

meritorious action. The house was clean, warm, and comfortable; and after getting breakfast, she had him put to bed. On feeling himself so snug and happy, he fell fast asleep, in which state he continued most part of the day. When he awoke near the evening, he saw Betty stepping through the house without her shoes, for fear of disturbing him. Having observed her for some time, he again thought to himself, Oh, what goodness have I abused.

From this time forward, Samuel conducted himself quite in a different manner. He had been shamed into a reform of his behaviour, and his honour was involved in his declaration of repentance. No longer proceeding to the public-house on the evenings, he spent his leisure hours rationally and agreeably, either at his own cheerful fireside, or in the society of one or other of his neighbours. To begin this course of life was, however, no easy task. There was a craving for drink which had to be vanquished, and this was accomplished mainly by his wife ingeniously substituting the use of simple beverages for intoxicating liquors.

But what had become of Samuel's companion, Robert Sharp, while this process of reformation was effecting? He felt it a hard blow to lose the acquaintanceship of his own friend, but Samuel's resolution was invincible, and he had to give him up. To make the case worse, poor Robert had no resource in his deprivation. He had no comfortable home to relish, or to wean him from his unhappy practice of nightly tipping. If he set his face within his own door, he was very glad to escape as soon as possible, for his wife made the house far too hot to hold him. He was always the mildest and best natured of the two companions; and if he had met with such a spouse as Samuel Young did, he might have proved a most excellent husband after all, but his wife drove him to distraction. He had now no social friend to meet him in the evenings, but was glad to take up with any chance companion that fell in his way. He often tried to entice his old friend Samuel to take a glass with him, but all in vain; he would not yield. "Oh, I applaud you for your resolution," Robert would say; "you have a comfortable home to go to, and a wife who is more an angel than a woman;" and then he would sigh bitterly, exclaiming, "Oh, if I had only got such another!"

Things could not go on this way for ever. One day when Robert went home to dinner, his termagant wife, conceiving that she had not lectured him sufficiently in the morning on the subject of his previous night's debauch, began afresh upon him, and gave him a thorough scolding in her best style. Instead, also, of setting any food before him, she placed on the table an empty plate flanked with a knife, fork, and spoon, and told him with bitter scorn, that there was his dinner—there was what he had wrought for. By way of climax, she snatched up the tongs and threw them at his head. This was too much for Bob. The accumulation of horrors was more than he could patiently endure. Roused to frenzy, he rushed from the dwelling, and fled he hardly knew whither. Night came on, and he was seen wandering in a disconsolate mood along the banks of the Nith, about a mile above the town. The day passed over, but he never came home: night closed in, but there was no word of him: his wife sent to the different public-houses where she knew that he frequented, but no person had seen him. Next day, some neighbours went in search of him, and at last found his body in the river. He was taken home and buried. The widow was long very badly off in respect of her worldly circumstances. Betty Wilson often assisted her underhanded, or in a secret manner, but Samuel Young never could endure to see her. He would often say, "She drove to desperation, and I am afraid to self-destruction, my ever to be lamented friend Bob Sharp."

[Saunders concludes with some shrewd remarks on the evils of drunkenness and of a bad temper, but these do not require to be quoted. The moral is obvious. The story, such as it is, is a perfect picture of what is daily taking place in innumerable instances in the humble classes of society. Of late years, all parts of the United Kingdom have been signalized by suicides and murders, produced from quarrels betwixt husbands and wives, in consequence of one of the parties being addicted to drunkenness. In Scotland, in particular, for a considerable period, at least one murder, and consequently one execution, occurred on an average per annum, from no other cause than this. The person executed was either a wife for murdering her husband, or a husband for murdering his wife. As far as we can at present recollect, five succes-

sive executions took place in Edinburgh, within as many years, purely from quarrels arising from intemperance. The number of cases coming under the cognizance of the police court, in which murder has been all but accomplished, from the same cause, it would be impossible to particularize. Except from the efforts of some philanthropic individuals, who have formed societies to induce habits of temperance—and who have too frequently been ridiculed for their pains—nothing, we regret to add, has been done to assuage the evil.]—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

SONS OF THE RETAILER.

From the Maine Temperance Gazette.

Mr. Blagden had the reputation of being an honest upright man. Portly in his person, decorous in his manners, sober in his habits, and always to be seen, on a Sabbath, at the village church, often has he been known to interest himself for the poor and needy; ministering to their wants and supplying them from his own resources, and no one ever spoke of him, but as a desirable neighbour.

Mr. Blagden had two sons, for whom wealth purchased privileges which their father had never enjoyed. By this means they were enabled to come into life with cultivated minds and polished manners. John, the eldest son, was a perfect model of all that is elegant and graceful; like their father they were merchants, and like him they sold the fatal poison, that at last "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

The early habits of the parent were frugal; bred up as he had been in the abodes of obscure poverty, his constitution became firm and his health uniform; thus he was enabled to endure comparatively unharmed, the customs then so prevalent, of daily potations from the bottle. Not so with the sons; their imitation had been quite too early to escape the doom which so often overtakes the SONS OF RETAILERS.

The young Blagdens entered upon active life caressed and admired, especially the eldest son, who had every advantage of person and manners to recommend him to favour. In early life he married—but why should I draw away the evil? He was the son of a RETAILER! and he separated from her whom he had voluntarily, sworn to love and protect, and ended his days at the south, a poor dissipated debauchee.

George had not his brother's elegance, but he had his love of the bottle and his habits of intemperance; yet so much concealed that when he offered his hand to a young lady of a cultivated mind, and refined manners, she hesitated not to unite her destiny with his. But bitter was the grief that followed her bridal—such I believe, as always is felt when there is intemperance in the father of a family—mortified feeling, unkindness, poverty and suffering.

This is no fiction. Francis Blagden was one of my early friends.

The last time I saw her husband, he was led into the room by his wife, for the irregularities of his life had caused total blindness: but in the calm and often useful hours of adversity, George Blagden thought on his ways. Oh, Frances, said the subdued man, to his stricken wife, I have sinned. Oh, tell me of your God; and the tear of repentance mingled with the bitter remorse of the smitten man. Frances gathered her babes about her, and wiping the unbidden tear from her eyes, offered up devout thanksgiving, such as no temporal good could have drawn from her scathed heart, and once more she felt that they might be happy. True they were poor, and George, though he gladly would have done it, no longer could supply the necessities of herself and little ones. Intemperance had blighted all the prospects of the retailer's son. George Blagden died in the midst of his days, leaving his family plunged in the deepest poverty. But thanks, everlasting thanks be to God, that a ray of light did burst out from the darkness that gathered over the grave of this young man—there was a hope, that God forgave his sins; though their consequences are felt up to this hour, by his widow and her fatherless children. L.

FACTS.

The following facts may serve as a mirror, and ought to be placed before every rum-seller, that he may see his own image as distinctly as it is seen by others.

1. A Mrs. C—, of Franklin County, is one of those unfortunate