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THE IDLE YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

(From the Montreal correspondent of the Missisquoi News.)

Boarding-houses furnish the student of human nature some rare specimens for observation; and the unlucky wight who may have been, by the sport of circumstances, or his own choice, an inmate for any length of time, of one, or more, of these refuges for the homeless, has had ample opportunity to fill a sketch-book with a variety of portraits, embracing, possibly, every light and shade of weak humanity.

Poor B. occupies a prominent leaf in mine. What a sad lesson his rapid downward career presents to the young! How melancholy a warning for them to shun supineness and sloth, and to act with energy and decision in the "battle of life."

B. came to the private boarding-house of Mrs. E., dressed as a gentleman, and conducting himself in every way as such. The six o'clock dinner boarders hailed him as an acquisition in their select little circle, and all the young ladies were in high glee, for such a handsome, gentlemanly, young man, did not fall within the circle of their charms every day; and it had been ascertained to nearly a dead certainty, by "Mamma," that Mr. Drake, the "quiet young man," who was always talking of the price of stocks, and the utility of savings banks, had not a share in any bank or railroad stock; no, not even a solitary share in a copper mining company, and never had a larger sum than £20 to his credit in the savings bank, which sum was placed there at the commencement of each quarter, and drawn out by small checks, in favour of his landlady, washerwoman, and tradesmen; giving to them, and consequently to the little world in which he moved,

an idea of wealth and prudence, which quickly opened for him a way into favor and repute; and "Mamma" had also ascertained, to her mortification, that Mr. Thone, who actually possessed the substance, and not the shadow, of wealth, was out of the market, having been engaged for more than a year.

Therefore, I say, that the advent of B. was welcomed with gracious words and sweetest smiles; and casting aside the ill-natured supposition that "Mamma" ever speculated on the chances of good settlements for "my dears;" they had cause to be pleased, apart from such considerations, for B. would at that time have been welcomed into the most refined society. He was handsome, dressed tastefully, and had a most winning and engaging address, and when I tell you that he was an Irishman, you may suppose that his person and accomplishments lost nothing for lack of wit and humour. I had before heard that the real Irish gentleman was a gentleman indeed, and B. proved one case to me in support of the affirmation. Neither quarrelsome nor pugnacious, one would almost have doubted his being an Irishman at all, but for his assertion, and the slightest brogue, which all the young ladies contested, added a charm to his voice. He had studied the law in the old country, but finding his "supplies" suddenly cut off by the bankruptcy of his uncle, a merchant in Cork, came out to Canada to push his fortune; and with a promise, or more probably a vague expectation, founded upon the insincere protestations of some half hour acquaintance, of getting a government situation that would support him handsomely and allow him leisure to prosecute the study of the law. There was no vacancy, or, if there was, superior claims had forestalled it, and poor B. was thrown upon his own unaided resources.

In the vain hope that some situation, agreeable to his views, would offer itself for his acceptance, he remained idle, and as long as his purse held out all went smoothly, and B. became the favorite of the house. But the longest purse has an end, and B.'s became in time exhausted.

Instead of rousing himself at this critical moment in his life and hopes, and trying to secure some mercantile, or even less lucrative situation, that might give him the means of respectable subsistence, until something better should offer; instead of acting with energy and spirit, he gave himself up without a struggle to despondency, sloth, and, worst of all, the brandy bottle.

B.'s downward career to ruin, was as the swift slide of the boy's sled down the icy side of a steep hill;