

Amount of Spirits that paid Duty for Home Consumption in the year ending Jan. 5, 1837.—Rum, Brandy, Gin and Whisky—31,402,417 Gallons. Duty—£8,444,500 13 9.

Direct Annual cost of Intemperance.—Wine, six millions; Ale, Porter, and Cider, thirty millions; Spirits, twenty-two millions; Tobacco, five millions.

In all, *Sixty-three Millions of Pounds Sterling.*

From the Preston Temperance Advocate.

TEMPERANCE TESTIMONIES.

JOHN VERNON, Spinner.—Drunkards are the greatest slaves. I began drinking at footings and other stirs, and though but a lad, I used to think myself a man. Since I was married I have been turned out of house five times. Although I had a wife and but one child, drinking brought me to the workhouse, and to breaking stones by the canal side. However I got to spinning again, and was turned off again. I left my wife and 2 children, both of them sick, and run away to Manchester. Solomon says "Who hath woe? Who hath wounds without cause? They that tarry long at wine!" I had many a time black eyes, and arms, and shins, all through drinking. Look at that poor lass, left to fight with two children. Before you get wed, women always be sure to get a tee-totaller. After this I came back and run away to Glasgow, among Scotch whiskey. Did not stay there long, but thought I would go to Ireland. Another person and I sold our shirts to pay our passage. And though the waves were rolling over our heads, we got drunk on the passage with whiskey. Got work, but was still looking after 'turn.' I left my work again; my shoes were without soles, so I threw them away; I was very near starved and *clammed* to death. I could not cross the water and run home for something to eat. I don't wonder now to see the Irishmen cringe as they do when they walk. We went among the soldiers at Newry, and many of them being Englishmen we got some old shoes from them and we proceeded to Dublin, but here we were worse off than ever. There are so many beggars in Dublin that there is no chance for a stranger. But we got passes to England, and I sold my flannel shirt for something to eat. I landed once more in England, but durst not go to Preston, as I was advertised on the walls for a rascal and a run away husband. I went to Stayley Bridge, and so reduced was I that my back and belly was almost touching together. I afterwards travelled to Wigan, and actually laid me down through fatigue. If I had not been clever at raising the wind I must have died many a time. But I could always scheme some way so that I was called *Jack Craft*. At last I came to Preston and found two of my brothers had become tee-totallers. I was led with seeing them to think upon it and on Whit-Tuesday I entered. I have signed for life. Am but 25 years of age, but if I live 25 hundred years I mean never to drink again. We are three brothers of us; and we have not only joined Temperance; but we are also sailing in the Gospel ship; we all go to the Ranter's chapel. The Lord of Heaven help you to come and join the tee-total society and stick to it.

I hesitate not to avow myself a tee-total abstinence, I signed the moderation or botheration first, for I can call it nothing else; for if men begin to take one glass, they want another, and another, till they are drunk again. I found that nothing but tee-total abstinence would do for me. I am only 26 years of age, but I have lived eight the life of a drunkard, a disgrace to all mankind, for I would have done anything for drink. I am an old Prestonian; and I used to think that the temperance people were a set of fools; but now I begin to think they are a set of wise men, and am determined to be one of them. It is now

four months since I tasted the unclean thing, and can with truth say that I am as well or better in health than ever I was in my life.

I can eat better, sleep better, work better, and last of all I can pray better; for when I was a drunkard I never prayed at all. I have peace when I go out, peace when I come in, peace when I go to bed, and peace when I get up, and I can serve my God consistently, and my house, which was a house of cursing and swearing, is now a house of prayer—Geo. Chambers.

A Reformed Drunkard being solicited by his companions to go with them to the public house composed the following Verses:—

My companions, farewell! no more shall I roam,
Nor exchange for your revels the sweets of my home;

I prefer to mad riot and boisterous mirth,
The sweets that encircle the married man's hearth.

Farewell my companions no more shall I roam,
I've a wife and a sweet little baby at home.

You may laugh if you please, say a dotard I'm grown,

And pretend that with temperance my pleasures are flown.

Ye poor giddy flutterers round every new face,
In your bosoms can happiness e'er find a place?
From fair to fair ranging, still restless ye roam,—
I'm content with my wife and my baby at home.

Ye may flock to the alehouse, and boast of the joys

To be found in excitement, and folly and noise:
Ye well know how vain, and how hollow the boast,

These joys I've experienced, and know what they cost.

