PURE. GOLD



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Tales and Sketches.

RACHEL NOBLE'S EXPERIENCE.

CHAPTER XX.

A turned out one evening, to call on our old anxiety to live took possession of Sarah when she servant, Sarah. We chose the evening for our came to herself-and she did live ; very slowly she visit, as we wished to see her husband as well as recovered, but she did recover. Her husband street, one of the undermost flats of a big "land" of houses; the windows looked into the street, and ses coming forward to testify to his general good came pretty close down to the ground.

Groups of children were playing about. When colour of which showed that they had not been changed for a very long time.

"They're fechtin' again, and she's cryin' murder," said one of the biggest boys as we approached. "Here's a go- he's lickin' her ; it's time the police was here."

I said to Fanny, "The Wilsons must have moved, perhaps some of these boys can tell us boy and asked him if he knew where the Wilsons lived ? "In there," he said; "it's them that's their own. fechtin'."

we went into the entry of which the doors of the put his head into the entry and cried "Wife, ye had better no gang in there, or ye'll catch't.,,

shall we do?"

rate, that may stop the quarrel, if it has not stop- as he could his reasons for doing so. It was some infant, but whose face told that care sat on her little say conscience ?" shoulders, and clung round her neck, as the old man of the mountain bestrode Sinbad.

"Well Sarah." I said, "is your mother in !"

"Yes men," she said, with a kind of scared like to make sure work." look in her eyes, "but she's lyin' on the grund, "Yes sir. I was vexed to see people drunk and she'll no rise." We heard a groan, this de and then I did not like to make a profit of it." termined us-we went in, and there, sure enough, "But I'm not vexed to see people drunk-I enwas Sarah, lying on the middle of the floor, her joy it. You're sure of that now, arn't you?" hedabbled her hair unfastened. clothes dirty her face red and distorted, and her chest heaving frightfully; and there, crouched in a corner, gazing I am responsible for the use or abuse they make at her with a terrified stare, was her husband. of it-that's it isn't it ?" An infant was in the cradle, lying just as it had been dropped from senseless hands, but sleeping peacefully nevertheless. An excited cat turned modest-extremely modest-extremely modest. its wild, green eyes upon us for an instant, hav- Would you not be persuaded to speak for me too? ing stopped for the purpose, with one foot suspen- And," in a raising voice, "it is you, sir, who have ded in mid-flight ; then darted out of sight. The the assurance to come and tell me this? that the house was dirty; the fire was out. The little girl business in which my son and I are engaged is not bent close to her mother's ear and cried, "Moth- fit for you--is not a fair, just, and honourable one, er, mother, O, mother, speak !" but got no answer. such as you can continue in-you that I lifted out I knelt down and cut the fastenings of the unhap- of the gutter, where I had better have left you, and py woman's dress, if possible to ease her breathing to which you likely mean to go back. Conscience ! I said "If we could get her lifted into the bed." Where was your conscience when you stole my Fanny and I were about to try if we could do it daughter-when you got her to leave my house when the door opened and two policemen entered' but honesty and gratitude, I suppose you don't They looked round, and with practiced eyes took know what these things are sir? the measure of the scene. They lifted Sarah into the bed, and took her husband into their keeping ; he made no resistance, being apparently quite tendyourself before an old reprobate like me. Leave knowing what to think, and within a hair of being stunned. They went away, saying, they would send this house! Tell Lizzie I'll take her and her chil. a doctor to examine the woman. The little girl dren back. For you, you may go and keep your sat on a stool and cried quietly to herself without conscience as clean as you're teeth are likely to be. daring to utter a sound. Some of the neighbors Leave the house, I say," and he positively quivcame in, and two decent-looking women volun- ered with passion. teered to stay and look after Sarah. We remained till the doctor came and gave his report, which mind in this matter," and George left the room,

do something, she said.

was in prison for assaulting his wife, and that if the feeble life which flickered in her bruised and battered body went out, he would have to stand his trial for murder, with the full consciousness CCORDING to intention, Fanny and I that he was guilty. Shame, terror, and a delirious

herself. Their house was in a quiet, little by- was tried for the minor offence, and all extenuating strong. circumstances being dwelt upon, and many witnesconduct, he escaped with the very lenient punish-

ment of six months imprisonment. Shortly after, we came to Sarah's windows, a crowd of them another man was tried in very similar circumstanwere gathered round, and two or three boys taller ces, only, in this case the unfortunate woman was than the rest were flattening their noses against killed; he was condemned to die, and although the glass, looking in over the short blinds, the every effort was made to get the sentence remitted, it was carried into effect, and that on the very

morning of the day Thomas and Sarah met once more on their own hearth-stone. I think if they ever felt that they had been suspended over an abyss by a single strand of cord it was then. How they met, or what they said, I do not know, but that was the turning-point of their lives; they agreed never more to touch intoxicating drink, and where they live now," so I picked out the biggest they kept the resolution, and have lived down the

