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RIGHT OPPOSITE; OR, THE THREE VISITS.

(Continued.)

Three years had passed away before a recurrence to the same expedient became advisable. Upon the present occasion, Mr. Atherton determined upon a sea voyage; and, embarking at New Orleans, he came through the Gulf of Florida to New York. He journeyed thence by easy stages into New England.

Mr. Atherton was well aware that intemperance is a mental, moral, and physical "reduction descending." He endeavoured to prepare his mind for a very considerable change for the worse, in the internal and external condition of his friend; and it was with no ordinary measure of sensibility, that he found himself once more before the residence of Mr. Burley. It was a rainy evening, in the spring; and just enough of daylight remained, while the stageman was depositing Mr. Atherton's baggage at the door, to enable him to cast a general glance at the exterior of the dwelling: and he was gratified, and somewhat surprised, at the apparent improvement. A new fence had been placed before the house, and the front yard was in neater order. In answer to a letter from Mr. Atherton, written shortly after his return home, Mr. Burley had thanked him for his kind advice, in a tone of deep feeling, and promised to give the subject of entire abstinence the most serious consideration.

"God be praised," said Mr. Atherton, as he quickly mounted the steps, and knocked at the door. It was scarcely opened before he extended his hand, but withdrew it as soon, for he discovered that the person before him was a stranger.

"Pray, sir," said Mr. Atherton, "does not Mr. Burley live here?"

"He does not," answered the stranger.

"Really," said Mr. Atherton, "will you have the goodness to direct me to his residence?"

"Right opposite," was the reply.

"Right opposite!" rejoined Mr. Atherton.

"About three years ago I received the very same answer, when asking the same question of a tinman on the other side of the way, a Mr. Soder, I think."

"Very like, sir," was the answer, "my name is Soder,

sir; I kept my shop over the way for many years; and gave up the business about one year ago."

"Mr. Burley was an old classmate of mine," said Mr. Atherton, "and I have come a distance of some thousands of miles, partly on account of my health, and, in some measure, to visit an old friend."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Soder, "I don't think you could be very well accommodated over the way; the tavern is at some distance, and it's raining hard; if you can put up with our plain fare, and take a bed with us to-night, you will be quite welcome, I assure you."

Mr. Atherton accepted the proposal with many thanks, and was soon shown into the parlour, and introduced to Mrs. Soder, a bright little old lady, younger at sixty than her predecessor, in the same apartment, at thirty-five. The board was soon spread; and exhibited a pattern of neat, simple, and abundant New England hospitality.

Mr. Atherton was informed by his host that poor Burley had gone down from bad to worse, until he became a notorious drunkard. Mr. Soder had a mortgage upon the dwelling-house, and Burley's residuary interest was attached by other creditors, and sold on execution. Mr. Soder bought it, and became owner of the estate. He could not readily get a tenant; and though the house, as he said, was too large for any private family, he had leased his old house, and moved hither. No person would take poor Burley for a tenant; and finally he had accepted Mr. Soder's offer of his old shop, rent free; and there Burley and his wife had continued their miserable existence, until about three months ago, when Mrs. Burley died of apoplexy. Burley's only remaining means of support consisted of a trifling annuity, left him in the will of his wife's brother, to terminate upon the decease of Mrs. Burley and the children. Mr. Soder observed, that the boys were certainly the worst in the village. Jim, the elder, now about fifteen, was already notorious for his intemperance, and the other was as bad, for his age, in every respect.

"Three years, sir," said the old tinman, as he stirred up his fire, "three years have wrought a marvellous change for the worse, in Mr. Burley. I think, sir, you would scarcely know him. It is indeed a dreadful thing to see a man of his talents and property sinking so low in the world."

"And a gentleman of such great leaning too," said the old lady, as she sat busily engaged with her knitting, "it is wonderful to hear the poor man, when he can scarcely stand, talking Greek, by the hour together. You remember my dear," she continued, turning to her husband, "when Colonel Cozy turned Burley out of his bar-room, last thanksgiving day, what a terrible setting off he gave the old Colonel in Hebrew. I didn't hear him, but Mr. Veazy, the town-clerk, did: and he told me himself that it was the most like Hebrew of any thing he had heard in his life."

"That was the very time," said Mr. Soder, "that the poor man lay out all night on the ground by the side of Elder Goadly's grog-shop. The Elder tried in vain to persuade him to get up and try to walk home. But Burley's humour never left him to the last; and as he had gotten his liquor at the Elder's shop, he would not stir, nor attempt to rise, and