



Effects of Drunkenness.

Our artist has told the simple tale. Look at this little print. That man appears just as we then saw him! His poor wife afterwards died of misery; when he came home one inclement night, he found her dead. In the morning he went to the rector, and the good man procured him an order for a coffin, and a few dollars to aid him in earthing up the mother of his children; but forgetting all natural emotions, in a burning and unquenchable thirst, he stepped into a groggery, and there remained for two or three days. The neighbors

being offended at the effluvia proceeding from the dead body, took the matter in hand, and so the poor woman was carried to the grave, while her husband—a first-rate mechanic, and at one time doing a large business in Quebec—was at the tavern embruting himself with the drunkard's drink; yet, when sober, this man was kind, affectionate, gentle, and patient; and in his better days, he was the very soul of honor and conscientiousness! What wailing can be tender and sorrowful enough for so much human ruin!

SPICY.—"Who gave you that coat?" said a young sprig of a parson to a shepherd, who, habited in a nice warm frieze garment, was reclining on a bank by the road side, reading. "The same that gave you yours, parson." "And who was that, pray?" "The parish." "Go," said the parson to his servitor, who followed behind, "and ask that fellow if he would hire as a fool." "Why," said the shepherd, when the message was delivered, "are you going to leave your master?"

"No." "Then, tell him his living cannot maintain three of us."

MELANCHOLY.—The head of a hog's-head of brandy was accidentally stove in a few days ago, somewhere about St. Paul Street; and to witness the anxiety manifested by the spectators, lest the stinking stuff should be lost, one would almost have believed that the *salvation* of some human being was at stake, instead of that of (as is universally admitted) the most powerful agent in the *damnation* of mankind.