

WHISKEY—THE BANE OF THE IRISHMAN.

BY T. H. WHITTLE.

"The battle of our life is brief! The alarm, the struggle, the relief— Then sleep we, side by side."

It will be readily conceded, by all who have paid the least attention to the subject, that whiskey may be most aptly denominated the bane of Irishmen. Not that it is the more deadly in its effects upon the poor Irishman than the Englishman, the Frenchman, or the Indian, do I call it by the name above printed, but because, just at this present time, the poison works more subtly in the native of the Emerald Isle, and because there is such a great majority of our western population made up of the aforesaid Islanders.

Even in our little village, scarcely numbering its three thousand souls, I can point to numerous individual cases, going to show the assertion I have just made most true. One case in point, only, shall I give you in this number.

Some three years since, there resided in the upper part of our village one son of Erin named Patsy Conner. He had no house he could call his own, but leased one low-roofed, humble dwelling of 'Squiro J., where his wife did washing and ironing for the neighbors, and where he reposed at night, when his toil was done. Like the greater number of his countrymen, Patsy was poor, honest, industrious, and barely earned enough to support his family and self and keep them all scantily clothed in both summer and winter. But again, like the majority of his countrymen—in our vicinity, at least—he loved the "crayther" overmuch. Being social in his nature, impulsive and truly Irish in every point, he sometimes became intoxicated. Who wonders? Tempted at every corner—the bottle thrust to his lips every hour, and by every friend—what wonder that Patsy Conner sometimes found the village sike-walks too narrow for him to walk on, and the streets—remarkable for their smoothness—too hilly for him to traverse?

One winter's evening, when the wind howled most mournfully without, and the fire on Patsy's hearth burned most cheerfully within. The little family was crowded around that hearthstone, happy and cheerful as that same crackling wood fire. The youngest child—"the father's own son," as Patsy often called him—was sitting upon his father's knee, pulling the long hairs of his bushy whiskers, and laughing most heartily at the tears he brought from his father's eyes by his simple operation. The mother was sitting near her husband, looking on smilingly, to see her child happy; she was happy, too. So was Patsy—so was Eddy—so was Jack, the elder son. All were happy, even to the cat on the hearth; all happy!

Patsy and his wife were sitting, an hour later, by the fire—the children having been put to sleep, and the parents about to follow—when one of their neighbors came in, and informed Patsy that Tom Collins wanted to see him at his store. Every body knows Tom Collins. Patsy knew him to be a true-hearted Irishman, and followed his friend away.

The gray of morning streaked the eastern sky, and crowing chanticleer sounded his morning reveille.

Patsy's wife and children were slumbering yet; the mother with her youngest in her arms. She was disturbed, and finally awakened by a thundering rap at the door. Donning, hastily, a few articles of apparel, she proceeded to admit Patsy. She had no doubt of its being him: he was there!

When Mrs. Conner opened the door, what a scene was there to behold! Her dear husband was there, stretched upon a shutter, and borne by four men, and apparently lifeless.

"Oh, God!" she cried, as she ran to meet him, "what has happened! what ails my husband?"

But not till Patsy was stretched upon the bed, and the doctor had been called in, did she learn the cause of her husband's lifeless appearance.

It appears that he, the unfortunate Patsy, had formed a member of a company who had been appointed to watch a building which Collins was in possession of. About this building, and its possession by Collins, there had been some dispute; and, to make his part of the law doubly sure, the company of men were put into the building to prevent its being taken by some one else.

Whilst passing the long hours of the winter night, Patsy, with some others, had wished for some whiskey to warm their blood and cheer their hearts. But Collins was then a strict "Son." No liquor would they get from him.

In exploring the dark recesses of the uninhabited building, some of the watchers discovered a large black junk bottle. It was brought to the light, examined, smelt of, and pronounced whiskey. Patsy Conner was the one who first placed it to his lips and drank. Oh, fatal draught!

Perhaps he swallowed half a pint. He took the bottle from his lips and remarked that it did not taste pleasant, that it was not good liquor. The rest of the party had not time to taste, before Patsy was in an agony of pain. He rolled on the floor; he turned in every possible position; but could get no relief. He cried for water! water!! water!!! He complained of being burned. Said he was all on fire within.

The bottle was immediately examined more closely. He had drunk half a pint of rathane—or, a preparation of carbonate sublimated and alcohol!

Patsy Conner's widow and children followed a lamented husband and father to the grave, only a few brief days after the occurrence of the above.

They are left fatherless—the children; she is left homeless, nameless—the mother. The fire has gone out on the cheerful hearth; the wind howls around the house; and in every stroke of the wind, every cry of the tempest, goes up to Heaven the sighs of the widowed mother and the prayers of the orphan children, for deliverance from the bane of the world—ALCOHOL!

