

cent looking houses for lodgings, the sight of the evident misery of my little ones and myself was quite enough to shut every door against me. All eyed me with suspicion and distrust, and one woman I remember, asked me if my husband was a sober man, the question quite unnerved me, and I burst into tears, which was looked upon as such an evidence of guilt of some desperate kind, that the woman instantly ordered me out of her house. After this, I tried no more to get away from the neighborhood in which I was plunged, but in the dark recesses of a miserable back attic in a dreary court strove to hide myself and my sorrows and to forget (but that was impossible) my lovely native home in Westmoreland. The dreariness of our dwelling and the peevishness of our poor prisoned children supplied my husband with an excuse, which he was not slow to use, for neglecting us more than ever. He never came home but for a few hours' feverish sleep, and then departed, leaving me to gloom more deep, and privations more bitter than any prison could exhibit. One winter evening, however, about six months after we had taken possession of this lodging, my husband came home earlier than usual, he had been drinking and was very cross, though not quite intoxicated. To my surprise he began talking very angrily about the publican at whose house he dealt, and his vehement rage quite terrified me; the children both frightened began to cry, and my husband stormed the more, vowing there never were such cross grained brats born as mine: and then saying that if he was to stay at home he must have something to drink. I was obliged to go and get some ale for him at a neighboring tavern. I caught up my baby to take it with me and my boy clung round me screaming to go likewise, and exhibiting such dread of his father that I was fain to comply, when my husband declared I was spoiling the child, and that he should not go. I was not gone more than five minutes, and on my return found the whole house in uproar, my little boy had fallen down the steep staircase and was picked up almost without any sign of life. It, however, revived, but still dreadfully injured, and as soon as I could listen to the many voices that spoke in explanation, I learned that my husband had sent the child out of the room for his crying, and the poor little creature, anxious as I suppose to escape from a father he could not love, had fallen down stairs in his efforts to come after me. From that day the poor child's health fled never to return: in a short time his back began to grow out, and a high surgical authority told me there was no hope, and he would be a cripple for life! I soon found out the cause of my husband's anger against the publican. It seemed that Cameron's wages, though they were nearly all spent at the public house, were inadequate to supply his miserable appetite, and he owed a considerable sum which the landlord insisted on having. All on a sudden, it seemed the publican affected to pity Cameron's wife, and when he at length arrested my husband and sent him to Whitecross street prison, though the real motive was to intimidate by severity, in one case, payment from others who had the means to pay, he pretended a virtuous intention, and said he should never have proceeded to extremities, "Cameron was such a bad husband." I had long strove to keep the extremity of want from my poor children, by doing needlework for a shop, and it was fortunate I had so exerted myself, or we should now have perished. If in the common lodging houses of London, I had an opportunity of seeing the effects of strong drink in the frightful picture of domestic misery there presented, oh, what scenes did I behold in the debtors' prison! It is not exaggeration to say that seven out of every ten countenances in that miserable place, bore the marks of intemperance stamped on them. And then the pale, anxious worn faces of the wives who flitted to and fro! The little sallow complexioned children, prematurely old, who went in and out, to minister to the necessities of some wretched creature, who had nothing of the father or the husband but the name.

What revolted me most of all, was the reckless profligacy of the place; I was prepared to expect misery, and to behold distress. But ribald laughter, heartless jesting, wild riot, and unprincipled extravagance, I did not expect; and yet here they were rampant. Now and then a care-worn, thoughtful, honest face might be seen, but in general it was the very effrontery of unblushing vice, that filled and revelled in the place. I had no means to pay law expenses; indeed, all I could do was to keep my children from starving, and by dint of great exertion, and working night and day, to supply also my husband's actual necessities. The sum my husband owed was large, and day followed day bringing no prospect of his release. At first I indulged a hope that this great change in his condition, would have the effect of rousing him from the thraldom of his besetting sin. But vain were all such hopes: a host of dissolute companions congregated around him there; and kept aloof all repentance either in thought or deed. Returning one day from the prison, I encountered in the Strand an old neighbor of my mother's, whom I had known from childhood. In the first moment of joyful surprise I involuntarily made myself known to him, and enquired eagerly for all at home. The look of mingled astonishment and commiseration with which I was recognized, instantly recalled me to the recollection of my altered and worn appearance, and I grieved that I had stopped this old acquaintance of my childhood. After a few unsatisfactory and vague answer, given by me to the questions which were kindly but painfully put, I took leave, without telling my place of abode, and went away trying vainly to restrain the flood of tears, which the sight of an old familiar face had caused to gush forth.

"On my next visit to the prison, my husband, under the influence of intoxication," received me most unkindly, and reproached me with exposing his misfortunes. I learned in explanation, that a person answering the description of the country neighbor I met, had visited the prison and discovered him, and learning the nature of the debt owing had reproached him. All my tears and protestations would not convince my husband that I had not complained to this person—he repulsed me from him with rage, and I feeling indignant at his conduct left the place in anger. In a short time after, I received a letter from home signed by all the family, entreating me to come home, and telling me that through the kind investigation of the friend I met, they knew my husband's situation, the habits that led to it, and my misery. I could scarcely go through the letter—the kindness was overpowering to my bruised heart. But to leave my husband in poverty and a prisoner—I could not do it. You shake your head, dear Miss Harriett—ah! you are not a wife, if you were you could understand the feeling that prompted me to exclaim—"he has no one but me in the wide world, and if I desert him, who will bear with him!" I gained sufficient composure to write an affectionate reply, firmly declining their kind offer; and once more alone in my troubles with my sickly babes, struggled on. Not one word of kindness, however, did I receive from my husband, from the time that he thought I had sent the stranger to him in the prison; and it was a bitter effort of forbearance to endure his causeless suspicions and causeless anger. If I did not go to him he wrote the most affecting complaints, and when I did, impatient, fretful, suspicious, self-condemned, and often inebriate, I beheld the most humiliating wreck of what once was man that could meet my eyes. I must not omit to tell you, that it was not in the mere strength of human nature that I watched, and toiled, and ministered to this unhappy being; the utter absence of all earthly sympathy had wrought upon my spirit, and 'out

* A proof of the fallacy of the Old Society's plan of "Abstinence from Aident Spirits," might be well furnished in White Cross Street—the whole of the open intemperance of that place being in malt liquor.