

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

PLEDGE.--We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use Intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage, nor Traffic in them; that we will not provide them as an article of Entertainment, nor for persons in our Employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the community.

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Music and the Maine Law.
(From the Advocate and Home Circle.)

In a pleasant apartment, surrounded with various evidences of feminine and refined taste, sat two or three young ladies, one evening, each occupied in some congenial employment. One was scanning the pages of the evening paper, another was engaged in the exciting employment of embroidering, in worsted, a blue dog reposing on scarlet roses, while the third reclined listlessly upon a lounge, evidently thinking of nothing in particular.

"What paragon of perfection we ought to be, Kate," said the reader, a young lady, whose fine face indicated great intelligence and vivacity, looking up from the paper she held. "Here is an article addressed to the ladies, on the subject of the Maine Law, three columns and a half long."

"Is it interesting?" asked the industrious one, without looking up from her sewing.

"Can't say, not having read it," replied the other; "but I will read it for your benefit, if you wish, because you are interested in the Maine Law. As for myself, I don't suppose it will do me any good, because my mind is already made up, and then you know, just like Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin—I've so wicked."

"What's that about the Maine Law?" said the third young lady, rousing herself with a great effort from her listless attitude. "Don't read anything about it, I implore, Ellen, for I am tired to death of hearing about it, and about the Fugitive Slave Law, and the Baltimore Convention."

"But I will, Jane," said her sister, "for now I think of it, your mind needs enlightening on the subject. Was it yesterday," she continued, looking mischievously at Kate, "that I heard you say you did not know the difference between the Maine Law and the Fugitive Slave Law, except that one had something to do with Maine, and the other with slaves. You see, Kate, we are a very literary family."

"Well, I don't know anything about politics, Ellen," said the young lady alluded to, evincing considerable annoyance in her manner, "and Kate knows very well my opinion about ladies meddling with politics. I do not think it is woman's province at all," and she settled herself down into her former attitude, with the air of one who had expressed her profound convictions of duty, and was satisfied with the truth of her assertion.

"The fact is, Kate," said Ellen, scarcely heeding the remark of her sister, and glancing thoughtfully over the paper, "my mind is made up with regard to the Maine Law. Of course I must heartily approve of it, and would do all in my power to sustain it, but the subject is a hackneyed one, and it seems to me, it is impossible to think or express a single original idea respecting it. Perhaps if I had known anything about it by personal experience, I should feel more interested in the matter."

"But the cause is a noble one," said Kate, with animation. "Yes, and deserving of noble efforts," rejoined Ellen; "and for that reason I am the more dissatisfied with the common place Temperance tales, and Temperance dialogues with which I have been regaled ever since I could read. Now, you know I am a member of the Martha Washington Society, and I am sure I would gladly do all in my power to promote its interests, but my efforts all seem so aimless, that I am quite dissatisfied. I like to see great results instantly follow my efforts, just as in juvenile Temperance dialogues—the individual who is supposed to be in the

wrong, after being talked to, and reasoned with for about ten minutes, turns directly about, is immediately convinced of the error of his way, signs the pledge on the spot, and walks away reformed to order, a thorough-going Temperance Advocate. There is some encouragement in that."

"Ellen," said Kate, suddenly, "there is one individual, whom I wish you would make the subject of personal effort. I mean my brother Frederick. I wish you would talk to him about that Club he visits so much."

"Nonsense, Kate, talk to him yourself, about it," said Ellen, coloring slightly. "I haven't any gift at talking, as you know, and besides I am afraid he will think it impertinent interference on my part."

"Not at all," said Kate; "you have a great deal more influence over him than I, and I really begin to grow anxious about him: not that I doubt the integrity of his principles, but I dread the effect of association upon one so easily influenced as he is by those to whom he is partial. You know he is not only very social, but very frank and impulsive, and I dread the influence of some of his wild companions there—Horace Ashley, for instance."

"But Frederick, of course, never drinks to excess," said Ellen; "he has too much self respect."

"Certainly not; but I understand better than you, how, with his peculiar temperament, there is danger in his case. He sees no harm in taking a glass of wine with a friend; and, you know, until very recently, we have always been accustomed to it in our own family."

"Well, I am sure I don't know how to begin, but—here he comes now," said Ellen, and as she spoke, Frederick Lawton, a fine young man, with an extremely winning countenance and manners, entered the parlor.

"Do you feel musically inclined this fine evening, Kate?" he asked, after the usual compliments had been exchanged.

"Why?" asked his sister, looking up from her embroidery.

"Oh, simply because I want to have you practice a little while, for my benefit," said Frederick, producing a music book from under his arm.

"You play, Ellen," said Kate; "Frederick likes your playing better than mine, and then you know, 'music hath charms to soothe a savage,' &c."

"That's it, exactly—thank you," said Frederick Lawton, "I want to be soothed," and he opened the piano, placed the music stool, and then conducted Ellen to the instrument.

"What shall I play?" asked Ellen, lightly running over the keys of the instrument, and glancing at the music before her. "Moore's Irish Melodies! why, they are as old as the hills."

"All the better for that," said Frederick; "it proves that they cannot wear out. But these have been remodelled, regenerated, and otherwise embellished, until they are as pretty as you ladies look, when you appear in new Paris bonnets."

"I hope the words have been improved," said her sister.

"Why so?" said Frederick, with surprise. "Any attempt to improve on Moore's songs, would be like attempting to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, and all that sort of thing. I must say I am astonished at you Kate."

"Music! music, good people!" exclaimed Ellen, trying to look desperate. "Spare your literary discussions for some one that can appreciate them better than I. What shall I play first?"

1. See to it