

what he knows to be worthless and pernicious in itself, good for none, dangerous to all—deadly to many. He has looked in the face, the sure consequences of his course—and if he can but make a dollar of gain by it, is prepared to corrupt the souls, embitter the lives and blast the prosperity of an infinite number of his fellow creatures. By selling these drinks, he knows with terrible certainty, that besides the havoc of health, lives, homes, and souls, he will, in selling, set afloat a certain, vast amount of property, and that as it is thrown to the winds, some small share of it will float within his grasp. Upon that chance he acts. He knows that if men remain virtuous and thrifty, his craft cannot prosper, but if his drink can only be made to circulate and be consumed in proper quantities then swift desolation will follow, and every pang will bring him pelf—each broken heart will *net* him so much cash, so much from each blasted home and shamed-stricken family, so much a widow, so much an orphan.—He does not expect to win all that he causes others to lose; so far from that, he is perfectly aware that only a small per centage of the wreck will find its way into his hands, yet for this he sets it adrift.

The guilt of the drunkard is great. I have no wish to hide, or palliate the offence of him who consents to stand with the double capacity of a criminal and a victim.

But the most candid justice must pronounce that he has no guilt to match with his who furnishes the draught that qualifies him for any and every crime. Viewed in the light of their respective motives, the drunkard will pass for an innocent and honorable man in comparison with the dealer and retailer of drinks. The one yields under the impulse, it may be, even the torture of appetite,—the other is a cool, mercenary speculator, thriving on the frailties and vices of others. The one we commiserate, while we blame; the other inspires us with indignant abhorrences, for he is a trader in tears, in blood, and crimes. To one he sells a capacity of brutal abuse to his family, another he sells theft or lustful violence, or murder. His shop is the repository where all the immoralities and iniquities are kept and sold for less than a handful of coppers.

In short, we look on the drunkard maker, with all the license he could give him, simply as a privileged malfactor. In all this pomp of office and though rich in blood-bought bank stock, and poster field farms, he is one, whom half the poor wretches he has bred for the prison, might blush to be seen with.

Between him and them, the only partition is, that thin bit of paper called a license. The wealth he gets is the monument of his infamy and the measure of his crime. For his thrift many have been made poor. Let no such men talk about rights. Their only shelter must be law, and that shall not long be a refuge. They have appealed to Cesar and to Cesar they shall go. A virtuous and independent people will rise in their majesty and put an end to this soul-destroying, God-dishonoring traffic.

An Incident.

(From the Christian Register.)

Standing one evening in the door-way of a friend's store in a neighboring town, some day after the recent enactment concerning the sale of spirituous liquors went into effect, my attention was drawn to the figures of two persons looking at the attractions in my friend's widow.

The man was, I should judge, about 40 years of age, of large frame, well proportioned, possessing a good head, speaking phrenologically, and a countenance save a haggard and dissipated look, mingled with a half ashamed, half doubtful expression, that was not unpleasing. He was respectably clad, his clothes, though well worn, bore evidence of scrupulous care. On his arm leaned, or rather, to it clung, a female some few years his junior, but so pale and toil-worn that one would not have guessed her age readily.

Her figure was slight, her broad brow, now deeply wrinkled, and her black eyes once doubtless bright and piercing, were now clouded with a peculiar expression, which indeed overspread her entire face; and an expression inexplicable to me at the moment, but which I have since learned to interpret, as hope, resigned, bursting up from amidst a fearful look of crushed and bitter disappointment, and fear struggling with hope, lest it were too fair to be realized. I saw the man and woman but a moment, but was so impressed by their appearance, that

I asked my friend if he could tell me anything of their history. He replied in the affirmative, and repeated to me the old,—old story of good birth disgraced,—fair prospects blighted,—gradual degradation,—poverty,—misery. But in the recital,—the first step,—the moving cause, that sets his whole sad train in motion, struck me as worthy attention. Not from its singularity, but because if the lesson it teaches be heeded, a much needed reformation would be at once commenced in refined society. Henry Carnes, as I shall call him, was a young man of more than average ability, fair education, sound common sense, and good principles. But he was retiring and diffident, not ready in conversation or quick at repartee. Though at home, or surrounded by familiar acquaintances, who knew the mine as worth working, he was agreeable and even brilliant; but in mixed society he was generally passed by for more lively companions, who possessed perhaps hardly a tithe of his sterling qualities. Being keenly sensitive, he felt this neglect deeply, the more so from the consciousness that those for whom he was deserted were greatly his inferiors in the noble and true elements of manly character.

Among those he was accustomed to meet at these evening assemblies, and for the sake of meeting whom he endured the slights he experienced, was a lovely girl, for whom he had formed a warm attachment. And she seemed not unaware of, or indifferent to, his preference.—But in company she was often attracted by the light jest and sparkling conversation of those who surrounded her, and unmindful of the less shining qualities of her admirer, who with pain perceived the immense advantage enjoyed through the possession of a nimble tongue, by those flatterers, many of whom he knew were as false-hearted as they were empty headed.—He almost despaired of attaining her attention sufficiently to induce her to look beneath the external coating. In the course of time, by what contingency I need not stop to relate, he discovered how wondrously a glass of wine brightened for a time the ideas and smoothed the tongue. The discovery once made he was not slow to take advantage of it, and never after entered company without this preparation.

The exhilarating effect of the stimulus, and the company into which the habit threw him, had an influence to embolden him and to remove that seeming obtuseness. I need not trace his course; but must here digress to utter one reflection. Do refined and intelligent people reflect for how much evil they are responsible, when they admit freely and cordially to their firesides and to the intimacy of their social gatherings, young men who though of fair exterior and ready flow of words, possess hardly one of the honest manly characteristics, which it is even fashionable *theoretically* to emulate; and exclude, or if from their position, they admit, tolerate merely, others who possessing truthfulness, purity, and sound information, lack that brazen readiness of tongue, that faculty of flattering genteelly, so attractive in their rivals? To go on with my narrative. Carnes ultimately succeeded in his wishes, but his habit gained upon him. For years he had been preserved from the lowest abyss of degradation only by the affection and toil of his wife. He used often to converse of his situation, and wish the points that ruined him were beyond his reach; but the temptation he could not resist. He earned a considerable amount but nearly or quite all went for "that which satisfieth not." In vain he resolved in his calm moments to reform.

Passing on his way to his work a low dramshop he never had been able to resist its lure.—Finally the late law was passed. Carnes's course of life had been such that he had no means to lay in a stock as many respectable drinkers can do. His wife, almost broken hearted and despairing, still cherished the hope, that some good might be in store. He had promised her that if the shop where so much of his hard earnings had been dissipated were closed, he would make an effort to reform. The night before the 22d, he left the house after supper for his wife had tried to dissuade him, as she had hundreds of times before, but on this occasion he was more than ever determined. He "would have one more good time," he declared. Despairingly she desisted from further entreaty, and sank to the floor; the youngest child, a little girl of four years, ran to her mother uttering a cry of alarm; this drew the father back for a few moments, and having pacified the child he went out. These few moments saved him. On arriving at the shop, it was found closed. But five minutes before, a disturbance had taken place, owing to the crowd of miserable beings who had flocked together for