

CHILD.

And yet, when he was young, they say,
He was as good as any body;
But every cold and rainy day:
His father gave the darling toddy.

Father, if he had never tasted,
Would he have been a drunkard now?
His credit gone, his money wasted,
His wife and children sunk in woe?

FATHER.

But ah, my child, he drank too deep,
He should have stopp'd at moderation;
If we in proper limits keep,
There is no danger in creation.

CHILD.

And father, I may drink too deep,
If I should taste your sweeten'd grog;
And oh, how would my father weep,
To hear them call me "drunken hog."

And father, don't the Bible say,
No drunkard shall with Jesus dwell?
That God will send them far away,
To sigh and weep in deepest hell?

I love you father, that you know;
Oh do not spoil your darling son;
But should I drink and sink to woe,
I'll say my father urged me on.

FATHER.

Enough, my son, I've no desire
To urge you on to woe and pain;
I'll throw my toddy in the fire,
And never taste myself again.

My child has rescu'd me from shame,
And fill'd his father's heart with joy;
Sure I had gain'd a drunkard's grave,
But for this precious darling boy.

Another drop I will not covet;
(James, break that filthy demi-john!)
For when a man begins to love it,
He is already half undone.

Miscellaneous.

A MARK OF DISGRACE.—We perceive by the *Rhode Island Temperance Herald*, that the respectable opponents of the License Law in that city have been driven to the necessity of acknowledging the truth, that to *drink strong drinks at a tavern, subjects a man to disgrace*. At the late trial of Mr. Whitecomb, keeper of the Franklin Hotel at Providence, Colouel Thomas Rivers was put upon the stand as a witness and sworn. A number of questions were asked him,—among which were the following: "Have you purchased and paid for wine or other strong liquors at the defendant's bar within the time specified in the writ?" The witness positively declined answering the question, on the ground that according to the rules of evidence, a man was not bound to criminate or disgrace himself. As it seemed to be a question with the Court, says the *Temperance Herald*, whether it was any disgrace for a man to drink temperately at the bar-room of a tavern,—the witness declared *under oath*, that he considered, in the present state of public opinion, it materially lessened a man in the estimation of the community, if it were known that he was in the habit of drinking strong drinks at the tavern bar,—and added further that he would as soon think of going out to the centre of the bridge and publicly proclaiming, that he had got the *itch*, and then expect respectable people to come and shake hands with him, as to think of preserving the respect of the community, if it were known that he

was a *bar-room tippler!* After the question had been argued on both sides, at some length, the Court decided that the gentleman was not obliged to answer the question, because, if facts should compel him to answer it in the affirmative, *it would most assuredly disgrace him in the community.*

SUFFOCATION FROM DRINKING BRANDY.—On Saturday afternoon three men were observed by an officer of the London dock, on the Brandy Quay, with a tube which they were seen to introduce into the bung-hole of a cask of brandy, and each take a hearty draught of the liquor. Two of them were captured and taken to the watchhouse. One of the prisoners was very drunk, and being unfit to go before the magistrate, was laid upon a bench with his head in an elevated position. In this situation he was left, while his companion, Peter M'Carthy, was taken to the Thames police office, where he was sentenced to pay a fine of ten shillings. On returning to the man in the watch-house, the officer was horror-struck at finding him lifeless. It is believed he had drank nearly a quart of the real Cogniac. M'Carthy said that he had never seen the unfortunate deceased before last Saturday, when he proposed to him to "suck the monkey" (draw brandy from the casks), and that the deceased took a very hearty swig of Cogniac before he was taken into custody. The deceased was a fine young man, about 19 years of age. More persons have lately died of apoplexy, brought on by adulterated intoxicating liquors, than was formerly known to occur.

CONSUMPTION OF SPIRITS.—In a speech delivered by Mr Sheriff Alison, at a recent meeting held in Glasgow, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of establishing a house of refuge for destitute juvenile females, on principles similar to those of the house of refuge at present in existence for the reception of boys; among other remarks equally striking, we meet with the following:—"While he was feelingly alive to the great and laudable exertions made by the Established Church and dissenting bodies in this city to secure to the people moral and religious instruction, they did not appear to have any material effect in arresting the progress of social depravity. It was a remarkable fact, that crime had outstripped the increase of population, or, in other words, that the increase of population had not been commensurate with the increase of crime. Another, that crime had made progress in the same ratio as the consumption of ardent spirits. To every individual in Great Britain the consumption was $2\frac{3}{4}$ gallons—in Scotland six—and in Glasgow eight gallons annually. Another alarming fact was the gradual decline of the chances of human life during the last 18 years—18 years ago it stood at the ratio of 1 in 41, now it is 1 in 23. All that had hitherto been done was inadequate to stop the evil—even the eloquence of a Chalmers, a Patterson, or a Buchanan, had been inefficient to avert the progress of crime, misery, and degradation—the offenders went on from one crime to another, till their career terminated in transportation."—*Scottish Temperance Journal.*

BITTER FRUITS OF INTEMPERANCE!—*Suicide.*—Coroner Sleight was yesterday called to hold an inquest on the body of Lydia Simpson, at Rondout. It appeared from the testimony that on the evening preceding her death, her husband came home in a state of intoxication and commenced beating her. She made her escape from him and took refuge in the cellar, where she remained for the night, and on the following morning took a tea spoon full of arsenic—which caused her death. The verdict of the Jury was, that the deceased came to her death by poison, voluntarily taken, to which she was induced by the cruel treatment of her husband.—*Albany Journal, May.*

Died, at Chesterfield, of a disorder by which he had long been afflicted, David Hartley, in his 54th year. He was many years trumpet-major in the Royal Artillery, and much addicted to drinking. He joined the Temperance Society in April, 1836, and by that step was encouraged and confirmed in a resolution to give up the use of strong drink. By this means he was also brought, through the Divine blessing, to the knowledge of true religion. He was so conscious of the influence of the truth on his heart and life, that of late he had frequently, with feelings of unfeigned gratitude, declared himself "a changed and happy man;" and to this his sorrowing family and his friends can bear ample testimony.—*Derbyshire Cour.*