

[ORIGINAL.]

## ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

Mourn, Albion, mourn the thou'nd cares,  
 That now thy anguish'd bosom bears,  
 But deepest mourn the Venetian day  
 That e'er this Iron Duke away  
 E'en Death perch'ncr may shud a tear,  
 To damp the death scroll as he writes,  
 While Fame receives upon her har  
 "The Hero of an Hundred Fights"

The mighty conqu'ring chiefman sleeps,  
 And Mars, his heir, appent, weeps;  
 The tyrant's victor bows his head,  
 And Europe's champion joins the dead.  
 Go, Brunswick, join the mourning throng,  
 While Talavera writes his name,  
 (And Salamanca)—first in song,  
 As on the glittering shield of Rome

On Brussels' plain awake we dead,  
 Hark tis the warrior's spirit's tread,  
 He who once led o'er victory's plain,  
 Comes now to head your ranks again  
 Shake off your gory shrouds ye braves,  
 Whose toubs he made in glory's vale,  
 And burst the coils of your graves,  
 Your Iron Chiefman's shade to hail

And St Helena's exile,—thou  
 Wilt meet again the victor now;  
 If venetial still, revenge is thine,  
 For he has bow'd at death's dark shrine.  
 But not as thou, the hero rests—  
 No cadummy in thy cloud his name,  
 The honour'd of ten thousand breasts  
 Who paid him off their just acclaim.

See grateful Europe o'er his bier  
 Denies not now her sorrowing tear,  
 Whist thou in thy forgotten shrine  
 Canst scarcely boast a sigh is thine  
 But both the Judge has call'd, to bow  
 Before his throne in realms afar,  
 No more the trump shall wake you now  
 To join the bristling ranks of war.

Our Well'sly sleeps below'd—revered—  
 By fame, to those unseen, eudard,  
 Whilst noblest hearts with one accord  
 Lament their sleeping warrior lord  
 All Europe's hearts his bier shal prove,  
 While Briton's breasts entomb his name,  
 His monument a nation's love,  
 His tablet is the shield of fame

Lone Erin weeps her son, her brave,  
 With shainocks now she twines his grave,  
 And widow'd Albion nought can rouse  
 From mourning her departed spouse,  
 Minerva mourns up in his tomb,  
 And tells us nought shall soothe her care,  
 'Till I again Britannia's womb  
 Another Wellington shall bear.

Farewell, thou warrior chief, farewell!  
 Thou'rt gone, but here thy true shall dwell:  
 Thy name shal comeing nation's ear,  
 The first to fight the last to fear  
 In Briton's breasts shall rest thy name—  
 Adieu our Iron Duke, adieu!  
 Remembered thou shalt be while fame  
 Links Wellington with Waterloo!

For the Canadian Son of Temperance

## OBSERVATIONS ON TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

BY D. CLINDINNING, OF TORONTO DIVISION.

## No. IV.

In extent to which intemperance is identified with painful casualties and sudden deaths, connects the practice with the most distressing associations, and invests it with the repulsive characteristics of horror. The King of Terrors frequently stalks in awful proximity to persons in a state of intoxication. While in that blind condition, they are utterly incapable of the exercise of ordinary caution, and are therefore exposed to the fatal effects of every accident.

The instances where shocking results have followed the excessive use of spirituous liquor, exceed all statistical methods of enumeration. Death sometimes suddenly strikes the drunkard in his bed, to which he had been carried, deeply inebriated, a few hours before; or he madly deprives himself of life, by the terrible act of suicide. Various are the means, and often as rapid as the passage of a gleam of light, by which he instantaneously staggers to the judgment bar of his offended Creator. An unfaithful foothold or a false step may consummate the catastrophe. Reflections of an overwhelmingly solemn import arise at the thought of a wretched man thus reeling into eternity, fresh from the profane scenes of a bacchanalian orgie. We shrink from the contemplation of the dark picture which imagination sketches.

