

And then he said that there was not one particle of nourishment in all the gin that could be drunk, and that it gave no more strength to a man than a whip or a spur did to a horse.

Then thinks I to myself, the gin-shop shall have no more of my money.

He went on to say, "Keep away from the public-house; you will entail distress upon your families and yourselves by its expense. Keep away from the public-house," says he again. "Refreshment, it is true, is necessary for the traveller, food for the hungry, and rest for the weary; but you require no refreshment, no food, no rest, which you cannot get much better at home, than in the house of public entertainment, and in the company of sots. Thinks I to myself, that's true, the company of my Madge and the children is better than all the sots in all the public houses in our town, and I will keep from the public house.

Then the man went on, "My friends," said he "resemble this night never more to taste spirituous liquors, except for medicinal purposes. And that you may be steady to your purpose, put your hand to the Temperance declaration, and become a member of the "Temperance Society."—"We agree to abstain from distilled spirits, except for medicinal purposes, and to discountenance the causes and practice of intemperance."

Thinks I to myself, so I will, and away I went and signed my name, and I hope to be true to my colours. I know this, that ever since I signed, Madge and the children have been all better off, and had many more real comforts, and we have begun a little store in the Savings' Bank, against a rainy day.

EDUCATIONAL DINNER.

An Irish soldier at Waterloo, after shooting at a Frenchman repeatedly without any satisfactory result, became dissatisfied with so unprofitable an expenditure of the explosive part of the national resources; and, instead of reloading, saluted the ears of his invulnerable enemy with—"You're no gentleman, sir, or you'd lie down when you're kil't." We have fired more volleys than one at the incomprehensible absurdities called "Public Dinners," and, like the Hibernian warrior, have either missed the mark, or met with an ill-bred antagonist, who pays no attention to the commonest rules of honourable warfare. In either case, common sense demands a fresh onslaught. If the monster is still living, if its movements are the result, not of galvanism but of life, it will be nothing the better for another thrust; and if it is dead, it will be nothing the worse. Therefore, neglecting the soft quills on the editor's table, and seizing the formidable steel-pen of patent construction, made expressly for writing ironical articles, we proceed courageously to the attack, fully resolved, rather than lose the victory, to spend the last drop of the League's best black ink in the contest.

We have received advices, as the merchants say, from various parties, exhorting us to attack the prevalent system of public dinners generally, but to avoid particular cases. Now, this advice either means nothing, or it means that we ought to allow the thing itself to escape, and to make a vigorous attack on its—name.

It is like advising one to capture and imprison a whole regiment, on the very simple understanding, that the men belonging to the regiment were to be allowed to escape. We will agree with those who would have us to attack public dinners only in the abstract, as soon as our counsellors grow fat by dining in the abstract. Roast-beef, in the abstract, though remarkably easy of digestion, would yield but little nourishment. He who can subsist by considering mutton chops in general, without discussing any individual mutton chop in particular, will find it an easy matter to satisfy his hunger from the outside of an eating-house window. But it is very difficult to thrive on food in the abstract; equally difficult is it to preach down absurdities in the abstract. A public dinner is a phenomenon invariably individual and concrete; these qualities, therefore, ought to characterise the suppressing force.

If anything could have turned us from our purpose, it would have been the consideration that the delinquents in this case are teachers. We respect them as men, we respect them as the occupiers of an honourable position in society, and we admire them as the patient instructors of the youthful mind. But when they leave their appropriate sphere, and, through the medium of a public lesson, teach their countrymen to respect customs at once ridiculous and mischievous, duty to them, and regard for the national welfare, unite in demanding that we should inflict upon them what they have often inflicted upon others—a summary castigation. Those who will keep questionable company must be content to suffer the consequences. Even teachers shall cry for mercy in vain; we owe them no quarter, and we will give them none.

On the afternoon of the remarkable Saturday that visited this city on the fifth day of the second month of the current year, a pair of well-polished Wellington boots, which had been standing quietly at a bed-room door, were suddenly invaded by a couple of feet, the hereditary property of a gentleman, with whom the indignant boots immediately walked off to the large hall of the Tontine hotel. Other gentlemen were already in the same hall in a similar predicament, having been carried thither by their leathern understandings. Some of the gentlemen who stepped into the hall with the one foot before the other, had evidently been torn from their homes by gutta percha soles. Others, after abstracting a shilling from a gentleman's pocket, had been apprehended by the driver, imprisoned in a minibus, and so transported; while not a few had been considerably elevated in the scale of being, and comfortably conveyed to the Tontine by a pair of doubled-soled shoes. Meantime a volatile guest, whom the secretary had not invited, but who had been patiently lurking in a piece of coal for seven thousand years in expectation of the meeting, came quietly dancing through iron tubes from the gas work to the Tontine hall, and threw a brilliant flood of light upon the assembled teachers, as well as upon the pupils they had in their eye. A mahogany table had travelled all the way from South America to be present on the occasion: a most obliging table, with the celebrated bottle family above, and plenty of accommodation below. Moreover, there were other guests,