

without producing drunkenness, and we would urge upon them never to cease applying to the Legislature, to grant a little gentle violence, to compel the dealers in human misery to seek some praiseworthy calling. Stop! stop! we think we hear one of our so-called friends say, this will never do, it will be carrying things altogether too far, it would destroy trade, and be the ruin of the country; and besides, I use a little of it myself, and am not quite prepared to give it up yet. Just such opposition has every reform met with since the world began, as soon as it seemed likely to touch the pockets or the stomachs of those interested. When Wilberforce, after years of parliamentary agitation, was about carrying his bill for the abolition of the traffic in human flesh, the merchants in London, who were largely concerned in this nefarious business, gravely asserted that the passage of the measure would be the knell of the downfall of the power of England, but the traffic was abolished, and England still exists, her power undiminished, and her commercial prosperity far exceeding that of any other period of her history.

There is another class who are sincere temperance men, and are really desirous to advance the interests of the cause, but they are dreadfully afraid of anything having the appearance of coercion, with them no means must ever be used, but of the mild persuasive kind—for fear we should injure our cause—well, perhaps they may be right, but if a thief were to break into their house and rob them of their property, would they say, "My dear fellow, you ought not to do so, you will bring yourself to a bad end?" Perhaps they might, but all we can say is, we would not like to be the thief.

If the majority of a community decide that the introduction or countenance of any system of business amongst them, will be prejudicial to the interests of that community, we think they have the right to say so, and to use such constitutional means as are in their power to rid themselves of the evil. The Australian and Cape Colonies acted upon this principle, when they refused to receive any more convicts amongst them, and the British Government wisely yielded to their decision. Society constantly acts upon this principle in every other matter in which the moral welfare of the community is concerned—and why should a different course be pursued with this, which is the greatest because the prime incentive to most of the evils which exist in our land? It is because the love of indulgence and the love of gain blind men's eyes, and prevent them from seeing in all its hideousness the enormity of this traffic; but the day of its dissolution has dawned, and we believe the light will not go out until it shall with all its attendant evils be forever banished from the earth.—*The Athenaeum.*

The Drunkard's Warning.

BY THE HON. JOHN BELTON O'NEALL.

That truth is stranger than fiction has been often said, and it is often fully proved in the incidents brought to light by the temperance reform. The results of intemperance are the tender mercies of cruelty, and when they come to be presented to sober, intelligent, reformed minds, they startle us with their strangeness!

Tragedy depicts imaginary horrors. Love, jealousy, madness, are their causes; but all these, as shadowed forth by the pens of Shakspeare, Johnson, Dryden and Kotzebue, are as nothing when compared with the real tragedies produced by intoxicating drink. On its altars burn the offerings of every diabolical passion, goaded into tenfold madness! The priest is madness himself; and, with *mania a potu* on his brow, and *delirium tremens* floating above his head, every thing which is horrible may be conceived, and yet the reality is worse.

I have now before me the poetical effusions of a husband and father in South Carolina, whose hands had been imbued in the life-blood of a wife and children, and who had vainly attempted to take his own life!

If it were practicable to stand by his side, in the dark midnight hour of his solitary condemned cell, between the hours of condemnation and execution, and witness the awful throes of a guilty conscience, then, indeed, we should fully realize the sad fate of the drunkard, and know why truth is stranger than fiction! Then we might participate in the rude numbers of his prison solitude, as fettered he wept over the slain!

"My wife was the idol of my heart,
As a companion truly she was near;

From her I never thought to part,
Because, as the wife of my bosom, she was dear.
As a mother, she was amiable and kind,
I thought her match could not be met;
As a wife, to please her husband was her mind,
So well did she know how she was complete.
My children were the ornament of my heart,
They were in number one son and daughter fair,
These were the prize of my pride and art;
More than all, they were a complete pair;
But, alas! where is this blessed family gone,
Whom the husband and father so much esteemed?
To heaven, I hope, their everlasting home,
There to rest in happiness with the redeemed."

In 1 Strobart's Reports, 479, is to be found the case of "*The State vs. Reuben Sedler Stark.*" Lawyers, read and understand the awful story of blood which it discloses. Citizens also should read and tremble!

The prisoner is described in the case as "a man under the ordinary size, about thirty years old, of swarthy complexion, black hair, and black eyes!"

"He was charged," says the report, "with having murdered his wife, Julia B. Stark, on the 30th day of January, 1847, by striking her on the head with an axe, and cutting her throat with a razor. That he killed his wife and only two children in the most shocking manner, was made manifest."

This was an awful array of guilt! Who was the prisoner? Once a highly respectable man. Blessed with abundance, and well informed, he had the promise of usefulness and happiness. His wife, too, was a young and beautiful girl, the daughter of good parents, with every quality to make a husband and family blessed. Two children, a son and daughter, smiled upon their love. But drink, strong drink, intoxicating drink, like the thief in the night, stole and destroyed all that was blissful and useful in their home. Property went, character followed, and drunkenness revelled in the ruin which it had wrought!

The poor criminal, in his prison-house, tells us:

"I was a man of a quiet mind,
When sober, harmless towards mankind;
But while dipping in the bitter cup of strife,
Caused me to be of a quite different life."

True! most true! "The bitter cup of strife" was indeed drained by the miserable husband and father to its very dregs. "Home, sweet home," ceased to be so to him. In the fiery draughts of the poisoned bowl he forgot the toiling wife, the weeping hungry children! "Drunk, as usual," was the running commentary on his life! One morning he came with an uplifted axe, creeping towards his wife as she was preparing breakfast for the family, and with one fell blow striking her to the ground, and then, with blow after blow, stretching his helpless little ones at his feet, afterwards with a razor cutting the throats of each, and, with his hands warm with their blood, he applies the instrument of death to his own throat. But God, in His great mercy, spared the bloody, drunken wretch! He gave him yet a little longer to live, a little longer to pray. He reserved him for a season that he might die as an example; and that, as he stood on the fearful drop of the gallows, he might warn others, and say to them, in his rude poetry, "Reform!"

The husband, father, and murderer, as far as earth is concerned, expiated his horrible crime. *He died on the gallows!* Wife, children, husband and father, all sleep in graves opened for them by the poisoned bowl.

Over their graves well may we write the words of the drunken husband, father, and murderer:

It is the following up of the intoxicating bowl,
That destroys the purse and damns the soul."

This is a single example, in the fearful annals of crime, of the effects of intoxication. It might be multiplied to almost any extent. For the records of crime, of the prison-house, of the judgment hall, and of the place of execution, are full of drunkenness. Nine-tenths of all the crimes in South Carolina are to be ascribed to this fearful vice!

Yet there is no united attempt on the part of the people to uproot the cause, and thus destroy the tree of crime!