

THE HOUSE THE DRUNKARD BUILT.

By D. WYLIE.

"So it is with the body of a drunkard! The house he lives in. The workmen building it are drunk, and so they are doing their work miserably, and putting things into a confused heap, where there ought to be a scientific arrangement of materials."—*Mudge's Drunkenness Illustrated*. (See *Temperance Advocate* for Dec. 15, 1845.)

Near to a village cite, down in a dell
Where shading beeches grew on every side.
John owned a lot, who oft was hear't to tell,
Here will I build, when Mary is my bride:
And thus, from year to year John plodded on,
But on the lot he never raised a stone.

Unhappily for John, and many more,
A worthy patriot, whose name was Flynn,
Who, for the people's good, open'd a store,
To sell them hardware, glass, and cloth, and gin:
And though he sold below the market price,
'Twas strange that he got wealthy in a trice.

John and this Flynn became the best of friends,
And oft he called to sit and talk of trade,
Nor thought not of how tavern friendship ends,
Or, that "John is a drunkard!" should be said;
And River-freedom was discussed a-while,
John cared not which—the Lawrence or the Nile.

John's house was shadowed still within his mind,
Though brick and mortar he could not afford;
He spent his all on nails,* Flynn was so kind,
That John had not a copper for a board:
So poor at last, he sold his lot to Flynn,
And were it known, all he received was gin.

A double building now went swift along,
John's lot was speedily turned upside down;
And brick on brick was laid till fast and strong,
Flynn built a house by doing poor John brown:
And for each brick, John's friends have often said,
That on John's nose a carbuncle was laid.

The house John built was like the one described,
The workmen on it were too often drunk;
Those on the nose, those on the eyes oft jibed,
Till John's eyes did look bleared, and red, and shrunk
In fact, those on his feet led him a devious way,
Rejoicing in a drunken holiday.

At last John's house wanted so much repair,
That Flynn's best nails could do it little good;
His hat and coat made him look quite a scare,
That little children run whene'er he stood;
Indeed, 'twas seen that he was bound down hill,
And John well knew 'twas one of downright ill.

At length a sturdy temperance fellow came
To lecture in the village where John was;
John said the subject was so dry and tame,
That he for one would not espouse the cause;
But, out of kindness, John was there to hear
What evil could be said 'gainst gin and beer.

The lecturer was shrewd, and guessed some things
That told severely on John's very state,
And conscience, working, sometimes strange thoughts
brings,

Said, "take the pledge, John, ere it be too late,
Go, John, at once, you must from strong drink sever,
Remember it is 'better late than never.'"

* "Another nail to my coffin"—is a familiar term for a glass of liquor just drunk; an expression, if properly applied, containing more truth than wit.

If there be any Johns within this land,
I'd ring a solemn warning in their ears,
Your country's comfort issues her command,
And helpless little ones, amid their tears,
Proclaim aloud—there's danger in the cup,
Be warned in time, and give your drinking up.

AN ACROSTIC.

T triumphant raise thy unfurl'd banner high,
O nward, in fearless march, thy foes defy;
T ruth, loud and long, hath heralded thy fame;
E 'en distant climes have heard thy mighty name.
M yriads around thy ensigns joyous throng,
P oets conjointly greet thee in their song,
E mancipated thousands, to the skies
R esponsive shout thy peerless victories.
A nd the next age thy conquests shall record,
N or cease, till shall the foe, the most abhorr'd,
C rushed by thy potent arm, reluctant die,
E terna the blessings of thy victory.

Georgetown, E-quesing, Dec. 28, 1848.

J. C.

SMALL STONE DRAINS.

The following method of draining with small stones is an excellent one, and would require only a small quantity of stones for the parallel drains, and we have no doubt would answer a good purpose. We perceive that in Ireland, tiles are furnished for draining, with soles for them—2½ inches wide, at 10s, and 3½ inches at 15s the thousand. Pipe tiles, however, are considered the best; the price is very moderate.

Thorough draining need not be so expensive as is generally imagined, provided small stones can be conveniently had. We are convinced that in strong clay soil, drains cut three feet deep, four inches wide at the bottom, twenty inches wide at the top, and filled with small or broken stone, such as are prepared for macadamized roads, for ten inches deep, and then covered with some straw, small branches, or the turf taken off the surface, with the grass side next the small stones, would answer an excellent purpose, provided there was sufficient fall, the drains 18 to 24 feet apart, with good leading drains to carry off the water from those small drains, which should be constructed of larger dimensions, and have a regular opening made after the plan described to be adopted at the Industrial school at Fincurry. These small drains would only require a square yard of broken stone to fill eighteen or twenty yards, or about from thirty to forty square yards to the arpent, according to the distance which the drains would be apart, and any kind of stone would answer for breaking. We do not say that draining in this way would be the best that could be adopted, but we know it would be a cheap mode, if stone could be had conveniently, and we believe, if properly executed, it would answer an excellent purpose.

"The drains are run parallel, 24 feet apart, 20 inches wide at top, 40 inches deep, and 3 inches wide at bottom, filled with stones, broken large, as those used in repairing public roads, to the depth of 10 inches, over which sods of the green sward lightly pared off are laid, overlapping each other; on the sods is thrown down the material raised in sinking the drains.