

**A Real Case.**

*Let the Whiskey dealer read it.*

"Her face and arms were bleeding from the causeless and cruel wounds her husband had just inflicted, and the tears flowed in streams from her eyes, and she walked up to the counter and charged the retailer, "You made him drunk, and took from him the money I had earned to buy bread for my children."

"No, it was not my work," said the pious shop-keeper, "He was a drunkard before ever I kept a shop, and I never sell him enough to do him harm, but he gets the last drink somewhere else." And with that reply he satisfied his conscience, and went on to fill the little brown jug for the ragged boy who was waiting.

The distiller was standing near, and she turned herself to him—"You, sir, are the real author of my troubles; before you set up a distillery, there was no whiskey in this place, and my husband was a sober man."

"No, it was not my work," said the pious distiller; "there is whiskey in that barrel which came from Ohio. And if I did not make whiskey there would be just as much of it here as there is now. And it is all idle to think of preventing drunkenness by stopping my distillery, or any other distillery.—Your husband must let the whiskey alone, if he can't drink without making a fool of himself."

Thus he satisfied his conscience, and resumed his work of unloading whiskey.

"And so," said the poor woman, "nobody is accountable for all this wickedness. But is there not a day coming, when conduct and consequences shall be brought close together! a day when each man concerned in this business shall bear a part of the sin of making my husband a drunkard, and bringing me into this miserable state?"—*Pa. Temp. Recorder.*

**Happy influence of Temperance Societies on the social condition of the people.**

One of the most pleasing features of the present state of things is the interest which the higher and well-educated classes are taking in the social improvement of those less favoured by fortune or circumstances. In Edinburgh, lectures are delivered nightly by gentlemen to thousands of people, on subjects of physical and moral science. In one place, which contains an audience of two thousand persons, lectures, the admission to which is only a single penny, are delivered to the working classes on moral and economical science, or, in other words, on topics calculated to improve their mental faculties and condition in life.\* What the present state of society would have been, had such a system of lecturing, in conjunction with temperance societies, been established thirty years ago, in the place of the tendency to savagery which then prevailed, it is beyond our power to say. The example set by Edinburgh, we are glad to say,

is beginning to be followed elsewhere, and we have no doubt with equally beneficial effects.—From all we can learn, temperance associations are in many parts of England producing the happiest influence on the social condition of the people.—*Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.*

**Honesty.**

A late physician in Lancashire used to say, "some persons call for a glass of spirits because it is very cold, some because it is very hot; but (said the doctor) when I call for it in the presence of such persons, I give the proper reason, and that is, because I really like it."

**Effects of Temperance.**

A constitution well guarded by temperance, will leave the faculties in good tone, and animal spirits will furnish the best substitute for other spirits. The sight itself will probably not be so soon at least, the aid of the ingenious *pantoscopic spectacles* which I see named in placards about your town; the principles of temperance are the best preservers of the sight, and you may rely upon it, that the fewer glasses there are applied to the lips, the fewer glasses will be wanted at the eyes. The machine, the outward man, well guarded by good conduct, and that conduct pursued under the influence of the highest motives, will serve us well; and the temperate old man may say, in Shakespeare's descriptive words,

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;  
Nor did not, with unbashful forehead, woo  
The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly."

**Let me Alone —Mark i. 31.**

"Let me alone," said an undutiful son, in reply to the expostulations of his father; "let me alone; I will do as I please, and your talk is of no use." In a few days this tippler, gamester, and debauchee finished his race in the grave.

"Let me alone, I am my own guardian," said one in reply to his beseeching wife, who was kneeling at his feet, imploring him in plaintive strains not to go again to the tavern and the card table; "let me alone," he said, and leaving her in tears, he went to the place of Rendezvous, and in a few hours his work was finished—he was in eternity, a self-murderer! and his wife and little ones were beggars.

"Let me alone," said a poor creature, as he came reeling to the grog-shop to complete his debauch; "let me alone; I know what I am about; I drink no more than I need; I can govern myself; I despise a drunkard." He went on his way, and next morning he was found a stiffened corpse upon the frozen ground.

"Let me alone," said a man who was taking his morning dram, to his wife, who mildly expostulated with him, and tenderly hinted her fears that he was becoming too fond of morning drinks; "let me alone, I drink no more than I need; I can drink or let it alone." A few months after, the same

man staggered home from a militia muster, and for his abuse to his family received in prison a righteous punishment.

"Let me alone," said a manufacturer of ardent spirit, as a friend presented him the Tract called "An Alarm to Distillers and their Allies;" "let me alone; I am in a free country; my business is honest; I must support my family." In a few months his son was turned out of the church for intemperance; his eldest daughter married a miserable drunkard, his own distiller; and he himself became endorser for one of his best customers, who ran away; and in one year, ruin, beggary, and shame came upon the whole family.

"Let me alone," said the tavern keeper: "let me alone; I do not sell to drunkards; If I do not sell, some one else will; and I only sell to support my family." A year or two made it manifest that his bar had at least one good customer, and he ended his days a drunkard and in prison.

**Original Articles.**

**MISTAKEN KINDNESS OF PARENTS.**—A gentleman and his lady, living in the north-west part of Scotland, had an only son, whose name was Donald. Only children are generally petted and spoiled, and the education of young Donald did not form an exception to this remark. It was the delight of his parents, more especially of his mother, to gratify all his wishes—the latter, indeed, endeavoured to increase his wants, that she might the more frequently have the pleasure of supplying them, for as the natural wants of her boy were too few to satisfy her, she taught him to feel those that were artificial. The habits of the society in which she moved led her to ascribe very great importance to the use of whiskey; and, under the idea that it would be highly beneficial to her young Donald, and was as necessary to his health and strength as papa's, she became anxious that he should take it. She offered him a glass, but he refused it—it was too nauseous for his uninvited taste. Again and again she presented it, and importuned him to drink; telling her darling how "nice" it was, and how "good it was for him"—in short, she tried every method to coax him; but nature, true to herself, steadily refused the poisonous draught. At last, mixing it with sugar, she said "see, my dear, how nice and sweet I have made it, won't you take it now?" This stratagem was successful—Donald took it, and liked it—after some time he could take it even without sugar—in a word, he "drank his glass like a man" long before he was one.

When Donald had arrived at manhood