

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY F. B. ROLF.

The Sun had left its high Meridian Throne, and was just rolling his flaming chariot through the golden portals of the east, as I left my quiet home, to pay a visit to a friend of mine, who had just returned from College. It was one of those bright and lovely evenings, which seem an emblem of that better land, where pure immortal spirits move amid the groves of the tree of life, and strike their Golden Harp, and roll a full and swelling tide of music along the shining ranks of Angels which wave their wings all radiant with the Glory of the great *Eternal*.

The stars, which all day long, had bathed in a sea of golden light, slept forth, one by one, from their day-dream, and shone like lamps, lit by the hands of Angels. The fair Goddess of Spring, had, from her golden censer, poured rich odours on the swelling breeze; and all was harmony and peace. The home of my friend was near where the river St. Francis rolled its silvery waters, and its white crested wave flashed in the golden sunlight; and the tall fir and spruce mingled their branches, and formed a Temple, from which rose to Heaven, the evening song of praise. As we approached the ancient domicile of my friend, I found him and his only son, a hopeful lad, around whose path fourteen sweet summers had planted roses, seated in a vine clad bower. After friendly salutations, our conversation turned upon the beauty and harmony of nature, and as our eyes wandered down in the blue depths of ether, we spoke of the vast distance that must exist between us and those sparkling Sons; and of the solemn stillness which reigns where nothing moves the air save where some seraph, roving, sweeps along on his mission of mercy, from world to world; and no sound falls upon the ear, but the mild breathing of some Angels Lyre. But as we were enjoying this celestial reverie, night seated herself upon her ebony throne, and we returned to the spacious sitting room of my friend. It was richly adorned with all the productions of art. The light streamed from the massive chandelier, and disclosed to my view, the glass goblet which contained the sparkling wine. An indelible sensation of sorrow ran through my frame as the old man seated himself in the arm chair, by the side-board, and poured out for his son and myself, the life destroying liquid. The son, with eyes radiant as the orb of day, took the cup and raised it to his mouth, but I refused to drink. The old man inquired of me my reason for so doing. I frankly told him I was a *Teetotaller*. The colour reddened his face as he exclaimed "Oh nonsense, you are too strenuous, this was given to us by God to drink, a little will do you good; it will keep you from taking cold after being out in the evening air. The best of men drink it."

"Yes rejoined the old lady" (who was seated near by) our Parson drinks it; and every body says he is a good man, and quoted scripture to prove it was right." Here the youth quaffed the contents of the sparkling cup, and the old man turning round with an air of self satisfaction exclaimed "look at me, I have drunk wine for forty years, and am as heavy and red cheeked as any body, and my son shall have it too. I am not so stingy, as you teetotallers are." Stop gentle reader before you further go, think oh! think upon such parental influence. Like the burning stream of lava, which rolls from the volcano's fiery mouth; it burns up the finer feelings of the youthful breast; it withers the buds of promise ere they bloom, and scatters destruction all around. How many a drunkard who stands upon the verge of the grave, can date the commencement of his downward career from the time he received the first glass from a parent's hand? Nor can we hold him guiltless, who, clothed in the sacerdotal robes of his office, gives his influence to the cause of intemperance. His is an holy office. Standing in the Temple of the Most High, he lays hold of the robes of Jesus; and shall he give to those for whom Jesus died, that which will open to them, the gates of ruin? Methinks if ever Angels lay aside their crowns, which are wreathed with Amaranth and Gold—unstring their harps—and weep profusely; it is to see the Minister of Christ stoop to drink the water of death. *A wine drinking Minister!* Misguided man, Heaven forgive the thought!

But to the narrative. After the above conversation

the night past quietly away, and soon the bright sunbeams tinged with gold the mountain tops; and we parted, little thinking that we should not meet again until time's ever rolling, yet noiseless wheels have born ten revolving years to the vast Ocean of Eternity, when the quiet of the village of N., in one of the Western States, was broken by the rumbling of the wheels of the Mail Coach. It stopped at the door of a Public House, and a young man alighted, and ordered his trunk to be carried in. His sparkling eyes, noble and elevated forehead, with deep brown hair, which waved in the Autumnal breeze, indicated superior intellect. But yet there was something wild and troubled in his looks. He soon retired to rest. Morning came. The wind howled mournfully around the dwelling. The thin white clouds flitted by, like Heaven's commissioned Angels, and seemed to bear upon their wings some tale of woe. The seared leaf of autumn—that emblem of crushed hopes—whirled before the ebbing blast. The flowerets hid their pale faces in the yellow lap of the dying year. The time came for breakfast, the bell rang, but all was silent in the stranger's room. The servant went to the room and called, but no sound but the echo of his own voice came back. He went to the bed, and there lay the youth stretched in the icy slumbers of death. By his bedside lay a phial in which was a quantity of laudanum.