Whiskey toddy, farewell! to no tavern I'll roam,
I'll drink tea with my wife and my baby at home.

From the Dublin Record.

EFFECTS OF DRUNKENNESS.

On Saturday week, an Inquest was held at Campbell's Row, on the body of Mrs Mary Hare, who died suddenly on Friday morning. Several witnesses proved the intemperate habits of the deceased, and that she was in the daily habit of drinking six or seven glasses of spirits; and on one occasion was known to have drunk 24 glasses of rum in 24 hours! A verdict was returned that deceased came to her death from apoplexy, caused by intoxication.

A sailor, under the influence of intoxication as it is supposed, either while lying on the line or attempting to cross it, was run over by the whole train. He was carried immediately to the hospital at Old Dunleary, but survived only a few hours after the amputation of both limbs. Of the few accidents which have occurred since the opening of this railway, scarcely one of them can be attributed to anything but negligence or intoxication on the part of the sufferers.

From the Lincolnshire Chronicle.

BOSTON.—Novel Attempt at Self Destruction.—On Tuesday week, the inhabitants of Boston were in a state of the most dreadful alarm from seeing a human being hanging from the steeple of Boston church, at a height of 150 feet from the ground and called loudly for assistance. Two men below got admittance to the Belfry, and succeeded in rescuing him from his perilous situation. The perpetrator of this rash act is a person holding a responsible situation in the town, and whose excitement had been caused by frequent intoxication. He on the day mentioned, eluded the vigilance of the vergers, and ran up the steeple stairs, intending to precipitate himself from the highest window. He got out of the opening, and held by one hand, in which position, having only one hand to sustain his weight, and eternity hang-

ing on so frail a resting place, his excitement became sobered, and he called most loudly for help; and if it had not been near he must have been dashed to pieces.

From the Preston Temperance Advocate.

I have three boys in my Sunday-School class, who are brothers. I asked them one day what trade their father was. "We have no father," was the reply. "Is your father dead?" "Yes," they rejoined, with an air of gladness. Feeling sorry that they should answer in so slight a manner, I again asked, "Were you not sorry to lose your father?" "No," replied they: "when he was alive he drank all he could earn himself, and got as much money from our mother as he could, so that we could get neither clothing nor any thing else; but now that he is dead we have got clothes, and are come to the Sunday school." Upon inquiring as to the cause of his death, I was told that he was not confined through sickness, but riding upon a cart head in a state of intoxication, he fell off, the wheel went over his head, and he was killed on the spot! Truly, the drunkard is a curse to his family, and a pest to society; lives detested, and dies unlamented.—JAS. ASPINAL.

MODERATION.—In Sharpe's Essays and Letters in prose and verse, appear the following remarks and extracts from a speech delivered in the House of Commons:—"Even moderation may sometimes be *folly* or *cowardice*. On the Exclusion Bill being opposed in the House of Commons, Col Titus exclaimed both wisely and eloquently: "We are advised to be moderate, but I do not take moderation to be a prudential virtue in all cases. If I were flying from thieves should I ride moderately lest I should break my horse's wind? If I were defending my own life or the lives of my wife and children, should I strike moderately lest I put myself out of *breath*? And if, Mr Speaker, we were in a sinking ship (no unapt representation of our decaying commonwealth,) ought we to pump moderately lest we bring on a fever?" I leave the application of these remarks to the advocates of Moderation in the use of the drunkard's drink, as a remedy for England's greatest curse,—Intemperance.

SCRAPS.

What is Temperance?—The moderate use of all things, answer most people. This mistake, however, has ruined thousands. Temperance is the proper use of all things.

Influence of Appetite.—Which is the best part of ale? said a teetotaller to an old drunkard, intending to shew him the delusion he laboured under. Why, the drinking of it, was his reply.

A Short Dialogue.—When do you intend, Mr B. to leave off selling Intoxicating Liquors? said a bystander to a Landlord. When respectable men leave off buying; was the laconic reply.

THIS HOUSE TO LET; NONE BUT SOBER PERSONS NEED APPLY.—A person who collects rents in Manchester, having many drunken tenants, teased them so by tracts and reproofs, that at last he got clear of them; and the above notice was fixed in the windows. The consequence was, that he got sober, clean and respectable tenants, with whom he had little trouble in collecting his rents. This is a hint worthy the attention of all who have cottage property to let.

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