

bound hand foot, appetite knowing like "the worm that never dies," drags them to your bars, counters and shops, or to the shops of those you furnish, and you might to all intents and purposes, as well hold your victims and force them to drink. Their appetite *forces* them, and but for *your* liquor, they had never had the appetite.

"It is impossible but that offences will come, but woe unto him through whom they come." By *you*, come these offences. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken." Public sentiment may be disregarded, conventional law may be set at naught, but there is a sterner tribunal—a more inflexible law, less easy to answer *to*, and escape *from*. He that despoileth the homes of others, can hardly escape without having his own despoiled. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." Thine, oh! rum-seller, is a fearful work; fearful in its effects upon individual happiness and prosperity—fearful in its effects upon the public weal, and fearful in its effects upon the persons and families of those engaged in it

Public Dinners.

Public dinners, says H. Greeley, are public nuisances—flagrantly so. They are a relic of out-grown barbarism which esteems eating and drinking the chief ends of life, and would show affection as Joseph did to his brother Benjamin—by giving him three times as great a mess as was apportioned to his half-brothers. It is every way unworthy of our age to attempt to honor, reward or show admiration for a public benefactor by feasting him even when (as at Boston) intoxicating liquors are excluded. But an ordinary public dinner, "with a stick in it," is essentially a bestial performance.—Two or three hundred people are assembled to eat an inordinate meal at an unusual and unseasonable hour, paying for it a sum that many of them cannot really afford, and washing it down with incessant libations of villainously drugged cider and cockroach Madeira, which gets steadily worse as the company get more and more enthusiastically and obviously drunk;—then the speeches, beginning with the prosy and foggy, and ending, somewhere in the infancy of the small hours, with the tipsy and the nasty—then the leathery cloud of cigar smoke which, for the last hour or two, is battened down upon the whole concern, afflicting, torturing, demoralizing all well-bred, cleanly, uncorrupted senses—and uh! the sick headaches, the days of misery, and often the fatal illnesses that follow, as Death on the Pale Horse was followed—on the whole, we consider the public dinner the absurdest, stupidest bore of the nineteenth century.

Temperance Experience.

Fifteen years have passed away since I crossed the broad Atlantic from Liverpool to Halifax—our cook who was also the steward was a remarkable clean and perfect man in his station. I could not help comparing him with others I had sailed with, and placing a very high value upon his perfections, excellent qualities, and superiority over his brethren. It was unusual to leave wine or spirits on a table exposed to a steward, he would generally find a way to use them and sometimes too profusely, but with Tom the precaution was never made, and the remnants always remained untouched. One day on leaving the cabin to walk the deck after dinner, I said to him—I have left some wine for you on the table to drink my health. The answer received was so unexpected and appeared so extraordinary—I shall not forget it as long as I live.

Mr. S.—, I never drink wine, spirits, ale or porter, but I am very much obliged to you. But Tom, I replied, you have been in the habit of using them, and why leave them off? to which he added—He had never tasted any of them, and had experienced so much contentment and happiness without them, and had witnessed so much misery and destruction caused by their use, that he never would touch them. We arrived safe at Halifax—I then went to sea a few more years, but is now living on shore. I frequently meet him, and the last time I saw him only a few days since—he was the same Tom, with the same smiling, contented and happy, dark face, firm in his opinions, and not a year older than when we were together on board the good barque G—.

The fact of having met a man that had never tasted the intoxicating draught, filled my mind with wonder and amazement, and brought me into a serious course of reflection. I looked upon him then, and have done so ever since, as a being of a superior order, brought up in the most humble ranks of life, a son of Africa—exposed to all the temptations and seductions of the accursed howl to escape from its pollution. What a mind, what a courage must this poor man possess, and how elevated his position, how superior is he to his fellow man! When he made to me the startling enunciation, confirmed by his truthful countenance, which I believe cannot lie, I felt mean and contemptible standing before him, inferior in all the principles of moral greatness—I envied his position; but the accursed, cruel, and exterminating fashion of the day, had such a hold, such a gripe upon me, that I was forced to feel with keenness my degraded state, compared with this poor African, to acknowledge in silence my inferiority, and to live in a state of bondage, until the Creator in His wisdom and mercy assisted me to throw off the yoke, and to abandon forever the terrible infatuation.

Very few men of the present day really know what it is to lead a life of Temperance; they see and hear of total abstinences, but continuing in the habitual use of some one or more of the forbidden list, using them moderately, nay, in the most sparing manner, they imagine no impropriety, they feel not the ill effects, they see them not, but still they continue, leading on step to step by their terrible example, host upon host of their fellow beings, bright-souled, and high-minded, faultless except in one dark failing, until they are shrouded in the dust, to await the last trump of the resurrection.

The very sound of the word temperance chills my heart and fills my soul with horror.—To think that man formed after the image of his Maker, should disgrace, prostitute and debase himself, become a slave to a sensual and deadly appetite, and place himself below the beasts that perish. By nature, kind, obliging, instructive, entertaining, under the influence as the demon, become a fiend, his brain on fire—maddened by the fumes of the accursed liquor—in possession of the devil, bound with his slavish chains, and ready at command to murder, rob, steal, become guilty of the full catalogue of crime and enormity. Elevated to the highest rank and places of society, filling the highest offices; for the gratification of a deadly habit, should cast away every feeling of virtue, dignity and honor, and be hurled from his high position to mingle with the vilest of the vile! In his accursed thirst for the poisoning fluid should forget all the duties and example of a parent, forego all the happiness and comforts of a Christian and domestic life, create misery, discord and beggary in his family, abandon himself to ruin, and die an outcast, a disgusting remnant of his former self, to fill the drunkard's grave! Temperance does all this, all proceeds from the first glass, moderate drinking—it is one of the foulest blots that ever fell upon the heart of man, every feeling of nobility, of religious duty, the sacred ties of marriage, every law of nature, whether moral, mental, or physical, are violated and rent asunder. The poor victim bound with an endless chain, the slave to an evil passion, sold to the monster, may bid adieu to everything in this world that belongs to health and happiness, the deadly mark of the beast is imprinted on his forehead—he cannot hope for any reward in heaven where nothing impure can ever enter.