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CONTENTS.

TALE.— <i>The Victim</i>	241
SELECTIONS.— <i>The Moral Obligation of Total Abstinence</i>	242
<i>Temperance and Abstinence Societies</i>	244
<i>The Best Drink in Hot Weather</i>	245
PROGRESS.— <i>Canada</i>	246
<i>New Brunswick</i>	247
<i>United States</i>	"
MISCELLANEOUS.....	248
POETRY.— <i>Water</i>	"
<i>The Crystal Spring</i>	249
EDITORIAL.— <i>Anniversary of the Cold Water Army, &c.</i>	249
EDUCATION.— <i>Marriage</i>	253
<i>Occupation for Children</i>	"
<i>The Needle</i>	"
AGRICULTURE.— <i>Hints to Farmers</i>	"
NEWS.....	251
PRICES CURRENT, &c.....	256

THE VICTIM.

And where is he? not by her side
 Whose every want he loved to tend;
 Not o'er these valleys wandering wide
 Where sweetly lost he oft would wend'
 That form he loved, he marks no more,
 Those scenes admired; no more shall see,
 Those scenes are lovely as before,
 And she is fair—but where is he?

NEEDLE.

At the close of a tranquil day in the autumn of 18—, I ascended the gentle eminence which overlooks the town of Pennsylvania. I had accepted an invitation from my traveling companion, an artist, to accompany him on a pleasurable tour in search of health, which a residence in the city, during the intense heat of the summer, had a little impaired. My friend gazed with all the admiration of a painter upon the prospect which lay spread out before us. The mountains which environed the town, rose distinct in the distance, and were veiled in a delicate blue haze, like the faintest tints of a finished picture, had gathered over their irregular undulations, as if they lay reposing in the mellow light which attends the precious setting of an autumn sun.

The village beneath our feet was surpassingly neat and beautiful. Pretty white buildings, with pleasant enclosures, were scattered along the broad street—here and there a mansion, indicating by its outward resemblance of village grandeur, the superior condition of its occupants. We halted at the village inn, and on the following morning my friend exhibited specimens of his art to the citizens who were accustomed to drop in, and whom our host had informed that the artist had arrived. Before noon the intelligence was

generally diffused, and many a village beauty gazed upon the painter's efforts with beaming eyes, and a heart that dealt joyfully in the anticipations of seeing familiar faces transferred to the canvas. Before we retired to rest at night, we had arranged our plan for a stay of two months in the delightful borough of W—. Our books were taken from our trunks, and our drawing, fishing, and hunting materials placed in order for future service.

I was a privileged visitor to my friend's apartments, while engaged in his avocations. I had some conversational powers, and was considered not inadequate to the task of engaging his subjects. This employment became at last to be peculiarly delightful. I look back now with memory chastened and mellow by the lapse of time upon the sweet and ingenuous faces, the fair forms and bright eyes which beguiled away the happiest hours of a not uneventful life.

One afternoon I had been supplying myself with a new and interesting work, and had neglected, until quite a late hour, my usual visit to the artist's room. When I entered, a very lively little girl ran towards me, and taking hold of my hand, looked up innocently into my face, exclaiming with childish eagerness, "Pa is going to buy a new picture, and I am going to have one, and so is my little brother." I led the happy child to the window where my friend was engaged in his art. A young gentleman was sitting by the window, a bold light falling upon his countenance, and a gentle autumn wind was dallying with his dark hair. A fair form leaned over his chair, and a small white hand was adjusting his truant curls. The form of that lady was surpassingly beautiful. I soon became acquainted, and during my stay the mansion of the Greys was my principal resort, and marking the true enjoyment of that happy family, constituted the purest source of my enjoyment.

Two short years after leaving W., during which time the pleasing remembrance of its residents had often come across my memory, it fell to my lot to take in my route the valley of Wyoming. My first inquiry at the tavern was for the Grey family, the happy circle where I had passed so many pleasing moments. I was answered with a sigh and a shrug by the village landlord. "Alas!" said the publican, "I am afraid you will find them with but a remnant of their former happiness." I was informed that the Greys had removed, and now occupied a low-roofed cottage directly over the way. I lost no time in crossing over to the dwelling. As my hand rested on the little gate, I heard contention within. There was the voice of insolent command, and subdued tones of tender and earnest entreaty. I entered the apartment, and was confronted by a countenance red and bloated, and grossly disfigured, apparently by the exercise of recent violent passion.

"What do you want?" said the man; and walking towards me, he gazed at my features with the lacklustre look of a maniac. "What do you want in my house?"

"You do not remember me," said I, as his lineaments flashed upon me; "you have forgotten the artist and his companion."