

drunken man to whom I had sold liquor, and of all the beggared families. In the brief sleep that I obtained, I dreamed that I saw a long line of tottering drunkards, with their wives and children, in rags. And a loud voice said:

"Who hath done this?"

"The answer, in a still louder voice, directed, I felt, to me; smote upon my ear like a peal of thunder—

"Thou art the man!"

"From this troubled slumber I awoke to sleep no more that night. In the morning, the last and most powerful conflict came. The question to be decided was—

"Shall I open my tavern, or at once abandon the dreadful traffic in liquid poison?"

"Happily, I decided never to put to any man's lips the cup of confusion. My next step was to turn the spigot of every keg or barrel of spirits, wine, beer or cider, and let their contents escape on the floor. My bottles and decanters were likewise emptied. Then I came and signed your Total Abstinence pledge; and what is better, never rested until I had persuaded the man whose Bible had been of so much use to me, to sign the pledge likewise.

"And now, Mr. President, I am keeping a Temperance Grocery, and am making restitution as fast as possible. There are at least a half dozen families, to whom I furnish a small quantity of groceries every week, in many cases equal to the amount that used to be spent at my bar for liquor. Four of my oldest and best customers have already signed the pledge by my persuasion, and I am not going to rest until every man I helped to ruin is restored to himself, his family, and society."

A round of hearty applause followed this address.

An Incident.

How many bright intellects have been destroyed by the "demon of intemperance." How many fond father's hopes have been blighted by it! How many affectionate parents have been deprived of their support by it!

These reflections have been occasioned by the following incident:—A young gentleman of fine promise contracted the habit of drinking while in his college course. He settled in the practice of law, in one of the villages of his native State. He soon became invested with offices of honor and profit, and although young, gave promise of shining brilliantly in the profession he had chosen. He was the pride of a large and respectable family, who witnessed his growing prospects with that satisfaction and delight, which the prosperity of a beloved son and brother cannot fail to impart. In the midst of these circumstances a physician was called in to see him. He had fallen into a fit, and his manly form lay stretched upon the carpet, while his features were distorted and purpled from the agony of the convulsions. After some days, however, he recovered, having sustained no permanent injury. Being in company with his physician alone, soon after that, he said to him: "I suspect, sir, you do not know the cause of my fit, and as I may have a return of it, when you will be called in, I deem it proper that you should be made acquainted with my habits of life." He then informed his physician that for several years past, he had been in the daily use of ardent spirits. That the practice had grown in him ever since he left college, and that he was conscious it injured him. However, it was not known even to his own family, what quantity he used. His physician did not hesitate to inform him of the extreme danger to his life in persisting in the use of intoxicating drinks.—He acknowledged his perfect conviction of the truth of all that was said, and resolved to abandon his wicked conduct. Not many weeks afterwards he was seized with another fit; but owing to the absence of his family physician, he did not see him until some time after he had come out of it. The physician who was in attendance, informed him that it

was violent. After repeated assurances of his increasing danger, and the remonstrances of friends who had now begun to learn the real cause of his fits, he renewed his promises, and determined to reform, and entered upon a course of "total abstinence," which he maintained for several months, and inspired many of his friends with the pleasing hope of his entire reform, and the re-establishment of his health.—But alas! in an unguarded moment he dared to taste again the "forbidden cup," and with this fled all his resolutions and restraints. From that time he drank more openly and freely, his fits returned with painful violence; friends remonstrated, entreated, pleaded. But all in vain. He thus continued his course of intemperance, with intervals of fits and sickness, about eight or ten months, when he died drunk in his bed, where he had been in a continual state of intoxication for three or four weeks.

It is a self evident truth, that all who habitually drink ardent spirits throw themselves under the influence of a law peculiar to their nature, which, when once enkindled into action, they cannot successfully resist.

Here we have an instance of an individual of a finely cultivated intellect, with every thing on earth to make him happy, that could be comprised in wealth, friends, honor and bright prospects. Ay, indeed, he too had professed an interest in the blood of the Saviour, and had communed with Christians at the table, surrounded by those whom he tenderly loved—the wife of his bosom, and the dear pledges of her devotion. Yet in spite of all these considerations, and the most sensible conviction of his fatal career, he continued to drink, and thus pressed downward to the gate of death and hell.

Now what was this? That giant arm dragged this fair victim to an untimely grave. Was it for want of motives and obligations to pursue an opposite course. No. Was it for the want of intellect and talents to appreciate these obligations? No. Was it from troubles arising from disappointed hopes and blasted prospects? Certainly those who know him best considered him a man who might have been happy. What was it then, that urged this individual with his eyes wide open upon the consequences, and in the face of every thing most dear, thus to sacrifice his all upon the altar of intemperance? It was that law of which we have spoken, enkindled into action by his tipping, and which once developed, he could no more control while persisting in his pernicious practice of drinking, than he could have buried the Andes from their base, or have plucked the moon from her orbit.—*Tennessee Organ.*

A Voice from the Prison.

It is rarely that any large space in our columns has been devoted to the individual case of any criminal; but that of George Carnat, who was lately executed at Bury St. Edmunds, for a murder at Lawshall, presents so many peculiarities, and is so worthy of reflection, that we feel assured our readers will not complain of the length of the ensuing narrative.]

The prisoner left behind him a full confession of his guilt:—On the afternoon of January 20th, between three and four o'clock, Elizabeth Hainbridge left the Harrow public-house, Lawshall, to go to her father's. Carnat followed, and soon overtook her. They were together in the fields two or three hours, during which they were on their usual terms of friendship and intimacy. In the course of their walk, they exchanged love-tokens, he giving her his watch, and she giving him her wedding-ring. When he left the Harrow, no idea had ever crossed his mind of committing any violence towards her, nor had any unpleasant words passed between them during their walking and rambling about the fields. At length she remarked that she was tired of living in the way they did, and declared she would destroy herself. This Carnat prevented; when approaching the pond, he said,