

**FATAL ACCIDENT FROM DRUNKENNESS.**—On Monday night, the body of a man, whose name was afterwards ascertained to be James Hood, flesher, residing at No. 75 High Street, was brought to the Police Office. The unfortunate individual, it appears, had fallen down a stair at No. 9, St. Andrew's Lane, and was killed on the spot, in consequence of the worse of liquor.—*Id*

**DECREASE OF TEMPERANCE IN IRELAND.**—The list of applications entered on Friday at the City Session Court, for spirit licenses within the borough, exceeded in number what has been experienced since the extension of temperance. The court expressed its surprise that the evil of drinking should re-appear at the present period, when the means of the population were scarcely adequate to procure them a sufficiency of food. One of the counsel stated, from his own observation, that in rural districts, where the practice was formerly almost unknown, the class of middling farmers, persons not usually addicted to it, had taken to the habit of intoxication to an excessive degree, neglecting utterly their former occupations.—*Cork Examiner*

**SUICIDE IN THE FLEET STREET STATION HOUSE.**—Between four and five o'clock on Wednesday morning a female was brought to the above-named station-house in a state of intoxication, and was locked up in a cell appropriated for such cases. Upon the officer going into the place a short time before seven o'clock he found her all right, but upon his return at eight he discovered that she had terminated her existence by hanging herself. An inquest was held at the Red Lion, Poppin's Court, Fleet Street, when it was ascertained that her name was Maria Pike, and that she resided at No. 10, Charles Street, Drury Lane. The inquest was adjourned till Monday.

**MONDAY RESULTS OF SUNDAY DRINKING.**—At the Liverpool police court, on Monday, upwards of 60 'drunk and disorderly' cases were disposed of:—*Jarrol's Newspaper*, Sept. 12, 1846.

**CURE FOR RESTLESSNESS.**—An imprudent mother in Ayrshire lately gave her child, three years old, half a glass of whiskey, as a cure for restlessness. The dose was effectual, for the child fell asleep, and never again woke.

**INCREASE OF DRUNKENNESS IN PRESTON.**—The following return of the fines received for drunkenness, shows the great increase of intemperance here:—

Year ending Oct. 1, 1844.....	£38	5	0
Do. do. 1845.....	55	10	0
Do. do. 1846.....	113	2	0

—*Preston Guardian*, Oct. 3.

**CHILD POISONED.**—An inquest was held on Wednesday, Oct. 7, 1846, at *Catchem's Corner*, before Mr. Phillips, on the body of Phillip Jones, aged 8 years. His father, Wm. Jones, a miner, it appeared, had on Sunday afternoon, at that public house, given it two wine-glasses of gin and peppermint. He was of course tipsy, went home and became sick, afterwards slept, and on waking went into fits, which continued till he died, notwithstanding medical aid, by 2 o'clock on Monday morning. Verdict accordingly.—*Staffordshire Advertiser*.

**A MISERABLE END.**—Mrs. Harriet Pounder, aged 53, was on Sunday found dead in her own house, lying on three chairs. Her husband, a pilot, was sitting near the body, with his head resting on a table, asleep. They had both been seen, during the afternoon, drunk, and it is supposed that she had died from suffocation. About eight o'clock their son entered the house, and found his parents in the state described. An inquest was held on Monday;—verdict, 'Died by the visitation of God.'—*Gateshead Observer*.—Blasphemy!

**SUICIDE AT LIVERPOOL.**—A baker named Charlton, the proprietor of a very extensive business on the London-road, has strangled himself in a paroxysm of drunkenness. He had scarcely been sober for the last five months, and on Thursday night went to bed quite intoxicated. His wife awoke about five o'clock in the morning, and found a handkerchief tight round his neck, with the other end fastened to the bed post, and the unfortunate wretch quite dead. An inquest was held, and the jury returned a verdict of 'Temporary insanity, caused by excessive drinking.'—*Liverpool paper*, Sept. 26.

There is scarcely a week, but deaths from exposure to cold from the effects of intemperance are recorded in the Montreal and other colonial papers. It behooves Christians, therefore, to exert their influence, both by example and precept, to do something to stop the baneful evil of drunkenness.

## Poetry.

### THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

Who has filled the Drunkard's Grave?

Not alone the vile and base,  
But the noble, wise and brave  
Crowd that gloomy dwelling place.

He, who in the Senate hall,  
Held a people in his thrall:  
Fascinating old and young  
By the music of his tongue;—  
Gone! for ever gone his might!

Power unrivalled could not save:  
Eloquence! how has thy light  
Set within the Drunkard's Grave!

Who has filled the Drunkard's Grave?

He, the gifted child of song,—  
He whose spirit's music gave  
To the hush'd enraptured throng,  
Feelings that no other art  
E'er can awaken in the heart:  
Throwing rich and glowing dyes  
O'er life's dark realities—  
He, the lov'd, the worshipp'd one,  
Died, the fell destroyer's slave—  
He, a nation's honour'd son,  
Sleeps within the Drunkard's Grave.

Who have filled the Drunkard's Grave?

Heroes of a hundred fights,—  
Monarchs of the land and wave,  
Mitred priests and belted knights;  
Men of high and lowly lot,  
From the palace and the cot—  
Scholars, wandering from their books;  
Parents turning from the brooks  
To the fountains of the still,  
In their flowing fire to lave,—  
All have madly rush'd to fill  
The lost and fallen DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

### LOOK NOT THOU UPON WINE WHEN IT IS RED.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

O soft sleep the hills in their sunny repose,  
In the lands of the South where the vine gaily grows;  
And blithsome the hearts of the vintagers be.  
In the grape purpled vales of the isles of the sea.

And fair is the wine when its splendor is poured  
From silver and gold round the festival board.  
When the magic of music awakes in its power,  
And wit gilds the fast fading sands of the hour.

Yet lift not the wine-cup, tho' pleasure may swim  
'Mid the bubbles that flash round its roseate brim,  
For dark in the depths of the fountains below,  
Are the sirens that work by the vortex of wo!

They have lov'd the gay spirit of childhood astray,  
While it drained not of wile on its radiant way,  
And the soft cheek of beauty they've pale'd in its bloom,  
And quenched her bright eyes in the damps of the tomb.

They have torn the live wreath from the brow of the brave,  
And changed his proud heart to the heart of the slave;  
And e'en the fair fame of the good and the just,  
With the gray hairs of age they have trampled in dust.

Then lift not the wine cup, tho' pleasure may swim  
Like an angel of light round its roseate brim,  
For dark in the depths of the fountain below,  
Are the syrens that lurk by the vortex of wo!