

heaven to drive out all that is noxious;—let him take his children, whenever practicable, to the parks, to the still unclosed land and sweet lanes, which are yet to be found within walking distance of London;—let those who have the means, avail themselves of the short and cheap trips, which railways and steamboats now afford; and they will be more invigorated in mind and body; they will become better members of society, than if this outlay of money and time had been wasted in gin, beer, and tobacco."

A FALLING KINGDOM.—The following toast was given at a festival in Massachusetts.—"King Alcohol!—He falls when his subjects attempt to support him, and they fall when he attempts to support them."

PETITIONS.—According to the 36th Report of the Select Committee on Public Petitions, there are now before the House of Commons, 867 temperance petitions signed by 191,925 persons.

PERIODICALS.—There are in England alone, two weekly and fifteen monthly publications, devoted specifically to the advocacy of true temperance.

EXCISE.—There is a decrease in the receipts of the excise department of the revenue, for the quarter ending July 5th 1845, over that of 1844, amounting to £149,908.

GIN—STARTLING IF TRUE!—The following statement is said to be grounded on official documents. "There is an increase in the consumption of gin, during the last twelve months, of 500,000 gals. The total quantity of proof-spirit distilled in the whole of the United Kingdom, amounts to nearly a gallon a head to each individual, comprehending men, women, and children."

The *Morning Herald* stated that not a single drunken person was seen in Dublin, amidst the excitement attendant on Mr. O'Connell's leave.

The St. John Total Abstinence Society (Newfoundland), numbers about 3000 members.

"POISONING."—It appears to be a singular contradiction, in the institutions of a Christian country, that the Sabbath, universally appropriated to the worship of God, should be set apart, in an especial manner, for the poisoning of the people! Can such a contradiction have its origin in Christian love or political degeneracy? Are not six days in the week enough for the degradation of the human family? Why is the seventh appropriated to the exclusive business of slaughter? Useful labour is on that day prohibited by law. No person is permitted to traffic, or even to instruct others in knowledge. The Schools and Colleges are all closed. Universal silence reigns everywhere but in the "Poisoning shop," where the clinking of glasses announces the immolation of victims, even in the vicinity of the church, where the hymn of praise ascends to the throne of heaven! To call this an *inconsistency*, is too mild a term—is it not a barbarism? Is it not worse than the havoc of Vandals and Goths, amidst the temples of the Pagan gods of Rome? On what plea can it be justified? Certainly not the public good. Still less can it be said to promote the interest of those concerned in it, as a general interest having as much regard to reputation as to profit. Mankind live for esteem, as for estate. How little does even estate profit, unaccompanied by public respect? How many men who have accumulated wealth at the sacrifice of character, would give when too late, their tens of thousands for reputation? It is a false notion that riches is the greatest good. The experience of mankind denounces the fallacy of the conception. To the human heart nothing is so sweet as fame, reputation, honour, public applause, or private esteem. Take these away from any well formed mind, and life becomes a burden, a weary load, a loathsome veeel, which the deluded possessor is but too often tempted to shuffle off in despair. Men may *talk* of wealth, as the greatest good, but they always *feel* that reputation is infinitely more precious, when for want of it they cast life away. Communities have character to lose, as well as individuals. Let us not become reckless of public approbation. Can we as a community, aspire to a good name, and yet authorise our "poison shops," to murder their deluded victims on the Sabbath day? Let the leaders of society, whose reputation is involved in the question—answer it!—*New York Organ.*

SHERIDAN IN THE GUTTER.—"Raise me—lift me up if you can," said a prostrate drunken man in the mud, one morning early, to Sheridan. The reply of the great orator was condescending and charitable—"I find I cannot lift you up my friend, but in the absence of that ability, I will lie down with you."
 [SHERIDAN]

Rum Sellers! Please read the following from the *Norwich Total Abstinence.*

Died, in Norwich, Conn., on the 19th Sep., of *delirium tremens*, Mr. Sylvanus Livermore, aged 45 years.

We feel called upon to give more than a passing notice to the melancholy death of Mr. L. His case is a peculiar one, and we feel at liberty in commenting upon it. Until his death he was, when free from the influences of intoxicating drinks, an industrious man, kind and obliging,—a faithful husband and an affectionate father; and previous to his becoming addicted to habits of intemperance, he sustained a good character and a fair reputation in society. But in an evil hour he had fallen, made shipwreck of his fortune, and more than shipwreck of his character, and has lived for many years past the miserable life of a drunkard. In March last, however, he determined to abandon his cups and pursue habits of temperance. This was a happy day for himself, and it kindled new hopes in the bosom of his family, and diffused joy and gladness in the domestic circle. And to this good resolution he strictly adhered until within ten or twelve days' previous to his death, when he obtained a quantity of rum; or other spirits, drank to intoxication, and continued in a state of drunkenness till his death. Mr. L. generally procured his liquor at the establishment of Mr. Francis W. Bushnell, our second city sheriff. Those acquainted with the nature of his disease, can faintly imagine the horrible condition in which he died; to those unacquainted with it, not the slightest conception could be formed from any description of ours. At times, even to his latest gasp, he would exclaim, in frightful accents, "*Put Bushnell out of the room! Put Bushnell out of the room!*" The poor man was tormented even to his dying moments by the fancied presence of him who had administered the fatal draught. A virtuous, amiable wife, and several children, are left to mourn the awful death of a husband and a father, and the hopes which they had indulged, that he would forsake the cup and pursue habits of sobriety, have been scattered to the winds, through the agency of Francis W. Bushnell.

POETRY.

"ASK ME NO MORE."

A Song of Temperance.

BY J. A. SHEA.

Ask me no more! I hate the bowl!

Glories have perished in its wave—
High aspirations of the soul,

Which God for nobler purpose gave—
Genius of heav'n-invited wing,
And humbler talent born to fame,
Have poison'd their immortal spring
By mingling it with liquid flame.

Ask me no more! would *Friendship* guide

My steps to yonder precipice,
Where boils the black, sulphureous tide
Down in the fathomless abyss?
Will Love, with ripe and sinless lip,
If I would at her shrine adore,
Tell me that I the draught must sip?
Love is no traitor! ask no more.

Ask me no more! I never sought
Thro' bowers to Bacchus consecrate,
Those pure ethereal fields of thought
Where high and classic honors wait.
'Tis not by drowning Reason's wing
It soars to such ambitious height;
Not thus I sought Castalia's spring—
I've ceased to be such Neophyte.

Remember how the masters plied,
At Sparta's feasts their slaves with wine,
That Sparta's youth should see how died
Within them all was decreed divine:
How he the Macedonian king,
Yea, king of the unbounded world,
Was by the wine cup, like a thing
Of crime, to death—impious!—driv'n!