

woman literally *dead drunk*. By the bed-side stood a confidential servant, who occasionally dropped into the half opened mouth a little milk. Sickness oppressed me. I rushed from the chamber and mechanically followed my friend, up stairs. There lay the daughter of the poor object we had just left in the strongest hysterics. We stood a few moments by her side, when suddenly recognizing her aunt Willington, she buried her face in Mrs. W.'s bosom, and relieved her breast by a flood of tears. "For years have I carried about with me this load of sorrow," sobbed the poor girl, "and would have done so patiently, would my mother but have spared herself and me this open disgrace."

I learned afterwards the particulars of which I was then ignorant, and found that Mrs. Camlen having been sent away by her friends at Jonesburgh (where she had been visiting,) on account of her sad habits, had reached Mrs. W.'s the preceding afternoon, and that morning had risen and gone out none knew whither. She was found by a relative *asleep* in a low shop by the wharf-side, and by him was carried to her friends.

From her own lips I learned the sad story of Caroline's downfall. Her husband was not a Christian, but was seriously disposed, and soon after their marriage carried home to her a family Bible. She laughed at it, jested him, and threw it carelessly upon the table.

A year of her married life passed away, and she was the mother of a daughter. The physician and nurse recommended a glass of porter daily, to increase the supply of nourishment for her babe. Mrs. Camlen assured me that at that time the habit of intemperance was formed. The quantity gradually 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 recognized in him the noble looking Edward Camlen—his bright parts obscured—his mind degraded—his soul—

But to return to the wife. The physician announced that Mrs. Camlen was subject to a kind of hysterical 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.

**THE DRUNKARD SILENCED; OR, WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE TO LOSE YOUR REASON?**—A minister one day, in visiting his flock, met in a cottage several persons known as tipplers, and who had met on a convivial occasion. As they wished him to be seated, one of the party requested him to drink. Another said, "Is there any harm in drinking?" A third remarked, "A little drop does one good." But as the minister refused to taste, one desired to know his reason for refusing—"was it pride that would not allow him to taste with poor folks?" &c. At last the good man told them there was poison in the cup. "Poison?" cried one—"Poison?" reiterated another. "No there is no poison; it is good *wholesale ale*, and here is good *wholesale gin*." "Yes," said the minister, "I shall soon prove to you there is poison in the cup, if you will, for a few minutes, listen to some facts I can relate to you." They were all eager to hear what he had to say, and seemed anxious to know how he would show them there was poison in their drink. The minister began by saying that there was no temporal blessing men in general valued more than reason; and the most humiliating sights seen in this vale of tears, were persons wanting reason. He appealed to them if this was not the case, and they nodded assent. "Well then, two men entered a house in a small country town, in their right senses; they could buy, sell, work, talk, walk, or ride. Having been seated, one of them inquired of the landlady if she had any liquid that would put reason out, and make *people mad*, and cause them to lose their senses. "O, yes!" said the woman, "I have something that would do that business very soon." "How long," said the other, "should one be mad if he drank the liquor you would give him?" After a pause—"Why? why? about 6, 8, or say 10 hours."

"And what will you take for as much of your strong liquid as will put us both for 6 or 8 hours out of our senses?" "O!" said the woman, smiling, (for people smile at what is common) "if you give me two shillings each, I'll give you enough; some lose their reason by less; some would only take 1s., others 1s. 6d.; but as you seem such very *rational*, strong men, it might take 2s." "Well, well let us have it," cried they. Upon this, a frage round bottle was brought from under lock and key, and glass after glass was poured out and drank by these infuriated creatures; who I forgot to tell you, had both large families in want of bread and clothing! Having drunk nine or ten wine glasses of this maddening liquid, they began to *talk nonsense*; their eyes became inflamed; then they quarrelled, took the name of God in vain, got up, staggered, and appeared to all in the house as much out of their reason. The two shillings were dragged out of their pockets—the hard earnings of two days' toil. They no sooner got to the street than they showed to all the inhabitants that they had lost their reason indeed. "Now, my friends, do you not think there was poison in the cup? The same effects would be produced by your 'wholesale ale,' or your 'good gin.' We should always 'call things by their right names,' and when I called such things 'poison,' did I not speak the truth?" The men looked at each other—conscience agreed. They asked the minister no more to partake of their glass, and after a suitable exhortation to abstain from all *poisonous liquors*, he departed, leaving the wretches to say—"It's all true the parson said." Reader do you ever partake of this poison?—*British Temperance Advocate*.

**ADVERTISEMENTS AS THEY OUGHT TO BE.**—We are constantly shocked at seeing, in the columns of English religious papers, advertisements of "choice wines" and "best cognac." If the conductors of those papers would but allow such advertisements to be translated into the language of fact, they would stand as follows:—"Messrs. A, B, & C, have just received from the continent a choice assortment of *wines and spirits*, and propose to their friends and patrons, to effort by the sale of these choice articles (either by direct family agency, or through the medium of the publicans) the following remarkable changes in the circumstances of any man and his family, at the *average* of six months; viz.—To a person otherwise of a healthy frame and good name, for 3d. per day, headache, vertigo, nausea, failing appetite, nervous irritation, accompanied with short temper, and, in six months, a strong craving for a double allowance. For 6d. per day additional, an indisposition for business, an occasional absence from home till late at night, besides some distressing anxieties for the lonely wife. For 8d. in addition to the first average, an indifference to the Sabbath and the sanctuary, an inclination to laugh at saints and mix with sinners; to discredit the fundamental articles of faith, accompanied with vulgar oaths and jests, and a growing neglect of home and his joys; with a mortgaged estate. For 1s. per diem, a broken constitution, a ruined reputation, a houseless and famishing family. Finally, for 3l. per day additional, they will make a man a fool, fit him for almost anything vicious, to the pawning of his own or his wife's clothing; he will starve his children, abuse his wife, and soon be willing to clean our stables for his grog, besides many other things too numerous to mention! N. B.—To dispel every doubt as to promises, A, B, & C, pledge themselves to the *certainty* of these effects, having seen the efficacy of their traffic in numberless cases."—*Ibid*.

**DRAM-SELLING.**—An excellent illustration of the practical effects of this debasing custom, we witnessed yesterday in the person of an unfortunate man who reeled by our office. The individual to whom we refer has been a sober and industrious man for about ten months, and had beside money, clothing good enough to have lasted a year. He came to this city from the place where he had been employed about a fortnight ago, well, vigorous and happy—to-day, stripped of his money, clothing and reason, he reeled through our streets, almost in a state of nudity. Who in his senses would willingly or for any reward, endure what that wretched person must suffer when he awakes to a full knowledge of his wretchedness? To find his hard earnings gone, squandered worse than lost, his very garments stripped from his back—humiliated, sick and friendless, what we ask must be his reflections? Had accident deprived him of his all, still he might have walked erect, conscious of his own integrity—had he begged himself to free the suff'ring of the broken hearted and the unprotected, how sweet