

of a man, "don't *you* know me! Don't *you* know Tom Bond?"

Poor Tom Bond was a loathsome drunkard: sinking into degradation, infamy, and death. Intemperance had prostrated his intellect, and corrupted his heart. His relatives had abandoned him. His early friends shunned his presence, and he was left an outcast and a wanderer, in a land that his genius and his virtues might have adorned and blessed.

As long as his mother lived, he was not utterly forsaken. There was one star that would still glimmer over his sad destiny;—there was one heart that would still struggle to lead him back into the paths of temperance and virtue. But even the tremendous energy of a mother's love cannot endure all things; and death deprived Tom Bond of his first, and last, and best friend.

This is no sketch of fancy. It is truth; and it presents only a single instance of the desolating power of intoxicating liquors.—Oh! boys! oh! men! you who have true and manly hearts, do not by your voices, or by your votes, defend the use of such spirits as a social beverage. They prepare victims for the gallows—they fill the prisons of the country with criminals—they destroy the happiness of their families—they obstruct the progress of knowledge—they taint the purity of religion—they make man a tyrant, and they make him a slave—they move over the earth like a pestilence, leaving their blasting traces upon the brightest, the best, and the purest institutions of human wisdom, and corrupting and crushing in their course even the most glorious works of God.

Many a parent has mourned the loss of a son, many a sister has wept over the ruin of a brother—

many a wife, borne down by mental agony, and suffering from sickness and poverty, and hunger and cold, has drawn her shivering infant closer to her heart, and sobbed aloud in bitterness of spirit, over blasted hopes and crushed affections, while the demon of Drunkenness has stood by her side, to howl curses in her ears, and to mock her in her desolation.

"Lord! call thy palid angel!—

The tamer of the strong,  
And bid him smite with want and woe,  
The champions of the wrong."

#### A CAPITAL JOKE.

WE were made acquainted, says the *Baltimore Times*, with a laughable occurrence that happened to a young married friend of ours, on the evening of the Law Grey's ball. Although usually of temperate habits, it seems he had simultaneously become imbued with material and alcoholic spirits, and after having a glorious time with a lot of "jolly good fellows," (members of I.O.T.H.'s we suppose) he went home to his neglected spouse in an awfully oblivious state. His business generally detained him until a late hour, and it appears that his wife, before retiring, was in the habit of preparing a lunch for his enjoyment after the fatigues of the day were over.

On the night in question, besides the usual supper, she left a wash-bowl filled with caps in starch. The lamp had long been extinguished, when the staggering husband returned, and by mistake, when proceeding to satisfy his hunger, stuck his finger into the wrong dish. He worked away at his mouthful of caps very patiently for some time, but finally, being unable to masticate them, he sung out to his wife—"Old woman where did you get your cabbage—