

to the boss, who attempted to persuade him out of it, "f---," said he, "you will only want more." But after declaring that he would not, he was supplied. He had not been at work five minutes, when, as the boss expected, down he came again. "That poor fellow," said the journeyman, "is so lonesome that he is crying out for another to keep him in company." He was furnished with another and came again, declaring that the two had got into a quarrel, and he wanted a third immediately to go down and settle the difficulty. But the judge, as he termed the third, couldn't get along without witnesses—then lawyers were called for, who in their turn wanted a jury. The trial lasted a fortnight, but then the jury couldn't agree, and the painter had to pay the cost.—*Organ.*

FAIRLY AND BADLY BEATEN.—At a little soiree in Hannibal, (Mo.) a few days since, some ladies urged a young gentleman to join the Washingtonians.—The ladies are always persuading our sex to reform their evil habits. He finally promised he would do so, if either of them, or any one present, would compose a verse of poetry presenting as strong reasons *against* drinking, as one which he would recite contained in *favor* of drinking. The challenge was accepted, and the young gentleman recited the following from *Anacron:*

"When I drink, I feel, I feel
Visions of poetic zeal;
When I drink, my sorrow's o'er;
I think of doubts and fears no more!"

The above was promptly answered, as follows:

Thus sung the old bard then on his couch sunk,
As mellow as grapes in October;
He thought it a fore-taste of heaven to get drunk,
But found it a hell to get sober.

If he did not sign the pledge after hearing this overwhelming answer, he was certainly faithless to his promise and should be forever discountenanced by the ladies.—*St. Louis Washingtonian.*

A short time since, a Moderate Drinker attempted to hold up to ridicule a very worthy Washingtonian, who owns and drives a stage to the Rail-Road from a neighboring village, and with whom he had taken passage. It appears that our friend the stage driver, had as a fellow passenger with the *moderate drinker*, a demijohn of brandy. "How can you," says the run gentleman, "who profess to be a tee-totaller, take pay for carrying a demijohn of liquor?" "Oh," says the Washingtonian, "I am a sort of *Common Carrier*, and I see no more harm in carrying a demijohn of brandy, than in transporting a passenger with his skin full of the same article."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

ADDRESS TO ALL LITTLE TEE-TOTALLERS.—On you now depend the triumph of the temperance cause. The old temperance warriors are fast doing up their work, and all poor drunkards are becoming sober men, and now if the little Tee-totallers will spring to the work and gain all the children, that not a drop of alcohol shall be drunk by the rising generation, we may soon dismiss all our forces and return once more to the arts of peace. Come then, one and all. Come up hand and heart. Hast not till you have to the pledge every boy and girl in your school, town or city.

Raise your banner high in air,
Write cold water,—write it there.
Let its folds be wide unfurled,
Let it float o'er all the world.
Temperance banner—raise it high
Let its folds gleam in the sky.

March, ye children, march ye on,
Soon the battle will be won;
Soon the last poor staggering soul,
Will have turn'd—or found his goal,
Press, ye children, press ye on,
Cease not, till the battle's won.

THE RED FACE.—"Father, what makes your face so red?" asked a little boy of his parent.—"I have been riding in the wind," replied the father rather peevishly.—"Well, mother has been riding in the wind too, and hers isn't as red as yours, what makes the difference?" "Here, Muv, take John to bed. These Washingtonians will ruin our children. The boy is getting very impudent."

NEW WAY TO GIVE A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.—A few days since, a stranger in our city, was seen at noon day, upon his back, reposing on the side walk, with his head pillowed upon a doorstep—his mouth open and his whole length stretched across the pavement, so that the passers by, were compelled to step over him. Ladies passed upon the other side, but in doing so, they lost the benefit of a valuable caution which appeared in large characters upon his heart, in these words—

"MODERATE DRINKERS! BEWARE!"

After the poor fellow had slept off the fumes of rum, and placed himself in an erect position, he was kindly invited by some dozen of our cold-water boys, to sign the pledge—he accepted their invitation, and they brought him to the Temperance Rooms, where he registered his name among the army of tee-totallers. Those who have seen the drunkard in his worst condition can imagine his appearance, when he staggered into our presence, to declare his wish to reform. He was a loathsome being. He departed, and the next Sabbath sober and neatly dressed he called at the Temperance Rooms to secure a seat in a carriage bound to Glengarry temperance meeting.

JUVENILE TIT FOR TAT.—The following incident occurred a few weeks since at one of our good and adjoining towns, Grafton. Among the pupils were three little girls, whom we shall designate as little B. the daughter of a rum-seller, little C. the daughter of a rum-drinker, and little W. the daughter of a strict tee-totaller.

During one of their play hours, little B. with an air of superior gentility, that little misses sometimes know how to assume before they reach their teens, says to little C. "Get along. Don't you come with us. Your father is a drunkard, he drinks rum." At this reproach the poor girl turned, raised her apron to her eyes, and tears and suppressed sobs soon told how her young heart was pained at such an allusion to her parent's dishonour. "And where does her father get the rum he drinks?" asked little W. touched with the grief of her play fellow. "I don't know" said little B. somewhat subdued by the chiding tone of her companion's interrogatory. "Well, I do," said she, "they say that her father gets rum at your father's grocery." So, if your father isn't a drunkard, he sells that which makes drunkards." Chided and encouraged at the unexpected change of the battery, little C. let fall the apron from her face, and put in—"Yes, and one that sells rum is a great deal worse than one that buys rum, that he is, for I heard 'em say so tother night at the Temperance meeting." This sally turned the scale, and secured her triumph, and little B. buried her face in her hands and sobbed in triumph.

Poetry.

THE TEMPERANCE CONFLICT.

Our neighbours, friends and country call,
To save them from the deadly thrall
Of withering, blasting Alcohol,
Hurrah, hurrah, for liberty.

Come, dry the lonely widow's tears,
And soothe the helpless orphan's cares,
Poor drunkards, sunk in guilt and fears,
O! hasten, hasten to set free.

Ye fair, we your assistance crave,
Your husbands, brothers, try to save,
From a dishonoured drunkard's grave,
Or worse than living slavery.

Ye youth, haste on to meet the foe;
Let Alcohol's adherents know,
That strong's his arm and firm's his blow,
Who fights for man's and liberty.

Come all, united heart and hand,
Intemperance every way withstand,
Till our emancipated land
Shall hail the glorious victory.

Harlequin 1512

Petros.