

females, who have learned to love liquor. Not long since, wishing to purchase a quantity of her favorite beverage, she searched her house to find some articles which she might sell for that purpose, but the premises having before been laid under contribution to answer a similar end, nothing could be found which would so well answer her purpose, as a piece of new cotton cloth, which had been purchased for the use of the family, and which they much needed at the time for necessary clothing. This she tore up into pieces and sold to a grocer for paper rags, and thus obtained the means of intoxication. She drank what she had obtained in this way, and before night was seen travelling through the village trying to borrow a shilling with which to purchase more. In this she also succeeded. This miserable woman has lately left her husband, and a little son about eight years of age, and taken up her residence in a neighboring state; her husband, who is also a drinker, has since gone away, leaving his son to suffer, or be supported at the poorhouse.

2. Mrs. T—, of the same town, one day, while her husband was absent, took every shirt belonging to the poor man, tore them in pieces, and sold them to an honorable merchant for rum. The husband is also a tippler, and will perhaps pay off his spouse for her misdeed in the same kind of coin, unless the rum-seller's conscience shall enter a protest in her behalf.

3. Mrs. W— loves rum, and religious rum-sellers too, when she has the good luck to find one. She found one, she says, the other day, for after she had picked up all the rags in her house, and found she had not enough to purchase the *quantum sufficit* of liquor, she took her bible, soaked it in the water-bucket, wrapped it up in the rags, and sent the bundle to the grocer, who discovering some apparent disproportion between its weight and dimensions, opened it, as any honest man would have done, and when he found the bible, "Don't you think," said she, "he sent the book back, telling the boy that if I would read it, it would teach me better than to drink; and what was still better, as sure as I'm alive, he sent with it as much rum as I expected for the rags and bible too; sure he must be the best of Christians."

4. In Clinton County there is a young man, of respectable connexions, who has become so degraded as to steal in order to obtain the means of intoxication. A few months ago, he stole a quantity of ashes, and carried them on his back, several miles, and sold them for liquor, and made himself drunk. O! when will a virtuous community indignantly frown upon the rum-seller, and compel him, if they cannot persuade him, to relinquish a business at once so disgraceful and so wicked?

5. A poor woman in P— last winter sent her little daughter frequently to a neighbor to sell a small quantity of meal or bran for a few cents, with which to purchase, as he said, a loaf of bread at the baker's. She was at last followed on her way home, and it was discovered, that instead of going to the baker's to purchase bread, she went to the grocer's to purchase rum for her mother. Yes, a mother thus teaching her daughter to lie and deceive.

The following is from an eloquent address of Mr. Sargent, (the author of the celebrated Temperance Tales,) to the Teetotalers of Providence.

"As certainly as falsehood and truth must ever be twain, sooner or later, the God of mercy will give you the victory. The inebriating draught shall no longer be found upon the earth, for its products shall no longer be converted into poison for man. Summer and winter, seed time and harvest, shall pass away, and no child of Adam shall descend any more into the drunkard's grave. The child shall no longer be guided to destruction by the example of its intemperate father. The wife shall no longer wait, and watch, and weep, for the return of a drunken husband, at the midnight hour, stirring the embers of a scanty fire, and rocking the cradle which contains the bone of his bone, and the flesh of his flesh. Children shall no longer fly in terror from their inebriated parents. The baser passions in man's nature, no longer excited by the stimulus of intoxicating liquor, he shall come under the government of reason; man shall regain the dominion over himself; religion shall resume her station in the soul. The flood-gates of ruin shall be closed for ever. The bitter waters of strife, which for ages have deluged and desolated the earth, shall be dried up at their fountain heads. The sun shall shine with a brighter splendor; and the broad midway moon as she sails athwart the sky, shall diffuse her milder light over a temperate world."

## EXTRACT

*From an Address to a Temperance Society at Argenteuil, L. C.*

It is a common saying, and the mournful experience of thousands of our race has unhappily proved the truth of it, that "drunkenness is an inlet to every vice." It is itself a very great vice;—and as if it were not enough, it daily adds to itself a variety of other vices. It natively leads to the perpetration of innumerable and most shocking crimes. Under what circumstances do men generally commit those horrid crimes, which, by the laws of every well-regulated community, bring the perpetrators of them to suffer death in the most disgraceful manner? These crimes are usually committed under the influence of ardent spirits.

The unnecessary use of these pernicious liquids renders thousands, and hundreds of thousands of our race, obnoxious to a multitude of mortal diseases, at a much earlier period of life than they would otherwise be seized with them. Is the life of mankind on earth so very long, that they may warrantably squander their money, and waste their time in drinking ardent spirits, and thereby invite the assistance of premature diseases, in order to shorten it! Nineteenths of all the crimes, on account of which so many thousands of our race are confined in jails, bridewells, and state-prisons, may justly be traced to the unnecessary and demoralizing use of ardent spirits. It is truly lamentable, beyond expression, to consider what vast multitudes of our brethren have fallen victims to the habitual and unnecessary use of these most baneful liquids. In one single year, it is affirmed, on what appears to be unquestionable authority, that not less than thirty thousand persons have lost their lives, within the boundaries of the United States, by the immoderate use of these inebriating spirits. This is surely a very dreadful and costly sacrifice to the demon of intemperance.

The Holy Scriptures authorize us to affirm with confidence, that all confirmed and finally-impenitent drunkards shall inevitably be subjected to everlasting misery. For these divinely inspired writings expressly and repeatedly assure us that "drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Were this expressive of nothing more than *not enjoying* the kingdom of God, it ought certainly to induce every drunkard to abandon his unhalloved use of every species of inebriating drink. But exclusion from the kingdom of God must be considered as exclusive of all felicity. Those who shall not inherit the kingdom of God, can inherit nothing that is worth the enjoying. They shall inherit nothing which they would wish to possess. They must labour under an eternal destitution of every thing that is truly good and desirable. And even this is far, very far indeed, from being the thousandth part of their infelicity. The absolute want of all happiness, abstractly considered, would be happiness itself, compared with what awaits them. Those who are not admitted into the kingdom of God, are subjected to the greatest positive misery. Indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, so great, and dreadful, and terrible, as not to be expressed in the language of mortals, must most certainly be their eternal portion. To be in any degree instrumental in rescuing, were it only one individual, from the habit of drunkenness, which, when thoroughly formed and finally persevered in, unavoidably leads down to the regions of unceasing and indescribable misery, would certainly be highly honourable. Success in a single instance, in this most laudable enterprise, would doubtless be an ample recompence for the combined exertions of a thousand friends of Temperance. But we hope for much greater success than this. Small, indeed, and exceedingly feeble, are our hopes of reclaiming confirmed drunkards; especially while their opportunities of indulging their wretched appetites continue to be so numerous as they unhappily are in this vicinity. Yet, notwithstanding this, we entertain the pleasing expectation, that the labours of this Society will, through the blessing of God, be the means of confirming the habits of sobriety and temperance in many who have never been guilty of drunkenness,—and likewise of inspiring a large proportion of the rising generation around us, with an early and invincible aversion to that most destructive practice.

One thousand one hundred and fifteen members have joined the South Branch of the Cork Temperance Society in a few weeks! Three publicans signed, and are now selling bread and groceries. One hundred and fourteen signed at one meeting last week.