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### Dangers of Dining Out.

BY MRS. MILLER.

It was a beautiful May morning, and the bells of St. Mary's were ringing merrily, when a carriage and four, adorned with white favours, drove rapidly down the street, and stopped at the entrance of a respectable mansion situated at the west end of the town of —. At the door of this mansion stood footmen and servants, adorned in a similar manner, while the hall was thronged with brothers and sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins, all wearing the aspect of joyous welcome, not unmingled with feelings of a deeper and more earnest character.

It was a beautiful sight, the neighbours said, to behold the bride that day; for she was a lovely creature, the favourite of her family, and of all who came within the influence of her gentle and graceful manners: and then she was so elegantly dressed; for good taste was the ruling principle of her life, subservient only to one other principle, that of doing every thing in the manner most approved by good society.

The happy bridegroom, for such indeed he might be called, was a medical gentleman of the highest reputation, just launching into public favour, as the partner of one of the oldest and most popular practitioners in the same little gossiping and busy town.— And well the spectators said he looked that day; his tall gentlemanly figure dressed in black, and his dark hair and manly countenance, contrasting with the snow-white robes, the soft blue eyes, and delicate complexion of the bride. It was, in short, a wedding with which the most envious observer could find no fault; the parties were so well suited in age, character, and rank; the dresses were so admirably chosen; and every thing was conducted in so unexceptionable a manner. The very elements of nature, things animate and inanimate, the earth and air, appeared as if rejoicing in the happy auspices of the day; for, as the carriage, in the course of a few hours, again rolled away along the broad smooth road, past the little villas situated in the outskirts of the town, it seemed to sweep through a complete labyrinth of lilacs and laburnums, varied here and there by the tender green of the weeping willow, or the spiral poplar pointing to the sky.

The happy couple were dining out on that accustomed tour, which is often the first and last excursion of a woman's life; and their journey was commencing under a sky without a cloud, while every tree, and garden, and shady grove, was vocal with the song of merry birds; young lambs were sporting on every verdant lea, and the green earth spread her carpet of scented flowers over every sloping hill and fertile plain.

Through such a scene the travellers pursued their way, we will only say with feelings of happiness, and hope; for those who write, and those who speak, seem all to have agreed that no commentary upon married life shall commence, until after the conclusion of the first experimental tour. With the party left at home, however, it was impossible to refrain from all remark; particularly as the prospect of the bride returning so soon to settle for life beside her own family, left no excuse for grief: and there was a whole drawing-room full of guests still remaining, who had nothing else to do than exclaim about the loveliness of the scene, and the auspicious omens of the day. Nor was it until the evening, when the company was dispersed, and the young members of the family had retired, that Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, the father and mother of the bride, found time to think seriously of the important change which had taken place.

Mr. Stanley was a man of much worldly wisdom, prudent and irreproachable in his conduct as a gentleman, a husband, and a father; and, had his responsibilities terminated with this life alone, he would have been one of the most excellent of men. Mrs. Stanley was a weaker agent in doing good, but she also was esteemed an excellent woman: and as they both judged kindly of the world, submitted to its bondage, flattered it, and lived for it, it would have been as unreasonable as ungenerous, had the world refused to look kindly on their faults and follies in return.

"Well, George," said Mrs. Stanley, seating herself with great satisfaction in one of her large damask chairs, while her husband leaned in rather a thoughtful attitude, against the mantel-piece—"you must allow that we are happy parents, to lose our favourite child, only to welcome her back again to a house more suited to her taste?"

"We are indeed happy," replied Mr. Stanley, "but—  
"You have always some *but* in the way, with your excessive prudence," said the mother. "It cannot, however, relate to the character of the husband Eleanor has chosen, for if one could venture to say of any man, he was without a fault, it would certainly be of Frederick Bond."

"He is a man," replied Mr. Stanley, "under whose care any father might feel it a privilege to place his daughter's happiness; his goodness of heart no one can call in question; his prospects, in the way of his profession, are encouraging in the extreme; but, still, in my opinion, he has one fault."

"And pray what may that be?"  
"He is rather too fond of dining out."

"Dining out!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanley, "every body dines out, especially bachelors. What can you mean, George?"

"I mean simply this, that the love of dining out may lead to habits extremely objectionable in a medical man. He may, for instance, when called upon to act in some critical case, be altogether unnerved; and the mere fact of his being reputed a man too fond of wine, will be injurious to him as a doctor."

"Yes, my love; but dining out occasionally, and being too fond of wine, are very different things."

"They may be different at first, but they often lead to the same conclusion; and it is of the future I am thinking, not the present."

"That is so like you, George. You are always spoiling the present with anticipations of the future. For my part, I am perfectly satisfied that Eleanor is beginning the world as favourably as any reasonable woman could desire; and with such a family of daughters as ours, you know it is a great thing to have got the oldest well married before her three-and-twentieth year."

With feelings of self-gratulation, uninterrupted by reflections more profound, Mrs. Stanley retired to rest; and when she rose in the morning, there was her wonted routine of domestic duties, her morning calls, and the preparation of her daughter's future home, to fill up this, as well as many other days of her existence, leaving no space for anxious or speculative thoughts to encroach upon the tenour of her uneventful life.

The house which Frederick Bond had chosen, was situated in the most genteel part of the town. It had the best entrance, the least objectionable staircase, and decidedly the most approved drawing-room within its sphere of competition. There had been no want of money or of thought bestowed upon its furniture; and it was one of Mr. Stanley's greatest pleasures, to go and inspect the different apartments, and see how rapidly every thing was advancing towards perfection, preparatory to the travellers' return.

Of all the parties connected with this auspicious event, the bride was, perhaps, the only one who felt the real importance of the step she had taken. Eleanor Stanley had been remarkable as a girl for a seriousness of temperament, and delicacy of conscience, somewhat beyond her years; while, under the direction of a judicious governess, her mind had been partially enlightened by glimpses of duty, and responsibility, and dawns of hope, which extended beyond the narrow sphere of her daily avocations. She could not, therefore—she dared not, enter upon her present situation, without inwardly resolving that her life should be regulated by some regard to those religious observances, which, however excellent they might be for herself, she believed were still more necessary for the poor, and for those who would now look up to her as an example. It had been a peculiar satisfaction to her, to find that the companion of her choice entertained the same views of domestic and social duty; and, perhaps, the happiest hours of that period, which the world has been pleased to call the honey-