This affair also brought things to a crisis with Fanny and I looked at each other in dismay ; George Myles-he must give up his present busithank him for involving me in such a disagreeable scene, and he acknowledged that it was not fair, Fanny looked again at me, and said, "What but he wished to have what shelter my presence could give him-gave up to Mr. Morgan the shop, I said, "Suppose we knock at the door at any the stock, and the business, explaining as mildly ed already-I hear no noise?" So I gave a sharp time before Mr Morgan took in his meaning; then loud knock. In a minute the door was opened he said in a quiet, cool way, like the soft notes by a little child, whose size said she should be an that prelude the tempest, "Conscience-did you

"Yes." "First fine feeling, and then delicate scruples.

That's what I'm to understand, is it?' You see I

"People come to my shop, buy an article, and

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hardly time itself shall blot out-he found that he opening a small shop in the provision line ?

PORTER AND GUTTA PERCHA. RECORDED BY CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN ESQ.

Condensed by JACOB SPENCE.

OHN BLANK was in the habit of sitting out the evening over his porter, in an arm chair before the fire of a country inn kept by Mrs Double-

John was one of those persons who had often wondered what the world could be without drink, especially without porter.

of teetotalism in its various forms. And many a taken up talking with a man that will neither hear time the dreadful enquiry forced itself on his be- rhyme nor reason. There's a carriage at the door wildered imagination,-should that terrible time to which I must attend."

What a state of existence!

for a public house, but all in vain. At last he with, he resolved to change his tone, and try him

ness, he said, even if he should take his old place lican, only his face had no red marks, and he day, and this is the first public I've lighted on. houses opened, and stood a minute, considering at the back of the omnibus. And he did give it hadn't the slightest smell of wiskey. "I want," I'm perfectly choking," and this clammy utterence on the seat,) " some of your best porter," The is it a fact that ye have no porter to drink ?" the best porter. Call Saunders Heavylift." Off oughly convinced that his guest had a beer in his ran the boy and shortly returned with Saunders. bonnet, and that he had better speak to him fair, "He's far gone, I doubt," said the man of skill. "Here's the porter," said the landlord introducing replied soothingly-Mr. Heavylift. John whose eyes were half shut,

and even thought the short time long, looked up expecting to see a black bottle with waxed cork

fore him on the table. Bewildered, seeing only know whether they eat or not. And let me say the landlord and Saunders, he stared a little and t's my opinion that a drink and some refreshexclaimed-"Where ?" "Here" replied the land- ment is what you need after your long journey." lord, pointing to Saunders Heavylift, "Here he is " Refreshment !" roared John, in a rage and a stout honest man you'll find him. I assure despair. "Am I not asking the porter to refresh you sir, he'll carry luggage with the best in the me?"

town. Just give him your instructions, and I'll be "Hoot, sit down, sir," said Mr. Crystal, coaxresponsible. John stared and gaped, first at the ingly. " We'll refresh you without the porter. seemed to feel Just let me know what you would like to eat first. has a wife ? and O, pity on his family ! I wish ord then at the porter my house were well quit of him We'll have it ready in a crack for you." embarassed. At length he found breath to say, At this John's patience being totally exhausted. perfectly awful this, isn't it ?" "It's not him I want ; It's porter to drink, I mean. "Nothing else for it at present," interposed Mr. and the dryness of his throat past endurance, he I'm perishing for drink." Leech,"but apply the blister to the soles of his feet rushed on Mr. Crystal, exclaiming "Ye want drink, sir," said the landlord. Dear at once. Come, Saunders you hold his feet steady; "Crack ! I'll crack you in a twinkling ne, if that's it you'll have it this instant, sir." here it is. How he does kick !" Attracted by the noise entered Saunders and Saunders left the room rather disappointed, In spite of roars and menaces the blister was others, and the hue and cry was raised in the and Jim was despatched to fill the pitcher. village that a man from the madhouse had come applied. In a little time John felt a stinging This was soon done, and a glass of sparkling burning sensation all over the soles of his feet, escool water presented to John by the landlord, who to Peter Crystal's ! had flown fiercely on Peter, pecially one of them. It became so sharp, that observed as he filled it out, " It keeps a short and nearly killed him. he could endure it no longer. Agony inspired This, however, was not more than half true, for time cool in this hot weather, so we just get it strength, so that rising with one prodigious jerk. Peter had only fallen over some chairs, and was fresh from the pump." he awoke to find he had just tumbled off the chair John's patience already much tried, found this scarcely a hair the worse. in Mrs. Doublestrong's backroom, where he had But as it was now clear to all present that John uite unendurable. been perpetrating a fit of nightmare for the last "What do you mean ?" he exclaimed. want porter. ' Have you no porter." was mad, they at once assisted in getting his legs half hour, his gutta percha soles melting off, and and arms strapped down on the sofa. his right foot slowly roasting in front of the now "Surely," interposed the landlord calmly "si blazing fire which Mrs. Doublestrong had just been

