

dually increased. Her house was neglected, her temper raised, and her husband finding his house thus uncomfortable, betook himself to places of dissipation, and near the time of her fatal exposure recorded above, sank into the grave; who could have recognised in him the noble looking Edward Camlen—his bright parts obscured—his mind degraded—his soul—

But to return to his wife. The physician announced that Mrs. Camlen was subject to a kind of hysteric fits, and the vile habit was known only to her own family, though suspected by many. Poverty, wretchedness, dependance had been their lot, and for years had the daughter sought to conceal from the eyes of others the shame of her she called mother.

That daughter has shone the star of brilliant assemblies, and is now the happy wife of one who can appreciate her. Yet will she never forget the wretchedness through which her youth passed, and will turn with horror alike from the friendly glass of wine, and the medically recommended tumbler of porter.—*American Paper.*

BRITISH PERIODICAL PRESS AND TEMPERANCE.

(From the *Teetotal Times and Essayist.*)

A few years ago the temperance press had to do battle for the principles of perfect sobriety single-handed and alone. Against the "mockers" and that which is "raging," the various periodicals, sacred and profane, entered no solemn protest. The enemy held undisputed sway, so far as they bore witness. Behold a glorious change! Many of the magazines now issuing from the press are doing good service to the cause of true temperance; though there is still room for a more decided espousal of our cause. The sun in the South has not yet risen in meridian splendour; its rays are genial, but not powerful.

Turning northward (paradoxical though it may seem) a sunnier day is felt. Edinburgh has long been famed for its literature, its magazines, and reviews. It is now sending forth two excellent representatives of our cheap periodical literature, *Chambers' Journal* and *Hogg's Weekly Instructor*. Both these popular and widely-circulated journals are doing much for the temperance movement. I refer more especially to the parts for the present month. The article in *Chambers'*, *Plain Truths for England*, is pungent, forcible, striking, and deserving of separate publication as a tract, to be circulated in thousands and tens of thousands, through the length and breadth of our land. Take an extract, and see the folly and madness of thousands of our clever artists and mechanics mirrored. Would that they did "behold themselves!" "The ordinary tale of the masters of great works, and it must be to some extent true, is that the men of large wages are usually the most dissipated, and bring up their families in the least creditable manner. The usual report of the gentlemen who conduct savings' banks is, that the poorer artisans and the agricultural laborers, whose wages, also, are on a low scale, are the chief depositors; the well-paid workmen of towns are seldom seen at those establishments. Gentlemen have set themselves to gather the statistics of dissipation, and we hear of Glasgow, with its three thousand taverns, consuming a million worth of liquor annually; Greenock its £120,000; nay, even a small country town of two thousand inhabitants, and no sort of manufactures to bring in wealth, will be found to devote £5000 annually to liquor, though it must be a mystery where all the money comes from. Then the estimate for the whole empire is well known to be sixty-five millions, or considerably more than the annual revenue. Why is there no Crabbe among the living poets, to give rhetorical force to these facts, to paint the English working men of these latter times of inordinate wealth, and consequently elevated wages, worse off as a class, than their own narrow-circumstanced

ancestors, to show them actually less miserable in many cases with small than with large returns, with short than with full time, because then possessed of less means of ruining their health, and corrupting that morality in which resides happiness; to paint the swelter and reek of low public-houses, where men fall back to something worse than the savage; to show women, and even children, drawn into the magic circle of debauchery, so as to leave nothing pure or healthy in the poor man's home? Oh kind heaven, to think of so many who might be better if they choose, thus left year after year to be their own destroyers!"

Turning to Hogg, there is an admirable article on juvenile depravity. We present an extract:—"Lying and begging, which are generally associated with drinking, are often the first steps in a career of crime, which is finally expiated on the gibbet, or in some penal colony. We may give a specimen (and it is only one out of hundreds that might easily be adduced) of the readiness with which young beggars will retail a tissue of the basest falsehoods, in order to impose upon those whom they assail for charity, which specimen came under our own notice. Passing along the streets of Edinburgh one evening, we were accosted by a youth, who solicited us for a few pence. It was just getting dark, and was a raw, cold, misty evening. The boy was ill-clad, and we could discern by the light of the street lamp a wanness in his eye, and a bloodlessness about his cheek, which seemed to betoken the first stage of a wasting consumption. We felt arrested by his appearance, more than we do in ordinary cases, and we stood still and put to him a few enquiries. He said he was very hungry and had tasted nothing that day; and truly there was nothing in his appearance to belie his statement. He said his parents were very ill at home, and that they were starving from want of food. He had also one or two (we forget which) little brothers or sisters, who were in the same sad and painful condition. The way in which the whole case was stated was such that we felt more than half inclined to believe it, and could not help putting a trifle into his hands. He had no sooner left us than the thought struck us that the story after all might be a fiction, and we were instantly seized with the curiosity to follow him for a few paces, and see whether he went, or how he disposed of himself. We accordingly kept our eye upon him; but what was our mortification to see him walk into the very first spirit establishment that came in his way!"

Such are the sentiments which now find place in the two brilliant "northern lights," and may they shine with still increasing brightness on the path of temperance.

DOINGS OF ALCOHOL AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Dissipation and Suicide.—On Tuesday evening Mr. Bedford held an inquest at the Salutation, Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden, on the body of Charles Mills, aged thirty-five, assistant to Mr. Baker, linen draper, in the above-named street. The deceased, it appeared, had lately been exceedingly irregular in his habits, often staying out all night, and keeping the worst of company. He was frequently intoxicated, and at such times was in very low spirits. At last he neglected business so much that he received notice of dismissal. On Monday night last, while sitting at the Blue Anchor, he asked the servant to buy a rope to hang himself. Early the next morning he went to his employers, and at the time he should have been taking down the shutters he hung himself against a pillar in the shop. Verdict, "temporary insanity."—*Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper*, Nov. 5, 1848.

Awful Effects of Drunkenness.—B. Harrison, a coal-biggler, of Bedworth, was at Coventry with his horse and cart, and after his day's labor, he proceeded, according to custom, to get drunk. On returning home, and when about