

Did you ever see the little sportive fly, caught in a spider's web upon the window, struggling and striving to extricate itself from the snare, and binding itself the tighter the more it struggles and strives; while the cruel foe fastens upon it with a deadly grasp, nor gives up the hapless victim till he has extracted its life blood? Thus the poor drunkard, stung to madness by the viper alcohol, resolves and wrestles, and renews his resolutions and wrestlings, till he finds his efforts useless—then sinks distracted and despairing; and eagerly embracing the fierce foe he can neither conquer nor escape, exclaims with the fallen angel,—

“Henceforth,
Evil, be thou my good.”

We were personally acquainted, some years since, with a poor, miserable human being, in a western county of N. Y. State, who after having discovered his fallen and degraded condition, resolved to abandon his cups. He did so for a little time, but soon fell. Again he made an ineffectual effort. It was before the Washingtonian “dispensation” had blessed the world, and almost every body was in doubt as to the possible reformation of the inebriate. Others, having no faith for them, no wonder they had none for themselves. Still the poor man of whom we speak tried yet again, and again fell. Partially recovering from a long and exhausting debauch, he saw that he must soon finish his career, the way he was then going; and, feeling that he had not sufficient strength to resist the demands of his perverted and insatiable appetite, he went down to the keeper of the public prison, and earnestly besought him to lock him up in one of its cells, to the end that it might be out of his power to obtain what he knew was ruining him—soul and body. “Save me,” said he, in the most piteous tones, “for I cannot save myself. Put me in prison—put me anywhere—only so that I am where I cannot lay my hand on the accursed thing.” The keeper of the prison had no right to take him in, and soon after he fell a victim to the delirium tremens, “unpitied and unwept.”

Another still more affecting case came under our observation only a few years since. The victim had been a clergyman of high standing in his denomination. He was connected with some of the best families in the country, and moved in a circle with which any man might be satisfied. Unfortunately, however, those with whom he chiefly associated had little or no sympathy with the cause of temperance. If not absolutely fanatical, it was, in their estimation, suited to the necessities of those only who had neither the intelligence nor the philosophy requisite in order to self-government. They stood in need of no such aid as this cause proffered. As long as they could take care of themselves, what need of being trammelled with vows and pledges which were suited only to the weak and vulgar. The result is anticipated. Port and champagne prepared the way for other and stronger drinks, and soon the high-minded and talented Rev. Mr. B. was classed with the fallen. With his personal and private efforts at reformation, if indeed he ever made any, we are unacquainted. The Washingtonian spirit fell upon his village, and a glorious temperance revival followed.

The number of the rescued was astonishing, and among those who essayed to break away from the toils of Bacchus was the hero of this sorrowful tale. At first, the effort promised the most perfect success. His joy at thinking he could be redeemed was, as he said, almost inexpressible. A large Washingtonian Society was formed, and, by a unanimous vote, he was made the president of it. The writer, on a Sabbath evening, in 1841, addressed that Society; and the ease and dignity with which Mr. B. presided were truly remarkable. His noble form, intellectual forehead, and manly bearing cannot soon be forgotten. When the lecturer spoke of the fallen condition of the inebriate, of his blighted hopes, and of his oft-repeated but ineffectual efforts at reformation, the President of the Society was seen convulsed with emotion and suffused with tears. Indeed, scarcely a single eye in a large and crowded house could avoid weeping at a sight so truly affecting. Every body seemed greatly pleased that a gentleman so capable of usefulness to the world was apparently reclaimed to habits of sobriety and virtue. He maintained his stand for a few months, and was taking incipient steps to resume his profession at the time our personal knowledge of him terminated. We frequently turned his remarkable case to good account in our temperance lectures, and supposed him to be doing well, when we read a ——— paper that Mr. B. had been found dead in a lot some distance from the road, where, from appearance, he must have lain some forty-eight hours. We have since learned that, after several ineffectual efforts to conquer his appetite, he gave himself up to it, and terminated his miserable career in the manner just described.

Pity the poor inebriate. Lift him up, and do all you can to make him stand. If he falls, lift him again; and never cease your kind offices till he is either in the grave, or restored to correct habits.

And then how careful should all be to let alone the accursed thing before it is meddled with. “Touch not—taste not.” If you once begin, no one can tell how you will end.

Progress of the Cause.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

LAUNCESTON.—The Quarterly Tea Meeting of the members of the Tasmanian Teetotal Society was held on the 3rd of August, and was more than usually well attended; as it was the first occasion on which Mrs. Dalgarno, who had recently arrived from England, addressed a public audience in Launceston. The proceedings of the evening were remarkably interesting and orderly. At the close, some rude attempts were made to disturb the audience, but these were quickly suppressed; and the members and friends of the Society were, upon the whole, highly gratified with the evening's proceedings.

Oct. 12.—The meeting this evening was fully attended. The Rev. C. Price presided. Several friends of the cause, including Mrs. Dalgarno, were on the platform. The chairman opened the proceedings by