

Father. Why do you ask such a question?

Son. Because I have just discovered a jug of whiskey hid among the rubbish, and I feared you might be the owner, as I have seen you so often visit this place, and could conceive of no other cause for such conduct.

Father. Well, suppose it is mine, what then? Must I be watched, my steps dogged and my conduct scrutinized by you?

Son. O, father, what wretched infatuation makes you drink that burning fluid? What advantage do you gain by it? Behold the ocean of misery, wretchedness, pauperism, and crime which follow in the train of those who drink strong drink; see their bloated eyes, their tottering steps, and hear their coarse, vulgar, obscene language, and then tell me, have I no interest in your welfare? Can I see my honored father descending, step by step, to shame, infamy and ruin, and lift no warning voice, make no effort to save those I love dear as life? No, dear father, I cannot do any such thing. Long as I live I shall never cease to do all in my power for the welfare of you and our dear mother.

Father. (*Much excited.*) How dare you talk thus to me? Am I a drunkard? am I going step by step to ruin? What cause have you to address me thus?

Son. Must I tell you the reason why I fear?

Father. (*Still more excited.*) Yes! you must tell me. I will know who has put such notions into your head. This is what I get by allowing you to go among those miserable temperance fanatics!

Son. Dear father, do not be excited.—Listen calmly while I tell you candidly why I fear for you. A few years since, you spent your evenings at home. We were then surrounded by plenty and happiness. Contentment sat as a bright jewel upon the brow of my dear mother. You then taught us to be good and virtuous, if we ever wished to be happy; you then said a man is known by the company he keeps. How are we now? Your evenings are constantly spent at the bar room. Instead of plenty, squalid poverty and wretchedness have come upon us like a flood. The brow of my mother, once bright with joy, happiness and contentment, is shrouded by care, and the tear unbidden often strays down her wretched cheek; her eyes are often swollen with weeping; and, pardon me, dear father, only last week you were brought home so intoxicated that you could not walk, while, with hoarse curses and the most awful imprecations, my own dear mother was driven from the house, and with her little ones took shelter from the pitiless pelting storm in a miserable out house, till you were sane enough to allow her to return. With all these facts before me, how can I help but fear? O! father, abandon the use of the intoxicating cup; be to us what you once were. O, remember your duty to yourself, your duty to your family, and lastly, remember your duty to your God, and the awful retributions which follow in the course of transgression.

Father. My son, stop, I have heard enough; at a more convenient time I will converse with you again.—*Sunbeam.*

Interesting Things in Lowell.

Not houses, mills, people, reader; for these are always interesting and always here. But we speak of things moral, sentimental, sanitary; things of the "bench" and of the "Wool Sack"; the ministration of justice where justice was due.

For several weeks we have had in session a grand court of assizes, where many a poor wight of the rum-selling tribe has been called to answer for a pretty long catalogue of sins, (against the peace of the State, and all good citizens); and it is not too much to say that the good brethren did not always take it kindly, though manifestly less rambling and taunting as their "counts" of conviction progressed along from some half dozen to half a score apiece. Their policy was to ride under foot the rather young and

inexperienced "court"—an experiment, however, which cost some of them several nights in jail, and others the lesson that while they might condemn the persons, they might not insult the dignity of the State reposed in them for the time being; and this, with the cordial countenance of the temperance public, backed up by several of our most wealthy and prominent citizens, gave the affair quite a commendable efficiency, we may say, throughout; and law and order is decidedly in the ascendant in whatever you can sustain by proof.

We do not mean that every one of our two hundred tappers is silent (when tried customers call,) but that they are proximating to the conviction that theirs—with being a very bad business, is also a very hazardous business—as seen by the sudden defile of several of them to parts unknown, and the equally sudden withdrawal of others from all visible appearance of the usual paraphernalia of the Rum Shop.

It is not easy just now to get a glass of liquor in Lowell, till him of the tap has well studied his customer. Now this is just what we hoped and expected; and it is the duty of every place to make the trade just so uncomfortable and hazardous that everybody will get out of it. And this is perfectly practicable where a few young men are found to band in the work. And our success here is entirely owing to the action of a few young men, embodying around them a still more numerous class, termed Vigilant Committee—more often nicknamed "Smelling Club"; but whose sharp eyes and sharp smellers, by the way, are a terror to evil doers; enabling them to search out and register tremendous chapters of sins against their brethren of the tap. It requires no little firmness to carry on the traffic, with some hundreds of vigilant eyes—you know not whom—set upon you. There may be in any three cent trade the elements of a doom of the ever recurring "Ten dollars and costs"; and we have noticed several imbibe this idea and proclamation when it was evident they tasted the bitter of the sting. And we might have had a drop of sympathy, but for the thought of the sting that was at the other end of this series of things: even the feelings of a rum-ridden wife and children, whose defenceless household must constantly witness the wild and frantic workings of this baleful mischief sent ruthlessly on them.

We said defenceless: there is at least something like "avenging" left the injured, where, as in cities, each, stranger to each, the vexed wife or stricken boy sallies forth with bottle and purchase money, and traps the heartless man that was her husband's seducer. Several instances of this kind have happened here, and we have yet to find the first man so heartless and unfeeling as to reproach them for it.

We look with yearnings to the day when the crushed wife shall be further armed with defence, in the appending to our own, the all important item of the present Vermont law, making the bedrunken man swear, in his coming sobriety, where he got his liquor.

We should love to see this sensible put within the reach of many an injured, heart-broken woman in our neighborhood, and our word for it, we should hear an outcry among the offenders of well-being, as though the whip of State had the fitting endowment of "cowhide," and the snapper of—"scorpion."

We are far, as yet, from seeing anything like a perfect working of the prohibitory law, while lawless New Hampshire is some three miles in one direction, and still more lawless Boston near in the other.

But we are most thankful for what we have, and feel that with all the imperfections, there is a power, an energy, a Truncheon, with which the sober, responsible community may defend themselves, at least when the mischief becomes flagrant; and this is what could not be said of any former state of things.

But let every town and place use this Truncheon. They owe it to themselves and neighbouring towns; and I would