

totalers do not reflect much credit on the cause through their inconsistency on other subjects. Cleanliness is both agreeable and commendable; but we know persons who are patterns in hydropatic ablutions, who are, nevertheless, given to many evil habits; and yet we are not disposed to give up the pleasures of a clean skin on any such ground as the example of such individuals furnishes. The duty of total abstinence is plain; the folly, not to say wickedness of drinking is evident to all who wish to see it; and if christian ministers are desirous that their work should prosper, that they may be free to reprove the great sin of our country, they must abandon the latter practice and adopt the former.—*British Temp. Adv.*

### The Ruined Family.

"The depopulating pestilence that walketh in noon-day, the carnage of cruel and devastating war, can scarcely exhibit their victims in a more terrible array than exterminating drunkenness. I have seen a promising family spring up from the parent trunk, and stretch abroad its populous limbs like a flowering tree covered with green and healthy foliage. I have seen the unnatural decay, beginning upon the yet tender leaf, and gnawing like a worm in an unopened bud, while they dropped off, one by one, and the ruined shaft stood alone, until the winds and rains of many a sorrow, laid that too in the dust. On one of those holidays, when the patriarch, rich in virtue and years, gathered about him the great and little ones of his flock, his sons and daughters, I too sat at the board. I pledged their health, and expatiated with delight upon the eventful future, while the good old man, warmed in the genial glow of youthful enthusiasm, wiped the tears from his eyes. He was happy. I met them again when the rolling year brought the festive seasons round. But all were not there. The kind old man sighed as his suffused eye dwelt upon the then unoccupied seat, but joy yet came to his relief, and he was happy. A parent's love knows no diminution—time, distance, poverty, shame, give but intensity and strength to that passion, before which all others dissolve and melt away. The board was again spread, but the guests came not. The man cried 'where are my children?' and echo answered 'where?' His heart broke, for they were not. Could not heaven have spared his gray hairs this affliction? The demon of drunkenness had been there. They had fallen victims to his spell. And one short month had sufficed to cast the veil of oblivion over the old man's sorrow and the young ones' shame. They are all dead."

"I too sat at the board. I pledged their health," says our talented author. Was it in water, or intoxicating liquor? If in the latter, the cause of the ruin of this "ruined family" can be easily traced. I knew an aged "patriarch" who pledged his sons at the festive board, and he had six; all of them became drunkards, and five now fill the drunkard's grave, and the aged patriarch has also passed away in sorrow for the fate of his sons, and most probably without a thought that it was his example and practice which brought ruin and desolation on his family. Parents that use or offer intoxicating liquors, have no right to expect that their children will escape the drunkard's doom. Persons who vote for the continued traffic in intoxicating poisons, can hardly expect to escape the effect of the traffic in some branch of their family. Can a man handle burning coals without

being burned? Those that vote for the sale of intoxicating liquors, will vote for the ruin of families. Those that wish to prevent the ruin of their families, and the families of their friends will aid in electing men who will pass such a law as will prevent, hereafter, that desolation in families which the past history of all circles has been obliged to chronicle.—*Washington Irving.*

### Alcohol in Bread.

"Well, Mr. Better-than-others," said young Charles Self-importance, with cigar in his mouth, and his ratan striking his new and tight pants; "you teetotalers had better be consistent."

"How so?" was the reply.

"Why you pretend to have a great abhorrence of Alcohol. You call it poison, and you will have a Maine lay to punish its sale; and yet you take some every day you live, and you could not live without it."

"Ah! how is that?"

"How! Why it is in your bread; and if you eat two pounds a day, you consume a good round gallon of it every year."

"Well, that is news; pray where did you get such information, Mr. Self-importance?"

"Get it! Why where I get a good deal of knowledge; from the study of Chemistry. Has not your bread undergone a process of fermentation?"

"Undoubtedly it has."

"Well, is not alcohol generated in fermentation?"

"Yes, indeed; and so it is evaporated in baking. As alcohol evaporates at a heat of 176 degrees, it all escapes before the dough is converted into well-baked bread at a heat of from 200 to 400 degrees. Have you any thing farther to offer, sir? If you have not, good morning."

### A Knock Down Argument.

A man has a right to do what he pleases with his own, eh? Then, Sir, I can take my gun and shoot you down: it is my gun! I can run my horse over that child in the street and dash his brains out: it is my horse! I can set fire to my house adjoining yours and burn it down, thereby endangering your property and perhaps destroy it. Why not? These are all mine, and according to your ideas of right, I may do what I please, with my own! Away with such stuff. You see how utterly foolish is such a doctrine. It is the doctrine of poor, wicked human nature; fostered and encouraged by the adversary of man and man's happiness.

No, Sir, a man cannot do what he pleases with his own, only so far as he pleases to do right, and without injury to his neighbor. That is it. Now I would respectfully ask the friends of the liquor traffic; is it no injury to your neighbor to set up a groggery near his premises? Is it no injury to him if he goes there and drinks your poisonous rum? Is it no injury to his children and servants? Have not whole families been eternally ruined by the hellish traffic? Has not a bright intellect been blasted under the potent attraction of the dramshop, and fallen at last a disgraceful object into a drunkard's grave? Did a man never go to a licensed hell-pit, and returning home, beastly drunk, force his wife and children out of doors to perish, or perhaps murder them outright? Did a son, after visiting such a place, never, with oaths and horrid blasphemies, curse the mother, to her face, that gave him birth? If these