

## SOLILOQUY OF A DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

The following beautiful lines form no idle picture of the fancy. How many a female, bred up in ease, in affluence and refinement, and afterwards made happy in the husband of her choice, has been doomed at length to realize the sad reverse which is here described!

Time was when much he loved me,  
When we walked out at the close of day 'tinhale  
The vernal breeze. Well do I remember  
How then, with careful hand, he drew my mantle  
Round me—fearful lest the evening dews  
Should mar my fragile health. Yes, then his eye  
Looked kindly on me. When my heart was sad,  
How tenderly he wiped my tears away,  
While from his lips the words of gentle soothing  
In softest accents fell!

How blest my evenings, too, when wintry blasts  
Were howling round our peaceful dwelling!  
O, it was sweet, the daily task performed,  
By the swept hearth and cheerful fire to sit  
With him I loved, to view, with glistening eye,  
And all a parent's fondness, the budding graces  
Of our little ones.

Then ye had a father,  
My lovely babes, now more than helpless orphans;  
Your mother more than widow's grief has known;  
Yes, sharper pangs than those who mourn the dead  
Seized on my breaking heart, when first I knew  
My lover—husband—O, my earthly all,  
Was dead to virtue,—when I saw the man  
My soul too fondly loved transformed to brute,—  
O, it was then I tasted gall and wormwood!  
Then the world looked dreary! fearful clouds  
Quick gathered round me; dark forebodings came;  
The grave before was terror—now it smiled.  
I longed to lay me down in peaceful rest,  
There to forget my sorrows. But I lived,  
And O, my God, what years of woe have followed!  
I feel my heart is broken. He who vowed  
To cherish me—before God's altar vowed—  
Has done the deed.

Peace, peace, my heart!  
'Tis almost o'er. A few more stormy blasts,  
And then this shattered, sickly frame will fall,  
And sweetly slumber—where the weary rest—  
The wicked cease from troubling! *Boston Pilot.*

## "IN ALL LABOR THERE IS PROFIT."

This is true, even in efforts to reclaim the intemperate. I lately became acquainted with the following facts. A physician settled in one of the young and growing cities of New England, gradually began to slide, and finally fell. Great to him, and to his cultivated and highly respectable wife, was the fall. She appeared for years not even to notice delinquencies. But the truth was soon proclaimed, and it fell like the heavy thunderbolt.—Dr. H. is a drunkard! He forsook his wife, fled from home and his native State, sought employment, and kept a school in a distant city. Still he drank; and soon of course was compelled to give up an employment in which moral character was required. Disgraced at home, and abandoned by strangers, he returned to New York, and entered a stable and became an hostler. A friend of his youth heard of him, resolved to make an effort for his salvation, visited him, laid hold of him with the strong cords of Christian sympathy and affection, drew him by these from the depth of his hopeless degradation to a point where hope once more gleamed in upon his soul. As the wrecked mariner, clinging to his frail plank, sees with unutterable joy the distant white speck that announces a coming vessel, so Dr. H. felt the friendly voice that re-awakened hope in his dark mind.

Yet the struggle for life was a mighty one. His friend insisted that his only course was, to return to the place where he had lost

his character, and there regain it. Said he, "I could willingly go even to hell, and suffer ten years, if that would regain me my former position in society." Just conceive, if it is possible for imagination to paint, the mental agony which that man endured. Yet he went. His wife welcomed him with open arms and a joyous heart. The almost blanched cheek began again to bloom with life. It was to her, life from the dead. His former friends gathered around the returned prodigal, and in nine years that drunken hostler is the honored mayor of a city containing more than twenty thousand inhabitants!

The object of this hasty sketch is to show that the reformation of the intemperate is not hopeless. I am satisfied all has not been done in this respect that might be. Will each humane reader go and take some fallen brother by the hand, and TRY? Persevere. You have his conscience and his interest on your side. Fill your mouth with arguments, your heart with entreaties, and at every lucid interval pour them in a strong and warm current upon his mind, and you may prevail. He that thus grasps one, sinking to destruction, will "save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins."—*Maine Temp. Gaz.*

## Miscellaneous.

This day, before Thomas Ainslie Young, Esq. J. P., William Brown and William Shanahan, both tavern-keepers of this city, were severally convicted of the offence of selling liquor in their taverns on last Sunday, and were respectively condemned in a penalty of five pounds currency.—*Quebec paper.*

A Court Martial was held on board the *Dowagal* (flag ship,) at Lisbon, on the 23d ult., to try Lieut. Fisher, of the *Tribune*, on charges of intoxication, and leaving the deck in his watch. The charges were proved, and the sentence of the Court was that he be reprimanded, dismissed her Majesty's ship *Tribune*, and placed at the bottom of the list.

LATEST FROM INDIA.—Beeloché, who had been taken for selling spirits to the soldiers in the camp, made a rush, sword in hand, at the Commander-in-chief's tent; the sentinel fired and shot him dead.

"Thirsting," is the name of a tavern keeper at Chicago.

The Mayor of the city of New York received the visits of his fellow-citizens at the City Hall on New-Year's-day, and drank their health in cold water. He provided nothing which could intoxicate for their entertainment. The Mayor of Brooklyn did the same.—*New York Paper.*

The *Temperance Recorder*, published at Albany, N. Y., will complete its eighth volume this month. It is the oldest temperance paper in the world. About eight millions of copies have been printed and circulated.

TO YOUNG MEN.—Frame, who murdered Nethammer at a grocery in Illinois, was recently executed there. The evening previous to his execution, he was asked if he had any request to leave behind him. "Yes," said he promptly, "tell every young man not to drink liquor;—tell them to fly from it;—it is the root of all evil;—it has brought me to this dungeon, and caused these heavy irons to be bound on my feet and hands."—*Illinois Paper.*

A drunkard and his wife fleeing from justice in Rhode Island, on the Sabbath, overturned the vehicle in which they rode, and crushed their child to death. They placed the body in the carriage, and drove on as if nothing had happened.—*Temp. Society Report.*

No glasses affect the eye more unfavourably than glasses of brandy. So the opticians say.

LONDON, Dec. 2.—On Friday, William Lees, hair dresser, was sentenced to be hanged for the murder of his wife, by cutting and hacking her with a razor. The culprit was drunk, but the Judge said that was more an aggravation than excuse for his crime.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

There is a Savings' Bank, a Loan Fund, and a Mortality Society attached to the Temperance Society of Galway.

The Dublin policemen prosecute all publicans who neglect even one day renewing their licenses.