How true this is of Canada! Many a similar picture may be seen in the villages and towns of Canada.—En. Sox.

SMOKING DEATH.—The Haldimand Independent reports that Abraham Shirke, a farmer of South Cayuga, was gored to death by a bull in his own barn-yard, on the 1st January. The hay fork was found in the yard with the tines broken, and there were other indications of a dreadful contest. The animal had to be shot before the corpse could be removed.

Temperance—the best treatise on health and economy.

NUMEROUS.

A little nonsense now and then, Is sweetened by the wisest men.

SCIENCE.—In New York, the other day, an Irishman worked at a forge got a particle of hot iron in his eye. While working in pain, a boy stepped up to him and said with perfect coolness: "Will you give me half a dollar if I get that out of your eye?"

"I'll give you anything—I'll give you a dollar." Away the boy ran, and came back with a magnet with which, in about a minute, he drew out the iron atom. Paddy winked his watery eyes, and swore an oath of relief and gratitude. He then gave the operator the half dollar. "Holy Mother!" exclaimed the Paddy's sister, who stood by, "them Yankee children could do anything."

HOLDING THE PLOUGH.—An Irishman made application for work. On being asked if he could hold the plough, Paddy said he could do that or anything else. He was accordingly engaged, and his master went with him to the field, to see him commence operations. I soon found that Pat was new at the trade.

"Did you not tell me, sir, that you could hold the plough?" "Arrah! be easy now, said Pat; how the deuce can I hold the plough, and two horses dragging it away from me? But give it me in the barn, and be jabers I'll howld it with iver a boy?"

A SMART RETORT.—"Madame," said a cross-tempered physician to a patient, "if you were admitted to Paradise, your tongues would make it a purgatory." "And some physicians, if allowed to practice there," replied the lady, "would soon make it a desert."

Why is a blacksmith likely to make a contribution in the alphabet? Because he makes A poke R and A shov' L.

MEDICAL NOMENCLATURE.—Knick Knack told a story of a celebrated physician who recently prescribed for one of his patients that safe and palpable remedy, syrup of birch thorn, and wrote his prescription in the usual catalistic characters. "Syr. Ram. Cath." On enquiring of the patient if she had taken the medicine, a thunder cloud darkened her face, lightning flashed from her eyes, and she exclaimed: "No! I can't read your doctor writing, and I am agone to take your Syrup of Ram Cats for anybody under heaven."

A CHANCE FOR BACHELORS.—Among the multitude of advertisements, relating to the Duke of Wellington, in the Times is the following:—"The widow of a clergyman, possessing several genuine letters of his Grace, is open to an offer." This is very delicately put, and should lead to something definite.

An American now travelling in Europe, says that "Dutch babies are the most phlegmatic creatures on the face of the globe. They never cry. In order to test this, I pinched several of them as I passed in the crowd. One of them slightly yawned; the others merely gazed placidly at me, but made no sign." Model babies those.

"Ma, did you bid Emmy clean pa's shoes?" "Yes, dear." "Well she's backenng them!"

The Postmaster of Cleveland recently received a letter enclosing one with the following unique direction: "to the Man that Married sal porter, Some Where away up in Iway."

An Irishman, who had commenced building a wall round his lot, of rather uncommon dimensions—viz.: four feet high, and six feet thick—was asked the object by a friend. "To save repairs, my honey; don't you see that if it ever falls down, it will be higher than it is now."

Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest ever known? Because it had no Eve.

AN IRISH IDEA.—A Criminal Judge was about to pronounce a sentence of punishment upon an Irishman, for the perpetration of a theft.

"And it is upon the oaths of thum two witnesses your honor's going to condinn me?" asked Pat.

"Certainly," said the Judge, "their tesumony was ample to convince the jury of your guilt."

"Oh, murder!" he exclaimed; "to condinn me on the oaths of two spalpeens who swear they saw me take the goods, when I can bring forth a hundred who'll swear they didn't see me do it."

DISCOVERY OF AN OLD JOKE.—One of the old French noblesse (who had read Shakespeare) being asked why he had been forced to emigrate, said that, like the crime of the King in Hamlet, his offence was rank.

A correspondent of the Nashville Gazette who signs herself "Sophia," says that woman is twice as good as man, and proves it thus by the very orthography—w-o-m-a-n—double you, O, man!

An old lady had an unaccountable aversion to rye, and never could eat it any form. "Til of late, they have got," she said, "to making it into whiskey, and I find I can now and then, werry down a little."

A money-hunter being about to marry a fortune, a friend asked him how long the honeymoon would last. He replied, "Don't tell me of the honeymoon—it is the harvest-moon with me!"

