Byerly; "you see how it is; having taken the prominent position, which he has assumed, during the morning, all eyes are at this moment, directed towards him and his decanter. In the present condition of public sentiment, such conduct appears to me exceedingly unfortunate in a minister of the gospel. If it appears so to me, who am not a member of the Temperance Society, how must it appear to those who are—a clergyman, himself a member of the society, drinking wine, in one of our great locomotive taverns—at the public table of a steamboat! This is something worse than a mere work of supererogation."—"Well,

colonel, I don't know what sort of a work 'tis," said the Kentuckian, "but I do know this gentleman and our Parson Roundy would go together in double harness, as kind as any two old stagers that ever you see. You heerd' what he said about wine at the wedding. Well, there was a wedding at Parson Roundy's house, about five months ago; 'twas jest arter our Total Abstinence Society had got under way, and was purty pop'lar among our folks. About twenty o' their friends got together, with the bride and bridegroom; they was all youngish people. o when Parson Roundy had married 'em, he goes into his closet, and out he comes with his face round and shiny, as the lid of a bran new warming-pan, holdin in his hand a sarver with glasses and a decanter o' wine. So, ye see, he pours out a couple o' glasses, and hands one on 'em to the bride, and t'other to the bridegroom. 'I'm not peticular about takin any,' said the bride. 'No occasion for any, thankee, sir,' said the bridegroom. Parson Roundy hemm'd as rough as a saw-mill; he always does when he's put out; so on he went, handin the liquor to one arter another, till he'd got through the hull boodle on 'em; and not a mother's son nor darter would touch the valley of a spunful. 'Well,' said he, gruffly as a bull-frog with the throat distemper, 'I should suppose you were all of ye members of the cold water society.' 'I believe we be, sir,' said one of 'em, with a giggle, as she look'd round upon the rest. Yes, Parson Roundy," said the bridegroom, "we thought, as how we should be as well off not to meddle with edge tools; so Jerusha and I signed the pledge afore we got married."—"Parson Roundy didn't like it; he looked liked a red pepper. o what d'ye think he does; he call'd in his two young children, and he told each on 'em to drink the health o' the bride and bridegroom. There, colonel, what do you think of that?"—"Why, I think," replied the colonel, "that your Parson Roundy must be a terrible blockhead." (To be continued.)

THE DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.

"Mr. President," said a short, stout man, with a good-humoured countenance, and a florid complexion, rising as the last speaker took his seat, "I have been a tavern-keeper." At this announcement there was a movement through the whole room, and an expression of increased interest. "Yes, Mr. President," he went on, "I have been a tavern-keeper, and many a glass have I sold to you and to the secretary there, and to dozens of others that I see here,"—glancing around upon the company. "That's a fact," broke in the president—"many a gin toddy and brandy punch have I taken at your bar. But times are changed now, and we have begun to carry the war right into the enemy's camp. And our war has not been unsuccessful, for we have taken prisoner one of the rum-sellers' bravest generals! But go on, friend W—, let us have your experience." "As to my experience, Mr. President," the ex-tavern-keeper resumed, "in rum-selling and rum-drinking—for I have done a good deal of both in my day—that would be rather too long a story to tell to-night, and one that I had much rather forget than relate. It makes me tremble and sick at heart, whenever I look back on the evil I have done. I therefore usually look ahead with the hope of doing some good to my fellow-men. But there is one incident that I will relate:—For the last five years a hard-working mechanic, with a wife and several small children, came regularly, almost every night, to my tavern, and spent the evening in the bar-room. He came to drink, of course, and many a dollar of his hard earnings went into my till. At last he became a perfect sot—working scarcely one-fourth of the time, and spending all he earned in liquor. His poor wife had to take in washing to support herself and children, while he spent his time, and the little he could earn, at my bar. But his appetite for liquor was so strong that his week's earnings were usually all gone by Tuesday or Wednesday, and then I had to chalk up a score against him, to be paid off when Saturday night came. The score gradually increased, until it amounted to three or four dollars over his regular Saturday night's pay, when I refused to sell him any more liquor until it was settled. On the day after I had refused to sell him, he came in with a neat mourning breast-pin, enclosing some hair—no doubt, I thought—of a deceased relative. This he offered in payment of what he owed. I accepted it, for the pin I saw at once was worth double the amount of my bill. I did not think, or indeed care about the question, whether he was owner or not; I wanted my own, and in my selfish eagerness to get my own, I hesitated not to take a little more than my own. I laid the breast-pin away, and all things went on smoothly for a while; but he gradually got behind again, and again I cut off the supply of liquor. This time he brought me a pair of brass and-irons, and a pair of brass candlesticks. I took them and wiped off the score against him. At last he brought a large family Bible, and I took that too—thinking, no doubt, I could sell it for something. On the Sunday afterwards, having nothing to do—for I used to shut up my bar on Sunday, thinking it was not respectable to sell liquor on that day—I opened this poor drunkard's family Bible, scarcely thinking of what I was doing. The first place that I turned to was the family record. There it was stated that on a certain day he had been married to Emily—. I had known Emily when I was a young man very well, and had once thought seriously of offering myself to her in marriage. I remembered her happy young face, and suddenly seemed to hear the tone of her merry laughter. Poor creature! I sighed involuntarily as a thought of her present condition crossed my mind—and then, with no pleasant feelings, I turned over the next leaf; there was the record of the birth of four children—the last had been made recently, and was in the mother's hand. I never had such a strange feeling as now came over me. I felt that I had no business with this book; but I tried to stifle my feelings, and I turned over several leaves quickly. I suffered my eyes to rest upon an open page; these words arrested my attention—"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; who is deceived thereby is not wise." This was just the subject that, under the feelings I then had, I wished to avoid, and so I referred to another place. There I read—"Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath wounds? Who hath babbling? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine. At last it biteth like a serpent, it stingeth like an adder." I felt like throwing the book from me. But once more I turned the

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