

of scorn from human and super-human faces, and the still more deadly sneer of pretended friends. Say they: We knew he would be swept away;—we never had any confidence in him—he never meant to escape—let him go his own way. Thus even the friends (so called) of temperance, Pilate-like, wash their hands of guilt, when every year they give their votes and influence to keep the burning stream still flowing! Yes! The floodgates of hell are a part of the public works of the State of New-York, sustained and sanctioned by the people? To increase the tolls by a few dollars, and promote the fancied interest of a few gate-keepers, a Christian Legislature will sweep thousands of men to perdition! Far better would it be for the inebriate who desires to reform, unless our laws are changed) to seek refuge among Mahometans or Pagans from the legalized temptations with which Christian governments surround him.

Temptation is incident to human existence, under God's moral government. Put is not one devil enough? Yet we are practically assenting year after year, in suffering the liquor traffic to continue, to the proposition that the business of law is to see that the people are provided with thorough and irresistible temptations to evil! This, however, applies only to one kind of temptation. The same Legislative power which passes by the liquor seller with a nod of approval "for value received," in these times of cholera, empties our markets of vegetables and shows its bravery upon decrepid old apple women, through its Boards of Health and Sanitary Ordinances! Yet, all men admit that intemperance is far more destructive than cholera, and at the same time consent that its exciting causes (the grog shop) shall not only be not forbidden, but actually legalized! Indeed cholera itself has no promoter equal to intemperance, yet the liquor traffic was never more brisk than in the very midst of the pestilence! Poor vegetable provokers of cholera! Who shall declare on what principle the legal taboo is placed upon you, while the brandy-bottle and rum-jug, which not only promote cholera, but kill without it, are sanctioned and approved!

There is no shadow of a principle on which the license laws can be sustained;—while the best interests of the community, demand a legal prohibition of the traffic. The rising generation demand it. The moderate drinkers need, if they do not demand it. By the help of a prohibitory law they might reform. Many have tried earnestly to reform without it, but, temptation has been too strong for them. Thousands of this class stretch out their trembling hands, and plead with tears, that the people who hold the influence and wield the power of the State, would rescue them by removing the temptation, which is now everywhere legally placed before them. Thousands of this class would vote no license and live soberly—who without a prohibitory law must sink to an untimely and dishonored grave. We cannot expect the liquor traffic to continue without destroying thousands. As well might a republic of moths expect to keep lighted lamps in their midst, without being burned. Their only safety would be in removing the flame, as that of our race is, in banishing Alcoholic Drinks forever from amongst us.—*Temperance Protector.*

FATHER MATHEW'S ADVICE.

Keep away from the Public House.—You will derive no advantage from its company. There the drunkard holds his revels—there the gambler entices to the waste of property—there the blasphemer utters his horrid imprecations—there those who are ripe for destruction tempt others to imitate their crimes, and lead the unwary to their ruin.

Keep away from the Public House.—You will entail distress upon your families and yourselves by its expense. The money which is thoughtlessly spent upon its gratification is drawn away from the comforts of home. Do not say you spend but a little upon your pleasures—that little saved

would provide education for your children, confer comparative plenty upon your home and afford a fund against affliction and illness.

Keep away from the Public House.—Let any man accuse himself to the excesses of the public house, and want will be his home, rags will be his clothing, and destruction will be his end.

Keep away from the Public House.—Look around you and mark how many in the public house have stupefied their faculties, imbruted their reason, and have entailed upon themselves cruel diseases, which are hurrying them with fearful haste, and in a state of awful unpreparedness, to the bed of death and the bar of God.

Keep away from the Public House.—The man is not your friend, but your enemy, who entices you to spend your money, to waste your time, and to degrade yourselves by an association with the profligate and profane.

Keep away from the Public House.—Every person who has frequented the public house must be conscious that the knowledge acquired there is not the knowledge of good, but the knowledge of evil; not that of advantage and peace, but that of sorrow, sin, and shame.

Keep away from the Public House.—How many fathers, by habits contracted at the public house, have had to bewail the profligacy of their sons; how many children the degradation of their parents; how many wives the unkindness, the crimes, and the brutality, of their husbands; and how many families have been filled with mourning, lamentation, and woe.

Keep away from the Public House.—What is the public house, as a place of common resort, but the wicked man's pleasure, the drunkard's home, the profligate's delight? where many who were previously estimable and respectable, have been rendered curses to themselves and pests to their miserable families; until they have finally disappeared, and passed through the gloomy grave into endless perdition and despair.

As you value your honor and happiness in living—as you prize the peace and prosperity of your families—as you desire to avoid the wickedness which has disgraced, and crimes which have destroyed so many of your fellow creatures—as you wish for comfort on the bed of death, and hope for happiness in the world to come—*Keep away from the Public House. One Loaf of Bread in a Family is worth a dozen pints of Ale.—Massachusetts Catechist.*

RUM, AND A YOUNG GIRL AT SEA.

The Rainbow, from Southampton to Aden, arrived there about the 16th ult.—Captain Arnold, her late commander, died ten days before the ship reached that port, and the chief mate was so habituated to drunkenness, that he had been confined to his room several times during the passage. The Captain's daughter, about 16 years of age, was on board, and after her father's death, the second mate, who had assumed the command, made a daring and insidious attempt to entice the young lady and run away with the ship. She indignantly and successfully repelled all his base and dastardly attempts, and although suffering under a painful bereavement, at once rushed on the quarter-deck and made a public appeal to the ship's crew, as British seamen, and threw herself on their protection.—This well judged resolution, had the desired effect: the seamen, (except two of their number, who were led away by the second mate) declared, with that manly feeling which sailors so often display, that they would to a man protect her from all harm, and told the second mate and their misguided shipmates in very plain terms, that if he, the second mate, gave the slightest molestation to their late Captain's daughter, they would pitch him overboard, and any one else who dared to follow his example should share the same fate.