

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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A Grandfather's Tale, for the New Year.

There was a blithe party one Christmas time at Mr. Rysdale's, farmer in Beechwood. Besides Mr and Mrs. Rysdale, and their eight children, half of whom had already grown to be men and women, there were strings of cousins, uncles, and aunts, and a host of neighbors and friends—a Christmas party, and a merry one. The log blazed high in the old-fashioned chimney, and shed its rays over joyous faces. This one sang—that one proposed riddles—here was a joker—there a story-teller.

Old grandfather Rysdale was a merry, hale old man. He was sage with the grown-up people, full of saws and illustrative anecdotes; but a very child with his grandchildren. That merry old eye of his perceived much, though it might not appear to do so, which escaped ordinary observers. He saw that Emily Rysdale was fast yielding her heart to George Redfern. The old man knew that George was a careless, though a handsome youth; that he was heartless, though he appeared to some people to be 'all heart.' The old man had reason to know too that George was idly inclined, and had already given his father much trouble.

Every one had done his part. All were in good-humor; when at a pause, every body cried, 'Grandfather must tell another story.'

'Glad or sad, then?' asked the old man.

The 'glads' seemed to have it.

'My story,' said the patriarch, 'will be glad and sad—sad and glad: it will be like life—have shine and shadow, joys and sorrows, smiles and tears.'

'All of you,' he began, 'know Langley-Moor farm—Langley,' as we call it for shortness; but none of you, perceived that myself, may remember when old Job Perkins lived there. Sixty years ago, well-nigh, Job and his wife, his son and daughter, lived there. Job was a decent old man as ever lived, and though 'times,' according to all accounts, were not much better then, than now—that is, they were good only to the industrious—Job had scraped together a good deal of money for one in his walk of life. The son, who was named Oliver, was a clever youth, with a good head. He grew to manhood's estate, without being chargeable of any misbehaviour. But he was led away in such a manner: as I, in my time, have known many young men to be.

There came to this part a son of the squire's, that lived in Croft-House then. That young man did a deal of ill in this part of the country. He had been in the army; he had lived a good deal in London, and in foreign parts. Places will not make people bad, if they be not inclined that way. However, this young squire did not think himself too good company for his tenants or his tenants' sons: some of them thought, that there never had been such a fine, frank gentleman as he, and deemed themselves highly honored by his condescension. He taught them to play—to drink—to spend their lives in idleness and riot; and Oliver Perkins became one of his companions.

Isabella was younger than her brother by a few years.

She was such another as Emily there. (Here Emily turned down her eyes, which had been gazing up in her grandfather's face, regardful of his every word.) A sweet pretty young thing she was—a good creature. And young Welwood, a son of the old Welwood, who at that time held the Grange farm, was as fine a youth as she a girl. Robert Welwood had known Isabella from childhood. He had carried her backwards and forwards to school.

Robert was out late one frosty night in November, looking after his father's carts; the hard-frozen snow lay on the ground, when he sprained his ankle, as he thought, in a rut in the road. Domestic remedies were applied for some days, but his limb became worse. The doctor was sent for, and attended for a length of time, but Robert never walked again as before: he had ever after a lame foot. This did not prevent his feelings towards Isabella, whom he had been fond of from her infancy. He had been her protector; but now that she had altered her character and grown a woman, he aspired to be her lover.

Isabella liked him too—liked him, respected him. She had never thought of him but as a friend. He was older than she, and his head was still older than his shoulders: he was naturally sedate and shy, and his shyness and gravity had been increased by the accident of his lameness. She had never thought of him as an admirer, even while he was doting on her. Who knows, however, how soon her eyes might have been opened, had not her brother, just as Isabella's sense and judgment were forming in her, been in the habit of bringing Jack Raffles to the house. Jack was handsome, and had a beguiling tongue.

Oliver Perkins died. He died of a disease which doctors call *delirium tremens*. In plain English, he died of intemperance in the use of ardent spirits. Old Perkins and his wife were already heart-broken with Oliver's recent courses, and the death of their only son put, they imagined, the top-stone on their griefs. Alas! we know not what we have to bear till it comes, nor how we can bear it till tried. Poor Isabella's affectionate heart was torn with grief. The whole winter passed, and her health was still affected by her sorrow. Robert Welwood had been a frequent guest after Oliver's death. He found there was cause, after all, to suspect the success of his rival. He had hoped—as much for his dear Isabella's sake as his own—that she had not thrown away her heart on one he knew to be worthless. His suspicions were well grounded. Her heart was pre-occupied: and Isabella felt that to love Robert would be to be guilty of inconstancy.

Spring passed, and summer, and when she was able to re-appear like her old self, John Raffles' visits became again more frequent. These were discountenanced by her father and mother, and I grieve to say that she sometimes saw him privately. I believe she had never disobeyed them in any other matter. 'They love me,' she would say to herself, 'and dearly I love them. Oh! I wish they would but see