

no portion of salt water now reaches the enclosure, which is as green and flourishing as the upland fields. And just so it is with the drunkard. The poisoned glass returns to his lips as regular as the tide to the shore. Every house he enters presents the bitter waters, and thrice a day his employer provokes and gratifies appetite for the accursed poison, in order to stimulate his muscles to labour. And if a single resolution of abstinence is formed, in sickness or in want, it is swept away by the returning wave of dissipation. When I see what has been the murderous effect of drunkenness, I stand astonished, that those who have got something to lose, should put all to risk upon every day's gratification.—If they cannot elevate the fallen above the influence of the waves of intoxication, they might at least place the feet of their children above this tide."

We were astonished, child as we were, at the correctness of the man's perceptions. The wonder was that he should have ventured on expressing them.

"If the effect of drunkenness," said we, "is so injurious, and sobriety is so certain to bring early respect and ultimate wealth, why do we see so many; why, indeed, one that knowing those consequences, indulge in intoxication?"

"Or rather," said the man, starting suddenly, as if offended at the question, "why do I continue to drink? why do I go racing through the town every week, mad as a bacchanal and drunk as a brute? why do I destroy every form of rational pride and every claim to human respect, by swilling at the bottle, until the very dogs bark at me as I reel along the road, or seek a lodging beneath the shelter of a friendly wall? Why is my wife, born to something better, and my children ruined by my example, disgraced and half-starved by my cursed habits? This is what you ask; you mean to inquire why I caution you against the crime."

We stepped back, somewhat startled at the force of the appeal, and the truth of the application, but we did not deny that his own case was in our mind when we made the inquiry.

The man turned with us toward the beautiful bay, whose soft repose seemed to calm his agitation, and sooth the irritation of his mind. He gazed for some time upon the glassy surface, as if it reflected back to him the pleasure of his earlier days, full of promise, of honour to himself and comfort to others; at length he said:

"You have heard from your mother and others, all my story, which is one of folly, not of crime, as the world reckons it; no man can charge them, with the ordinary falsehoods which business excuses, if not encourages. My rapid descent was accelerated by the custom which now prevailed, and my intoxication was but the consequence of a single extra cup. I am now what you see me, without the ability or knowledge for mechanical labour, and consequently, dependent on the discharge of the meanest offices for bread. Yet, with a full recollection of all that I was, a consciousness of attainment suited to the enjoyment, if not the acquisition of wealth, it is now impossible for me to do more than to earn my bread by this menial toil, and it is painful to think that I could have done better.

"When I awake to sobriety from my most beastly state, I feel that this labour is suited to such a wretch; I lose my self-respect, and grow content with my degradation. A week's sobriety would make me too proud to gather material for manure from the sea shore, and my family would starve; my drunkenness has steeped my family in poverty; I must not, by sobriety make them beggars. You do not understand this; you do not know the benefit of destroying all natural pride.—May you never attain that forbidden knowledge; but remember that nothing is so effective as intoxication. Drunkenness is the perfect destroyer of self-esteem."

The tears that coursed down the cheeks of the poor

degraded man, told of awakened feelings, and we felt a hope that some new resolve of good was to be made.

"I have at times thought," said he, "that something might be done to check this torrent of intoxication, and plans have presented themselves to my mind; once, indeed I spoke of them to one whose station would give importance to his views; he only replied, 'I drink only what I need; you drink too much.' There is a way to abate the evil, but what it is I know not; and generations may pass away, the proud be humbled, the rich beggared, and the noble and gallant degraded by drunkenness, before the true remedy will be applied. What that is, I know not."

The poor man died the tenant of an almshouse, and his auditor lives to see the remedy fully applied in all the circle, at that time within the knowledge of the two interlocutors.—*United States Gazette.*

## A CHAPTER OF RUM'S DOINGS IN TWO TOWNS IN ORANGE COUNTY.

(From the *Temperance Herald.*)

Last Sabbath as I was returning from church at noon in a village through which the railroad runs; I saw a man lying across the heads of two or three flour barrels dead drunk, snoring away the fumes of alcohol to the outrage of the feelings of every passer by on that holy day. Two or three others were hustled into a rum store apparently to get them out of sight as the people were returning from meeting in the afternoon. A fortnight ago to-morrow, that awfully cold, and stormy, blustering day, men were seen drunk, here and there, reeling, staggering and plunging into the snow. Two or three got down, and were dragged into a building to keep them from freezing until they got sober enough to take care of themselves. Two started for home, a mile's distance or more, and one of them was so drunk, he could not walk without the help of his more sober companion. When they came in sight of neighbors, half a mile from the village, the least drunken one, ashamed to be seen in such a situation, went on till he got by the houses and stopt till his associate came up. The other unable to walk when left alone, pitched, and rolled, and tumbled, and crawled as best he could through the drifts, almost frozen, until he overtook his friend, who helped him home. Another man near the same village was found dead the next morning, after he had been drinking hard the day previous, and alcohol, the instrument of his destruction, was found upon his person.

Another man has been twice in the state prison from the same town for crimes committed under the influence of intoxication, and is now at home again. When not under that influence, he is said to be quite a decent man; but when he is, he has a peculiar propensity to commit the crime, for which he has been in prison. A short time since a clergyman of the place found him by the side of the road, drunk, and took him in his sleigh, and carried him home. His wife and children met him at the door, weeping as though they would break their hearts, to see their husband and father in such a situation. They expect to see him in prison again unless he can be kept sober. At a temperance meeting holden in the village the last Sabbath evening, at which I was present, there was a good degree of feeling manifested in consequence of these recent instances of drunkenness, some of which transpired that very day and were told in the meeting. I have heard since, that one of the dealers has threatened a gentleman of the place with a prosecution for slander; just as though the English language furnished terms capable of slandering a rumseller, whose business it is to get men drunk if he can induce them to drink enough to produce that effect. In an adjoining town a man was out with an ox team, and started for home drunk. The road was drifted, and he left his team, and being unable to walk, he crawled through the snow about half a mile;