

The man that takes his honest gains,  
And throws them in the sea,  
We'll call him blockhead for his pains,  
And say a fool is he;  
But sure that fool is twice as bad  
Who drinks his cash to make him mad.

Good beef, and mutton, bacon, pork,  
Our hunger will disarm;  
Good linen, cloth, and calico,  
Will keep our bodies warm.  
With joy our tradesmen will look up,  
We've tossed away the poison cup.

Our harvests' wealth no more shall glid  
The brewer and distiller;  
The baker is the man for us,  
And the jolly dusty miller.  
The nasty stuff we swilled of old  
Made us thin, hungry, poor and cold.

We'll have good watches in our fobs,  
Good clocks behind our doors,  
Lashings of good mahogany—  
Good carpets on our floors.  
Plenty of christenings will be seen,  
But funerals few and far between!

Ye chandlers, glaziers, carpenters—  
All men of honest trade—  
If Father Mathew goes on thus,  
Your fortunes will be made.  
We'll be so tidy, snug and neat  
When we the whiskey do defeat.

For each shebeen we'll have a school,  
For each grim jail a college;  
Where the fell hangman plied his trade,  
We'll plant the tree of knowledge;  
And with the cash that made us brutes,  
We'll found mechanics' institutes.

Let Erin's sons and daughters too,  
Join the tee-total band;  
From north to south, from east to west,  
Drive drinking from the land.  
For Ireland, old Ireland, this is the happy day!  
Huzza for Father Mathew now! Huzza! my boys! huzza!

To Cork, from Limerick and Clonmel,  
Tralee and Derrynane,  
Have millions come to take the pledge,  
From drinking to abstain.  
Five millions of true Irishmen  
Have vowed they'll ne'er get drunk again.

From Galway's mountains dark and high,  
From Conemara's shore,  
From Arran's isles and Achill's cliffs,  
The Connaught people pour.  
Kilkenny's marble streeted town  
Sends thousands upon thousands down.

From Wexford's grey-timed honoured walls,  
From "Bannow's banks so fair,"  
By steamer, coach, and Bian's car—  
From Waterford and Clare,  
From Holy Cross and wild Cloheen,  
From Bantry Bay and Skibbereen.

From Shannon's waves, Killarney's lakes,  
All take the road to Cork;  
They come at Father Mathew's call,  
To speed his glorious work.  
For Ireland, old Ireland, this is the glorious day!  
Three cheers for Father Mathew now! Huzza! my boys, huzza!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

ANECDOTE.—"My dear husband," said an amiable and witty wife to her truant lord, the morning after returning home at a late hour, somewhat the worse for an evening's dissipation. "Do you think, really, that man and wife are both one, as is sometimes said?" "Certainly my dear, how shall it be otherwise? But why ask that question?" "Because," she replied, "if that be the fact, I am bound to express my regret and ask your forgiveness for being imprudent last night. Pardon me this offence, and I promise you I never will get *drunk* again." The rebuke was effectual.

SEE HERE, DRUNKARDS.—There is belonging to the Jeffersonian Temperance Society of Wilmington, an old man who was a drunkard till he signed the pledge about five months ago. He formerly suffered much with *rheumatism*, but is much relieved since he left off alcoholic medicine, though he continues considerably disabled. This man met us in the street the other day, and said, "When I signed the pledge, I put away my grog money in silver five and ten cent pieces, and continued to do so until winter came on and I could not work. Then I began to take it for market money. It has lasted me all winter, and last market day I took the last of the deposit. I have enjoyed more happiness in the last few months, than I ever did before. I wouldn't for any thing go back to my old habits." Come on, drunkards, you that are left go and do likewise.—*Temperance Standard*.

HOW TO KEEP THE PLEDGE.—A reformed drunkard residing near Baltimore, General J.—T—, stated, that at fourteen he joined the Church; but when he became a voter, he formed at political meetings, the habit of drinking, and gradually sunk into profaneness and excess, until he made away with some *two quarts of brandy in a day*, and when his money failed, would keep himself drunk on *cider*, which was almost the only product of his neglected farm. As the *last hope* of relief from the intolerable sufferings thus brought upon himself and family, he signed the pledge of total abstinence; and knowing how strong might be the temptations to break it, he loaded a pistol with powder and ball, carried it with him and resolved that if the cup should ever again approach his lips, he would at once put the pistol to his head and terminate his life. He carried the pistol in his pocket seven months, when riding alone one dark night, he reflected: "This cannot be the way to get strength to resist temptation—this cannot be pleasing to God. He continued to reflect, and at length stopped his horse, tied him, kneeled by the side of a fence, and prayed to God to give him strength to keep the Pledge. He continued to pray till he could rest in the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee." He rose from his knees, calmly trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ, to keep him from falling. He was again received as a member of the church, and now lives the life of a consistent christian.—*Am. paper*.

Daughters of America, let us hear your animating voices, let us see your cheering smiles urging us on to the contest. Even you may stand in this battle-field; for here is war without blood. Here are contests, indeed, but they are contests for the stanching of bleeding wounds, and the binding up of broken hearts. Our banners are washed in nature's crystal fountains. Groans and tears never follow in the line of our march. Every blow we strike bursts some fetter, opens some prison door, releases some captive. Songs and grateful benedictions are the music under which we press to victory. But we speak not for your own sakes; we appeal to your philanthropy and to your patriotism. The wisest observers are convinced, that *total abstinence* from the use of distilled liquors, by the temperate, is the only means of banishing drunkenness, and that the enlistment of individual influence has been very effectual. Surely, then, the females of America will not hesitate to exert their influence. There is in what we ask no sacrifice of delicacy, no stepping beyond your sphere. The God of heaven approves our object, and smiles upon our measures; and will you stand indifferent spectators?—*Rev. E. N. Kirk*.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.—Let women then unite in one general effort to discountenance this evil, not by harsh and seemingly coercive measures, but by the force of example and persuasion, and we will stake our knowledge of human nature upon the certainty of a glorious issue. When we *was a young man* we knew a thing or two ourselves about this 'female influence' of which we are speaking, which renders it quite useless to try to convince us that there is not something in it;—and it was but the other day that a particular friend tapped us