A good old quaker lady after listening to the extravagant yarn of a store-keeper as to how his patience would allow her, said to him, Friend H., what a jay it is that it is a sin to be when it seems so necessary in thy business.

THE REASON WHY.—A gentleman on hearing a lady praise the eyes of a certain minister, wrote as follows:

I cannot praise the doctor's eyes, I never saw his glance divine; For when he prays he shuts his eyes, And when he preaches he shuts mine.

An attorney about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, to make it as light as he could.

"Ah, replied the attorney, 'you may say that to your foreman, but it is not the way I make my bread.'"

"A charming young lady" has been "doing" the good people of Birmingham, Ct., out of considerable sympathy and some "material aid," by accidentally dropping among them as an escaped Quakeress from the Eastfield Society of Shakers.



Ladies' Department.

(ORIGINAL.) TO CARA.

Fair Cara, when morn's rosy rays Sweep o'er the sunbeams shades of night When every eye should open to praise The eternal source of life and light In that pure and all hallowed hour, Will thou not sometimes think of me, Who, reckless of life's noblest dower, Too far down sin's dark stream hath gone? Think of him, and forgive in thought, The faults with which the friendless tongue reproach'd, 1853.

HELVY KEMPTVILLE

FANNY FERN'S FANCIES.

Girls, listen to me. You all come into the world for a purpose; that purpose is matrimony, and the sooner all you that are eligible set about getting a husband, the better for yourselves and those who otherwise will continue to be cigar-sucking, toddy drinking miserable castaways. Winter is congenial to wedlock, and it is now here with its long, cozy, fireside evenings, its hustling parties and frolicsome balls; and any girl, with her proper wits about her, need not see the spring flowers above ground without an engagement on her hands, if she but half embraces the chances certain to be offered her! "Look before you leap," is a good old grandmother's saying, but girls, don't throw the half of a good chance away; it may not be offered again. When your fish is fairly hooked, don't play with him too long or he may break your line; but wind on the reel, steadily with a will. When you have got him nearly to land, let mamma give him a slight jerk, then slip your hand next underneath and flop it over him, when he finds himself in it. Cook him almost directly. Men are very much like fish; they don't keep fresh long after being caught.

Have nothing to do with erratic bipeds with no fixed intention. Such creatures there are who will fall on your sofas, turn the leaves of your music books, and fill your heads with silly notions, at the same time monopolize you for all the fancy dances play water behind your chairs at supper, be your humble servant at theatres and concert rooms, and serenade you through a two years campaign—have nothing to do with them.

Whistle such dangles off. Cut them dead after taking them on trial for a winter and summer, and begin fresh on a novelty. If a man does not come to the "Popping point" after a winter's dancing and a summer's riding and ice-creaming he won't do it at all. He is not a marrying man, and you had better, for your own sakes, hand such over to your young sisters, just out of court dresses and pantaloons, smelling nice and fresh of bread and butter, who have the time to waste on trifles. You have none.

Mind, I don't say, don't wait for a man if you are sure of him. Never care if he is poor, poor and worthy. Your father was a poor man, ten to one, when he married your mother. If you love the fellow and he merits it, love on; wait until he is in a position to make the pot boil, and keep it boiling; then some afternoon, when your father is happy in himself, and at peace with the world, throw yourself upon his heart, wait until his dinner is digested, and then pat dear Harry's love for you straight at him.

Procrastination is the thief of time. Don't let the men procrastinate. Make them clearly define their position. "To be or not to be," that is the question. I admire a warm hearted, strong-loving girl, one who when her love is well bestowed, is not ashamed to let the world see her happiness; but I hate match-making mamma's, and despise girls who spend four or five of their best years in waltzing and knitting purses, working slippers for a set of fellows whose hearts are in their various pattern books. These are the men that are killing the purpose of your lives, they are stealing away that fresh goodness of heart, the pure impulse of thought and action, which every girl should bring her husband as a dowry. They will hang around you until you are thirty, if you make up well, and suffer their addresses.

A ballet dancer at the National Theatre in Washington, was greatly annoyed a few evenings since, by an impudent exquisite who had taken up a position near the footlights, where he stood every bar very closely through a double-barricaded opera glass. Watching her opportunity, she spun to that portion of the stage nearest him, and by a sudden movement of her petite foot, while executing a pirouette, sent his opera glass whirling far beyond his reach. The act brought down the house and the fellow's complacency together.

The best dancer in the world, now, is said to be Miss Maywood, of Philadelphia. She is now in Italy. At her benefit at Florence, a short time since, it required three wagons to carry away the bouquets thrown at her feet.

Old Lady Sanderson, of Lexington, Mass., memorable for her kind attentions to a British soldier who was wounded at Lexington in 1775, died on Sunday morning about six o'clock. She was in the 105th year of her age.