

friends, they propose to send thither for their reformation, we have no doubt. A case came under our own observation only a few days ago, which we cannot soon forget. Calling professionally upon a poor woman of our acquaintance, whose husband is a habitual toper, and at short intervals resigns himself to beastly intoxication, we were struck and deeply affected by her pale, wan, woe-begone look, and inquired whether anything unusual was the matter.

"O no," said she, "nothing unusual, my poor husband is in his old way, and my heart is breaking."

"Why," said we, "has he not reformed? When we were last here, we had reason to suppose he had given up drinking and intended to be a sober man."

"Well," was her reply, "he did stop drinking, as he had stopped a hundred times before; and no doubt he would never drink again, if he could help it, but his appetite is too strong for him, and I have no hopes of him, nor has he any of himself, while liquor continues to be sold at every corner. O," said she, "if the Legislature had only passed the liquor law," (meaning if Gov. Seymour had signed the liquor bill) "he would have been saved!" And here the poor creature burst into tears, and was for a time inconsolable. At length she recovered her composure in a degree, and informed us that she and her husband were seriously mediating a removal to the State of Maine, as presenting the only prospect of his escape from the fangs of the cruel destroyer of human health and life and domestic peace.

Comment is unnecessary. The man who can be cognizant of a case like this, and can have reason to believe, (as what man has not?) that this State contains at this very

moment, many thousands just like it;—and not wish for, pray for, work for and vote for the enactment of a prohibitory law,—well, all we have to say is, (and we say it as quickly as possible, least under the influence of the half-sorrowful and half-indignant feelings excited by that poor woman's pale face and heart-breaking sobs, we say something worse,)—all we have to say is, we wish not his acquaintance: the farther we keep apart the better.—*The Prohibitionist.*

LIQUOR SELLER IN TROUBLE.

WE take the following chapter from the *Cleveland Herald*. How many there are, who, like this poor man, wish the Maine law would remove the temptation which they cannot withstand.

A young man in a state of intoxication, stepped into a confectionery establishment in Water St., a few evenings since, and called for a glass of beer. Noticing his condition, the proprietor refused to sell him any, remarking that he had already more than was proper for him.

"Oh," answered the young man, "I've been trying to keep sober all day, and can't."

"Well, I can't sell you any beer, and you needn't ask for it again."

"Only one glass; come, here's the money."

"Not so."

"I'm so thirsty—so dry."

"Well there's a glass of water: drink."

Stumbling up to the counter, the poor inebriate drank a couple of glasses of water, and then turning around said, "You are the only man who has refused me liquor to day—I wish to heaven they all had."

He put his hand into his pocket, and tremulously took out a small miniature—he opened it and gazed