world of meaning is compressed into these three ther than George of Denmark, although the for- John. "Is this how you treat customers? I've blister his feet, then closely watch the symtoms simple words, anguish, remorse, memories, which mer had to provide for his family, and projected been four and forty years a man and a boy, and and report particularly any special development never landlord dared to make fun of me up to this of the delirium.

hour-not even Tam Toddy, who used to play tricks on others, and who often said rather than lose my custom, he would pay the porter himself." " Every gentleman pays his own porter here,"

retorted the landlord, who was a sturdy man standing too on his own dignity, and felt now not a little indignant at his visitor.

" Certainly," says John, and so will I when I am served."

"I cannot serve you better," replied the landlord, quite out of temper, " so that's the short and the long of it. It Mr, Heavylift don't please, you

As might be expected John had a great dread may find one if you will ; but my time must not be

come, in his time, when no porter is to be had. So saying the irate host left the room slamming the door behind him.

John being often absent from home, and being HJohn was. sorely puzzled ; and though very a little absent in mind through the porter, he found angry was still more thirsty, that of his throat eqhimself on one occasion in a very strange place. ceeding that of his temper. Then thinking he The weather felt awfully hot, and he wandered had perhaps been too rash, and that the landlord up and down till far in the afternoon searching might possibly be a peculiar sort of person to deal

fell on a signboard with " Refreshments sold here" again in a calmer sort of way. So upon the return painted on it in large characters. This is it at of the landlord whose good humor too seemed memory of that terrible time, in most minds but last, thought he, to his great relief, and he ac- restored by the interlude of the carriage. John cordingly stepped, into what seemed the public began soothingly, " Well landlord, I was I acroom, forthwithringing the bell. A decent look- knowledge, a little hot just now, but think of it; ing man appeared, whom he took to be the pub- I have walked up and down the whole of this long

whether we hadn't better go home again; a boy up. He came to Honeycomb House. I did not said John (throwing himself down quite exhausted confirmed his assertion. "Now tell me seriously, landlord pleasantly bowed and retired. "Jim !" This being delivered in the most insinuating said he to a smart boy, " here's a customer wants tones, Mr. Crystal who was by this time thothe best porter. Call Saunders Heavylift." Off oughly convinced that his guest had a bee in his and Mrs. Crystal for "spirits when they had en

" Drink ! ay, and eat too, if you like."

" Eat !" cried John in amazement

"Av-eat !" rejoined Mr. Crystal. "And, if XXX, and best London, a screw and tumbler be- ye had to find them as I have to do, you would

said Mrs. Chrystal, with a sigh. " I wonder if he

John gnashed his teeth and yelled. This was clear evidence of confirmed unfavorable develop of the disorder.

John entreated to be set free just for one moment, but they knew better than to do this.

WHOLE

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"Gently sooth him," said the doctor ; keep him quiet-quiet ; give him any innocent thing he asks, and avoid all excitement ; keep him quietquiet."

Soon with pure fatigue and despair the unhappy man became comparitively passive, breathing at intervals such exclamations as

"O ! for one mug of porter !--- O ! for one glass!" "He wants a glass," cried Mr. Crystal! "Bring pere the water."

The sight of the tumbler, revived the patient's wrath. He looked more fiercely at mine host, who seeing he rejected this with horror called out to bring the looking-glass from the back parlour-

perhaps it was that he meant-"for," said he, calling to mind the doctor's instructions, "we were ordered to let him have, any innocent thing' he wanted:"

The mirror was brought and forthwith held before him,

" Villains " cried John, as he caught a glimpse of his own ghastly visage. "Kill me at once ! put me out of pain ! and has it come to this? O ! if my right hand were but loose, or if I had one glass of Mrs. Doublestrong's spirits to give me strength!" As he uttered these words, Saunders Heavylift and Mrs. Chrystal entered the room, followed in a few minutes by the medical adviser. Mr Crystal duly reported all particulars concerning his

guest, detailing minutely all that happened since he last saw him, and how he had taken Saunders

" I doubt it," said Mr. Crystal.

