

are spent abroad. True, he does keep her at home, as much as he can, to prevent her from disgracing herself and him abroad. It is also true that he allows no eye to behold her, lest it should see her drunk. He gives her no money, because he knows it would find a speedy passage down her throat, and her wardrobe is scanty and will be so; for why should he give her garments to be bartered for brandy? All this he cannot plead in his own defence. It is a subject that no man, worthy of the name, likes to dwell upon, and even if he should tell the truth, it would be with small chance to be believed. What wonder that he hates the sight of home; that he cannot give due attention to his business; or that he seeks comfort and company abroad and finds oblivion of his woes in the bottle?

He proposes to her in one of the lucid intervals which are now becoming less and less frequent, to leave the city and retire to some obscure place, out of the way of temptation. With much persuasion, for she still fondly clings to him, she consents and goes, and he sells his household goods and takes refuge in lodgings. In a week, or perhaps a fortnight, she returns and quarters herself upon him and the same scenes are renewed, with greater scandal than before. He leaves her again, and again; but wherever he goes she follows him like his evil genius. In utter despair, agonized, goaded to madness, he dies by his own hand, and the only consolation of his last moments, is the hope that he will not be pursued beyond the grave by a drunken wife.

Or, suppose, his principles or his want of nerve deter him from suicide, what is his fate? To live to see his wife endure a lingering death for months or years sick, fretful, unhappy and useless, a curse to herself and a by-word of reproach to her neighbours. To see her die by inches before his eyes, and descend into the grave that her own hand may be said to have dug unwept, unpitied and unregretted. To hear her very mother exclaim that she is glad her daughter is dead, and to feel the words echoed by his own heart.

We have not coloured the picture too highly: far from it. Were the details of the particular case in our eye laid bare, they would exceed belief, though true as holy writ. Could we have dishonoured the grave, or wounded the hearts of the unhappy living, we might, perhaps, have made the matter clearer; but it may not be and we eschew the task.

Such, or in some degree similar is the fate of every woman who addicts herself to intoxicating liquors. We have seen many drunken men reclaimed; but never one woman. Why it should be thus, we know not; but that so it is, we are as sure as that the sun shines and the earth moves round it. We cannot distrust the observation of years.

It is almost hopeless to keep an intemperate man from liquor, while the use of his limbs is left to him. Have it he will; poverty is no obstacle. He will find some way to earn the means of intoxication, or he will find some one who will invite him to carouse, or he will beg or steal it, or so nethin; that may be exchanged for it. He will get it, as it would appear, miraculously; by ways that you never can discover; but he will get it. In this matter, the cunning of woman far exceeds that of man.

We have supposed, in our sketch of the intemperate wife, that this is her only fault, and that in other things she is irreproachable; but is it often so? Alas, no. Drunkenness always involves deceit, ill temper, falsehood, and in forty-nine cases out of fifty, profanity, violence, evilness, dishonesty and the violation of the marriage bed. We have depicted her utter ruin as more speedily accomplished than man's, her fall more sudden and deeper. It is even so. Men, white men, become sots by degrees; but by some inco apprehensible idiosyncrasy in the organization of women and North American Indians, they become drunkards at once and for ever. The first step is the

only difficult one. The plunge once taken, the moral suicide seldom gains the *terra firma* of temperance again.

We will return now to the subject with whom we started in life and have followed to the verge of middle age. His race is nearly run. His wife has left him, because she can no longer endure his increasing brutality, or because, far from supporting her, he is no longer capable of supporting himself, and has taken refuge with her friends; or, perhaps, she has died of want or a broken heart. His children, too, are taken from him by death or otherwise. He has no place of abode. His former friends cover his nakedness with their cast apparel, or he goes ragged. He will work willingly if he can find employment, no matter of what kind, till he has earned a shilling or two, and then down goes the spade or he resigns the axe, as the case may be, and lies to a grog; only to enjoy and forget himself. His appetite is gone, for food he cares little; his only desire is to run, run. There is no meanness to which he is not capable of stooping to obtain it. He would drink in the crater of an exploding volcano; he would consent to stand in the pillory and endure to be pelted with eggs, so he were supported by grog. He would drink under the gallows with the rope round his neck, after the clergyman had taken leave and the cap had been drawn over his eyes. To get it he would creep through a common sewer, or rifle a corpse, or steal the communion plate from the altar. He is very wretched. The sense of shame is still lively in him, and there are few things he dreads more than meeting a man he knows and cannot help respecting. Such a person he crosses the street to shun. He is ashamed to look any one in the face, and he sneaks from one to another of the grogeries in the most villainous purlieus of the city in which he spends three-fourths of his time, through alleys and by-streets, that he may not encounter the eye or rebuke of any one who knew him in better days. Summer or winter, it is seldom that he can pay a shilling for a humble lodging, in a humble bed, in a humble place. He couches on the docks and in the market, when the weather is fair and in sheds, entries and unfinished buildings when it is foul.—How he has contrived to exist so long is a mystery to all; how he will live through the remainder of the present week he cannot guess himself. He would commit some crime, in order to be fed and lodged in prison at the public cost; but there, alas, there is no grog, and he would apply to the commissioners of the Alms House for relief but that he fears they would set him to work. Perhaps some small remains of pride restrains him from beggary, some faint sense of honor keeps his hand from theft.

His time is almost come. His stomach is constantly disordered, his head aches, and he totters in his gait.

Cramps invade his slumbers—*delirium tremens* is coming and at last it does come. Then every joint trembles, then sees he horrid spectres, gorgons, hydras and chimeras dire, that have no existence save in his own frenzied imagination, but which nevertheless appear to him as distinct and vivid as his own reflection in a glass. He hears reproaches showered on him behind, before, on both sides of the street, which his troubled conscience tell him are true. He seeks some retired nook wherein to hide and there tries to argue himself out of his terrors; but in vain; the fiends are with him still. Mad dogs run at him with the rope slaver pendant from their deadly jaws, the hangman approaches with a halter; soldiers make ready and present at him; men come at him with axes and drawn swords; the sheeted dead arise from their graves and mop, and mow and gibber at him in their chrouds. Night comes, at last. The dreadful night, that increase these multiplied horrors a thousand fold. Rightly is his condition called "the horror"—he has none greater. The wretch writhing in the pangs of impalement, the tortured Indian when the rising flame licks his limbs at the burning stake suffers not more than the worn out drunkard. Nature at last can endure no more;