In order to find out the name of the deceased, the trunk was broken open. In it was found a bundle of letters from his mother; but still further down, in a more secret corner, were found letters from his lady love. From her for whom he would have died a thousand deaths.

Reader, do you inquire who the stranger was; it was my friend of whom I spoke! Do you inquire what was the cause of his untimely end? It was the sparkling glass sanctioned by parental influence. Oh parents put not the viper in your children's bosoms, which will coil around the fires of their hearts! This youth who was well educated, and might have been respected; maddened by the effects of Alcohol, left his home, spent his money, and sought relief from his woes in the arms of death! His father went to the grave a few years before him. As death breaks not the golden chain of memory, what must be the feelings of this father? Could some Angel unlock the golden gates of Heaven, and permit the father to come with the pale moonbeams, which so calmly sleep in the dew drops which rest upon that lowly grave? What must be his feelings? Oh how the thoughts of the past must gather around him. The tears of Angels (if Angels do weep) can not atone. His son is gone. Parents beware, let not alcohol cut down the little *Olive Branches*, which are growing around your board. Dash the sparkling wine cup down, and teach your children Temperance.

Loss of Whale Ship 'Ann Alexander.'

The whale ship "Ann Alexander," Capt. John C. Deblois, of Bedford, was destroyed by being struck by a sperm whale, which the crew were attempting to capture. After the whale had destroyed two boats, the ship was put in pursuit of the monster. On nearing him a lance was thrown into his head, and a few moments after, he rushed on the ship, struck her abreast the foremast about two feet from the keel, knocking a large hole entirely in her bottom, through which the water rushed with great rapidity; and she commenced settling down. The remaining boats were cleared away and launched, and a little bread and water, all that could be saved, was placed in them. After some efforts to relieve the ship and keep her afloat, the captain and crew left her in the boats. Two days after the occurrence, they fell in with the ship "Nantucket," Capt. Gibbs, and were taken on board and landed at Paita. Capt. Deblois reached Panama in the schooner Providence, on the 12th Oct. The occurrence took place on the 20th of Aug. lat 5 50 S, lon 102 W. The crew of Capt. Deblois shipped on board other vessels after reaching Paita.

HEROISM.—Some of our readers may, perhaps, remember that a few weeks ago a paragraph appeared in this Journal, stating that the schooner "Monsoon," of Cawago, loaded with Railroad Iron, had sprung a leak during the night, and was aground off this Port next day with a signal of distress flying—when, Captains Manson, Braund, Wright, Jno. Braund, and Wm. Sturkes, who, although it was blowing a heavy gale of wind at the time and the weather dark and threatening, at the imminent risk of their lives, those brave men volunteered to go and try to ren-

der assistance to the vessel in distress, and immediately proceeded out into the Lake in a small boat to the distance of about five miles before they could reach the schooner, which they found in a sinking state, and the crew nearly exhausted. After a few hours hard labor, working at the pumps, &c., they succeeded in bringing the "Monsoon" safely into port, where she soon afterwards sunk. We are happy to add, that the owners of the schooner "Monsoon" generously presented this intrepid boat's crew with the sum of \$400.—*Kingston Whig.*



Agricultural.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE FARMERS OF CANADA

BY A YOUNG LADY.

Know ye not that ye are men,
Ye labouring throgs of earth?
Must ye be told and told again,
What truth and toil are worth?

Why do you look upon the ground,
No fire within the eye,
When noble hom are all around,
And wealth and rank go by?

For have ye not a heart within,
And sense and soul as they?
And more—have ye not toiled to raise
The bread you eat to day?

Do you despise your sun-burnt hands,
So hard and brown with toil,
That made so fair the forest lands,
And turned the forest soil?

What! do you fear the haughty gaze
Of men in such array?
Tis said, pride hath not many days,
And riches fly away.

Up heart and hand, and persevere,
And overcome the scorn,
The haughty hate and heartless sneer
Of this world's gentle born.

Fear not, shrink not, to you is given,
The guardianship of earth;
And on the record book of Heaven
Ia writ your honest worth.

Honour yourselves, be honest, true,
And willing, firm, and strong;
Do well, whatever your hands may do,
Though praise may linger long.

A high and holy work is yours,
And yours should be a fame,
That lives for ages, and endures
Beyond a hero's name.

Go, with you down upon the plough,
And the plough beneath the sod,
Pity the heart that scorns, and bow,
To nothing but your GOD!

Victoria Magazine.

Barton, 1847.

A VALUABLE EXPORT.—The total quantity of dried codfish exported from the port of St. John's, N. B., from the 1st Jan. 1851 to the 16th Sept. of the same year, amounted to 309 994 quintals—the value of which was probably over £200,000. This is of course entirely independent of the immense number of salmon, oil, seal skin, &c., which form such large items in the export trade of St. John's.—*Nova Scotian, Oct. 1.*