" But we must see what can be accomplished !" said Mr. Leech. I think we must just blister and bleed, so as to reduce the inflamation, and quiet the brain. He is too full of blood. Look at his face ; the veins are bursting.

And so they were for John lay in helpless indignation, his eyes gleaming fury on all around. "Let me go, or I'll run mad !" shrieked he. 'Let me up !-- I say-let me up !"

" Poor man, he doesn't need to run mal!"

"Mr. Morgan, I only speak for myself." "Orly for yourself? Well, that's gratifying,

"I don't defend myself," said George quietly.

"You don't need. A man of your standing de-

"I will go, but I may say that Lizzie is of m was nearly as bad as it could be-he hardly Mr. Morgan sat down. I ventured to glance at thought see could recover. Then we left, taking him, and thought that the words of the not very the little girl with us for the present; knots of peo- majestic last of the Jameses would burst from the ple were standing about the street and looking at lips of the really somewhat majestic spirit-dealer, the house ; we were eagerly scanned as we passed, "God help me, my own children have forsaken and saw serious faces, and heard whispers. "He me." They were both parents, and both obstinhad killed her," they said; "it could be proved ate, but I think if they had changed places," Mr. that he had kicked her again and again; laddies Morgan would unquestionably have cut the more saw him in at the window; he would likely swing respectable figure on the page of history. If I had had James for the spirit dealer and my em. tor it yet." We were glad to hurry out of hearing. As we went home we called on Mrs. Myles, and ployer I don't know how I would have managed she sent and took the infant-she had a right to at all. Also, Mr. Morgan was luckier in his sonin-law than James, and "is it possible" that I am as he could.

that we have, Saunders has been here a min since-the best at the station ; but you can have some other if you prefer," said the landlord not nettled at this strange customer.

"Were you intending to go by the first train." euquired the landlord in a milder tone, "because take you by a short cut."

"Short cut !" cried John, What do I want with a short cut? Do you not understand ? Are you mad ? Is this a public house ? tell me that. What does all this mean ? Are you the landlord ? Can 1 not get Porter ?"

" Public house-yes, I think so," replied the landlord. "Public enough ; at least I always make the public welcome, and have both good beds and

good provisions for them when they come." "Provisions !" echoed John, scornfully, Why don't you keep porter ?"

"We cannot afford to keep one ourselves, but there are always plenty within call at the station for cur customers," said the landlord as meekly

ordered them if the paroxysms continued, to first "Do you mean to make a fool of me," says

It was all in-vain that he cried out he was not mad-that he knew what he was doing-that he only enquired civilly for some porter, when they insulted him by bringing a hanger on at the trains. and tried to fool him about a porter ; he had only asked for some good porter, and they had sent

him a fellow with a rope over his shoulder, However it was in vain he kicked and struggled. it's just about the start ; the porter however, can The danger of his being at large was only the more fully confirmed. A watch was set over him and the doctor summoned. The sight of this functionary so enraged John beyond all bounds, that he broke into the more indignant exclam-

> man in a free country and in the nineteenth century. Surely the dreadful time * * hasn't yet arrived ?"

hasn't yet arrived. The poor man's time is out of

date.' "What time can he mean ?" said Saunders. The patient grew red in the face. His eves were like to leap from their sockets. The doctor declared the case a serious one and

"Hear that," said Mr. Crystal-the time

And its delirious joys O Since water's pure, and cheap and sure, And best for girls and boys O

ations

" O ! that the like of this should happen to a

stirring up briskly. John has not been known to drink porter since the experience related. His wife has hopes of him even yet becoming a teetotaler outright. The last time seen he was carefully nursing his burnt foot one of the little Banks on his knee, and the mother singing the following song made for the

occasion Pure water is the drink for man. And flows through every nation ; First Heaven prepared, when time began, To serve each generation, (Chorus-in which the children joined.) Then who would think of Malted drink. And its delirious joys O ! Since water's pure, and sure. And best for girls and boys O I It flows in rills, from ancient hills It glitters 'mong the mountains ; But wiskey comes from filthy stills, O ! how unlike bright fountains. Then who would think of ardent drink

When Thomas Wilson came to himself- what a luckier in having George Myles to write about ra-