

red hot brick, would he *coolly* set it with its proper bearing? Or if a carpenter handling his wood found it studded with the prickles of the thorn, would he *steadily* fit it to its fellow? Impossible: so if on taking up a particle of bone, or flesh, or nail, or skin, the Natural Builder is stung to the very quick by a particle of alcohol, the work is hurriedly thrust onward. Drinkers of alcohol in any quantity thus annoy nature more or less. But worse remains. Drunken men become forgetful as well as irritable: they allow heaps of rubbish to lie about in all directions. So it is in the alcoholized system; the refuse is not ejected. Carbonic acid, a poisonous substance, is disregarded, and suffered to accumulate by the stupified attendants; until the bright crimson arterial blood, loaded with it, is rendered unfit for the purposes of life. This blood, black, red or purple instead of crimson, circulated through the system, gradually brings insensibility over every organ; the brain affected, the patient sleeps,—the lungs, he snores,—the heart, he dies! He wakes no more until the blast of the last great trumpet, blown, not by man heralding salvation, but by the angel of God, loud enough to wake the drunk dead who wish they could for ever sleep, and to gather them together to that judgment, one righteous rule of which is already known,—“*No Drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven.*”

What words can describe the recklessness, what imagination can picture the danger of that irrational creature who introduces alcohol into his otherwise healthy body! —*Teetotal Times and Essayist.*

INTEMPERANCE AND THE CHOLERA.

Every steamer brings intelligence of the nearer and nearer approach of that terrible scourge of our race, the cholera. As the broad Atlantic was not sufficient to secure our exemption from its power, we are to expect that it will soon be among us again. How soon, none can know. Our intercourse with the Old World has become so frequent, that it may not be long. At such a time, it would be wise to inquire who are the peculiar subjects of this terrible disease, and to ascertain of medical men, or by looking to the past, whether those who use intoxicating drinks, moderately or immoderately, are not *peculiarly* exposed to its attacks. After the cholera had ceased in the city of Albany in 1832, an individual of high standing and character undertook the task of ascertaining the habits of every person who had died of that fatal disease, over the age of 16 years, in that city. At the time, a full report of each individual case was prepared and extensively circulated. The whole number of deaths over 16 years, was 336. They were found to be classified as follows:—

Males, 213; females, 123—total, 336.
 Native white, 171; native colored, 24; Irish, 108; English, 15; Scotch, 4; Welsh, 2; German, 8; French, 1; unknown, 3—total, 336.

Of these, there were ascertained to be—

Intemperate	140
Free drinkers	55
Moderate drinkers, mostly habitual	131

Strictly temperate—all but one committed an excess in eating, that one neglected by an intemperate husband	5
Members of temperance societies	21
Idiot	1
Unknown	2
Total	336

Before publishing this report, it was submitted to the medical staff attached to the Board of Health, residing in the city of Albany. The following certificate was appended to the report:

The undersigned members of the medical staff attached to the Board of Health, residing in the city of Albany, have examined the foregoing document of facts, and as such, we take pleasure in recommending its publication and general circulation.

John Eights, Chairman Medical Staff; William Bay, C. D. Townsend, Joel A. Wing, Henry Green, J. James, Peter Wendell; B. P. Staats, Health Officer; Henry Bronson, attached to Northern Hospital.

The population of Albany at this time was about 26,000; and the number of those connected with temperance societies was about 8000. There is an awful significance connected with these facts and figures, which should not be overlooked by those who are in the use, however moderate, of intoxicating drinks. We have no doubt that a similar investigation would disclose a like result in almost every city where the cholera made its appearance.—*Albany Paper.*

DEATH BY RUM.

Every day we are startled by the news of one or more deaths by rum. Our journals are weekly loaded with intelligence of the fatal termination of the drunkard's career. The careless reader may gaze at the paragraph, utter an exclamation of horror, and then turn over the page for other news. But to us there is a deeper theme for thought in such an occurrence, than is directly implied in the simple event of the drunkard's death. Too many readers gaze upon such a paragraph with the same feelings as they experience upon reading of steamboat disasters, rail road accidents, death by fires, drowned, &c., &c.

The event of the drunkard's death, is but an index to the real horrors of the scene. The *Death* is indeed most chilling; but 'tis the *Life* that bears the weight of sorrow. As we stand by the bending grass that mournfully waves over the grave of the drunkard, we think but little of the event of death—of mere physical dissolution; our mind is carried back to the blackness of the drunkard's *Life*.

What a volume of misery, want and crime, is opened to us in the career of the poor inebriate! Were he the only sufferer, the weight of sorrow would be less, did the cold grave, when it received the earthly remains of the drunkard, close over the miseries of his life, that spot would lose half its horror. But alas, one death by rum leaves desolate hearth stones and broken hearts behind;—a wide circle of fond affections have been crushed—bright hopes have been blasted—cheering prospects have