

my dear children's death, that morning scene at the tavern where they found him dead, the rags—Is not all a dream! Alas, no—no—no. This burning brain, this bursting heart, the falling limbs prove all to be reality. Ah, ah. I am the drunkard's widow. O, I shall go mad. Yes, mad. But be calm my heart. The struggle is nearly over. I am dying fast. I grow weaker every day, and in Heaven there's rest." (Here a flood of tears relieved the widow. She goes home to her garret to suffer a while and then to die.)

*Query.*—Whose is the most preferable lot, that of the Rumseller or his victim?—*Old Exchange.*

### What is to be Done? Abstinence or Cheap and Easy Expedients?

The conviction now grows that something must be done to remedy the evils of intemperance. They are pressing on us at every side, like the waters of an overflowing flood, threatening to sweep away the very pillars of society. Crime increases, pauperism multiplies its hosts, Industry feels a dead weight laid on her arm, Religion finds a drag impeding her steps—all through intemperance; and the long train of drunkards move onward and sink downward into a yet lower depth of moral and social wretchedness. It is plain this state of things cannot go on, without soon deeply affecting the social position of Britain among the nations of the earth. The question comes up before every patriot, and before every man who loves his brother, *What is to be done to cure this national evil?* Very different answers are returned to this plain but pressing inquiry. We have before remarked, in this journal, on the proposed cure of drunkenness by allowing the people home-brewed ale, as set forth in the *Edinburgh Witness*. We have intimated that we have no faith in obtaining relief, by bringing back the days when—

'Willie brewed a peck o'maut,  
Rab and Allan cam' to pree.'

But we have now another remedy hinted at, if not definitely set forth, by the *Scottish Press*. It occurs in an editorial article on Mr. Gough's lectures in Edinburgh, and is published in the paper of Sept. 3d.

The editor says:—"Addresses such as we heard on Friday evening, delivered in our principal towns, to audiences attracted chiefly by the lecturer's platform celebrity, would, we are persuaded, give a decided impetus to the cause of temperance, and form a taste as well as beget an appetite for those popular lectures, which, with cheap concerts, cheap reading and refreshment rooms, cheap galleries of art, and free museums provided for the people, would do more to draw them away from the dram-shops than all the temperance pledges in the world, if not followed up with the substitution of a healthful stimulus for one noxious and dangerous, and, in thousands of instances, ruinous."

This is a long prescription, and lacks that simplicity so needful in the case. It appears as if the prescriber himself doubted the virtue of any one of the single ingredients, and thought of adding another and another, as a make-weight or help to the compound. He need not tell us of the hopelessness of the temperance pledge, without the union with it of other things he mentions. He knows very well, or if he does not, we certify the fact to him, that the friends of abstinence have been foremost in providing cheap refreshment rooms, and other means, to draw away the people from dram-shops. The question then is not, Shall we have the temperance pledge without popular lectures and refreshment rooms? but it is, Shall we have popular lectures, etc., without the temperance pledge, as the remedy for drunkenness? This latter, so far as we understand him, is the position the editor of the *Scottish Press* here enunciates as the *panacea* for our national intemperance. Yes! let us have cheap concerts, cheap reading and refreshment rooms, cheap galleries of art, and then,—never fear, the publicans may

shut shop; their customers will abandon them, and drunkenness will die a natural death! Well, one thing is certain, among all the cheap things set forth, *this is a cheap cure* for prevailing drunkenness! Gentlemen may freely sip their wine after dinner, they may pass it round the table—with a glad to drink wine with you, Mam—they may give a tasting of it to the little children brought in before the ladies retire—they may order a new supply of old port from the *respectable dealer*,—not from the dram-shop, you know—they may do all this with an easy conscience, they are going to a popular lecture in the evening—to 'draw away the people from the dram-shops'!

They have subscribed to the thing just for the sake of encouraging the lower classes to attend; they have procured a ticket to the next cheap concert; they have two five-pound shares in that cheap refreshment room opposite the office; there is no doubt of the matter now, drunkenness is dying in the land, and the means of its death are astonishingly cheap! Why it costs almost nothing! You do not need to give up any enjoyment with your friends, you require to exercise no self-denial at your table, you need not be told that it would be out of the question for you, with your intelligence and well-known sobriety, to think of going the *extreme* length of the teetotalers—only let us have these cheap attractions, and drunkenness will disappear!

At once we say we have no faith in the prescription. It is too like a quack medicine that promises the patient health, and leaves him still to die of his malady. It may well cost little, for it is easy to see it is worth little. It is cheap—that is the very thing that excites our suspicion that the article is not genuine. Popular lectures, and cheap concerts, forsooth, are to be the remedy for our nation's intemperance! As well might you think of drying up the Forth by a sponge at Granton, while the sources of the river pour out their supplies by the sides of Benlomond, and the stream swells its current by the confluence of the Teith, and the Allan, above Stirling Bridge. Talk of curing drunkenness by cheap amusements, drawing away the people from the dram-shops! Why, the dram-shops, bad as they are—and we know not any word too strong to express our abhorrence of them—yet they are not the *first cause* of intemperance. They are an effect of an evil, which they in their turn greatly aggravate. But who shall expect to remedy a great evil by removing one of its effects, even though that could be done, which we are thoroughly convinced could rot, by the cheap expedients here proposed? No, no; if you would effectually cure drunkenness, you must go to its first great cause—the *drinking customs of society*. It is from these that all our drunkards come. It is out of the class of moderate drinkers at respectable dinner tables and first class evening parties, as well as from the young visitants of the dram-shops, that our bloated, miserable, ruined inebriates are made. Go, then, at once to the root of the evil, or have the good sense to say nothing. Dry up this stream of death at its fountain head, or do not perpetrate the delusion of scooping away with your tea cup at the mouth of the river, shouting, 'We are doing it; the deadly waters will soon disappear!' There has been enough, in all conscience, of talk about *cheap expedients*; let us once more declare our faith in *total abstinence* as the only effectual remedy for the intemperance of our land. Give us, by all means, the *springs*—the upper and the nether,—the *fountains* of drunkenness, in the drinking usages of the higher, as well as the lower classes, let us have them sealed, and then, but not, we believe, till then, will the destroying flood be dried up. —*Abstainer's Journal.*

THE CHILD'S PRAYER ON BOARD THE "ATLANTIC."—We just inquired of a little girl concerning the disaster, and asked her how she was saved. Her reply was simple: "God saved me. I prayed that he would, and he did."