

**HOW TO PUNISH A TITTLING HUSBAND.**—Towards the latter end of last winter, the young wife of a farmer hit upon a whimsical expedient in order to induce her husband to spend a little less of his time at the public house, and more at home. Expostulation had been in vain resorted to, when one night, upon his return, as usual, at the approach of midnight—the lady passionately declared, that if such conduct was repeated, she would throw her infant into the canal, close by, and herself after it. A few days only elapsed before the neglectful husband again transgressed, and morning had arrived, ere he knocked at his own door. The silence of midnight was not broken by a syllable from his spouse, as she sullenly opened the door. Without uttering a word, she set down the candle, walked deliberately to the cradle, snatched up its sleeping burden, and rushed towards the canal, followed by her terrified husband. He was just in time to seize her; but the poor little thing was already in the middle of the water, and he could witness its struggles. In an instant he threw himself in; and, grasping the night gown which had prevented its wearer from sinking, brought safely to the bank—the cat!—dressed in Polly's bed clothes, exceedingly wet, and now mewling piteously. His spouse in the mean time had regained her own door; which was not opened till he had plenty of time to enjoy all the comforts of his situation. Before, however he was quite an icicle, admission was vouchsafed; and the story of his self inflicted dunking having got wind, the jokes of his convivial acquaintance prevented his again partaking their revels.

**WOMAN BURNED FROM INTOXICATION.**—On Monday night about nine o'clock, a man named Ralston, who works in one of the sugar refineries in this town, on returning to his dwelling in Watson's Lane, found his house completely dark, and, at the same time, was sensible of a very disagreeable smell. He instantly went to a neighbour and procured a light, by the aid of which he discovered his wife lying before the fire-place quite dead, and shockingly burned about the head and upper parts of the body. It appears that he was in the habit of taking with him, when he went out in the morning, a supply of provisions to last him for the day, and such was the case on Monday last, so that he was not home from the morning till the hour above mentioned. The deceased, who was much addicted to intoxication, entered a neighbour's house the worse of liquor, about six that evening, for a light to kindle a fire. It is supposed, from the position in which she was found, that she had set fire to her clothes while thus employed, and having been incapable of either extinguishing the flames, or calling for assistance, was burned to death, without any of the neighbours being aware of what was going on.—*Greenock Advertiser.*

**A FAIR TEST.**—To prove the tendency of moderate drinking, 130 names were taken from a school register, about five miles from London, instituted in 1812, for the purpose of tracing the influence of moderation upon their habits at the present time. The result was—*ninety-one were known to be open drunkards, the rest moderators, except nine who were acting on the abstinence principle.*

**POISON—TWO DOGS KILLED.**—At a temperance meeting in North Meols, a quart of ale was distilled; the spirit was given to a dog, which caused its death. Another was brought, and after the spirit was given to it, the owner took it home, and it died in 36 hours. Several drunkards have signed in consequence, and the district is getting on well.

**QUERY.**—If 25 millions of people spend 55 millions of pounds in one year, upon intoxicating liquor, how much is that per week for one thousand persons?—*Answer*—

By this, any town or district may have a guide in calculating the amount spent according to the population.

Six counties in North Wales number one hundred thousand members of the temperance cause.

**DRINKING**—Drunkenness is a social festive vice. The drinker collects his circle; the circle naturally spreads; of those who are drawn within it many become the corruptors and centres of sets and circles of their own; every one countenancing, and, perhaps, emulating the rest, till a whole neighbourhood is infected from the contagion of a single example.

An officer being intoxicated, an old soldier observed that he was afraid there was something wrong at *head quarters.*

## Poetry.

### SONG.

TUNE—*The Wandering Boy.*

BY H. H. DAVIS.

Oh! my clothes are all ragged, and tatter'd and torn,  
I wander about quite unfriended—*forlorn*;  
On my shelterless head the bleak winter winds blow,  
And my poor naked feet are benumb'd in the snow!  
No bright blazing fire, with its comforts I see,  
Surrounded with faces all shining with glee!  
Ah! no!—the cold street, now deserted and wild,  
Is the only home left for the poor drunkard's child.

My mother, she died in the workhouse hard by,  
And I, her poor orphan, received her last sigh,  
For her heart, it was broken with anguish and pain—  
And I weep, for I never shall see her again!  
My father spent all that he earned at the inn,  
And drink cut him off in the midst of his sin;  
His last words were curses—his death-bed was wild—  
Oh! friends of humanity, pity his child!

I see happy children all smiling and gay,  
And I sigh, for I once was as happy as they,  
Their light merry laughter falls sad on mine ear—  
For ah! they all shun me whene'er I draw near!  
The smiles leave their faces—they treat me with scorn,  
And it makes me regret that I e'er was born;  
No voice of compassion, so soothing and mild,  
E'er cheers the lone heart of the poor drunkard's child!

Oh!—still must I wander this wild world alone,  
Unfed and unshelter'd—*disown'd and unknown!*  
'Mongst the millions of earth not a friend can I claim  
To wipe off my tears, or to call me by name!  
On my cold bed of straw I will lie down and die,  
And my prison-freed soul shall ascend up on high:  
Where Jesus, with accents of mercy so mild,  
Shall comfort for ever, the poor drunkard's child!

### STAR OF TEMPERANCE.

TUNE—*The Canadian Boat Song.*

BY H. H. DAVIS.

Oh! glorious Star—thou light divine!  
Burst through the gloom and brightly shine;  
Let the sweet influence of thy rays  
Kindle our hearts to hymn thy praise!  
Sing, brothers, sing! for through the gloom  
That star shall guide us to our home.

Bright Star of Temperance! still thy beam  
Shall tinge with its glory our life's dark stream;  
And, as it sparkles o'er the tide,  
In safety and peace our barks shall glide!  
Sing, brothers, sing, &c.

Oh! glorious Star! still be thy sky  
Cloudless and bright as beauty's eye;  
And, like the Star at Jesus' birth,  
Shower "good will to men, and peace on earth."  
Sing, brothers, sing, &c.

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