

if they are known to proceed in defiance of the law and a virtuous public sentiment, they are promptly summoned to answer to the Commonwealth. No man *dares* to sell grog publicly in this County."

In regard to Hauden County the Commissioners refuse licenses except where the applicant is approved by the Selectmen of the town where the applicant resides. This is wrong, for in many cases where the community are decidedly opposed to the traffic—licenses have been granted because approved by three or four men.

INTOXICATING LIQUORS.—The following is the annual cost of these liquors in the countries named:—France, £32,777,777; Great Britain, £39,692,487; Sweden, £13,500,000; Prussia, £10,000,000; United States, £3,002,416. This calculation, however, shows only a partial result. It does not give the expense incurred in upholding prisons, police, asylums, work-houses, &c., which are rendered necessary by habits of drunkenness. Taking these into account, the annual cost of intoxication in Great Britain is carefully estimated at one hundred millions annually—a sum large enough to relieve the distresses of the poor and unemployed, and which actually doubles the Government revenue!—*Scotch Paper.*

On the forenoon of Sabbath the 19th current, the body of a female was observed, by some boys, lying in the sea, at a place called the West Sands, about a mile to the westward of Arbroath. When taken out, the body was found to be that of a woman named Falconer, the wife of a blacksmith in the town. At this time, life was scarcely extinct; but, although means of restoration were immediately applied, death speedily ensued. The poor woman had been of temperate and industrious habits, but had sustained a long course of ill treatment from her husband, who was a confirmed drunkard. On the Saturday preceding her death, he had been taken off the streets by the Police, and carried home in a state of brutal intoxication. And, in a fit of desperation, his wife left her home that afternoon, and had closed her earthly sufferings by plunging into the sea. As if to exemplify the extent to which drunkenness can harden the feelings, the unnatural husband refused to allow the dead body of his wife, and mother of his five children, to enter his house. It was deposited at the Police Office, until the burial.—*Dundee Warder.*

DRINK'S VOICES.—On Monday morning the inhabitants of the town of Ulverston were thrown into a state of great consternation and alarm by a report that an itinerant razor grinder, who is an inhabitant of that town, had murdered his wife in the most brutal and barbarous manner. On inquiry, the melancholy rumour was found out to be too true. On Friday night last, the husband returned home in a state of intoxication, and a quarrel ensued between him and his wife, which at length terminated with blows. The enraged man eventually seized a poker, and struck her a formidable blow with it on the head, which completely shattered her skull, and must, it is supposed, have produced instant death. Not satisfied with what he had done, the enraged murderer commenced kicking the head of his victim, with such violence as to force one of her jaws entirely out of its place; he next brutally kicked her on various parts of her body, which he dreadfully mutilated. He next stripped the dead body entirely naked, and threw it down stairs, after which he burnt the whole of her clothing. Having done this, he left the house, and went to his wife's sister, and coolly told her he was afraid his wife was dead. In the meantime, his two children (a boy and a girl) awoke, and the neighbours, who had heard the noise, were first alarmed by the screams of the boy, that his father had murdered his mother. The wretched man was secured, and a coroner's inquest was held on Monday upon the remains of the unfortunate woman, but we have not heard the result of the inquiry.—*Carlisle Journal.*

CRY OF THE VICTIMS.—An affecting proof of the oft-asserted tendency of intemperance to misery and crime, was recently afforded in a petition of the prisoners on Blackwell's Island, to the Legislature of this State, praying for the passage of the bill suppressing the traffic in ardent spirits. The petition was signed by nearly all the wretched inmates, most of whom owe their degradation and suffering to the cause they here deprecate; and among them were the signatures of Babe, the pirate, and James E. Eager, both now under sentence of death, who attribute their crime to the influence of intoxicating drinks. Setting aside the moral considerations connected with the traffic, as a matter of economy, what urgent reasons there are for the law in question. It is stated that 1050 persons were committed at the Upper Police Office in

New-York, during the months of February and March, for causes originating in intemperance. A like proportion exists in all other cases. Surely, the demand of the people to be protected against such a burden as this, and the prodigious pauper tax it occasions, is reasonable, and ought not to be resisted.—*Journal of the Am. Tem. Union.*

POETRY.

Scripture Illustration of Drunkenness. No. 1.

The Death of Elah.

I KINGS CHAP. XVI.

The steeds are harnessed to the car,
The spearmen in array;
Is it to worship or to war,
The King goes forth to-day?

The host is camped by Gilbothon,
At Bethel is the shrine;
But Elah is to Tirzah gone,
To drown his cares in wine.

A thousand torches throw their glare,
A thousand goblets gleam,
A thousand guests are waiting there,
To banquet with the King.

To-night with pomp of chivalry,
The feast doth Arza dight;
And Israel's monarch deigns to be
His vassal's guest, to-night.

Speeds on the feast, within, around;
The flaggons flow amain;
The symphs clash, the trumpets sound,
Wakes high the fætal strain.

The reeling nobles raise the shout,
"The King! the King all hail!"
The monarch pours libations out
To Ashtaroth, or Baal.

What reck's he that Hunani's son
Denounced Ahijah's line,
Oh tell it not in Askelon,
The King is drunk with wine.

No warder wakes on Tirzah's walls,
Her gates stand open wide;
The war steeds slumber in their stalls,
The shields are thrown aside.

Uncalled, a chief is passing on,
Unchallenged midst the crowd;
A dagger glances by the throne—
The King lies in his blood.

Oh, Arza, up, and guard thy lord,
Cry reason, lift the spear—
Oh, Princes, Nobles, draw the sword;
Ye stand in doubt and fear.

The wine-cup triumphs, Elah dies,
The drunkard's doom is won;
Baasha's heir unshrouded lies,
And Zimri mounts the throne.

Again the brazen trumpets sound,
Again the minstrels sing;
The knee is bent, the shout goes round,
God save our lord the King.

Maryville, Nichol.