

mountain piled on mountain, while every hearer sat in breathless silence to catch the towering climax of this brilliant display of eloquence and panegyric. For my own part, I was wholly unprepared for this effort on the part of the speaker. I trembled at the giddy height in which he had mounted, and sat with my hands grasping the railing, expecting every moment to see him buried under the weight of his own gorgeous encomium; but at this moment of intense anxiety, the speaker suddenly paused on the very summit of his effort, and casting up his eyes, exclaimed, in a tone even painful from its clearness and energy—Merciful God! what an inexhaustible fountain of kindness and benevolence hast thou created in the heart of woman!

The effect was electrical. A slight stir throughout the house indicated the relief of the audience, and I doubt whether, in a moment after, there was a tearless eye in that heterogeneous assembly. For my own part, I wept like a child. So brilliant was the picture he had drawn, so giddy the height to which he had carried himself, and so easy, and yet so majestic his descent, that at the instant of relief I started to my feet, and in a moment after found myself standing in a side aisle within a few feet of the orator.

The first sentence uttered after this change of position arrested my attention. The sound of the speaker's voice seemed familiar. I cast a scrutinizing glance at his countenance—another, and another—my heart was in my throat—the lecturer was WILLIAM CARLETON!

At the moment of recognition I forgot myself—forgot every thing. Here was the very man whom years before I had seen in the lowest depths of degradation, a burthen upon society, a disgrace to his species, and an object of pity to all who had known him in his better days. Here he stood before me, *redeemed*, an apostle of temperance, drawing tears from all eyes, and captivating all hearts.

On recovering once more the current of the discourse, I found the speaker making an appeal to the intemperate to come forward and put their names to the Reformed Drunkard's Constitution, a copy of which he threw upon the table before him. He gave a plain unvarnished account of the rise and progress of this new movement; spoke of the hundreds of thousands to which the long catalogue of the ransomed had swollen along the shores of the Atlantic, and wound up by urging, once and again, all, however low or debased, to begin that night the glorious work of reform.

And now commenced a scene of thrilling interest. From every part of the house men, and even women, eagerly pressed toward the table. The old inebriates already pointed out whose bodies had been for years steeping in liquid fire, and young men just on the threshold of destruction, one after another, placed their names on that strange document. It was a grand sight to behold women leading up their husbands, fathers their sons, and sisters their brothers. All fear of ridicule was forgotten; conviction had overcome every other consideration; the head and the heart were for the first time, perhaps for many years, found in harmony, and men did the bidding of their consciences as in the days of Paul and his associates. *Even the landlord shed tears.*

I need not describe my interview with Carleton that night. We both stayed at the same house, occupied the same room, and except a slight tinge of melancholy, I found him the same noble spirited fellow he was at our meeting twenty years before. On the following morning we parted, he to labour elsewhere in the great cause to which he was devoting every thought, and I to pursue a tiresome journey over the almost interminable hills of Berkshire.

On my return I could not resist the temptation to take M. in my way, though some 20 miles out of my direct route. I found Mrs. Carleton as described to me by her husband

on the night of our unexpected meeting at ——. She was all life and animation.—Her soft blue eyes had regained their wonted lustre, and the rich glow of her cheeks, a little mellowed by time and sorrow, indicated that all was now right, both within and without. They had returned to the identical house formerly occupied by them; and their once beautiful little boy, just now on the verge of manhood, was busy at work in his father's shop. Their happiness was complete. And now, gentle reader, we will take leave of William Carleton, the *Reformed Drunkard*, adding only, that the true original of the foregoing tale is now in one of the middle states, labouring with unbounded success in the great cause to which providence has so signally called him.—*Temperance Recorder.*

THE TRUE SIGN BOARD.

Suppose a retailer of ardent spirits, when he opens his store for the sale of this poison, should write in great capitals on his signboard, to be seen and read of all men, what he will do, viz:—So many of the inhabitants of this town or city he will, for the sake of getting their money, make paupers and send to the almshouse, and thus oblige the whole community to support them and their families; that so many others he will excite to the commission of crimes, and thus increase the expenses, and endanger the peace and welfare of the community; that so many he will send to the jail, and so many more to the State Prison, and so many more to the gallows; that so many more he will visit with sore and distressing diseases; and in so many cases, diseases, which would have been comparatively harmless, he will by his poison render fatal; that in so many cases he will deprive persons of reason, and in so many cases will cause sudden death, that so many wives he will make widows, and so many children he will make orphans, and that in so many cases he will cause the children to grow up in ignorance, vice and crime, and after being nuisances on the earth, will bring them to a premature grave; that in so many cases he will prevent the efficacy of the Gospel, and grieve away the Holy Ghost, and ruin for eternity the souls of men. And suppose he could and should give some faint conception of what it is to lose the soul, and of the overwhelming guilt and coming wretchedness of him who is knowingly instrumental in producing this ruin; and suppose he should put at the bottom of the sign this question, viz: What, you may ask, can be my object in acting so much like a devil incarnate, and bringing such accumulated wretchedness upon a comparatively happy people? and under it should put the true answer—Money—and go on to say. I have a family to support; I want money and must have it; this is my business—I was brought up to it; and if I should not follow it I must change my business, or I could not support my family. And as all faces began to gather blackness at the approaching ruin, and all hearts to boil with indignation at its author, suppose he should add for their consolation. If I do not bring this destruction upon you somebody else will. What would they think of him? What would all the world think of him? What *ought* they to think of him? And is it any worse for a man to tell the people before-hand, honestly, what he will do if they buy and use his poison, than it is to go on and do it? And what if they are not aware of the mischief which he is doing them, and he can accomplish it through their own perverted and voluntary agency? Is it not equally abominable, if he *knows* it, and does not cease from producing it? And suppose, after this man has done as on his sign he said he would, for years, and intends to continue it, the question comes up whether he shall be admitted to the church?—*Admitted to the church!* says a man; he ought to be admitted to the State Prison or the gallows. But this he