We will endeavor to depict a scene at a coroner's inquest, which will illustrate the inevitable union between intemperance and human desolation. The house and locality to which the jury was summoned, were eminently worthy of the debasing vice of drunkenness. The street was narrow and filthy, and every tenement wore an aspect of dilapidation. There had been an alarm of fire on the previous evening, but the flames had been suppressed before effecting much damage. After the extinction of the destroying element, an investigation took place to ascertain its origin. A most deplorable and disgusting spectacle was revealed. Stretched on the floor of one of the apartments lay the blackened and crisped corpse of a victim of intemperance. The flesh was literally fried on his limbs, a large cavity was burned into his left side in the region of the heart, and the countenance (the human face divine!) was charred and horribly disfigured. A candlestick lay on the floor, a few feet from the corpse, indicating that the clothes of the unhappy man had become ignited by a candle, and it was supposed that the flames had communicated to the side of the house by means of some shavings and scraps of paper scattered about the room. The scene was offensive to the nostrils, and depressing to the mind. Human nature revolted at the hideous sight, and every member of the jury instinctively drew back with a shudder. The family of the deceased were in a state of frenzied distress, grouped in a corner for mutual sympathy. Their agony of mind found vent in piercing shrieks and ceaseless lamentations. Grim despair brooded over their hearts. Whenever they turned their eyes for relief, they were confronted by dismay. No ray of hope could be traced on their features of woe. The jury, unable to endure the shocking spectacle which the corpse presented, adjourned to the nearest hotel to record their verdict, leaving the wretched wife and children alone with that ghastly piece of mortality. Strangers could retire with such ejaculations as "horrible!"—"awful!"—"shocking!"—but the forlorn family had to remain, and to wrestle with a fate impenetrably dark, unless illuminated by light from Heaven. There lay the mutilated remains of him who had sworn to be their protector and support, once deserving their respect and affection, but subsequently demoralized, ruined, and finally slayed, by the drinking usages of society. His history was not a novel one. Born to the inheritance of a small property, he commenced his career, with fair prospects of success, in the pursuit of

wealth and happiness. For a short time, his industry, enterprise, and business talents justified the opinion that these anticipations were in course of realization. But a cloud unexpectedly overshadowed his business transactions, because a change had taken place in his habits. The usual preparatory stages of moderate drinking had been succeeded by an unconquerable appetite for the excitements of intoxication. He accordingly fell, dragging down with him an interesting family to share his destitution and disgrace. The history of the next two years is a narrative of squalid wretchedness. At last, while in the act of staggering across a room, with a lighted candle in his unsteady hand, he set fire to his own clothes, and perished by a miserable death. What a lamentable conclusion to a life auspiciously begun!

Meanwhile, his weeping wife and children assisted in the rude preparations for the funeral. His blackened bones and roasted flesh were deposited in a rough coffin furnished by the charity of the public, and placed upon an ordinary cart,—the only hearse available for the burial of one who had been reared and educated with care, and who had once been surrounded by the enjoyments of affection, friendship, and wealth. The crushing feelings of anguish that wrung and lacerated the bosoms of that sorrowful family cannot be depicted. Intemperance! that scene was thy handiwork!—intoxicating liquor! such are thy results!

Can no lesson be read from the melancholy facts just detailed? They afford material for salutary reflection. Such appalling incidents are calculated to awaken an intense repugnance for stimulating beverages in the mind of every one who regards his own safety or the welfare of his species. The gushing tears of those children standing beside the coffin of their father are unanswerable arguments in favor of Total Abstinence, and form forcible appeals to every man's humanity, to discontinue and repudiate all liquors that intoxicate. Alcohol must contain a powerful element of evil, when it can produce consequences so disastrous. It is incumbent on every one whose heart can give a single pulsation of sympathy for the affliction of others, to discard moderate drinking, and lend the influence of his example to effect the banishment of a moral poison. Intemperance is hourly making fearful assaults on human life; but each successive death should be regarded as a cry, both imploring and persuasive, addressed to society at large, for the effectual discouragement and speedy suppression of everything in the way that will inebriate. The difficulties in the way need not be disguised. Compulsory and legal enactments can never accomplish a great moral reformation. But whenever public opinion, in the strength of a numerical superiority, arrays itself as the champion of Total Abstinence, the progress of the cause will be rapid and triumphant. The spirit of the age already points its index finger in this direction. To be a teet-taller has always been regarded as a recommendation; but it now begins to be demanded as an indispensable requisite for responsible employment. The Directors of one of the principal railroad companies in the United States have recently resolved to retain no one in their service who is not a thorough abstainer. This fact is significant. It will be in vain for an applicant to